



Johnsville United Methodist Church

Union Bridge, MD

Our mission is to nurture the members of the congregation in developing a personal relationship with God and to share His word and His love with the larger community.

PRAISE, WORSHIP AND CELEBRATION

Palm Sunday

April 10, 2022

WELCOME and ANNOUNCEMENTS

PRELUDE

“Ride On, Ride On in Majesty”

Opening Hymn

“Hosanna, Loud Hosanna”

UMH 278

1. Hosanna, loud hosanna,
the little children sang;
through pillared court and temple
the lovely anthem rang.
To Jesus, who had blessed them
close folded to his breast,
the children sang their praises,
the simplest and the best.

2. From Olivet they followed
mid an exultant crowd,
the victor palm branch waving,
And chanting clear and loud.
The Lord of earth and heaven
rode on in lowly state,
nor scorned that little children
Should on his bidding wait.

3. “Hosanna in the highest!”
that ancient song we sing,
for Christ is our Redeemer,
the Lord of heaven our King.
O may we ever praise him
with heart and life and voice,
and in his blissful presence
eternally rejoice!

Call to Worship: (Psalm 118, Mark 11)

Leader: Give thanks to the Holy One, for God is good.

People: God’s steadfast love endures forever.

Leader: With hosannas and praise, we greet the One who calls us.

People: Blessed is the one who comes in the name of the Most High!

Leader: This is the day that God has made.

People: Let us be glad and rejoice in it!

Opening Prayer (*Psalm 31, Mark 15*)

Leader: Be gracious to us, Holy One, for we are in distress.

People; Like those who ran away as Christ was crucified, we have forgotten your promises, and our days are ruled by fear.

Leader: Like the disciples who in their despair thought that the death of Jesus was the end of everything good, we feel like broken, empty vessels, afraid to share what we have lest we be left with nothing.

People: Our strength fails when we see the misery around us, and we forget our task to love the world as you have loved us.

Leader: Forgive our weakness and our fears, O God.

People: And deliver us from doubt, that we may put our trust in you rather than in ourselves.

Words of Assurance (Psalm 31)

Leader: The radiance of God pours over us even before we ask, melting us like the sun that warms the earth after a cold, hard winter. Trusting in God's promise of overflowing grace, in the name of Christ, you are forgiven.

People: In the name of Christ, you are forgiven. Glory to God. Amen.

Special Music

THE SHARING OF JOYS AND CONCERNS

PRAYER OF INTERCESSION

Heavenly Parent, your son, Jesus, become like us, his brothers and sisters, in every respect so that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in serving before you. Since you have received his sacrifice of atonement for our sins, receive also our ministry of intercession in the spirit.

O Lord, save your people, and bless your heritage; be their shepherd, and carry them forever. Give your church the same compassion as our savior and shepherd, embracing little children, gentling mothers to be, feeding the hungry, anointing the wounded, cradling the weak and dying. Bring to your fold those who have wandered away into wickedness or indifference or irreverence. Please heal those who are hurting from physical, emotional, or grieving pain

We give you thanks, and praise for the many blessings you given those in our faith community. Bless our nation, leaders and people alike, that with a common reverence of your name and obedience to your law we may find new prosperity and peace. Save us from the worship of wealth and the dependence on brute force. Restrain our pride and rebuke our prejudices. Give us mutual respect and love as children of one heavenly Parent. 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. Amen.

1. Tell me the stories of Jesus
I love to hear;
things I would ask him to tell me
if he were here:
scenes by the wayside,
tales of the sea,
stories of Jesus,
tell them to me.
2. First let me hear how the children
stood round his knee,
and I shall fancy his blessing
resting on me;
words full of kindness,
deeds full of grace,
all in the lovelight
of Jesus' face.
3. Into the city I'd follow
the children's band,
waving a branch of the palm tree
high in my hand;
one of his heralds,
yes, I would sing
loudest hosannas,
"Jesus is King!"

SCRIPTURE READINGS

Hebrew Scripture Lesson: Isaiah 50:4-9a

The Lord God has given me
the tongue of a teacher,⁴
that I may know how to sustain
the weary with a word.

Morning by morning he wakens—
wakens my ear
to listen as those who are taught.

⁵ The Lord God has opened my ear,
and I was not rebellious,
I did not turn backwards.

⁶ I gave my back to those who struck me,
and my cheeks to those who pulled out the beard;
I did not hide my face
from insult and spitting.

