



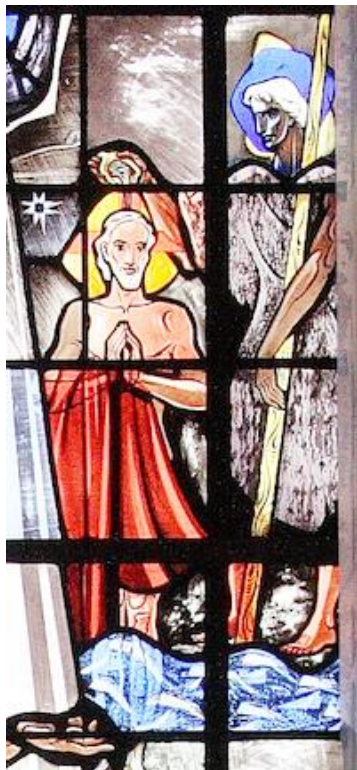
I AM the Way, the Truth and the Life

John 14.6: Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

Wherever someone knows that they are lost,
And cries for help to find the way back home,
And turns towards their father's house at last,
You are their Way before they know your name.
Wherever someone searches for the truth
And tests each easy answer in its turn,
Stressing the question, pressing to the pith,
You are the Truth they cannot yet discern.
Wherever someone sorrows over death
Yet seems to glimpse the gate beyond the grave,
The living spirit in the dying breath,
You are the Life within the life they love.
You come to us before we ask or pray
Till you become our Life, our Truth, our Way.

Parable and Paradox Malcolm Guite

Cover photo by Dale Showman



I am the Way

Palm Sunday
April 13, 2025
10:30 a.m. Worship

Thomas said to him, "Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?" Jesus said to him, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life."
John 14:5-6

First Presbyterian Church

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COMMISSIONED PASTOR: DR. WENDY L. LAMB

MINISTRY OF PASTORAL SUPPORT: REV. DR. STEPHEN W. SMITH

MINISTRY OF VISITATION: LAURIE STAFFORD

MINISTRY OF MUSIC: CURTISS ALLEN, JR., DIRECTOR OF MUSIC;

WILLIAM ZEITLER, ORGANIST;

AMY GANO, BELLS

PASTOR EMERITUS: REV. JAMES C. HUFFSTUTLER

Welcome to Worship at First Presbyterian Church

This service is being **livestreamed** and can be viewed on our YouTube channel in real time or as a recording. **Large-print copies of this order of service**, as well as **audio enhancement devices** are available **from the ushers**.

We gather on Sunday for 3 reasons:

- **To seek God**- whom we find in sacred text and sacrament, in music and in song, in prayer, in the beauty of this space, in the stillness where we can hear our hearts. We offer God our thanks and praise, our lament and longing, and our resources. We let go of burdens and receive grace and forgiveness. We see the One our hearts love.
- **To practice Community** – rejoice w/those who rejoice, weep w/those who weep. To break bread with those whom we love and those whom we need to love more fully. We practice things our culture does not emphasize: resting, forgiving, sharing. Jesus asked us to love one another as he loved us, and we cannot do so without practice.
- **To listen for our Call**- often an invitation to go out and be or do or remember. God is speaking all the time: through conscience, nature, friends, and certainly scripture. We gather to listen for that Call and to recommit ourselves to discipleship.

Information on our common life can be found on our website www.fpcsb.net, along with sermons and newsletters. You can participate in our work by supporting us financially with a one-time or sustaining donation.

Children are **welcome** in worship. Younger children may go to the Nursery at any time.

OUR NEXT COMMUNION will be Thursday, April 17th.

Morning Worship†

Lectors: Adam Nord
Breanna Nord

WE GATHER on the PLAZA

*CALL to WORSHIP *(Based on Psalm 118)*

Let us give thanks to God;

✘ **whose steadfast love endures forever!**

Open to us the gates of righteousness,

✘ **that we may enter and give thanks to our God!**

This is the day the Lord has made;

✘ **Let us rejoice and be glad!**

We process in together, using all 3 doors, singing the Sanctus.

