



# Hosanna, Loud Hosanna

“The king is coming!” The word would have spread quickly throughout the city as shouts of “hosanna” announced Jesus’ triumphant entry into Jerusalem. The Jewish people had been waiting for the promised Messiah, the conqueror that would overtake Rome and restore the throne of David. It was their freedom that was drawing close and victory was to be celebrated. But all the pomp of the parade didn’t match what the people saw. Where is his mighty warhorse? It would have made for a much more impressive entrance. In the place of kingly regalia, Jesus was commonly dressed and cloaks covered the unassuming donkey on which he rode. There were no trumpeters; in fact, children led the way. There were no arms-bearers, no princely courtiers; his escort was lowly fishermen, his disciples. Jesus rode into town with no place to lay his head and no earthly palace to claim. His message was one of peace and love, humility and service.

The sight of it all was anything but victorious. It makes you wonder if any of the believers were tempted to shrink back when they witnessed their King entering in this way. Did their boisterous anthem become a dissipating hum? For those that knew Jesus and saw his ministry from the beginning, perhaps their song grew louder; they knew something that the others didn’t. Jesus’ message has always been a simple, humble one. These followers could remember hearing the stories of his lowly birth to an average couple in front of a group of no-name shepherds. They thought about his career as a carpenter and the common disciples he had kept close to his side. This was the Christ that ate with sinners. It would make sense that this kind of King would enter in this way. His kingdom was not of this world.

Christ’s kingdom is an upside-down one. The nature of it teaches that if you want to be a peer, you must become a disciple – the serving, loving, giving kind. How do you work your way to the top? By becoming the least among men and living a life of obedience. What does the top look like? Those who are considered the greatest will find their place at the Savior’s feet. The meek, the humble, the poor in spirit – these are the nobility in Christ’s kingdom. The strongest are those who arm themselves with love and peace. The wisest will be those who know the fear of God. And, ultimately one finds life in the act of dying to his own will.

So, “the children sang their praises, the simplest and the best” and this was fitting for this kind of King. For those believers who lined the dusty street on that day, their song was one of “loud hosannas” because this was their Conqueror and his reign would have no end. There is no wonder then that without a kingly robe to adorn the Savior or a purple carpet to cover the road, they gave anything and everything they had. Many took their valuable cloaks and tossed them on the dirt. These are the people of the King’s army; and, in the place of swords, these followers held palm branches high at the sight of their Victor.

Some would have wanted bloodshed, tears, and devastated cities; but on that day, the Prince of Peace rode in! The earth is his footstool and yet this King was one of their own – approachable and humble. He calls us brothers and sisters, too. So, don’t be fooled by what you see, this “Christ is our Redeemer, the Lord of heaven, our King!”

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