

## Palm Sunday of the Lord's Passion: We Stand Beneath the Cross

We hold palm branches in our hands today. We say, "Hosanna, a word that means, Be now our Savior" Christ's entry into Jerusalem is the sign of our hope of entry into the heavenly Jerusalem.

A man with leprosy came before Jesus and was healed. But Jesus told him, "See that you say nothing to anyone about this." A deaf man came to the Lord. Jesus said, "Ephphathat, Be Opened" and the man was able to hear. Then Jesus told him, "Say nothing about this to anyone." A blind man had his sight returned, and, similarly, Jesus said to him, "Keep this quiet--don't even enter the villages."

Jesus died on the Cross, and a pagan, a Roman centurion, made the announcement, "Surely this is the Son of God."

To understand who Jesus is, we have to recognize the Cross.

To recognize how much God loves us, we have to realize the extent of his suffering for us.

To realize what it means to be followers of Jesus, we have to join him on the Cross.

### A Poem for Passion Sunday

#### Beneath the Cross

We stand beneath the Cross.  
With Mary and John.

The crowd is terrible.  
They yell insults at the Kindest One.  
This is what he gets, we get, for not being like everyone else.  
Their ridicule hurts Mary and John  
and Us.

We stand beneath the Cross with Mary and John.  
The leaders, the intelligentsia, mock the Truthful One.  
They say, "Prove to us you are God's Son."  
They laugh at those who have spiritual values.  
They scorn Mary and John  
and Us.

We stand beneath the Cross with Mary and John.  
His closest friends have deserted the Faithful One.  
Their absence screams, "We do not believe what you told us."

Escaping into materialism, their silence laughs at the poverty of belonging to a  
Crucified King  
They laugh at Mary and John  
And Us.

We stand beneath the Cross with Mary and John.  
His pain is unbearable.  
It is hard to look at the Innocent One.  
But he looks down from his pulpit,  
And loves Mary and John,  
And Us.

(I certainly am not a poet, but in this poem I am expressing what is in my heart  
when I look upon the cross. Happy Passion Sunday, May you have a Holy Week)