

Lutheran Church of The Good Shepherd

401 Kildare Avenue West

Fax: 204-224-4518. Email: [lcs@mts.net](mailto:lcs@mts.net) Website: [www.lcgstranscona.org](http://www.lcgstranscona.org)

Bev. Emes-Macklin, Church Secretary/Paying Treasurer: 204-222-0245

Organist/Choir Director: Mrs. Kerrine Wilson

Rev. Harold Borhardt (Pastor) 204-866-4736 email: [haroldbo@mymts.net](mailto:haroldbo@mymts.net)

**Mid-Week Lenten Service, March 9<sup>th</sup>, 2022**

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**TODAY'S PRAYERS:** Gary Edel, Annette Borhardt, Dorothy Quiring, Bruce Bird, Wally Funk, Jack Zacharias, Rick Fenske, Julian Woligroski, Del Jones, Kevin Patrick, Richard Biletski, Dianne McLeod, Irene Henschel, Pastor Schollenberg and family and Norbert Christmann.  
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**Order of Service:** As Printed

**Opening Hymn:** Jesus, I Will Ponder Now

**LSB 440**

- 1 Jesus, I will ponder now  
    On Your holy passion;  
With Your Spirit me endow  
    For such meditation.  
Grant that I in love and faith  
    May the image cherish  
Of Your suff'ring, pain, and death  
    That I may not perish.
- 2 Make me see Your great distress,  
    Anguish, and affliction,  
Bonds and stripes and wretchedness  
    And Your crucifixion;  
Make me see how scourge and rod,  
    Spear and nails did wound You,  
How for them You died, O God,  
    Who with thorns had crowned You.
- 3 Yet, O Lord, not thus alone  
    Make me see Your passion,  
But its cause to me make known  
    And its termination.  
Ah! I also and my sin  
    Wrought Your deep affliction;  
This indeed the cause has been  
    Of Your crucifixion.
- 4 Grant that I Your passion view  
    With repentant grieving.  
Let me not bring shame to You  
    By unholy living.  
How could I refuse to shun  
    Ev'ry sinful pleasure  
Since for me God's only Son  
    Suffered without measure?
- 5 If my sins give me alarm  
    And my conscience grieve me,  
Let Your cross my fear disarm;  
    Peace of conscience give me.  
Help me see forgiveness won

By Your holy passion.  
If for me He slays His Son,  
God must have compassion!

- 6 Graciously my faith renew;  
Help me bear my crosses,  
Learning humbleness from You,  
Peace mid pain and losses.  
May I give You love for love!  
Hear me, O my Savior,  
That I may in heav'n above  
Sing Your praise forever.

Text: Sigismund von Birken, 1626–81; tr. August Crull, 1845–1923, alt. Text: Public domain

**P** In the Name of the Father and of the + Son and of the Holy Spirit.

**C** Amen.

**P** Our help is in the Name of the Lord,

**C** Who made heaven and earth.

**P** I said, I will confess my transgressions to the Lord,

**C** and You forgave the iniquity of my sin.

**C** **Yet, O Lord, not thus alone make me see Your Passion,  
But its cause to me make known and its termination.  
For I also and my sin wrought Your deep affliction;  
This the shameful cause has been of Your crucifixion.**

**P** Most merciful God,

**C** **We confess that we are by nature sinful and unclean. We have sinned against You in thought, word, and deed, by what we have done and by what we have left undone. We have not loved You with our whole heart; we have not loved our neighbours as ourselves. We justly deserve Your present and eternal punishment. For the sake of Your Son, Jesus Christ, have mercy on us. Forgive us, renew us, and lead us, so that we may delight in Your will and walk in Your ways to the glory of Your Holy Name. Amen.**

**P** Upon this your confession, I by virtue of my office, as a called and ordained servant of Christ, announce the grace of God unto all of you, and in the stead and by the command of my Lord Jesus Christ I forgive you all your sins in the Name of the Father and of the + Son and of the Holy Spirit.

**C** Amen.

**Hymn:** Go to Dark Gethsemane

**LSB 436**

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,  
All who feel the tempter's pow'r;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from His griefs away;  
Learn from Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment hall,  
View the Lord of life arraigned;  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!  
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!  
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss;  
Learn from Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete.

"It is finished!" hear Him cry;  
Learn from Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Early hasten to the tomb  
Where they laid His breathless clay;  
All is solitude and gloom.  
Who has taken Him away?  
Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes.  
Savior, teach us so to rise.

Text: James Montgomery, 1771–1854 Text: Public domain

### **The Old Testament Reading:**

**Genesis 37:12–36**

### **Psalm 100**

<sup>1</sup>Make a joyful noise to the LORD, all the earth!

**<sup>2</sup>Serve the LORD with gladness! Come into His presence with singing!**

<sup>3</sup>Know that the LORD, He is God! It is He Who made us, and we are His; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

**<sup>4</sup>Enter His gates with thanksgiving, and His courts with praise! Give thanks to Him; bless His Name!**

<sup>5</sup>For the LORD is good; His steadfast love endures forever, and His faithfulness to all generations.

