



PALM SUNDAY

APRIL

10

2022

*At any time in the service when we invite you to stand
you are welcome to remain seated if you need to.*

MUSIC NOTES

Today's introit and organ voluntary are both based on the ancient plainchant antiphon for the blessing of palms "Hosanna filio David".

The great 16th century Spanish composer Tomás Luis de Victoria sets the antiphon for the distribution of palm branches "Pueri Hebraeorum". Translation: The Hebrew children spread their garments in the way, and cried out, saying: Hosanna to the Son of David: blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord.

WELCOME

Rev Helen Jacobi, Vicar

INTROIT

Hosanna on a Gregorian motive

Fiona McAlpine

Please remain seated.

The Christ of hope enters the city,
riding into our lives in humility
but with all the authority of good.
The Christ comes among us in grace.

The Christ dares to ride towards our life,
inviting our company
and affirming us in every trembling promise.
The Christ comes among us in grace.

Not wearing the garments of power,
but staying in simple open-armed humanity
and welcoming our every moment
in the true celebration of life:
The Christ comes among us in costly love.
Let us bring our praises.¹

A READING FROM LUKE 19:28-40

¹ *Dorothy McRae-McMahon "Liturgies for High Days"*

Please stand and face towards the procession.

BLESSING OF THE PALMS

Blessed is the one who comes in the name of our God.
Hosanna in the highest.

E te whanau a te Karaiti,
during Lent we have been preparing to remember
the death and resurrection of Christ.

On this day, Jesus entered the city of Jerusalem.
He was welcomed with palms and shouts of praise.
Today we begin our pilgrimage through Holy Week.
While travelling the path of suffering,
we reach out and embrace the gift of Easter –
abundant life for all!

God is here.
God's Spirit is with us.

Let us give thanks to our loving God.
It is right to give God thanks and praise.

It is right to praise you, gracious God,
for the acts of love by which you have drawn us to yourself.
May these palm crosses and branches
signify that we are walking in the way
that leads to fullness of life with Jesus.
Amen.

Let us journey in faith
trusting in God's love.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN

*All glory, praise, and honour,
to thee, Redeemer, King,
to whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.*

Thou art the king of Israel,
thou David's royal son,
who in the Lord's name comest
the king and blessèd one.

All glory, praise, and honour. . .

The company of angels
are praising thee on high,
and mortal folk and all things
created make reply.

All glory, praise, and honour. . .

The people of the Hebrews
with palms before thee went:
our praise and prayer and anthems
before thee we present.

All glory, praise, and honour. . .

To thee before thy passion
they sang their hymns of praise:
to thee now high exalted
our melody we raise.

All glory, praise, and honour. . .

Thou didst accept their praises:
accept the prayers we bring,
who in all good delightest,
thou good and gracious king.

All glory, praise, and honour. . .

*Words: Theodulph of Orleans (d. 821),
tr. John Mason Neale (1818-1866) alt.
Tune: St Theodulph. TIS 333*

THE JOURNEY OF HOLY WEEK

A dramatic reading.

REFLECTIVE MUSIC

Pueri Hebraeorum

Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)

SILENCE

The silence will be opened and closed by the ringing of the bell

THE PEACE

Please stand for the Greeting of Peace.

Blessed be Christ the Prince of Peace
who breaks down the walls that divide.

Kia tau tonu te rangimarie o te ariki ki a koutou
A ki a koe ano hoki.

Please turn and greet those around you with peace.

OFFERTORY HYMN ²

God, come now to explore my heart,
to lead me deep within.
Help me descend the quiet path,
and let me there begin
to build my trust and face my dread
of having all revealed:
the needs ignored, the faults denied,
the guilt and grief concealed.

God, enter now the hidden place
with gently searching light;
I freely give you keys to doors
kept far from others' sight.
Come, mend the broken, heal the hurt,
speak peace to ease my shame,
restore the good you see in me
and call me by my name.

God, show the unsuspected gifts
you placed there from the start.
Your love now makes me bold to find
the treasures in my heart,
the missing parts of your design
entrusted to my care;
then lead me back to love and serve
with all I have to share.

*Words: Marnie Barrell
Tune: Kingsfold, from an English and Irish traditional melody
coll. Lucy Broadwood (1858-1929)
harm. and arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958). TIS 262*

² *During this hymn there is a collection to support St Matthew's; for electronic giving option: text **stmatthew** to **818** to make a fast one off or ongoing donation by credit card to St Matthew-in-the-City.*

Or you can download the PUSHPAY app from Apple Store or Google Playstore and search for St Matthew-in-the-City.

