

Order of Worship

Palm Sunday - April 5, 2020

Prelude

Call to Worship -Based on Psalm 118

We gather to give thanks for God's steadfast love,

a love that endures forever.

We enter the gates of righteousness that the Lord has opened to us.

We rejoice because God is our salvation and it is marvelous in our eyes!

Blessed is the one who comes in the name of the Lord!

Come, let us worship God!



Palm
SUNDAY

Hymn 196 *All Glory, Laud, and Honor*

VALET WILL ICH DIR GEBEN

Opening Prayer

Almighty God, we pray for your presence and your blessing on your church today, scattered and apart, yet united in the power of your Holy Spirit.

Come and be among us.

Calm our anxious hearts and minds.

Let us be still and know that you are God.

Give peace, give rest, give assurance.

Give us strength and courage for the living of these days.

Let us find our consolation and our hope in you, our rock and our redeemer; through Jesus Christ our Lord we pray. Amen.

Life in Community

The peace and joy of the Lord be with you and yours today.

Thanks for joining us for worship on this Palm Sunday—wherever you are.

A special shout-out to CPC members joining us from home.

Here are several announcements we would like to highlight:

- We have suspended in-person worship through the end of April.
- The building is also closed, but the office remains open.
- Holy Week: we will have a Facebook Live service on Maundy Thursday at 7 p.m. and we'll post a pre-recorded Good Friday service on Friday at 7 p.m. On Easter

Sunday we'll gather at 10:30 a.m., on Facebook Live, to celebrate the power of God's undying love.

- Thursday Morning Bible Study will meet again this week at 10:30 a.m., an invitation to join will go out on Tuesday evening.
- If we don't have a correct email for you—if you're not getting weekly mailings from us—just send me an email and we'll add you to the Constant Contact list.

Children's Message

Prayer for Illumination

Eternal God, whose word silences the shouts of the mighty:

Quiet within us every voice but your own.

Speak to us today. Speak through the suffering and death of Jesus Christ that by the power of the Holy Spirit we may receive grace to show Christ's love in lives given to your service. Amen.

Scripture:

Matthew 21:1-17

Message: *Save Us!*

Offering:

Like that day long ago, we welcome Jesus to Jerusalem, waving palm branches, throwing our cloaks on the road, and giving him our gifts in joyous response to his entry into the world, into Jerusalem and into our lives. Let us worship God with today's offering.

While we can't take a collection in the sanctuary this morning, we can still remember all that God has given and gives us and offer our thanks. There are ways you can give online through our website—and here I'm talking specifically to CPC members and friends.

If you're not a member or friend of the CPC community, consider giving to a faith community where you live, a neighborhood church that could use your support at this time.

In a time of silence now, take a moment to offer thanks for God's gifts to you: time, talent, money, family, friends, life itself. And ask yourself: where is the Spirit leading me to share my gifts through the work of the church and the love of neighbor? {Silence.}

Let us pray: *Lord, take our gifts, offered in gratitude, never adequate, but in your grace, always blessed, multiplied and used to show your love, compassion and care. May the resources you have entrusted to us, freely given to you, make visible here and now Jesus' timeless mission of justice and mercy. Amen.*

Musical Offering

Excerpts from the Tone Poem Finlandia (Be Still, My Soul)
Jean Sibelius (1865-1957), arr. H.R. Kent

Prayers of Intercession & Lord's Prayer

Lord, your word sustains the weary.

You bind up the brokenhearted and bring good news to the poor.

As you enter into the chaos of Jerusalem,

we trust you come to us in whatever turmoil we are experiencing.

Even as some of us shout our praises,

others among us cannot even murmur a word of hope.

You see us all, lined up by the road, isolated in our homes,

incarcerated or incapacitated, worried about our loved ones

and those who are ill, exhausted from caring for the sick and

laboring at essential work, and you are moved with compassion.

You come to Jerusalem, getting ever closer to the cross,

pouring yourself out in order to bring forgiveness, reconciliation and salvation.

Seeing you, humble, riding on a donkey,

vulnerable and unwilling to turn away from suffering,

we are bold to pour ourselves to you, crying,

"Hosanna!" "Save us!" "God, help us!"

