

WHO..?

(Matthew 21:1-11)

A borrowed donkey,
cloak-draped and bearing the one
called Son of David.

The crowd spread their cloaks,
putting their lives on the line,
acclaiming Jesus.

Hearing the story,
are we caught in the turmoil,
asking, "Who is this?"

Jeff Shrowder, 2020. (The Billabong, Australia)



It was not what I expected when our dad said we would be going to Jerusalem for Passover that year. Me and my brothers Isaiah, Amos and Joel (dad had a thing about the prophets!) were so excited at the prospect - Jerusalem seemed like a magical place, somewhere to be dreamed about, I never imagined we'd actually go.

So there we were, all of us plus some cousins and aunties and uncles, in Jerusalem and it was so amazing.

There were hundreds and hundreds of people there. The city was heaving with people having a great time. Everyone was in such a happy mood. It was even better than I had dreamed it would be.

It was what happened on our second day that made the experience so unexpected and special.

We were enjoying the day, we made new friends with the other children and there we were all playing and laughing together. It was like a carnival, better than a carnival really but suddenly we realised that the crowd was even more noisy and excited.

We squeezed our way to the front of the crowd to see what was going on and there was a man on a donkey riding down the street. We could hear the crowds cheering him, we could hear some people say it was Jesus.

Some people had cut branches from the palm trees and were waving them, others were throwing their cloaks into the road for the donkey to walk on.

I had no idea who Jesus was but the excitement was infectious so I found myself shouting and cheering along with everyone else. I grabbed a fallen palm branch and waved it too.

When Jesus rode passed the place where I was standing he looked and smiled.

It felt as if I was the only person in the crowd, as if that smile was only for me. I felt all warm and tingly inside.

I told myself - Esther, be sensible, he was smiling at everyone. You're old enough to know better, you get your Bat-Mitzvah next year - but I still felt as if I was the only person in the world at that moment and his smile was just for me.

All that happened so many years ago. Now I know who Jesus was and I understand the significance of that day in Jerusalem. For that moment I was the only person in the world and it was just me he smiled at and he captured my heart in that moment.



I've followed him ever since.

Rev. Heather Cooper