

**FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF PORTSMOUTH**

**Prayers of the People**

Alice Lerp	Jean Byers
Nancy Ward	Tammy Gillman
Cathi Mullins, Norma’s sister	Judy Hedgepeth
Connie, friend of Oralie	Paul and Alice Butler
Bev Smith, Mallory’s mother-in-law	Lane Pittman
Josh Bennett	Robert Norfleet
Monica Manley	Kathy Goolsby
Jackie LaPonte	Barbara Owens
Mae and Chreston Holoman	Maria Rhodes
Chianne Hackley, friend of Tanner and Alyssa	Wayne Braswell
Angela Calicchio, Sofia’s mother	Chanel and Family, friend of Oralie
Frances Hasty	Cecilia Fry

**Church Staff**

Steve Frazier – Covenant Pastor  
Edna Broadhurst – Director of Music  
Gabrielle Goodrich – Secretary

**SESSION**

Steve Frazier – Moderator of Session  
Cameron McCormick  
Norma Halterman  
Todd Taylor  
Oralie Wilhite  
Linda Audet  
Michelle Graupmann  
Diane Griffin  
Mary Ann Taylor  
Michael Broadhurst

**TRUSTEES**

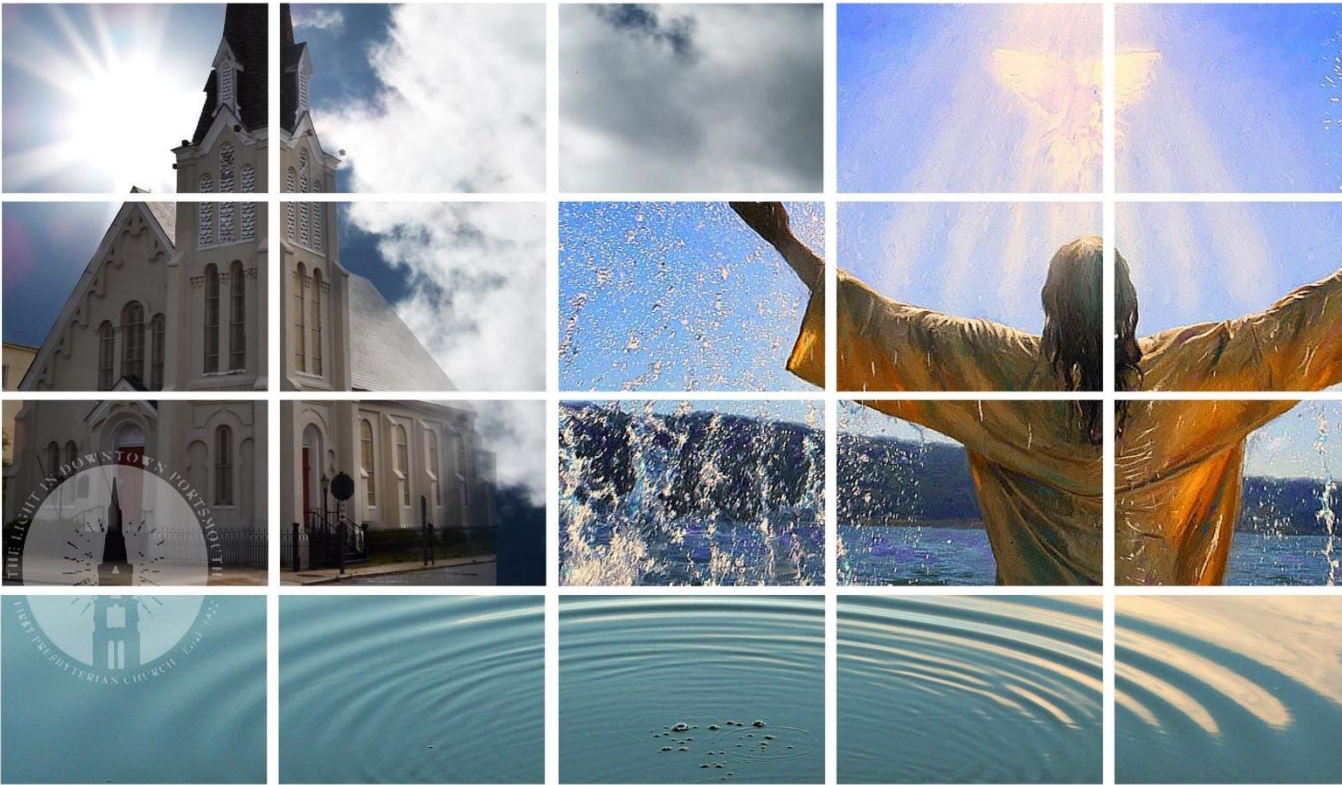
Earl Griffin  
John Hackworth  
Pat Sparks

**MARCH BIRTHDAYS**

1	Edna Broadhurst
12	Burma Smith
13	Mary Fitzwater
21	Mallory Smith
22	Jennifer Patgorski
24	Nancy Frazier
26	Mike McCormick
28	Nancy Grant

- On Thursday, March 28, FPC will be having a Maundy Thursday service! Please join us at 6 PM for soup, bread and dessert followed by a worship service and communion.
- On Sunday, March 31, we will be having our Easter Service at 10:30! Following the service, please join us in the courtyard where we will be having an Easter Egg Hunt for our youngest disciples.

