

## **"Palm Sunday – When Bad News Follows Good News"**

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by Rebecca Enney

(We will pretend that this is everybody's bedrooms and they will stand up so you can see them!  
Mommy and Daddy's bedroom is next to the twin's room)



Elizabeth's house last night was extremely happy and suddenly, extremely sad. Aunt Gertrude put the twins to bed and came into Elizabeth's room and said "Good night Child. Remember your parents get home late tonight from Tanzania. You won't see them until morning." "Oh good!" said Elizabeth. She is extremely happy about that!

But then, in the middle of the night, a noise woke her up. "Could it be the twins? No. It does not sound like them. Could it be her parents getting home?! No. It sounds more like someone moaning. It almost sounds like it is coming from Aunt Gertrude's room."

Elizabeth got out of bed and walked down the dark hallway and cracked open Aunt Gertrude's bedroom door. And this is what she heard Aunt Gertrude saying: "Oh Dear God, please take this pain from me. I can bear it no longer."

Elizabeth felt alarmed. She listened again. "Please send me help Dear Lord!"

Elizabeth quietly stood beside Aunt Gertrude and softly said "What can I do to help?" "Get your parents, please. And turn on my lamp."

"Are they even home?!" Elizabeth thought as she hurried down the hall. She quietly knocked on the door and she heard her parents both wake up and say "Yes! Come in."

Elizabeth wanted to hug them hello, but decided it was more important to tell them that Aunt Gertrude needs help.



So now the three of them hurried down the hallway, trying not to awaken the twins.

"Oh Sister," called out Gertrude. "Thank you, Elizabeth." Gertrude told them what had happened about her neck and how it got much, much worse last evening. Mommy and Daddy looked at her neck and gasped. And they called an ambulance right away.

Daddy drove his car behind the ambulance with Aunt Gertrude to the hospital. As the ambulance drove around the corner and out of sight, Elizabeth looked at her mommy and hugged her hello and cried and cried.

"What can I do for Aunt Gertrude?"

"Let's pick some flowers from the yard and take them to her in the morning. And let's say a prayer for her together." And this is what they prayed:

**"Dear Lord, sometimes we feel so alone and afraid and we cry for your help! It is a good thing that you are here with us. But sometimes we forget you are with us."**

**It is a good thing that you are so strong and help us to be strong. But sometimes we forget to be strong.**

**And this week we remember what a good thing it is that you love us so much that your Son Jesus went to the cross and carried our sins for us. But sometimes we forget, and we sin anyway. Please forgive us.**

**Come Lord Jesus and forgive our sins and comfort us when are sick or alone or afraid. We really mean to be thankful ALL THE TIME.”**



**Amen**