

Westminster Presbyterian Church
Maundy Thursday Service

April 1, 2010

7:30 pm

Prelude

"Were You There?"

R. HUGHES

Welcome

*Call to Worship (from Psalm 116)

Mike Garrett

Leader: I love the Lord, for he heard my voice. He heard my cry for mercy.
People: Because he turned his ear to me, I will call on him as long as I live.
Leader: What shall we return to the Lord for all his goodness to us?
People: Let us lift up the cup of salvation and call on the name of the Lord.
Leader: Truly, we are your servants, Lord, for you have loosed our bonds of affliction.
People: Let us offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving and call on the name of the Lord.
Leader: Let us praise the Lord.

*Hymn No. 177

"What Wondrous Love Is This"

WONDRIOUS LOVE

Prayer of Confession (unison)

Lord Jesus Christ, you set an example when you washed the disciples' feet and commanded us to wash one another's feet. While we know your commands, we confess that we do not always do what we know. We profess devotion to you, but we do not always demonstrate our devotion through humble service. Rather than obeying your command to serve, we demand to be served. Rather than following your example, we follow the world's example. Rather than answering your call to be a servant of your Kingdom, we strive to be a master of this world. Forgive us, Lord. As we come to your table and remember your sacrifice, fill us with a renewed knowledge of you and your call, that we might go forth and do for one another as you have done for us ... *(Our prayer continues in silence)*. Amen.

Declaration of Pardon

Sung Response (verse 4, Hymn #185, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross")

Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

New Testament Reading

John 13:1-17

Sermon

"Knowledge With Feet"

Nicole Lock

Anthem

"Into the Woods My Master Went"

PETER LUTKIN

*Into the woods my Master went, Clean forspent, forspent; Into the woods my Master came, Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him, The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him, When into the woods He came.
Out of the woods my Master went, And He was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came, Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last, From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last, When out of the woods He Came.*

The Lord's Supper

*Hymn No. 208

"Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?"

MARTYRDOM

*Charge and Benediction

*Postlude

"Meditation on 'Wondrous Love'"

ARR. D. FAXTON

**Those who are able, please stand.*

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