



Faith Presbyterian Church
Palm/Passion Sunday Service Online
April 5, 2020



GATHERING AROUND THE WORD

Words of Welcome

Today is a special service because this week is unlike any other week in the Christian calendar. Today we celebrate Palm Sunday, Jesus' joyous entry into Jerusalem. But we will also turn to the events that followed, walking through the moments that led up to Jesus' arrest. We'll do this as if journeying day by day, because just like our lives, holy week happened day by day.

In our service, we will incorporate the tradition of midrash. Midrash is an ancient Jewish tradition that weaves together the art of storytelling and the truth of scripture, inviting us to imagine and wonder about the details that exist between the lines. Today you will hear from five voices: a woman who witnessed Jesus flip the tables in the temple, a Pharisee, the woman with the alabaster jar who anointed Jesus' feet in Bethany, Judas, and one of Jesus' disciples in the garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus was arrested. As you hear these stories read aloud, we invite you to lean in. Imagine yourself there. Feel the truth of this narrative—for it was a holy week, and it was a hard week. Let us begin.

Call to Worship

On Palm Sunday so many years ago, the people saw Jesus and asked, "Who is this?"

In worship, we declare: Jesus is a miracle worker and healer, he is a teacher and preacher. Jesus is our light in the darkness, our source of love and our path in the wilderness.

So may we lay down our hearts like they laid down their coats. Let us worship God.

Prelude "Alleluia" - Traditional Piano/Organ Duet – Janis Wheat/Sharon Keene

PROCLAIMING THE WORD TOGETHER

SUNDAY | Matthew 21:1-11

1 "When they had come near Jerusalem and had reached Bethphage, at the Mount of Olives, Jesus sent two disciples, **2** saying to them, "Go into the village ahead of you, and immediately you will find a donkey tied, and a colt with her; untie them and bring them to me. **3** If anyone says anything to you, just say this, 'The Lord needs them.' And he will send them immediately." **4** This took place to fulfill what had been spoken through the prophet, saying,

5 "Tell the daughter of Zion,
Look, your king is coming to you,
humble, and mounted on a donkey,
and on a colt, the foal of a donkey."

6 The disciples went and did as Jesus had directed them; **7** they brought the donkey and the colt, and put their cloaks on them, and he sat on them. **8** A very large crowd spread their cloaks on the road, and others cut branches from the trees and spread them on the road. **9** The crowds that went ahead of him and that followed were shouting,

"Hosanna to the Son of David!

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

Hosanna in the highest heaven!"

10 When he entered Jerusalem, the whole city was in turmoil, asking, "Who Is This?"

11 The crowds were saying, "This is the prophet Jesus from Nazareth in Galilee."

Hymn | *"All Glory, Laud & Honor"*

Children's Story Time – Debbie Wood

MONDAY | Tables Turned | Matthew 21:12-13

12 Then Jesus entered the temple[a] and drove out all who were selling and buying in the temple, and he overturned the tables of the money changers and the seats of those who sold doves. 13 He said to them, "It is written,

'My house shall be called a house of prayer';
but you are making it a den of robbers."

DRAMATIC READING | The woman in the temple

I come here every Monday morning.
It has always been like this, at least for as long as I can remember.
My parents talk about a time when this room used to be packed with people here to pray and hear the Torah every week. They talk about those days like they were the glory days—if only we could get back to that.
Now?
Now the temple is primarily a marketplace.
I come here every week for the farmer's market—to buy eggs and figs and food for my family. And they have the best bread! I've never felt guilty for that because I pray on my own, and we still celebrate passover; so is it really that big a deal? I used to think not, but that changed the day Jesus showed up.
I don't know that I will ever forget that day. I had just bartered with Samuel down the street to get two fresh fish for my kids. That's when I heard the sound.
It was so loud—a crash, a splintering.
For a brief moment I thought God might be tearing open the walls of the temple and climbing inside. I turned around, hands full of fish, to see the money changers' tables turned over and the doves

flapping wildly in their cages. Coins slowly rolled their way across the holiest of holies and everyone froze.
I've never heard silence so loud.
Jesus paused and looked at the room. Quietly he said, "My house is to be called a house of prayer. Prayer. For all nations."
In the quiet, I felt myself hiding the two fish in my hands behind my back, like Adam and Eve hid behind leaves, wishing the coins in my hands could disappear.
And then, as quickly as he arrived, he turned and left.
I can't be sure, but it looked like there might have been a tear running down his cheek, and for just a second, I wondered to myself—maybe, just maybe, that sound really was God tearing open the walls of the temple and climbing inside.
Who is he, you ask?
I'm not sure, but he's not like me. He's faithful. He's honest. There was nothing hiding behind his back.
Have any of you ever felt that kind of shame?
Have any of you ever wanted to hide something from God?

PRAYER OF CONFESSION

Leader: Confess with me:

ALL: God—for all the things we try to hide from you, forgive us. Amen.

