



# All Glory, Laud, and Honor

It was (to borrow from Dickens) the best of times; it was the worst of times.

Jesus rode into Jerusalem under a blanket of Hosannas. Palms were placed before Him in a sign of honor and respect reserved for royalty. The cry went out, “Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord!”

And yet, Jesus rode to His death. He rode into a city filled with people who would betray Him and deny Him and abandon Him—and those were His friends! His enemies would try Him and scourge Him and crown Him with thorns. They would spit on Him. They would stab Him with a spear and laugh at Him. They would crucify Him.

We sing and offer Christ all of our glory, all of our praise, all of our honor. We claim to join all of creation in replying to the song of the angels. And we ask Him to accept what we offer.

So singing this song, the text of which recalls that triumphal yet doomed entry into Jerusalem, raises a question for us: Is this the best of times or the worst?

Are you bowing before your King? Are you honored that He is riding by, noticing you and smiling? Are you thrilled to know that when you pause to take a breath, the slack will be taken up by the rocks themselves crying out in praise?

Or are you joining the crowd in the hype during the event of the moment? Will your Sunday song be drowned out by the catcalls of Thursday and Friday? Will your sacred day be lost in the mob scene of the coming week?

This is not a hymn to be sung because it is placed before you or because it happens to be a certain day of the year. This is a hymn of highest adulation. This is a hymn that promises our best—all of the glory and honor that we can bestow—because we know that seeing our Lord is the best of times.

He is high and exalted. He, who is good and gracious, is worthy. We, who are unworthy, raise a melody to Him. May He, who knows our hearts, accept our praise.

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