

Alexander the Great, warrior, hailed as king throughout ancient world, rode into Jerusalem 350 years before Jesus. Alexander who was taught by Aristotle, had kingly processions into cities, of grandeur the world had ever seen. Legions of soldiers, hundreds of horses, cavalry. Herds of animals, hundreds in choir and musicians, hundreds of chariots. Burning incense filled the streets. Entry road carpeted with garland and flowers. In full military regalia, Alexander in a stately chariot. This is man's wisdom and strength and power and success.

Our King enters Jerusalem, as the world sees as weak, insignificant. No warhorse, mighty procession or chariot as kings of this world. His Kingdom is not of those things. What king rides a lowly, rented donkey dressed as a servant. a lowly king who rides to die. Our King comes to do battle; To lay down His life so that you may have life.

What kind of king is this? Clothed in full regalia of mockery, ripped flesh, crown of thorns. What king calls His glory, being lifted up on a cross as a criminal in shame. Your king. Your King rides that day, to have you sitting here today. To answer their prayer, your prayer: **Hosanna**. A cry -Lord save us!

This is Passion Sunday, the older, more historic name for Palm Sunday. "Passion" intense love, fervent devotion, extreme. The word comes from the Latin *passus*, to suffer, His love is shown in its greatest, in His suffering.

This week – all creation looks to. Everything He came to do. So that you and me - rebels, unworthy, sick, dregs of society - have all that we need to stand before God: the passion of Jesus - His suffering, death, and burial. Your Baptism declares it; the Supper declares it. Passion that by His wounds you are healed. Yet this is not a tragedy. This is a love story, He has no second-thoughts or regrets: we were worth it. You were worth it. Your king comes to clothe you with Himself, in baptismal garments, to give you a crown of life.

Holy Week, we commemorate the fullness of all time, the last days of our Lord's humiliation, the most important week of your life and He still comes for you. This week is a theater for the worst of man. All the dark secrets of your heart are exposed. You are there in Judas' betrayal, in Peter's denial, in the hateful crowd that chose Barabbas, in the cowardice, political correctness of Pilate, in the cruelty of the Roman guards, in fair-weather followers, in cowardly disciples. Yet here is your only hope. Repent and rejoice. **For the Son of Man was lifted up to draw you to Himself**. God being God for you. See His glory there.

For confirmands of yesteryear and those who confess this day. Your entire life always revolves around greeting Your King. Don't ever think you have learned enough; or stop growing in the vastness of His Kingdom. Don't listen to probably the worse advice in the history of the world, 'to follow your dreams', and equally as bad, 'listen to your heart.' My heart is a filthy, self-centered cesspool. My dream even worse, self-serving. Do you realize how many people get hurt, how they've neglected their duty, how many families, marriages destroyed under the guise of following your dreams and listening to their heart. Instead, here is the best advice ever, because it's from Christ, Scripture.: Repent. Receive His gifts. Live by His word in His Kingdom, bask in His forgiveness. For there is really no other life here to life.

Hosanna! Lord save us!! We greet our King as He lowly comes under bread and wine - the world still sees as weak, insignificant -yet it IS Jesus. The fullness of God to you. Why we sing heaven's song, the children's song, **Hosanna** in the historical liturgy each Sunday before the

Supper. For there is no greater song to sing to greet your King. Who enters this holy city to united Himself to you.

Passion Sunday. 4 days from the institution of the NT in His Blood, 5 days from the destruction of death and Hell and its power in His holy death, and the vindication of His Kingship one week from today. **The hour has come for the Son of Man to be glorified...And I, when I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all people to myself.** Let this week heal your sin-sick soul, bind up your broken heart, restore your courage and faith. Rejoice and sing Hosanna.

For you are His beloved, why the King comes, then, now, forevermore.

_____, your King comes to you today as in no other way on this earth with the greatest treasure of His Kingdom. Your king comes to feed you, daily care of you, give you His very body and blood that you life forever. I can't tell you enough, as your faith is a gift, even in baptized babies, this faith given you -will starve without His life-giving nourishment of His Word and Sacrament here to feed you, heal you, sustain you, rescue you, bring you to eternal life. You need His Word, this Supper, more than anything else, more than any other need in your life, For you were created for eternity and only eternal things can satisfy your souls and keep you until the Day. It is our prayer, all of us here, that the Word and Supper are not far from your ears and mouth, that you be filled with Him. The time has come, the feast is ready. Blessed is the King who comes to us, today, in the name of the Lord. The promise God spoke in heaven at your Baptism is still good. It always will be.