

²⁸ And when he had said these things, he went on ahead, going up to Jerusalem. ²⁹ When he drew near to Bethphage and Bethany, at the mount that is called Olivet, he sent two of the disciples, ³⁰ saying, “Go into the village in front of you, where on entering you will find a colt tied, on which no one has ever yet sat. Untie it and bring it here. ³¹ If anyone asks you, ‘Why are you untying it?’ you shall say this: ‘The Lord has need of it.’” ³² So those who were sent went away and found it just as he had told them. ³³ And as they were untying the colt, its owners said to them, “Why are you untying the colt?” ³⁴ And they said, “The Lord has need of it.” ³⁵ And they brought it to Jesus, and throwing their cloaks on the colt, they set Jesus on it. ³⁶ And as he rode along, they spread their cloaks on the road. ³⁷ As he was drawing near—already on the way down the Mount of Olives—the whole multitude of his disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen, ³⁸ saying, “Blessed is the King who comes in the name of the Lord! Peace in heaven and glory in the highest!” ³⁹ And some of the Pharisees in the crowd said to him, “Teacher, rebuke your disciples.” ⁴⁰ He answered, “I tell you, if these were silent, the very stones would cry out.”

Monty Singing: [If every tongue were still, the noise would still continue. The rocks and stones themselves would start to sing!](#) (from Jesus Christ, Superstar)

I can't help but think of that song from Jesus Christ, Superstar, whenever I read today's scripture. I just wonder what the rocks would sing – oh, not so much back on that day. I didn't know too many of their songs – other than the 150 that are recorded in the Book of Psalms. I wonder if the Rocks would sing any of the songs that I know.

Monty Singing: [See me, Feel Me, Touch Me, Heal Me.](#) Some people want the miraculous power of Jesus – to be healed, to be comforted. How many people today just want to be noticed as a person of worth?

Or perhaps the Rocks would sing: [Martha Hill & Georgeann Lily-Barker singing: What a Friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear! What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer! O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear, all because we do not carry everything to God in prayer.](#) [UMH 526] Oh, indeed, the message of “What a Friend We

Have in Jesus” is one of my most precious messages of Good News. I want to share it with the world. The friendship of Jesus is the most precious gift I know.

I’m sure that there would be some rock singing out: Angela Jones
Singing: O Lord my God! When I in awesome wonder consider all the worlds thy hands have made. I see the stars; I hear the rolling thunder, thy power throughout the universe displayed. Then sings my soul, my Savior God to thee; how great thou art, how great thou art! Then sings my soul, my Savior God to thee; how great thou art, how great thou art! [UMH 77] Surely some of the rocks would sing that song, because those rocks are part of that mighty creation. Those rocks have been singing songs like that ever since Psalm 8 was first sung thousands of years ago:

O LORD, our Lord,
 how majestic is thy name in all the earth!
 Thou whose glory above the heavens is chanted
² by the mouth of babes and infants,
 thou hast founded a bulwark because of thy foes,
 to still the enemy and the avenger.
³When I look at thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
 the moon and the stars which thou hast established;
⁴what is man that thou art mindful of him,
 and the son of man that thou dost care for him?
⁵Yet thou hast made him little less than God,
 and dost crown him with glory and honor.
⁶Thou hast given him dominion over the works of thy hands;
 thou hast put all things under his feet,
⁷all sheep and oxen,
 and also the beasts of the field,
⁸the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea,
 whatever passes along the paths of the sea.
⁹O LORD, our Lord,
 how majestic is thy name in all the earth!

Yes, that surely would be part of what the rocks would sing. But, perhaps, some of those rocks would know what was going to happen after

that Palm Sunday parade would be over. I'm fairly certain that some of those rocks would sing: (Janet Harman singing:) *When I survey the wondrous cross on which the Prince of Glory died, my richest gain I count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride.* [UMH 298]

And yet, and yet, some of those rocks would see past the pain of Calvary, to see even unto the splendor of Easter morning, and some of those rocks would sing: (Becky Britton singing:) *I serve a risen Savior, he's in the world today; I know that he is living, whatever foes may say. I see his hand of mercy, I hear his voice of cheer, and just the time I need him, he's always near. He live, he lives, Christ Jesus lives today! he walks with me and talks with me along life's narrow way. He lives, he lives, salvation to impart! You ask me how I know he lives? He lives with in my heart.* [UMH 310]

O yes, those rocks would have sung out back then – even if every tongue were quiet. And what about those rocks today? What are the rocks singing these days?

