

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS ON PALM SUNDAY

He is going to Jerusalem. I cannot stop him. His mind's made up.
He's stubborn when it comes to God! Even when he was born,
We had to do it his way – in his time. It would have been nice
to have found a room and had a midwife there, but babies don't wait.

He was a joy to me in childhood. His laughter wound itself around my heart!
He noticed everything – the butterflies and the lilies of the field.
He learned his verses, knew them as if he'd been there
and watched God moving in history. And when he sang the Psalms,
The melody brought comfort to my soul!

Then came the time when he said goodbye. It was time to be about
God's business. I knew it had to be, but I didn't want to let him go. He IS my son!
He took nothing with him but the robe on his back and the sandals on his feet.
I watched him go, a solitary figure on a dusty road. His head held high.

But he left. I didn't cry 'till he was out of sight. The years ahead would be hard
enough. He knew I loved him. Oh, they brought me news of him. I heard that he
healed the sick and fed the poor. He spoke of love and service. He struggled with
God just as Moses and Jeremiah did. It wasn't easy for him.

I hope he went to a few more weddings than the one they talked about.
I hope he had time to laugh and dance, celebrating the beauty of this world.
God would have wanted that too!

There were times when he stopped by to visit. They were all too brief!
You can't fault me for not always being by his side. He had his work to do, and I
had mine. But I wish I'd spent more time with him. And now he's going to
Jerusalem.

The people around him, his friends, some have tried to stop him, I'm sure;
others can't wait to get there. They don't know. They don't understand.
They expect a kingdom with a king and earthly glory, armies, power and an end to
Rome.

But I've looked in his eyes. He'll flinch when they shout hosannas more than he will when the soldiers flog him. The dancing and the singing will echo with a hollowness. It can't last. We're not ready to let him live. Why must it be my son?

They wave the palms in triumph. They shake the tambourine. The road is strewn with robes of blue and brown. Hosanna to the king!! There is no chariot, no mighty war horse. He rides a simple donkey. Doesn't that tell them anything?!

Maybe there'll be a miracle. May this really is the beginning of the age of peace. Maybe the human heart will change and my son won't have to die. MAYBE.

But I see again his solitary figure on a dusty road, more alone now in the middle of the crowd than when he first walked away from me. He knows. They don't.

There will be no reprieve, and I'm just a mother. Hosanna, son. I love you.