In the last few weeks every day has felt like Good Friday. War and violence, death and bloodshed of the innocent especially, have been difficult to accept. I believe we are witnessing a tragedy, a catastrophe of vast proportions. Not only are we watching the world as we know it disappear and turn upside down, we are also witnessing a disaster with great humanitarian repercussions. Ancient peoples who have lived in their ancestral home for generations are being killed by bombs, cultural and historical treasures are being destroyed, precious resources of the earth are being wasted. Oceans are being polluted, not to mention the air that populations are breathing, infrastructures are being demolished, people are losing their homes and loved ones.

I have lived in war. And I can tell you that there are no words to describe its horrors. War is horrifying, misery and bloodshed. War destroys, paralyzes and debilitated. I wonder why we humans whose deepest longing is for peace and joy engage in war again and again and again.

Every morning I lament the state of our world. I shed tears. I speak prayers. I mourn, and I grieve. I do this not only because of the war and the carnage but also because my heart shatters every time I hear "boastful talk about slaughter," as Phil Klay wrote in his article in NY times. We have been boasting about killing people and hitting them when they are down. We have been demonstrating our dominance and supremacy at the expense of the fragile. We have been unconcerned about obliterating the vulnerable and pillaging the resources of the earth. We have been referring to bombing and destruction as an "excursion," and we have been bragging about our superpower with unrestrained violence.

When did this worldview become Christian? When did this kind of perspective become connected with Jesus? When did we, who profess to follow Jesus, become undisturbed about values that destroy our humanity and the earth, that demolish our communities and societies, and harden our hearts to the pain of others? When did bragging at the expense of another become Christ like, and exhibiting supremacy and dominance something to gloat about?

There are many examples of this kind of boasting and bragging in our biblical story, and none end well. Time and time again we are we admonished not to trust in "chariots and horses," which symbolized the most advanced military might of the time. Time and time again we are cautioned against thinking we are God, that we can judge and condemn, and control life or human fate. We need to remember that earthly power is elusive, that force and coercion are momentary.

We are witnessing a Christianity that believes in violence and brutality that humiliates the poor, kicks the powerless, neglects the vulnerable, deports the asylum seeker, humiliates those who don't fit the norm, withholds health care from many, impoverishes education for all, damages the earth, and thinks that power and strength come with guns, military might and violence.

This Sunday we celebrate Palm Passion Sunday. On that Sunday Jesus came into the city, seated on a donkey, in a parade of peace. At the same time, another parade was unfolding where Ceasar was entering the city, seated on a horse, in a parade of imperial force and might. Two very different parades. One about boastful celebration of dominance and supremacy which throughout history has brought nothing but oppression and injustice. The other about the celebration of love and peace which with their quiet power bring healing, restoration and reconciliation.

As a people of faith, we know the parade to which we belong. The state can go to war, but the Church stands for peace.

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