

12-6-1993

Second Monday in Advent Zechariah 9:9-10

S. Ray Granade

Ouachita Baptist University, granade@obu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/creative_work

Recommended Citation

Granade, S. Ray, "Second Monday in Advent Zechariah 9:9-10" (1993). *Creative Works*. 18.
https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/creative_work/18

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Faculty Publications at Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita. It has been accepted for inclusion in Creative Works by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita. For more information, please contact mortensona@obu.edu.

Second Monday in Advent
December 6, 1993
Zechariah 9:9-10

I love snow; it forms the core of my earliest recollections. My father finished seminary at Louisville during my first years. Of that time I “remember” only three incidents; two involve snow. One is a travel story, of our motoring north from Alabama through the snow until, exhausted and trapped, we stopped for the night. Since that story is family legend, the memory may involve the telling rather than the experience. The other is too firmly etched, drawing as it does on sensory perceptions which cannot be a storyteller’s creation, even in someone with as active an imagination as mine.

I remember being drawn upward on a sled by two laughing children who loomed like giants, though they must have been no more than five or six. We mount the hillside of a huge white bowl and I strain to twist for a look at the beautiful white vista without falling off. I am bundled up and they pull me through the whiteness as more snow falls, caressing on my face the only uncovered skin available. My faithful bearers shriek with laughter and I giggle, charmed by the attention, by their willingness to attend me, and by the cheerfulness of it all. Sounds of the world, bathed in white, intrude only strangely muffled, as if the snow were absorbing sound and isolating us aurally as it threatens to visually. Our world is peaceful and cheerful as we rejoice in being alive and in being caught up in some magical sphere beyond our custom.

In one of the most familiar passages from the minor prophets, Zechariah calls for rejoicing at the arrival of the righteous, victorious king on a donkey, a humble king

on whose behalf Yahweh will destroy the implements of war and institute universal peace. Jesus must have patterned his triumphal Jerusalem entry on this passage.

Ancient kings were mediator (the gods' representative to the people), priest (the people's representative to the gods), judge (fount of justice), commander-in-chief (warrior), provider (shepherd), and ultimately the one who harmonized society and nature. Our conception of triumphal entries, despite being molded by our religious background, rarely includes a king in his many roles.

My conception of universal peace rests on the king's last-mentioned responsibility and my own earliest conscious memory. I remember the joy of my magical, long-ago day, and the scene's peacefulness amidst the tumult of our pleasure. As I read Zechariah I imagine the rejoicing in those terms. I see the King arriving on a donkey, drawing behind Him a veil of snow which muffles the world's discord, quieting it as activity slows and stops from the snow's inhibiting lightness. That discord is replaced by the frolic of newly-discovered or rediscovered childlikeness, the quality which Jesus enjoined upon his followers and which the arrival of snow seems to invoke. Perhaps my South Alabama/North Florida upbringing and my slight acquaintance with snow in this clime skew my vision, but I think not. I think the eyes which enjoy the snow are the eyes of that manger child, replicated in the bundled and sled-bound youngster enjoying a ride up a Louisville hill.

PRAYER: Lord, give us the eyes of children, to see the world at peace as you envisioned it when you rode into

Jerusalem as the righteous, victorious, humble King, and to do our part to bring that vision to fruition.

Ray Granada