*SANCTUS

James C. Huffstutler

✘ **Holy, holy, Lord Almighty, God of power and might.**

Heaven and earth are full of your glory,

Glory in the highest!

Blessed! Blessed!

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna, hosanna,

hosanna in the highest.

WELCOME & GREETING

Please read all that is printed in this bulletin, and join us for Holy Week observances and Easter joy!

*HYMN 197

Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

ELLACOMBE

SCRIPTURE: Mark 11:1-11

New Testament, pg. 47

When they were approaching Jerusalem, at Bethphage and Bethany, near the Mount of Olives, he sent two of his disciples and said to them, "Go into the village ahead of you, and immediately as you enter it, you will find tied there a colt that has never been ridden; untie it and bring it. If anyone says to you, 'Why are you doing this?' just say this, 'The Lord needs it and will send it back here immediately.'"

† The symbols you will see in this order of worship mean:

* **Stand if you are able**

✘ **The congregation will read.**

They went away and found a colt tied near a door, outside in the street. As they were untying it, some of the bystanders said to them, "What are you doing, untying the colt?" They told them what Jesus had said; and they allowed them to take it.

Then they brought the colt to Jesus and threw their cloaks on it; and he sat on it. Many people spread their cloaks on the road, and others spread leafy branches that they had cut in the fields. Then those who went ahead and those who followed were shouting,

✘ **"Hosanna!**

Blessed is the one who comes in the name of the Lord!

Blessed is the coming kingdom of our ancestor David!

Hosanna in the highest heaven!"

Then 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.

ANTHEM

The Palms

J. Faure

O'er all the way green palms and blossoms gay Are strewn this day, in festal preparation. When Jesus comes to wipe our tears away, E'en now the throng to welcome Him prepare; *Join all and sing, His name declare, Let ev'ry voice resound with acclamation: Hosanna! Praise to the Lord! Bless Him who cometh to bring us salvation!* His word goes forth, and people by its might Once more regain freedom from degradation. Humanity doth give to each his right, While those in darkness are restored to light. *Join all and sing ...* Sing and rejoice, O blest Jerusalem, Of all thy sons sing the emancipation, Through boundless love the Christ of Bethlehem Brings faith and hope to thee forevermore. *Join all and sing ...*

TIME with the CHILDREN

***Our children are invited to bring their Fat Fish
with them at the Time with the Children.***

[Children are always welcome in worship. After the Time with Children, we invite our children to go to KidSpace in Room 10. Parents, please pick your children up immediately following worship.

Infants through pre-Kindergarten may go to the Nursery at any time.]

SCRIPTURE John 14:1-7

New Testament, pg. 108

This is the word of faith that we proclaim

✘ **Thanks be to God.**

BELL ANTHEM

Celebration

Eugene Butler

SERMON

I Am the Way

Pastor Wendy Lamb

THE OFFERING of OUR TITHES and GIFTS

(We offer our tithes and gifts to be part of God's purposes in the world, and we invite you to take part. You may place your offering in the basket in front or give it to the usher. You may always send gifts by mail or online.)

OFFERTORY***DOXOLOGY**

OLD HUNDREDTH

- ✘ Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise God, all creatures here below;
 Praise God above, ye heavenly host;
 Creator, Christ and Holy Ghost, Amen.

PRAYERS of the PEOPLE, OUR LORD'S PRAYER

- ✘ Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.
 Give us this day our daily bread;
 and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors;
 and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
 For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever.
 Amen.

HYMN 201A Prophet Woman Broke a Jar**Robert Lowry****MOMENT for REFLECTION*****CHARGE and BENEDICTION*****RESPONSE***O Lamb of God**John Stainer*

O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.
 O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world, grant us Thy peace.

POSTLUDEHymn*

Resources for this Series:

"I Am—the Sayings of Jesus: A series for Lent and Holy Week." Gerald L. Zandstra, Reformed Worship.

