

"Behold Our Light:

Music for Evening Worship"

Lenten Evening Worship 2020



By Aaron David Miller

Augsburg Fortress

Minneapolis, MN, USA

For use by Our Savior's Lutheran Church, 2021 SW 29th Street, Topeka, KS.

## Wednesday Lenten Evening Prayer 2020

### Gifts of Hope and Salvation

#### CALL TO WORSHIP

L: Behold, now is the acceptable time;

**C: now is the day of salvation.**

L: Turn us again, O God of our salvation,

**C: that the light of your face may shine on us.**

L: May your justice shine like the sun;

**C: and may the poor be lifted up.**

#### OPENING DIALOG AND HYMN OF LIGHT

Cantor **2**

Assembly **2**

Be-hold, our light has come, death is no more,  
 Be-hold, our light has come, death is no  
 though the sun fades from our sight. God has sent sus - tain - ing light.  
 more,

Be-hold, our light has come, shine on us. **2**

Be-hold, our light has come, shine on us. **2**

*Stanza 1: Cantor or All*  
*Stanza 2-3: All*

\* / O Trin - i - ty, O bless - ed light, O Un - i - ty of  
 you our morn - ing song of praise, to you our eve - ning  
 sov - 'reign might: as now the fi - 'ry sun de - parts, shed ho - ly light with -  
 prayer we raise; to you in awe we bend the knee from age to age, e -  
 in — our hearts. **2** To  
 ter - nal - ly. **3** All

glo - ry be to God a - bove and to the Son, the prince of love, and to the Spir - it,

**3**

One in Three! We praise you, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

\* Text: attr. Ambrose of Milan, 340–397; tr. composite  
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## EVENING PSALM

4 Assembly

Lord, you have searched me and known me; you know when I sit, when I rise. You know my thoughts, you know my heart, you know the ways of my life. You know the sound of my voice, you know the words of my tongue; you hold me close, you guide my ways, you know the ways of my life.

*2nd time to Coda* ☩

Cantor only

Where can I go to leave your spirit? Where can I fall that you aren't near? If I say, The darkness will hide me, your bright light sets me free.

☩ *Coda*

life. You know the ways of my life. You know the ways of my life.

Text: Psalm 139:1-12, adapt.  
Music: Aaron David Miller © 2013 Augsburg Fortress. All rights reserved.

## PSALM PRAYER

Lord Jesus Christ, you call us to follow you and be your sisters and brothers. Protect us on our journey and deliver us from evil, that we may be brought safely home to that place where you live and reign with the Father and Holy Spirit, now and forever. **Amen.**

## READING

Mar. 18

The Testing of Abraham

Genesis 22:1-18

<sup>1</sup>After these things God tested Abraham. He said to him, "Abraham!" And he said, "Here I am." <sup>2</sup>He said, "Take your son, your only son Isaac, whom you love, and go to the land of Moriah, and offer him there as a burnt offering on one of the mountains that I shall show you." <sup>3</sup>So Abraham rose early in the morning, saddled

his donkey, and took two of his young men with him, and his son Isaac; he cut the wood for the burnt offering, and set out and went to the place in the distance that God had shown him. <sup>4</sup>On the third day Abraham looked up and saw the place far away. <sup>5</sup>Then Abraham said to his young men, "Stay here with the donkey; the boy and I will go over there; we will worship, and then we will come back to you." <sup>6</sup>Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering and laid it on his son Isaac, and he himself carried the fire and the knife. So the two of them walked on together. <sup>7</sup>Isaac said to his father Abraham, "Father!" And he said, "Here I am, my son." He said, "The fire and the wood are here, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" <sup>8</sup>Abraham said, "God himself will provide the lamb for a burnt offering, my son." So the two of them walked on together. <sup>9</sup>When they came to the place that God had shown him, Abraham built an altar there and laid the wood in order. He bound his son Isaac, and laid him on the altar, on top of the wood. <sup>10</sup>Then Abraham reached out his hand and took the knife to kill his son. <sup>11</sup>But the angel of the LORD called to him from heaven, and said, "Abraham, Abraham!" And he said, "Here I am." <sup>12</sup>He said, "Do not lay your hand on the boy or do anything to him; for now I know that you fear God, since you have not withheld your son, your only son, from me." <sup>13</sup>And Abraham looked up and saw a ram, caught in a thicket by its horns. Abraham went and took the ram and offered it up as a burnt offering instead of his son. <sup>14</sup>So Abraham called that place "The LORD will provide"; as it is said to this day, "On the mount of the LORD it shall be provided." <sup>15</sup>The angel of the LORD called to Abraham a second time from heaven, <sup>16</sup>and said, "By myself I have sworn, says the LORD: Because you have done this, and have not withheld your son, your only son, <sup>17</sup>I will indeed bless you, and I will make your offspring as numerous as the stars of heaven and as the sand that is on the seashore. And your offspring shall possess the gate of their enemies, <sup>18</sup>and by your offspring shall all the nations of the earth gain blessing for themselves, because you have obeyed my voice."

