

The King

A few weeks ago, my sister was telling me how she had taken our mother to the usual coffee morning in the village. On this occasion, they had begun talking to someone and the age of our mum came into the conversation (she will be 97 in the summer). The man commented on how well she was doing, and then added, how she would be looking forward to hearing from the King, when she reached 100.

Instantly both my sister and I, when she had told me this, thought the same thing. As much as mum is quite fond of the Royal family, and enjoys watching television programmes about the different members, hearing from King Charles is not a priority for her.

However, MEETING the King is something she IS very much looking forward to, but of course I don't mean King Charles. I mean King Jesus – the King of all kings!



This week is Holy Week and begins with Palm Sunday, the day we remember Jesus riding into the city of Jerusalem on a donkey.

When Jesus was born, we read in the Gospel according to Matthew, of the visit of the Magi, (sometimes referred to as wise men or kings). These were important people from the East who came to find Jesus after seeing a star, which showed them that a new king had been born. Knowing how Jesus was born to poor parents in a cattle shed, does not suggest that Jesus was a king. However, now, towards the end of Jesus' ministry, we see him greeted as royalty.

Everyone coming to the Passover feast in Jerusalem had heard of Jesus and at that time he had favour with most people. Crowds gathered on the roadside, and as was the custom of the day in greeting royalty, people spread their garments out on the road ahead of the donkey. As Jesus passed by, the people held palm branches and waved them high, acknowledging that Jesus stood in the line of King David. Shouting 'Hosana, Hosana, Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord, Praise God in the highest heaven!'.

It truly was a triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Yet, Jesus was no ordinary king. He wasn't like any other king. He was the Servant King, the one who came to love and serve others.

He surprised people throughout his ministry, and on this important day, he shocked them even more by riding humbly, on a lowly donkey.

As Jonathan Edwards says, "Palm Sunday is consistent with the whole of Jesus' ministry. He never chose to associate with the powerful or important people. He was content to spend his time with the dregs of society, the people whom others overlooked. He welcomed children, went to parties with tax collectors and prostitutes, touched people who had leprosy, spotted deep faith in non- Jewish people and welcomed women in a society where they were second-class citizens".

Jesus was fulfilling the Prophecy written in Zechariah 9 v9 "See your King comes to you, righteous and having salvation, gentle and riding on a donkey, on a colt, the foal of a donkey".

For the people gathered on the roadside, shouting out their praises, this was who they had been waiting for. They believed their freedom and liberation was very close at

hand. Little did the crowd know, or understand at that time, what lay ahead for this 'Saviour', but Jesus himself did. Jesus knew as he travelled into Jerusalem, that in the next few days, he would be betrayed, denied, arrested, spat upon, beaten and tortured, falsely accused, and eventually crucified on a Cross at Calvary! Yet, knowing all of this, he kept going! Why? Because Jesus was fulfilling his mission. This is why he was born; to save God's people from their sin.

Ashamedly and sadly, the crowds who were shouting 'Hosanas and Praise the Lord', at the start of the week, by Good Friday were yelling out, 'Crucify him, Crucify him!'.

The one who they thought could save them, couldn't even save himself! But they had got it all wrong. Jesus could have come down from the cross, but, being obedient to His Father, he chose not to and died in our place, taking our sin upon himself, so that we might be forgiven and saved and be reconciled to God our Father and Creator.

Of course, the story doesn't end there. After the unimaginable, dreadful 'Good Friday', and the death of Jesus, the first disciples did not know what was to follow, but we do!. We have Easter Sunday, when we celebrate the risen Jesus. The King was alive, and lives today. Praise God!

Happy Easter. God bless.

Eileen

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