

LENT 2026

PALM SUNDAY

God of humble kings and hopeful crowds,
We join the procession into Jerusalem—
with cloaks on the road, branches in our hands, and songs rising from our lips:
Hosanna! Save us!

We long to celebrate you. We want to welcome you with joy.

We want to believe that change is coming,
that peace is near, that hope is riding into our lives.

And yet— you come not on a warhorse, but on a donkey.

Not with spectacle, but with humility.

The crowd cheers, but they do not yet understand.

And if we are honest, neither do we. We celebrate, but we also carry doubt.

We shout “Hosanna,” yet we know how quickly voices can falter.

Still, you come.

This is the dirty work of hope

— learning to celebrate not because everything is finished,
but because you are already at work.

It is trusting that even fragile praise matters.

It is daring to rejoice in the middle of an unfinished story.

God, teach us to celebrate well. Not with shallow joy that ignores suffering,
but with deep joy that insists love will have the final word.

Give us courage to lift our voices even when the road ahead is uncertain.

Give us faith to welcome you as you truly are—gentle, disruptive, unexpected.

Help us lay down what we cling to— our expectations, our control, our fear—
like cloaks on the road before you.

And as we walk this road toward the cross,
hold our celebration and our sorrow together,

trusting that both belong in the story of redemption.

Hosanna, God. Save us in ways we do not expect.

Come to us in humility. Teach us the joy that endures.

In the name of Jesus, who enters our lives even now, Amen.

Journal Prompt - Celebrating in an Unfinished Story

In Matthew 21:1-11, the crowd celebrates Jesus’ arrival, even though they do not fully understand what is to come.

Reflect on celebration and hope:

- What does “Hosanna—save us” mean in your life right now?
- Where do you find it difficult to celebrate because things feel unresolved?
- What kind of joy is God inviting you into?

Write about what it means to celebrate in the middle of the journey—
not at the end. Hope often looks like praise offered before the outcome is clear.
And sometimes, the smallest acts of care are where hope quietly begins again.