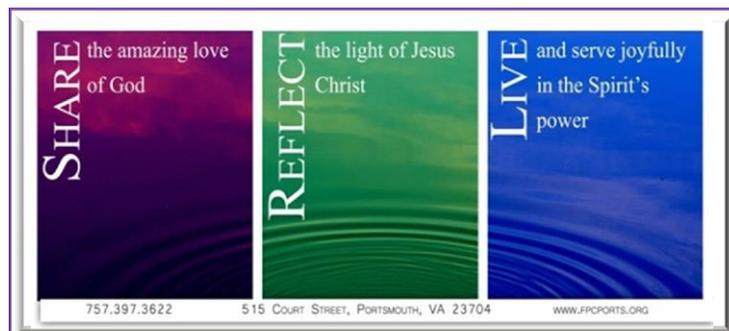


First Presbyterian Church
Palm/Passion Sunday
March 20, 2016



Coming Events

Palm Sunday, Mar. 20

9:30 Breakfast
9:50 Children's music
10:00 Sunday school
10:30 Ecumenical service In courtyard of the Courthouse Gallery
11:00 Worship, including adult choir cantata

Tuesday, Mar. 22
7:00 Backpack packing

Wednesday, Mar. 23
6:45 Bells
7:15 Choir

Easter Sunday, Mar. 27
9:30 Breakfast
9:50 Children's music
10:00 Sunday school
11:00 Worship with the Lord's Supper, **including receiving gifts for One Great Hour of Sharing**

Wednesday, Mar. 30
6:45 Bells
7:15 Choir

Sunday, Apr. 3
9:30 Breakfast
9:50 Children's music
10:00 Sunday school
11:00 Worship with the Lord's supper

Tuesday, Apr. 5
10:30 Ladies' circle

Wednesday, Apr. 6
6:45 Bells
7:15 Choir

Reminder: The Court St. and King St. doors will be locked during worship. Please enter through the sanctuary during worship.



****Please rise in body and spirit.***

Made One by Christ

*** Welcome and Call to Worship**

Jesus rode a donkey into Jerusalem.

Hosanna! Blessed is the King who comes in the name of the Lord!

The people laid down their garments and praised God.

Hosanna! Blessed is the King who comes in the name of the Lord!

If the people keep quiet, even the stones will cry out.

Hosanna! Blessed is the King who comes in the name of the Lord!

Let us worship God.

News for the Good of the Church

Hand Bell Prelude

"All Glory, Laud, and Honor" arr. Wagner

Choral Call to Worship

"Hosanna!" Karl Hitzemann

Opening Prayer

***Hymn #197**

"Hosanna, Loud Hosannas!"

Clothed by Christ

Listening for the silence of God followed by the "Gloria Patri" (sung)

Hymn #581 "Glory Be to the Father"

Corporate Prayer of Confession

Are you thirsty for grace?

Are you hungry for mercy?

God is calling; come to the waters.

Trusting in God's grace, let us confess our sin.

The lips that sing "Hosanna!" are the same that shout "Crucify!" The hands that wave palm branches are the same that prepare Your cross.

Forgive us, God of grace. Look upon us with mercy— our lives are in Your hands. Save us, by Your steadfast love, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Listen so that you may live: The steadfast love of the Lord never fails. In the name of Jesus Christ, we are forgiven!

Thanks be to God.

Sharing of Christ's Peace

*** Song of Praise, Hymn #453 "Open Your Ears, O Faithful People"**

A Life of Blessing

Prayers of the People

Presentation of Tithes and Offerings

Musical Offering

"Tranquillo"

arr. Wolff

***Doxology Hymn #606 "Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow"**

A Life of Blessedness

Cantata

The Lenten Sketches

Joseph Martin

Reader

The Rev. Vernon Murray

Flute

Michael Broadhurst

Violin

Carol Thomas Downing

"Portrait of Grace"



Carol Thomas Downing,
John Hackworth, Diane Griffin, and
Oralie Wilhite, soloists
Choir

"Behold, the King of Zion Comes"



