



Ash Wednesday:

A Service of Confession and Lament

Grace Presbyterian Church
Fort Wayne, Indiana
February 17th, 2021

Ash Wednesday: A Service of Confession and Lament

February 17th, 2021 – 5:30 P.M.

Opening Lament: A Voicing of Pain, Sin, and Struggle

Hymn

As Pants the Deer

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Scripture Reading: Isaiah 58:1-12 CEB

^{58:1} Shout loudly; don't hold back;
raise your voice like a trumpet!

Announce to my people their crime,
to the house of Jacob their sins.

²They seek me day after day,
desiring knowledge of my ways
like a nation that acted righteously,
that didn't abandon their God.

They ask me for righteous judgments,
wanting to be close to God.

³“Why do we fast and you don't see;
why afflict ourselves and you don't notice?”

Yet on your fast day you do whatever you want,
and oppress all your workers.

⁴You quarrel and brawl, and then you fast;
you hit each other violently with your fists.

You shouldn't fast as you are doing today
if you want to make your voice heard on high.

⁵Is this the kind of fast I choose,
a day of self-affliction,
of bending one's head like a reed
and of lying down in mourning clothing and ashes?
Is this what you call a fast,
a day acceptable to the Lord?

⁶Isn't this the fast I choose:
releasing wicked restraints, untying the ropes of a yoke,
setting free the mistreated,

and breaking every yoke?
⁷ Isn't it sharing your bread with the hungry
and bringing the homeless poor into your house,
covering the naked when you see them,
and not hiding from your own family?
⁸ Then your light will break out like the dawn,
and you will be healed quickly.
Your own righteousness will walk before you,
and the Lord's glory will be your rear guard.
⁹ Then you will call, and the Lord will answer;
you will cry for help, and God will say, "I'm here."
If you remove the yoke from among you,
the finger-pointing, the wicked speech;
¹⁰ if you open your heart to the hungry,
and provide abundantly for those who are afflicted,
your light will shine in the darkness,
and your gloom will be like the noon.
¹¹ The Lord will guide you continually
and provide for you, even in parched places.
He will rescue your bones.
You will be like a watered garden,
like a spring of water that won't run dry.
¹² They will rebuild ancient ruins on your account;
the foundations of generations past you will restore.
You will be called Mender of Broken Walls,
Restorer of Livable Streets.

Hymn:

My Song Is Love Unknown

p. 7

Scripture Reading: Psalm 51 CEB

^{51:1} Have mercy on me, God, according to your faithful love!
Wipe away my wrongdoings according to your great compassion!
² Wash me completely clean of my guilt;
purify me from my sin!

³ Because I know my wrongdoings,
my sin is always right in front of me.

⁴ I've sinned against you—you alone.
I've committed evil in your sight.
That's why you are justified when you render your verdict,
completely correct when you issue your judgment.

⁵ Yes, I was born in guilt, in sin,
from the moment my mother conceived me.

⁶ And yes, you want truth in the most hidden places;
you teach me wisdom in the most secret space.

⁷ Purify me with hyssop and I will be clean;
wash me and I will be whiter than snow.

⁸ Let me hear joy and celebration again;
let the bones you crushed rejoice once more.

⁹ Hide your face from my sins;
wipe away all my guilty deeds!

¹⁰ Create a clean heart for me, God;
put a new, faithful spirit deep inside me!

¹¹ Please don't throw me out of your presence;
please don't take your holy spirit away from me.

¹² Return the joy of your salvation to me
and sustain me with a willing spirit.

¹³ Then I will teach wrongdoers your ways,
and sinners will come back to you.

¹⁴ Deliver me from violence, God, God of my salvation,
so that my tongue can sing of your righteousness.

¹⁵ Lord, open my lips,
and my mouth will proclaim your praise.

¹⁶ You don't want sacrifices.
If I gave an entirely burned offering,
you wouldn't be pleased.

¹⁷ A broken spirit is my sacrifice, God.
You won't despise a heart, God, that is broken and crushed.

¹⁸ Do good things for Zion by your favor.

Rebuild Jerusalem's walls.

¹⁹Then you will again want sacrifices of righteousness—
entirely burned offerings and complete offerings.

Then bulls will again be sacrificed on your altar.

Litany of Penitence (*Borrowed and Adapted from IAC Colorado Springs*)

Lord, have mercy upon us,

For we have sinned against you.

For all our unfaithfulness and disobedience, and for the pride, vanity, and hypocrisy
of our lives. Lord, have mercy upon us,

For we have sinned against you.

For our self-pity and impatience, and our envy of those we think more fortunate than
ourselves. Lord, have mercy upon us,

For we have sinned against you.

For our unrighteous anger, bitterness and resentment. Lord, have mercy upon us,

For we have sinned against you.

