

CEDAR SPRINGS MORNING WORSHIP

March 28, 2021 - 8:15 & 11:00 a.m.

Palm Sunday

GATHERING GOD'S PEOPLE

Opening

Prelude

“Hosanna”

Baloche/Brown

Praise is rising, eyes are turning to you. We turn to you. Hope is stirring, hearts are yearning for you. We long for you. ‘Cause when we see you, we find strength to face the day. In your presence all our fears are washed away, washed away.

Chorus: 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 us new. ‘Cause when we see you, we find strength to face the day. In your presence all our fears are washed away, washed away.

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WORSHIPING GOD IN SPIRIT AND TRUTH

Call to Worship

Corporate Singing

“All Glory, Laud, And Honor”

No. 235

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!

The people of the Hebrews with palms before thee went; our praise and prayer and anthems before thee we present: 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! All glory, laud, and honor to thee, Redeemer, King, to whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring!

“Jesus! What A Friend For Sinners!”

Chapman/Pritchard

Jesus, what a friend for sinners. Jesus, lover of my soul; friends may fail me, foes assail me, he, my Savior, makes me whole.

Refrain: Hallelujah! what a Savior! Hallelujah! what a Friend! Saving, helping, keeping, loving, he is with me to the end.

Jesus, what a strength in weakness. Let me hide myself in him; tempted, tried, and sometimes failing, he, my strength, my vict’ry wins.

Jesus, what a help in sorrow, while the billows o’er me roll. Even when my heart is breaking, he, my comfort, helps my soul.

Jesus, what a guide and keeper. While the tempest still is high, storms about me, night o’er takes me, he, my pilot, hears my cry.

Jesus, I do now receive him, more than all in him I find; he hath granted me forgiveness, I am his, and he is mine.

“How Deep The Father’s Love For us”

Townend

How deep the Father’s love for us, how vast beyond all measure, that he should give his only Son to make a wretch his treasure. How great the pain of searing loss, the Father turns his face away, as wounds which mar the Chosen One bring many sons to glory.

Behold the man upon the cross, my sin upon his shoulders; ashamed I hear my mocking voice call out among the scoffers. It was my sin that held him there, until it was accomplish’d; his dying breath has brought me life, I know that it is finish’d.

I will not boast in anything, no gifts, no pow’r, no wisdom; but I will boast in Jesus Christ, his death and resurrection. Why should I gain from his reward? I cannot give an answer, but this I know with all my heart, his wounds have paid my ransom, but this I know with all my heart, his wounds have paid my ransom.

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Prayer

Passing of the Peace

Greetings

Announcements

Prayers of the People

HEARING GOD'S WORD

Scripture Lessons

(After each reading the people respond, "Thanks be to God.")

Old Testament Reading

Zechariah 9:9

New Testament Reading

Ephesians 2:17-22

Sermon Text

Matthew 21:1-11

Sermon

"Jesus' Example of Missions"

TASTING GOD'S GRACE

Communion

SENDING GOD'S PEOPLE INTO THE WORLD

Sending Song

"When I Survey The Wondrous Cross"

No. 252

When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of glory died. My richest gain I count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the death of Christ my God. All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down. Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine that were a present far too small. Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.

Benediction