THE PREPARATION OF THE GIFTS

No one comes as a stranger to this holy table.
All of us are honoured and expected guests.
Each of us is invited to come as we are,
holding nothing in our hands
other than these humble offerings of bread and wine,
the food and drink of ordinary life made with human hands
from the gifts which lie in God's creation.³
Blessed be God forever.


THE GREAT THANKSGIVING

Cantor *All*



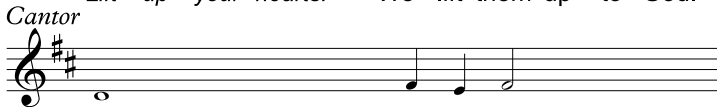
God meets us here. God's Spir-it is with us.

Cantor *All*



Lift up your hearts. We lift them up to God.

Cantor



Let us give thanks to the Ho-ly One.

All



It is right to offer thanks and praise.

³ Dorothy Mc Rae-McMahon "Liturgies for High Days" p.122

We thank you, desert Mother,
for in the valley of dry bones you create hearts of flesh
quickenened by the Spirit's breath.

We thank you, wise Sister,
that you walk in cloud and fire with your lost and faithless people.

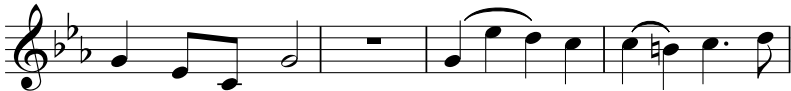
We thank you, Son of Heaven,
that you empty yourself of might and glory
and set your face towards the fickle crowd,
the cruel empire, the faithful despisers.

We welcome you as God's own fool
whose cross brings to nothing
the violence of the world
and reveals another wisdom outside the city walls.

Therefore, with all who follow your way
with the traders and tax collectors,
the soldiers and prostitutes,
and all who caught a glimpse of glory
in the humanity you shared,
we worship God's own holiness
revealed in sweat and tears:



Holy, holy, holy is the Love called God, the sparks of hope.



Blaze, jus-tice blaze. Blest is Je - sus who



lit up our world, who lit up our world. Ho-san - na, ho -



san - na, ho - san - na to the low-est and the least.

On the night that Jesus was betrayed,
he gathered with his faltering friends
for a meal that tasted of freedom.

Calling them to his table,
he took bread, gave thanks, broke it and said:
'This is my body, which is given for you.
Do this to remember me.'

In the same way after supper, he took the cup, saying:
'This cup is the new covenant in my blood.
Do this, whenever you drink it, to remember me.'

As on that night, so here and now
he offers himself in touch and taste
beyond all words can hold.



We of-fer bread to eat with eyes and hands held
o-pen. We pass this cup to share. We take, break,
bless and give kind-ling hope ev' - ry where.

We ask that your Holy Spirit
fall upon us and upon these gifts
that through these fragile, earthly things
we may be the body of Christ.

We come in memory and hope,
responding to your call
and the promise that echoes from the dawn of all time.

May mind and heart be held by your self-giving love
as we stand before the cross, approach the empty tomb
and praise the one whose name is lifted high
above all earthly power.

Receive our broken offering through his all-powerful grace
and bind us in communion with all who share your gifts;
through Jesus Christ, in whom all ages and all the worlds
are drawn into the ceaseless love
of Creator, Son and Holy Spirit.

Amen. ⁴

Please be seated.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Kua akona nei tātou e to tātou Ariki, ka inoi tātou:

E tō mātou Matua i te rangi,

kia tapu tōu Ingoa.

Kia tae mai tōu rangatiratanga.

Kia meatia tāu e pai ai ki runga ki te whenua,

kia rite anō ki tō te rangi.

Hōmai ki a mātou ālanei

he taro mā mātou mō tēnei rā.

Murua ō mātou hara,

me mātou hoki e muru nei,

i ō te hunga e hara ana ki a mātou.

Aua hoki mātou e kawea kia whakawaia;

engari whakaorangia mātou i te kino:

Nōu hoki te rangatiratanga, te kaha, me te korōria,

Āke, ake, ake. Āmine.

