

St Paul's Presbyterian Church

www.stpaulsnapier.org.nz

'We celebrate life in Christ. Join us on the journey'

Palm Sunday, April 5th 2020

Unexpected Journeys



Candle lighting:

*As we light this candle,
We feel the warmth of your presence
And see the light of your love
For us and for our world.*

Call to Worship:

Humble and riding on a donkey

We greet you.

Acclaimed by crowds
and carolled by children

We cheer you.

Moving from the peace
of the countryside
to the corridors of power

***We salute you,
Christ our Lord.***

You are giving the beasts of burden
a new dignity;
you are giving majesty a new face;
you are giving those who long for redemption
a new song to sing.

***With them, with heart and voice,
we shout 'Hosanna!'***

Hymn: All glory, laud and honour

1. All glory, laud, and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

2. The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and love and anthems
Before thee we present.

3. To thee, before thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the love we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

Prayer:

Reading: Matthew 21:1 - 11

Reflection

Song: The Journey of Life

The journey of life may be easy, may be hard,
There'll be danger on the way;
With Christ at my side I'll take courage as I ride,
'Gainst the foe that would lead me astray;

*Chorus Will you ride, ride, ride
With the King of Kings,
Will you follow my leader true;
Will you shout Hosanna to the lowly Son of God,
Who died for me and you?*

My burden is light and a song is in my heart
As I travel on life's way;
For Christ is my Lord and he's given me his word

That by my side he'll stay;

I'll follow my leader wherever he may go

For Jesus is my friend.

He'll lead me on to the place where he has gone

When I come to my journey's end.

Words and Music: Valerie Collison

Prayers for the world: from the Corrymeela Community

God who loves those we love, God who loves those we don't; it is easy to empathise with people who behave as we do, and face what we fear. But when the us means those who seem part of the problem, our Christ-like compassion is tested. Can our 'us' include those who take short-sighted decisions? Can our 'we' mean those who put others at risk? Can this community extend to those whose actions threaten the whole? We pray that it can, because it already does. Your compassion has included us all.

Amen.

Reading: The Donkey's owner - read by Brenda Silson

Snaffled my donkey, he did - good luck to him! -

Rode him astride, feet dangling, near scraping the ground.

Gave me the laugh of my life when I first see them,

Remembering yesterday - you know, how Pilate come

Bouncing along the same road, only that horse of his

Big as a bloody house and the armour shining

And half Rome trotting behind. Tight-mouthed he was,

Looking he owned the world.

Then today,

Him and my little donkey! Ha - laugh? -

I thought I'd kill myself when he first started.

So did the rest of them. Gave him a cheer

Like he was Caesar himself, only more hearty:

Tore off some palm-twigs and followed shouting,

Whacking the donkey's behind Then suddenly

We see his face.

The smile had gone, and somehow the way he sat

Was different - like he was much older - you know -

Didn't want to laugh no more.

Offering: even, or especially, in these strange times, we make our offering

Our God, who is Love, in bringing our offering to you, we take a tiny step in imitation of Jesus who offered his whole self in obedience to you.

Accept these offerings, we pray, as a sign of our faithfulness, and use them for your purposes in the world you love. AMEN.

Hymn: Ride on, ride on in majesty

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
with palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
o'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wing-ed squadrons of the sky
look down with sad and wondering eyes
to see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
the Father on his sapphire throne
awaits his own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

Closing responses:

We tell your story
We follow in your footsteps
Lead us into Holy Week.

We walk towards the city
We wait in the garden
Lead us onto holy ground.

We journey towards death
We hope for resurrection
Lead us into holy joy.

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