For our obsession with purity and ignoring of greed, our exploitation of other people,
and our failure to give of ourselves in love. Lord, have mercy upon us,

For we have sinned against you.

For our self-indulgent appetites and ways, and our intemperate pursuit of worldly
goods and comforts. Lord, have mercy upon us,

For we have sinned against you.

For our dishonesty in daily life and work, our ingratitude for your gifts, and our
failure to heed your call. Lord, have mercy upon us,

For we have sinned against you.

Invitation to Introspection and Discipline

Time of Silent Confession

Reminder of Morality and Sinfulness

Prayer for our Lenten Practices

Hymn

In Deepest Night

P. 8

Closing (Please Leave in Reverent Silence)

LAMENT AND LONGING FOR HEALING

778 As Pants the Deer for Living Streams

(Psalms 42 and 43)



1 As pants the deer for liv - ing streams, in dry or des - ert space,
 2 Tears are my bread both night and day; fools crush me, soul and bone.
 3 Deep calls to deep, the bil - lows roar; they cov - er me with pain.
 4 O send your light to guide me home; my Sav - ior, guide me still.



I thirst for you, O liv - ing God; I long to see your face!
 They laugh and ask, "Where is your God?" I hope in you a - lone.
 I cry for heal - ing and for home; God, show your love a - gain!
 With shout - ing pil - grims I will come to climb your ho - ly hill.



O how I miss the hap - py days when with the throng I'd praise!
 Why cast me off? Where have you gone? Why is your grace with - drawn?
 With - out your peo - ple, who am I? With - out you I will die.
 Then with the harp I'll sing your praise; my hap - py voice I'll raise.



Take cour - age now, my trem - bling heart, for God will take your part!

Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

Because they share vocabulary, themes, and a refrain, Psalms 42 and 43 are regarded as one extended prayer for help. Although cast as the voice of one person, this is really the plea of the whole Jewish people longing to return from exile and to worship once more in Jerusalem.

TEXT: Ruth Duck, 1985
 MUSIC: John D. Horman, 2003
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 Music © 2003 Zimbel Press

SEACHRIST
 CMD

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My Song Is Love Unknown 209

1 My song is love un - known, my Sav - ior's love to
 2 He came from heav - en's throne sal - va - tion to be -
 3 Some - times we strew his way, and his sweet prais - es
 4 Un - heed - ing, we will have our dear Lord made a -
 5 Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di -

me, love to the love - less shown that they might love - ly
 stow; the world that was his own would not its Sav - ior
 sing, re - sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to our
 way, a mur - der - er to save, the prince of life to
 vine: nev - er was love, dear King, nev - er was grief like

be. O who am I that for my sake my
 know. But O my Friend, my Friend in - deed, who
 King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is all our breath, and
 slay. Yet stead - fast he to suf - fering goes, that
 thine. This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I

Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
 at my need his life did spend!
 for his death we thirst and cry.
 he his foes from thence might free.
 all my days could glad - ly spend.

The opening line here could equally well have been a courtier's lament for a secret affair, but it soon becomes a path into a vivid and poignant reflection on Christ's Passion. This 17th-century text is beautifully embraced by its sensitive and lyrical 20th-century tune.

TEXT: Samuel Crossman, 1664, alt.

MUSIC: John Ireland, 1918

Music © 1924 Trustees of the John Ireland Charitable Trust

LOVE UNKNOWN

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4

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785

In Deepest Night

Capo 1: (D) (Em7) (D)

E^b Fm7 E^b

1 In deep - est night, in dark - est days, when harps are hung,
 2 When friend was lost, when love de - ceived, dear Je - sus wept,
 3 When through the wa - ters winds our path, a - round us pain,

(Em7) (Bm) (D) (G)

Fm7 Cm E^b A^b

no songs we raise, when si - lence must suf - fice as praise,
 God was be - reaved; so with us in our grief God grieves,
 a - round us death, deep calls to deep, a sav - ing breath,

(D) (Dmaj7)(E) (Em7) (G) (A7)(Dsus) (D)

E^b E^bmaj7 F Fm7 A^b B^b7 E^bsus E^b

yet sound - ing in us qui - et - ly there is the song of God.
 and round a - bout us mourn - ful - ly there are the tears of God.
 and found be - side us faith - ful - ly there is the love of God.

If we are honest about the range of human experience, not everything we sing in church can be loud or joyful. The author describes this hymn as "a song of quiet hope in the middle of intense sorrow." It speaks eloquently of God's presence with us through our most difficult times.

TEXT: Susan Palo Cherwien, 1995
 MUSIC: David Schwoebel, 2008
 Text © 1995 Susan Palo Cherwien (admin. Augsburg Fortress)
 Music © 2008 Celebrating Grace, Inc.

ROSE MARY
 8.8.8.8.6

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