

Hosanna in the Highest

*“Blessed is the coming kingdom of our ancestor David!
Hosanna in the highest heaven.”*

Mark 1:2

Shouts of “Hosanna!” arise as the people covered the dusty road with palm branches and greeted Jesus with great enthusiasm. They see Jesus riding into Jerusalem. I believe they were likely surprised when he turned the corner onto the Holy City Main Street on a Donkey rather than a stately horse.

The ten-year-olds that made up the “youth group” at Kingsmill Community Church were challenged to reenact Christ’s triumphant entry into Jerusalem on what we all know as Palm Sunday. Raising horses for fun was what I did, and I had a one-year-old colt that was, in my mind’s eye, a beautifully royal appearing horse. I immediately volunteered Tonka Lynn to play the transportation for Jesus into Jerusalem, and of course, I would enact the character of Jesus. The girls rebelled and demanded we use Priscilla’s donkey for authenticity’s sake.

Our group consisted of four boys and two girls. Jimmy and I were fighting to play the role of Jesus. The girls wanted it to be authentic and demanded we ask JT, a senior in high school, to ride “the donkey” in our production. Admittedly his height towered over all four boys. None of us were closer than one foot from his height. Regrettably the girls convinced three boys to be on their side and grudgingly, I gave up my quest to ride my horse and agreed to put JT on the donkey. Not asking for sympathy here, just reporting the facts. Clearly, I did not come close to looking like the picture of Jesus on a Donkey in the painting on the Sunday school classroom wall. With much wailing and gnashing of teeth, I relinquished the position.

It was Bertie, my mother, who straightened out the division. She reminded us of the story by asking us to shout the word “Hosanna” as loud as we could. She had pieces of material in her hands and distributed them equally among all six. We were standing on a dusty road that curved around the North side of our house and barns, and cloth was what we would use as palm leaves. She asked us to pretend the cloth pieces were large corn stalks. The panhandle of Texas is no place to talk about Palm leaves, so she used the closest image in ten-year-old minds. There would be no corn stalks until the summer and leaves on the single elm tree on our property were not a worthy replacement, hence my future handmade shirt would be as close as we would get to the biblical rendition of the story.

The entry of Jesus the Christ into Jerusalem symbolized the dawning of His awareness in the heart of humankind. The crowd’s shouts of “Hosanna!” represented the prayers that a dawning of Christ consciousness would be protected and nurtured. Two thousand plus years later we worship through song, word, and reenactment in children plays. We do so to celebrate the growing Christ awareness in Jerusalem then, in our hearts today, and prayerfully throughout the world forever.

Peace always,

Ted