

Join in Praising Your King

Call to Worship

Psalm 24:3-10

Who shall ascend the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place?

He who has clean hands and a pure heart, who does not lift up his soul to what is false and does not swear deceitfully. He will receive blessing from the Lord and righteousness from the God of his salvation. Such is the generation of those who seek him, who seek the face of the God of Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O gates! And be lifted up, O ancient doors, that the King of glory may come in. Who is this King of glory?

The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord, mighty in battle!

Lift up your heads, O gates! And lift them up, O ancient doors, that the King of glory may come in. Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory!

Psalm 24 (The Earth and the Riches)

The earth and the riches that in it are stored,
The world and its dwellers belong to the Lord.
For he is the One who first caused it to stand,
And up from the seas he established the land.

O who can the path to the Lord's mount ascend?

And who in the place of his holiness stand?

The man of pure heart and of hands without stain,

Who swears not to idols nor worships what's vain.

Yes, he from the Lord shall a blessing obtain,
And from God his Savior he'll righteousness gain.

Thus looking to him is a whole blessed race;

All those who, like Jacob, are seeking your face.

O gates, lift your heads! Ancient doors, lift them high!

The great King of glory to enter draws nigh!

O who is the King that in glory draws near?

The Lord, mighty Lord of the battle, is here!

O gates, lift your heads! Ancient doors, lift them high!

The great King of glory to enter draws nigh!

This great King of glory, O who can he be?

The Lord God of hosts, King of glory is he!

Prayer of Invocation

We ask God's presence to enable us to worship him as we ought.

Confess the King's Right to Judge

Call to Confession

Malachi 3:1-2

Behold, I send my messenger, and he will prepare the way before me. And the Lord whom you seek will suddenly come to his temple; and the messenger of the covenant in whom you delight, behold, he is coming, says the LORD of hosts. But who can endure the day of his coming, and who can stand when he appears? For he is like a refiner's fire and like fullers' soap.

Prayer of Confession

Heavenly Father,

You have created us, redeemed us, and called us into your family, yet we have not honored you as we should. Instead of praising you with our lips, we have uttered curses on others, or praised ourselves. Instead of exalting you as King in our actions, we have disobeyed your holy law and exalted ourselves as rulers over our own tiny kingdoms. Instead of recognizing our desperate need for you in every situation and crying out, "Hosanna! Save now!" we have thought of ourselves too highly and of you too lowly, and all too often we have tried to live our lives in our own strength, alone, apart from the life-giving power which comes from you and from your community of faith.

Father, forgive us.

Jesus, thank you for winning the victory over sin and death on our behalf. Thank you for reigning as king over us, ruling and defending us, and restraining and conquering all your and our enemies. Thank you for willingly going to Jerusalem, though you knew that what was waiting for you there was a cross. Thank you for being willing even to die on that cross so that we could experience the blessings of being welcomed into your gracious kingdom.

Holy Spirit, rescue us from our delusions of self-sufficiency. Show us our own weakness that we might depend less on ourselves and more on you. But show us even more the glory of our powerful and loving Savior, whose forgiveness is greater than all our sins. Fix our eyes on him. Give us the grace to shout our "Hosanna"s joyfully, confident that Jesus has already won our victory for us, and that all that is left for us is to join in his triumphant procession, following in the footsteps of Jesus. In his glorious name we pray, Amen.

His Be the Victor's Name

His be the Victor's Name who fought the fight alone;
Triumphant saints no honor claim; their conquest was his own. (x2)
*What though the vile accuser roar of sins that I have done;
I know them well, and thousands more; my God, he knoweth none*

By weakness and defeat he won the glorious crown;
Trode all his foes beneath his feet by being trodden down. *Refrain*

He hell in hell laid low; made sin, he sin o'erthrew;
Bowed to the grave, destroyed it so, and death, by dying, slew. *Refrain*

Bless, bless the Conqueror slain, slain by divine decree!
Who lived, who died, who lives again, for thee, my soul, for thee. *Refrain*

*My sin is cast into the sea of God's forgotten memory,
No more to haunt accusingly for Christ has lived and died for me (twice)
Refrain*

