



As Christ and His followers neared Jerusalem before the Passover, He sent two disciples to a neighboring town to get an ass, on which He rode into the city. The crowds spread their garments and branches in His path, and heralded His arrival as Saviour.—Mark 11:1-10.

The next day, Monday of Holy Week, Christ, hungering, went to a fig tree for sustenance. He found on it nothing but leaves; there was not even any of the usual early fruit. He condemned this tree, which was symbolic of the spiritual barrenness of Israel.—Mark 11:12-14.

Coming to the temple in Jerusalem, Christ entered and found it full of merchants and money-changers. He drove them out angrily, overturning their tables and saying that they had made His house of prayer a den of robbers. The priests demanded to know Jesus' authority.—Mark 11:15-28.

Christ refused to tell them, for they refused to tell Him what they thought of John the Baptist. Then He condemned them in a parable, in which the vineyard Owner sent His Son to collect the tithe.—Mark 11:29-12:12.

MEMORY VERSE: "Why do you call me 'Lord, Lord,' and not do what I tell you?"—Luke 6:46.

CHIEF PRIESTS PLAN HIS DEATH

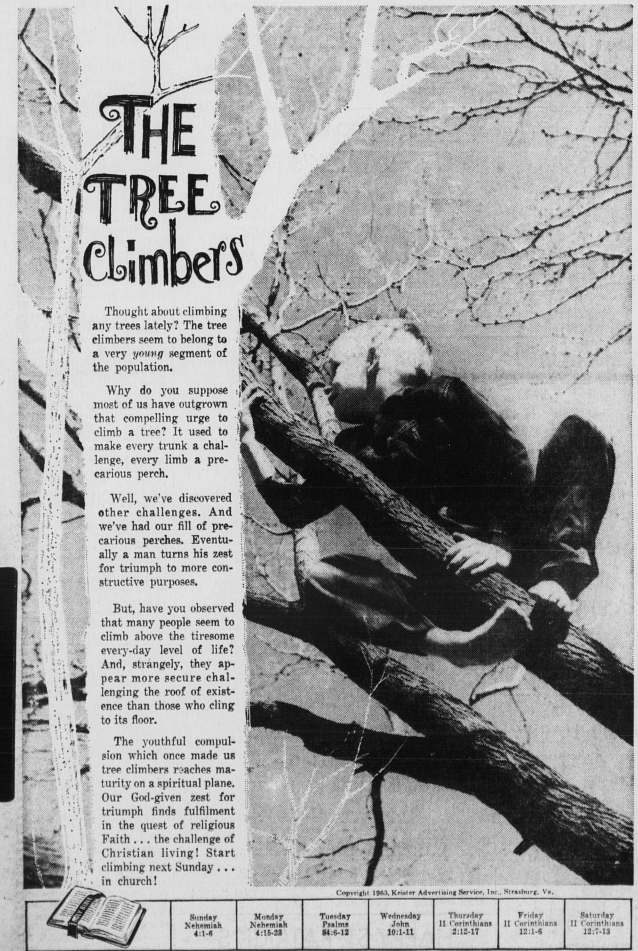
Scribes, Elders Challenge Jesus

(Editor's note: The following material relating to tomorrow's Sunday School lesson is based on copyrighted outlines produced by the Division of Christian Education, National Council of Churches in the U.S. and is used by permission.)

day before Christ's crucifixion to the Tuesday morning before. As we have seen, Christ and His followers are on their way to Jerusalem for the Passover. They leave Jericho on Friday morning and arrive that evening at Bethany, where they stay at the home of Lazarus, Mary and Martha. There, too, they spend the Sabbath, which, of course, for the Jews was (and is) on Saturday.

Saturday night, Matthew tells us (28:6), Christ went to the home of Simon the Leper for supper, where he was anointed by Mary. John tells us (12:9-11) that many of the Jews of Jerusalem went to see Him at Lazarus' home, thus raising the jealousy in the chief priests, who called a meeting of the Council to discuss putting rapine. The ass on the other

hand, is symbolic of peace, humility and quiet—the very virtues which Christ wants established in the capital of His kingdom. On Monday Christ made His pronouncement against the fig tree, an extraordinary passage in the Bible, about which much has been written. The incident appears to be a symbolic picture of the barrenness of Israel. Late in March the leaves of the fig tree begin to appear, and with them, if the tree is to bear fruit, an early-ripen crop of small knobs the size of green almonds, which are often eaten by the peasants. Not even this "leaves" but second-rate figs could be found by the hungering Christ on this record, unless the tree is barren.



