
on Holy Week
Wesley Mimico United Church
March 29, 2015
by Rev. Dr. Paul Shepherd

Based on Mark 11:1-11

Palm Sunday. Well, we are certainly into the final stretch of Lent now. Easter is just one week away. It's time to hard-boil some eggs and think about baking those hot cross buns. If you are one of those people who have been giving something up during Lent, your days of deprivation are almost at an end. Only one more week. Keep at it. You can do it. There is some comfort today that Lent is almost over. Plus, since this is Palm Sunday, we have already participated in waving palm branches here in the sanctuary, raising our voices in songs of praise. Life is good. It's time to celebrate. It's time to enjoy ourselves.

And yet, Palm Sunday isn't necessarily just about happy things, because we know that the coming week is Holy Week, which is a time of sadness too. A time of betrayal and death. A time of separation from Jesus as he walks with his cross without his friends. It is a time of denial and fear. It is a time of grief.

I don't know all your traditions - but in some churches, Palm Sunday services begin with joy and cheering, and then part-way through the service, colourful elements like banners are removed and replaced with black ones. Sometimes, a black fabric is placed over the cross. The mood of the whole service becomes dark and depressing, and at the end of the service, the people leave the sanctuary, heads down, in silence. In those churches, Palm Sunday and Good Friday are conflated into one single service, often called "Passion Sunday". But my tradition is to maintain Palm Sunday as a service of celebration and to invite you to other services during Holy Week including, this year, Maundy Thursday and Good Friday.

Nothing is perfect of course. If you are participating in worship today and don't come back until next Sunday - Easter Sunday - then you can move from this joyful service of Palm Sunday to another joyful service on Easter, and you can miss out on the

dark elements that are intrinsic elements of Holy Week. And for those churches that conflate Palm Sunday with Good Friday, they catch the whole “death of Jesus part”, but might miss out on the difficult and confusing elements of Holy Week that deal with denial, betrayal, and unmet expectations.

Unmet expectations you ask? Who had unmet expectations? Well, lots of people.

We have to imagine what it meant when Jesus came to Jerusalem during the passover. Presumably there were many Jewish people living in Jerusalem who had heard about Jesus but had never heard Jesus speak. People who wanted to hear Jesus, but waited until Jesus came to Jerusalem to take that opportunity. And since it was passover, many Jewish people living a long way from Palestine would have been in Jerusalem at that time too, people who may or not have even heard of Jesus. In any case, in Jerusalem during passover, there would have been a large number of Jewish people who heard Jesus speak for the first time, and who came to hear Jesus because they had heard that Jesus was - or at least possible was - the messiah.

Remember also that to Jewish people, “salvation” was not personal, it was corporate, and it was political. The salvation that the messiah was supposed to bring was liberation from the power of Rome. The salvation that the messiah was supposed to bring was the re-establishment of Israel as an independent nation-state. Now, what do you think you would feel if you expected Jesus to be that sort of messiah, and yet when you went to hear him, Jesus just spoke of the kingdom of God and of love. Do you think you would be upset? Do you think your own expectations of Jesus would be completely unmet? Do you think you would have been angry? Do you think that your own songs of praise could have easily turned into shouts of “crucify him”?

The people wanted Jesus to come in military force to overthrow the Romans. But Jesus came in love to preach spiritual peace. I think the problem then - as today - is that Jesus was radically different than people's expectations. People wanted Jesus to come in force - which means that the whole idea of force is just fine, as long as our force is bigger than other people's force. But Jesus's vision of the kingdom of God was more radical than that. In the words of Julia Seymour, “By riding a colt with no previous rider, Jesus

is revealing, perhaps too subtly, that what he brings is very different from what previous rulers have offered. Yet the crowds miss that. Most of the disciples don't understand it. They're too busy calling for salvation, and they know exactly what they want that to look like. This is one of the challenges of Holy Week - letting go of what we want salvation to be and allowing ourselves to be open to what it is."

Today it is still very easy for us to have unmet expectations about the nature of salvation, and the nature of God's gifts to us. What we want may or may not line up with what God seems to provide. But when our expectations are not met, does that mean to God isn't doing the right thing, or that we must be more patient? Or, are unmet expectations an invitation to explore our own expectations and to grow through that?

This is why Palm Sunday is such a great Sunday. It's not about being on the cheering team. It's not about watching other people betray Jesus while we sit smugly on the sidelines feeling superior. It's about realizing that Jesus doesn't quite meet our expectations either. Palm Sunday is an invitation to reassess our own ideas.

I'm reminded of an old joke, one version of which goes like this: A farmer is in Iowa during a flood. The river is overflowing. Water is surrounding the farmer's home up to his front porch. As he is standing there, a boat comes up. The man in the boat says, "Jump in, and I'll take you to safety." The farmer crosses his arms and says stubbornly, "Oh no thanks, I put my trust in God." The boat goes away. The water rises to the second story. Another boat comes up. The man says to the farmer, who is now at the second floor window, "Hurry, jump in. I'll save you." The farmer again says, "Oh no thanks, I put my trust in God." The boat goes away. Now the water is inching over the roof. As the farmer stands on the roof, a helicopter comes over, and drops a ladder. The pilot yells down to the farmer, "I'll save you. Climb the ladder." The farmer yells back, "Oh no thanks, I put my trust in God." The helicopter goes away. The water continues to rise and sweeps the farmer off the roof into the swiftly moving water. Unfortunately, he drowns. The farmer goes to heaven. God sees him and says, "What are you doing here?" The farmer says, "I put my trust in you, and you let me down." God says, "What do you mean, let you down? I sent you two boats and a helicopter!"

When we want help, it's amazing how often we only recognize that help when it comes in ways that we expect, in ways that fit our current thinking. What happens then when the help we need is in fact to change our own thinking? Often, we do not recognize that help at all.

The blogger who writes under the name, "the outpatient monk" has this to say about Jesus's followers: "The only people who came close to following Jesus are the people who had dropped their previous nets, had left their lives behind and were willing to follow, to learn. (and even some of them, like Judas and Peter, had their moments). These people knew Jesus. They had already had the time to be disappointed, that is, to change their expectations. They exchanged their lives for a life with misfits, poor people, children... and worse... each other. We still turn to Jesus to be our best friend, our President, our CEO, our boyfriend, our guru, our hipster youth pastor showing us how to be cool. We have a very set agenda for what Jesus needs to be doing in the next few years of our lives. We will be disappointed. So let us wave our branches, shout hosannah, and lay down our coats. But if we want to make it through the rest of the week faithful to Jesus, let's clear our calendars and pack our bags. We are going to end up somewhere very different than where we think we were headed."

So - there we have it. Today is Palm Sunday, Holy Week beacons us. It beacons us to open our hearts and minds to see Jesus in ways we have never expected. It beacons us to open ourselves to salvation - not on the terms that we demand - but on the terms that Jesus provides. Holy Week beacons us to pack our bags and head out on a journey where we don't know where we will end up.

But the journey will end, and we will end up somewhere. We will, in fact, end up just where we need to be. Thanks be to God.

Amen.