



Celebrating 177 Years



April 2, 2023

Melville United Church

300 St. Andrew Street West, Fergus, ON N1M 1N9

Mailing address: PO Box 41, Fergus, ON N1M 2W7

519-843-1781

Team Ministry

Minister of Worship, Pastoral Care & Outreach

Youth Faith Formation

Ministry of Music Team

Office Administrator

Custodian

Chair of Church Council

Chair of Pastoral Care & Prayer Chain Captain

Office hours

E-Mail

Web Site

Pastoral Care Numbers

Rev. Lynda Goy-Flint

Naomi Flint

Suzanne Flewelling, Colleen Weber

Lynda Rivet

Robert Mitchell, Suzanne Flewelling

Allan Hons

Alison Rainford, Rev. Lynda Goy-Flint

9:00 a.m.-3:30 p.m. T., Th. & F.

secretary@melvilleunited.com

www.melvilleunited.com

709-682-8756, 519-843-3841

Melville United Church

April 2, 2023

Presiding today - Rev. Tom Watson

Prelude

Welcome

Good Palm Sunday morning! We gather in community today, both in person and virtually. Printed copies being distributed to those without internet access who are unable to attend in person. For those who are joining us online or by reading, we invite you to light a candle or tea light.

Announcements

- **The organ needs your help.** Our beautiful Melville pipe organ is in need of repair. We have carefully completed repairs and general maintenance. As you are aware things break. There have been issues with the Swell expression for several years now. At this time the Swell expression is beyond repair and needs to be updated and replaced with a new louvre drive motor. The cost to restore the Swell expression with a new motor will be \$3000.00. Please consider making a donation for this very worthwhile project in order for Melville to continue enjoying this wonderful organ. For the many ways to donate, please consult the Melville web site. For further information contact Ralph Rainford 519 843-3841. Thank you for helping.
- People continue to suffer as a result of the earthquakes that struck **southern Türkiye (Turkey) near the border with Syria**. People need emergency shelter, blankets, mattresses, clean water, food, and hygiene items. We join Mission & Service partners the Middle East Council of Churches, ACT Alliance, the Canadian Foodgrains Bank, and the Humanitarian Coalition to show tangible support for the people of Türkiye and Syria. You can be a part of these efforts by donating now at <https://united-church.ca/social-action/act-now/earthquake-turkiye>. Thank you for your generosity.
- **“MID-DAY MUSIC AT MELVILLE” presented and performed by pianist BRAD HALLS** returns on Wednesday, April 5 from 12 noon to about 1:00 p.m. Pianist Brad Halls will present music written by Jimmy McHugh, one of the most prominent composers from “Tin Pan Alley” era of The Great American Songbook. Writing for Broadway revues and Hollywood films from the 1920s to about 1960, McHugh is the composer of dozens of *standards including On the Sunny Side of the Street, This is a Lovely Way to Spend an Evening, I Can’t Give You Anything but Love, It’s a Most Unusual Day* and many more. This music series will continue each Wednesday to and including April 26, when we will take a break during the summer months, resuming performances in October. There is absolutely no admission fee for the performance, but a voluntary contribution to Melville to keep the heat and lights on and the piano tuned is always welcome.
- **Jesus in the Movies** during Holy Week at **St. Andrew’s Presbyterian Church**. Each night at 7pm a movie will be shown followed by a discussion, all free of charge:
Monday April 3rd 7pm – Jesus Christ, Superstar
Tuesday April 4th 7pm – Son of Man
Wednesday April 5th 7pm – Godspell
- **Centre Wellington Singers** presents **Love Songs for Springtime Saturday April 15 at 3pm** at Hope Springs United Church. Tickets are \$20 for adults, \$5 for children 12 and under, and may be obtained by calling 519-843-6655 or from choir members.