We do not know how to voice our deepest needs or fears or hopes or longings,

yet you know them all before a word is on our tongues.

We cast everything before you, Lord of all,

trusting your promise of an easy yoke and a light burden.

We call out for healing for the sick, relief for the suffering,

justice for the oppressed, relief for the exhausted,

hope for the downtrodden and comfort for those who mourn.

As we wonder what will come next,

as we struggle with countless uncertainties and mounting anxieties,

we look to you, the blessed One who comes in the name of the Lord,

for help, for assurance and for the peace that passes understanding.

As we draw close to you and attempt to follow,

even to the cross, we rejoice in your near presence.

We give thanks for your selfless sacrifice.

We give thanks for the health care professionals,

the grocery store workers, the frontline responders.
We remain grateful for all of those on the Way with us.
United in you, Lord Christ, we will stand together
and stand up for those who have fallen by the wayside
and walk with those who fear they have been forgotten.
Strengthen us for the days ahead so that we will remain faithful to you,
your will and your call, until we see you face to face.
We make our prayer in the name of Jesus Christ,
who taught us to say when we pray, *Our Father...*

Hymn 209

My Song is Love Unknown

LOVE UNKNOWN

Blessing

May the peace of the Lord be with you and lead you.
Be watchful,
stand firm in your faith,
be courageous and strong.
Let all that you do be done in love.
May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing,
so that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Spirit. **Amen.**

Postlude

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Participants:

- Dorothy Boulton, *associate pastor*
- Douglas Heist, *organ/piano*
- Greg Knauf, *soloist*
- Kenneth E. Kovacs, *pastor*
- Ann Quinn, *clarinetist*

Sources:

- Jill Duffield, Liturgy for Maundy Thursday (adapted), *Presbyterian Outlook*, 2020.
- *Book of Common Worship*, Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.), (Louisville: Westminster John Press, 2018).
- *Glory to God: The Presbyterian Hymnal* (Louisville: Westminster John Knox Press, 2013).
- "Permission to podcast/stream the music in this service obtained from One License with license #A-701444"

All Glory, Laud, and Honor 196

Refrain

All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or to thee, Re-deem-er, King,

to whom the lips of chil - dren made sweet ho-san-nas ring!

- 1 Thou art the King of Is - ra - el, thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
- 2 The peo - ple of the He - brews with palms be - fore thee went;
- 3 To thee, be - fore thy pas - sion, they sang their hymns of praise;
- 4 Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; ac - cept the prayers we bring,

who in the Lord's name com - est, the King and bless - ed One.
our praise and prayers and an - thems be - fore thee we pre - sent.
to thee, now high ex - alt - ed, our mel - o - dy we raise.
who in all good de - light - est, thou good and gra-cious King!

These stanzas for Palm Sunday have been selected and translated from a much longer Latin poem written by a bishop who was the leading theologian in Charlemagne's court. They are sung to a 17th-century German chorale, as adapted for these words in the mid-19th century.

My Song Is Love Unknown 209

1 My song is love un - known, my Sav - ior's love to
 2 He came from heav - en's throne sal - va - tion to be -
 3 Some - times we strew his way, and his sweet prais - es
 4 Un - heed - ing, we will have our dear Lord made a -
 5 Here might I stay and sing, no sto - ry so di -

me, love to the love - less shown that they might love - ly
 stow; the world that was his own would not its Sav - ior
 sing, re - sound - ing all the day ho - san - nas to our
 way, a mur - der - er to save, the prince of life to
 vine: nev - er was love, dear King, nev - er was grief like

be. O who am I that for my sake my
 know. But O my Friend, my Friend in - deed, who
 King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is all our breath, and
 slay. Yet stead - fast he to suf - fering goes, that
 thine. This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I

Lord should take frail flesh, and die?
 at my need his life did spend!
 for his death we thirst and cry.
 he his foes from thence might free.
 all my days could glad - ly spend.

The opening line here could equally well have been a courtier's lament for a secret affair, but it soon becomes a path into a vivid and poignant reflection on Christ's Passion. This 17th-century text is beautifully embraced by its sensitive and lyrical 20th-century tune.