Sunday 5th April Palm Sunday

Streamed Worship Service Sheet

In response to the Coronavirus (COVID-19) pandemic and the cancellation of worship services, the District will be broadcasting a worship service at 10:30am on Sunday morning via Facebook Live and it will also be available on the District Website:

<https://www.facebook.com/Birminghammethodistdistrict/>

<http://www.birminghammethodist.org.uk/>

If you are unable to join us on your computer, tablet or phone, this sheet will enable you to journey with us as we worship together in our homes around the District.

## Welcome and Explanation

## Lighting of the Candle

We light this candle, and encourage you to light a candle at home if it is safe and you are able to do so, as a sign of the light and love of God reaching out into the places of fear and pain in our world and in our own situations.

## StF 265 Ride on, ride on in majesty

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 winged 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)

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## Prayers

## StF 64 Praise is rising

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.

*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.

‘Cause when we see you…
*Hosanna…*

Brenton Brown and Paul Baloche

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## Introduction to the theme

## StF 264 Make way,

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), make way (make way),*

*for the King of kings (for the King of kings);*

*make way (make way), 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.

And those who mourn with heavy hearts,

who weep and sigh,

with laughter, joy and royal crown

he'll beautify.

We call you now to worship him

as Lord of all,

to have no gods before him,

their thrones must fall!

Graham Kendrick (b. 1950)

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## Reading: Matthew 21: 1-11

When they had come near Jerusalem and had reached Bethphage, at the Mount of Olives, Jesus sent two disciples, 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. If anyone says anything to you, just say this, “The Lord needs them.” And he will send them immediately.’ This took place to fulfil what had been spoken through the prophet, saying,
‘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.’
The disciples went and did as Jesus had directed them; they brought the donkey and the colt, and put their cloaks on them, and he sat on them. A very large crowd spread their cloaks on the road, and others cut branches from the trees and spread them on the road. 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!’
When he entered Jerusalem, the whole city was in turmoil, asking, ‘Who is this?’ The crowds were saying, ‘This is the prophet Jesus from Nazareth in Galilee.’

## Reflection

## Song

## Reading: 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.

## Reflection

## StF 277 My song is love unknown

My song is love unknown,

my Saviour's love to me,

love to the loveless shown,

that they might lovely be.

O who am I,

that for my sake

my Lord should take

frail flesh and die?

He came from his blest throne,

salvation to bestow;

but they made strange, and none

the longed-for Christ would know.

But O my Friend,

my Friend indeed,

who at my need

his life did spend!

Sometimes they strew his way,

and his sweet praises sing;

resounding all the day

hosannas to their King.

Then 'Crucify!'

is all their breath,

and for his death

they thirst and cry.

Why, what has my Lord done?

What makes this rage and spite?

He made the lame to run,

he gave the blind their sight.

Sweet injuries!

Yet they at these

themselves displease,

and 'gainst him rise.

They rise, and needs will have

my dear Lord made away;

a murderer they save,

the Prince of Life they slay.

Yet cheerful he

to suffering goes,

that he his foes

from thence might free.

In life no house, no home,

my Lord on earth might have;

in death, no friendly tomb

but what a stranger gave.

What may I say?

Heaven was his home;

but mine the tomb

wherein he lay.

Here might I stay and sing,

no story so divine:

never was love, dear King,

never was grief like thine!

This is my Friend,

in whose sweet praise

I all my days

could gladly spend.

Samuel Crossman (c. 1624-1683)

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## Youth and Young People’s news

## Song

## Prayers

## StF 287 When I survey

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?

His dying crimson, like a robe,

spreads o'er his body on the tree;

then am I dead to all the globe,

and all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,

that were an offering far too small;

love so amazing, so divine,

demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

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## Blessing