

My Song Is Love Unknown

By Samuel Crossman (words) & John N. Ireland (music)

Old Orchard Church

Sixth Sunday in Lent ★ Palm Sunday

April 1, 2012 — 10:15 to 11:50 a.m.

**Pontius Pilate: "So you are a king?"
Jesus: "You are right in saying I am a king.
In fact, for this reason I was born,
and for this I came into the world,
to testify to the truth.
Everyone on the side of truth
listens to me!"**

-John 18:37-

Descent to the Cross: The Triumphal Entry

The crowds that went ahead of Jesus and those that followed shouted,

“Hosanna to the Son of David!”

“Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!”

“Hosanna in the highest!”

When Jesus entered Jerusalem, the whole city was stirred and asked, “Who is this?”

(Matthew 21:9-10)



Scripture Readings

Old Testament Lesson: Zechariah 9:9-13

New Testament Reading: Matthew 21:1-11

Sermon

“Christ’s Truth and Tears in the Formation of
Our Christian Character

Luke 19:28-44

Ron Lutjens, 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.**

Little did we know!

Meditation on the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem

We vividly remember that Sunday before Passover. What expectation! What hope! At last the longed-for Messiah had come. He could deliver us from Roman tyranny. He would save us. Mind you we were a little taken aback when he rode into the city on a donkey. (We only realized after it was all over that the prophet said the Messiah would do that because it is the traditional mount of kings). What excitement was in our hearts! What joy! We stirred the people up to sing and shout and to throw palm branches and cloaks on the road in front of him as we would for a real king. When we ran out of palm branches some people broke off pieces from the trees along the road and in the fields. “Hosanna”, (did you know that means “save”?) “Hosanna” they shouted, again and again. “Praise him. Welcome to the rightful king. Hosanna to the son of David. Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord”. We made such a racket that the whole city heard it and came out to find out what was going on. They all knew who he was. It must have worried the authorities.

But little did we know what sadness filled his heart! At one point on the journey towards Jerusalem, on a bluff overlooking the city, he stopped and wept. It was heartbreaking to watch his shoulders heave as he cried for the city, lamenting the terrible judgment that would come on it if the people did not turn to the true God. He said he felt like a mother hen longing — longing to gather the chicks under his wings, to protect them from any threat. He loved that place and those people with a passion.

Little did we know what anger he felt! It came out the day after he reached the city and went into the temple. The place was a market: animals, birds, money-changers... Can you imagine the mooing, the bleating, the shouting, the cursing... We had seen him angry before, at the hypocrisy of the religious teachers, and he had used unbelievably strong language with them, but in the temple he was furious and he grabbed a whip and drove them out of what he called His father’s house, a place to be kept for prayer and worship. He accused them of making it a robbers’ den! The priests and teachers of the law were really after him then because he had such an influence on the people.

Little did we know what pain of anticipation he carried in his soul! He had told us on the way to Jerusalem, but in our stupidity we did not believe him or did not listen... or something. He had told us that he would have to go to Jerusalem and that he would be betrayed, condemned to death, mocked, beaten and crucified. I remember now when he told us that the first time, Peter shouted out “never”! None of us wanted to believe it. We had seen him do all sorts of amazing miracles so we knew he could deliver us from the Romans. I guess we thought this was his pessimistic side coming out again. It’s amazing the power the human mind has to deny reality.

Little did we know what he had to bear for us! We thought, when we saw him on that donkey’s back, that he was wonderfully happy. His time had come. The King would reign. His mission was entering its final triumphal phase. Soon he would be recognized by the world for who he really was and we would be famous. Little did we know how lonely he was, how misunderstood. What courage to keep moving forward to Jerusalem when he knew what faced him there. Everything in him must have been crying out “Get away...this is foolish...run while you can”. But no, he set his face to move forward to do what had to be done — and done, you realize, for me and for you!! He loved us that much. He would set us free but in a completely different way than we had ever imagined.

And now, with hindsight, we see it all so much more clearly. He **is** the King. He **has** set us free. One day he will return in glory and power we thought might be there the first time.

— Richard Winter