Midweek Lenten Service
February 25, 2026

L O Lord, open my lips,
C **and my mouth will declare Your praise.**
L Make haste, O God, to deliver me;
C **make haste to help me, O Lord.**
C **Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit;**
as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever. Amen.
Praise to You, O Christ, Lamb of our salvation.

Psalm

Psalm 104:1–10, 33–35

[1]Bless the LORD, O my soul!
O LORD my God, you are very great!
You are clothed with splendor and majesty,
[2]covering yourself with light as with a garment,
stretching out the heavens like a tent.
[3]He lays the beams of his chambers on the waters;
he makes the clouds his chariot;
he rides on the wings of the wind;
[4]he makes his messengers winds,
his ministers a flaming fire.
[5]He set the earth on its foundations,
so that it should never be moved.
[6]You covered it with the deep as with a garment;
the waters stood above the mountains.
[7]At your rebuke they fled;
at the sound of your thunder they took to flight.
[8]The mountains rose, the valleys sank down
to the place that you appointed for them.
[9]You set a boundary that they may not pass,
so that they might not again cover the earth.
[10]You make springs gush forth in the valleys;
they flow between the hills;
[33]I will sing to the LORD as long as I live;
I will sing praise to my God while I have being.
[34]May my meditation be pleasing to him,
for I rejoice in the LORD.
[35]Let sinners be consumed from the earth,
and let the wicked be no more!
Bless the LORD, O my soul! Praise the LORD!

401 From God the Father, Virgin-Born

sts. 1–4

1 From God the Father, virgin-born
To us the only Son came down;
By death the font to consecrate,
The faithful to regenerate.

2 Beginning from His home on high,
In human flesh He came to die;
Creation by His death restored,
And shed new joys of life abroad.

3 Glide on, O glorious Sun, and bring
The gift of healing on Your wing;
To ev'ry dull and clouded sense
The clearness of Your light dispense.

4 Abide with us, O Lord, we pray;
The gloom of darkness chase away;
Your work of healing, Lord, begin,
And take away the stain of sin.

Text: Latin, c. 5th–10th cent.; tr. John Mason Neale, 1818–66, alt.
Text: Public domain

Reading

Micah 5:2–5a

L A reading from Micah, chapter 5.

L O Lord, have mercy on us.
C **Thanks be to God.**

Reading

Hebrews 1

L A reading from Hebrews, chapter 1.

L O Lord, have mercy on us.
C **Thanks be to God.**

Reading

Mark 14:12–31

L A reading from Mark, chapter 14.

L O Lord, have mercy on us.
C **Thanks be to God.**

Responsory (Lent)

LSB 231

L Deliver me, O Lord, my God, for You are the God of my salvation.
C **Rescue me from my enemies, protect me from those who rise against me.**

L In You, O Lord, do I put my trust, leave me not, O Lord, my God.

C **Rescue me from my enemies, protect me from those who rise against me.**

L Deliver me, O Lord, my God, for You are the God of my salvation.

C **Rescue me from my enemies, protect me from those who rise against me.**

544 O Love, How Deep

sts. 1–2

1 O love, how deep, how broad, how high,
Beyond all thought and fantasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake!

2 He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame,
And to this world Himself He came.

Text: attr. Thomas à Kempis, 1380–1471; tr. Benjamin Webb, 1819–85, alt.
Text: Public domain

Sermon 'For Us: The Robe of Human Frame'

430 My Song Is Love Unknown

sts. 1–2, 7

1 My song is love unknown,
My Savior's love to me,
Love to the loveless shown
That they might lovely be.
Oh, who am I
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh and die?

2 He came from His blest throne
Salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know.
But, oh, my friend,
My friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend!

7 Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine!
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like Thine.
This is my friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend!

Text: Samuel Crossman, c. 1624–1683
Text: Public domain

Offering

Prayer

Kyrie

LSB 233

C **Lord, have mercy;**
Christ, have mercy;
Lord, have mercy.

Lord's Prayer

C **Our Father who art in heaven,**
hallowed be Thy name,
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done on earth
as it is in heaven;
give us this day our daily bread;
and forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those
who trespass against us;
and lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the kingdom
and the power and the glory
forever and ever. Amen.

Collects

L O Lord, hear my prayer.

C **And let my cry come to You.**

Collect of the Day

P O Lord God, You led Your ancient people through the wilderness and brought them to the promised land. Guide the people of Your Church that following our Savior we may walk through the wilderness of this world toward the glory of the world to come; through Jesus Christ, Your Son, our Lord, who lives and reigns with You and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.

Collect for Peace

L O God, from whom come all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works, give to us, Your servants, that peace which the world cannot give, that our hearts may be set to obey Your commandments and also that we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may live in peace and quietness; through Jesus Christ, Your Son, our Lord, who lives and reigns with You and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.

C **Amen.**

Benedicamus *LSB 234*

L Let us bless the Lord.

C **Thanks be to God.**

Benediction *LSB 234*

P The grace of our Lord ✢ Jesus Christ and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

C **Amen.**

883 All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night *sts. 1–5*

1 **All praise to Thee, my God, this night**
For all the blessings of the light.
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 **Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,**
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 **Teach me to live that I may dread**
The grave as little as my bed.
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious at the awe-full day.

4 **Oh, may my soul in Thee repose,**
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake!

5 **When in the night I sleepless lie,**
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

Acknowledgments
Text: Thomas Ken, 1637–1711, alt.
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