Mike Broadhurst, soloist
Choir

"From an Upper Room"



Raymond Rodrigues, soloist
Choir

"Scenes from Gethsemane"



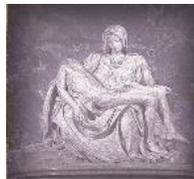
Carol Thomas Downing, soloist
Choir

"Tableau of Sorrow"



Oralie Wilhite, soloist
Choir

"Pietà"



Todd Taylor and Gabrielle Furman,
soloists
Carol Thomas Downing, violin
Choir

"A Parting Benediction"

The Rev. Vernon Murray

"Postlude"

Edna Broadhurst

We leave in silence.

The Vision of the Congregation: We see ourselves as the embracing arms of Jesus Christ for each other, for the community, and for the world.

Welcome to our visitors!

We hope that you find our congregation a welcoming one.
Your presence enriches our worship of God.

It is with great thanksgiving that the Session of First Presbyterian can announce that The Reverend Dr. Steven Frazier has been hired as our part-time Covenant Pastor. Dr. Frazier is honorably retired from the Presbytery of Eastern Virginia, having served 15 years as pastor at Second Presbyterian Church in Norfolk. Most recently, he has served as Covenant Pastor to Bethany Presbyterian Church in Zuni. His skillful preaching and commitment to pastoral care are important hallmarks of his ministry.

Steve and his wife Nancy live in Churchland with their daughter Kelsey and Nancy's parents. Both Nancy and Kelsey are excited to join our choir. Steve's first Sunday with us will be Easter Sunday, March 27, which will be a wonderful start for his ministry with us. **Please join us for this new beginning!**

The deadline for ordering Easter flowers is today. They are \$5 per plant.

Prayer List

Jeff Baker (Norma Halterman's brother-in-law),
Mary Baker (relative of the Haltermans),
Betty Bartlett, Alice Butler, Richard Butler (Paul's cousin),
Kyle Craig (Kerry's cousin), Ronald Curry (Grace Yingling's son), Karen Diggs,
Jackie and Tyler Forsythe, Benjamin Gerlach (Pat Sparks' grandson),
the Goodwin family (neighbors of Cecilia and Alfred Fry),
Mary Alice Jarman (friend of Bob and Judy Powell),
Stephanie Green, Joe Jennings,
Mark Leonard (Claudia Laughlin's brother), Agnes McFadden,
Marina Reimann, Carl Rhodes, Leon Smith, Sylvia Stephenson,
Georgie Stewart (David's mother), the Winkler and Powell families,
Dorothy Wooldridge (friend of Carl Rhodes)

Everyone suffering with cancer and facing surgery

Our friends at home, especially

Margaret Glynn, Lanier Halterman, Frances Hardy,
AT & Nancy Mayo, Ann Michaluk, Sue Parker, Lane Pittman,
Burma & Leon Smith, Harvey Spiers, Robert Westbrook,
Patrice & Phil Winkler, Joyce Wright, Grace & Harold Yingling

Leading in worship today

The Rev. Vernon Murray
Mrs. Edna Broadhurst, Director of Music Ministries
Reader: Jennifer Patgorski
Ushers: Paul Butler, Lou Wilhite
Counters: David Culpepper, TBA

March Offerings

3/6	\$ 2,390.00	3/20	
3/13	\$ 2,837.00	3/27	
		MTD	\$ 5,227.00

March Attendance

3/6	Worship	24	Sunday school	10
3/13	Worship	26	Sunday school	11
3/20	Worship		Sunday school	
3/27	Worship		Sunday school	

The church office will be open on Wednesdays only, from 1:00 – 4:00.

In order to prepare the bulletin in a timely manner, all notices should be sent to (pastor@fpcports.org) and/or the bulletin editor (rjrodriguesiii@yahoo.com) no later than noon Wednesday.

