

Palm Sunday, 13 April 2025
Courageously Walk with Jesus
Luke 19:28-40

Prelude

Opening Video “Hosanna in the Highest”

Prayer for Peace

Gathering Hymn “All Glory, Laud and Honor” CCS 467

Welcome Blake Smith

Opening Prayer Blake Smith

Response

Responsive Call to Worship Psalm 118: 1-2, 19-29 Jean Hedrich

People: ‘Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!’
“His steadfast love endures forever.”

Hymn of Response “Alleluia” CCS103

Spiritual Practice Prayer of *Examen* Craig Perryman

Hymn of Response “Alleluia” CCS103

Focus Moment: From Palms to Crosses Craig Perryman

Palm Sunday Hymn “No Tramp of Soldier’s Marching Feet” CCS 466

Sermon Based on Luke 19:28-40 Molly Wilkins

Disciples’ Generous Response Mike and Sharon Crase

Receiving of Local and Worldwide Mission Tithes

Blessing of Local and Worldwide Mission Tithes

Closing Hymn “Halle, Halle, Hallelujah” *Sing several times.* CCS 86

Sending Forth: Doctrine and Covenants 76:3g-h Blake Smith

Postlude

Musician: Roger Hintzsche

“All Glory, Laud and Honor,” CCS 467

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 company of angels are praising thee on high,
creation and all mortals in chorus make reply.
The multitude of people 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 praise we bring,
who in all good delightest, thou good and gracious King.

“Alleluia,” CCS 103

Alleluia, alleluia.
Alleluia, alleluia.

“No Tramp of Soldier's Marching Feet,” CCS 466

No tramp of soldiers' marching feet with banners and with drums,
no sound of music's martial beat: “The King of glory comes!”
To greet what pomp of kingly pride no bells in triumph ring,
no city gates swing open wide: “Behold, behold your King!”

And yet he comes. The children cheer; with palms his path is strown.
With every step the cross draws near: the King of glory's throne.
Astride a colt he passes by as loud hosannas ring,
or else the very stones would cry, “Behold, behold your King!”

What fading flow'rs his road adorn; the palms, how soon laid down!
No bloom or leaf but only thorn the King of glory's crown.
The soldiers mock, the rabble cries, the streets with tumult ring,
as Pilate to the mob replies, “Behold, behold your King!”

Now he who bore for mortals' sake the cross and all its pains
and chose a servant's form to take, the King of glory reigns.
Hosanna to the Savior's name till heaven's rafters ring,
and all the ransomed host proclaim, “Behold, behold your King!”

“Halle, Halle, Hallelujah,” CCS 86

Halle, halle, hallelujah. (Hallelujah)

Halle, halle, hallelujah. (Hallelujah)

Halle, halle, hallelujah.

Hallelujah, hallelujah. (Hallelujah.)