Jesus’s final journey to Jerusalem was like a pot of water on the stove.

When Jesus entered the city, there was a crowd who cheered him. This crowd was composed of outsiders, those who were not city dwellers in Jerusalem. Imagine the fear city dwellers felt looking out above the walls of the city to see this crowd of outsiders entering the city and shouting. The Jewish leadership, seeing the popularity of Jesus, was frightened. Roman authorities were concerned about a riot among the people. Little bubbles begin to form in the water in this pot. Things are starting to get hot.

The next day, Jesus sees merchants in the temple selling animals for sacrifice at exorbitant prophets and overturns their sales tables. The bubbles in the pot get bigger.

On Tuesday, he calls the Jewish religious leaders blind guides and broods of vipers. He talks about how the Temple, an object of pride for the Jewish leaders, would be destroyed. Judas Iscariot makes a deal with the Jewish rabbinic court to betray him. The pot starts to boil.

On Thursday, Jesus eats the Passover with his disciples, institutes the Lord’s Supper and prays in agony in the garden. He is arrested and tried in an illegal late-night trial and condemned to death. The pot boils over.

On Friday, Jesus dies.

Throughout all of Jesus’s journey from the Hosannas to the cross, and, in fact, all of his life, Jesus acted with love. Jesus was love. Jesus knew even before he came into Jerusalem to those shouts of Hosanna what was to happen. But Jesus did it anyway, because he loved us. Even as jealousy and anger from the Jewish leadership heated up that relationship, Jesus loved. Even knowing that Judas would betray him, Jesus washed his feet. Even as most of his disciples deserted him, Jesus loved them. The more difficult the circumstances became, the more ways Jesus found to show love.

We are living in a historic time, one that is filled with uncertainty and fear. For us, perhaps, this time of living with the coronavirus also is like a pot on a stove.

The virus is identified in China. The water is placed in the pot. The virus expands to Italy. The pot is placed on the stove.

The virus comes to the United States. The water begins to bubble.

New York City and New York state become the global epicenter. The governor issues restrictions that change our life as we know it. We want our groceries delivered but there are no available times. We need staples, but the shelves are bare. Every day we read or know of more people getting the virus and more people dying, without family with them. Perhaps we know someone who has the virus. We realize that the restrictions the governor and president have set might not be strong enough. We need masks, which we can’t find. We are afraid we or a loved one will get the disease and need a ventilator but there won’t be any ventilators. The pot begins to boil.

We are still a ways from the pot reaching its peak boiling point. For the next few weeks, at least, we’re stuck at the place where the pot is boiling gently and, with just a little bit more heat, will be at full boil and boiling over. We are afraid. What will our world look like when the pot starts to boil over?

As we journey through this pandemic, Jesus goes with us. Where Jesus goes, love goes. Jesus knows suffering; Jesus knows how to love through suffering. Jesus knows what will happen to our world in this pandemic. Jesus knows how to act on his love for us as we travel through it. The tougher the circumstances become, the more ways Jesus will find to show his love for us.

We can count on Jesus’s love for us no matter how difficult the next weeks become. After all, when things were toughest for Jesus, he kept right on loving us, even willingly going to his death for us. When things get tough for us, Jesus’s love will be right there with us.