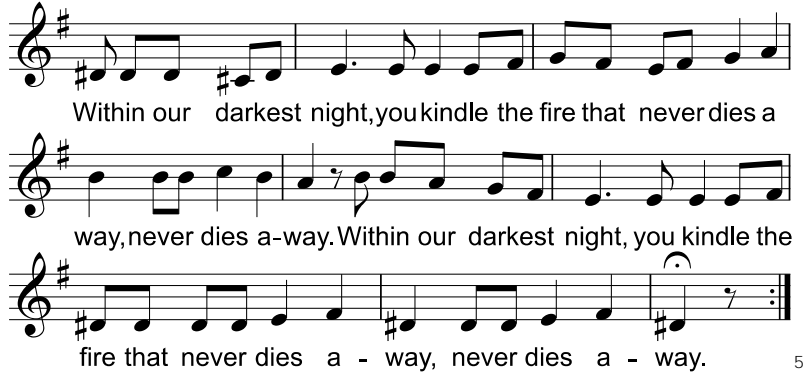
⁴ *Steven Shakespeare*

THE BREAKING OF THE BREAD

We break this bread to share in the hope of Christ.

We who are many are one body,
for we all share the one bread.

We sing three times:



Within our darkest night, you kindle the fire that never dies a
way, never dies a way. Within our darkest night, you kindle the
fire that never dies a - way, never dies a - way.

5

THE INVITATION

Haere mai e te kahui a te Atua,
tango hia enei kai rangatira a te Karaiti.

Come, bringing your varied faiths and backgrounds,
for all are welcome to share in this act of communion.

*All are welcome to come and receive the bread;
there are gluten free wafers, just ask the serving priest.*

If you do not wish to take communion you may come forward for a blessing.

*If the stairs are a barrier please sit in the front pews
and communion will be brought to you.*

As you come forward please take a palm cross from the altar table.

Te Taro o te Ora. The bread of life.

MUSIC DURING COMMUNION

Ingrediente Domino

George Malcolm (1917-1997)

PRAYER AFTER COMMUNION

Thanks be to God, the Humble One,
the One who travels towards all that we fear
and all that overpowers us.

Thanks be to God who invites our love
and moves through the centre of our life
in hope and truth.

Journey with us Humble One
as we walk the way of the cross. Amen.

THE BLESSING

NOTICES

FINAL HYMN

Ride on, ride on, the time is right:
the roadside crowds scream with delight;
palm branches mark the pilgrim way
where beggars squat and children play.

Ride on, ride on, your critics wait,
intrigue and rumour circulate;
new lies abound in word and jest,
and truth becomes a suspect guest.

Ride on, ride on, while well aware
that those who shout and wave and stare
are mortals who, with common breath,
can crave for life and lust for death.

Ride on, ride on, though blind with tears,
though dumb to speak and deaf to jeers.
Your path is clear, though few can tell
their garments pave the road to Hell.

Ride on, ride on, the room is let,
the wine matured, the saw is whet;
and dice your death-throes shall attend
though faith, not fate, dictates your end.

Ride on, ride on, God's love demands,
justice and peace lie in your hands.
Evil and angel voices rhyme:
this is the man and this the time.

Words: Iona Community

*Tune: Winchester New, melody adapted by William Henry Havergal (1793-1870)
from a chorale in the 'Musikalisches Hand-Buch', Hamburg, 1690. TIS 270*

Deacon from the rear of the Church.

Go now to live the gospel, go in peace.
Amen. We go to serve in love.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

Hosanna filio David

from "Twelve Choral Preludes on Gregorian Chant Themes"

Jeanne Demessieux (1921-1968)

We would love you to please
stay to help with setting up the Labyrinth.

This group task will take no time at all
and in return, you will gain the enjoyment
of partaking in the building of this
inspiring Holy Week event.

Thank you very much!

MAUNDY THURSDAY

14 April, 7pm

GOOD FRIDAY

15 April, 10am

GOOD FRIDAY CONCERT

15 April, 5pm

THE GREAT VIGIL OF EASTER

16 April, 8pm

EASTER DAY

17 April, 10am

LABYRINTH HOURS

Monday, 11 April, 10am-4pm

Tuesday, 12 April, 10am-4pm

Wednesday, 13 April, 10am-4pm

Thursday, 14 April, 10am-4pm

We invite you to **keep** this copy of the Service and take it home with you to share with another member of your family, or with a friend
OR put in a recycling bin provided at the back of the church.

*Music for Liturgical responses is by
Michael CW Bell*

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