

Holy Wednesday Service



P In the name of the Father and of the T Son and of the Holy Spirit.
C **Amen.**

Collect for Wednesday in Holy Week

Merciful and everlasting God, You did not spare Your only Son but delivered Him up for us all to bear our sins on the cross. Grant that our hearts may be so fixed with steadfast faith in Him that we fear not the power of sin, death, and the devil; through the same Jesus Christ, our Lord, who lives and reigns with You and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.

Reading

²⁶Then God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. And let them have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the heavens and over the livestock and over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creeps on the earth."
²⁷So God created man in his own image,
in the image of God he created him;
male and female he created them.

- A This is the Word of the Lord.
- C **Thanks be to God.**

Reading

⁶Now when Jesus was at Bethany in the house of Simon the leper, ⁷a woman came up to him with an alabaster flask of very expensive ointment, and she poured it on his head as he reclined at table. ⁸And when the disciples saw it, they were indignant, saying, "Why this waste? ⁹For this could have been sold for a large sum and given to the poor." ¹⁰But Jesus, aware of this, said to them, "Why do you trouble the woman? For she has done a beautiful thing to me. ¹¹For you always have the poor with you, but you will not always have me. ¹²In pouring this ointment on my body, she has done it to prepare me for burial. ¹³Truly, I say to you, wherever this gospel is proclaimed in the whole world, what she has done will also be told in memory of her."

¹⁴Then one of the twelve, whose name was Judas Iscariot, went to the chief priests ¹⁵and said, "What will you give me if I deliver him over to you?" And they paid him thirty pieces of silver. ¹⁶And from that moment he sought an opportunity to betray him.

- A This is the Word of the Lord.
- C **Thanks be to God.**

Sermon: "Jesus, Creation's New Head"

Hymn: O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

1 O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown.
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
And grant to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine forever!
 And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love for Thee.

4 Be Thou my consolation,
 My shield, when I must die;
Remind me of Thy passion
 When my last hour draws nigh.
Mine eyes shall then behold Thee,
 Upon Thy cross shall dwell,
My heart by faith enfold Thee.
 Who dieth thus dies well.

Prayer and Blessing