



AUSTIN PRESBYTERIAN
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Singing Lent & Easter

DEVOTIONS, SONGS, AND PRAYERS

Copyright Notice:

The hymns reproduced in this devotion booklet are taken from *Glory to God: the Presbyterian Hymnal*. Authors, composers, publishers, and reprint permissions are noted at the bottom of each hymn.

Singing Lent & Easter

The Lenten Season	2
Ash Wednesday	4
The First Sunday in Lent	6
The Second Sunday in Lent	8
The Third Sunday in Lent	10
The Fourth Sunday in Lent	12
The Fifth Sunday in Lent	14
Palm Sunday.	16
Maundy Thursday	18
Good Friday	20
Holy Saturday	22
Easter Sunday	24
Easter: The Great Fifty Days.	27
Ascension Sunday	28
Pentecost Sunday	30
Mission Statement & Board of Trustees	33

The Lenten Season

*To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing,
to God and to the Lamb I will sing;
to God and to the Lamb, who is the great I am,
while millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing,
while millions join the theme, I will sing.*

This is the third stanza of a four-stanza hymn: “What Wondrous Love Is This.” Reading the words, we may already have the hymn’s tune in our inner ear. Its text—a counterpart to Philippians 2—walks the path of Christ’s self-emptying love and exaltation. Its music also traces this path with a recurring falling and rising, an expressiveness that is both noble and sorrowful, and an inexorable movement. This hymn is in every way a “sung theology.”

This year’s Lenten and Easter Devotional is also sung theology; we might say, in fact, that Lent and Easter themselves—and, for that matter, *the whole liturgical year*—are not just observed but sung. I often type “sing” when I mean “sign,” or “sign” when I mean “sing.” Perhaps it is subliminally metaphorical—that signs, like songs, come to us with rhythm and expression. Ritual and seasons are rhythmic: we move through them, and their signs and markers take place in time. Their pacing and timing, like music, are partly fixed and partly created by our soul’s or the world’s heartbeat. In this year’s devotional, contributors—all Austin Seminary alumni plus the dean and president—have worked not only from the liturgical calendar and the accompanying scriptures, but also from hymns and songs. As many as four strands of poetry are woven together: a moment in liturgical time; a biblical word; a hymn text;

and the wordless poetry of music. Song books are also devotional books, and just as this devotional has a song element, you may find that a song collection offers devotional possibilities as well. Hymnals give us the acts of God, the life of Jesus, the liturgical year; their texts shape our prayers, and their tunes echo—even silently—in our minds and memories.

Because Lent and Easter are a full story, this devotional booklet invites us beyond Easter Sunday into the Easter season. As we journey through forty days, then through fifty days, may scripture, poetry, music, and prayer accompany us.

*And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
and when from death I'm free, I'll sing on.
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be,
and through eternity, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
and through eternity, I'll sing on.*

– Eric Wall

*Assistant Professor of Sacred Music & Dean of the Chapel
Austin Seminary*

February 14, 2018 | Ash Wednesday

“Out of the Depths”

“If you, O Lord, should mark iniquities, Lord, who could stand?”

Psalm 130:3

THE SEASON OF LENT BEGINS with a mark: the sign of the cross on the forehead. It is, on the surface, a mark of iniquity and death, traced in ashes and dust—for “all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God” (Rom. 3:23). But in a much deeper sense, it is a sign of life—for it is the cross of Jesus Christ, in whom we are redeemed by the gift of God’s grace.

This is the profound paradox we sing in the hymn “Out of the Depths.” Martin Luther’s paraphrase of Psalm 130 is a miniature textbook on Reformed theology. Its stark depiction of human depravity and despair is only surpassed by its unsinkable confidence in the saving grace of God: *Do not regard my sinful deeds. Send me the grace my spirit needs; without it I am nothing.*

Luther’s tune, AUS TIEFER NOT, speaks as clearly as his text. The opening measure sketches the shape of the pit from which the psalmist cries. The hymn’s highest note (the seventh of the Phrygian mode) yearns for heaven but misses the mark. With a lowered second as the penultimate note of each musical phrase, it sounds as though the melody itself is dropping to its knees.

As we enter the season of Lent, God marks us—not as miserable sinners, but as beloved children; not with fear and shame, but with hope and love; not for destruction, but for salvation. In the ancient words of the funeral liturgy, *All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song.*

MARK US WITH YOUR MERCY, O GOD, AND RAISE US FROM DEATH TO LIFE; THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR SAVIOR.

– The Reverend Dr. David Gambrell (MDiv’98)
*Associate for Worship, Presbyterian Mission Agency
Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.)*

Out of the Depths

(Psalm 130)

1 Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord God, bear me
 2 All things you send are full of grace; you crown our faces with
 3 In you a-lone, O God, we hope, and not in our own
 4 My soul is wait-ing for you, Lord, as one who longs for

call-ing. In-clude your ear to my dis-tress in spite of
 fa-vor. All our good works are done in vain with-out our
 mer-cy. We rest our tears on your good word; up-hold our
 morn-ing; no watch-er waits with great ex-pecta-tion than I for

my re-bel-ling. Do not re-gard my sin-ful deeds. Send me the
 Lord and Sav-ior. We praise you for the gift of faith; you save us
 faint-ing spir-its. Your prom-ised mer-cy is my fort, my com-fort,
 your re-turn-ing. I hope as Is-ra-el in the Lord, who sends re-

grace my spir-its needs; with-out it I am noth-ing,
 from the grip of death; our lives are in your keep-ing,
 and my strong sup-port; I wait for it with pa-tience.
 demp-tion through the Word. Praise God for grace and mer-cy!

In Silence My Soul Thirsts 790

(Psalm 62)

Capo 3: (D) F (Em7) Gm7 (A) C (D) F

1 In si - lence my soul thirsts for God; for
 2 In still - ness I pour out my fears; the
 3 In qui - et - ness my soul con - ferred two

(G) B* (A7) C7 (D) F (Em7) (A7) (Bm) (Em)
 God a - lone I wait. My en - e - mies may
 sol - i - tude builds trust. My ref - uge rests in
 truth; I now de - clare: no great - er love than

(F7) (Bm) (Em) (A) (Dsus) D (G)
 A7 Dm Gm C Fsus F B*

chase me down; love shields me from their hate.
 God's great grace. My anx - ious thoughts are hushed.
 God's is known; no pow - er can com - pare.

