

Easter Sunday Services

8:30-11 am Breakfast • Fellowship Hall
 Donation benefits mission opportunities
 8 am Sanctuary
 10:30 am Sanctuary
 11:30 Blood Pressure Screening • Lounge

UPCOMING**Church Office Closed**

Easter holiday, Monday, April 10

Tuesday Morning Golf Resumes

10 am April 11 at Royal Oaks
 Golf Course, Lebanon

Terrific Tuesday Dinner

5 pm Tuesday, April 11 Fellowship Hall

Terrific Tuesday Music & Creative Arts Programs

5:45 pm Tuesday, April 11 for
 4-year-olds through 12th grade

Evening Worship and Communion

6:00 pm Tuesday, April 11 Chapel
 Led by Rev. Stephen McKinney-Whitaker
NOTE: New Worship start time

Derry Ringers Handbell Choir Rehearsal

7:30 pm Tuesday, April 11 Choir Room

Deacons' Meeting

7 pm Wednesday, April 12

Thursday Morning Study Group

10:30 am Thursday, April 13 Room 7

Sanctuary Choir Rehearsal

7 pm Thursday, April 13 Room 7

Women's Journey in Prayer

6:30 pm Sunday, April 16 Lounge

Arts Alive: African Children's Choir

7 pm Friday, April 21 Sanctuary

Derry Dads Group

6:30 pm Thursday, April 27 Sanctuary

Rebuilding Together Greater Harrisburg

8-5 pm Saturday, April 29 Grantville
 Contact Pete Feil to participate

New Member Classes Begin (1 of 4)

9:15 am Sunday, April 30 Room 7

"Cruise With Us" Lunch for Senior Friends

11:45 am Sunday, April 30
 Fellowship Hall • \$10 per person •
 Tickets available through April 23

Welcome to Derry Presbyterian Church

We proclaim God's Word, share God's love, and practice God's justice.



April 7, 2023

7:00 pm

248 East Derry Road, Hershey, Pennsylvania 17033
 717-533-9667 • info@derrypres.org
 derrypres.org

*For more information on these events, please review the Enews
 or pick up a paper copy at the Welcome Desk.*

Please silence cell phones as you prepare for worship.
Bold print indicates congregational response.
An asterisk * indicates to rise in body or spirit.
New here? fill out a welcome card found in the pews.
Offerings: place in the wooden boxes at the entrances;
text an amount to 844-917-3359 or scan this QR code.



Good Friday Worship At the Foot of the Cross

PRELUDE *Ah, Holy Jesus* arr. John Ferguson
Dan Dorty, Organ

CALL TO WORSHIP (based on Galatians 6:14) David Whitenack
God forbid that I should boast of anything,
But the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.
In him is salvation, life, and resurrection from the dead,
By him we are redeemed and set free.
May God be gracious to us and bless us,
And make his face shine upon us.

*HYMN 206 *This is the Night* (verses 1, 4 and 5) MY NEIGHBOR

SCRIPTURE LESSON Luke 22:39-45

SUNG RESPONSE 220 *Go to Dark Gethsemane* (verse 1) REDHEAD
Go to dark Gethsemane, you 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 of Jesus Christ to pray.

organizing protests and peace marches, seeking an end to poverty, war, injustice and environmental devastation.

We wait – and look again not so much at what we believe, but how we see, hear and understand what it means to be alive and open to that which is deepest within us, that which responds to life, that which responds with all our being to other people and the world around us in its joy ... and in its agony. There is at large in the world amazing, imaginative power to reinvent ourselves, to re-make the world.

We know we are in the dark, but perhaps that is a good place to be, a good place from which to tell of ongoing and energizing hope and love strong enough to banish fear and bear regrets. What do we expect to achieve? We don't know. Waiting at the foot of the cross is being on the edge of something not quite revealed. We're still in the dark. But hope isn't about expectations – as the Jesus stories show us – it's about surprises!



Jesus was dead and was buried. He was put in the tomb.

SCRIPTURE READING Luke 23:50-56

SUNG RESPONSE 220 *Go To Dark Gethsemane* (verse 4) REDHEAD
Early hasten to the tomb where they laid his breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom, who hath taken Him away?
Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes: Savior, teach us so to rise.

*BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE *Thou Art Worthy* arr. Mark Hayes

all things is by the clear light beyond death, so that the margins are becoming a new center.

Hopes and dreams (men call foolish nonsense) are leading not to chapel or church, temple or synagogue, but to the foot of a cross. To wonder at a story ordinary enough to live by. To wait silently for men to outgrow their madness and the sun to rise again. (Silence)

Waiting is a sign, a living poem. Waiting carries the needs of the people quietly within. 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'
(John Milton, Sonnet XVI)

Weep over injustice, rejoice in goodness, love outrageously. Let uncertainty flow on the stillness of our bodies, for we know not what we do ... nor what we can do. God of all love and every truth, help us to look with open eyes, see with open hearts.



Jesus died. He cried out to God, he stopped breathing and he died. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story.

SCRIPTURE READING Luke 23:46-47

SUNG RESPONSE 220 *Go To Dark Gethsemane* (verse 3) REDHEAD
**Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb there' adoring at His feet,
Mark the miracle of time, God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" Hear the cry, learn of Jesus Christ to die.**

OUR WORLD Mary Lemons
We are stretched between the motionless point we watch, the cry of humanity, and the common task to make a better world. Never turning away from suffering, always able to see what is and imagine how things could be different, holding hands with those who wait – family, friend, stranger, and some from whom we might recoil – we seek words good enough to tell a story to live by.