John Hunneshagen singing: *I come to the garden alone while the dew is still on the roses, and the voice I hear falling on my ear, the son of god discloses. And he walks with me and he talks with me, and he tells me I am his own; and the joy we share as we tarry there, none other has ever known.* [UMH 310] There are quite a few rocks today, whose song centers around that precious “me and Jesus” relationship. We are in the garden alone. It feels good and we love to share that special relationship. But, for some, it never gets beyond that garden. Their relationship with Jesus is like expensive underwear – makes you feel good underneath, but nobody ever sees any real difference on the outside.

I hear some of the other rocks of today that are singing: (Mark Stotler singing:) *Time it was, and what a time it was, it was – a time of innocence, a time of confidences. Long ago, it must be; I have a photograph. Preserve your memories, they're all that's left you.* [Paul Simon: “Bookends”]

I regret that there are those rocks, for whom Jesus is just a memory; that's all that's left them. Those rocks are, unfortunately often trying to live out the religion of their parents, or their grandparents. It never was a faith of their own. Or, sometimes, it is a faith story that once was theirs, but has not been nurtured, and allowed to fossilize. Photographs of baptisms and weddings preserve their memories. It's all that's left them.

Some of us, sometimes, will hear some of the rocks singing something like this: Joe Janisch singing:

"Good God! Don't Jump!" A boy sat on the ledge
An old man who had fainted was revived (He's all right)
And everyone agreed 'twould be a miracle indeed
If the boy survived

"Save the life of my child!" Cried the desperate mother

The woman from the supermarket Ran to call the cops
"He must be high on something, " someone said. Though it never made the New York Times,
In the Daily News the caption read:

"Save the life of my child!" Cried the desperate mother

A patrol car passing by Halted to a stop. Said officer MacDougal in dismay:
"The force can't do a decent job 'Cause the kids got no respect
For the law today" [and "blah, blah blah"]

"Save the life of my child!" Cried the desperate mother "Oh, what's becoming of the children?"
People asking each other

When darkness fell, excitement kissed the crowd
And it made them wild In an atmosphere of freaky holiday. When the spotlight hit the boy,
The crowd began to cheer...He flew away [Paul Simon: "Bookends"]

We often don't hear those rocks, because they are rarely discussed in polite company. Polite company doesn't like to talk about how America has 9,000 more drug overdoses, per year, than car accidents. Polite company doesn't like to talk about how West Virginia leads the country in the number of drug overdose deaths (844 in 2016 compared to 558 three years before.)

But I am absolutely certain that Jesus is with each one of those beloved siblings of his, when those deaths occur. And he cries. Because he died for each one of them, as well as for each one of us.

Monty Singing: If every tongue were still, the noise would still continue. The rocks and stones themselves would start to sing! ... See me, Feel Me, Touch Me, Heal Me.

We all have our songs to sing. For many of us, our songs are probably similar to our favorite scripture. What is yours? I've been asking folks this week about what scripture, what Gospel story of Jesus, is their favorite.

There are lots of Jesus stories. There are lots of songs for the rocks to sing. None are better than the others ... so long as they are true ... so long as they are real ... so long as they reflect the living, breathing relationship between the love of God in Christ Jesus and us.

This whole season of Lent, I've come to understand that the theme has been one of Trust.

- How much do we trust God?
- How much do we rely upon our trust in God?

It really determines how generous we are. It really determines how satisfied we are in life. I think it also determines how much we are willing to reach out to help others, who haven't been given the same opportunities that we have.

Jesus had to trust God, in order to go through the events of this Holy Week we are entering. My prayer is that each of us will also experience a week of trust building, a week of receiving ... and of giving.

Monty Singing: If every tongue were still, the noise would still continue. The rocks and stones themselves would start to sing! ... See me, Feel Me, Touch Me, Heal Me.

In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.