Refrain (D) F (Em7) Gm7 (A) C (D) F (G) B*

God is my rock; God is my strength; God is

(D) (Em) (D) (A7) (D) (Em)
 F Gm F C7 F Gm

my sal - va - tion, my ref - uge, my a -

(A) (D) (G) (D) (G) (A7) (D)
 C F B* F B* C7 F

bid - ing peace. I shall not be shak - en.

TEXT: Sheldon W. Sorge and Tammy Wiens, 2000; MUSIC: Sheldon W. Sorge, 2000.
 Text and Music © 2000 Sheldon W. Sorge. Used by special permission. All rights reserved.
 Requests for use may be directed to sorgemusic@gmail.com.

February 18, 2018 | First Sunday of Lent

“In Silence My Soul Thirsts”

THE GOSPEL READING for the first Sunday of Lent is Jesus’s temptation in the wilderness in Mark 1:9-13. Although not the scripture cited for this song, I find echoes of the temptation story throughout this simple melody. When I have experienced times in the wilderness, I find myself feeling alone and anxious. I feel vulnerable and beaten down by the world. The verses in this song move from the uncomfortable silence to a place of seeking God finding peace to at last knowing the promises of God’s love for us.

When I learned this hymn I was drawn to the refrain. In moments of doubt or crisis, the words of the refrain are a reminder of what I know to be true about God. Whether I am struggling to believe the words or am confident in their singing, they remind me of what I believe. The words echo for me Jesus’s response to Satan in the wilderness, particularly the last line, “I shall not be shaken.” When I learned this hymn, a foot stomp was added into the last line. “I shall not (stomp) be shaken.” In this Lenten season, may we all seek God in the stillness and be reminded of God’s love for us, that we all may not (stomp) be shaken.

GOD OUR REFUGE, YOU ARE OUR ROCK, OUR STRENGTH, AND OUR SALVATION. AS WE ENTER THIS SEASON OF LENT, HELP US TO SEEK YOU IN THE STILLNESS, TO CREATE SPACE AND TIME IN WHICH WE DWELL WITH YOU ALONE. HELP US TO GROW IN OUR FAITH AND IN OUR CONFIDENCE OF YOUR LOVE AND POWER, THAT THROUGH THE COMFORT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT AND THE SALVATION OF JESUS CHRIST, WE SHALL NOT BE SHAKEN. AMEN.

– The Reverend Karen (Wagner) Wright (MDiv’07)

Associate Pastor

Southminster Presbyterian Church, Prairie Village, Kansas

February 25, 2018 | Second Sunday in Lent

“In a Deep, Unbounded Darkness”

Genesis 1:1-5; John 1:1-5

WE LIVE IN ANXIOUS TIMES. Threats of nuclear weapons being launched, economic disparity increasing, racism and sexism dehumanizing, political turmoil and rancor, incivility in public discourse that divides and separates, and so much more. It can all be so overwhelming. Even for people of faith.

Lent, as a season of penitence, is also a season in which the church historically prepared people for baptism. Lent has been and continues to be a time of intense growth in faith leading to new and renewed trust in God’s faithful love. God’s faithful love which has been with creation from the very beginning.

In a deep, unbounded darkness, long before the first light shone, you, O God, beyond all merit worked a wonder faith makes known: in your mercy, you embraced us as your own, evermore and evermore. (verse 1)

God’s faithful love from the beginning is not just a thing of the past. God’s faithful love is present reality. Even in anxious times. Especially in anxious times.

Though our world is ever changing, you are constant, firm, and sure, faithful to your covenant promise. Trusting you, we live, secure: singing praises, long as heart and breath endure, evermore and evermore. (verse 2)

This Lent, especially living in anxious times, sing of God’s faithful love with your lips and with your life.

GRACIOUS GOD, JOY TRANSFORMS OUR LIPS TO BOASTING ONLY IN YOUR MATCHLESS GRACE, SENDING CHRIST TO DWELL AMONG US, WORD MADE FLESH IN TIME AND SPACE: FRIEND AND SAVIOR, IN WHOSE LIFE WE GLIMPSE YOUR FACE, EVERMORE AND EVERMORE. AMEN. (VERSE 3)

— The Reverend Dr. Michael Waschevski (DMin’03)
Associate Pastor for Christian Formation and Pastoral Care
First Presbyterian Church, Fort Worth

850 In a Deep, Unbounded Darkness



1 In a deep, un-bound-ed dark-ness, long be-fore the first
 2 Though our world is ev-er-chang-ing, you are con-stant, firm,
 3 Joy trans-forms our lips to boast-ing on-ly in your match-
 4 God of Ha-gai, God of Sa-rah, God of no-mad A-



light shone, you, O God, be-yond all mer-it worked a
 and sure, faith-ful to your cov-er-ant prom-ise. Trust-ing
 less grace, send-ing Christ to dwell a-mong us, Word made
 bra-ham; God of Mir-yam, God of Mo-ses, Fi-ery



won-der faith makes known: in your mer-cy, in your
 you, we live, se-cure: sing-ing prais-es, sing-ing
 flesh in time and space: Friend and Sav-ior, Friend and
 Pal-lar, great I am: lead us home-ward, lead us



mer-cy, you em-braced us as your own,
 gras-es, long as heart and breath en-dure,
 Sav-ior, in whose life we glimpse your face,
 home-ward, to the love-feast of the Lamb,



ev-er-more and ex-er-more.

690 God's Glory Fills the Heavens

(Psalm 19)

Capo 2: (Em) (G) (Em) (Bm) (F#m) (D)

Gm B Gm Bm Am F

1 God's glo - ry fills the heavens with hymns; the domed sky
2 God's per - fect law re - vives the soul; its pre - cepts
3 God's ser - vant may I ex - er - ceise; this world my

(Bm) (Em) (Bm) (C) (G)

Bm Em Bm G# G*

bears the Mak - er's mark; new praise - es sound from
make the - sim - ple wise; its just com - mands re -
joy, that word my guide. O cleanse me, Lord, from

(Em) (C) (Em) (C) (D) (Am)

Gm D* Gm E* F Cm

day to day and ech - o through the know - ing
poise the heart; its truth gives light un - to the
se - cret sin - de - liv - er me from self - ish

(Bm) (G) (Am) (F) (Am) (F) (Am)

Gm B Cm G7 Cm G Cm

stink. With - out a word their songs roll on; in - to all
eyes. For - ev - er shall this law en - dure: un - blem - ished,
pride. Ac - cept my thoughts and words and deeds; let them find

(D) (Em) (B) (C) (G)

F Gm D E* B*

lands their voi - ces ring. And with a charm - ion's
right - teous, true, com - plete. No gold was ev - er
fa - vor in your sight. For you a - lone can

(Bm) (C) (Bm) (C) (D) (Am) (Em)

Gm D* Gm E* F Cm Gm

strength and grace from far - thest heaven comes forth the sun
found so true; no hor - ry in the comb more sweet.
make me whole, O Lord, my ref - uge and my might.

