

Sunday 28th March 2021

Deacon Sally Wheadon & Rev'd Debbie Poole – “PALM SUNDAY”

This short act of worship has been prepared for you to use whilst we are unable to use Methodist Church premises. We invite you to spend a few moments with God, knowing that other people are sharing this act of worship with you.

“Praise is rising...”

'Cause when we see you, we find
strength to face the day;
in your presence all our fears are
washed away,
washed away.

Hosanna, hosanna,
you are the God who saves us,
worthy of all our praises.
Hosanna, hosanna,
come, have your way among us;
we welcome you here, Lord
Jesus.

Hear the sound of
hearts returning to you,
We turn to you.
In your kingdom
broken lives are made new,
you make all things new.

Chorus

Paul Baloche and Brenton Brown
© 2005 Integrity Music -
Used By Permission. CCL Licence No. 284784



Make way, make way,

for Christ the King
In splendour arrives.
Fling wide the gates
and welcome Him
Into your lives.

Make way! (Make way!)
For the King of kings.
Make way! (Make way!)
And let His kingdom in.

He comes the broken hearts to heal,
The prisoners to free.
The deaf shall hear,
the lame shall dance,
The blind shall see. Refrain

And those who mourn
with heavy hearts,
Who weep and sigh;
With laughter, joy and royal crown
He'll beautify. Refrain

We call you now to worship Him
As Lord of all.
To have no gods before Him,
Their thrones must fall! Refrain

Graham Kendrick (born 1950)
© 1986 Thankyou Music - Used By
Permission. CCL Licence No. 284784

A Prayer of Approach

The gates of Holy Week are open,
and we gather to celebrate our King who
rides a donkey

We bring to you the best of what we are,
Lord Jesus
laying down our lives in service
as you laid down your life for us. Amen.

Welcome

Hymn StF 265

Ride on, ride on in majesty!

Hark, all the tribes 'Hosanna!' cry;
your humble beast pursues its road
with palms and scattered garments strowed.

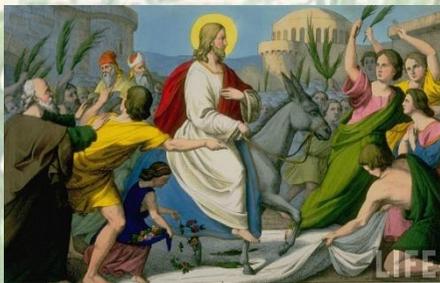
Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, your triumphs now begin
o'er captive death and conquered sin.

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

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

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

Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868)



Prayers:

A prayer of adoration

Father, enshrined in mystery, we
adore you. Closing our eyes, we seek
you within, and praise you for
meeting us there.

Son, riding on a colt, we adore you.
We praise you for your generous
love, one with us.

Holy Spirit, guiding and inspiring us,
we adore you. Through you we
praise the mystery and the majesty
that manifested in frail flesh, yet
overcame it.

Father, Son and Holy Spirit, in
adoration we celebrate your victory.
Amen.

Confession

How quickly cries of 'Hosanna' turn
to 'crucify!' when Jesus refuses to
be moulded into that which we
would have him be.

Forgive us, dear Lord, who sing
'Hosanna!' as you draw near,
yet in our daily lives reveal ourselves
no better than those who caused
your pain.

May this truly be the song of our
hearts this passion-tide,
As we lay our lives before you:
'Hosanna! Blessed is he who comes
in the name of the Lord!
Hosanna in the highest!'

Thanksgiving

We thank you for the one who had nothing, who rode into Jerusalem on a borrowed donkey.

Praise be to you, Jesus, for giving of yourself so richly;

Praise be to you, Father, for blessing us so bountifully. As we enter the gates of Holy Week, may we embrace the celebration with all that we have. Amen.

Hymn: H&P 163

Children of Jerusalem

sang the praise of Jesus' name; children, too, of modern days join to sing the Saviour's praise;

Hark! while children's voices sing loud hosannas to our King.

We are taught to love the Lord,
we are taught to read his word,
we are taught the way to heaven:
praise for all to God be given,

Chorus

Parents, teachers, old and young,
all unite to swell the song;
higher and yet higher rise,
till hosannas reach the skies.

