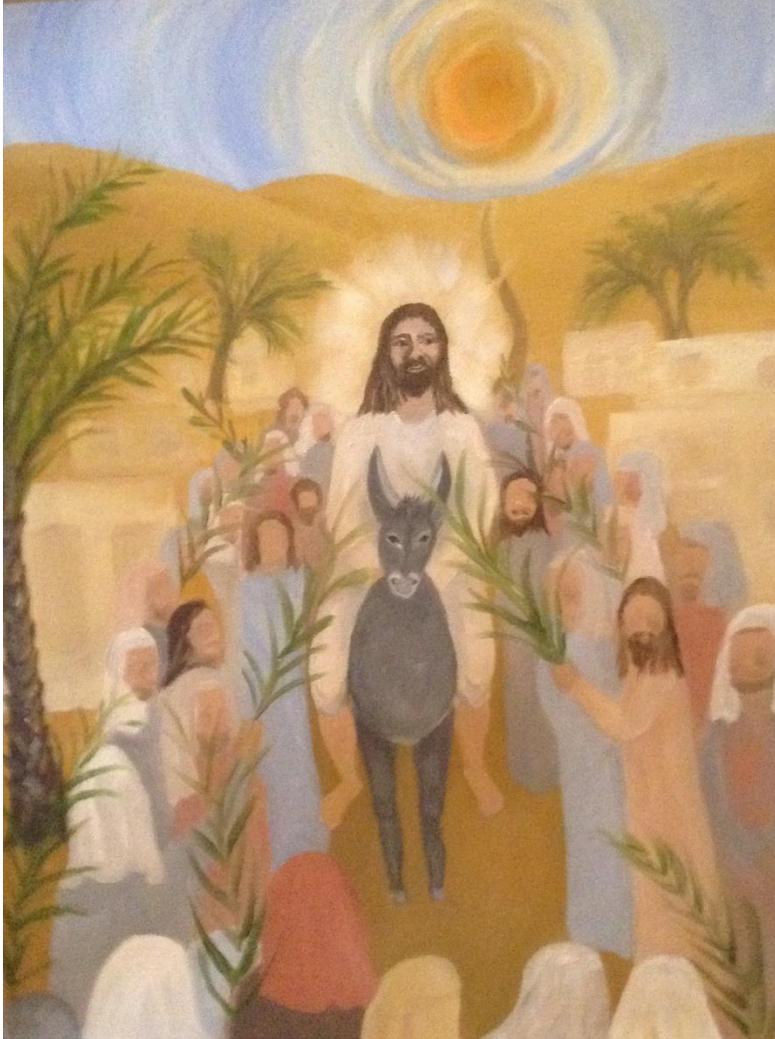
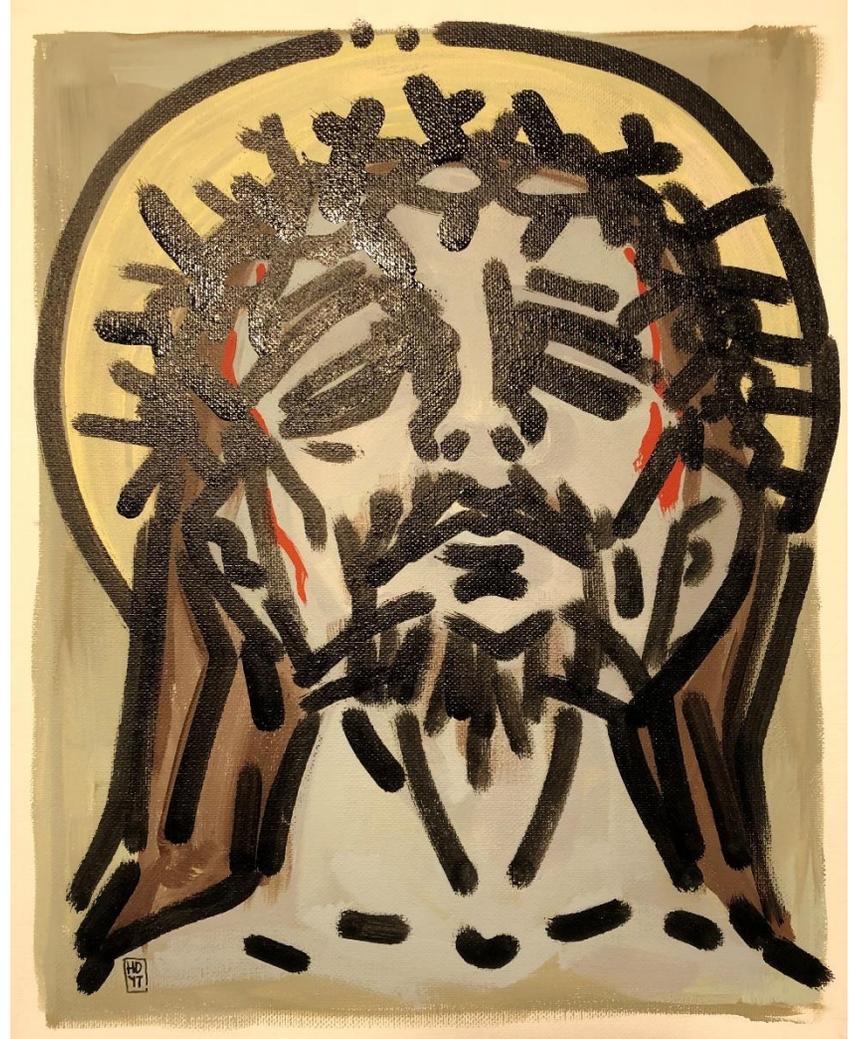


