

MM Email Blue Sheet—Palm Sunday Eve—2013

HIPPITY HOPPING INTO JERUSALEM

Our bunny trail on the way to Easter leads through Ashland this year. It takes about four hours to cover the miles from Corvallis. It takes us from 250' altitude to 2000 feet. I mention it only to point out that the route from the Sea of Galilee to Jerusalem rises about 3500 feet beginning below sea level. Jesus and party had an up hill walk.

We had tickets to “My Fair Lady” in the venue of the famed Shakespearean festivals. As it happened our ticket dates fell on Palm Sunday eve afternoon.

It happens that our grandson, Aram and wife Alia and our great-grand-daughter Mikaela live just off the path in Medford. Mikaela is expecting a sister momentarily. We'll be peeking in on them, as well as daughter-in-law (and Mikaela's grandma) Sharon. Lots of people appear on our bunny trail toward Easter.

Palm Sunday, with the tradition of accolades for Jesus on his entry into Jerusalem, hopped into my mind right in the middle of a riotous celebration scene in “My Fair Lady.” The scene I'm thinking about is when Henry Higgins successfully transforms Eliza into a lady...a virtual princess. He gifts her with language and voice and presence to rise up and walk tall. Women cheered her refusal to be diminished because of gender. Henry Higgins deserves praise for that. I forget how Pygmalion worked things out, but Eliza and Henry walk out together. We gave them a standing ovation.

I'm probably the only one in that place who thought, “Just like Palm Sunday.”

“Fair Lady” is fiction, I am sure. Or if originally based on a true story it has evolved into fiction that has the feeling of truth. I think George Bernard Shaw based the original story on a myth which is often more true than fiction. I'll have to ask my cousin, Chuck Berst, who is a noted Shaw scholar. Fiction opens our eyes to truth.

Just like Palm Sunday.

It's a great story. People love Palm Sunday. I still remember carrying a palm branch into our big church when I was a child with hundreds of other children. I didn't care about history, or know anything about scholarship. If I thought anything I thought Jesus deserved some applause.

Just like Henry Higgins, Jesus caused people to rise up, live above where they had been. He gave stature to marginalized people. Especially women.

We know that he went into Jerusalem. We don't know about all the hoopla. It was Passover, after all, and thousands of Jews were heading into the city. I suspect Jesus went to celebrate Passover, but something went wrong. We're still hopping down the trail toward Easter. Whatever happens to us this week, let's keep Palm Sunday in mind.

Jesus was a person who deserved to be applauded, cheered and celebrated, whether he ever was or not. So are you.

—Art Morgan, March 23, 2013

Easter at Inavale Farm—Sunday Brunch

If you are in range, feel welcome

Keep on Hopping. Easter's on its way—next Sunday!