

The Song of John's disciple

Mark 6:14-25; 11:1-11

He ate honey and locust as he cried out in the desert. He wore sackcloth that wore his skin raw. He told of One coming so much greater than he, that he wasn't worthy to touch his shoe. They said he was Elijah. I would listen to, learn from, and follow him. I was one among many and watched as he baptized the masses. All could come freely if they would repent.

He would **help me see**. There would be **more for me**. This would be where I was **supposed to be**.

I watched him baptize the One he'd said was coming. They knew each other, and at first didn't agree. But then he relented and took Him into the water. That was Jesus, I remember now.

Not long after that the guards came to take John the Baptizer. I didn't know how long I'd wait for him to be released from those chains.

Then there was a party, for the king who used to like to listen to John. Maybe after that they'd release him I thought. I was excited when the party ended, and they came and told me we could come get him at the prison.

He had **helped me see**. There was **more for me**. That was where I was **supposed to be**.

That joy turned to despair as we unloosed the chains from our master. We'd come to get him, and we did. We carried him away. A favor had been granted to a dancer at that party. A dancer who had danced before that king. He'd granted her wish, for whatever she desired. She'd asked for a prize - some were shocked, others shouted with glee. As we carried away my master, we knew his life had been the cost of her plea. I no longer had a master.

Now I waited. I had wanted **to see**. I thought there would be **more for me**. How could this be where I was **supposed to be**?

All I had left was my colt and my cloak. I'd never even ridden him as I'd walked with John. I tied him up and sat by the door with my friends outside Jerusalem. I tried to remember all that he had said. He said "Repent, for the Kingdom of heaven is near." "How near?" I thought.

I noticed someone untying my colt. “What are you doing untying the colt?” I asked. “The Lord needs it and will send it back here right away.” They said. So, I let them go. They reminded me of two men who were with Jesus when He'd been baptized. And I wondered...

Was this what I was supposed **to see**. Was this what was more **for me**? Was this exactly where I was **supposed to be**?

I followed these men as they brought the colt to this same Jesus that John had baptized. Was this the Messiah? Was this the One John said was coming, who he was unworthy to even be to as a slave? They threw their clothes on my colt and Jesus sat on it. As they went toward Jerusalem, people spread branches on the road in front of Him. I didn't have any of that! I heard someone cry out “Hosanna!” I took my cloak and threw it on the ground as I yelled back “Blessed is He who comes in the name of the LORD!”

This is the Messiah!

This is the one John said was coming. Another shouted “Blessed is the coming kingdom of our father David!”

Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosannah in the highest heaven! Hosannah, Hosannah, Blessed is He who comes in the name of the LORD!

Now I see! There is more for me! This is where I'm supposed to be.

I am masterless no more. Jesus is King forevermore! Hosannah! Hosannah to the Messiah Lord! Blessed is He who comes in the name of the LORD! Hosannah, Hosannah! Blessed is He who comes in the name of the LORD.

Now I see! There is more for me! This is where I'm supposed to be.

I am masterless no more. Jesus is King forevermore! Hosannah! Hosannah to the Messiah Lord! Blessed is He who comes in the name of the LORD! Hosannah, Hosannah! Blessed is He who comes in the name of the LORD.