Assurance of Pardon 1 Corinthians 15:56-57; Psalm 103:10-12

He does not deal with us according to our sins, nor repay us according to our iniquities. For as high as the heavens are above the earth, so great is his steadfast love toward those who fear him; as far as the east is from the west, so far does he remove our transgressions from us. The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

What the Lord Has Done In Me

Let the weak say, "I am strong." Let the poor say, "I am rich."
Let the blind say, "I can see; it's what the Lord has done in me." (Twice)
*Hosanna, hosanna to the Lamb that was slain.
Hosanna, hosanna, Jesus died and rose again.*

Into the river I will wade. There my sins are washed away.
From the heavens mercy streams of the Savior's love for me. *Refrain*

I will rise from waters deep into the saving arms of God.
I will sing salvation songs; Jesus Christ has set me free! *Refrain*

Pastoral Prayer

Children may be excused to Nursery.

Jesus Shows Us That His Triumphant Kingdom Is Different

Scripture Reading

Mark 11:1-11

Now when they drew near to Jerusalem, to Bethphage and Bethany, at the Mount of Olives, Jesus sent two of his disciples² and said to them, "Go into the village in front of you, and immediately as you enter it you will find a colt tied, on which no one has ever sat. Untie it and bring it.³ If anyone says to you, 'Why are you doing this?' say, 'The Lord has need of it and will send it back here immediately.'"

⁴ And they went away and found a colt tied at a door outside in the street, and they untied it. ⁵ And some of those standing there said to them, "What are you doing, untying the colt?" ⁶ And they told them what Jesus had said, and they let them go.

⁷ And they brought the colt to Jesus and threw their cloaks on it, and he sat on it. ⁸ And many spread their cloaks on the road, and others spread leafy branches that they had cut from the fields. ⁹ And those who went before and those who followed were shouting, "Hosanna! Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord! ¹⁰ Blessed is the coming kingdom of our father David! Hosanna in the highest!"

¹¹ And he entered Jerusalem and went into the temple. And when he had looked around at everything, as it was already late, he went out to Bethany with the twelve.

Sermon

**"The King of Pilgrims"
Rev. Matthew Harmon**

We will receive our gifts and offerings for the Lord's work during this song.

Crown Him with Many Crowns

Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon his throne.
Hark! How the heavenly anthem drowns all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of life, who triumphed over the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife for those he came to save.
His glories now we sing, who died, and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring, and lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of love, behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of Heaven, enthroned in worlds above,
Crown him the King to whom is given the wondrous name of Love.
All hail, Redeemer, hail! For thou has died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail throughout eternity!

Your King Serves You at His Table

The Lord's Supper

All baptized Christians who trust in Christ alone as their Savior and Lord, who are communicant members of a Bible-believing church, and who seek strength and grace to live more faithfully to Christ are invited to participate. The darker bread in the paper cup in the center of the plate is gluten-free. While communion is being served, please feel free to join in song or meditate quietly on Christ's sacrifice.

Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed?

Alas! and did my Savior bleed and did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head for such a worm as I?
Was it for crimes that I had done he groaned upon the tree?

Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

My God why would you shed your blood, so pure and undefiled?

To make a sinful one like me your chosen, precious child?

Well might the sun in darkness hide and shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died, for man the creature's sin.
Thus might I hide my blushing face while his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, and melt my eyes to tears. *Chorus*

But drops of grief can ne'er repay the debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give my self away 'tis all that I can do.

It was for crimes that I had done he groaned upon the tree.

Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

I Will Glory in My Redeemer

I will glory in my Redeemer, whose priceless blood has ransomed me,
Mine was the sin that drove the bitter nails,
and hung him on that judgment tree.

I will glory in my Redeemer, who crushed the power of sin and death!

My only Savior before the Holy Judge,

The Lamb who is my righteousness, the Lamb who is my righteousness.

I will glory in my Redeemer, my life he bought, my love he owns;
I want no longings for another, I'm satisfied in him alone.

I will glory in my Redeemer, his faithfulness my standing place,

Though foes are mighty and rush upon me,

My feet are firm, held by his grace, my feet are firm, held by his grace.

I will glory in my Redeemer, who carries me on eagle's wings;
He crowns my life with lovingkindness, his triumph song I'll ever sing!

