



Pastor's Nickel

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Over the past couple of weeks, I have been reading through a historical account of Vimy in the book, *Vimy: The Battle and the Legend*, by Tim Cook. It is an emotionally difficult read as it reflects on the Canadians who fought through the battle of Vimy Ridge April 9-12, in 1917. At the end of the first day of the battle the count of the dead was 7,707 casualties including 2,967 dead. By the end of the offensive 3,598 were dead and another 7,000 wounded. And by the end of the war, the Dominion of Canada grieved the deaths of 66,000 men and 172,000 wounded. The architecture of the Vimy Memorial in France gives voice to the grief, rather than the glory of the war. The design by Walter Allward includes a motherly figure mourning her dead as other allegorical figures break the sword of war and offer sympathy for the grieving. Today, Palm Sunday, is mixed with these emotions of victory and grief. Victory because Christ has come as the King to his own, but grief, knowing that in a few short days the city that welcomed him as their King, cried out "Crucify him!" How I long for the day when our remaining grief will be turned to joy at the return of the King. That's my nickel. Pastor Bob, it always turns out to be the right choice. *That's my nickel. Pastor Bob*