March 4, 2018 | Third Sunday in Lent

“God’s Glory Fills the Heavens”

Psalm 19

THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING the glory of God. But there is no speech, nor are their words. The heavens are telling the glory of God but their voice is not heard.

The heavens are telling the glory of God; can you feel it?

One of the gifts of the Lenten season is the way it engages our senses. In song and in silence, in dust and in bread, the liturgy guides and encourages us to know the glory of God in a visceral, tactile way. For many, the season will culminate in an experience with the cross. Kneeling at the foot of the cross, hammering nails into the hard wood, or looking upon it from the pews, we ponder this troubling and meaningful symbol of the Christian life. Our words, our speech about this journey to the cross, the salvation of the world through the death and resurrection of Christ, are often inadequate. There is no speech. Nor are there words. But the glory of God is pulsing through the liturgy, our lives, the life of the world.

The lectionary readings this week teach us how to live in ways that honor God. How appropriate, that the beginning of the Psalm would invite us to notice God’s glory in an embodied way; God’s glory is so much more than speech and words can convey. This Lenten season, may we feel, in our bones and flesh, the glory of God. In what ways do you sense the glory of God this Lenten season?

LIVING GOD,
WHOSE GLORY REVERBERATES THROUGH HEAVEN AND EARTH,
HELP US TO KNOW YOU BETTER THIS LENTEN SEASON.
MAY WE KNOW YOUR GLORY
THROUGH SIGHT, SOUND, TASTE, SMELL, AND TOUCH,
SO THAT WE MIGHT JOIN WITH THE HEAVENS,
SPREADING YOUR GLORY TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.
AMEN.

– Allie Utley (MDiv’13)
PhD Candidate, Vanderbilt University

March 11, 2018 | Fourth Sunday in Lent

“Lift High the Cross”

John 3:14-21

THE CELEBRATORY TONE of “Lift High the Cross” invites us to rejoice as we sing of Christ’s victory over death. Death has been vanquished on the cross and we can look forward to life eternal with God. If only the uplifting cadences of our hymn of victory would linger past Sunday and into the week that follows, our lives might be less complicated, less anxious, more as God intends for life to be enjoyed by everyone.

We are inundated daily by all sorts of challenges and situations that have the potential to steal our joy and distract us from celebrating life abundant in and with Christ. The season of Lent is always a good opportunity to focus on what truly is important about life as we seek to renew our spirits by striving to reflect Christ in our personal relationships with others. While some may rightly take the time to pray, fast, and engage in self-examination, others may also *follow where the Savior trod and bear on their brow the seal of Christ who died.*

There are indeed innumerable ways in which we can *lift high the cross*, proclaiming and extending the love of Christ to those we are called to serve and with whom we walk alongside. Is there a better time than now to see that justice is done, let mercy be our first concern, and humbly obey God? (cf. Micah 6:8 -CEV-)

PRAYER: DEAR LORD JESUS, YOU GAVE YOUR LIFE WILLINGLY TO BRING US SALVATION. MAY WE FOLLOW YOUR EXAMPLE TO SERVE AND LOVE OTHERS BY OFFERING OURSELVES TO GOD AS A LIVING SACRIFICE, SO THAT BY YOUR GRACE AND LOVE WE MAY RISE WITH YOU AND ALL GOD’S PEOPLE INTO ETERNAL LIFE AND GLORIFY AND ENJOY GOD FOREVER.

– The Reverend Lemuel Garcia-Arroyo (MDiv’95)
*Associate Director of Racial Ethnic & Women’s Ministries
Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.)*

Lift High the Cross

826

Refrain

Descant

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - claim

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - claim

till all the world a - dore his sa - cred name.

till all the world a - dore his sa - cred name.

- 1 Come, Chris - tians, fol - low where our Sav - ior trod,
- 2 All new - born ser - vants of the Cru - ci - tied
- 3 O Lord, once lift - ed on the glo - rious tree,
- 4 So shall our song of tri - umph ev - er be;

the Lamb vic - to - rious, Christ, the Son of God,
 bear on their brow the seal of Christ who died,
 your death has brought us life e - ter - nal - ly,
 praise to the Cru - ci - tied for vic - to - ry.

TEXT: George William Kitchin, 1887; rev. Michael Rovert Newbolt, 1916, alt.; MUSIC: Sydney Hugo Nicholson, 1916; desc. Richard Proulx, 1985; Text and Music © 1974 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL. Music Desc. © 1985 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL. All rights reserved. Used by permission. Reprinted under License #78739

Heaven Shall Not Wait 773

Capo 2: (D) (G) (A) (A7) (D) (Bm7) (Em) (A)
 F# A# B# B7# F# Cm7 Em B#

1 Heaven shall not wait for the poor to lose their pa-tience,
 2 Heaven shall not wait for the rich to share their for-tunes,
 3 Heaven shall not wait for the dawn of great i - de - as,
 4 Heaven shall not wait for tri - um-phant Hal - le - lu - jahs,

(D) (G) (A) (A7) (D) (G) (A sus) (A)
 F# A# B# B7# F# A# B sus B#

the scorned to smile, the de-spised to find a friend;
 the proud to fall, the e - lite to tend the least;
 thoughts of com - pas - sion di - vorced from cries of pain;
 when earth has passed and we reach an - oth - er shore:

(Bm7) (Em) (F#m) (Bm7) (D) (Em7) (A)
 Cm7 Em Gm Cm7 F# Cm7 B#

Je - sus is Lord; he has cham-pioned the un - want - ed;
 Je - sus is Lord; he has shown the mas - ter's priv - ilege;
 Je - sus is Lord; he has mar - ried word and ac - tion;
 Je - sus is Lord in our pres - ent im - per - fec - tion;

(D) (G) (A) (A7) (D) (Bm) (Em)
 F# A# B# B7# F# Cm Em

in him in - jus - tice con - fronts its time - ly
 to kneel and wash ser - vants' feet be - fore they
 his cross and com - pa - ny make his pur - pose
 his power and love are for now and then for

1-2 (A sus) (A) 4 (A sus) (A) (E)
 B sus B B sus B# B#

end.
 feast.
 plain.

