



FIRST UNITED METHODIST CHURCH OF PALO ALTO

Fifth Sunday of Lent

SUNDAY APRIL 3

10:45 AM SERVICE

Prelude

Siciliano

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

Introit

Lenten Introit

David M. Cherwein (b. 1957)

Welcome

*Opening Hymn

Lead On, O King Eternal

UMH 580

1. Lead on, O King eternal,
the day of march has come;
henceforth in fields of conquest
thy tents shall be our home.
Through days of preparation
thy grace has made us strong;
and now, O King eternal,
we lift our battle song.

2. Lead on, O King eternal,
till sin's fierce war shall cease,
and holiness shall whisper
the sweet amen of peace.
For not with swords loud clashing,
nor roll of stirring drums;
with deeds of love and mercy
the heavenly kingdom comes.

3. Lead on, O King eternal,
we follow, not with fears,
for gladness breaks like morning
where'er thy face appears.
Thy cross is lifted o'er us,
we journey in its light;
the crown awaits the conquest;
lead on, O God of might.

Children's Moment

Reverend Gerardo García Palacios

Life of the Community

*Call to Worship

Giver of the most expensive gift of all, help us to learn from you.

May we who are so adept at catering for our own wants, make ourselves more vulnerable to the needs of others.

Let us live unselfishly and more sensitively, that we may spread love's fragrance wherever the odor of cynicism and despair hangs in the air.

Through Jesus Christ, our Savior. Amen!

Pastoral Prayer

Lord's Prayer

Our Creator who art in heaven, hallowed be your Name. Your kingdom come, your 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. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for yours is the kingdom, the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

Anthem

If With All Your Heart Ye Truly Seek Me

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Scripture *John 12:1-8* Tom Fingar

*Hymn *Jesus' Priceless Treasure* UMH 532

1. Jesus, priceless treasure,
source of purest pleasure,
truest friend to me,
long my heart hath panted,
till it well-nigh fainted,
thirsting after thee.
Thine I am, O spotless Lamb,
I will suffer naught to hide thee,
ask for naught beside thee.

2. In thine arms I rest me;
foes who would molest me
cannot reach me here.
Though the earth be shaking,
every heart be quaking,
Jesus calms our fear;
sin and hell in conflict fell
with their heaviest storms assail us;
Jesus will not fail us.

3. Hence, all thoughts of sadness!
For the Lord of gladness,
Jesus, enters in.
Those who love the Father,
though the storms may gather,
still have peace within;
yea, whate'er we here must bear,
still in thee lies purest pleasure,
Jesus, priceless treasure!

Sermon Reverend Dr. Debra Murray

COMMUNION

Invitation to the Offering

Offertory Prayer

Loving God, you give and give, and didn't think the life of your son was too high a price to pay for our salvation. Jesus' life was an example of sacrificial giving, all the way to the cross. As we give this day, we want our gifts to impact the world, but even more, we want them to bring glory to Christ, who lived and died for all your children. Help us to not hold back anything. We pray in the name of your son, our savior and redeemer, Amen.

Offertory *Wenn wir in höchsten Nöten sein (When we are in deepest need)* J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

*Doxology

*Closing Hymn *My Jesus I Love Thee* UMH 172

1. My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;
for thee all the follies of sin I resign.
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art thou;
if ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2. I love thee because thou hast first loved me,
and purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow;
if ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3. In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow;
if ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

*Benediction Debbie Kreuger

Postlude *Arise, My Soul, Arise* Dale Wood (1934-2003)

**Please stand as you are able where indicated by an asterisk.*

Altar flowers are given by Pamela Cutkosky to the glory of God and in honor of my parents, Anna Marie and Bill Reasner, on their anniversary day.