

Passion Sunday A 2020

Without the waving of palms and triumphal entry into Jerusalem, we are missing something radically important in the whole of the passion story. Just like celebrating Passion Sunday in an empty church seems utterly wrong. Singing *Hosanna to the Son of David* with all the people would have been a memorable event for the apostles and disciples of Jesus, a consoling memory when they look back on the passion and resurrection of Jesus. And, though many would have lost their faith in Jesus when they saw him crucified, there were many who remained faithful and formed the corpus of the early Church. Maybe this year we are being asked to focus particularly on the loneliness of Jesus once he was arrested until he died on the cross. There is a difference in a loneliness in which you realise that you are the only one who can do this and a loneliness of complete isolation and abandonment. Fortunately for Jesus and a consoling thought for us is that all along the way, although his disciples had fled out of fear and Peter later denied him, John was at the scene of his trial. Jesus may even have been aware that Pilate's wife pleaded his cause. If not Veronica, others in the crowd wept for him and in the background, as always, his mother walked with him every step of the way. In making this journey with him, as we do today, we join those other faces in the crowd, even taking the place of Simon and help in carrying his cross. Wherever we may be today, we make this journey to calvary with Jesus together. Yes. In this way we journey with Jesus together. Amidst all the noise and brutal cries of some in the crowd, the whole of this slowly unfolding scene was surrounded by a deathly silence. It was almost as if the air had become empty; the sun had stopped and the clouds stood still waiting expectantly yet threatening, like an indrawn breath waiting to explode forth. At the cry "*Into your hands I commend my Spirit!*", there was an almighty cry of pain and sorrow from

the heavens that sounded like a clap of thunder and lightning, and, all of a sudden, the veil in the temple was torn in two. The silence that followed was deafening, except for the single cry of the Centurion – a pagan – *“In truth this was a son of God.!”* – Let us join him in saying together *“In truth this was a son of God.!”* His mother and those who still believed would have been dumbstruck. This should not have happened. This is not the way it should be. Jesus was truly dead. They had seen the soldier pierce his heart with a lance. A heart so full of love – a heart that reached out to everyone - for didn't they hear him say *“Father forgive them for they know not what they do!”* How could they have got it all so wrong? The grief is overpowering, almost suffocating. The only thing possible to do now is cry, and cry, and cry!!

Crucifixion Binoy Raveendram

Enamoured in green attire

She emits divine light everywhere

Wicked being's logged bad deeds to mother's heart

Stabbed her flesh into bits and pieces

Made her head bald by deforestation

Snow beads of the divine ring being snatched away

and turned in to filthy and deserted places

She lost the look of adoration for ever.

We crucified her....

When tears burned her eyes ...

We called it a "Tsunami!"

When her body slithered in utter pain

We called it an "Earth quake!"

When head louse hatched out of her head

We called it "Corona!"