

**Narrator:**

*The crowds surged into Jerusalem for the celebration of Passover. This was the high, holy time--a time when something wonderful could happen in the lives of believers. They came offering sacrifices and prayers, bringing their hopes and dreams, their burdens and sorrows. All these were mingled together with the aromas of incense and sacrifice--smoke billowing toward heaven - toward God.*

**Congregation:**

**Hosanna! Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!  
Hosanna in the highest! Behold, the king comes. He comes  
riding on a donkey. Surely this is the son of God. Hosanna in  
the highest!**

*[Nicodemus enters.]*

**Nicodemus:**

I came here to the central part of the city to be part of the usual festivities that surround the preparations for Passover. Everything must be done correctly, and I am one of those who is charged with that authority. But my heart isn't in it. I can't seem to get the face and words of Jesus out of my mind. He is like no other prophet we have ever known; there is something so different about him. A great teacher? Perhaps. But something more. He saw into my soul. He knew my longings and my burdens. Now he has come to Jerusalem. I saw him, riding on a small donkey. People were waving palm branches, and some were even throwing their cloaks in the path in front of the donkey. His disciples were shouting. People began to sing, "Behold, the King comes!" The King of this kingdom? I don't think so. His kingdom would be much larger. I don't know what's in store for him here. I do know that he is in great trouble with the Temple hierarchy. They want to get rid of him. He threatens their authority; and more, he challenges their faith. He is a dangerous person in their eyes.

*[Nicodemus leaves.]*

*[The woman at the well enters.]*

**Woman at the well:**

So this is Jerusalem. I have never been here before, but after the time we spent with Jesus, that miraculous day when he told us of God's power and love for us, I had to follow him here. I have been on the outskirts of town on the Mount of Olives with some of his followers. We listened to him speak in that soft tone that seemed to comfort us. Today, he rode a small donkey down the path into the city. It seemed

that all Jerusalem turned out to greet him. People were stripping palm fronds from the trees and waving them like banners and shouting "Hosanna! Blessed is the One who comes in the Name of the Lord!" Some people lined the path of the donkey with their cloaks, so that he would not step on stones or stumble. What an incredible sight! This city is so fortunate. He is the Messiah, the Anointed One, and he comes to bring them good news of peace. *[pause]* But I sense something sinister here. Something is not right. There are whispering voices and suspicious glances; the religious leaders are more in evidence than I thought they would be. Perhaps it is only my imagination. After all, I am an outsider. *[pause]* Maybe it is always like this at Passover. *[The woman at the well leaves.]*

*[The blind man enters.]*

**Blind Man:**

The colors are unbelievable! People, plants, colors, shapes, forms! It is almost too much for me to take in. When Jesus healed me--gave me back my sight--I decided to become one of his followers. I am nobody special. I'll never be one of the main disciples, but I will always praise God for the gift I have received through Jesus. Like the woman at the well over there, I was also on the hillside at Mt. Olivet. I stood among the many that wanted to enter Jerusalem with Jesus. I have never seen the golden city before now. I followed him down the path. He was astride a small donkey. People were waving palm branches and putting their cloaks in the pathway. It was overwhelming! "Here comes the King," they shouted. I agreed with them. He would be the one to rule in my life. I wanted to learn more about him and the good news he brought. There is so much to see. One of the things that bothers my sight is the sense that I get that some people here don't like him. They seem to be wary of Him. I've even heard some whispers of finding ways to get rid of him. But I can't be sure of that. After all, there is so much to see, so much to do. *[The blind man leaves.]*

*[Martha enters.]*

**Martha:**

We decided to spend Passover in Jerusalem this year. Even though our home is ready for the holiday, we wanted to come with Jesus to Jerusalem. There may be some way in which I can help. I know how to make preparations for meals and for accommodations and how to deal with the vendors for food. Personally, I prefer to be a background person and help in any way that I can. Lazarus wanted us to become part of the group that traveled down the path from the Mount of Olives

into Jerusalem. He said it would be like a parade. I would rather have just gone into the city and begun to make arrangements for our sojourn. However, there is nothing that I would not do for my brother. So we followed Jesus down the path. He rode on a donkey. The crowds were gathering and swarming to meet Jesus, shouting and calling out to him. They waved palm branches. It was a parade! I wondered if Jesus was pleased. Everyone seemed to love him. But he wore a look of sadness, just as though all the burdens of the people had been heaped upon his shoulders. Something is wrong. This should be a time of triumph, but it isn't. *[Martha leaves].*

*[Mary enters.]*

**Mary:**

You can just imagine how exciting it was to march down that path from Olivet to Jerusalem! People were shouting out to Jesus and celebrating his presence. This was a great parade! They were waving palm branches! Some of the people were throwing their cloaks on the path in front of the donkey. I was so happy! I wanted to shout to everyone who came to see Jesus, "Here is the Messiah! Here is the King!" Some of the people seemed to know that, for I heard shouts of "Hosanna in the highest! Blessed is He who comes in the Name of the Lord!" The Lord entered the Holy City and things will never be the same. He will change things. Those who oppress will be brought low. Peace will be restored to our nation and our people. At last we will be the people whom God called out of bondage, and we will be a people of light. *[pause]* Martha says that something isn't right. Martha is worried, but that's Martha. She always worries. She will see. Jesus will turn things around here. Just you wait! *[Mary leaves.]*

*[Lazarus enters.]*

**Lazarus:**

Yes, I am the one whom Jesus raised from the dead! You know, it's hard for me to talk about that. I am told that I died. Then one day, he came, and behold, I am alive again! And my life has taken on a new dimension. I feel such a sense of freedom and peace. I wanted to walk into Jerusalem with Jesus. I wanted to shout at the top of my lungs, "Jesus raised me from the dead! He is Messiah, the Anointed One of God!" I convinced Martha, the reluctant one, and Mary, the eager one, to accompany me on the journey from the Mount of Olives into the city. We would be part of a parade that would forever change the lives of all people. We would march in with the King. Jesus mounted a donkey for the trip into the city, a sure sign that the King is coming, a

definite reminder of the passages in Isaiah's scroll about the King, the Anointed One of God. He would ride into the city on a donkey, a beast of burden. I believe that he is the One! But the look on his face gives me concern. He looks as though he has the burdens of us all on his shoulders. He should be excited. But he looks sad. It is as though he knows something that we don't know. It makes me uneasy to see that expression. I wish I knew. Is something going to happen to him? Is there something I can do to protect him? Is this going to be his triumphal entry, or will it be something else? I don't know what to think. I will just be grateful that I am with him. I will help him all that I can. Everything will be all right. I'm sure. [*Lazarus leaves.*]