

You didn't tell me!

One year I asked a couple to help lector during one of our Holy Week services. They said "sure". I thought nothing more about it until later when they both appeared in my office and asked, "Why didn't you tell me?" Naively, I asked "Tell you what?".

In their 70+ years, no one had told them about Holy Week and the services that recall the events that led up to the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. So, they never attended.

They thought the services would be just like ordinary Sunday morning services. Instead, they were experiential, beginning with the carrying of palms into the sanctuary with shouts of Hosanna that turned into cries of "crucify him!". They experienced individual absolution, a command to love one another, a community meal of the finest bread and wine, and the washing of feet. They were silent as they watched the stripping of the altar, then gathered in the darkness to hear Jesus' last words and see his cross carried forward. They joined their brothers and sisters in nailing their sins to the cross; the hammers echoing into the darkness.

They experienced the entire story, and the resurrection on Easter morning was now glorious. They now danced with pure resurrection joy! Alleluia!

If you've never walked the entire journey with Jesus through Holy Week, let this be the year. Don't say no one ever told me.

*Pastor Karen Boda*