

**“You Come Riding Into Our Lives”**

**A Palm Sunday Reading for Two Voices**

Based on a script by Hope Douglas J. Harle-Mould

Psalm 118: 21-29; Zechariah 9:9-10; Luke 19: 28-40

**Part I – The Year 29, CE**

**Voice 1: *Olivia***

We were there that first Palm Sunday  
Part of the one million Jews  
on pilgrimage from every nation far and near  
to the great festival of Passover,  
heading to the place every heart most wanted to be:  
the holy city of Jerusalem  
at the temple of Yahweh.

**Voice 2: *Marco***

We were all singing Songs  
As we climbed the steep roads of Mt. Zion,  
Songs like Psalm 118:  
“The stone which the builders rejected,  
Has become the chief cornerstone...  
Blessed is the one who comes in the name of the Lord!”

**Voice 1:**

That is when we saw you.  
Well, we almost didn't see you – except for the children,  
Surrounding you like a sea of palms,  
Waving their branches,  
Running back and forth, shouting,  
“Hosanna! Hosanna!”  
Making such a racket that older folks sought to squelch them.  
But you, as always, defended them:  
“If the children do not shout, the rocks and stones themselves will start to sing!”

**Voice 2:**

Finally, we realized it was you we had been singing about:  
YOU, the one we've been waiting for,  
A king like David who will war against our enemies  
And make our nation powerful and proud again.  
Who will make everyone believe in our religion the way WE believe.

Yes, YOU are the Messiah  
Who will deliver the miracles our lives need  
And make the wicked suffer what they deserve:  
Capital punishment on crosses.

**Voice 1:**

But why are you riding on that donkey?  
Why are you not driving a four-horse chariot,  
Or being carried by slaves in a carriage like a king?  
Why this slow, dumb, beast of burden?

**Voice 2:**

Others have said you teach in new ways,  
Always opening eyes through telling parables.  
Is this a parable, too? A parable you are enacting?

**Voice 1:**

That must be it!  
Yes, the donkey from the prophet Zechariah, in verse 9,  
The way in which Jerusalem will see its king arrive!  
You've chosen that strange prophecy to fulfill:  
*"Lo, your king comes to you;  
Triumphant and victorious is he,  
Humble and riding on a donkey."*

**Voice 2:**

But this is not the kind of Messiah we expected –  
The peace leader of Zechariah:  
*"He will cut off the chariot and war horse and battle bow,  
And he shall command PEACE to the nations."*

**Voice 1:**

Is this your parable to us?  
To teach us to see the glory of God in the ordinary,

**Voice 2:**

To see the power of God not through speed and force  
But in untiring, unswerving movement

**Voice 1:**

To see the might of God in a humility so perfect  
No legion could battle it??

**Voice 2:**

Without saying a word you are teaching us yet again.  
Teaching us to recognize where and how the holy comes riding into our lives  
In its surprising forms.

**Voice 1:**

As you ride past us, our head is telling us;  
“Be careful. Don’t get too involved.  
Stay safely back in the shadows.”  
But our hearts are pounding within us, saying.  
“DO IT! Make the commitment. And for once in your life, SHOUT!”

**All Voices:**

AND WE SHOUT!

**Voice 2:**

Some of us even run ahead of him and we tear off our coats  
And lay them in the road.

**Voice 2:**

No longer are we spectators of a holy celebrity.  
We have become participants  
In the inauguration of the kingdom of God.  
We’ve said, “YES!”

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### **Part II - The Year 2010, CE**

**K:** Palm Sunday was a long time ago.

In our time, we are still waiting

for something, for someone... and even though we place our faith in you, Jesus,  
we wonder why the world hasn't changed as you said it could.

**M:** Why?

Why do governments and religions still battle and oppress?

Why are we still such a divided world?

Where is the kingdom of God that you promised?

And who is to blame?

**K:** I have come to know that change happens so slowly, God.

But I don't know what I would do if Jesus hadn't ridden that donkey into Jerusalem 2,000 years ago. For that image... a man, fused with the power of God

facing down the powers and principalities;

a man strong enough, filled enough, holy enough to ride into such a storm and face derision, and betrayal like he was about to...

he IS my cornerstone, the foundation of all I hope for, the image of the invisible God.

**M:** How could I ever face the evils of this world if I wasn't shown how and why and where?

For you *still* come riding into our lives.

**K:** You arrive on our doorstep unannounced...

And we cannot help but rush out from behind closed doors to embrace you.

**M:** You ride into our lives

And hear the things within we cannot say.

You touch our wounds and say,

“Hide them no more; they will heal others.”

**K:** You pick up the fragments and failures of all our lives

and fuse them together into a new sculpture,

a pattern of meaning that you say was always there

within *our* clay yearning to emerge.

**M:** You come riding into our world and declare that the time of fear is over;

We don't have to hate any more.

**K:** You ride into a nation without heroes

and awaken within the most common among us...  
heroic qualities of courage and deeds of truth.

**M:** You ride into our society beset by addictions of need  
And offer to fill our empty spaces with exuberant aliveness.

**K:** You ride into a culture possessed by possessions  
And you free us by saying:  
The Lord has need of it.”

Imagine that!

**M:** You ride into nations and communities locked in combat,  
where somehow you bring enemies together into reconciling communities  
out of which a future is born.

**K:** You ride into places where people are forced to live without shelter or food or medical care  
And you, Jesus, stay there until those of us that have so much wonder where you are...  
And we come to find you, we come to find out why.

**M:** Now you are leaving, going on before us.  
We can see you nearing the top of a ridge...  
And with our last and best voice we call out to you...

Beloved, Teacher, Savior, Lord,  
Ride on into the lives of our children and their children,  
Ride on to give a moment of hope to all who need it.  
Ride on to make *our* city a new Jerusalem  
Where God's will is our will.

**K:** Ride on, for you *are* our love and our prayers  
and we won't forget what you taught us.  
Ride on, Lord Jesus, for you won't be alone,  
for in your name, we too will  
Ride on!

Let us pray:

Lord Christ, as you make your humble way this week, which can make each of *us* holy  
We offer you the strength of our own prayers that we may not betray you,  
That we will be by your side,  
That we will not run away from your mission  
That we will be *your* footprints in the sand.

Help us to understand that your way is now our way

And that because of you we never need fear the powers and principalities;  
the forces that try and throw you from your humble throne.

We are with you, Lord Christ,  
As you are with us... Amen.