

Palm Sunday voices

Palm Sunday, Grenoble, 2024

- cast:**
1. a disciple of Jesus
 2. the owner of the donkey
 3. a senior Jerusalem police officer
 4. a Jerusalem housewife
 5. Graham Kendrick, songwriter

Act One before Palm Sunday

disciple We've been on the way down to Jerusalem for months now.
It's all a bit tense; Jesus keeps telling us that he will be arrested and killed.
Which is not at all what we were hoping for - the establishment of God's kingdom.
Sometimes we have difficulty in really understanding the things that Jesus says to us.
And now he's sent two of us off to collect a donkey. God knows why !

the owner of the donkey It was my cousin that put me in touch with Jesus's people.
He said that they wanted to borrow a donkey to ride into Jerusalem.
I don't know why they don't take the bus into town like everyone else.
Anyway I'm letting them have this young colt called *Seraphim*.
He's not been ridden before, so I hope it goes alright with him.

senior policeman 'Evening all. I've been doing this job for coming up thirty years now.
We're used to dealing with demonstrations here; football hooligans and the like.
I've got some tough lads working for me; they're happy cracking a few heads open.
We've got this preacher Jesus and a bunch of his Galileans in town this weekend.
We'll be ready for them; all leave cancelled and lots of our men on the streets.

Jerusalem housewife This has always been a nice place to live, I think.
It's very convenient for the market, and I can always pop into the Temple for prayers.
The only problem is that demonstrations are very noisy; and leave a lot of litter.
A lot of Galileans are coming this weekend with their charismatic leader, Jesus.
And I've just scrubbed our front step, as part of spring cleaning for the Passover.

Graham Kendrick Make way, make way,
for Christ the King
in splendour arrives;
fling wide the gates
and welcome Him into your lives.

*Make way, make way,
for the King of Kings;
make way, make way,
and let His kingdom in.*

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Act Two **after Palm Sunday**

disciple Well, we got the donkey all right; Jesus was right, no problems at all with the owner. And after that, well, it was certainly one of the greatest days of my life. We came into the old city, Jesus on the donkey, the rest of us walking alongside. The crowds were going bananas, shouting *Hosanna* and all waving palm branches. It was never like this where I grew up back home in Capernaum. But I'm not sure quite how this new kingdom that Jesus speaks of will get started

the owner of the donkey I was so proud when I saw the pictures in the local papers. There was *Seraphim* looking like a world-beater with Jesus riding on him. Just like you see on the television at the *Trooping of the Colour*. So, now I'm wondering if I can advertise *Seraphim* and hire him out to tourists. That should make me a few bob or two. And the money will come in handy.

senior policeman Well, there were certainly a lot of people out on the streets on that day. But we've had much worse problems in the past with football supporters; especially then the local *Hapoel Jerusalem* team play *Maccabi Tel Aviv*. Jesus's supporters, mainly Galileans, were no trouble; nice, peaceful people really. And Jesus himself didn't say a lot, or make any difficulties for my men. I doubt if we'll hear any any more of him or his people in Jerusalem.

Jerusalem housewife Well, the crowds made a right mess of my nice, clean front doorstep. But one of Jesus's followers, a Galilean, a bit rough really, helped me clean it up. And I saw Jesus himself, a really impressive figure, not what I expected at all. He looked at me sitting on this donkey, and I felt his eyes saw right through me. Apparently he's teaching people this week along the road in the Temple courts. And my friend and I are going to make an effort to go and listen to him.

Graham Kendrick Well ... the week didn't turn out at all as many people had hoped.

Come and see, come and see,
come and see the King of Love;
see the purple robe and crown of thorns he wears.
Soldiers mock, rulers sneer
as He lifts the cruel cross;
lone and friendless now,
He climbs towards the hill.
We worship at Your feet,
where wrath and mercy meet,
and a guilty world is washed by love's pure stream.
... ..
I worship, I worship,
the Lamb who was slain.

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