



Riding Into Jerusalem

Luke 19:28-42

Popsy pulled open the heavy metal door of the Bonzai Brothers Flight School hangar and looked inside the huge, dark room. He blinked as his eyes tried to adjust to the darkness. "Hullo there, 800 Pound Gorilla! Where are you?" He called out as he cautiously entered the hangar; walking slowly with his hands outstretched to feel his way around the room.

"Now where is that light switch?" He mumbled to himself. This was followed by a loud "OWW" as he stubbed his toe on a large, heavy object lying in the middle of the floor. "Who left that in the middle of the floor?" He cried as he jumped around in pain.

"Bluh-bluh-bluh-bluh-bluh!" Came a deep gorilla voice from the darkness.

Popsy sat down hard on the ground, removed the sandal from his left foot, and rubbed his big toe. "Oww, oww!" He cried. Then turning toward the voice, He asked, "Is that you 800 Pound Gorilla? What are doing in here? Are you hidin' from me? Oww!"

"Bluh-bluh-bluh-bluh-bluh!" 800 Pound Gorilla replied.

"What's that?! You're afraid to arm wrassle with me? You're a great, big 800 Pound Gorilla and you're scared of a little fella like me! I'm even injured, now!" Popsy called into the darkness as he continued to rub his toe.

"Bluh-bluh-bluh-bluh-bluh!"

"Oh, it's because I twisted your arm and beat you the last three times! Don't be a baby. I'll tell ya what, I'll give ye another chance. This time the loser has to give the winner a piggyback ride. Fair enough?"

"Bluh-bluh!" 800 Pound Gorilla agreed as a light flickered on from a dim, dusty, yellow bulb swinging from the ceiling high above the hangar floor.

Popsy laughed as he blinked hard to adjust his eyes to the light. "Oh now ye want to be seen!" He gave his toe one last rub and then hobbled over to a large crate sitting next to one of the walls. He sat down on a stool and pulled his sandal back onto his injured foot. 800 Pound Gorilla peeked from behind the tail section of Chauncey's plane and slowly ambled across the floor to meet Popsy at the crate.

"Alright! Are ye ready?" Popsy asked as he and the Gorilla placed their elbows on the table and grasped hands and prepared to arm wrestle. "1-2-3! Aha! Got ye agin!" Popsy yelled as he slammed the hairy gorilla's hand down onto the crate.

Being defeated at arm-wrestling again was too embarrassing for 800 Pound Gorilla. He did not want to stick around and carry Popsy on his back to show everyone how he, the big gorilla, had lost to the little, gray-haired Scottish pilot. He cried, "Bluh-bluh-bluh-bluh-bluh!" as he ran through the hanger door and out into the rainforest.

"Hey! Get back here 800 Pound Gorilla!" Popsy yelled as he hobbled through the door after him.

"Hello Popsy!" Algie greeted his father as he turned the corner to the outside of the hanger. "I say, I just saw 800 Pound Gorilla speeding through the jungle like Lightning McQueen! Where do you suppose he was running in such a hurry?"

"Far, far awee from me." Popsy replied with a frown and a wave of his hand.

"Away from you? But why?"

"I was tryin' to get him to let me ride on his back."

"Why would you want to ride on the back of a Gorilla?" Algie asked, very confused at such a strange idea.

"Well, as you know, we're celebrating the day Jesus rode into Jerusalem! I thought it would great idea to act out the story. I would ride on 800 Pound Gorilla's back all the way to the beach hut, and we could all celebrate like the people did when they saw Jesus that day!" Popsy replied, convinced that his answer made complete sense.

Algie just shook his head. "But Popsy, there are no 800 pound gorillas in the Bible."

"Oh, yes there is! I'll show you. Let me get the Bible out right now!" Popsy pulled his little New Testament Bible out of his shirt pocket and flipped through the pages. "Here it is! It was the day that Jesus came back to Jerusalem. He came in riding on a monkey..."

Algie reached for the Bible. "Let me see that...it doesn't say monkey! It says, 'He came in riding on a *donkey!*'"

Popsy squinted his eyes and looked over son's shoulder at the words on the page. "Are you sure?" He asked.

"Of course, I'm sure! It's says it was the colt of a donkey, not monkey!" Algie said confidently.

"Do you mean a young baby donkey?" Popsy asked.

"Yes, Jesus told His followers that in the village ahead they would find a colt that had never been ridden and that they should untie it and bring it to Him," Algie explained.

"Wait a tick!" Popsy paused and asked, "Didn't that donkey belong to someone? Don't tell me they stole it! That's "Grand Theft Donkey!"

"They didn't steal it," Algie replied calmly. "Jesus told them that if anyone asks, "Why are you untying it?" tell him, "The Lord needs it."

"Well, what did the owners say?" Popsy asked.

They said, "Why are you untying the colt?"

"I knew it!" Popsy said confidently. "And what happened next?"

Algie answered, "It all happened just as Jesus said it would. They replied, "The Lord needs it.' Then the owners gave them the donkey's colt

"Aha! I knew it!" Popsy said proudly. "I knew they'd never get away...wait! Algie? Did you say they gave it to them?"

"Of course, those owners wanted to give the Lord whatever He asked of them," Algie explained.

"Oh, I get what you're saying!" Popsy nodded, "So what the Bible is telling us is that Jesus wants us all to go out and buy a donkey and give it to Him. So Jesus can have a billion donkeys!

Algie shook his head, "Popsy, that's not what the Bible is saying. The Lord just wants us to *serve* Him with whatever we have."

Popsy smiled, "Ahh! Now I see! It's about serving! Jesus wants us all to get a job on a farm so we can serve donkey food to donkeys!"

"No, Popsy!" Algie was flustered. "It's not about the donkeys at all! It's about serving the Lord with whatever you have. When He is the Lord of your life, you trust Him enough to give Him whatever He ask of you - just like the owners of the donkey did."

Popsy wondered, "So, you're saying if the Lord asks me to give away my aeroplane because He needs it, then I can trust Him and give up my aeroplane to serve my Lord.

"Exactly!" Algie breathed a sigh of relief and said, "The Lord asks us to give our offerings, and so we can trust Him with my money offerings."

"I can trust the Lord and give to Him whatever He asks of me- no matter what it is!"

"That's right!" Algie continued, "And when we do that, we can trust that whatever we give Him, He'll surely use it to build His kingdom in incredible ways! After all... "It's incredible but true, what the God of Wonders can do!"