

# **Old Orchard Church**

**Third Sunday in Lent**

**• March 27, 2011 - 10:15 to 11:50 a.m.**



**None of the rulers of this age understood [the secret and hidden wisdom of God], for if they had they would not have crucified the Lord of glory.**

**I Corinthians 2:8**

## Celebrating Jesus, Divine Son of Man: Misunderstood and Misused

Never was anyone more misunderstood  
than when Jesus,  
the Lord of Glory and the Prince of Life,  
was dragged into court and put to death  
as a common criminal.

The One who set the planets in orbit  
was ridiculed as an importer;  
He who knows every secret of the universe,  
in mockery was taunted to see  
through his blindfold.

Ah sweet Lord, come to me  
when I am misunderstood;  
SB Calm me when I am misused,  
mxm and heal the rage of my indignation.  
TM ^ Work in me daily  
the will to entrust  
my vindication to God,  
even as you did, for my sake.  
Receive my thanks and my worship,  
O faithful Savior!

### Today's Scripture

Old Testament Lesson: I Chronicles 36:1-16; \*Isaiah 6:8-10

New Testament Lesson: Matthew 23:29-39

### Prelude to the Cross

"Zacchaeus: Redeeming Humanity, One Person at a Time"  
Luke 19:1-10

*Ron Lutfens, senior pastor, preaching*  
We celebrate the Lord's Supper weekly—and in a circle, at the end of worship. A word of direction is given, and with this everyone stands and moves to the walls. The cup is passed in two forms: in a chalice and then in small individual cups. You are free to choose.

And as this is the Supper of the Lord Christ, please listen to the instructions we give as to what qualifies a visitor to participate. But whether you intend to take communion or not, please join us in the circle.

## On Being Misused

The misuse and misunderstanding of black people as intrinsically inferior, sustained and defended because of the economic advantages of race-based slavery, is one of the shameful legacies of our nation. Of course, many African-American slaves came to Christ and were able, by the power of the Holy Spirit, to feel his sympathy for them: like they were, he was an outcast; like them, he suffered insults and abuse. But through that suffering, he won for them an everlasting life and freedom. How glad many of them were to trust Him, precisely because their life was full of so much pain at the hands of other people.

Below, is a wonderful prayer of confidence in Christ, written by Richard Allen (1760 - 1831), pastor, freed slave, and founder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Use it this week, especially if you're tempted to believe that you can't survive unless people start treating you better. *-ffynLutjens*

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O, My God! In all my dangers, temporal and spiritual, I will hope in thee who art Almighty power, and therefore able to relieve me; who art infinite goodness, and therefore ready and willing to assist me.

O, precious blood of my dear Redeemer! O, gaping wounds of my crucified Savior! Who can contemplate the sufferings of God incarnate, and not raise his hope and not put his trust in Him? What, though my body be crumbled into dust, and that dust blown over the face of the earth, yet I undoubtedly know my Redeemer lives, and shall raise me up at the last day; whether I am comforted or left desolate; whether I enjoy peace or am afflicted with temptations; whether I am healthful or sickly, succored or abandoned by the good things of this life, I will always hope in thee, O, my chiefest, infinite good.

Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; although the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields yield no meat; although the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

What, though I mourn and am afflicted here, and sigh under the miseries of this world for a time, I am sure that my tears shall one day be turned into joy, and that joy none shall take from me. Whoever hopes for the great things in this world, takes pains to attain them; how can my hopes of everlasting life be well grounded, if I do not strive and labor for that eternal inheritance? I will never refuse the meanest labors, while I look to receive such glorious wages; I will never repine at any temporal loss, while I expect to gain such eternal rewards. Blessed hope! Be thou my chief delight in life, and then I shall be steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; be thou my comfort and support at the hour of death, and then I shall contentedly leave this world, as a captive that is released from his imprisonment. Amen.