

Here We Come!

As the children arrive, greet them with confetti. Toss it in the air so they can walk under it as they enter the room. Say, "Hello! Welcome to Sunday School!" Ask the children these questions: Why is this fun? What makes us feel happy? How do we feel when someone says "hello" or "welcome"?

Scripture Words and Worship

People in Jesus' time had a special word they used when they were excited about something God had done. They would shout, "Hosanna!" Then everyone who heard the word would know the message was for God. The people were thanking God for something wonderful. People believed God lived far away in heaven and they wanted to be sure their "Hosanna" got through. The scripture for today was used by the people when they saw Jesus coming, riding on a donkey. They were shouting thanks to God for Jesus.



Shout Hosanna!

Palm Sunday is a time for celebration.

Story Talking

This is the beginning of Easter week. Take a tour of the church to see the decorations and preparations being made for the services.

Up and at 'Em

Use this time to work together cleaning up the confetti. Dust pans and whisk brooms can be used. Rolled tape with the sticky side out can be used to pick up the confetti dots.

Retell the story and let the children act out the parts.

Sense-ations

Place real palm leaves or other large leaves under a sheet of typing paper. Demonstrate how to use the broad side of a crayon to color over the paper, causing the outline of the leaf to appear.

Scripture Words

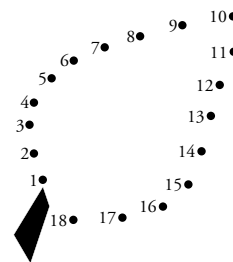
Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest heaven!"
—Matthew 21:9 NRSV

Moving Music

- "Hosanna!" (page 40)
- "Jesus Loves Even Me" (page 19)

There We Go

Give each child a copy of the dot-to-dot picture in the pattern section, page 52. Provide help where needed.



Live and Learn

The scripture story for today comes from the first part of Matthew 21. Children have great imaginations and love animals, so tell the following story through the eyes of the donkeys.

Palm Sunday Passenger by Marge Nelson

The little donkey stood beside his mother, waiting patiently. At least that was what he was supposed to do. "Mother, tell me again why we're standing here?" he asked.

"We are standing here because that's where our owner put us. That's what we do," she answered.

"What are we waiting for?"

"We are waiting here until our owner needs us. Then we will be loaded with supplies and ready for the next trip. That's what we do," she reminded him.

"I wish we could do something else," the little donkey grumbled. "I like it when we go from place to place, but just standing here isn't much fun."

"We weren't created for fun," his mother told him. "We were designed by God to do a job. We have strong backs and legs that can carry heavy loads. We seldom run, so our speed is just right for those who walk along with us."

"And we'll never have fun?" he asked in a disappointed voice.

"I didn't say that," his mother replied. "It's just that we do our job first. If we can find ways to be happy about it, that's even better. I like to stand here and listen to the sounds all around me. Sometimes you hear about far-away places."

At that moment, two men came up to where the donkeys were waiting and untied the ropes. "What's going on, Mother?"

"I'm not sure," she whispered. "I've never seen these strangers before. Where's our owner?"

"Hey! What are you doing?" came a familiar voice. It was the owner of the donkeys. He would straighten things out.

"The Lord needs them," one of the men answered. The Lord? Who was the Lord? the little donkey wondered.

"Then take them, with my blessing," the owner was saying. Unheard of! Their owner would never let someone

take his donkeys away. But the mother felt the tug on the rope as she was turned around to go down the path. The little donkey needed no encouragement. He followed his mother.

"Where are we going? What's happening?" he asked.

"I guess we'll know soon," was her answer. The donkeys walked along through the crowds, following the men who led them until they came to a stop near some palm trees. Several people were there. They began pulling off their coats and spreading them on the donkeys.

"Is this it, Mother? Are we going to carry coats somewhere?"

But before she could answer, the little donkey felt someone scratching his ears. The hands moved along his head, gently petting him. The little donkey looked up at the man standing there. He had such a kind face. The little donkey thought, "I'd follow him anywhere."

The man smiled and then his friends helped him up on the back of the donkey's mother. She started off and the little donkey followed.

"Hosanna!" someone shouted. "Hosanna in the highest heaven!" Everywhere the little donkey looked he could see more people coming. They were waving palm branches and spreading their coats on the ground for the donkeys to walk on.

"Who is this man?" the little donkey wondered. "He must be really special." He hurried to keep up with his mother as they entered the gates of the big city. "Who is it?" he heard people in the crowd asking. The little donkey listened carefully. Maybe now he'd find out.

"It's the prophet." "It's Jesus." "It's the teacher from Nazareth in Galilee."

And the little donkey smiled as he trotted along behind. He would follow Jesus anywhere.

