

WE CONFESS OUR SINS TOGETHER

Merciful Lord, we confess that with us there is an abundance of sin, but in you there is the fullness of righteousness and abundance of mercy. We are spiritually poor, but you are rich and in Jesus Christ came to be merciful to the poor. Strengthen our faith and trust in you. We are empty vessels that need to be filled; fill us. We are weak in faith; strengthen us. We are cold in love; warm us, and make our hearts fervent for you that our love may go out to one another and to our neighbors. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

WE CONFESS OUR SINS IN OUR HEARTS (Silently)

GOD ASSURES US WE ARE FORGIVEN: Psalm 130:2-4

² O Lord, hear my voice!
Let your ears be attentive
to the voice of my pleas for mercy!
³ If you, O LORD, should mark iniquities,
O Lord, who could stand?
⁴ But with you there is forgiveness,
that you may be feared.

“IT IS FINISHED” PART II (HARK, THE VOICE OF LOVE AND MERCY)

Hark, the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
“It is finished, It is finished,”
Hear the dying Savior cry.
“It is finished, It is finished,”
Hear the dying Savior cry.

“It is finished,” O what pleasure,
Do these charming words afford.
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
“It is finished, it is finished,”
Saints the dying words record.
“It is finished, it is finished,”
Saints the dying words record.
Finished all the types and shadows,
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
“It is finished, it is finished,”
Saints from hence your comfort draw.
“It is finished, it is finished,”
Saints from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
Saints on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel’s name.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding lamb!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding lamb!

Taken from the Gadsby Hymnal #93
Words: Attributed to Jonathan Evans, 1784 & Benjamin Francis, 1787. Music: Jeff Koonce, 2005

WE CONFESS OUR FAITH TOGETHER: Westminster Shorter Catechism #26

Q. How does Christ execute the office of a king?

A. *Christ executes the office of a king, in subduing us to himself, in ruling and defending us, and in restraining and conquering all his and our enemies.*

“GOD OVER ALL”

God over all,
Giver of life and health and breath.
I want to sing of Your love.
Came as a man,
Humble, You died the sinner’s death.
I want to sing of Your love.

Chorus

Your love has saved me.
By Your grace I now draw near and,
Your love has set me,
Free to glorify Your name.
And I, I want to sing of Your love.

I’ll never forget,

That You have bought me with Your blood.
I want to sing of Your love,
In all I do,
May Your great love be shining through,
I want to sing of Your love. (Chorus)

And on that day,
When You come back to claim Your own.
Yes, we will sing of Your love,
Then we’ll bow down.
Praise You forever at Your throne!
Yes, we will sing of Your love. (Chorus)

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WE READ FROM GOD’S WORD: Luke 19:28-36

²⁸ And when he had said these things, he went on ahead, going up to Jerusalem.
²⁹ When he drew near to Bethphage and Bethany, at the mount that is called Olivet, he sent two of the disciples, ³⁰**saying, “Go into the village in front of you, where on entering you will find a colt tied, on which no one has ever yet sat. Untie it and bring it here. ³¹If anyone asks you, ‘Why are you untying it?’ you shall say this: ‘The Lord has need of it.’”** ³² So those who were sent went away and found it just as he had told them. ³³ And as they were untying the colt, its owners said to them, **“Why are you untying the colt?”** ³⁴ **And they said, “The Lord has need of it.”** ³⁵ And they brought it to Jesus, and throwing their cloaks on the colt, they set Jesus on it. ³⁶ And as he rode along, they spread their cloaks on the road.

WE PRAY TO GOD FOR THE CONGREGATION

Mr. Carl Larson

WE WORSHIP BY GIVING TITHES AND OFFERINGS

“HOSANNA, LOUD HOSANNA” (sung to the tune “I Sing the Almighty Power of God”)

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

From Olivet they followed mid an exultant crowd,
The victory palm branch waving, and chanting clear and loud.
The Lord of earth and heaven rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children should on his bidding wait.

“Hosanna in the highest!” That ancient song we sing,
For Christ is our Redeemer, the Lord of heaven, our King.
O may we ever praise him with heart and life and voice,
And in his blissful presence eternally rejoice.

Text: Jennette Threlfall, 1873. Tune (76 76D, ELLACOMBE): Gesangbuch, Wittenburch, 1784

WE PRAISE GOD FOR HIS BLESSINGS (“DOXOLOGY”) *Trinity Hymnal #731*
(after Doxology children may be dismissed to attend optional Children’s Church)

SERMON TEXT: Luke 19:37-40

³⁷ As he was drawing near — already on the way down the Mount of Olives — the whole multitude of his disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen, ³⁸**saying, “Blessed is the King who comes in the name of the Lord! Peace in heaven and glory in the highest!”** ³⁹ **And some of the Pharisees in the crowd said to him, “Teacher, rebuke your disciples.”** ⁴⁰ **He answered, “I tell you, if these were silent, the very stones would cry out.”**

WE HEAR FROM GOD’S WORD: *“Testimony of the Rocks”* *Pastor Michael Colvard*

WE CELEBRATE THE LORD’S SUPPER TOGETHER

(wine is in the outer most ring, grape juice is in the inner rings)

“ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME”

Trinity Hymnal #499

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood, from Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure, cleanse me from its guilt and pow’r.

Not the labors of my hands can fulfil Thy law’s demands;
Could my zeal no respite know, could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress; helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly; wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath, when mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown, see thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee.

WE RECEIVE GOD’S BLESSING OVER US (BENEDICTION)

POSTLUDE

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