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Session

The Rev. Walter Hunting, Moderator of Session
Gail Pittman, Clerk of Session
Administration, led by Paul Butler
Congregational Fellowship, led by Oralie Wilhite
Finance, led by Diane Griffin
Mission and Outreach, led by Jennifer Patgorski
Property, led by Michael Broadhurst
Worship, led by Agnes McFadden and David Culpepper

Members and friends of the congregation are encouraged to contact the appropriate elder with their comments and suggestions.

Church Staff

The Rev. Walter Hunting, Crisis Pastor 483-4721 Home, 615-2944 Cell
Mrs. Edna Broadhurst, Director of Music Ministries 397-3622 ext. 203

<p><u>Birthdays</u></p> <p>3/1 Edna Broadhurst 3/6 Bob Powell 3/12 Burma Smith 3/13 Penny Brangan Mary Fitzwater 3/15 Lanier Halterman 3/21 Mallory James 3/22 Jennifer Patgorski</p> <p><i>Missing a birthday? Please contact: Church churchr@fpcports.org 397-3622</i></p> <p><i>Bulletin Editor rjrodriguesiii@yahoo.com</i></p> <p><i>Newsletter Editor slp149@aol.com</i></p>	<p><u>Ministries</u></p> <p>3/6 Sun. Sch. The Butlers Brkfst. Barbara Bond</p> <p>3/13 Sun. Sch. The Butlers Brkfst. Rodrigues/Wilhite Hosp. Rodrigues/Wilhite</p> <p>3/20 Sun. Sch. The Butlers Brkfst. Diane Griffin</p> <p>3/27 Sun. Sch. The Butlers Brkfst. No Breakfast</p>	<p>Contact Us: 757-397-3622 www.fpcports.org church@fpcports.org</p> <p> Find us on: facebook®</p> <p>www.facebook.com/ FPCPorts</p> 
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The Lenten Sketches

Joseph Martin



Reader

The Rev. Vernon Murray

"Portrait of Grace"

Carol Thomas Downing,
John Hackworth,
Diane Griffin, and
Oralie Wilhite, soloists
Choir

*"Behold, the King of
Zion Comes"*

Mike Broadhurst, soloist
Choir

"From an Upper Room"

Raymond Rodrigues, soloist
Choir

"Scenes from Gethsemane"

Carol Thomas Downing,
soloist
Choir

"Tableau of Sorrow"

Oralie Wilhite, soloist
Choir

"Pietà"

Todd Taylor and
Gabrielle Furman, soloists
Carol Thomas Downing, violin
Choir

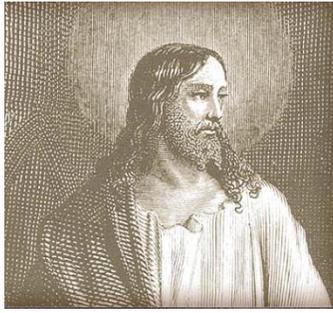
"A Parting Benediction"

The Rev. Vernon Murray

"Postlude"

Edna Broadhurst

Leave in silence



“Portrait of Grace”

Come, weary pilgrim, kneel and remember, rest in the silence of this sacred place. Search through the shadows; Jesus is waiting. See in His passion a portrait of grace. O come see His portrait of grace.

Come to the garden, kneel and remember. See ‘neath the olives the Son of God prays. Look through the shadows, Jesus is weeping. See in His passion a portrait of grace. O, come see His portrait of grace.

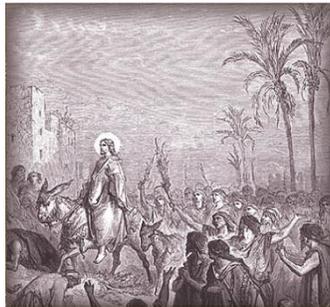
Come, come, kneel and remember. Gaze on the wonder and glory of grace. Come, come, kneel and remember. Weep for the Savior who dies in our place.

Miserere, miserere, miserere nobis. Kyrie, Kyrie, Kyrie eleison.

Come, weary pilgrim, kneel and remember, rest in the comfort of Jesus’ embrace. Here in these shadows, Jesus is waiting. See in His mercy a portrait of grace. Come see His portrait of grace. Come and remember, come and remember. Come see His portrait of grace.

