

**Palm Sunday, A ✕ D 2009**

**Matthew 26-27**

*In the name of the Father and of the ✕ Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.*

Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
Hark! All the tribes hosanna cry.  
O Savior meek, pursue Thy road,  
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

1 O sinner, what is this parade? Why does the Lord ride into Jerusalem upon a humble donkey? Why the shouts of “Hosanna, Lord, save us”? Why has the Lord been so fixated on Jerusalem that nothing could deter Him? Why did the joyful sounds of children singing “Hosanna” change into the ominous sounds of the crowds jeering “Crucify”?

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.

2 O, beloved, here is the reason for this procession. The Lord goes to Jerusalem to die. In lowly pomp, ride on, O Lord, to die. He went to die for you, beloved. He went to die for all sinners, for all people. With this procession into Jerusalem He began His triumph o'er captive death and conquered sin. Appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, this is a procession into battle.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
The angel armies of the sky  
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes  
To see the-approaching sacrifice.

3 O mortal, here consider what angels cannot. God goes to die. And He does not go to die for angels. He goes to die for mortals, for humans, for sinners. He goes to bear their sin and endure the punishment for sinners: death and damnation. All this He willingly does so that He might show you mercy. Angels have no word of praise for

God's mercy because He hasn't shown them mercy. But He has shown mercy to you.

In the death of Jesus Christ, you have the assurance of God's mercy, sealed in blood.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh.  
The Father on His sapphire throne  
Awaits His own anointed Son.

4 O Child of God, that week was for you. The Son of God rode into Jerusalem to die damned, so that you might die the blessed death of faith. His holy passion, His bitter suffering, His excruciating death, were for you. His sweating blood, His being crowned with thorns, His being beaten by soldiers, His being spat upon, His being whipped until exhaustion, His thirsting, His crying were for you. For you Jesus died to reconcile you to God, to take away your sin, to clothe you with His righteousness.

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 pow'r and reign.

5 O Pilgrim, this week is for you. Holy week is not a reenactment of past events. It's a reminder of the depth of the Lord's love for you. This week, with its time for meditation on the Lord's passion, is for you. There's no need to try to transport yourself to Gethsamane, to Golgotha, or to the grave. Your Lord comes instead to you—in the flesh. He comes in His Holy Supper to deliver the forgiveness He won for you through His death and resurrection: today, Thursday, and Saturday. This week is for you. It breaks your regular routines and forces itself into your schedule. It disrupts the normal pattern of life and calls your attention to the things that matter. Ride on, Lord. Ride on to die. Then take, O God, Thy pow'r and reign.

*In the name of the Father and of the ✠ Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.*

*Soli Deo Gloria*  
Pastor Jeff Hemmer  
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