THE TREE Climbers

Thought about climbing any trees lately? The tree climbers seem to belong to a very young segment of the population.

Why do you suppose most of us have outgrown that compelling urge to climb every tree? It used to make every trunk a challenge, every limb a precarious perch.

Well, we've discovered other challenges. And we've had our fill of precarious perches. Eventually a man turns his zest for triumph to more constructive purposes.

But, have you observed that many people seem to climb above the tree some everyday level of life? And, strangely, they appear more secure challenging the roof of existence than those who cling to its floor.

The youthful compulsion, which once made us tree climbers reaches maturity on a spiritual plane. Our God-given zest for triumph finds fulfillment in the quest of religious Faith... the challenge of Christian living! Start climbing next Sunday... in church!

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IN MEMORIAM

McCALLUM — In loving memory of Catherine (MacDonald) MacCallum, who passed away on March 17, 1962. We were not there to see you die. Or hold your hand or say good-bye. But God with you dear Kay when he called you to rest on St. Patrick's Day. Lovingly remembered by a sadly missed by mother, brother, and sisters. Rest in peace.

WEEKS — In loving memory of our dear father, Howard Weeks, who passed away March 16, 1962. There is no parting from those we love. We will meet side by side. No distance can divide. For today in memory's garden, We will meet side by side. Always remembered by son, Lorne and daughter, Lolita.

DIXON — In memory of my daughter Edyth. Mrs. Fred Dixon who passed away just one year ago today. In perfect peace. Her suffering over. As time goes on I miss her more. Remembered and loved by mother.

LAWSON — In loving memory of Mrs. Isaac Lawson who passed away March 17, 1962. Her soul is at rest. Remembered and sadly missed by the family.

CANTELO — In loving memory of our dear mother, Mrs. Daniel G. Cantelo, who passed away March 16, 1962. In our hearts your memory lingers. Sweetly tender, fond and true. There is not a day dear mother, that we do not think of you. Sadly missed by her family.

LONGAPPIE — In loving memory of our dear mother (Mrs. Jack Longapapie) who passed away March 17, 1962. As a wonderful mother we think of you. In memories that are fond and true. There wasn't a thing big or small. Not just today, but always will. That you wouldn't try to do for us all. It's sad but true and we wonder how the best are always the first to die.

KING — In fond and loving memory of my dear husband, Herbert H. King, who passed away March 16, 1962. This month is here with deep regrets. It brings back a day we will never forget. He fell asleep without saying goodbye. But memories of him will never die.

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LONGAPPIE — In loving memory of Mrs. Jack Longapapie, who passed away March 17, 1962. There is an ache in our hearts that years won't take away. A place in our hearts no one will miss you, dear, and always will. Fondly remembered by Joey, Bern, Cathy and Randy.

DALZIEL — In loving memory of our dear mother Ida Dalziel who passed away March 16, 1962. Two dear bright eyes, a tender smile. A loving heart that knew no guile. Her trust in God that all was well. Deep joy to make some other bright. If I could suffer on the she knew. Some gentle act of love she'd do. No thought of self, but of the other. I know said well done, dear mother! Ever remembered by husband and family.

FORD — In loving memory of our dear mother (Mrs. Earl Smith Ford) who departed this life on March 17, 1960. Like lightning leaves the years slip. But precious memories never die. They live with us in memory still. Not just today, but always will. Ever remembered by Bert, Vaunda and family.

FORD — In loving memory of our dear mother, Mrs. Ford who passed away March 17, 1959. Deep in our hearts your memory is kept. We loved you too dearly to ever forget. Sweet memories of you we will always treasure. Loving you always forgetting you never. Ever remembered by Phyllis and Ruby.

MURNAGHAN — In fond and loving memory of Allan Lee Murnaghan who departed this life March 16, 1962. Ever remembered and sadly missed by mother, father, Peggy, Ray Maurice.

DALZIEL — In loving memory of my mother Ida Dalziel who passed away March 15, 1959. When a mother breaths her last the stroke means more than tongue can tell. The place seems quite another place. Without the smile of mother's face. Lovingly remembered by son Arthur.

SOMERS — In loving memory of our uncle Ira William Somers who passed away March 17, 1962. We do not forget you Nor do we intend. We think of you often And will to the end. Gone and forgotten, But dear to our memory. You will always be. Always remembered by niece Eileen and nephews Edward, Freddy and George.

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