“He was pierced because of our rebellions and crushed because of our crimes.
He bore the punishment that made us whole; by his wounds we are healed.”
-Isaiah 53:5



“Entry into Jerusalem,” by Lisa Stowers. Oil



Untitled by Amy Brueseke. Acrylic



April 5, 2020

Palm Sunday // Passion Sunday

Blessed Be Your Name

Blessed be Your name
In the land that is plentiful
Where Your streams of abundance flow
Blessed be Your name
Blessed be Your name
When I'm found in the desert place
Though I walk through the wilderness
Blessed be Your name

Every blessing You pour out
I'll turn back to praise
When the darkness closes in
Lord still I will say

Blessed be the name of the Lord
Blessed be Your name
Blessed be the name of the Lord
Blessed be Your glorious name

Blessed be Your name
When the sun's shining down on me
When the world's all as it should be
Blessed be Your name
Blessed be Your name
On the road marked with suffering
Though there's pain in the offering
Blessed be Your name

You give and take away
You give and take away
My heart will choose to say
Lord blessed be Your name

Hosanna (Praise is Rising)

Praise is rising
Eyes are turning to You
We turn to You
Hope is stirring
Hearts are yearning for You
We long for You

'Cause when we see You
We find strength to face the day
In Your presence
All our fears are washed away
Washed away

Hosanna hosanna
You are the God who saves us
Worthy of all our praises
Hosanna hosanna
Come have Your way among us
We welcome You here Lord Jesus

Hear the sound of
Hearts returning to You
We turn to You
In Your Kingdom
Broken lives are made new
You make us new



Heidelberg Catechism, Question 1

Q: What is your only comfort, in life and in death?

A: That I am not my own, but I belong, with body and soul, both in life and in death, to my faithful Savior Jesus Christ. He has fully paid for all my sins with his precious blood, and has set me free from all the power of the devil. He also preserves me in such a way that without the will of my heavenly Father not a hair can fall from my head; indeed, all things must work together for my salvation. Therefore, by his Holy Spirit he also assures me of eternal life and makes me whole-heartedly willing and ready from now on to live for him.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

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 'til now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

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,
vouchsafe to me thy grace

Offering

A few of you have asked how you might still contribute to the mission and ministry of CKPC during this time.
Checks can still be mailed to : CKPC, PO Box 750, Silverdale, WA 98383
OR give online by following this [giving link](#)

Sermon – The Suffering Servant

Isaiah 52:13-53:12 | Tyler Kirkpatrick

-52-

- ¹³ Look, my servant will succeed.
He will be exalted and lifted very high.
- ¹⁴ Just as many were appalled by you,
he too appeared disfigured, inhuman,
his appearance unlike that of mortals.
- ¹⁵ But he will astonish many nations.
Kings will be silenced because of him,
because they will see what they haven't seen before;
what they haven't heard before, they will ponder.

-53-

- ¹ Who can believe what we have heard,
and for whose sake has the LORD's arm been revealed?
- ² He grew up like a young plant before us,
like a root from dry ground.
He possessed no splendid form for us to see,



no desirable appearance.

³ He was despised and avoided by others;

a man who suffered, who knew sickness well.

Like someone from whom people hid their faces,

he was despised, and we didn't think about him.

⁴ It was certainly our sickness that he carried,

and our sufferings that he bore,

but we thought him afflicted,

struck down by God and tormented.

⁵ He was pierced because of our rebellions

and crushed because of our crimes.

He bore the punishment that made us whole;

by his wounds we are healed.

⁶ Like sheep we had all wandered away,

each going its own way,

but the LORD let fall on him all our crimes.

⁷ He was oppressed and tormented,

but didn't open his mouth.

Like a lamb being brought to slaughter,

like a ewe silent before her shearers,

he didn't open his mouth.

⁸ Due to an unjust ruling he was taken away,

and his fate—who will think about it?

He was eliminated from the land of the living,

struck dead because of my people's rebellion.

⁹ His grave was among the wicked,

his tomb with evildoers,

though he had done no violence,

and had spoken nothing false.

¹⁰ But the LORD wanted to crush him

and to make him suffer.

If his life is offered as restitution,

he will see his offspring; he will enjoy long life.

The LORD's plans will come to fruition through him.

¹¹ After his deep anguish he will see light, and he will be satisfied.

Through his knowledge, the righteous one, my servant,

will make many righteous,

and will bear their guilt.

¹² Therefore, I will give him a share with the great,

and he will divide the spoil with the strong,

in return for exposing his life to death

and being numbered with rebels,

though he carried the sin of many

and pleaded on behalf of those who rebelled.



How Deep the Father's Love For Us

How deep the Father's love for us
How vast beyond all measure
That He should give His only Son
To make a wretch His treasure
How great the pain of searing loss
The Father turns His face away
As wounds which mar the Chosen One
Bring many sons to glory

Behold the Man upon a cross
My sin upon His shoulders
Ashamed I hear my mocking voice
Call out among the scoffers
It was my sin that held Him there
Until it was accomplished
His dying breath has brought me life
I know that it is finished

I will not boast in anything
No gifts no power no wisdom
But I will boast in Jesus Christ
His death and resurrection
Why should I gain from His reward
I cannot give an answer
But this I know with all my heart
His wounds have paid my ransom

