



Palm Sunday 2024

Mk 14:1-15:47

We have to get there!

In the end, we have to get there.

There is no scent of spring in the air yet, no empty tomb, no newly-minted sun to glitter on our incredulous tears.

We have to get there. And it is an uphill journey. The wind pushes the clouds into a threatening mass overhead, turning the sky the color of lead.

Here, our tears here are real and bitter and seemingly final.

We must reach the Place of the Skull, where life is drained from bodies, where time and violence become vultures feeding on the refuse of the world.

We have to get there because it is impossible to understand the scandal of the Cross without the Resurrection.

Death: we have to get there. There are those who leave the world surrounded by their children, embracing a sleep for which they almost yearn.

And there are those who resemble unwanted guests: rejected by life and nailed to the immobility of the cross, like God.

It is Paradise in reverse, where we put ourselves in God's place and chase away the creature without words of mercy and care.

We need to get there.

The Passion of Jesus must take us there, while we would rather be somewhere else, where faith has the perfume of flowers and fresh-baked bread, where belief does not unsettle but heartens, where Jesus appears and caresses.

Instead, this is where we need to be: alongside the people who were watching.