Parable and Paradox Malcolm Guite

GREETER: Robin Edwards

USHERS: Margaret Doane, *Lead Usher*

Mark Adelson, Jim Siegmund, *Security Ushers*

SOUND ENGINEERS: Dan Direen, Brent Nord

LIVESTREAM ENGINEER: James Welte

CAMERA OPERATORS: Kevin Lamb, Lynn Usher

REMEMBER IN PRAYER THIS WEEK

Bob Saenz, Doris Schiavone

Elders: Susan Skoglund, Katie Smith, Neal Williams

Deacons: Joyce Lyons, Rick Rodriguez, Jim Siegmund

Pastor Nominating Committee:

Brian Gano, Kendra Lamb, Jim Morris

This Weeks' Celebrations

Apr 13 Cassidy Wright

Apr 15 Kelsey Adelson

Jennifer Mantei

Apr 16 Beverly Snell

Apr 18 Don Dudley

Oliver Andrew Lamb

Today we receive the One Great Hour of Sharing offering, which supports three programs in the Presbyterian Church that serve in different ways to serve people and communities in need. Your offering will support Presbyterian Disaster Assistance, the Presbyterian Hunger Program, and the Self-Development of People, which will enable access to safety, sustenance, and hope for people around the world.

Maundy Thursday Service, April 17th, 5:30 p.m. Before the joy of Easter, we must accompany Christ through Maundy Thursday. We invite you to come with us as we celebrate the Lord's Supper and welcome the mystery of the cross.

Butterfly Cookies Needed to celebrate resurrection and new life during Coffee Hour on Easter Sunday. ***Please call the office to let us know if you will bring cookies (and how many),*** then bring yours to the kitchen before Worship on April 20th. Thank you for your help!

Photos in our Easter Garden! As we prepare for a new pastor, photos of congregation members and friend and family will be super helpful. If your family or friend group (or just yourself) would like to have a photo taken in our Easter garden, we will have photographers ready to take your

picture! Just come up after the service on Easter Sunday. We will take a photo for the church archive and your photos will be made available for you. We're also happy to take "phone photos" along with the church ones.

Saturday Morning, April 19th, you're invited to help the Worship Committee prepare our sanctuary for Easter morning. Bring your garden's most beautiful flowers, blooming branches, and greenery. (If you bring them in buckets of water, they will stay fresh until arranged!) Bring pruning shears and garden gloves if you would like to help make arrangements. We will gather at **11:00 a.m.** Come join us, whether you have flowers to bring or not, in our tradition of beauty and creativity, as we prepare for Easter!

If you would like to know more about being Presbyterian and joining in the mission of this congregation, please let us know. We will make that opportunity available. If you are interested, you might say something to a staff member after worship, send an email to office@fpcsb.net, or call the office.

Per Capita Apportionment. The Per Capita Apportionment for 2025 is \$44 per member. The church will be paying this amount to support the Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly. It would greatly help our budget if you are able to pay this amount in addition to your regular offering.

More News and announcements are available in your Friday *Keeping in Touch* emails. If you are not receiving these, and you would like to, contact Mimi in the church office.

The Music Box

Baro was not what you'd call a remarkable beast.

He was large, certainly—strong-backed and broad-hooved—but his greatest joys in life were turnips, long naps, and scratching his side on fence posts until the planks complained. His coat was a dull brown, the color of over-washed linen, and he had never once won a ribbon at the Harvest Fair, not even in the consolation category of "Most Agreeably Mellow."

Still, he dreamed.

Baro dreamed of being seen—of the day when someone would point and say, "That one! That one is worthy."

And one year, just before the Festival of Return, it happened.

A knock came at the gate of the farm. The Painter's Guild had arrived, wearing cobalt cloaks and gold-threaded gloves. They carried brushes tipped with delicate feathers, pots of color that shimmered like beetle wings, and scrolls with names.

Baro watched them speak with the farmer. He saw the farmer glance toward him. He heard the scribble of quill on parchment. Then—

“You. Come along,” one of the guild members said, gesturing.

Baro blinked. “Me?”

“You’ve been chosen,” said the painter with a tight, official smile. “The Beast of the Return.”

His heart nearly stopped with joy.

They scrubbed him in warm citrus water, rubbed rose oil into his flanks, and decorated his coat with spirals of green and gold. They painted ancient symbols along his ribs—sun-rings and crescent curves, meant to evoke the turning of seasons and the spiral of the soul.