- **Knox-Elora Presbyterian Church** presents **Naomi Bristow: The Yodelling Cowgirl! A celebration of Country, Western and Gospel Music Friday, April 21 7pm** Tickets \$15.00 and available at Wreckless Eric's, Magic Pebble, or the Knox-Elora church office
- **VON invites you to join SMART (Seniors Maintaining Active Roles Together) Gentle Exercise Program Classes** at Melville **Tuesday and Thursday at 9:30 am** as there are available spots. The 10:30 class is fully booked. Classes are FREE. Call Danielle to register 519-803-0144.
- **Friday or Sunday Coffee Time** – We encourage people to sign up to host either a Friday or a Sunday Coffee Time. It is not difficult! We'd be pleased to show you how. Sign-up sheets are at the Parlour Door. Please speak to Lorna Bevcar or Marg Frayne.
- **Donations to Garage Sales:** If you know of anyone moving, down-sizing or de-cluttering, please keep Melville and our Garage Sales in mind.
- As more and more people find their dollar shrinking, and having to decide between rent and three meals a day, the demand for food bank assistance rises. We ask you to prayerfully consider if you are able to **support the Food Bank**, either with a donation of food, or financially. Food bank use is up 35% over the last three years. The food bank has also calculated that a basket of food and goods that cost \$39.85 in 2021 now costs \$50.83, a 27.55% increase in one year. The Food Bank is asking for your financial support at this challenging time.

Most needed items (as of March 23rd):

Pasta Sauce	Mac & Cheese Side Dishes	Chunky Soup (Habitant)
Small Canned Soup	Pasta Side Dishes	Canned Vegetables
Cold Cereal	Peanut Butter	Juice
		Jam
		Canned Salmon

Well-stocked with:

Pasta	Spaghetti	Tomato Soup	Canned Chickpeas and Lentils
-------	-----------	-------------	------------------------------

- **Save your Used Stamps from Incoming Mail:** Cut off your used stamps, leaving a 1/2" border around them and give them to Marlene Tosh or put them in the Stamp Box on the shelf in the Cloak Room, where the Lift is on the main floor of the church. Marlene tidies them up and takes them to the Bible Society, to buy bibles. You can do this year-round!
- **Gifts with Vision: A Giving Catalogue from The United Church of Canada**
 - Give meaningful gifts that make a difference with [Gifts with Vision \(opens in a new tab\)](#)! Each year's gift catalogue gives a glimpse of the breadth of our Mission & Service ministries and programs.
 - *Gifts with Vision* has gift ideas to suit every interest, budget, and person. It's a great way to celebrate special occasions and honour loved ones!
 - The gift catalogue is updated online regularly, and is fully refreshed every fall. It is also distributed in print with *Broadview* magazine, and mailed to each pastoral charge.
 - **To order gifts, be inspired, or learn more, visit [GiftsWithVision.ca \(opens in a new tab\)](https://GiftsWithVision.ca) today!**

I invite you to join us now for a time of worship and contemplation.

Land Acknowledgement *Peter Chynoweth, Gathering: Pentecost 1 2022, p.33. Used with permission.*

We acknowledge that this land on which we gather for worship is the traditional land of the people of Petun,
Haudenosaunee,
Anishinabewaki,
Mississaugas of the Credit First Nation,

Odawa and
Mississauga nations.

We acknowledge that we live on this land as people who have agreed to share the care and use of this land as a result of treaties—the Simcoe Patent-Treaty 4, 1793 and the Haldimand Treaty, 1784—that outline the rights and responsibilities associated with our place in this land. May we be people who remember this with thanksgiving and respect.

Lighting the Christ Candle

Let us hear again, the ancient sacred words of our ancestors in faith:

The Light shines in the darkness, and the darkness, not even the darkness of death, has overcome it.

Praise be to Christ, our light and our salvation.

Call to Worship *(adapted from the writings of Ian Macdonald)*

Take the branches from the palm trees! Lay them on the ground!

This will be a sign of peace, the whole wide world 'round.

'Cause Jesus isn't riding a chariot, nor in an army tank.

He isn't bringing children with him—marching rank on rank.

He's riding on a donkey, up to the city gate!

Let hosannas ring as the children sing—for peace that just can't wait!

"Hosanna! Peace! Hosanna! Hosanna! Peace!" we call.

Lay the branches down, as Hosannas sound! Praise and peace to all!

Hymn VU #123 Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

1. Hosanna, loud hosanna the happy children sang;
Through pillared court and temple the joyful anthem rang.
To Jesus, who had blessed them, close folded to his breast,
The children sang their praises, the simplest and the best.

2. From Olivet they followed 'mid an exultant crowd,
The victory palm branch waving, and singing clear and loud.
The Lord of earth and heaven rode on in lowly state,
Content that little children should on his bidding wait.

3. "Hosanna in the highest!" That ancient song we sing,
For Christ is our Redeemer; earth, let your anthems ring.
O may we ever praise him with heart and life and voice,
And in his humble presence eternally rejoice!

