

PALM SUNDAY

Jesus' final journey to Jerusalem is rich in
Pageantry and drama!

A colt is sent for, one never yet ridden
-something new is happening here.
Jesus mounts the colt and immediately the parade begins.

Large crowds gather and run to greet him.
There is joy, and dancing, and unbridled delight.
Cloaks are spread, branches are waved aloft, voices shout and cry out in praise:
"Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!"
"God's blessing on the Son of David", "the King of Israel"
There are crowds ahead of him and crowds behind,
Enthusiasm reigns.
Who can withstand the magic and magnetism of a parade?

But not everyone joins in.
There are those who cannot see, blinded as they are
By power and fear and self-importance. They want these voices silenced,
People might actually believe that this is the Messiah! That can never be.
"Tell these people to be quiet", they demand.
Jesus replies, ". If they keep quiet, the very stones will cry out in praise".
The whole universe it seems is in harmony, bursting forth in praise and glory.
The ultimate victory has been won by this King,
A victory of humble, loving service, alluring all into his kingdom.

It is not that Jesus is unaware of what's ahead. He spoke of it often enough:
Betrayal, rejection, abandonment, unspeakable torture, death.
He knows that. No illusions here,
But he knows too that it doesn't end there:
" And on the third day (I will) rise again".

And what of us, what do we commemorate today?
An event of two thousand years ago, revealing an immeasurable love for us?
Yes, all of that but much, much more.

We are now on our journey to "Jerusalem", whatever that "Jerusalem" may be.
We have no details, but, the Risen Lord now living within us,
Can we hop on the colt of our lives?
-unique to us and never ridden before?
And can we delight in the branches and cloaks spread out for us?
The love, the smiles, the encouragement, the many hands that feed and clothe and shelter us,
That heal us when we're ill? The hospitality of earth itself?

Oh yes, of course, there will be those who criticise and condemn,
Who blame and deny and seek to destroy.
Can we ride on anyway?
joyously, triumphantly,
Knowing beyond all doubt that, empowered by the Divine Spirit within,
We too will rise on the third day?

Let our parade begin!

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