TEXT: John L. Bell and Graham Maule, 1987; MUSIC: John L. Bell, 1987
 Text and Music © 1987 WGRG, Iona Community (admin. GIA Publications, Inc.) All rights reserved. Used by permission.

March 18, 2018 | Fifth Sunday in Lent

“Heaven Shall Not Wait”

IN THE SOLEMNNESS OF LENT, this hymn defiantly interrupts quiet piety and humble self-denial to make bold theological claims: *Heaven shall not wait for the poor to lose their patience ... Jesus is Lord; he has championed the unwanted; Heaven shall not wait for the rich to share their fortunes, the proud to fall, the elite to tend the least. Jesus is Lord.* A far cry from the many mysterious and shrouded hymns of the Lenten season, these words by John Bell and Graham Maule are subversively triumphant, impatiently reminding us that God is working for justice here and now, even as we walk with Jesus toward the cross.

This rich hymn text weaves together a number of scriptures. We hear echoes of Jesus preaching to his disciples in Luke’s beatitudes: “Blessed are you who are poor, for yours is the kingdom of God” (Luke 6:20). Mary’s song about her soon-to-be-born son—the Magnificat—also features prominently: “He has brought down the powerful from their thrones, and lifted up the lowly; he has filled the hungry with good things, and sent the rich away empty” (Luke 1:52-53). These are dangerous words that speak of a complete subversion of reality—a subversion that God is orchestrating not sometime in the future, but in this very moment. The ascending melodic line imitates this inbreaking of God’s kingdom, as if interrupting the monotony of this world with the climactic claim: *Jesus is Lord!*

So why, in a season of penitence, should we sing this hymn? As we reflect on the brokenness of the world, on the forces of evil that put Jesus on the cross and that still threaten God’s creation, and on our own sinfulness, we must at the same time recognize and witness to the inbreaking of heaven here and now, and claim solidarity with all those whom God is uplifting. For heaven shall not wait.

INBREAKING GOD, AS WE WALK WITH JESUS TOWARD THE CROSS, REMIND US THAT HEAVEN SHALL NOT WAIT AND THAT YOU ARE ACTING FOR JUSTICE RIGHT HERE AND RIGHT NOW. HELP US TO BIND OURSELVES TOGETHER WITH ALL THOSE WHO ARE OPPRESSED OR SUFFERING, SO THAT EVEN IN THIS BROKEN WORLD, WE MIGHT EMBODY YOUR SELF-GIVING LOVE. AMEN.

– The Reverend Jessie Light-Wells (MDiv’17)
Monie Pastoral Resident
Preston Hollow Presbyterian Church, Dallas, Texas

March 25, 2018 | Palm Sunday

“A Cheering, Chanting, Dizzy Crowd”

Matthew 21:1-11

HOLY WEEK BEGINS with a boisterous crowd shouting praises as Jesus rides into Jerusalem. The sun is high, and Jesus is triumphant. “Hosanna in the highest heaven!” Faith is easy, even popular. Discipleship looks a lot like cheerleading. Affirmations and commitments enthusiastically flow from the cheering, chanting, dizzy crowd. The hymn’s second verse captures well the scene: *They laid their garments in the road and spread his path with palms, and vows of lasting love bestowed with royal hymns and psalms.*

But the parade can’t go on forever. Sunshine inevitably yields to darkness. Cheers fade. Enthusiasm wanes. Something flashier grabs our attention. Meanwhile, the apparently triumphant Jesus moves on to the garden of betrayal, then to the court of sorrow, then to the judgment of death, and then to the cross of abandonment. Along the way, faith grows more difficult and discipleship more rigorous. As the darkness deepens, the mercurial crowd changes its chant from “Hosanna” to “Crucify him.” Tracing the movement of Holy Week, the progression of verses in this hymn leads us to a fuller vision of Jesus. The final stanza replaces our Palm Sunday assumptions of triumph with the hard reality of Good Friday suffering: *Instead of palms, a winding sheet will have to be unrolled, a carpet much more fit to greet the king a cross will hold.*

FAITHFUL GOD, WHOSE MERCY HAS NO END, STRENGTHEN OUR FAITH IN THIS HOLY WEEK AND OPEN OUR HEARTS TO THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING LOVE SO THAT WE MAY FOLLOW IN THE WAY OF JESUS CHRIST WITH HOPE AND THANKSGIVING. AMEN.

– The Reverend Dr. John Wurster (DMin’01)
Pastor / Head of Staff
St. Philip Presbyterian Church, Houston, Texas

A Cheering, Chanting, Dizzy Crowd 200



1 A cheer - ing, chant - ing, diz - zy crowd had
 2 They laid their gar - ments in the road and
 3 When day dimmed down to deep - ening dark the
 4 Lest we be fooled be - cause our hearts have
 5 In - stead of palms, a wind - ing sheet will



strapped the green trees bare, and hail - ing Christ as
 spread his path with palms and vows of last - ing
 crowd be - gan to fade till on - ly tram - pled
 sung with pass - ing praise, re - mind us, God, as
 have to be un - rolled, a car - pet much more



king a - loud, waved branch - es in the air,
 love be - stowed with roy - al hymns and psalms,
 leaves and bark were left from the pa - rade,
 this week starts where Christ has fixed his gaze,
 fit to greet the king a cross will hold.

TEXT: Thomas H. Troeger, 1985; MUSIC: Paul Benoit, OSB, 1959, alt.
 Text © 1985 Oxford University Press; permission requested.
 Music © 1960 World Library Publications, wlpmusic.com.
 All rights reserved. Used by permission.