Gathering Prayer (in unison):

Gracious God of palms and praise, we gather this morning to sense the excitement of the crowds who centuries ago welcomed Jesus into Jerusalem with such joy. May their excitement and hope be in us as we embark on this year's Holy Week. Amen.

Hymn VU #122 All Glory, Laud and Honour

1. All glory, laud and honour to you, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring!
You are the King of Israel, and David's royal son,
Now in the Lord's name coming, our King and blessed one.

2. All glory, laud and honour to you, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring!
The multitude of pilgrims with palms before you went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems before you we present.

3. All glory, laud and honour to you, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring!
To you before your passion, they sang their hymns of praise;
To you, now high exalted, our melody we raise.

4. All glory, laud and honour to you, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children made sweet hosannas ring.
Their praises you accepted, accept the prayers we bring,
Great author of all goodness, O good and gracious King.

Ministry of Music — Hosanna! Sing Praises! (words and music by Jack Schrader) with All Hail King Jesus (words and music by Dave Moody)

Children's Time (*led by Martha Duncan*)

Scripture Reading — Luke 19: 28-40

After he had said this, he went on ahead, going up to Jerusalem. When he had come near Bethphage and Bethany, at the place called the Mount of Olives, he sent two of the disciples, saying, "Go into the village ahead of you, and as you enter it you will find tied there a colt that has never been ridden. Untie it and bring it here. If anyone asks you, 'Why are you untying it?' just say this, 'The Lord needs it.'"

So those who were sent departed and found it as he had told them. As they were untying the colt, its owners asked them, "Why are you untying the colt?" They said, "The Lord needs it." Then they brought it to Jesus; and after throwing their cloaks on the colt, they set Jesus on it. As he rode along, people kept spreading their cloaks on the road.

As he was now approaching the path down from the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to praise God joyfully with a loud voice for all the deeds of power that they had seen, saying, "Blessed is the king who comes in the name of the Lord! Peace in heaven, and glory in the highest heaven!"

Some of the Pharisees in the crowd said to him, "Teacher, order your disciples to stop." He answered, "I tell you, if these were silent, the stones would shout out."

SERMON: "A Glimpse of Glory"

There was a young boy who wanted to go to the circus, but the circus was only going to be in town for one day, and that day was Sunday, and his mother had always insisted that Sunday was a day for church. So she told her son that he'd have to wait for some other time to go to the circus.

But, eventually, he wore her down...as children always do...and she gave in. The boy went to the circus.

When he came back home, his mother asked him what he thought of the circus. His mind was still

vibrating with visions of daring young men and women on flying trapezes, and elephants, and clowns, so he said, "Mother, if you ever get to go to the circus...even just once, you'll never want to go to church again!"

Well, here we are in church again. And it's Palm Sunday.

There's a built-in problem with preaching on Palm Sunday. It's because, I think, that we've heard the story so often...and we know it so well...that we know how it all turns out. It's like seeing a movie that we've already seen 50 times before so we know all the details.

We know where Palm Sunday leads. It begins with joy and enthusiasm but it ends with tragedy, giving us this strange mixture of pageantry and pathos. The irony of a royal parade mixed with plotting and betrayal.

But I don't want to go there. At least not yet. I want to enjoy the parade. I've always loved parades.

When I was 10 years old, I began playing trumpet in the Wheatley Community Band. Later, in high school, I played in the Leamington Band. Both were marching bands, so I played in hundreds of parades.

Parades are gala events. Bands. Floats. Majorettes. Shouting. Laughter. People standing on the sidewalk, clapping as the parade goes by. Everybody having a great time.

I remember one really humorous incident. We were marching on the street in Sarnia, playing one of our bandmaster's favourite march tunes. In march music, there are two sections: the main theme and the coda. The band keeps repeating the coda until the conductor signals the bass drum player to give a double tap on the bass drum—that's the signal to take the second ending and quit.

In this piece, the trombones had the opening 8 bars in the coda. My friend, Bill, didn't hear the bass drum give the double tap, so even though everybody else stopped playing Bill continued. Until he realized he was playing all by himself. When he did, he played a fancy Dixieland ending and quit.

The crowd loved it. The bandmaster...didn't!

I like parades! And the bigger the better! I especially like a parade in honour of somebody! Some little, ordinary, guy given the key to the city.

And that's what my mind wants to see on Palm Sunday. A parade in honour of a Galilean carpenter named Jesus.