A circlet of woven reed and saffron threads was placed over his brow. Around his neck, a necklace of bells was hung. The moment he moved, they chimed—a high, bright sound like spring waking up.

He was magnificent.

And then they brought her out: the rider.

A quiet woman, draped in gray-green cloth. Barefoot. No fanfare. She did not wear a crown or hold a staff. She carried only a simple wooden bowl filled with water drawn from the Winter-Well, hidden in the hills.

They helped her onto Baro's back. She said nothing. Only placed a hand gently on his shoulder. It was warm. Steady.

Then the gates of Meredon opened.

The crowd went wild.

Children threw flower petals. Bells rang from balconies. Some wept. Others sang. Baro walked slowly, hooves steady on the cobblestones, the rhythm of his steps matched by the hush of awe.

“They love me,” he thought. “They finally see me.”

At one point, someone offered him a honey cake, still warm. He ate it in a single grateful mouthful and nodded gravely at the baker, who bowed in return. It was the best moment of his life.

Behind him, the woman on his back remained still, her eyes half-closed, one hand holding the bowl. She neither smiled nor waved. And Baro, swept in the thrill of acclamation, barely noticed her presence at all.

When the procession ended, Baro was taken back through a quiet alley. The bells were removed. The paint left to flake. A stable hand tossed him an apple and led him back to his field.

The next morning, no one came.

No petals. No trumpets. Not even the baker.

By the third day, a goose honked at him rudely as it waddled past.

Baro felt... hollow.

Had it all been a mistake? Had their cheers meant nothing? Was he no longer noble? No longer special?

He stood alone by the fence, watching the sky fade, trying to recall the feeling of the honey cake, the music of the bells, the thrill of being adored. But it all slipped away, like sunlight in winter.

On the fourth day, she returned.

The quiet woman, the one with the bowl. She wore no festival robes now—just a plain cloak, dusted with road and rain. She carried nothing.

She approached slowly, and Baro lowered his head—not in greeting, but in shame.

“I failed,” he said.

She smiled gently and touched his forehead.

“You carried more than me,” she said.

Baro looked up.

“You carried their longing. Their ache for renewal. Their hope. You bore the weight of what they could not name.”

Baro blinked. “But the cheering... wasn’t for me?”

“No,” she said, “but it passed through you. And that’s a finer thing.”

She stayed a while, stroking his side as he dozed, and then departed, vanishing into the grove without another word.

That night, under a sky heavy with stars, Baro did not dream of applause.

He dreamed of footsteps falling in rhythm with his own. Of bells ringing not to praise, but to awaken. He dreamed of water held steady in a bowl, not spilled even once.

And far off, in the city below, a group of children began to paint an old goat with chalk and flowers, giggling as they made her up to look like the next Beast of the Return.

Baro watched from the hill, his breath steaming in the cold, and smiled. --William Zeitler

The seal of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) is a symbolic statement of the church's heritage, identity, and mission in contemporary form. Its power depends on both its simplicity and complexity, as well as its traditional and enduring qualities.



The basic symbols in the seal are the cross, Scripture, the dove, and flames.

As a church of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.), our congregational life is governed by the Ruling Elders of our current Session:

Lily Bolaños, Margaret Doane, Jon Horstmann, Phyllis Hough,
Sue Alexander, Jeanne Clark, Kathy Showman, Norm Wallis,
Pat Morris, Susan Skoglund, Katie Smith, Neal Williams,
and Clerk of Session Amy Smith

and supported by our Board of Deacons:

Rebecca Allen, Brad Smith, Dave Thomas, Chris Wright-Thomas, Kristine French, Joyce Lyons, Joanna Nord, Mindy Rueda, Rick Rodriguez, Jim Siegmund, Kyle Smith, and Christian Usher.

In this time of change for our congregation, a Pastor Nominating Committee has been elected by the congregation:

Susan Addington, Mary Bolaños, John-Paul Fletcher,
Brian Gano, Kendra Lamb, Jim Morris,
Shelby Obershaw, Christa Wallis, Neal Williams