Reader – Jesus stood above the great city and wept. The road to Jerusalem stretched out before Him. He began to walk – fully knowing the path ahead was paved with sorrow, but such was the power of His great love for the people. He must go to them and speak the words of promise again. The truth must once again ring through the winding streets of the city.

Through His tears of compassion, He saw large crowds of people coming to meet Him. They were waving palms and shouting praises. The people for a moment had seen a great light, and they rushed to welcome their promised King.



Behold, the King of Zion Comes”

Behold, the King of Zion comes, the promise is fulfilled. The visions seen by prophet eyes, to all is now, in truth, revealed, to all is now revealed.

From age to age, the people prayed and searched the Eastern sky. Rejoice! Rejoice! The time has come. Redemption draweth nigh. Redemption draweth nigh.

Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna to the King! O blessed is He! O blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord. O blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord.

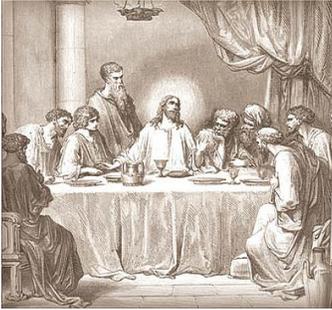
Lift up your heads, ye ancient doors. Fling open wide, ye gates. Open ye gates ‘neath chapels made of palms, and praise. Your King rides humbly on to reign. Your King rides on to reign.

Behold, the King of Zion comes, the promise is fulfilled. Behold, the King of Zion comes, the promise is fulfilled.

Reader – Flickering candles cast long shadows upon the walls of the upper room as Jesus gathered with the disciples for the Passover feast. In this humble sanctuary the King of kings, the Creator of life, knelt before His creation and washed the feet of His followers. Becoming a servant, the Son of God displayed the true nature of love as He comforted His friends.

As it grew time for the Passover meal to be served, Jesus shared with His chosen ones the very heart of His mission. “This is my body given for you.” The disciples watched in wonder as the Savior lifted a chalice of wine. “This is my blood, the blood of the new covenant shed for the redemption of many.”

It was there, in a simple room made of stone that a new portrait of grace was given to the world.



“From an Upper Room”

On the night He was betrayed, Jesus took the bread and wine. Gathered with the twelve, He prayed, giving to all a sacred sign. “Take and eat this bread. This is my body. Come and drink this wine. It is my blood, shed for you.”

In a shadowed upper room, in that humble sacred space, Jesus opened up His heart, pouring God’s gift of grace. “Take and eat this bread. This is my body. Come and drink this wine. It is my blood, shed for you.”

King of kings, yet born of Mary, as of old on earth He stood. Lord of lords in human vesture, in the body and the blood, He will give, to all the faithful, His own blood for heavenly food. “Take and eat this bread. This is my body. Come and drink this wine. It is my blood, shed for you. This is my love. This is my life given for you.”

Reader – Gethsemane was a special place of quiet and solitude for Jesus. He would often go there to pray and be silent amongst the beauty of His creation. Following the Passover meal, Jesus and the disciples once again walked through the gates of the garden. Seeking comfort and refuge, they quieted themselves beneath a canopy of olive trees.

With the night falling hard about them, the disciples fell asleep while Jesus fell to the ground in agony. “Father, take this cup from me,” He cried into the silent night. “If there be another way, take from me this bitter wine.” His tearful cry rang out across the valley in lonesome echoes of sorrow and pain.

Suddenly the golden stars shining in the distance became torches of violence. Led by Judas, armed Centurions burst into the sanctuary of the garden looking for Jesus.

“Father, let Thy will be done,” He spoke as He rose to face His destiny.



“Scenes from Gethsemane”

Someone’s crying in the garden, weeping ‘neath the olive trees. Someone’s crying in the garden. Hear the Savior as He grieves.

“Father, Father, let this cup pass by me. Father, Father, let this cup pass by me.”

Someone’s praying in the garden, kneeling in Gethsemane. Someone’s praying in the garden. All alone He bends the knee. “Father, Father, let this cup pass by me. Father, Father, let this cup pass by me.”

