

## PALM SUNDAY



I'm not sure what to do with this greenery.  
For one frivolous moment  
I consider doing a sort of  
'dance of the seven palm branches.'  
After all, this is a moment of celebration  
the likes of which we seldom see  
around these parts.  
When was the last time?  
Ah yes.  
Herod with his entourage  
making a triumphal entrance into the city,  
soaking up the adulation of the crowds.  
He, all regal and ramrod straight,  
rode a white horse  
surrounded by armed guards  
to push the peasants aside.  
But this king rides a donkey  
and is flanked by a motley group,

some of which I recognise as fishermen.  
His carriage is not triumphant.  
he does not wave regally.  
He smiles, but the smile doesn't reach his sad eyes,  
as if he can see further along this road,  
beyond our vision,  
to somewhere lonely and dark  
that belies this festivity.  
"Hosannah to the Son of David!" we cry,  
and mean it.  
But will it be sufficient for his journey?  
I wave my branches with the rest  
until he is close enough to read his face.  
He turns his head to meet my eyes  
and look deeply into my soul,  
and I know what I must do.  
I skirt the crowd to get ahead of him  
and throw my branches down  
to be trodden underfoot,  
as he himself will be.  
and,  
I realise,  
where I want to be.  
With him.

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25/3/18 (Palm Sunday)