

Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

The Holy Palms Of Sun Days

By Ken Woodley

What earthly good is it for humanity to wave the palms of a tree on Sunday if we ball our own palms up into fists on Monday?

Let's drop the palm leaves now and offer our own open palms to one another.

The promise of just that sort of resurrection moment calls out to us as we wait, like some kind of Lazarus, in the "tomb" of our fists.

Jesus is coming. Jesus is on the way. The blooms of spring are real.

But are we going to believe in the garden and have the faith of a gardener?

Look into the distance and see dust rising from the road, punctuating his approach on foot.

Jesus doesn't covet the hosannah palms of kingship. He's reaching for the palms of our fragile humanity, instead. For our wrinkles and the no-two-alike whorls on our fingers.

His footsteps have a heartbeat of loving purpose that have nothing to do with him and everything to do with us.

We don't have to strain to hear the voice of our own soul crying out. "Lord, the light you want me to shine is flickering into fists of darkness."

There are moments in all of our lifetimes when we feel "entombed" by everything in the world that makes us ball up our palms into fists. A world that can produce the horrors being committed against the people of Ukraine.

I hear your soul crying out, too.

We look at each other.

You and me together in this "tomb" of fists.

Our eyes meet.

Our hearts know the answer.

Jesus is here now. And with Jesus it is never too late.

"Where have you laid them?" Jesus asks, wondering where he will find us, you and me together in this "tomb."

Jesus is deeply moved. He weeps. The tears roll down his cheeks.

Now he stands there, just outside our "tomb."

There are so many “tombs” scattered like cloud shadows fistng their way across the world and the exit often feels sealed by a heavy stone we cannot move.

But the voice of Jesus in our heart is never as far away as we think it is.

“Remove the stone,” we hear him say.

If we act in faith, we don’t just see the stone of our “tomb” being removed—we feel it. The lifting of the weight that was so ponderous, the burden we could not bear, the mountain-high stone that held us prisoner in this grave of hopeless fists.

Jesus now calls to us. “Come out,” he cries.

We move into the light of his presence, the light of his love, and feel our own light rekindling as our fists begin unclenching.

We are, in that moment, resurrected. You and me. Freed from this “tomb” and able to rise back into the fulness of our lives, hope renewed, our own light growing brighter in the world as our fists open into palms.

In the quiet of our souls we hear him speaking these words:

“Leave now.

“It’s time to go.”

Jesus is right.

We clasp his hand.

Palm to palm.

We journey onward.

Out from Earth’s tomb of fists and toward heaven’s promise of open palms.

Jesus will soon turn back toward Jerusalem and the destiny awaiting him, but not before making certain we understand:

The eternal kingdom of heaven is inside us now.

Right there in the palm of our hand.

In mine.

In yours.

In every palm in every corner of the world.

If we’d only just open them toward one another, and leave our fists behind, making every day a palm Sun Day to shine the fists of darkness away.

