
"When Was the Moment?"

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A sermon by the Reverend Canon Beth Knowlton
The Sunday of the Passion: Palm Sunday
Mark 14:1-15:47

When we reflected on it later, no one could remember the moment.

The exact moment.

We could name legions of ordinary moments.

Moments of recognition.

Moments of celebration.

Moments of healing.

Moments of sadness.

But never THE moment.

Somehow,

that moment always eludes us.

It is however, the moment we long to know more than any other.

We seek it,

in conversation after conversation,

hoping to discover it,

pluck it forever out of history,

and thus

change every other moment.

If only we could remember THE moment.

We know the beginning and the ending moments.

One moment we were gathering our things to go to Jerusalem.

Giddy and laughing,

preparing for a great celebration.

The next moment we were looking at the unthinkable.

Our Beloved,

crying out as he breathed his last.

But, when was the moment?

The exact moment?

Did He know the moment all along?

Was it a moment that was before time,

before he took his first breath on the earth?

When was His moment?

As he sent us ahead to make preparations....had it already passed?

Did we just fail to see it?

Were we unwilling to see it?

When was the moment?

The exact moment?

It seemed afterwards, the moment was at hand

when we gathered at table.

When he offered himself in the bread and the wine.

Was that the moment?

Was it during the singing as we went to the Mount of Olives.

Or, did we miss the moment in the music?

Maybe it was when Peter swore he could never deny him.

Or did the moment pass

while we were sleeping in the garden?

When we left him to cry out alone for the first time.

Surely, the moment had already passed

when the betrayer came.

When one of us drew our sword.

The trials, with the High Priest, with Pilate,

these were other moments.

Peter's betrayal,

perhaps forever his moment.

But, whenever we try to name the moment....it slips away.

When was the moment?

The exact moment?

When did the hosannas

become death cries?

When did palms

become whips?

When was the moment?

The exact moment?

I do not think I will ever be sure of THE moment.

But somehow it contains all moments.

Whether I fled in terror,

or looked on from afar....The cross is still there.

Whether I was the betrayer,

the denier,
or the bystander,

I was part of the moment.

And the Beloved knew that much.

It was why he called me by name

in the first place.

Maybe that was THE moment.

The exact moment

When I became his.

Amen

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