Word of God, Word of Life. **Thanks be to God.**

## **DRAMA**

### **Mar. 18: Heartbreak (Vigil of Easter: The Testing of Abraham, Genesis 22: 1-12)**

Cast: Isaac, the son of Abraham

Setting: Sometime after the near-sacrifice of Isaac.

**Reader:** After these things God tested Abraham. He said to him, "Abraham!" And he said, "Here I am." He said, "Take your son, your only son Isaac, whom you love, and to the land of Moriah, and offer him there as a burnt offering on one of the mountains that I shall show you." So Abraham rose early in the morning, saddled his donkey, and took two of his young men with him, and his son Isaac; he cut wood for the burnt offering, and set out and went to the place in the distance that God has shown him. (Genesis 22:1-3, NRSV)

**Isaac:** I couldn't stop myself. The moment the bonds snapped, I leapt free, scattering the kindling in all directions. I shrugged off the cords with pent-up energy and fled away from the horror of the mountaintop.

I ran down the hillside, as fast as my legs could carry me. I was jumping, sprinting, and dodging the scrubbrush. I was leaping boulders, twisting and turning this way and that.

Suddenly, there in front of me, was an unseen, rain-washed gully. My foot slipped. I went down head over heels, tumbling, rolling to a stop.

Cautiously I got up, but pain shot from my ankle. Still, I hobbled on, always downhill, as best I could, until I reached a boulder jutting out from the hillside.

I sat down hard and tried to catch my breath. Carefully, I wiggled my ankle.

From high above, from the brush-hidden hilltop, black smoke plumed off the kindling upon which moments earlier I had been lying. A terrifying climax to those strange, dread-filled days!

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Three days earlier, before the sun was up, Abraham, my father, had awakened me and two of the servants. All he would say was that we must be off to make a sacrifice to God.

I could tell by his face that something was wrong. Gone was all the love of life I had always seen in my father's face. His face was empty and dead. For three days, I kept looking at him to figure out what was going on. For three days, he avoided my stares. For three whole days our eyes did not meet.

I kept watching him for some glimmer of the look I had so often seen when he took me out to show me the stars of the sky. I kept watching his eyes for that same look that sometimes came over him when he gazed at me. For three whole days I know he kept watching me; but the moment I would glance at him, he would quickly look away.

We were traveling light for folks off to make sacrifice. We did not have even one prize animal from Abraham's flocks. All my father Abraham would say was, "God will provide."

Did my father hope to find a herdsman along the way with flocks finer than his own? Impossible!

Would my father Abraham even entertain the sacrilege of catching and sacrificing a sick, injured animal straggling alone in the wild? All he would say was, "God will provide."

And that final morning as we left the two servants behind at our camp and set out alone—just the two of us, with Abraham carrying the fire and the kindling piled high upon my back, but still with no animal for sacrifice—all he would say was, "God will provide."

Nevertheless, beneath those confident words I could sense a growing despair in my father. His demeanor had changed from anxious "whistling in the dark" as we left home to "hoping against hope" along the way. Finally, his feelings emerged in sharp, angry rebuke as our footsteps worked their way up the mountainside.

When we reached the mountaintop, he waved me over to the side and insisted I stand by while he labored. I watched him roll stones together, prying them out of the soil if need be. I watched tears running down his face as he fashioned the stones one upon another into a crude rock altar. Then a sob rushed out from his depths as he gathered up in his arms the kindling I had carried and placed it upon the stones.

He picked up the cords that had bound the kindling. Suddenly, a loop of rope snaked out of my father's hands, the same rope tricks he had taught me in order to fell and disable rebellious goats.

But now it was me on the ground, bound helpless by the ropes! Then, I was being lifted up and placed upon the altar. Suddenly, looking up into my father's wild, despairing eyes, I realized the horrible fear long hidden within myself—that someday Abraham's God, too, would require him nothing less than did the gods of the peoples around us.

\*\*\*\*\*

I turned my ankle carefully to test it. From far up the hillside the voice of my father startled me, calling out "Isaac". I stumbled to my feet, but pain shot up my ankle again.

"Isaac. Son." Something unexpectedly familiar resonated in the voice calling me. It was not the sullen voice that had journeyed with me the past three days. It was the voice of the father who had held me as a toddler, lifting me high in the air in pride. It was the voice of the father who had taught me how to tend the flocks. It was the voice of the father who used to take me out at night to show me all the stars in the sky. I had not heard that voice for weeks.

"My son," he held his hand out to me.

\*\*\*\*\*

We finished the descent together. Though he offered me his shoulder, I chose a stout stick to lean upon. He didn't speak a word as we walked. Nor did I. We walked side by side in silence, each with our own thoughts. As probably happens with other fathers and sons, we would never ever talk about that day.

But I will never forget that day, nor could I if I tried! I will always remember three things to my dying day; the feel of the raw wood against my back; the tear-filled, despairing face of my father over me, and the four words he cried out. Yes, I will remember most all of his words as the sharp knife sliced through my binding cords.