A gigantic parade of thousands. A victory march! Music! Singing! Dancing! Palm branches waving. Hosanna!

Yes, I know that this is not the whole story. The story is fraught with irony. Because this parade is the beginning of a week that goes bad.

But, again, I don't want to go there. Not yet. I want to be in the crowd that day. Cheering Jesus on. So I have to ask: Why am I there? What am I looking for? What are my expectations?

Imagine this if you will. Some famous celebrity is coming to town. Someone you've always wanted

to see. There's going to be a big parade through downtown Fergus. So you are part of the crowd lining the streets. Waiting. Anxiously, enthusiastically, expectantly. Waiting. Waiting. Just to catch a glimpse of that celebrity. A glimpse of glory.

Pretty soon a murmur starts through the crowd. Someone has heard the marching band in the distance. And then around the corner they come. The band. Followed by beautifully groomed horses pulling fancy carriages. And then at the very back of the parade..."Here...he...or she...the celebrity...comes!" ... Riding a bicycle.

See what has happened there? All of your expectations are turned on their head. The celebrity is supposed to be regal, dignified, noble—in the fanciest carriage of them all, attended by dignitaries in top hats and tails. But this celebrity shows up...all by himself, or herself, at the back of the parade...riding a bicycle.

See how different the image is from what is expected? So it was with Jesus riding into Jerusalem in the Palm Sunday story. A king...riding on a donkey! What kind of king is this?

For centuries, the Hebrew people had looked for a new king. Someone to deliver them from foreign dominance and occupation. Someone strong and mighty to come in and take charge and make everything right. A deliverer. A Messiah. "Hosanna! Blessed is the one who comes in the name of the Lord!"

So the crowds are here to catch a glimpse of glory. Something—someone!—that will renew their hope. Perhaps, at long last, God is going to act and their hopes and dreams will be fulfilled. Wars will cease. Peace will be the order of the day.

But wait...this new king is just a humble peasant. A carpenter from Nazareth. Riding on a donkey. No gold-plated chariot. No marching band. And following him...just a bunch of silly children, some fishermen who still carry the smell of the nets, a couple of tax collectors, and some women.

How much further from the image of the ideal king can you get? If we're hoping to catch a glimpse of glory, where do we find it here?

Which, of course, is the point of the story. For, once again the ways of God turn everything upside down. The king comes—not in power but in humility, not in a flashy parade—but in lowly donkey-riding.

For God knows that real power is not found in political strength or economic wealth...real power doesn't come from taking control over others and making the world over into what we think it should be, but in working with each other for the good of all.

There is an old fable about a prince who wants to learn how to live as an ordinary person. From his sheltered position, he was never quite able to understand why most of his subjects scrambled for money and power, and he decides that the only way he will ever figure it out will be to become like them.

So he abdicates his throne, gives away all his money, exchanges his fine clothes for an old work uniform, and takes a menial job on a fishing trawler. He soon discovers things he had never realized before.

One evening he attempts to enter a posh country club but is turned away at the door because he isn't a member. On another occasion, he's refused admission to an elite restaurant because he doesn't have a tie on. When he attempts to date a woman from high society, she will have nothing to do with him because he is, after all, only a poor, smelly fisherman with no apparent prospects for advancement.

It's a rude awakening for the prince, as he attempts to claw his way through an utterly alien world which he never knew existed—the world where "exclusion" shatters so many of his efforts. And he begins to realize that the same exclusions cast a contaminated cloud over the lives of so many in a world that's decidedly out of balance.

It's a hard lesson to learn. A hard lesson in a world where, from cradle to grave, we're taught that the one with the most and the fanciest toys, the most money, wins. A world where the privileged call the shots and the rest better know their place.

But in this one, Jesus of Nazareth, the glory is in humility, in inclusion rather than exclusion...in caring, in walking the human journey together, in compassion, in seeing to each other's needs, in forgiveness, in loving with that depth of love that redeems and makes new.

Here, in this humble man riding on a donkey, we get a glimpse of how the world could be so, so different.

Yes, there are painful steps to be trod in getting there. And all of that is portrayed in the Holy Week to come.

The week that begins with a parade ends with a funeral procession. The week that begins with a crowd of people shouting "Hosanna" ends with a lonely few mourning over a death. The week that begins with a man riding into our city on a donkey ends with him riding out of our city on a cross.

And so, some—no, not some, perhaps most—will only shrug their shoulders and say, "What a fool! ... What a fool to believe that his humble way could change the world!"