TUESDAY | AUTHORITY QUESTIONED | Matthew 21:23

²³ When he entered the temple, the chief priests and the elders of the people came to him as he was teaching, and said, “By what authority are you doing these things, and who gave you this authority?”

DRAMATIC READING | A Pharisee

Do you know how many laws are in the Torah? Six hundred and thirteen. You know how I know that? Because I spent my entire youth memorizing them—hours upon hours upon hours of repetition.

And after I mastered those, I went on to memorize the entire Torah. That’s the first five books of the Bible, by the way.

I spent all those hours sitting at the foot of my teacher so that I could one day teach.

That’s what faithfulness, sacrifice, and a life of service looks like—at least that’s what I’ve been taught.

I’ve talked to every scribe and priest in the land and no one knows who taught this Jesus. No one raised him to teach. No one knows if he even passed his Torah comprehension exam. Where does he get his

authority? AND WHY ARE PEOPLE LISTENING TO HIM?

That is the thing that blows me away.

His teachings are unorthodox.

He’s healed on the Sabbath.

He’s talked to Samaritans.

He’s completely disregarded our societal lines—befriending women and lepers.

Does he even know how many rules he’s breaking?

I just don’t understand.

This isn’t the way it’s supposed to be.

I studied for so long, and nothing prepared me for this.

Who is he, you ask?

He’s a radical. A heretic. A rebel. *[pause]*

A mystery.

WEDNESDAY | ANOINTED | Matthew 26:6-13

⁶ Now while Jesus was at Bethany in the house of Simon the leper, ^[a] ⁷ a woman came to him with an alabaster jar of very costly ointment, and she poured it on his head as he sat at the table. ⁸ But when the disciples saw it, they were angry and said, “Why this waste? ⁹ For this ointment could have been sold for a large sum, and the money given to the poor.” ¹⁰ But Jesus, aware of this, said to them, “Why do you trouble the woman? She has performed a good service for me. ¹¹ For you always have the poor with you, but you will not always have me. ¹² By pouring this ointment on my body she has prepared me for burial. ¹³ Truly I tell you, wherever this good news ^[b] is proclaimed in the whole world, what she has done will be told in remembrance of her.”

DRAMATIC READING | The woman with the alabaster jar

It was Wednesday.

I heard he was coming to Bethany. People talk about stuff like that.

People also talk when you break open a bottle of perfume to anoint someone in a crowd. I learned that the hard way.

In a few years they may forget my name, but I bet they’ll remember what I did. I am the woman who

anointed Jesus, and it remains one of the moments in my life that I am most proud of.

Jesus was at Simon’s house. He often went there when he was in the city, and I knew that. We all knew that, because we could see them packed in there! It’s hard to miss twelve people packed into a room. So before the sun fell, I grabbed my jar of perfume—the only item of wealth I own—and walked to Simon’s.

I had begged and saved for years to afford that jar of perfume. It was my back-up plan, my safety net when I could no longer work, so I kept it hidden in the cupboard of my house.

The whole way to Simon's house I clutched that jar like a mother holds a baby—terrified that it might slip from my hands too soon, that I might lose the only gift I had to give, accidentally anointing the dirt at my feet instead of the man who had healed so many. It wasn't until I walked through the door and saw Jesus sitting there that I was able to release my grip on that jar. I had made it. I had my gift, and this was the moment.

The smell was unbelievable—sweet like milk and honey, but even stronger than fresh baked bread. I knew when I cracked that jar open it would be

overpowering, it would send people into the street. But I had to do it!

People criticized me for wasting that perfume, but they don't know the whole story. They don't know what it meant to be seen and called by name. Jesus pulled me out of the wilderness of my own isolation. They have no idea the healing that Jesus offered me, and they probably could never understand what I would give to do it all over again. I mean, how do you put a price tag on life? On a full and abundant life? I don't need everyone to understand. I just needed him to understand. He gave me the gift of new life, so in return, I gave him the only thing I had.

Who is this man, you ask?

He was grace embodied, and love let loose.

And I'll never be the same.

MINUTE FOR MISSION: One Great Hour of Sharing

Elder Bill Brouwer

PRAYER OF DEDICATION FOR THE OFFERING

WEDNESDAY | BETRAYAL | Matthew 26:14-16

¹⁴ Then one of the twelve, who was called Judas Iscariot, went to the chief priests ¹⁵ and said, "What will you give me if I betray him to you?" They paid him thirty pieces of silver. ¹⁶ And from that moment he began to look for an opportunity to betray him.

DRAMATIC READING | Judas

Could he have really been the Messiah—the son of God? Could he really be the One that God would send to redeem the world? *Really?!*

There were days I was convinced he was. Like the day he fed five thousand people.

I still can't figure out how he did it, but I was there and people ate their fill. Or the night he told Peter to

walk to him on the water. I could never begin to tell you how that happened, but I was there—it felt real! But, there were other days I wasn't so sure. Like the day he sent us out two by two to heal people—did he really expect us to be able to do what he did? Or the days he rebuked the Pharisees.

