

THE DONKEY'S OWNER

Luke 19:28-44, John 12:12-19, Mark 11:1-11, Matthew 21:1-11

Many poets have tried to capture the profound tension. One attempt which speaks to me is in Clive Sansom's poem, "The Donkey's Owner," in which he compares the pompous entry of Pilate to Jerusalem one day followed by the arrival of Jesus the next morning.

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Snaffled my donkey, he did --- good luck to him!
Rode him astride, feet dangling, near scraping the ground
Gave me the laugh of my life when I first saw him,
Remembering yesterday --- you know, how Pilate come
Bouncing the same road, on that horse of his
Big as a house and the armor shining
And half of Rome trotting behind him. Tight mouthed he was
Looking as if he owned the world.
Then today,
Him and my little donkey! Ha! Laugh ---?
I thought I'd kill myself when he first started.
So did the rest of them. Gave him a cheer
Like he was Caesar himself, only more hearty:
Tore off some palm twigs and followed shouting,
Whacking the donkey's behind . . .
Then suddenly
We see his face.
The smile had gone, and somehow the way he sat
Was different --- like he was much older --- you know ---
Didn't want to laugh no more.

Powerful stuff. At first the donkey's owner thinks it's a just a laugh, but when he sees the face of Jesus, something profound spears at his heart: "Didn't want to laugh no more."

When Jesus touches our heart we too are transformed. We begin to look at life differently. We take on a servant's heart like Jesus to serve the lost and the least of this world. May your heart be changed by meeting the one you laid down his life so that you might have life and be forgiven.

God bless,
Pastor Barbara