

A Palm Sunday Parade

(based on Matthew 21:1-11)

The donkey was waiting for them.

“Look,” said Jesus’ disciples. “This must be the donkey we are looking for.”

Jesus had sent two of his friends to a village to find a particular donkey. Now they had found it. The disciples untied the animal and brought it back to Jesus. They laid some clothes over its back.

I wonder, “How did the disciples know it was the right donkey?”

Jesus climbed onto the donkey and started down the road to Jerusalem. *Clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop* went the donkey’s hooves. Jesus’ friends walked behind.

As Jesus rode toward Jerusalem, a crowd began to gather. As he got closer and closer to the city gate, more people joined them.

I wonder, “What did people think when they saw Jesus?”

There were mothers and fathers, girls and boys. Grandmothers and grandfathers who were there remembered reading about the prophet Zechariah, who had written that one day a humble king would come who would ride on a donkey. When they saw Jesus, they remembered Zechariah’s words.

“Jesus is coming!” some of them yelled.

“Look, he is on a donkey,” others cried.

“Hosanna! Hosanna! Hooray for Jesus!” they shouted.

Soon, lots of people were following Jesus. Some people spread their coats on the road. Others cut branches from the trees and laid them down to make a path for the donkey to walk on.

I wonder, “Why were the people so glad to see Jesus?”

Crowds ran ahead. Crowds marched behind. It was quite a parade.

“Hosanna! Hosanna! Hooray for Jesus!” the people shouted again and again.

When Jesus came in through the gate, the whole city could hear the crowd shouting.

“Hosanna! Hosanna! Hooray for Jesus!”

“What’s going on? Who is this man?” some people asked.

“It’s Jesus,” the crowd replied. “Hosanna! Hosanna!”

Then Jesus rode up to the temple, and the crowd followed him.