Who is this one that weeps alone? He calls out in pain again and again. He calls Father, Father, let this cup pass by me. Let this cup pass by me.

Someone’s standing in the garden, wiping teardrops from His eyes. Someone’s standing in the garden. Hear His voice ring through the night. “Father, Father, Thy will be done. Father, Father, Thy will be done! Thy will be done!”

Reader – Jesus was brought into the Praetorium and stood before Pontius Pilate the Roman governor. Though Pilate could find no just reason to detain Jesus, he acquiesced to the frenzied cries of the gathering mob and gave Jesus over to be executed.

Taken from the courts, Jesus was beaten and then forced to carry a heavy wooden cross up a winding path to the place known as Golgotha, the place of the skull. There, outside the city walls, Christ’s battered body was nailed to crude timbers and raised into place. A strange stillness blanketed the land as the Lamb of God began to die.

With outstretched arms, the Savior embraced the world with an everlasting love. With each whispered word, He proclaimed forgiveness and kindness. “Father, forgive them,” He cried into the shadows. The heavens echoed in reply with rolls of living thunder.

Standing like a mighty tower of strength, the cross reconciled heaven and earth once again. The ancient wounds were healed, and the scars of sin were banished forever. For it is written, “Surely He has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions and with His stripes we are healed.”



“Tableau of Sorrow”

High upon Gogoltha’s tree, Jesus moans in agony. Darkness falls across His face. Shadows crush His heart of grace. Who can tell what love unknown holds Him silent and alone?

On a cross of shame and fear, Jesus weeps the falling tear. Held by nails of pain and scorn, for our sin He bears the thorn. See redemption draweth nigh. See the Lamb now lifted high.

Hear the shout that shakes the sky. Hear the Savior’s anguished cry. Christ, the Father’s only Son, Christ, God’s own anointed one. You are asking, can it be? “Why have you forsaken me?”

Ah, holy Jesus, how have You offended, that mortal judgment has on You descended? By foes derided, by Your own rejected, Lamb most afflicted!

Reader – As Jesus hung in the cruel embrace of a cross, He reached out to His mother with great tenderness and love. Even as He was covered with the sorrows and grief of a sinful world, His heart broke for Mary’s sadness. In His compassion He asked John to care for her.

Suddenly her reverie is broken. “It is finished!” He cried from the cross. “Father, into your care I commend my Spirit.” Overwhelmed by grief, she looked into His eyes one last time as they closed in death.

After they took Jesus down from the cross, she held Him a final time and washed His wounds with her tears.



“Pietà”

In the shadow of a manger, by a candle’s dancing flame, tender Mary holds her baby, and she breathes His holy name.

“Jesus, rest your weary head, close your weeping eyes.”

As evening falls, she starts to sing a lullaby. “Lullay, lullay, peace by yours tonight.”

In the shadow of the temple, in a place so far from home, Mary sees her child of wonder, and she marvels how He’s grown.

“Jesus, rest your weary head and think on gentle things.”

With loving arms she holds her Savior and sings, “Lullay, lullay, peace be yours tonight.”

In the shadow of Golgotha, underneath a darkened sky, Mary gently cradles Jesus.
Through her tears she says goodbye.

“Jesus, rest your weary head. Your work on earth is done.”

And as the darkness falls, she whispers to her son, “Lullay, lullay, peace be yours tonight,
peace be yours tonight.”

Reader (Benediction) – And now let us leave this place and begin our journey home.
With each step we take, let us carry near our hearts the knowledge of Christ’s sacrifice
and His unfailing love.

As we go, let us remember Christ wore the crown of thorns and thought of us.

Let us recall His sacred heart was broken, and yet He loved us to the end.

With each step we take, let us consider His pierced feet and recall He carried the cross
of shame and walked the path of suffering for us.

And as we cling to His nail-scarred hands, may we discover our names engraved there...
an eternal reminder that through this gift of grace, we are the children of God.

Amen!

Leave in silence.