Midweek Lent 4
March 18, 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.**
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 71:1–8

[1]In you, O LORD, do I take refuge;
let me never be put to shame!
[2]In your righteousness deliver me and rescue me;
incline your ear to me, and save me!
[3]Be to me a rock of refuge,
to which I may continually come;
you have given the command to save me,
for you are my rock and my fortress.
[4]Rescue me, O my God, from the hand of the wicked,
from the grasp of the unjust and cruel man.
[5]For you, O Lord, are my hope,
my trust, O LORD, from my youth.
[6]Upon you I have leaned from before my birth;
you are he who took me from my mother's womb.
My praise is continually of you.
[7]I have been as a portent to many,
but you are my strong refuge.
[8]My mouth is filled with your praise,
and with your glory all the day.

563 Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness

sts. 1–4, 6

1 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
Cleansed and redeemed, no debt to pay;
Fully absolved through these I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy seat of God
Pleads for the captives' liberty,
Was also shed in love for me.

4 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

6 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all Thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

Text: Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, 1700–60; tr. John B. Wesley, 1703–91, alt.
Text: Public domain

Reading

Romans 8:9–11

L A reading from Romans, chapter 8.

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

Reading

Mark 5:1–13

L A reading from Mark, chapter 5.

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

Reading

Mark 15:6–32

L A reading from Mark, chapter 15.

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. 1–4

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.

3 **For us baptized, for us He bore**
His holy fast and hungered sore;
For us temptation sharp He knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

4 **For us He prayed; for us He taught;**
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words and signs and actions thus
Still seeking not Himself but us.

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

Sermon 'Healing from Demons'

431 Not All the Blood of Beasts

1 **Not all the blood of beasts**
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain.

2 **But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,**
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 **My faith would lay its hand**
On that dear head of Thine,
While as a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 **My soul looks back to see**
The burden Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree;
I know my guilt was there.

5 **Believing, we rejoice**
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
And sing His bleeding love.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, alt.
Text: Public domain

Offering

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 Almighty God, our heavenly Father, Your mercies are new every morning; and though we deserve only punishment, You receive us as Your children and provide for all our needs of body and soul. Grant that we may heartily acknowledge Your merciful goodness, give thanks for all Your benefits, and serve You in willing

obedience; 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.**

880 Now Rest beneath Night's Shadow *sts. 1–4*

1 **Now rest beneath night's shadow**
The woodland, field, and meadow;
The world in slumber lies.
But you, my heart, awaking
And prayer and music making,
Let praise to your Creator rise.

2 **The radiant sun has vanished,**
Its golden rays are banished
From dark'ning skies of night;
But Christ, the Sun of gladness,
Dispelling all our sadness,
Shines down on us in warmest light.

3 **Now all the heav'nly splendor**
Breaks forth in starlight tender
From myriad worlds unknown;
And we, this marvel seeing,
Forget our selfish being
For joy of beauty not our own.

4 **Lord Jesus, since You love me,**
Now spread Your wings above me
And shield me from alarm.
Though Satan would devour me,
Let angel guards sing o'er me:
This child of God shall meet no harm.

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76; tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.
Text: Public domain

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