

Yateley Baptist Church, Sunday 21 March 2021

Opening Prayer

Hymn: Praise! 439

O sacred head once wounded,
with grief and shame weighed down,
how scornfully surrounded
with thorns, your only crown!
How pale you are with anguish,
with fierce abuse and scorn!
How do those features languish
which once were bright as morn!

2 What bliss was yours in glory,
O Lord of life divine!
I read the amazing story:
I joy to call you mine.
Your grief and your compassion
were all for sinners' gain;
mine, mine was the transgression,
but yours the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
to praise you, dearest Friend,
for this your dying sorrow,
your pity without end?
Lord, make me yours for ever!
nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
refuse such dying love!

4 Be near me when I'm dying;
Lord, show your cross to me!
Your death, my hope supplying,
from death shall set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
from Jesus shall not move;
whoever dies believing
dies safely in your love.

Paulus Gerhardt (1607-1676), based on Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153); trans. James W Alexander (1804-1859)

Reading: Mark 14:53-15:20, ESV

⁵³ And they led Jesus to the high priest. And all the chief priests and the elders and the scribes came together. ⁵⁴ And Peter had followed him at a distance, right into the courtyard of the high priest. And he was sitting with the guards and warming himself at the fire. ⁵⁵ Now the chief priests and the whole Council were seeking testimony against Jesus to put him to death, but they found none. ⁵⁶ For many bore false witness against him, but their testimony did not agree. ⁵⁷ And some stood up and bore false witness against him, saying, ⁵⁸ “We heard him say, ‘I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and in three days I will build another, not made with hands.’” ⁵⁹ Yet even about this their testimony did not agree. ⁶⁰ And the high priest stood up in the midst and asked Jesus, “Have you no answer to make? What is it that these men testify against you?” ⁶¹ But he remained silent and made no answer. Again the high priest asked him, “Are you the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?” ⁶² And Jesus said, “I am, and you will see the Son of Man seated at the right hand of Power, and coming with the clouds of heaven.” ⁶³ And the high priest tore his garments and said, “What further witnesses do we need? ⁶⁴ You have heard his blasphemy. What is your decision?” And they all condemned him as deserving death. ⁶⁵ And some began to spit on him and to cover his face and to strike him, saying to him, “Prophesy!” And the guards received him with blows.

⁶⁶ And as Peter was below in the courtyard, one of the servant girls of the high priest came, ⁶⁷ and seeing Peter warming himself, she looked at him and said, “You also were with the Nazarene, Jesus.” ⁶⁸ But he denied it, saying, “I neither know nor understand what you mean.” And he went out into the gateway and the cock crowed. ⁶⁹ And the servant girl saw him and began again to say to the bystanders, “This man is one of them.” ⁷⁰ But again he denied it. And after a little while the bystanders again said to Peter, “Certainly you are one of them, for you are a Galilean.” ⁷¹ But he began to invoke a curse on himself and to swear, “I do not know this man of whom you speak.” ⁷² And immediately the cock crowed a second time. And Peter remembered how Jesus had said to him, “Before the cock crows twice, you will deny me three times.” And he broke down and wept.

15 And as soon as it was morning, the chief priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes and the whole Council. And they bound Jesus and led him away and delivered him over to Pilate. ² And Pilate asked him, “Are you the King of the Jews?” And he answered him, “You have said so.” ³ And the chief priests accused him of many things. ⁴ And Pilate again asked him, “Have you no answer to make? See how many charges they bring against you.” ⁵ But Jesus made no further answer, so that Pilate was amazed.

⁶ Now at the feast he used to release for them one prisoner for whom they asked. ⁷ And among the rebels in prison, who had committed murder in the insurrection, there was a man called Barabbas.

Continues on next page →

⁸ And the crowd came up and began to ask Pilate to do as he usually did for them. ⁹ And he answered them, saying, "Do you want me to release for you the King of the Jews?" ¹⁰ For he perceived that it was out of envy that the chief priests had delivered him up. ¹¹ But the chief priests stirred up the crowd to have him release for them Barabbas instead. ¹² And Pilate again said to them, "Then what shall I do with the man you call the King of the Jews?" ¹³ And they cried out again, "Crucify him." ¹⁴ And Pilate said to them, "Why, what evil has he done?" But they shouted all the more, "Crucify him." ¹⁵ So Pilate, wishing to satisfy the crowd, released for them Barabbas, and having scourged Jesus, he delivered him to be crucified.

¹⁶ And the soldiers led him away inside the palace (that is, the governor's headquarters), and they called together the whole battalion. ¹⁷ And they clothed him in a purple cloak, and twisting together a crown of thorns, they put it on him. ¹⁸ And they began to salute him, "Hail, King of the Jews!" ¹⁹ And they were striking his head with a reed and spitting on him and kneeling down in homage to him. ²⁰ And when they had mocked him, they stripped him of the purple cloak and put his own clothes on him. And they led him out to crucify him.

Hymn: Praise! 779

My hope is built on nothing less
than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
no merit of my own I claim,
but wholly trust in Jesus' name.

3 His oath, his covenant and his blood
support me in the rising flood;
when all around my soul gives way,
he then is all my hope and stay.

*On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
all other ground is sinking sand.*

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
in every high and stormy gale,
my anchor holds and will not fail.

4 I trust his righteous character,
his counsel, promises and power;
his name and honour are at stake
to save me from the burning lake.

5 When the last trumpet's voice shall sound,
O may I then in him be found,
clothed in his righteousness alone,
faultless to stand before the throne!

Edward Mote (1797-1874)

Sermon: Mark 14:53-15:20 – Counting the Cost

Hymn: Praise! 433

Man of sorrows! What a name
for the Son of God, who came
ruined sinners to reclaim:
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

2 Mocked by insults harsh and crude,
in my place condemned he stood;
sealed my pardon with his blood:
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile and helpless, we;
spotless Lamb of God was he:
full atonement-can it be?
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

4 Lifted up was he to die,
'It is finished!' was his cry;
now in heaven, exalted high:
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

5 When he comes, our glorious King,
all his ransomed home to bring;
then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

Philip P Bliss (1838-1876)

Prayer

Hymn: Praise 2! 37

O church, arise, and put your armour on;
hear the call of Christ, our captain.
For now the weak can say that they are strong
in the strength that God has given.
With shield of faith and belt of truth
we'll stand against the devil's lies;
an army bold, whose battle-cry is love,
reaching out to those in darkness.

2 Our call to war, to love the captive soul
but to rage against the captor;
and with the sword that makes the wounded
whole,
we will fight with faith and valour.
When faced with trials on every side
we know the outcome is secure,
and Christ will have the prize for which he died,
an inheritance of nations.

Stuart Townend & Keith Getty

3 Come see the cross, where love and mercy
meet,
as the Son of God is stricken;
then see his foes lie crushed beneath his feet,
for the conqueror has risen!
And as the stone is rolled away,
and Christ emerges from the grave,
this victory march continues till the day
every eye and heart shall see him.

4 So Spirit, come, put strength in every stride,
give grace for every hurdle,
that we may run with faith to win the prize
of a servant good and faithful.
As saints of old still line the way,
retelling triumphs of his grace,
we hear their calls and hunger for the day
when with Christ we stand in glory.

Closing Prayer