



WELCOME

SUSIE FIKSE, HOPE FOR SAN DIEGO

INTRODUCTION

JONATHAN KERHOULAS, TRINITY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

“Most Americans have an inherited tendency to resist grief. It’s in our national DNA; it’s the water we swim in. The United States tends toward optimism and forward progress, busyness and productivity. Getting on with it. We’re taught in subtle ways that there is no time for grief... But unless we make space for grief (and I’d like to add lament and repentance), we cannot know the depths of the love of God, the healing god wrings from pain, and the way grieving yields wisdom, comfort, even joy.”

Tish Harrison Warren “Prayer in the Night”

WAKE UP, JESUS

PORTER’S GATE

MUSICIANS: PAT LITTLE, COVENANT CHURCH, HALEY MONTGOMERY, GUEST, BEN PARK, HARBOR CITY CHURCH

Jesus, when you gonna wake up?

When you gonna wake up and calm this raging sea?

Jesus, when you gonna wake up?

When you gonna wake up?

How can you sleep when we're in need?

Just one word from the Maker and all the waves be still

Just one touch from the Healer and all will be made well

So won't you rise up?

BE STILL MY SOUL

MUSIC: JEREMY MOORE

MUSICIANS: PAT LITTLE, COVENANT CHURCH, HALEY MONTGOMERY, GUEST, BEN PARK, HARBOR CITY CHURCH

Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side;

bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;

leave to thy God to order and provide;

in ev'ry change He faithful will remain.

Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heav'nly Friend

thro' thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
to guide the future as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
all now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
His voice, who ruled them while He dwelt below.

Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,
and all is darkened in the veil of tears,
then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,

who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay
from His own fullness all He takes away.

Be still, my soul: the hour is hast'ning on
when we shall be forever with the Lord,
when disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
all safe and blessed we shall meet at last.

PRAYERS OF CONFESSION AND REPENTANCE

CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART, O GOD, AND RENEW A RIGHT SPIRIT WITHIN ME. CAST ME NOT AWAY FROM YOUR PRESENCE, AND TAKE NOT YOUR HOLY SPIRIT FROM ME. RESTORE TO ME THE JOY OF YOUR SALVATION, AND UPHOLD ME WITH A WILLING SPIRIT.

– FROM PSALM 51

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

Jesus, who sat at the table with outcasts and sinners, we
confess that too often our words and actions are not
consistent with our beliefs.
Lord, have mercy.

Often, we ignore the needy, show indifference to the lonely,
and reject those who seem different from us.
Lord, have mercy.

We confess our slowness to open our hearts and homes to
people of other lands and tongues.
Lord, have mercy.

We confess our own tendency to isolate, segregate, and
perpetuate racism rather than embodying a deep love for
each and every neighbor.
Lord, have mercy.

We admit that so often we bank our ultimate hope in
policies, politicians, and improved diplomacy rather than
your kingdom.
Lord, have mercy.

We confess the false stories that animate our culture --
looking for meaning in material wealth, consumption, and
comfort.
Lord, have mercy.

We confess the ways we have reinforced broken practices
that shape us into the image of the world. We have mimicked
the world's response to power and uncertainty. We have
withdrawn when we should have engaged. We have
attended to our own needs when we should have served
others. We have overlooked the most vulnerable among us in
their moment of great need.
Lord, have mercy.

Give us true repentance as we sense the joy of forgiveness
and the beauty of our Savior. And by your Spirit, invigorate
our calling to love a weary and broken world to life in Christ.
In the mighty and merciful name of Jesus, we pray.
Amen.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

MUSICAN: ALEX FINE, REDEEMER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

A LITURGY FOR THOSE WHO WEEP WITHOUT KNOWING WHY

EXCERPTED FROM EVERY MOMENT HOLY BY DOUGLAS KAINÉ MCKELVEY

READ BY HANNAH HAMMOND

There is so much lost in this world, O Lord,
so much that aches and groans and shivers
for want of redemption, so much that
seems dislocated, upended, desecrated,
unhinged—even in our own hearts.

Even in our own hearts
we bear the mark of all that is broken.
What is best in this world has been bashed
and battered and trodden down.
What was meant to be the substance has
become the brittle shell, haunted by the
ghosts of a glory so long crumbled that only
its rubble is remembered now.

Is it any wonder we should weep sometimes,
without knowing why?

