Prophecy, suffering and Creative hope

Meditations for Easter from the Romero Community

Palm Sunday

At first there were cheers and noise,
'Hail the hero', banners and branches, people shouting and waving.
But then someone said, 'This man weeps with those who weep'.
And some of the noise died down for the sound of weeping is uncomfortable.
'Why should *we* weep? *We* are not sad'.
The edges of the crowd melted into the shadows.

But still he went on.
The noise was there but softer.
And the word went around, 'This man knows no barriers of race'
'Why should we care what happens to those with different skin and different ways?'
And a few more dissolved away.

Still he went on, while those who cheered grew hesitant.
One of them said, 'He does not tolerate greed or selfishness.'
And they said, 'The fool, this whole world is greedy and selfish. Leave it be.'
And the noise and the crowd grew less.
It became known that he stood for truth and would not stay silent in the face of injustice.
And soon all was quiet, the streets empty... and silent...
and he walked on... alone
And a great silence descended on the land.....