Could the Son of God really be that hard on people, especially the leaders of the law?

THURSDAY EVENING | THE GARDEN | Matthew 26:36-47

[³⁶ After dinner,] Jesus went with them to a place called Gethsemane; and he said to his disciples, "Sit here while I go over there and pray." ³⁷ He took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be grieved and agitated. ³⁸ Then he said to them, "I am deeply grieved, even to death; remain here, and stay awake with me." ³⁹ And going a little farther, he threw himself on the ground and prayed, "My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from me; yet not what I want but what you want." ⁴⁰ Then he came to the disciples and found them sleeping; and he said to Peter, "So, could you not stay awake with me one hour? ⁴¹ Stay awake and pray that you may not come into the time of trial; ^[a] the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is

weak.”⁴² Again he went away for the second time and prayed, “My Father, if this cannot pass unless I drink it, your will be done.”⁴³ Again he came and found them sleeping, for their eyes were heavy.⁴⁴ So leaving them again, he went away and prayed for the third time, saying the same words.⁴⁵ Then he came to the disciples and said to them, “Are you still sleeping and taking your rest? See, the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.⁴⁶ Get up, let us be going. See, my betrayer is at hand.”

⁴⁷ While he was still speaking, Judas, one of the twelve, arrived; with him was a large crowd with swords and clubs, from the chief priests and the elders of the people.

DRAMATIC READING -- A disciple in the garden of Gethsemane

It all happened so fast.

It was late—later than I had realized, and sleep was clinging to me like a fog I couldn’t shake. I heard the crowd arrive in my dreams. At first I thought it was a crowd of people wanting Jesus to heal them. I thought selfishly to myself for just a moment, “How in the world did they find us here?!”

That’s when I started to wake up.

I realized the crowd didn’t sound right—it wasn’t people praising Jesus or begging for mercy. It was too quiet, far too quiet for that; and in the quiet I could hear the clink of swords in sheaths.

I frantically pulled myself from sleep, shaking awake my brothers and trying to stand up quickly.

I saw Judas at the front of the crowd.

“What is he doing there?” I thought.

“Maybe things will be okay after all,” I thought.

But I was wrong.

In a split second my whole world fell apart around me.

I went from knowing my way, knowing my purpose, and knowing my plans, to standing in the wilderness alone. It happened as quickly as a summer thunderstorm and as slowly as the change in seasons.

The crowd with clubs and swords were taking Jesus. They were taking him away, and he was not fighting it.

Maybe if I had stayed awake like he had asked then this wouldn’t have happened.

Maybe if we had left Jerusalem and gone back to Bethany, this wouldn’t have happened.

What am I supposed to tell my family? The man I have seen heal the sick and walk on water has been arrested, and the angels didn’t stop it.

Who is this man, you ask?

He’s not a criminal. That’s for sure.

It all happened so fast.

PASTORAL PRAYER AND THE LORDS 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 debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

RESPONDING TO THE WORD PROCLAIMED

Hymn | *"What Wondrous Love is This"*

CLOSING LITANY | "Who is he?"

On Sunday he was everything—the center of the parade, the center of our attention. His arrival was holy and unexpected and beautiful.

On Monday he turned the world upside down. He flipped the tables while he flipped the script. I've never seen anything like it before.

On Tuesday he was a teacher. But he wasn't like the other teachers. He sat and they sat. He spoke and they listened. What they don't know is he hasn't earned his place.

On Wednesday he pulled me from the wilderness. He gave me the gift of new life, so I gave him all that I had. People may have stared and talked, but newness does that to people.

On Wednesday he was nothing more than a man worth thirty pieces of silver.

On Thursday he was the body broken for us, the blood shed for us.

On Thursday he was betrayed. He was arrested. He was treated like a convict. On Thursday he was alone, and I was asleep.

"Who is he?"

It's the question everyone is asking. Friends, this is the question of holy week, and it's the question of our entire lives. In order to answer this question, we have to walk through all of holy week, through the wilderness of betrayal and death, the wilderness of the tomb and surprise endings.

This week we invite you to join us again for our holy week service online on Maundy Thursday, as we continue to walk through the wilderness of faith—the good days, the bad days, the everyday—step by step.

We'll see you then.

BENEDICTION

BENEDICTION RESPONSE “The Lord is My Song” Taize

POSTLUDE “The Gates of Jerusalem”

Worship Leaders: The Rev. Renée Rico and George Vander Meulen, Seminary Intern

Readers: George Van Otten, George Wheat, Sonja Vander Meulen, Cindy Hay, Sonny Coble

Musicians: Sharon Keene, Janis Wheat, Richard and Heather Carter

Tech: Jesse Davis and Paul Hay

Service Liturgy written by Sarah Are | A Sanctified Art | sanctifiedart.org