

Hosanna to the Son of David!

Painting: Jorge Santangelo



The disciples went and did as Jesus had ordered them. They brought the donkey and colt and laid their cloaks over them, and he sat upon them. The very large crowd spread their cloaks on the road, while others cut branches from the trees and strewed them on the road.

The crowds preceding him and those following kept crying out and saying: "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!" When he entered Jerusalem the whole city was shaken and asked, "Who is this?" The crowds replied, "This is Jesus the prophet, from Nazareth in Galilee."

Seated on a donkey, a humble mount, to avoid being ranked among the triumphant warlords who, mounted on their horses, took possession of cities, Jesus enters the city that kills prophets.

Today, in the place of cloaks, we spread before him our lives so that he can enter the new Jerusalem, and with our entire being we hail him as king. In spirit, we wave our branches before Jesus who, in every Eucharistic Celebration, returns to his Jerusalem to reign and save.

Foto: Unsplash



COME, KING OF KINGS!

Come, Lord Jesus!
Come into the story of my life.
Come into the time in which I live.
Come into my yearnings.
Come into my failures.
Come into my plans.
Come into my fears.
Come and dwell in me
because you are King.
Amen.

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