Chorus

*John Henley (1800-42) - Used By Permission.
Calamus Licence No. A-734967*

Bible Reading: Matthew 21:1-11

Jesus Comes to Jerusalem as King

As they approached Jerusalem and came to Bethphage on the Mount of Olives, Jesus sent two disciples,

saying to them, "Go to the village ahead of you, and at once you will find a donkey tied there, with her colt by her. Untie them and bring them to me.

If anyone says anything to you, say that the Lord needs them, and he will send them right away."

This took place to fulfil what was spoken through the prophet:

*"Say to Daughter Zion,
'See, your king comes to you,
gentle and riding on a donkey,
and on a colt, the foal of a
donkey.'"*

The disciples went and did as Jesus had instructed them. They brought the donkey and the colt and placed their cloaks on them for Jesus to sit on.

A very large crowd spread their cloaks on the road, while others cut branches from the trees and spread them on the road.

The crowds that went ahead of him and those that followed shouted, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" "Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!"

"Hosanna in the highest heaven!"

When Jesus entered Jerusalem, the whole city was stirred and asked, "Who is this?"

The crowds answered, "This is Jesus, the prophet from Nazareth in Galilee."

Reflection by Revd Debbie Poole

The day before lockdown, we bought a new clock. It is quite an unusual clock, and every hour it plays a tune, but then...all the numbers move, it's quite something to see. When my granddaughter saw it, she exclaimed; Grandma the clock is in pieces!'. When the tune is finished the pieces reassemble and the clock returns to how it was. We often live our lives by the clock, but what happens when everything goes to pieces, and you don't know what day it is, let alone what time?

This week we mark a year since the Pandemic struck, life as we knew it changed beyond all recognition. As I write this, we have paused to remember the 126,000 people who lost their lives in the UK and many more in the world. No-one has been untouched by the experience. Although slowly, with the aid of vaccines and lifestyle changes, we are learning to live with it.

For us, the past year has had additional challenges, first we fell down an escalator and are still recovering from the effects, then we contracted Covid-19 and that too has on-going challenges. Thankfully, we survived, but we are acutely aware that many did not.

This Sunday is Palm Sunday, the day we think of Jesus riding into Jerusalem, its often called the

Triumphal entry. The symbolism of Jesus riding on a donkey or young foal of a donkey fulfilled prophesy, and everyone would have known that the King rides off to war on a horse, but if he is victorious, then he returns riding a donkey, a symbol of peace and stability.

The disciples and those who joined in the celebration on this day, thought they knew what was coming. They believed the battle had been won and that when Jesus got to Jerusalem, the Roman occupation would cease; and Jesus would be crowned King of the Jews.

What a shock they must have got, when it all changed and rather like my clock, everything seemed to be in pieces. Jesus, of course was well prepared and knew exactly what to expect. He had arranged for the colt, giving a password to those who collected it. He knew what was coming. He had spent time in prayer and knew he would offer himself for a broken world, so that the pieces, to be returned to their rightful places in reconciliation with God. It was not easy to do, but he was willing to give himself in love. He then went through the suffering and pain ending with crucifixion and death. Then on Easter Sunday we celebrate him rising from the dead and are reassured that nothing can separate us from the love of God. God had not deserted Jesus but

enabled him to come through the experience.

Throughout the year, we have felt a range of emotions, yet we always felt God was with us. We often found peace and reassurance that God would continue to be with us, even if the worst happened, because even death cannot keep us from His love. We are thankful we survived, many did not, and all our lives have been changed. Jesus saw beyond the moment, to the purpose of God and kept his eyes firmly on God's love, even in his own turmoil, struggle, fear, and pain.

And just in case you think the clock is predictable and only changes on the hour, there is a little button, that whenever pressed sends the number's spinning, but the face of the clock is always there at the end of it all. Just like God who is always there for us, in time and beyond it.

So, whether you are feeling like praising God and that your life is coming together again, or whether you feel overwhelmed and anxious, with your life in pieces, you are not alone, God is there for you. Holy Spirit will gently take the broken pieces and bring them back together again. Palm Sunday is a moment in the time of the world, which fits with other moments so that when you look closely you will see that no-matter what happens God is still at the centre, holding everything together.

Song:

He is here for the broken

and life to the one who is undone.
He is peace to the wounded
and hope for the helpless one.