Words like love, fragility, vulnerability, uncertainty and solidarity. These tell of God, of selfless acts that free and transform, of ordinary people around the world forming co-ops, campaign groups, self-help groups,



Legend says that while the Apostles slept in the Garden of Gethsemane, Mary and Martha were awake, watching and praying at the garden gate.

GETHSEMANE Lois Harris

At Gethsemane the skirts of light grow wider in the immense dark, revealing watchers at the gate. The women there – watching, seeing, awake: waiting without interfering, quiet in their humble love. While sleeping men no longer attend, the women focus wholly on the depths of human experience. Helpless, baffled, marginalized, with a precious generosity they minister with eyes and ears.

They are waiting with patient attention for the insight not yet given, waiting and never relinquishing the ability to feel, never losing the capacity for compassion or the strength to hope. Waiting and holding on to their vision. Forever at the gate, forever ready.



But the story won't let us stay in the garden. We must follow ...

SCRIPTURE READING Matthew 27:27-31

SUNG RESPONSE 220 *Go to Dark Gethsemane* (verse 2) REDHEAD
**Follow to the judgment hall, view the Lord of life arraigned.
O the worm-wood and the gall! O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss, learn of Him to bear the cross.**



Then they brought Jesus to the place called Golgotha (which means the place of a skull).

GOLGOTHA Rev. Tom Folts

Here where three crosses are stark against the sky, where people come and go in malice, cruelty, and abject desolation, is no place or time for objectivity, no place for reason or logic. Here is humanity stripped bare, vulnerable.

See: the human story. It's written on a body that has been kissed and anointed with love and sweet perfume, has eaten bread and wine and washed feet. Look: blood and excreta, sweat and spit, flesh and tissue fragility. A life, a human body, brutalized, contorted and distorted, spit upon, rejected.

Don't avert your gaze, close your heart or hide in familiar washed and perfumed language with comforting doctrines. Here our elaborate theologies clank like empty buckets. There is no high purpose or meaning to human cruelty, the killing of innocent people, all this brokenness, all this devastation of what is most precious.

Life isn't about meaning: it's about connections, reaching out, not reaching up. There is no religious or moral rule to equal the demands of love. Look, see, hold onto the messiness and brokenness, the wholeness of body and spirit. God of all love and every truth, help us to look with open eyes, see with open hearts. Paying attention, attending to all people and all things in their mystery, depth and ordinariness, is the essence of prayer, the rarest and purest form of generosity.

If you turn away, if you look for angels, or some worldly sign, if you separate body and mind, then, and only then, can you rationalize this or any other atrocity the newspapers report today, violence, abuse, oppression – from Ukraine to Iraq, from North Korea to Syria, from Israel/Palestine to our own back yards.

Nor is this a place for romantics, a sanitized crucifixion with clean, unbloodied body. It's a place of evil, a place of too much destruction. Humankind cannot stand too much reality and yet the demanding, common task is to look and to love and cry: Mercy!

Our serious looking has a healing beauty. In loving-attention is enabling grace that tunes us into the heart-rending harmony of life and death. God of all love and every truth, help us to look with open eyes, see with open hearts.

SCRIPTURE READING

Mark 15:33-34

THE CROSS

Pam Whitenack

That huge 'Why?' held deep inside us all or spat out occasionally isn't an intellectual question. It's a cry of agony. There are no answers, only the waiting, the walking alongside, the being here. Only the giving out of what we do not have: the love that comes as we give it. The incredible risk of love demands more of us than easy answers and pretty prayers.



What wondrous love is this, O my soul? It is the powerful, unconditional, heartbreaking and healing love of God on the cross, but also the love of a mother at the foot of it.

SCRIPTURE READING

John 19:25b-27

MARY AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS

Kathy Yingst

Mary at the foot of the cross waits to hold her dead son in her arms. Who would dare to look into her secret eyes, who now would dare to sing Magnificat? Her still body is the shape of a multitude of grieving women. Death does not dry her tears. They wash over history ... into the places words will never reach. Woman without comfort or consolation, she keeps a timeless vigil for nameless mothers and their missing sons and daughters, for all who pick up the pieces, collect the wounded, bring home the dead and wait for bread to feed the living. (Silence)

There will always be the waiting: waiting with the dying, waiting at the bedside of a sick child, waiting at a peace vigil, waiting for news of missing sons and daughters, husbands and wives, mothers and fathers, waiting amid illness, abuse, oppression, waiting at the gates, waiting at the place of desolation, the human rubbish dump ...

There will always be the watching, the standing alongside, through the long night, preparing food for the weary, caring for the children, encouraging with a word, a smile ... a hug. Presence and compassion: not ministering to but being with.



John's Gospel has some comfort at the foot of the cross, but in Mark's Gospel everyone abandons Jesus. In Luke's, everyone who knew him just watched from a safe distance.

SCRIPTURE READING

Luke 23:49

WOMEN AT A DISTANCE

Claire Folts

Some women of the company watch with the angels from their own place – somewhere at the margins, where bread and wine, spices and perfumes, loving and caring flow freely. Where they mourn, and cry for children living now and yet to be born, where seeing into the heart of