

Palm/Passion Sunday – March 29, 2015

Here I am, Lord, holding this palm branch that recalls your brief hour of power when you entered Jerusalem amid the joyful shouts of “Hosanna.” You are the Messiah and you sit on a donkey? Triumphant heroes wouldn’t be caught dead on a donkey; only a magnificent white stallion would do. What’s going on here?

Here I am, Lord, listening once again to the story of your final hours of suffering and dying. In Mark’s Gospel, I notice a straightforward account of the final hours of Jesus’ life, from his anointing in Bethany to his entombment. Once the passion of Jesus begins, the miracles stop. Jesus seems to give up his power to control so he can give himself completely over to us, to his Father, to me. What’s going on here?

Here I am, Lord, wondering if all this Palm Sunday stuff is just theater. How do I fit in, longing for this week to be holy for me and for all of your people? I know that my share in Christ’s suffering won’t likely be as public or dramatic as his was. And yet I want to participate somehow. What’s going on here?

Here I am, Lord, watching waiting praying, hoping. I know that some of the most difficult kinds of suffering are barely visible, but I want, in my own way to contribute greatly to the network of love that defines us as your own.

Here I am, Lord, at the beginning of another Holy Week. I want to review my own place in the real liturgy of the world – the work of the people, with you at my side.

Here I am, Lord, watching waiting, praying, hoping...yearning for this week to be holy for me and for all of your people, with you and for you. It’s not just theater, after all.