

## **“Who is He?”**

**Matthew 21:1-11&26:36-27:66**

Who is he? That question demanded an answer. It was on nearly everyone’s lips that morning. For many, the answer was that he was a celebrated preacher, a healer, and very probably a prophet; maybe even Elijah returned at last. For those who had been dabbling in the prophecies of Isaiah, looking for a sign of deliverance from oppression, surely the answer was “He is the promised king of Israel! We can throw off the Roman yoke at last. The good ole’ days are back! Get your swords ready for the revolution” For others, though, the answer was that he was an obvious huckster. “He’s an imposter, a fake, and probably the son of the Devil himself! He must be stopped before the people get carried away and do something rash!”

The simple shouts of the children were the closest to the truth. “He is the son of David! He is the one who comes in the name of The Lord!”, they cried out. For a very few, there that morning, what the children cried was the hope of their inner most hearts. “Could he be Messiah, the savior of the World?” they wondered.

There were probably many others there that morning, wondering, or concluding, many other things. But these we have mentioned we know were represented there that morning. That morning, that was the question. Actually, though, not just that morning. The truth is that this question has been demanding an answer of every person, every morning, ever since that morning. That question demands an answer of you and me this very morning. Who is he? We may have as many answers present here this morning, as those who were present there that morning. How are we to discern which ones are not a dead end; which ones lead us toward light and life?

There were those there that morning who would find the deep answers that would lead them toward life. They were the ones who would fall in and walk with Jesus, observe the temple cleansing, absorb his teaching, gather with him in that upper room; learn there to take him into themselves; to drink in his very presence and person; who would watch, even if not always faithfully, as he suffered through a dark night of the soul, then a betrayal and a trial and a condemnation; who would walk the hill to the Cross to be near him; weep until, so emptied out, only silence would be left to them. Until, until that new morning when light and life itself would be reborn. Joy would overwhelm them at his return; Joy such that they would disbelieve for joy, we are told. These are they, there that Palm Sunday morning, who would walk with him, and discover the truth of “Who is he?”; and in that discovery, would find the answer to life itself.

So, again, how are we to discern our answer to “Who is he?” this morning? How will we know the answers that lead us toward light and life? Just do this: walk, this morning and each morning and day and night of this week before us, as they did, with Jesus. If you and I will do this, then Easter morning will dawn for you and me, with joy. Come, now, this morning, commit yourself to walk with him.