



5 April 2009

Dear Parishioners,

I've been on the back of a donkey only once. It happened on the Island of Molokai in Hawaii. With twelve other people and a seasoned Guide we descended the world's highest sea cliff (I am told), by riding donkeys down this rather narrow, rocky path with twenty-eight switchbacks. We descended into Kalawao and Kalapapa where Father Damien—a Belgian priest and now canonized saint—ministered tirelessly to lepers until he died of the disease. It was an unforgettable day. And my donkey's name was Koa.

Descending the narrow, rocky path had its uncertain moments. And we had to learn to trust, not only our Guide—who reassured us more than once that he's done this many times without mishap—but our donkeys too as they negotiated their way. Simply, we had to let ourselves be carried to where we wanted to go.

On this Palm Sunday and as we begin another Holy Week, we commemorate Jesus' entry into Jerusalem on the back of a donkey. And, even though the crowds cheered, Jesus must have felt otherwise knowing what he was about to face. Nevertheless, he simply trusted and let himself be carried. Unlike us, Jesus did not 'ride' upon moods and emotions. Rather, his life depended on something more constant: the Providence of God. It was this that steadied him and brought him, no matter the terror and uncertainty, into that deeper surrender he wants for us all.

As I learned on Molokai, the road leading to where we want to go can be narrow and rocky. Like Jesus, it can leave us feeling uncertain. Yet, with Jesus we must learn to trust and allow ourselves to be carried. Only in this way do we arrive.

*Father Tim Clark*

Pastor