

It is the first day of the last week of his life. It is the first day of the first week of his life again. It was on Sunday that Jesus entered Jerusalem for the first time in his ministry, and he was greeted with shouts of joy and triumph and waving palm branches. Today we join the celebration and wave our palm branches and cry "Hosanna, blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord."

But we might also spend the next days with Jesus in order to fully understand his death and his life again.

As we entered the city we might weep with him as he saw the city of Jerusalem which seemed to have lost her way and forgotten about God.

We would enter the temple with him, and be as shocked and angered as he was that the people selling animals for sacrifice and exchanging coins for profit instead of piety. We might gladly turn tables with him.

Each day we would walk to hear him speak to the crowds and teach with an urgency that only he could understand. Then we might move away from him for a moment and hear Judas make his plans to betray Jesus and make his death inevitable.

But we would join him and the disciples on Thursday as we plan for the Passover meal. We would then join them all as he broke the bread and shared the wine and then warned that one of us at the table would, indeed betray him.

Then our time with him would become tortured and complex.

Would we stay awake while he prayed in the garden? Would we deny that we knew him? Would we join the crowd crying "Crucify him?" Or would we walk in tears behind him as he carried his cross?

We know we would be horrified at his death. We would tear our clothes and feel our hearts break. For we would know that he suffered. He was in pain and he suffered. We could hear his cries from the cross.

And then, only by having lived with him this week of his death would we be ready, really ready, for a light to break through the darkness.

Let us begin the journey today with cries of Hosanna ready for the sorrow, knowing that there will be joy.