



March 28, 2021

At the end of the day...

We have arrived on our journey to Jerusalem. Psalm Sunday is when we read, remember and reflect upon the final days of Jesus' earthly life. Our story begins with an unnamed woman who anoints Jesus, followed by a series of betrayals, his frustration with the disciples, naming one of them who will betray him, his presentation to the High Priests, and more betrayal. In the end of this story he is then handed over to the power of the Empire for execution by the state.

At the end of the day, where are we? Where are we in this story? Where are we today? Are we the unnamed woman who puts Jesus front and center with adoration? Are we the ones who are overconfident in our faithfulness that we find room to judge the actions of others? Are we the ones who are devout and yet betray Jesus when it gets just tough? Are we the ones who put our heads in the sand and fall asleep instead of being awake?

My childhood church held Confirmation on Palm Sundays. All year our Confirmation group would sit on the front pew as a group every Sunday. The year I was confirmed I remember something happened I would never forget. In the middle of the sermon, a man who appeared to be unkempt and disheveled, walked with heavy, loud footsteps down the center aisle, up the marble steps, through the chancel and fell on his knees at the high altar. Dr. Cheek continued his sermon. I don't remember what happened after that but I do remember the responses this dramatic moment had on every person there.

As our group was leaving to go to the coffee hour, one of the people in our group said, "How horrible and rude. I feel so bad for Dr. Cheek!" Immediately, Dr. Cheek's son turned around and with a smile said, "That's every pastor's dream. To move someone by the spirit for them to accept Christ!"

I didn't know what to think when everything was happening but when I heard Dick, Jr. say those words, I realized what happened. Something stirred in my heart and I thought, surely God is happy this day. I realize now, that our church was filled with all those people in the scripture reading for today.

There were the judgmental people, the betrayers, the powerful state representatives (the Governor was a member of the church), and there was that one marginalized person who remained unnamed to this day who was the most faithful of all. I wanted to be like her. I have yet to measure up, however, I try and work on that a lot. She taught me a lot about focusing on what is important in my call as a Christian... a follower of Jesus the Christ.



I am sure there are days, when I must admit that I could be any person in this story...except Jesus. None of us will ever measure up to Jesus. It is so easy to slip into the others. To betray even those I love. The flawed nature of being human is that we can be oblivious sometimes. We can be oblivious or apathetic. I wonder if we would be any different from those who failed him so.

On this Psalm Sunday, it is my hope and prayer that we will enter this week we will spiritually humble ourselves to be "on our knees" and anoint Jesus and not take these last days for granted. May we look at the people in this scripture and ask ourselves...Where am I?

At the end of the day, claiming where we are in this final week, could be a new invitation for us to enter this week with intention. Do not rush to Easter. Really BE present in this final week. Pray with this scripture and consider who you are in this story. At the end of the day it is up to us to choose.

- Rev. Dr. Susan Minasian

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2021 ANNUAL SPRING MEETING
Friday, June 4 – Saturday, June 5
"Deepening Our Journey – Deepening Our Connection"
 virtual meeting using the Whova platform

Register at:
<https://psecannual21.eventbrite.com>