And yet, his way did change the world. Well, not completely yet, but it certainly opened up the possibility!

For, across the ages, some people saw the difference here. Like the blind man, they began to see. Like Lazarus, they found new life. And they were changed.

How was it William Blake put it:

"To see the world in a grain of sand, and heaven in a wild flower,

Hold infinity in the palm of your hand and eternity in an hour."

And it all begins here. With this Palm Sunday procession.

Here comes Truth riding on a donkey. Riding into our lives—sharing a cup of wine, breaking a loaf of bread, living, caring, forgiving...and calling us to join him.

Hear him whisper, as he passes by on his donkey ride:

"The woods are lonely, dark and deep,

But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep."

And we too shout, "Hosanna!" For we too have caught...even for this one brief moment...a glimpse of glory.

Hymn MV #8 And on This Path *One License #95243*

1. And on this path, the gates of holiness are open wide.
And on this path, the gates of holiness are open wide.
And on this path, the gates of holiness are open wide.
Open wide! Open wide! Open wide!
The gates are open wide!

2. So enter in, the gates of holiness are open wide.
So enter in, the gates of holiness are open wide.
So enter in, the gates of holiness are open wide.
Open wide! Open wide! Open wide!
The gates are open wide!

Sharing Our Joys and Concerns

- **Birthdays:**
 - Norm Porritt celebrates 77 years Today, Sun Apr 2nd
 - Lorri Wright celebrates 75 years on Mon Apr 3rd
 - Also, Galina Terekhov celebrated on March 4th
- **Condolences:**
 - We express our heartfelt sympathies to Ron Anticknap and his family for the loss of his brother, Jim Anticknap, who passed away at age 72, on Monday, March 27th, 2023. Ron had a special bond with Jim, and fondly referred to him as his "baby brother". During this difficult time, we kindly ask that you keep Ron and his family in your thoughts and prayers.

Poem "Undying Hope" by James Clarke

Our enthrallments and futilities
 have led us astray, widened
the crack within our hearts, sown
 seeds of alienation and hatred
along our way. Empty spaces divide
 us, Mother Earth suffers under
our careless hands and the eye-candy of
 gain and mirth is fading fast. Some
predict it's now too late, that apocalypse
 draws near, our civilization can't last.

But despite these auguries of defeat,
 just as the sea has no boundaries
to stop the cruel winds from gusting

through, from some chamber deep
within our souls a voice of longing for
peace and justice exhorts us not to
yield to fate, reveals new mountains yet
to climb. The stars still wing on
time across the sky, and every budding
leaf bears witness to undying hope—
the promise of a new spring.

Prayers of the people and the Prayer of Jesus

Minute for Mission

Offering Invitation

Offering Hymn: VU # 541 Praise God from whom all Blessings Flow

Offering Prayer:

Hymn VU #127 (tune 100) Ride On! Ride On in Majesty!

1. Ride on, ride on in majesty!

Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry.

O Saviour meek, pursue thy road

With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2. Ride on, ride on in majesty;

In lowly pomp ride on to die.

O Christ, thy triumphs now begin

O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3. Ride on, ride on in majesty;

The winged squadrons of the sky

Look down with sad and wondering eyes

To see the approaching sacrifice.

4. Ride on, ride on in majesty;

In lowly pomp ride on to die.

Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;

Then take, O God, thy power and reign.

Benediction

I'll begin with the words of Albert Schweitzer:

"I do not know what your destiny will be, but one thing I know: the only ones among you who will be really happy are those who have sought and found how to serve."

**May we discover this happiness, as we seek to serve the cause of Christ by serving each other,
and all who surround us in our world.**

Amen.

Postlude

Household Prayer:

Wondrous God, I am in awe that you would choose to be born among us, revealing your divineness enlivening the ordinary things of my life.

I thank you for the gift of Jesus who walked among us, wept with the suffering and raged in anger at the injustices of his day. I thank you for the vision you etched in his heart, a fullness of righteousness for all the world.

I thank you that he called others to follow that they too might know the joy of new life. As Jesus' disciple, help me to walk in the way. Help me to carry the vision in my heart, however discouraged I get. Help me to see through eyes of faith, my life, my relationships, the world you so love. Help me day by day, in my words and deeds to reflect your light.

Through your wisdom and Spirit, may I grow in my capacity to love you, my neighbour, and myself, as you so love. Amen.