

Chapel
Bethany Lutheran School
April 8, 2020

Invocation

Opening Song: "I Will Call Upon the Lord"

Ecclesiastes 3 Litany:

Leader: There is a right time for everything.
Everything on earth has its special season.
There is a time to be born and a time to die.
There is a time to plant and a time to pull up plants.

People: There is a right time for everything.
Everything on earth has its special season.

Leader: There is a time to kill and a time to heal.
There is a time to destroy and a time to build.

People: There is a right time for everything.
Everything on earth has its special season.

Leader: There is a time to cry and a time to laugh.
There is a time to be sad and a time to dance.

People: There is a right time for everything.
Everything on earth has its special season.

Leader: There is a time to throw away stones and a time to gather them.
There is a time to hug and a time not to hug.

People: There is a right time for everything.
Everything on earth has its special season.

Leader: There is a time to look for something and a time to stop looking for it.
There is a time to keep things and a time to throw things away.

People: There is a right time for everything.
Everything on earth has its special season.

Leader: There is a time to tear apart and a time to sew together.
There is a time to be silent and a time to speak.

People: There is a right time for everything.
Everything on earth has its special season.

Leader: There is a time to love and a time to hate.
There is a time for war and a time for peace.

People: There is a right time for everything.
Everything on earth has its special season.

Scripture Reading: Revelation 21:3-4

Message: "A Time for Grief"

Prayers/Lord's Prayer

Closing Song: "There is a Green Hill Far Away"

There is a green hill far away outside a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell what pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heav'n saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough to pay the price of sin.
He only could unlock the gate of heav'n and let us in.

Oh dearly, dearly has He loved! And we must love Him too
And trust in His redeeming blood and try His works to do.

Text: Cecil Frances Alexander

Tune: William Horsley

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Holy Week