

Palm Sunday 2020

Feeling helpless is painful, anxious, difficult.

Standing by when events and circumstance have determined exclusion is frustrating

So much easier to be in the fray

So much easier to justify self by acts

To do something

The Blessed Virgin Mary watches them. The crowd cutting down the branches. Calling out Hosanna.
Declaring her son to be a King in defiance of the temple priests. In opposition to the might of the
Roman Empire.

False hopes. Ridiculous aspirations. Crazy exhilaration

Take from the individuals. Take from the crowd

All personal obligation. All personal commitment.

Then place it enthusiastically upon this scapegoat

This lamb of sacrifice

The mob see what they want it to be

The Blessed Virgin Mary sees a baby born in a stable

A boy taught by Joseph

A man who is so beautiful

Her son

She is helpless, anxious, pained

Standing by as the events and circumstance take their inevitable path

Within her womb she conceived the Son of God

With love beyond all telling

That same love she gives now. Silently, patiently, faithfully

There in the midst of the confusion and chaos

There in the noise and in the shouting

A love that asks nothing for itself

is giving

Is sharing

Is helpless in terms of the world

And speaking through two thousand years

To my heart

Telling me to be calm

To be faithful

To accept my own vulnerable nature

Then with the authority of this honesty

To give with a love that asks nothing for itself

To participate

in the prayer of the Blessed Virgin Mary

The prayer that allows fundamental change

Then feeds each generation

Always vulnerable

Always helpless

Always needing your love.