

Our Lord Jesus Christ, King of the Universe – November 24/25, 2018 – Reflection

"... Jesus called (the Twelve) to Himself and said, 'You know that the rulers of the *Gentiles* lord it over them, and their great men exercise authority over them. It shall not be so among you; but whoever would be great among you must be your servant, and whoever would be first among you must be your slave, even as the Son of Man came not to be served but to serve, and to give His life as a ransom for many.'"

Matthew 20:25-28

World leaders, be they kings or queens, presidents or prime ministers, are accorded all sorts of honors. They are guarded and protected by crack security details; they are accorded utmost respect from honorific titles, to servants that bow in their presence and cater to their every whim and desire. They have planes and helicopters and limos and even horse-drawn carriages at their disposal; their every word is reported; their every activity captured by the cameras. They often live in regal palaces or mansions, and when they travel, they stay in only the best accommodations. Fashion designers vie for the honor of designing the clothes that drape their bodies while jewelers adorn their heads with tiaras, their fingers with rings, their necks with precious stones.

The world fawns all over royalty, titans of business, stars of stage and screen, political power-brokers. These are the successes; these are

the A-list crowd; these are the ones who've made it; these are the ones to imitate and dream to follow; these are the best, the brightest society has to offer!

Today, we celebrate a King who invites His subjects to follow in his footsteps. His Kingdom is not of this world and yet He is the Lord of all that is seen and unseen. His realm has no borders or boundaries, for it is universal. His rule is defended not by armies or navies, not by force or coercion, but by disciples, believers who serve others and so, serve Him.

He is a King the world little notices nor much respects or fears. His royal robe is but a loincloth; His crown a diadem of thorns; His throne is a tree; His jewels are the ruby wounds in His hands and His feet; His subjects are the poor, the outcast; the sinner; the blind, the lame and the sick. The armies that march for Him, fight for Him are the elect clothed in the white robe of Baptism, confirmed as His loyal soldiers; mirroring His heart in the loving bond of marriage, vowed to do His bidding at the altar, in the pulpit, on the highways and in the by-ways. He is the King who rides out to greet His subjects on the back of a donkey; the King who presides at a banquet of simple bread and wine in the palace of chapels and battlefields and cellars and gulags.

The world once paraded Him out on the stage to ridicule His bloodied face and His pathetic band of followers. "Behold your King," shouted the politician, and the people roared with laughter and then they cried for blood, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!!" "Save yourself, magician," the leaders sneered as they went to their comfortable homes, back to their self-important lives, satisfied they had destroyed the pretender to the throne.

"Because of this, God exalted Him and bestowed on Him the Name that is above every other name. So that at Jesus' Name every knee must bend in the heavens, on the earth, and under the earth, and every tongue proclaim to the glory of God the Father: JESUS CHRIST IS LORD!"

Behold your King! He calls you, "Come, follow Me."

My King and my God!