

Palm Sunday of the Passion of the Lord

Luke 23:1-49

We are on our way. At the beginning of Holy Week. Pilgrims of Hope. Journeying towards wholeness.

We are on our way with Jesus towards Jerusalem. On the path to transformation.



We wave our palms. Hold them high. Accompany them with shouts of “Hosanna!”. We recognise in Jesus how we are to live. With humility. With love. With mercy. And we celebrate.

We wave our palms. Hold them high. Even though we know that things are about to change. From adulation to rejection. From acceptance to betrayal.

We are on our way with Jesus towards Jerusalem. On the path to transformation.



We clutch our palms. Hold them close.

For a moment Jesus wishes it weren't like this. He prays: "Abba, if you are willing, remove this cup from me..." We can relate. Like us, Jesus would prefer not to suffer.

Almost immediately Jesus surrenders, praying for the grace to endure what cannot be changed: "... not my will but yours be done." We are called to relate. To endure what cannot be changed.



We walk in solidarity with Jesus who, in his brokenness on the cross, was one with suffering.

We are on our way with Jesus towards Jerusalem. On the path to transformation.

We are pilgrims with Jesus, journeying towards wholeness, to resurrection.

