



Return to Me

Kirkwood  
baptist church

**Our Worship of God**  
Friday, April 3, 2026  
Good Friday

+ *This symbol invites you to rise in body as you are able, or in spirit.*

*\*This symbol invites you to view the program notes.*

Silent Procession

Prelude

**Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed**

Duane Funderburk

Ken Kulosa, cellist  
Julia Matthews, pianist

Opening Sentences

Matt Vandagriff

The color has drained from the sky, and all is still.

**Let all creation stand and watch as Jesus willingly goes to the cross.**

May we be broken open in grief that room may be made for new life.

**Let us breathe together, children of God, as Jesus breathes no more.**

**Let us worship God.**

From the depths of our souls, let us worship God.

**Out of the depths we cry to you, O Lord.**

Choral Meditation

**Out of the Deep\***

John Rutter

Sanctuary Choir

*Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice.*

*O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.*

*If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss; O Lord, who may abide it?*

*For there is mercy with thee; therefore shalt thou be fear'd.*

*I look to the Lord: my soul doth wait for him, and in his word is my trust.*

*My soul fleeth unto the Lord; before the morning watch, I say before the morning watch.*

*O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy;*

*and with him is plenteous redemption.*

*And he shall redeem Israel from all his sins, from all his sins.*

+ Hymn 221

**O Sacred Head, Now Wounded**

PASSION CHORALE

*Return to Me*

**A Choral Service based on the Stations of the Cross**

Text by Terry W. York | Music by Taylor Scott Davis

Gospel Readings

Luke 22:1-23, 39-71; 23:1-22

Allison Felter, Aaron Lacey  
& Hal Morse

**Salvation Stands with Open Arms**

*Salvation stands with open arms, with nailprints red and glowing.*

*Salvation stand upon a nail with love and pain both glowing.*

*Salvation's flesh is torn and broken by thorns and nail and spear is broken,*

*By greed and hate and war is broken, by greed and hate and war is broken.*

*For love and pity, for grace and mercy, Salvation's flesh is torn and broken.*

*Now when you eat, now when you drink*

*When you see greed and hate and war, remember me.*

**Hail, King of the Jews**

*Rejection pierces his heart; thorns pierce his brow  
 Betrayal slaps his soul; soldiers slap his face.  
 Laughter saddens his spirit as those he deeply loves mock his name.  
 Hail, king of Jews. Condemnation is the purple robe he wears.  
 The Innocent stands condemned. Hate stands to cheers.  
 Betrayal slaps his soul; Hatred slaps Love's face.  
 Cursing covers their fear; Self-righteousness and pride mock his name.  
 Hail, king of the Jews. Condemnation is the purple robe he wears.  
 A crown of thorns, fearful lies,  
 Tears and love flow from his eyes.  
 The Lord of Life condemned to die; Crucify! Crucify!*

**Caesar Is Our King**

Steve Mitchener, soloist

*Crucify him! Crucify him!  
 Shall I crucify your king?  
 Away with this man, for Caesar is our king.  
 Away with this man, whom it pleases us to hate,  
 Away with this man, for Caesar is our king.  
 Away with this man, for his teachings make no sense.  
 Away with him, for Caesar is our king.  
 Away with this man, for his claims amount to treason.  
 Away with this man, can there be no more damning reason.  
 Away with him, for Caesar is our king.  
 So Pilate delivered him, and Jesus bore his cross to the Place of the Skull.*

**Black-Skinned Simon\*\***

*Black-skinned Simon, tote the cross.  
 Dark-skinned Simon, bear the load.  
 Black-skinned Simon, back bent low,  
 Know what man-beasts know.  
 Tote it like a donkey; tote it for the Lamb.  
 Fully God, fully man, fully lamb,  
 Jesus falls beneath the load.  
 Black-skinned Simon, on your back  
 You carry the law's own death.*

## Daughters of Jerusalem, Weep

*Daughters of Jerusalem, weep. Weep not for me, but for yourselves and for your children;  
Daughters of Jerusalem, weep. Weep for yourselves, for the sources of your tears.  
Weep for your children, for their fate in coming years.  
Weep for yourselves, your destruction and disgrace.  
Weep for your children, from their fate you'll turn your face.  
Sing your lament; sing your sorrow and oppression.  
Sing your lament; sing abuse and its frustration.  
Daughters of Jerusalem, weep, I know your tears. Daughters of Jerusalem, weep.*

Gospel Reading

Luke 23:32-38

Allison Felter

## What Was That He Said

Mark Lawson, soloist

*Strip him of his clothes, soon he will be dead.  
What was that, what was that he said?  
Nail upon the cross, He dies with the thieves.  
Roll the dice for the clothes he leaves.  
Shame upon shame, the people stare.  
Name upon name, the people sneer.  
Are you now a savior? What is that you say?  
Can he save himself if he's dressed that way?  
Strip him of his clothes, soon he will be dead.  
What was that, what was that he said?  
"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."*

Old Testament Reading

Isaiah 53:10-12

Hal Morse

## Only God Knows

Pat Lacey, Soloist

*Only God knows the pain of nails in hands and feet.  
Only God knows the pain of bending neck and knees.  
Only God knows the pain of nails that will not cease.  
Only God knows—God the Parent, God the Child.  
Only God knows this pain that's running wild.  
Only God knows the pain beyond the cries.  
Only God knows the pain through which I hear and see.  
Only God knows—God the Parent, God the Child.  
Only God knows the pain of arms out-stretched.  
Only God knows the pain in every breath.  
Only God knows this pain that's sacrament and prayer.  
Only God knows—God the Parent, God the Child.*