Welcome to First Presbyterian Church  
Sunday, March 24, 2024 – 10:30 AM  
**Palm/Passion Sunday**



*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.*

First Presbyterian Church  
515 Court Street  
Portsmouth VA 23704  
[www.fpcports.org](http://www.fpcports.org)

Welcome to First Presbyterian Church

Sunday, March 24, 2024 – 10:30 AM

Palm/Passion Sunday

Order of Worship

Welcome and Announcements-Thank you for joining us for this morning’s worship service. We are glad to have you here! If this is your first time visiting with us, please fill out a visitor’s form, found in the back of most pews. We would be pleased to add you to our email list, too. Welcome!

Processional Hymn 196	“All Glory, Laud, and Honor”	
Bell Prelude	“Praise Him! Praise Him!”	Larson
Choral Call to Worship		Choir and Children’s Bell Choir
Hymn 197	“Hosanna, Loud Hosanna”	

Prayer of Confession-followed by a time for silent confession and prayer

**Holy Father, long ago the crowds with incessant hallelujahs greeted Your dearly loved Son, but how quickly they mocked as He went lonely to the cross. Forgive us for the ways that we too, have welcomed Him only in words and resisted His kingship. Subdue our restless and rebellious hearts so that we might serve You faithfully through Jesus Christ our Lord, who is the gentle King of Glory. Amen.**

Assurance of God’s Grace

“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.”

**Let us lift our voices to the one on high! All glory be to God.**

Response	“Sing a New song”	Hymn 581
	<b>**Sing a new song unto the Lord. Let your song be sung from mountains high.</b>	
	<b>Sing a new song unto the Lord, singing Hallelujah!</b>	

Presentation of Tithes and Offerings

Offertory	“Tranquilo”	Tomaso Albinoni
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Doxology

**Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Praise Him all creatures here below. Praise Him above, ye heavenly host. Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.**

Prayers of the People

**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 debts; as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.**

*\*Please rise in body or Spirit. | \*\*Words in bold print are spoken aloud or sung in unison.*

Cantata	<i>Lenten Sketches</i>	Joseph Martin
I.	“Portrait of Grace” - Oralie Wilhite, Sofia Calicchio, John Hackworth and Diane Griffin, soloists	
II.	“Behold, The King of Zion Comes” – Michael Broadhurst, soloist	
III.	“From an Upper Room” - Raymond Rodrigues - soloist	
IV.	“Scenes from Gethsemane” – Gail Pittman and Skip Baker-Smith, soloist	
V.	“Tableau of Sorrow” – Sofia Calicchio - soloist	
VI.	“Pieta” – Todd Taylor and Gabrielle Goodrich, soloists	
ORGAN	Edna Broadhurst	
FLUTE	Amanda McCormick	
READER	Steve Frazier	
SOPRANO	Sofia Calicchio, Nancy Grant, Diane Griffin, Kim McCormick, Oralie Wilhite	
ALTO	Gabrielle Goodrich, Jennifer Patgorski, Gail Pittman	
TENOR	John Hackworth, Skip Baker-Smith, Todd Taylor	
BASS	Michael Broadhurst, Matthew Goodrich, Raymond Rodrigues	
A Parting Benediction		
Please Leave in Silence		
Epilogue	Edna Broadhurst	







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.

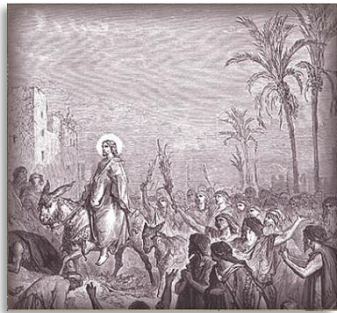
Come, come, kneel and remember. Gaze on the wonder and glory of grace. Come, come, kneel and remember. Weep for the Savior who dies in our place.

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 be 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.

# The Lenten Sketches

Joseph Martin



<b>Reader</b> <b>Flute</b> <b>Piano</b>	<b>The Rev. Steve Frazier</b> <b>Amanda McCormick</b> <b>Edna Broadhurst</b>
<b>“Portrait of Grace”</b>	<b>Oralie Wilhite,</b> <b>Sofia Calicchio</b> <b>John Hackworth,</b> <b>Diane Griffin, soloists</b> <b>Choir</b>
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<b>“Epilogue”</b>	<b>Edna Broadhurst</b>

Please leave the sanctuary in silence