A Palm Sunday Parade Memory Moment...

"Your King is coming to you, humble, and mounted on a donkey." (Zechariah 9:9)

I was in a parade once...

No surprise that a parade should be held for me since I am so widely known. The town streets were lined with kids let out from school, floats and a band with pom-pom girls. Lots of cameras and little ones lifted on shoulders for a better view. I rode in my own car waving from open windows right behind the blinking lights of the sheriff as people cheered. I am sure the parade was front page news. This will be another of the achievements reported in "The Story of Art."

On this Palm Sunday. I was having a private parade, witnessed only by myself as I walked my after--breakfast circuit on our driveway...keeping my distance, of course.

I wrote last time that going to a mid-week Lenten service would work for social distancing...

and even suggested giving up Lent for Lent

Obviously I should have foreseen giving up Palm Sunday and Easter too!

Stories like "the triumphal entry" into Jerusalem abound in both Hebrew and Christian Bibles...

not to tell what really happened...

but to speak a deeper meaning for the reader to seek.

Read the Passover stories like most Jewish scholars and rabbi's do...

and read the Easter stories as Jewish people would read them...

1st as stories --- 2nd more deeply for meaning embedded in the story--- 3rd Spirituality

I always like it when someone gets recognition before they die...

like a pre-memorial party if not a parade...

Christians wrote a parade with Hosanas into their Jesus story....

just about the only cheers he ever got.

How will history tell the story of The Pandemic of 2020?

How will history untangle the daily briefings?

How will history writers sort fact from fiction?

How report who gets credit or blame?

How report the renewed place of science again?

How report the record heroic medical providers and hospitals?

How report the record economic crisis and massive funding of a recovery?

How report the wealthiest country in history with so many citizens

without health care insurance or jobs with benefits or a living wage?

Oh, about that parade...

I was once lost in a small town. I saw a policeman directing traffic for a town parade. I pulled over and asked him which way I should go. He said, "Wait a minute until this band gets by, then follow me.." He got in his car turned on the blinking lights and followed the last band all the way through town. I've participated in many marches but that was my first parade. This last report is probably more true than the first. After all the first report was from a memory 40 years ago. Memory tends to improve a story as years pass. For the Moment...

Art Morgan, Easter Week 2020