195 When Twilight Comes



1 When twi- light comes and the sun sets, moth- er
 2 One day the Rab- bi, Lord Je- sus, called the
 3 So gath- er round once a- gain, friends, touched by



her pre- pares for night's rest. As her brood shel- ters
 twelve to share his last meal. As the hen tends her
 tad- dling glow of sun's gold, and re- count all our



sun- der her wings she gives the love of God to her
 young, so for them he spent him- self to seek and to
 trail hu- man hopes, the dreams of young and sto- ries of



rest. O! what joy to feel her warm heart beat
 heal. O! what joy to be with Christ Je- sus,
 old. O! what joy to pray close to- geth- er,



and be near her all right long; so the
 hear his voice, O! sheer de- light, and re-
 kneel- ing as one fam- i- ly, by a



young can find re- pose, then re- new to- mor- row's song,
 ceive his ser- vant care, all be- fore the com- ing night,
 moth- er's love em- braces in the bless- ed Trin- i- ty.

TEXT: Moises B. Andrade, 1990; trans. James Minchin, 1990; MUSIC: Francisco F. Feliciano, 1990; arr. Evangelical Lutheran Worship, 2006. Text trans. © 1990 Francisco F. Feliciano (admin. Asian Institute for Liturgy and Music). Music © 1990 Francisco F. Feliciano (admin. Asian Institute for Liturgy and Music). Permission requested.

March 29, 2018 | Maundy Thursday

“When Twilight Comes”

PEOPLE WHO KNOW ME, know that I love a good dinner party. There is nothing more comforting than sitting around a table as the day draws to an end with friends and family. The conversation, the food, the wine ... the gathering together is what makes it special. A cozy gathering of friends feels safe and warm like the shelter of a mother hen. I believe that Jesus enjoyed a dinner party as well; he seemed to attend a lot of them.

I can only imagine what the ambiance was like in the Upper Room: the food smells, the odor of stress on weary bodies, the light from oil lamps all mingled together. Jesus, aware of what is to come, keeps the Pass-over meal with his disciples in the midst of lots of uncertainty and anxiety. The familiar prayers and familiar foods are shared in this borrowed room. Jesus is comforting his disciples there in the darkening shadows of the day.

What I like most about Maundy Thursday Communion is that it is not shared in the bright light of Sunday morning but in the twilight hours of the day when the light is different and night is coming. The sanctuary feels more like a dinner party with familiar faces sharing the cup and the bread. It is a reminder that we are gathering once again, seeking comfort in a world full of anxiety and uncertainty. The familiar prayers and familiar cup and bread are shared as our bone-tired, world-weary bodies are strengthened for the journey ahead. Our comforting God is present with us there around the table in the darkening shadows of the day.

O! WHAT JOY TO PRAY CLOSE TOGETHER, KNEELING AS ONE FAMILY, BY A MOTHER'S LOVE EMBRACED IN THE BLESSED TRINITY.

– The Reverend Angharad Teague (MDiv'01)
Co-Pastor, Trinity Presbyterian Church, Valdosta, Georgia

March 30, 2018 | Good Friday

“Were You There”

WERE YOU THERE? Three small words. A seemingly simple question. Yet, within these words are found the power to travel back over 2,000 years to a significant event that changed human history for eternity. *Were you there?* A question of few words that invites us to embark on a journey of personal reflection and remembrance. A question that transports us to the Cross at Calvary, to the peak of Golgotha’s hill, where Jesus of Nazareth was crucified. *Were you there?* A question that moves beyond a mere historical retelling of a past event, but invites us to return to the scene and actually experience the climax of God’s plan for the salvation of humanity. A question made up of three words and twelve letters, numbers that represent the completeness, perfection, and unity of God’s divine authority. A question that transforms each of us from spectator to witness, from bystander to believer, on the path of personal and spiritual reflection.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord? Were you there when they nailed Him to the tree? Were you there to hear the hammer ringing? Were you there when the sun refused to shine? Were you there when they pierced Him in the side? Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Were you there when God raised Him from the tomb?

Were you there? Not only a question of the past, but one that encourages us in the present to embrace the fact that God so loved the world that God gave Jesus on our behalf. “Were you there” reminds us Friday was Good because death lost its sting; the grave had no victory; and It Is Finished! Thanks be to God who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ! (1 Corinthians 15:57)

DEAR GOD, ON THIS DAY, HELP ME TO REMEMBER SALVATION REQUIRED A SACRIFICE. GUIDE MY HEART, AS I REFLECT ON THE CROSS AND THE ULTIMATE PRICE THAT WAS PAID FOR MY SINS. LEAD ME, AS I STAND BEFORE THE CROSS, NOT AS A SPECTATOR, BUT A GRATEFUL RECIPIENT OF YOUR GRACE. HEAR ME, AS I PRAISE YOU FOR THE VICTORY; BECAUSE WHEN I NEEDED YOU MOST – YOU WERE THERE. IN JESUS’S NAME. AMEN.

– The Reverend Daryl Horton (MDiv’15)
Youth Minister/Assistant to the Pastor
Mt. Zion Baptist Church, Austin, Texas

1 Were you there when they cru - ci - tied my Lord? (Were you
 2 Were you there when they nailed him to the tree? (Were you
 3 Were you there when they pierced him in the side? (Were you
 4 Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine? (Were you
 5 Were you there when they laid him in the tomb? (Were you

there?) Were you there when they cru - ci - tied my Lord?
 there?) Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?
 there?) Were you there when they pierced him in the side?
 there?) Were you there when the sun re - fused to shine?
 there?) Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

Some times it caus - es me to

fren - ble, fren - ble, fren - ble. Were you

there when they cru - ci - tied my Lord? (Were you there?)
 there when they nailed him to the tree? (Were you there?)
 there when they pierced him in the side? (Were you there?)
 there when the sun re - fused to shine? (Were you there?)
 there when they laid him in the tomb? (Were you there?)

TEXT: African American spiritual MUSIC: African American spiritual;
 arr. Melva Wilson Costen, 1987; Music Arr. © 1990 Melva Wilson Costen

230

Joyful Is the Dark

Capo 1: (C) (F) (Dm7) (G) (C)
 D^b G^b E^bm7 A^b D^b

1 Joy - ful is the dark, ho - ly, hid - den God,
 2 Joy - ful is the dark, Spir - it of the deep,
 3 Joy - ful is the dark, shad - owed sta - ble floor;
 4 Joy - ful is the dark, cool - ness of the tomb,
 5 Joy - ful is the dark, depth of love di - vine,

(Dm) (Dm7) (Em) (Gsus) (G)
 E^bm E^bm7 Fm A^bsus A^b

roll - ing cloud of night be - yond all nam - ing;
 wing - ing wild - ly o'er the world's cre - a - tion,
 an - gels flick - er, God on earth con - fess - ing,
 wait - ing for the won - der of the morn - ing;
 roar - ing, loom - ing thun - der - cloud of glo - ry,

(Dm) (C) (F) (Dm) (G) (C)
 E^bm D^b G^b E^bm A^b D^b

maj - es - ty in dark - ness, en - er - gy of love,
 silk - en sheen of mid - night plum - age black and bright,
 as with ex - ul - ta - tion, Mar - y, giv - ing birth,
 nev - er was that mid - night touched by dread and gloom:
 ho - ly, haunt - ing beau - ty, liv - ing, lov - ing God.