Pause for silent prayers of lament for that which is broken and unhinged in your own life.

We weep, O Lord, for those things that, though
nameless, are still lost.
We weep for the cost of our rebellions,

for the mocking and hollowing of holy things,
for the inward curve of our souls,
for the evidence of death outworked in every field and tree
and blade of grass, crept up in every creature, alert in every
longing, infecting all fabrics of life.

We weep for the wretched expressions of all
things that were first built of goodness and glory
but are now their own shadow twins.

Pause for silent prayers of lament for that which is broken and unhinged in our community or in our world.

And yet, there is somewhere in our tears
a hope still kept. We feel it in this darkness,
like a tiny flame, when we are told Jesus also wept. You
wept.

So moved by the pain of this crushed creation, you, O
Lord, heaved with the grief of it, drinking the anguish
like water and sweating it out of your skin like blood.

Is it possible that you--in your sadness over Lazarus, in your grieving for Jerusalem, in your sorrow in the garden--is it possible that you have sanctified our weeping too?

For the grief of God is no small thing,
and the weeping of God is not without effect.
The tears of Jesus preceded a resurrection of the dead.

Pause for silent reflection upon how you sense God's compassion and companionship with you in brokenness.

O Spirit of God, is it then possible that our tears might also be a kind of intercession? That we, your children, in our groaning with the sadness of creation, could be joining in some burdened work of coming restoration?

If that is true, then let such weeping be received, O Lord, as an intercession newly forged of holy sorrow. Then let our tears anoint these broken things, and let our grief be as their consecration—a preparation for their promised redemption, our sorrow sealing them for that day when you will take the ache of all creation, and turn it inside-out, like the shedding of an old gardener's glove.

O Lord, if it please you, when your children weep and don't know why, yet use our tears to baptize what you love.

Pause for silent reflection upon God's invitation for holy sorrow to be part of the restoration of all things.

Amen.

MEDITATION ON PSALM 13

MARTIN CACHERO, RISEN CHURCH

PSALM 13

HOW LONG, O LORD? WILL YOU FORGET ME FOREVER?
HOW LONG WILL YOU HIDE YOUR FACE FROM ME?
HOW LONG MUST I TAKE COUNSEL IN MY SOUL
AND HAVE SORROW IN MY HEART ALL THE DAY?
HOW LONG SHALL MY ENEMY BE EXALTED OVER ME?

CONSIDER AND ANSWER ME, O LORD MY GOD;
LIGHT UP MY EYES, LEST I SLEEP THE SLEEP OF DEATH,
LEST MY ENEMY SAY, "I HAVE PREVAILED OVER HIM,"
LEST MY FOES REJOICE BECAUSE I AM SHAKEN.

BUT I HAVE TRUSTED IN YOUR STEADFAST LOVE;
MY HEART SHALL REJOICE IN YOUR SALVATION.
I WILL SING TO THE LORD,
BECAUSE HE HAS DEALT BOUNTIFULLY WITH ME.

HOW LONG?

PORTER'S GATE

MUSICIANS: PAT LITTLE, COVENANT CHURCH, HALEY MONTGOMERY, GUEST, BEN PARK, HARBOR CITY CHURCH

How long, will you turn your face away?
How long, do you hear us when we pray?
On and on, still we walk this pilgrim way
How long?

How long, till your children find the rest?
How long, till you draw them to your breast?
We go on, holding to your promises
How long?

Till you wipe away the tears from every eye
Till we see our home descending from the sky
Do we wait in vain?
Jesus, give us hope again

How long, till your word will still the storm?
How long, till you bare your mighty arm?
How we grow, till you snatch us from the thorns
How long?

Till you wipe away the tears from every eye
Till we see our home descending from the sky
Do we wait in vain?
Jesus, give us hope again

CLOSING INVITATION

“Lent is a time of self-reflection, yes, but too much navel-gazing and we’re likely to miss the point of the whole thing. Lent is a great time to be intentional about the ways we seek justice for others in the world. We can give our time, money, energy, or resources in honor of the work Christ did for us.”

Erin Hicks Moon, Every Broken Thing

Please consider joining us for 40 Days of Service, engaging with your city and under-served neighbors as you prepare your own heart for the celebration of Easter. Visit www.hopeforSD.org for more details.

[Download our 40 Days of Prayer Calendar](#)