**Sermon Hymn:** Christ, the Life of all the Living

**LSB 420**

- 1 Christ, the life of all the living,  
Christ, the death of death, our foe,  
Who, Thyself for me once giving  
To the darkest depths of woe:  
Through Thy suff'rings, death, and merit  
I eternal life inherit.  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.
- 2 Thou, ah! Thou, hast taken on Thee  
Bonds and stripes, a cruel rod;  
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,  
O Thou sinless Son of God!  
Thus didst Thou my soul deliver  
From the bonds of sin forever.  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.
- 3 Thou hast borne the smiting only  
That my wounds might all be whole;  
Thou hast suffered, sad and lonely,  
Rest to give my weary soul;  
Yea, the curse of God enduring,  
Blessing unto me securing.  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.
- 4 Heartless scoffers did surround Thee,  
Treating Thee with shameful scorn  
And with piercing thorns they crowned Thee.  
All disgrace Thou, Lord, hast borne,  
That as Thine Thou mightest own me  
And with heav'nly glory crown me.  
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.

- 5 Thou hast suffered men to bruise Thee,  
 That from pain I might be free;  
 Falsely did Thy foes accuse Thee:  
 Thence I gain security;  
 Comfortless Thy soul did languish  
 Me to comfort in my anguish.  
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
 Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.
- 6 Thou hast suffered great affliction  
 And hast borne it patiently,  
 Even death by crucifixion,  
 Fully to atone for me;  
 Thou didst choose to be tormented  
 That my doom should be prevented.  
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
 Dearest Jesus, unto Thee.
- 7 Then, for all that wrought my pardon,  
 For Thy sorrows deep and sore,  
 For Thine anguish in the Garden,  
 I will thank Thee evermore,  
 Thank Thee for Thy groaning, sighing,  
 For Thy bleeding and Thy dying,  
 For that last triumphant cry,  
 And shall praise Thee, Lord, on high.

Text: Ernst Christoph Homburg, 1605–81; (sts. 1–2, 5, 7): tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.; (sts. 3–4, 6): tr. Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book, 1912. St. Louis Text: Public domain

**Luke 22:14–30**

**The Holy Gospel:**

**The Reading of the Passion History**

**Sermon: "A Wondrous Silence!"**

**☐ All of Scripture, Christ, reveals You, pointing to Your cross and tomb. All of Christendom now feels You, bursting through our Lenten gloom. Open up, O Word, to cheer us, dwell without, within and near us. Thousand, thousand thanks are due, dearest Jesus, unto You.**

**The Apostles' Creed**

- ☐ I believe in God, the Father Almighty,  
 Maker of heaven and earth.  
 And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord,  
 Who was conceived by the Holy Spirit,  
 Born of the Virgin Mary,  
 suffered under Pontius Pilate,  
 was crucified, died and was buried.  
 He descended into hell.  
 The third day He rose again from the dead.  
 He ascended into heaven  
 and sits at the right hand of God the Father Almighty.  
 From thence He will come to judge the living and the dead.**
- I believe in the Holy Spirit,  
 the holy Christian Church,  
 the communion of saints,  
 the forgiveness of sins,  
 the resurrection of the body,  
 and the life ✠ everlasting. Amen.**

**Offering:** O Christ, You Walked the Road

- 1 O Christ, You walked the road  
Our wand'ring feet must go.  
You faced with us temptation's pow'r  
And fought our ancient foe.
- 2 No bread of earth alone  
Can fill our hung'ring hearts.  
Lord, help us seek Your living Word,  
The food Your grace imparts.
- 3 No blinding sign we ask,  
No wonder from above.  
Lord, help us place our trust alone  
In Your unswerving love.
- 4 When lures of easy gain  
With promise brightly shine,  
Lord, help us seek Your kingdom first;  
Our wills with Yours align.
- 5 O Christ, You walked the road  
Our wand'ring feet must go.  
Stay with us through temptation's hour  
To fight our ancient foe.

Text: Herman G. Stuempfle, Jr., 1923–2007 Text: © 1997 GIA Publications, Inc. Used by permission: LSB Hymn License no. 110006080

**Prayer of the Church****The Lord's Prayer**

**Our Father, Who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen!**

**Closing Collect**

**P** O Lord, our Heavenly Father, Almighty and Everlasting God, You have safely brought us to the beginning of this day. Defend us in the same with Your mighty power and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger, but that all our doings, being ordered by Your governance, may be righteous in Your sight; be with us throughout this night as You watch over and protect us from all danger; through Jesus Christ, Your Son, our Lord, Who lives and reigns with You and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.

**C Amen.**

**Benediction**

**P** The Lord bless you and keep you.  
The Lord make His face shine on you and be gracious to you.  
The Lord look upon you with favor and ✠ give you peace.

**C Amen.**

**Closing Hymn: When I Survey the Wondrous Cross**

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a tribute far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748 Text: Public domain