(Dm) (Em7) (Dm) (Gsus) (G) (C)
 E^bm Fm7 E^bm A^bsus A^b D^b

1-4 | 5

Word - in - flesh, the mys - ter - y pro - claim - ing,
 swoop - ing with the beau - ty of a ra - ven.
 hails the in - fant cry of need and bless - ing,
 dark - ness was the cra - dle of the dawn - ing.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing and tell the sto - ry!

Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

TEXT: Brian Wren, 1986; MUSIC: Carlton R. Young, 1990
 Text © 1990 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL, 60188
 Music © 1990 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL, 60188
 Reprinted under License #78739

March 31, 2018 | Holy Saturday

“Joyful Is the Dark”

THE RELATIVELY RECENT HYMN “Joyful is the Dark” compels us to reexamine the imagery surrounding “darkness” and “light” in Christian tradition and in our wider culture. Consider the connotations of these two words in our time. Darkness has become a symbol for fear, ignorance, sin, and evil. Lightness, by contrast, stands for intelligence, holiness, hope, and purity. Such language and symbolism has infused our piety, national conscience, and even attitudes about race, often in destructive and vindictive ways.

But Holy Saturday disrupts these connotations. On this day, we remember that Jesus lay dead in the tomb and came face to face with darkness again, a darkness suffused with beauty and Christ’s presence. Though the gospels are mostly silent about the events of Holy Saturday, Matthew offers one telling detail: it was the day when the authorities sealed Jesus’s tomb (27:66), enshrouding his body in darkness. In this story, darkness does not generate fear, ignorance, or evil; instead, it marks a place of new birth, reminding us that all life begins in the darkness of a womb: *Joyful is the dark coolness of the tomb, waiting for the wonder of the morning; never was that midnight touched by dread and gloom: darkness was the cradle of the dawning.* As we commemorate Holy Saturday, we remember that God’s work in creation, in redeeming us in Jesus Christ, and in sustaining us until the end of days is work made possible because of darkness.

HOLY HIDDEN GOD, ROLLING CLOUD OF NIGHT BEYOND ALL NAMING, MAJESTY IN DARKNESS, SUSTAIN US IN THE DARKNESS, OPEN US TO THE BEAUTY OF YOUR SON WHO LIES THIS DAY IN THE DARKNESS OF THE TOMB, AWAITING THE NEW LIFE THAT COMES FROM YOU ALONE. AMEN.

– Dr. David Jensen

Academic Dean and Professor in the Clarence N. and Betty B. Frierson Distinguished Chair of Reformed Theology, Austin Seminary

April 1, 2018 | Easter Day

“Christ Jesus Lay in Death’s Strong Bands”

LENT IS A DEEPLY INTENTIONAL SEASON in the life of the church. Its mood is somber. Its color is purple. The work during Lent is largely introspective, as we explore the wilderness where Jesus was tempted by Satan, as we introduce the season by receiving the mark of ashes on our foreheads, and as we gaze deeply into our own wildernesses which are often as frightening as they are instructive.

No wonder that the music of Lent is characteristically discordant. Some churches “bury the Alleluia”—often literally. On the last Sunday before Lent, the children process the bright banner bearing that joyful word out of the church at the end of that day’s service. They march that banner to a spot in the courtyard where a hole has been dug into which they place that banner and then cover it up with dirt—not to be dug up until Lent is over. And during the weeks of Lent, they don’t sing a single Alleluia—not until Easter when the Alleluia banner, once more resurrected, goes ahead of the Easter procession as they sing, perhaps, “Christ the Lord is risen today! Alleluia!”

But for many, in the choreography of Holy Week—that pivotal week which, from Palm Sunday to Easter, is an emotional roller coaster careening through many moods—the final turn toward high noon certainty is sometimes off-putting, a bit too abrupt. The Easter lilies and the brass and the pastel colors can stifle, coming as they often do all at once (as if Easter is just a day instead of a season). If it is hard on Easter to make such a quick costume change and thus to abandon the minor key so abruptly, you may appreciate the profound subtlety of Luther’s resurrection hymn, “Christ Jesus Lay in Death’s Strong Bands.” To hear only its tune, and not its words which explore the victory of life over death, is to still pick up the notes of Lenten sobriety. There are those in church for whom this is comforting, as if it might take more than one sunrise to shake off the dark and purple complexities of death.

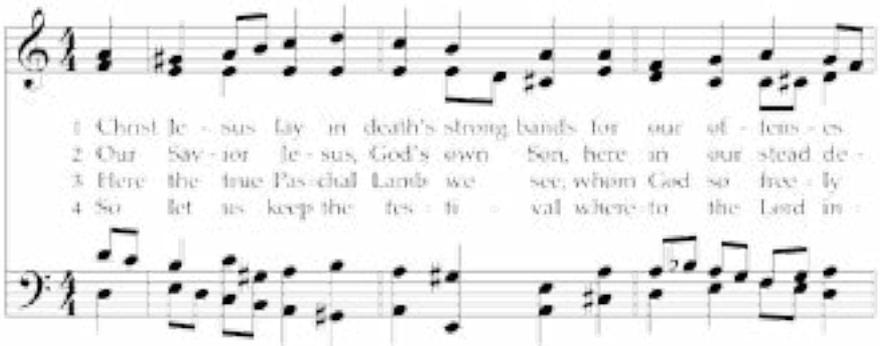
At the end of each of the hymn’s substantive four verses, the last word—“Hallelujah”—is rendered on five notes which do not climb nimbly up toward Heaven, but descend deliberately from a high note to the

thud of the lowest note used in the tune. In this hymn it is impossible to glibly shake off the emotions of that first visit to the cemetery after death (Jesus’s death or any loved one’s death), for it is life’s downward spiral most on our minds in moments like that. And yet it is just there, in that note of finality, that we ponder on Easter the first flutters not of a full-throated, but rather a gradually emerging, joy. Christ is risen! He is risen indeed!

