



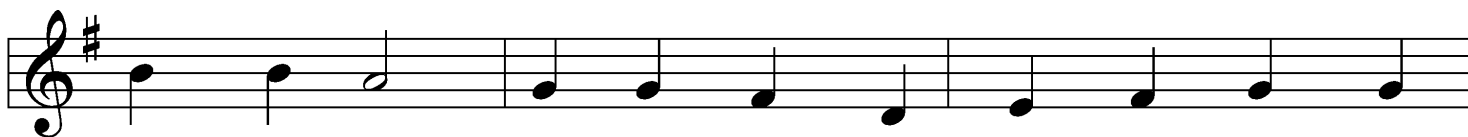
**New Hope Lutheran Church  
March 19th, 2025  
People of Grace, Lives of Grace, Words of Grace**

+WORSHIP AT NEW HOPE+

HYMN: CHRIST, THE LIFE OF ALL THE LIVING LSB#420



1 Christ, the life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the death of  
2 Thou, ah! Thou, hast tak - en on Thee Bonds and stripes, a  
3 Thou hast borne the smit - ing on - ly That my wounds might  
4 Heart - less scof - fers did sur-round Thee, Treat - ing Thee with



death, our foe, Who, Thy - self for me once giv - ing  
cru - el rod; Pain and scorn were heaped up - on Thee,  
all be whole; Thou hast suf - fered, sad and lone - ly,  
shame - ful scorn And with pierc - ing thorns they crowned Thee.



To the dark - est depths of woe: Through Thy suf - f'rings,  
O Thou sin - less Son of God! Thus didst Thou my  
Rest to give my wea - ry soul; Yea, the curse of  
All dis - grace Thou, Lord, hast borne, That as Thine Thou



death, and mer - it I e - ter - nal life in - her - it.  
soul de - liv - er From the bonds of sin for - ev - er.  
God en - dur - ing, Bless - ing un - to me se - cur - ing.  
might - est own me And with heav'n - ly glo - ry crown me.



Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.  
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Text: Ernst Christoph Homburg, 1605-81; (sts. 1-2); tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827-78, alt.; (sts. 3-4); tr. Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book, 1912, St. Louis  
Tune: Das grosse Cantional, 1687, Darmstadt  
Text and tune: Public domain

## INVOCATION

- P** In the name of the Father and of the ✠ Son and of the Holy Spirit.  
**C** Amen.

## OPENING SENTENCES

*Psalm 51:15; 70:1*

- P** O Lord, open my lips,  
**C** and my mouth will declare Your praise.

- P** Make haste, O God, to deliver me;  
**C** make haste to help me, O Lord.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit;  
as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever. Amen.  
Praise to You, O Christ, Lamb of our salvation.

## KYRIE

- P** O Lord,  
**C** have mercy.

- P** O Christ,  
**C** have mercy.

- P** O Lord,  
**C** have mercy.

## CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION

- P** Our help is in the name of the Lord,  
**C** who made heaven and earth.

- P** If You, O Lord, kept a record of sins, O Lord, who could stand?  
**C** But with You there is forgiveness; therefore You are feared.

- P** Since we are gathered to listen to God's Word, call upon Him in thanksgiving and praise, let us first consider our unworthiness to be invited to the feast of our Savior and confess before Him our sins of thought, word, and deed. Together, as brothers and sisters in Christ, we turn to our gracious Lord for His pardon and peace, seeking His grace and saying: God, be merciful to me, a sinner.  
**C** Almighty God, have mercy upon us, forgive us our sins, and lead us to everlasting life. Amen.

- P** Almighty God in His mercy has given His Son to die for us and for His sake forgives us all our sins in the name of the Father and of the ✠ Son and of the Holy Spirit.  
**C** Amen! Thanks be to God!



5 Thou hast suf - fered men to bruise Thee, That from pain I  
 6 Thou hast suf - fered great af - flic - tion And hast borne it  
 7 Then, for all that wrought my par - don, For Thy sor - rows



might be free; False - ly did Thy foes ac - cuse Thee:  
 pa - tient - ly, E - ven death by cru - ci - fix - ion,  
 deep and sore, For Thine an - guish in the Gar - den,



Thence I gain se - cu - ri - ty; Com - fort - less Thy  
 Ful - ly to a - tone for me; Thou didst choose to  
 I will thank Thee ev - er - more, Thank Thee for Thy



soul did lan - guish Me to com - fort in my an - guish.  
 be tor - ment - ed That my doom should be pre - vent - ed.  
 groan - ing, sigh - ing, For Thy bleed - ing and Thy dy - ing,



Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.  
 Thou - sand, thou - sand thanks shall be, Dear - est Je - sus, un - to Thee.  
 For that last tri - um - phant cry, And shall praise Thee, Lord, on high.

Text: Ernst Christoph Homburg, 1605–81; (sts. 5, 7): tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1827–78, alt.; (st. 6): tr. Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book, 1912, St. Louis  
 Tune: Das grosse Cantional, 1687, Darmstadt  
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**FIRST READING: LEVITICUS 16:20-22,29-34**

**pages 63-64**

**P** This is the Word of the Lord.

**G** Thanks be to God.

**GOSPEL: MARK 15: 33-39**

**page 580**

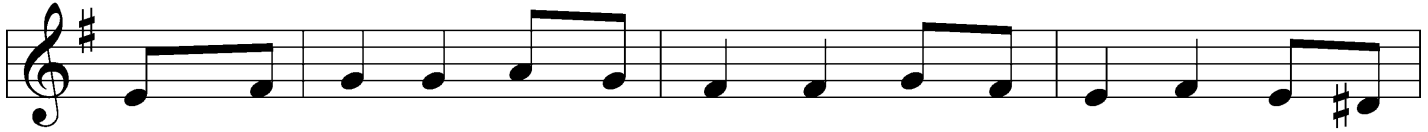
**P** This is the Word of the Lord.

