

Mary watches her son enter Jerusalem

by [Gracia Grindal](#) in the [March 28, 2018](#) issue

Watching people flocking to hear him preach
Holding their limbs up to be touched and healed,
I pondered again the love I heard him teach,
Knowing the Pharisees wanted to kill
My son revered the heart, the very truths
They twisted to their own ends. Puzzled, amazed.
At all he knew, his purity of youth.
I saw him, following him that deadly day
He rode like David through the crowd, a king.
Hosanna they shouted, throwing their garments down
My flesh made strange, I felt my body sing,
Palms now a green road as he swept into town
A Caesar, soon to hear his subjects cry—
My Lord, my own sweet child—be crucified.