O LORD, THE NIGHT OF SIN IS ENDED. HALLELUJAH!

– The Reverend Dr. Theodore J. Wardlaw
President and Professor of Homiletics, Austin Seminary

237 Christ Jesus Lay in Death’s Strong Bands



1 Christ le - sus lay in death's strong bands for our of - fens - es.
 2 Our Sav - ior le - sus, God's own Son, here in our stead de -
 3 Here the true Pas - cal Lamb we see, whom God so free - ly
 4 So let us keep the fes - ti - val where - to the Lord in -

brings us light from heav - en; there - fore let us
 reign of death is end - ed, Christ has crushed the
 strong his love to save us. Sec - lus blood now
 sun that warms and lights us. Now his grace to

joy - ful be and sing to God right thank - ful - ly loud
 power of hell; now death is but an emp - ty shell. Its
 marks our door: taith points to it; death pass - es o'er, and
 us im - parts e - ter - nal sun - shine to our hearts; the

songs of hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 sting is lost for - ev - er! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Sa - tan can not harm us. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 night of sin is end - ed! Hal - le - lu - jah!

TEXT: Martin Luther, 1524; trans. composite
 MUSIC: *Geystliche gesangk Buchleyn*, 1524; adap. and harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, c. 1707
 Text St. 2: © 1999 Augsburg Fortress, Reproduced by permission for local use only.

Easter: the Great Fifty Days

All things are changed by Jesus. Easter Sunday is not just the triumphant ending of Lent, but the ignition that propels and transforms all the days that follow. On the day of Jesus's resurrection, women are witnesses; they tell disciples, who tell others, who tell others—and so a story moves outward. This sense of spreading is evident throughout the Easter season. Its texts gaze in multiple directions. They give us Jesus's post-resurrection appearances to disciples on a beach or a road to Emmaus; they travel with Paul and the early church; they recall Jesus's own words; they pull from ancient psalms.

As we journey through Easter, hymns and songs are available for prayer, poetry, and praise. We may know particularly well those hymns that sing of "Easter Day," but there are others, and they assemble a wondrous tapestry of sound, language, texture, emotion, and imagination. In the Easter section of a hymnal or song collection, you will find familiar gifts and new ones. Consider, in particular, these hymns which come from the collections in Austin Seminary's Shelton Chapel, *Glory to God: The Presbyterian Hymnal (GTG)* and *The United Methodist Hymnal (UMH)*:

"Christ Has Risen While Earth Slumbers" (GTG 231)

"Christ Has Arisen, Alleluia!" (GTG 251)

"Christ on the Roadway"

"Day of Delight and Beauty Unbounded" (GTG 242)

"This Joyful Eastertide" (GTG 244)

"That Easter Day with Joy Was Bright" (GTG 254)

"¡Alleluya!, Cristo resucitó" (GTG 253)

"He Rose" (UMH 316)

"While the Green Blade Riseth" (GTG 247, UMH 311)

"Caminal, Pueblo de Dios" (UMH 305)

In these hymns, we find music and poetry of exuberance and celebration, but also of quietness, lyricism, poignancy. We also find, in this fullness of expression, the mixture of praise and lament which the psalms teach us. In this time between Easter Day and Ascension Day, may these songs help shape our prayers.

– Eric Wall

May 13, 2018 | Ascension Sunday

“Be Thou My Vision”

Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart; naught be all else to me, save that thou art. Thou my best thought, by day or by night, waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

AS A MINISTER IN A RETIREMENT COMMUNITY, I have the privilege of regularly leading worship with individuals in our memory care units. People are in various stages of memory loss—from very little to extreme. Our worship together consists mainly of short Bible verses and songs. It is incredible to watch/hear when people who are unable to communicate begin to sing a few words or hum a few notes of a much loved hymn. Unable to remember so little, through these beloved songs, they never lose the connection to God’s care of them.

“Be Thou My Vision” is one of the hymns they love to sing. Written many centuries ago, it was based on a legend of St. Patrick of Ireland who was brave enough to defy the earthly king and light a fire before the pagan festival had begun. The poem was written to reflect on his bravery, yes, but also his dedication in putting God first in his life—before all fear, before all worldly leaders, and before self. A timely reminder for each of us.

May our eyes be so enlightened that in every moment—no matter how difficult—God would be our vision above all else. And may we constantly sing God’s praises!

I PRAY THAT THE GOD OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, THE FATHER OF GLORY, MAY GIVE YOU A SPIRIT OF WISDOM AND REVELATION AS YOU COME TO KNOW HIM, SO THAT, WITH THE EYES OF YOUR HEART ENLIGHTENED, YOU MAY KNOW WHAT IS THE HOPE TO WHICH HE HAS CALLED YOU, WHAT ARE THE RICHES OF HIS GLORIOUS INHERITANCE AMONG THE SAINTS, AND WHAT IS THE IMMEASURABLE GREATNESS OF HIS POWER FOR US WHO BELIEVE, ACCORDING TO THE WORKING OF HIS GREAT POWER. (EPHESIANS 1:17-19) AMEN.

– The Reverend Denise Odom (MDiv’99)
Associate Minister of Spiritual Life
Presbyterian Village North, Dallas, Texas

450

Be Thou My Vision

Capo 1: (C) (G) (D/F#) (A7) (D)

F# A# F#G B#7 F#



1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2 Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true Word;
 3 Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise;
 4 High King of Heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

(A) (G) (D) (A)

B# F# A# B#



naught be all else to me, save that thou art;
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;
 thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways;
 may I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heav - en's Sun!

(G) (D) (D#m7) (G) (A)

A# F# Gm7 A# B#



thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 thou my soul's shel - ter, and thou my high tower;
 thou and thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

(Bm) (D/F#) (G) (D)

Cm F#G A# F#



wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light,
 raise thou me heav - en - ward, O Power of my power,
 High King of Heav - en, my trea - sure thou art,
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

TEXT: Irish poem, transl. Mary E. Byrne, 1905; vers. Eleanor Hull, 1912, alt.

