

## Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> April 2022

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**Reading** Psalm 118 1-6, 19-29 ([Contemporary English Version](#)) – this Psalm was used at the Passover  
Luke 19:28-40

### Prayer

All glory be to you the God of Creation. As we marvel at the wonders which surround us and fill our lives, our hearts are open in praise and wonder. As we behold the beauty of nature, we give thanks for the colour and diversity it brings to our lives. As we recognise our dependence on creation, we give thanks for your care in creating the eco system which sustains life.

Loving God we gather in your presence to listen, share, and pray as one, offering this time to you and giving thanks for the freedom to meet together, the stories to which we listen and from which we learn, especially the stories of Jesus and his message of your gracious love for all people.

In gracious thanks and in the company of all followers of Jesus we say together

Our father....

Today is Palm Sunday, the beginning of Holy Week and so we listen to the story of the events of that day as recorded in scripture.

**Reading** Luke 19:28-40

### Reflection

It is Palm Sunday, and we stand at the side of the road, amidst a crowd of people waving palms and throwing coats. It is an amazing scene, who could have imagined that the humble son of a carpenter would be welcomed into Jerusalem in such a way?

The crowds eventually thin and disappear and all that is left is the path. A path which for Jesus led to betrayal, denial, prosecution, death and most importantly for us, resurrection, all in the space of a week. We might think we have bad weeks, but they are nothing compared to this week. When Jesus entered Jerusalem, he was walking open-eyed into danger, he knew what he was about to face.

Jesus invites us to walk with him. To walk down the path that leads to a table, a table where Jesus sat and shared food with his disciples, some of whom would betray and deny him, although we only have second hand accounts of that. However, they like us were human and we do all make mistakes. Jesus forgave them and God forgives us. Jesus invites us to sit at the table and share food, as all are invited to sit at table because we are one in God and one with each other and so sitting at the table is a sign of oneness and a sign of our forgiveness of ourselves and others.

The path leads on, past the table to a hill with a tree, a tree which became the cross, and then beyond to a tomb, but as we pass, we notice the tomb is empty, because Jesus overcame death and walks further down the path.

We can join the path even now, it is never too late, Jesus invites us to walk with him, but it costs, more than any money it involves stripping off all those protective layers we put around ourselves and opening our innermost thoughts to God, and to others, it means being vulnerable.

It is a dangerous road, and God does not force us onto it, we choose to walk it as Jesus chose to walk it, open-eyed and aware of the cost, but if we search our hearts we know it is the path that leads to real meaning, other paths may appear promising but will turn out to be a blind alley, this one leads to life in all its fullness. It won't be easy, and we might stumble, we might crack, but the story of the way is important. If you break a plate, perhaps a valuable plate, you might take it to a plate restorer who with loving care, infinite patience and a certain amount of fine glue will piece it back together in such a way that to the untrained eye it might never have been broken. The invisible mend creates a new plate.

If you break a similar plate in China, the plate restorer will take the same care, have the same patience and piece together the plate using the finest gold, to mark the mend and seal into the plate the story of its life.

As we meditate on Holy Week we remember the breaks in the story, the cracks when Judas betrayed Jesus, when Peter denied Jesus, when the disciples fled, it might be tempting to hide these failings, to paper over the cracks but in doing so we would lose the meaning of the story. Instead, we should mark them in gold, sealing into the story the love of God that forgives our failings and turns them into hope. God does not wipe us clean in a way that obliterates our history, he cherishes our story and marks with gold the moments we have recognised our need and said 'heal me from all that keeps me from being the person I have the potential to be'.