⁷ The Lord God helps me;
therefore I have not been disgraced;
therefore I have set my face like flint,
and I know that I shall not be put to shame;

⁸ he who vindicates me is near.

Who will contend with me?
Let us stand up together.

Who are my adversaries?
Let them confront me.

⁹ It is the Lord God who helps me;
who will declare me guilty?

All of them will wear out like a garment;
the moth will eat them up.

Epistle Lesson: Philippians 2:5-11

Let the same mind be in you that was in Christ Jesus,
who, though he was in the form of God,
did not regard equality with God
as something to be exploited,
but emptied himself,
taking the form of a slave,
being born in human likeness.
And being found in human form,
he humbled himself
and became obedient to the point of death—
even death on a cross.
Therefore God also highly exalted him
and gave him the name
that is above every name,
so that at the name of Jesus
every knee should bend,
in heaven and on earth and under the earth,
and every tongue should confess
that Jesus Christ is Lord,
to the glory of God the Father.

Gospel Lesson: Mark 11:1-11

When they were approaching Jerusalem, at Bethphage and Bethany, near the Mount of Olives, he sent two of his disciples ²and said to them, “Go into the village ahead of you, and immediately as you enter it, you will find tied there a colt that has never been ridden; untie it and bring it. ³If anyone says to you, ‘Why are you doing this?’ just say this, ‘The Lord needs it and will send it back here immediately.’” ⁴They went away and found a colt tied near a door, outside in the street. As they were untying it, ⁵some of the bystanders said to them, “What are you doing, untying the colt?” ⁶They told them what Jesus had said; and they allowed them to take it. ⁷Then they brought the colt to Jesus and threw their cloaks on it; and he sat on it. ⁸Many people spread their cloaks on the road, and others spread leafy branches that they had cut in the fields. ⁹Then those who went ahead and those who followed were shouting,

“Hosanna!
Blessed is the one who comes in the name of the Lord!
¹⁰Blessed is the coming kingdom of our ancestor David!
Hosanna in the highest heaven!”

¹¹Then he entered Jerusalem and went into the temple; and when he had looked around at everything, as it was already late, he went out to Bethany with the twelve.

Leader: This is the word of the Lord.

People: Thanks be to God!

I saw a strange sight. I stumbled upon a story most strange, like nothing in my life, my street sense, my sly tongue had ever prepared me for. Hush, child. hush now, and I will tell it to you.

Even before the dawn one Friday morning I noticed a young man, handsome and strong, walking the alleys of our City. He was pulling an old cart filled with clothes both bright and new, and he was calling in a clear tenor voice: 'Rags! Ah, the air was foul and the first light filthy to be crossed by such sweet music.

'Rags! New rags for old! I take your tired rags! Rags!'

'Now this is a wonder,' I thought to myself, for the man stood six-feet-four, and his arms were like tree limbs, hard and muscular, and his eyes flashed intelligence. Could he find no better job than this, to be a ragman in the inner city?

I followed him. My curiosity drove me. And I wasn't disappointed.

Soon the ragman saw a woman sitting on her back porch. She was sobbing into a handkerchief, signing, and shedding a thousand tears. Her knees and elbows made a sad X. Her shoulders shook. Her heart was breaking.

The Ragman stopped his cart. Quietly, he walked to the woman, stepping round tin cans, dead toys, and Pampers.

'Give me your rag,' he said gently. 'and I'll give you another.'

He slipped the handkerchief from her eyes. She looked up, and he laid across her palm a linen cloth so clean and new that it shined. She blinked from the gift to the giver.

Then, as he began to pull his cart again, the Ragman did a strange thing: he put her stained handkerchief to his own face; and then he began to weep, to sob as grievously as she had done, his shoulders shaking. Yet she was left without a tear.

'This is a wonder,' I breathed to myself, and I followed the sobbing Ragman like a child who cannot turn away from mystery.

'Rags! Rags! New Rags for old!'

In a little while, when the sky showed grey behind the rooftops and I could see the shredded curtains hanging out black windows, the Ragman came upon a girl whose head was wrapped in a bandage, whose eyes were empty. Blood soaked her bandage. A single line of blood ran down her cheek.

Now the tall Ragman looked upon this child with pity, and he drew a lovely yellow bonnet from his cart.

'Give me your rag,' he said, tracing his own line on her cheek, 'and I'll give you mine.'

The child could only gaze at him while he loosened the bandage, removed it, and tied it to his own head. The bonnet he set on hers. And I gasped at what I saw: for with the bandage went the wound! Against his brow it ran a darker, more substantial blood -- his own!

