



April 2017

Dear Friends,

Palm Sunday is a journey of transformation. We start with palms and shouts of “Hosanna.” This Hebrew word was an expression of joy and praise for deliverance that was anticipated or already granted—it shows the certainty of the expected result.

In our service, we, like the people who greeted Jesus with palms and coats strewn over the road, are expecting something wonderful. Then, our service moves quickly from joyous expectation to the passion and death of Jesus. Our palms of anticipation are folded over—they are transformed into the cross of Good Friday. Palm Sunday is an emotional ride that may often reflect the reality of our lives. Our happiness may quickly and unexpectedly be eclipsed by doubt, tragedy, or grief. We move from joy to sorrow.

As we venture through Holy Week, we know that Good Friday—crucifixion, death—is not the end of the story. We already know our Easter reality. We know that Christ is risen; we know that death is conquered. As we move from Good Friday to Easter a second joyful and permanent transformation takes place. The rough, splintery wood of the cross is changed into beauty. Easter lilies, joyful music and alleluias replace the solemn darkness of Good Friday.

Our hearts must reflect that same anticipation, that certain knowledge of joy, no matter what our present circumstances. In our dark hours we know that God is with us. In our sorrow we know that we are beloved. In our frailty and brokenness we know that we are forgiven.

When we experience the Good Friday of our lives, we must and do live in the hope and expectation of Easter joy. Just as Sunday surely follows Friday and Saturday, joy and reconciliation follow doubt and despair.

Your sister in Christ,

Mother Bonnie+