



The Triumphal Entry

Luke 19:28-42

Sir Praisealot sat on a stone bench in the shade of a beautiful palm tree reading a well-worn leather Bible. His faithful horse, Shadow, stood munching on sweet clover as his master meditated on the word of God. He used to spend hours every day polishing his prize medal. However, since he had given it up he found that he had so much more time to spend with the Lord. The garden was so peaceful at this time of day. Suddenly, the silence was interrupted by loud singing coming from outside the garden wall.

He walked to the gate to have a look. Just coming into sight along the winding country road was a man wearing flowing purple robes seated atop a strong white horse. The man on the horse was singing as he rode; everyone he passed could not help but turn to look.

"Oh so pretty, is the sky up there. Oh so lovely, are the flowers over here. God's creation is beyond compare," the man sang. He passed a deer nibbling grass by the side of the road and called out, "Hello, you beautiful creature! You look lovely!"

"Ah, my cousin!" Sir Praisealot announced with a shout. He waved as the prince reigned in his horse at the garden gate. "Cousin! It is so good to see you!"

Prince Lovesalot bounded down from his horse and wrapped his cousin up in a big bear hug. "Hello, cousin," he said as he stepped back a few steps. "I just love the garden of the King. It's such a paradise!"

"We have Theophilus, our gardener to thank for that! I'm just here to defend the Kingdom," Sir Praisealot said with a chuckle. He looked at Prince Lovesalot's fancy robes and gold chains. "You always make such a triumphal entrance," he observed.

"I try to spread cheer and happiness wherever I go!" The Prince explained. "You know, that reminds me of the triumphal entry that Jesus made."

"I love that report! I must confess it has been quite a while since I've read it. Perhaps you can help me find that story," Sir Praisealot said as he handed him the heavy leather Bible.

Prince Lovesalot admired the cracked, shiny leather and the dog-eared pages. He could tell that this Bible was well loved. The Prince sat down on the bench beside his cousin and opened the Bible to Luke 19. "This is the report in which Jesus and His followers were on their way to Jerusalem to celebrate the Passover feast."

"Ah yes," Sir Praisealot remembered. "Passover is a special holiday when God's people celebrate how God saved them from Egypt's king—the Pharaoh."

Prince Lovesalot continued the story. "Jesus told His disciples to go find a young donkey; so they borrowed one for Him to ride. The people knew of His powerful miracles and so when they heard He was coming, they spread their coats on the road and waved palms in the air. The Bible says, "A whole crowd...began joyfully to praise God in loud voices for all the miracles they had seen: 'Blessed is the King who comes in the name of the Lord!'"

"They praised the King who Loves!" Sir Praisealot exclaimed.

"Yes, but there were some people who did not love Jesus," Prince Lovesalot reminded him. "They were called Pharisees. They told Jesus to order His followers to stop the praises. But Jesus said, '...if they keep quiet, the stones will cry out!'"

"Yes, Jesus must be praised! If we don't praise Him, the rocks, the trees, even the birds will praise Him!" The knight nearly sang as he joyfully swept his arms through the air.

"Oh, yes! You are so right!" Prince Lovesalot cheered. "Let us read on! The Bible says, "As He approached Jerusalem and saw the city, He wept over it and said, 'If you, even you, had only known on this day what would bring you peace—but now it is hidden from your eyes.'"

"I don't remember this part," Sir Praisealot said as he stopped his joyful movements and looked at his cousin. "I thought this was a happy occasion. Why was Jesus crying?"

"Because Jesus knew the future," the prince explained. "He knew that many people in Jerusalem would not believe in Him as their savior. So, He cried for them because they would not have forever life with God."

Sir Praisealot leaned against the palm tree and noted, "Yes, that is sad. What a noble love Jesus had, choosing to ride into the very city where He would die for us. No wonder we praise Him."

"Right you are!" Prince Lovesalot agreed. "It isn't a mushy kind of love. Jesus loved with a noble and strong love. He proved that when He gave His life for us. He knew, yet He obeyed, He loved, and He saved."

"I like that! Can you say it again?" Sir Praisealot asked.

"Sure!" the Prince agreed. "HE KNEW. Jesus knew He would give His life. HE OBEYED because He rode into Jerusalem as He was supposed to do. HE LOVED. Jesus loved us enough to give His life. Lastly, He SAVED us when He gave His life for us."

"He knew, He obeyed, He loved, He saved!" the knight repeated. "I'll have to remember that and teach it to my knights-in-training!"

Prince Lovesalot stood up and placed the Bible back in its window. "What a joy it is to serve the King who loves! After all..."

"Serving the King is the noblest thing!" Sir Praisealot finished the Prince's sentence.

Prince Lovesalot smiled, "Come, Cousin! Let us go and greet the King!" He waved towards the castle gate. Sir Praisealot followed his cousin out of the garden.