Gospel Reading

Luke 23:44-46

Aaron Lacey

### **This Mid-day Night**

*The Savior's grief, a healing sorrow;  
his night a womb for our tomorrow.  
His tears, his water, and his blood;  
This mid-day night, a womb for our tomorrow.  
The Savior's death, the Parent's loss, the Spirit's leaving.  
How long this darkness, death and grieving?  
The temple veil rips as for birth.  
He speaks his last in shouted, labored breathing.  
The Savior's pain, a human shouting;  
The Savior's death, the Spirit's parting.  
He cries our tears, he bleeds our blood;  
This mid-day night, the life in death concealing.  
The Savior dies, a stillness creeping;  
A quiet darkness, save for weeping.  
No jeers, no insults, no more taunts;  
This mid-day night, no hope for dawn revealing.*

Gospel Reading

Luke 23:50-56

Matt Vandagriff

### **No Crying He Makes**

*Again, God's Son sleeps. Again, no crying he makes.  
Again, his body is wrapped against the cold.  
Where are the shepherds? Where are the kings? Joseph, where are you?  
Angels guard the door, but no one angel sings.  
Where is the hay for this cold room?  
Every manger knows a tomb, my Jesus, every manger knows a tomb.  
God does not slumber, but God's Son sleeps Death's cold dark sleep.*

Silent Recession

*Worshippers are invited to remain in silent prayer. Please depart in silence.*

## Program Notes

### \*Out of the Deep

The text draws primarily from **Psalm 130**, one of the traditional penitential psalms, expressing a heartfelt cry to God from the depths of human suffering and longing for redemption. Rutter sets the opening plea—“Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord”—with music that conveys both sorrow and hope, gradually moving toward a message of trust in God’s mercy and steadfast love.

The work reflects Rutter’s characteristic lyrical style, blending expressive choral writing with rich orchestral color. Over the course of the piece, the music rises from introspective lament to a confident affirmation of hope: “O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy.”

In this performance, the music is offered as a prayerful reflection for the many places in our world where people cry “out of the depths” today—amid war, violence, and suffering in all places around the world—and as a reminder of the psalmist’s enduring hope that with Jesus, our Lord, there is mercy, redemption, and peace.

### \*\*Black-Skinned Simon

Author’s notes

With this text, I attempt to employ the choral art in further exposing, and condemning, the continuing and wide-spread marginalization and oppression of dark-skinned persons and communities within our society. I join a myriad of voices, but that does not lessen the personal responsibility to add my voice. In *Black-Skinned Simon* I rely upon those New Testament scholars who make a case for the likelihood that Simon of Cyrene was a Jew of dark skin. As with the other texts in the larger work, *Return to Me*, I endeavor to bring the biblical events of the stations of the cross into the scenes of life in our time.

The first “voice” in this piece, is the imagined voice of the Roman soldier who picks Simon out of the crowd and demands that he carry the condemned Jesus’ cross up the steep hill. Was it a coincidence that a man from Cyrene was selected from the vast crowd? Or was it that the color of his skin made Simon a candidate in that society for work that was considered demeaning, the work of an animal? The word “tote” is used early in the piece to shockingly bring the scene into our relatively recent history, a history of shame for the oppressor, and a history of deep sorrow for the oppressed.

The second “voice” in *Black-Skinned Simon* is that of a narrator who interprets the scene. The narrator suggests that Jesus and Simon are in a significant pairing here: Jesus is the Lamb of God, Simon is the donkey of the prevailing authorities. Here Jesus is identified with the oppressed. Further, the narrator suggests that the law that allows marginalization and oppression of specific people-groups is about to be broken, over-ridden, by Jesus’ death on the cross . . . the cross that Simon is forced to carry. On this day, oppressive law is to be found guilty and sentenced to death. This righteousness will be accomplished on the cross, by Jesus, and, symbolically, on the back of Simon.

In our day, oppressive laws are still in place and when they are finally exposed and changed, it is often on the back of black-skinned and brown-skinned people. Again, God speaks into our day through the pages of Holy Scripture. The scene and the words are difficult to say and hear. That is why they must be sung.

- Terry W. York



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all about KBC!

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A nursery is available for birth - Pre-K children and hearing devices are available upon request. Please see an usher for help.

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Opening Sentences from *Call to Worship: Liturgy, Music, Preaching, and the Arts*, volume 59.1 and written by Esta Jarret, Canton, NC. Rev. Esta Jarrett has been the pastor of Canton Presbyterian Church since 2011.

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**Worship Leaders**

Deacon for the Week	Becky Hendrickson
Readers	Allison Felter, Aaron Lacey, Hal Morse, Susan Slaughter Tara Crane, Carolyn Vandagriff
Sound Operator	Matt Forbis
Livestream/Video Operator	Ian Blaylock
Cello	Ken Kulosa
Keyboards	Julia Matthews
Sanctuary Choir	

**Sunday Staff**

Senior Pastor	Matt Vandagriff
Associate Pastor, Music and Worship	Kyle Damron
Minister for Education and Spiritual Formation	Krissi Vandagriff
Minister for Youth	Aaron Huffman
Worship Care	Tracy Slezak