

WHAT IS MY EXCUSE?

I could not climb a palm tree to cut down branches
As a child, I had no chances
And I could not run as fast as I wanted to
But I just had to manage and get through
I wanted to lay down my vest
The best one I had in my clothes chest
Lay it on the road He would tread
Sitting on a colt He led
Among a mighty crowd.

So I knelt down and passed in between people's legs
I was pushed and shoved but I kept on going ahead
Until I arrived to the front line at last
Just in time to lay my vest before He passed
And I got another glimpse of His face
Full of love towards our race
This time I was closer to Him than I had ever been
Just His presence cleansed us from sin

I used to watch Him from afar
When people gathered to listen to Him instead
of only seeking Him to
heal their sick and raise their dead

This time
I got to gaze into His eyes
Eyes that were full of love and peace and kindness
Eyes that pierced through my shyness

Mireille Mishriky, author 

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This time
The crowds did not matter to me
Only He mattered, only Him I could see
The adults were almost crushing me
They were all so eager to lay their clothes and the branches they cut
from trees
That was the morning of Sunday
He was still popular on that day
The adults were jubilant to welcome Him
4 days later
They abandoned Him

I could not follow Him anymore
But I was a child
How my heart was sore!
What was their excuse?
The crowds that had followed Him on Sunday,
cursed Him on Thursday
and disappeared by Friday

They forgot the branches they cut from trees
Instead, they watched as He was crucified on one
They forgot that they had called Him Blessed
They forgot that they had called Him the One

Mireille Mishriky, author 

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They forgot the clothes they laid on the road,
instead they let His clothes get divided by casting a lot

They forgot the chants and the adulations
Instead,
they let Him get insulted,
scorned,
and berated.

Their hearts beat for Him on Sunday

On Friday,
their hearts had failed the test
And they snickered as He was laid rest.

How could they all forsake Him so?

Where were His disciples?

Where were His friends?

The widow whose son He resurrected?

Where were those who ate the 5 loaves and 2 fishes?

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The centurion whose servant He healed?
The lepers He restored to health?
The priest whose daughter He raised from the dead?

The blind man, the one by the pool, the one whose
friends lowered from the roof?

Where did they all go?

I could not be there at the cross
But I am a child, I was at a loss.
What was their excuse?
What is your excuse?

Mireille Mishriky, author 