

It's Sunday Evening

It's Sunday evening. The road is scattered with green branches quickly turning brown, trampled by a festival of triumph. The darkness settles in as shadows fall on the city sky. It seems as if the shouts still echo through its gates. His feet drenched in alabaster and tears. He begins his walk toward the torment of a world's curse. Mary senses things only a mother could feel. The week begins. Jesus weeping alone. No one else was less deserving of Friday. But in a transcendent, eternal sense there was no one else in the history of the universe qualified for Friday. A deep and unfathomable dichotomy of grace and truth, joy and sorrow, pain and bliss. It's Sunday evening.