I will glory in my Redeemer, who waits for me at gates of gold,

And when he calls me it will be paradise,

His face forever to behold, his face forever to behold! (Repeat)

Behold Our God

Who has held the oceans in his hand?

Who has numbered every grain of sand?

Kings and nations tremble at his voice; all creation rises to rejoice:

Behold our God seated on his throne: come let us adore him

Behold our King nothing can compare: come let us adore him!

Who has given counsel to the Lord? Who can question any of his Words?

Who can teach the One who knows all things?

Who can fathom all his wondrous deeds? *Chorus*

Who has felt the nails upon his hands, bearing all the guilt of sinful man?

God eternal humbled to the grave; Jesus, Savior risen now to reign! *Chorus*

Blessing and Honor and Glory and Power

Blessing and honor and glory and power,

Wisdom and riches and strength evermore

Give ye to him who our battle hath won

Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

Into the heav'n of the heav'ns hath he gone,

Sitteth he now in the joy of the throne,

Weareth he now of the kingdom the crown,

Singeth he now the new song with his own.

Soundeth the Heaven of the heavens with his Name;

Ringeth the earth with his glory and fame;

Ocean and mountain, stream, forest, and flower

Echo his praises and tell of his power.

Ever ascendeth the song and the joy;

Ever descendeth the love from on high;

Blessing and honor and glory and praise,

This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb;

Take we the robe and the harp and the palm;

Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,

Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

See, the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph

See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph; see the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot, to his heavenly palace gate.
Hark! the choirs of angel voices joyful alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted to receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies, he has gained the victory.
He who on the cross did suffer, he who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan, he by death has spoiled his foes.

He has raised our human nature in the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places, there with him in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels; man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in thine ascension we by faith behold our own.

Glory be to God the Father, glory be to God the Son,
Dying, ris'n, ascending for us, who the heavenly realm has won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit, to one God in persons Three;
Glory both in earth and Heaven, glory, endless glory, be.

Rejoice the Lord Is King

Rejoice the Lord is King! Your Lord and King adore!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing, and triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice. Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

Jesus the Savior reigns, the God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains he took his seat above. *Refrain*

His kingdom cannot fail; he rules o'er earth and Heav'n.
The keys of death and hell are to our Jesus giv'n. *Refrain*

He sits at God's right hand till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command, and fall beneath his feet. *Refrain*

Rejoice in glorious hope! Our Lord, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up to their eternal home. *Refrain*

Benediction

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Reuben Morgan and Hillsong Publishing. Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed?: music and
chorus words by Bob Kauflin, © 1996 Sovereign Grace Praise. I Will Glory in My
Redeemer: words and music by Steve and Vikki Cook, © 2000 Sovereign Grace
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Morning Worship

Sunday, August 31st, 2014

Had it been our Lord's will, those multitudes who followed him in the streets would actually have crowned him there and then, and bowing the knee, they would have accepted him as the branch that sprung out of the dried root of Jesse—him that was to come—the ruler, the Shiloh among God's people. He had only to have said a word, and they would have rushed with him at their head to Pilate's palace... Palestine might soon have been cleared of all the Roman legions, and have become again a royal land. Nay, we aver it, with his power of working miracles, with his might by which he drove the soldiers back, when he said, "I am he;" he might have cleared not only that land but every other, he might have marched from country to country, and from kingdom to kingdom, till every royal city and every regal state would have yielded to his supremacy...

But here comes the King of kings, the Prince of the kings of the earth; no mottled steed, no prancing horse which would keep at a distance the sons of poverty; he rides upon his ass, and as he rides along speaks kindly to the little children, who are crying, "Hosanna," and wishes well to the mothers and fathers of the lowest grade, who crowd around him. He is approachable; he is not divided from them; he claims not to be their superior, but their servant. So little stately as a king, he was the servant of all. No trumpet sounds—he is content with the voice of men, no caparisons upon his ass, but his own disciple's garments, no pomp but the pomp which loving hearts right willingly yielded to him. Thus on he rides; his the kingdom of meekness, the kingdom of humiliation.

- Charles Spurgeon