**G** Thanks be to God.

## HYMN:

## STRICKEN, SMITTEN, AND AFFLICTED

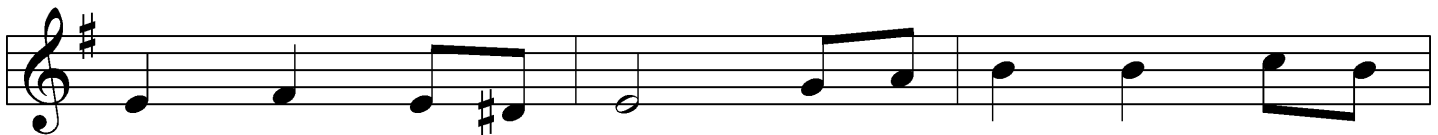
LSB#451



1 Strick-en, smit-ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the  
 2 Tell me, ye who hear Him groan-ing, Was there ev - er grief like  
 3 Ye who think of sin but light - ly Nor sup - pose the e - vil  
 4 Here we have a firm foun - da - tion, Here the ref - uge of the



tree! 'Tis the Christ, by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my  
 His? Friends through fear His cause dis - own - ing, Foes in -  
 great Here may view its na - ture right - ly, Here its  
 lost: Christ, the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Is the



soul, 'tis He, 'tis He! 'Tis the long - ex - pect - ed  
 sult - ing His dis - tress; Man - y hands were raised to  
 guilt may es - ti - mate. Mark the sac - ri - fice ap -  
 name of which we boast; Lamb of God, for sin - ners



Proph - et, Da - vid's Son, yet Da - vid's Lord; Proofs I  
 wound Him, None would in - ter - vene to save; But the  
 point - ed, See who bears the aw - ful load; 'Tis the  
 wound - ed, Sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt! None shall



see suf - fi - cient of it: 'Tis the true and faith - ful Word.  
 deep - est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that jus - tice gave.  
 Word, the Lord's a - noint - ed, Son of Man and Son of God.  
 ev - er be con - found - ed Who on Him their hope have built.

Text: Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855, alt.  
 Tune: Geistliche Volkslieder, 1850, Paderborn  
 Text and tune: Public domain

## SERMON

*Pastor Adam Kosberg*

## PRAYERS

**P** Let us pray.

O Lord God, You led Your ancient people through the wilderness and brought them to the promised land. Guide the people of Your Church that following our Savior we may walk through the wilderness of this world toward the glory of the world to come; through Jesus Christ, Your Son, our Lord, who lives and reigns with You and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.

**C** Amen.

**P** Gracious Lord, for the sake of Your holy name, You have forgiven all the sins of the penitent and rescued from the captivity of death all whom You have redeemed through the precious blood of Your dear Son. Grant that we may live not in weakness before temptation or in the pain of guilt but according to Your steadfast love and goodness may know Your comfort, consolation, and peace; through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

**C** Amen.

**P** In Your mercy, O Lord, regard all those in any sickness, need, or sorrow, that they may be sustained in affliction, supported in need, and delivered according to Your mercy. Give them patience, endurance, and hope, so that at length they may at last know the fullness of Your mercy and be brought with us to everlasting life; through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

**C** Amen.

**I thank You, my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, Your dear Son, that You have graciously kept me this day; and I pray that You would forgive me all my sins where I have done wrong, and graciously keep me this night. For into Your hands I commend myself, my body and soul, and all things. Let Your holy angel be with me, that the evil foe may have no power over me. Amen.**

## BENEDICAMUS

**P** Let us bless the Lord.

**C** Thanks be to God.

## BENEDICTION (PAULINE)

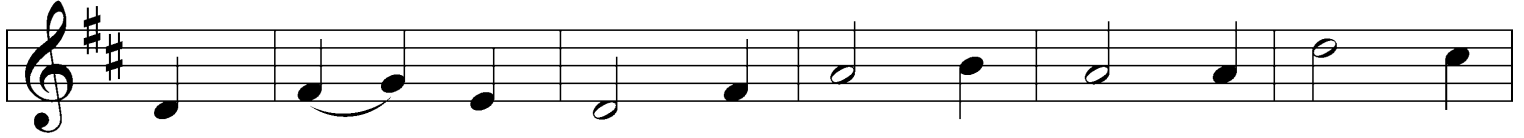
**P** The grace of our Lord ✠ Jesus Christ and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

**C** Amen.

## HYMN:

## WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

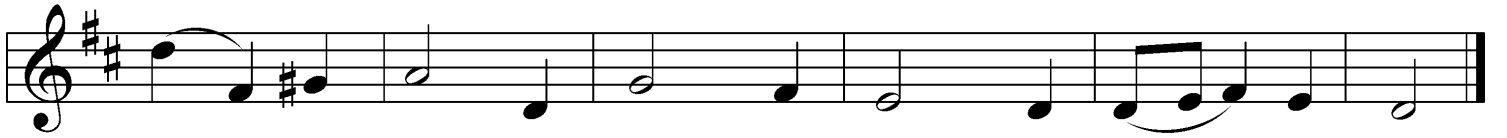
LSB #426



1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the  
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the  
 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet Sor - row and  
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a



Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I  
 death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that  
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and  
 trib - ute far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,



count but loss And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
 sor - row meet Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all!

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748  
 Tune: Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature, 1778, London; adapt. Edward Miller, 1731–1807  
 Text and tune: Public domain

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