MUSIC: Irish Ballad; harm. David Evans, 1927

Music Harm. © 1927 Oxford University Press

May 20, 2018 | Pentecost

“As the Wind Song”

THOUGH SUZANNE AND I HAVE SERVED IN GHANA since 2014, the season of Lent still brings out the longing, “How shall we sing the LORD’s song in a strange land?” (Psalm 137:4) While Ghana is a highly religious country (a recent Gallup International survey reported that 95% of our host country self-identified as “religious people,” with 80% claiming Christianity), it is a different kind of Christianity. Lent casts light on how much our lives long to be filled with meaning; to sing—in this strange land—the LORD’s song and awaken the Holy of Lent.

Why is this Holy of Lent “long coming,” as they say in Ghana, when something is delayed?

Perhaps the hauntingly beautiful hymn “As the Wind Song” provides some insight. In it, we sing about things never seen, ever known, each evidence of an unseen mover. Stirring trees, a heart strangely warmed, the voice within the storm, to name a few, each concluding, *so it is with the Spirit of God.*

We experience this spirit of God through the things it moves. But these are just the evidence, not the mover itself. And so I think I am beginning to understand why this holy feeling of Lent has been “long coming” for us as we struggle to sing the LORD’s song in a strange land.

It is not Lent itself that brings the Holy, but where this journey of Lent leads, as we move toward this day of Resurrection and the new life it provides our lives as they long to be filled with meaning.

HOLY AND EVERLASTING LORD, FILL US WITH AN UNDERSTANDING OF HOW YOU MOVE AROUND US IN ALL THAT WE EXPERIENCE OF THIS WORLD AS YOU, THE NEVER SEEN, EVER KNOWN ONE OF OUR LIVES. AMEN.

– The Reverend Steve Buchele (MDiv’99)
Lecturer of Leadership
Ashesi University College in Ghana
www.ServingInGhana.org

As the Wind Song

風之頌



1 As the wind song through the trees, as the
 2 As the rain - bow af - ter rain, as the
 1 風 之 頌, 林 中 吹 送, 輕 風
 2 彩 之 虹, 雨 後 高 懸, 生 之



stir - ring of the breeze, so it is with the Spir - it of
 hope that's born a - gain, so it is with the Spir - it of
 送, 心 中 振 動, 上 主 的 靈 如 風 吹
 盼, 人 間 再 現, 上 主 的 靈 如 風 吹



God, as the heart made strange-ly warm, as the
 God, as the green in the spring, as a
 送; 心 溫 暖, 奇 異 難 明, 風 浪
 送; 春 天 裡, 青 山 綠 水, 線 上



voice with - in the storm, so it is with the Spir - it of
 kite on a string, so it is with the Spir - it of
 中, 靜 聽 主 聲, 上 主 的 靈 如 風 吹
 繫 飛 揚 風 箏, 上 主 的 靈 如 風 吹



God. Nev - er seen, ev - er known where this wind has
 God, mak - ing worlds that are new, mak - ing peace come
 送; 眼 不 見, 心 未 明, 風 來 去 何
 送; 大 地 萬 象 更 新, 和 平 終 實

Hymn continued on following page

blown true, 蹶現, bring-ing life, 給世人, bring-ing power, 賜生命帶來, bring-ing love, 愛, to the world, 加力量, to the world, 和禮物;

as the danc - ing tongues of fire, 火之舌, 跳動飛舞, as the soul's most deep de - 心深處, 朝思暮, as the ris - ing of the yeast, 麵之酵, 怡然膨升, 盛宴上, 醉香美

sire, 想, so it is with the 上, the Spir - it of God. 主的靈如風吹送。 feast, so it is with the 上, the Spir - it of God. 主的靈如風吹送。

TEXT: Shirley Erena Murray, 2004; Chinese trans. Ee Suen Wong, 2005; MUSIC: Swee Hong Lim, 2004. Text and Music © 1990 Hope Publishing Company, Carol Stream, IL, 60188
Reprinted under License #78739

About Austin Presbyterian Theological Seminary

- Austin Seminary students are committed to the church. Each student gains valuable experience in ministry—preaching, leading worship, teaching, offering pastoral care, and practicing church administration—through working with an experienced pastor and mentor. An overwhelming majority of students answer calls in pastoral ministry and our alumni serve in ministry settings in nearly every state and across the globe. Our faculty are faithful Christians who preach, teach, and serve congregations.
- Annual tuition for the master's-level degree is approximately \$13,800. We provide need-based financial aid for approximately 75% of our students, paying up to 85% of their tuition cost.
- Funds from the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) support less than .01% of the total Seminary budget. Most operating costs are met through gifts from individuals and churches and from endowment income.

Our students rely upon the financial support of donors who are committed to the future of the church. Please support them with your prayers and financial contributions.

For the glory of God, and to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ, Austin Presbyterian Theological Seminary is a seminary in the Presbyterian-Reformed tradition whose mission is to educate and equip individuals for the ordained Christian ministry and other forms of Christian service and leadership; to employ its resources in the service of the church; to promote and engage in critical theological thought and research; and to be a winsome and exemplary community of God's people.

—Mission Statement

Theodore J. Wardlaw, *President*

Board of Trustees

G. Archer Frierson II, *Chair*

James C. Allison
Margaret Aymer
Janice L. Bryant (MDiv'01,
DMin'11)
Claudia D. Carroll
Katherine B. Cummings
(MDiv'05)
Thomas Christian Currie
Jill Duffield (DMin'13)
Jackson Farrow Jr.
Beth Blanton Flowers, MD
Stephen Giles
Jesús Juan González (MDiv'92)
Walter Harris Jr.
John S. Hartman
Rhashell D. Hunter
Bobbi Kaye Jones (MDiv'80)
Keatan A. King

Steve LeBlanc
J. Sloan Leonard, MD
Sue B. McCoy
Matthew Miller (MDiv'03)
B. W. Payne
David Peeples
Denise Nance Pierce (MATS'11)
Mark B. Ramsey
Conrad M. Rocha
Matthew E. Ruffner
Lana E. Russell
Lita Simpson
Martha Crawley Tracey
John L. Van Osdall
Carlton D. Wilde Jr.
Elizabeth Currie Williams
Michael G. Wright

Trustees Emeriti

Max R. Sherman & Louis H. Zbinden Jr.



AUSTIN
PRESBYTERIAN
THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY

100 East 27th Street | Austin, TX 78705

AustinSeminary.edu | 512-404-4809