'Rags! Rags! I take old rags!' cried the sobbing, bleeding, strong, intelligent Ragman.

The sun hurt both the sky, now, and my eyes; the Ragman seemed more and more to hurry.

'Are you going to work?' he asked a man who leaned against a telephone pole. The man shook his head. The Ragman pressed him: 'Do you have a job?'

'Are you crazy?' sneered the other. He pulled away from the pole, revealing the right sleeve of his jacket -- flat, the cuff stuffed into the pocket. He had no arm.

'So,' said the Ragman. 'Give me your jacket, and I'll give you mine.'

So much quiet authority in his voice!

The one-armed man took off his jacket. So did the Ragman -- and I trembled at what I saw: for the Ragman's arm stayed in its sleeve, and when the other put it on, he had two good arms, thick as tree limbs; but the Ragman had only one.

'Go to work,' he said.

After that he found a drunk, lying unconscious beneath an army blanket, an old man, hunched, wizened, and sick. He took that blanket and wrapped it round himself, but for the drunk he left new clothes.

And now I had to run to keep up with the Ragman. Though he was weeping uncontrollably, and bleeding freely at the forehead, pulling his cart with one arm, stumbling for drunkenness, falling again and again, exhausted, old, old, and sick, yet he went with terrible speed. On spider's legs he skittered through the alleys of the City, this mile and the next, until he came to its limits, and then he rushed beyond.

I wept to see the change in this man. I hurt to see his sorrow. And yet I need to see where he was going in such haste, perhaps to know what drove him so.

The little old Ragman -- he came to a landfill. He came to the garbage pits. And I waited to help him in what he did but I hung back, hiding. He climbed a hill. With tormented labor he cleared a little space on that hill. Then he signed. He lay down. He pillowed his head on a handkerchief and a jacket. He covered his bones with an army blanket. And he died.

Oh how I cried to witness that death! I slumped in a junked car and wailed and mourned as one who has no hope -- because I had come to love the Ragman. Every other face had faded in the wonder of this man, and I cherished him; but he died. I sobbed myself to sleep.

I did not know -- how could I know? -- that I slept through Friday night and Saturday and its night too.

But then, on Sunday morning, I was wakened by a violence.

Light -- pure, hard, demanding light -- slammed against my sour face, and I blinked, and I looked, and I saw the first wonder of all. There was the Ragman, folding the blanket most carefully, a scar on his forehead, but alive! And, besides that, healthy! There was no sign of sorrow or age, and all the rags that he had gathered shined for cleanliness.

Well, then I lowered my head and, trembling for all that I had seen, I myself walked up to the Ragman. I told him my name with shame, for I was a sorry figure next to him. Then I took off all my clothes in that place, and I said to him with dear yearning in my voice: 'Dress me.'

He dressed me. My Lord, he put new rags on me, and I am a wonder beside him. The Ragman, the Ragman, the Christ!

From Ragman and Other Cries of Faith by Walter Wangerin Jr. © 1984 Walter Wangerin Jr.

OFFERING OF OUR GIFTS TO GOD

OFFERTORY

DOXOLOGY

“Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow”

UMH 95

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
praise him, all creatures here below;
praise him above, ye heavenly host;
praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

Offering Prayer (*Isaiah 50, Psalm 31*)

God of steadfast love, even when all seems lost, you fill us with renewed hope. Bless these gifts of bread and wine, fruit of the vine and work of human hands, that they may nourish our hungry souls for the days that are before us, in the name of Christ, who lived and died and rose again. Amen.

Closing Hymn

“All Glory, Laud, and Honor”

UMH 280

Refrain

All glory, laud, and honor,
to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.

1. Thou art the King of Israel,
thou David's royal Son,
who in the Lord's name comest,
the King and Blessed One.

Refrain

2. The company of angels
are praising thee on high,
and we with all creation
in chorus make reply.

3. The people of the Hebrews
with palms before thee went;
our prayer and praise and anthems
Before thee we present.

Refrain

4. To thee, before thy passion,
they sang their hymns of praise;

5. Thou didst accept their praises;
accept the prayers we bring;

to thee, now high exalted,
our melody we raise.

Refrain

who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

Refrain

BENEDICTION

As Holy week begins may we ever look for the resurrection. Let us go in contemplation, hope, and the love of God. Amen.

POSTLUDE

“This Is the Day That the Lord Hath Made”