*He is here, he is here
Be still, my soul, be still.
Wait patiently upon the Lord...
Be still, my soul, be still.*

When the waves rise against me
and the wind tries to draw me away.
I will stand on the mountain,
safe in your arms.

I will sing, I will sing,
Be still, my soul, be still.
Wait patiently upon the Lord...
Be still, my soul, be still.

*Be still ... I know He is God.
He is here, he is here
Be still ... I know He is God.
He is here, he is here
So, be still, my soul, be still.
Wait patiently upon the Lord...
Be still, my soul, be still.*

Sung by and © Kari Jobe from 9th Track
from her CD album "Kari Jobe" 2009:



Prayers of intercession

Lord, open the gates of righteousness,
so that through our prayer we might
enter and give thanks to the Lord.

We pray for the nations of the
world, praying for justice and
freedom, for unity and generosity...

We pray for our island community,
praying for perception and
openness...

We pray for our church,
praying for kindness and truth...

We pray for those who are sick or in
distress, praying for healing and
peace...

We pray for ourselves,
praying for grace and humility...

Lord, open the gates of righteousness,
that we might follow the King who
rides on a donkey into the kingdom of
God. **Amen.**

The Lord's Prayer:

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.**

Poem by Malcolm Guite

Palm Sunday

Now to the gate of my Jerusalem,
The seething holy city of my heart,
The saviour comes.
But will I welcome him?
Oh crowds of easy feelings
make a start;

They raise their hands,
get caught up in the singing,
And think the battle won.
Too soon they'll find the challenge,
the reversal he is bringing
Changes their tune.

I know what lies behind
The surface flourish
that so quickly fades;
Self-interest,
and fearful guardedness,
The hardness of the heart,
its barricades,

And at the core,
the dreadful emptiness
Of a perverted temple.
Jesus come
Break my resistance
and make me your home.

*"From Sounding the Seasons, by Malcolm
Guite, CanterburyPress 2012"*

Ride on in Majesty



Final Hymn MP 25

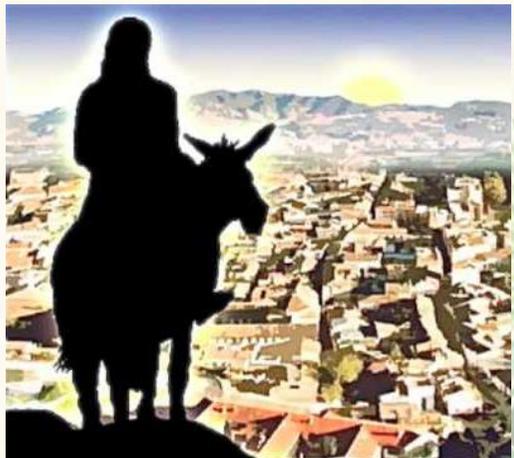
- 1 **All to Jesus I surrender,**
all to Him I freely give;
I will ever love and trust Him,
in His presence daily live.

I surrender all,
I surrender all,
all to Thee, my blessed Saviour,
I surrender all.
- 2 All to Jesus I surrender,
humbly at His feet I bow;
worldly pleasures all forsaken,
take me, Jesus, take me now.
Chorus
- 3 All to Jesus I surrender,
make me, Saviour, wholly Thine;
let me feel the Holy Spirit,
truly knowing Thou art mine.
Chorus
- 4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to Thee;
fill me with Thy love and power,
let Thy blessing fall on me.
Chorus
- 5 All to Jesus, I surrender,
now I feel the sacred flame;
oh, the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!
Chorus

Final Prayer

Gracious God,
we thank you
for bringing us together today.
We bless you for being our hero
and the focus of our praise.
Send us out of this place
full of love, joy and hope.
Let our enthusiasm
be infectious to those we meet,
and may others be drawn to you –
especially in this
most holy of weeks.
Amen.

The Blessing:
And now
May the blessing of God Almighty;
The Father,
The Son and
The Holy Spirit,
be with you,
and all whom you love
and all you are called to love,
this day and for evermore.
Amen.



Concluding Hymn:

- 1 All glory, laud and honour
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 Blessèd 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 prayer 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 prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

- 4 All glory, laud and honour
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!



Some Prayers are from
“The Act of Prayer”, John Birch

Other Resources from
Roots Magazine and/or
Roots on the Web

*Theodulf of Orleans (c.750–821) translated
by John M Neale (1818–1866)*