And his eyes! Yes, his eyes suddenly gazed upon me as they had all the years of my childhood. Yet, his eyes also looked at me, as if still focused upon the deepest mystery of the universe. His eyes did not blink, as if out of the depths of his own soul Abraham sobbed his universe-shattering exclamation: "God's heart breaks, too!"

**Reader:** Then the angel of the Lord said to Abraham, "...now I know that you truly fear the Lord..."

**HYMN**

Mar. 18: "Will You Come and Follow Me"

# 798



1 "Will you come and fol - low me if I but call  
 2 "Will you leave your - self be - hind if I but call  
 3 "Will you let the blind - ed see if I but call  
 4 "Will you love the you you hide if I but call  
 5 Lord, your sum - mons ech - oes true when you but call



your name? Will you go where you don't  
 your name? Will you care for cruel and  
 your name? Will you set the pris - 'ners  
 your name? Will you quell the fear in -  
 my name. Let me turn and fol - low



know and nev - er be the same?  
 kind and nev - er be the same?  
 free and nev - er be the same?  
 side and nev - er be the same?  
 you and nev - er be the same.



Will you let my love be shown, will you let my  
 Will you risk the hos - tile stare, should your life at -  
 Will you kiss the lep - er clean, and do such as  
 Will you use the faith you've found to re - shape the  
 In your com - pa - ny I'll go where your love and



name be known, will you let my life be  
 tract or scare? Will you let me an - swer  
 this un - seen, and ad - mit to what I  
 world a - round, through my sight and touch and  
 foot - steps show. Thus I'll move and live and



grown in you and you in me?"  
 pray'r in you and you in me?"  
 mean in you and you in me?"  
 sound in you and you in me?"  
 grow in you and you in me.

Text: John L. Bell, b. 1949  
 Music: KELVINGROVE, Scottish traditional  
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L: Long ago, in many and various ways, God spoke to our ancestors by the prophets;  
C: but in these last days God has spoken to us by the Son.

## MY SOUL PROCLAIMS

Assembly

My soul pro-claims the great-ness of the Lord, my  
spir-it sings for joy in God my Sav-ior. You look with fa-vor up - on your ser-vant,  
bless-ed is my name. You have done great things for me, ho - ly is your  
name. You send your mer-cy to those who fear you through ev - 'ry age.  
You have shown the strength of your arm, you have scorned the thoughts of the proud,  
you cast down the might - y, you have lift - ed the low - ly, ho - ly is your  
name. You have filled the hun-gry with good things, you have left the rich with emp-ty  
hands, you have come to the help of your peo-ple, ho - ly is your name.  
You have kept your prom - ise of mer - cy, the prom-ise that you made to our  
fore - bears; to A - bra'm and Sar - ah and their chil - dren for - ev - er,  
ho - ly is your name. Ho - ly is your name. Ho - ly is your name.

Text: Luke 1:46b-55, adapt. A. D. M.

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LITANY OF PRAYER (Responses will be sung)

## Prayer Response

Cantor Assembly  
Hear our prayer, O Lord. Hear our prayer, O Lord.

*Spoken prayer petitions*

After each spoken petition  
Cantor Assembly  
Hear our prayer, O Lord. Hear our prayer, O Lord.

After final petition  
Cantor Assembly  
Hear our prayer, O Lord. Hear our prayer, O Lord. A - men.

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Trusting in the steadfast, sure love of God, we pray... (*response*)

For the church, that, relying on the Sacraments and the Word of God, we turn away from our sin to find joy and abundant new life in forgiveness... (*response*)

For all the nations of the world, that leaders seek out peace and justice for all people over desires for personal power or status... (*response*)

For all those in any need this night, that God will work through his people to provide food for the hungry, shelter for the homeless, and freedom for those who are oppressed... (*response*)

For our brothers and sisters who are sick, especially those we name aloud or in the silence of our hearts ...(*pause*)... that God would give healing and restore them to health... (*response*)

And for us, the family of Our Savior's Lutheran Church, that God will always direct our hearts towards hope and salvation...(*response*)

Rejoicing in the fellowship of all the saints, let us commend ourselves, one another, and our whole life to Christ, our Lord...(*final stanza response*)

Let us gather all of our prayers together in the words of the Lord's Prayer.



## THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name,  
your kingdom come, your will be done,  
on earth as in heaven.

Give us today our daily bread.

Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us.

Save us from the time of trial  
and deliver us from evil.

For the kingdom, the power, and the glory  
are yours, now and forever. Amen.

## SENDING HYMN

Cantor 2

Now let us go in peace. God's word has been ful -

Assembly 2

Now let us go in peace.

filled. We have seen God's great sal - va - tion set in front of

God's word has been ful - filled.

all cre - a - tion. A light that saves the world, be - hold, our light has

A light that saves the world,

come. A - men.

be - hold, our light has come. A - men.

## DISMISSAL

L: Go in peace. Embrace the gifts of hope and salvation.

C: **Thanks be to God.**

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