

**St Andrew's with Castle Gate URC**  
**Order for Worship for 05 April 2020 at 11.00am**  
**Palm Sunday – The Goldsmith Players**

**Welcome and News – Chris**

**Call to Worship - Mark**

**It was on the Sunday – Norman**

**Hymn – Ride on! Ride on in majesty! – R+S 209**

- 1 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;  
thine humble beast pursues his road  
with palms and scattered garments strowed.
- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die:  
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin  
o'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
the Father on his sapphire throne  
expects his own anointed Son.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
bow thy meek head to mortal pain,  
then take, O God, thy power and reign.

*H H Milman 1791 – 1868*

**It was on the Monday – David**

**Our prayers of Approach and Confession followed by the Lord's Prayer** (*Please join in the words in bold*)

Let us pray

**Not just when there are crowds around,  
not just when we are carried along with enthusiasm,  
not just when we are all singing from the same hymn sheet,  
but on all the other days, after the feast, it is back to ordinary clothes and cereal,  
when all the excitement has died down and we are back in our old routines.  
Can we find hosannas then?  
Can we stay by Your side -  
follow You, not just down the main road, but through all the back alleys as well?**

Forgive us when we focus downwards towards the coats on the ground when our eyes should be lifted to the palms raised in delight for a Saviour King riding a lowly colt.  
Dare we raise our voices and proclaim You King, when You have fallen out of favour in this secular world?  
Lord, give us the courage to witness even when it is not the done thing,  
even when it feels like we are a lone voice,  
for, although You are the King of glory,  
You are also the King of mess.  
A King who lived with us and died for us to assure us of that great and gracious forgiveness which waits for us in the kingdom of love, which is God.

A King who taught us to pray in the words..

**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, the power and the glory,  
for ever and ever.  
Amen.**

**It was on the Tuesday – Jerry**

**Reading – Matthew 21: 1-9, 12-13, 23-27 – Chris**

**It was on the Wednesday – Pat**

**Blessing for our Young Friends**

Let us pray

**Jesus, You are welcome in our lives!**

**We are so glad that You are here among us.**

**We are grateful to have You with us and we praise You as our King!**

**Even though we are scattered around the city, we pray for our children and young people and we are glad that we are all still able to learn more about You, for You bind us together as one family – proud to have Your identity as our name. For we are called Christians. Amen.**

**It was on the Thursday – Tony**

**Hymn – When I survey the wondrous cross – R+S 217**

- 1     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.
  
- 2     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.
  
- 3     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?
  
- 4     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.
  
- 5     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.

*Isaac Watts 1674 – 1748*

**It was on the Friday - Simon**

**Prayer of Thanksgiving**

Let us pray

God of steadfast love, we give You thanks.

Your love does not fade; its strength endures, stretching out across history, beyond time and space.

Such an enormous love, we cannot grasp; we can only marvel at it.

**We offer You these poor gifts – tokens of our love and the service of our lives, and trust that You will make so much more of them in the building of Your kingdom. Amen.**

**It was on the Saturday – Kath**

### **Prayers of Intercession**

Let us pray...

Journeying God,

as we move towards Good Friday, the colours change:  
richer and darker.

The light fades and the desert seems closer, while the colours become more distant.

Shortly, we will begin to see where the journey ends.

It has been long and we disciples have learned much.

Yet, maybe all the learning is still to be done.

Perhaps then, we should see that, even here at the cross, lies your promise of presence, always with us, forever and ever.

**Lenten God,**

**may we find more space to remember You,**

**to clear the clutter to focus more on you,**

**and to let go what distracts us.**

**Allow our mustard seeds of influence to help You face a world of hate**

**so that we can feel the love which brings us closer to You.**

**Help us to find clearer places to meet You, so our poor abilities can turn the battle tide,**

**and we may speak about that crown and that cross which You bore for us to win Your**

**great victory over death – a victory which won us – reconciled us - back to God.**

The time is not yet, but the darkness is gathering.

The time is not yet, but the main players are taking their positions.

Let us not hesitate, but come back tomorrow and all the days to come and wait with the Son of God,

for his friends are few in this world of hatred.

The time is not yet, but our time is now;

to be here to trust a love that will see this thing through.

We may go, but we will be back often this week,

for Jesus needs his friends.

**Amen**

**It was on the Sunday – Dorothy**

**Hymn – Now the Green blade rises R+S 243**

- 1 Now the green blade rises from the buried grain,  
Wheat that in the dark earth many days has lain;  
Love lives again, that with the dead has been:  
Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.
- 2 In the grave they laid Him, Love whom we had slain,  
thinking that He never would awake again,  
laid in the earth like grain that sleeps unseen:  
Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.
- 3 Forth He came at Easter, like the risen grain,  
He that for the three days in the grave had lain;  
quick from the dead my risen Lord is seen:  
Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.
- 4 When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,  
then Your touch can call us back to life again,  
fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been:  
Love is come again, like wheat that springs up green.

*J M C Crum 1872 – 1958*

**Sending**

Christ crucified draws us to Himself, to find in Him a sure ground for faith, a firm support for hope, and the assurance of sins forgiven;  
and we say together, **the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be among us, and remain with us always. Amen.**

*Aspects of the service have been adapted from "Stages on the Way"  
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