

A MOTHER'S SORROW

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The streets were filled with jeering throng
My being cringed at mocking song
I wove my way through hardened hearts
To be there when His long walk starts

I caught His eye so dimmed with pain
His falling Blood the earth did stain
The calls and taunts in silence fell
Our Hearts said more than words could tell

Each labored step for Love He took
His Heart besought a tender look
I could not reach His swollen face
To wipe away hate's ugly trace

But then I saw a heart disposed
Where His could find a brief repose
She cleaned His face with utmost care
Her veil the Face of Love would bear

His falls were met with violent blows
And laughter spread amongst the rows
I stood aghast at sin-bound men
Who failed to see His love for them

His body with exhaustion shook
My eyes and heart could barely look
Yet love it was that drew me on
I knew I had to keep Him strong

The mountain's base He fin'ly reached
Across the plain He used to teach
In silence climbed the hill of stone
My King prepared to mount His throne

The summit reached they stripped Him bare,
The bitter crowds did naught but stare
The soldiers pushed Him to the ground
His Humble Heart made not a sound

He laid Himself upon the Cross
And stretched His arms to heal the loss
My tender heart had blushed with shame
For them whose sin God's Heart had maimed

For years His hands had worked with wood
I'd watched Him work from where I stood
Yet now these tools of simple trade
My heart did pierce as by a blade

The hammer's rhythm sounded thrice
His Hands and Feet to pay the price
I gazed up from my humble place
To contemplate God's Human face



For three long hours He stayed this way
The clouds obscured the light of day
My soul and body felt His pain
Yet knew it wouldn't be in vain

I longed, in part, for rest of death
I heard Him fight for ev'ry breath
And yet He spoke those words of love
Entrusting all to God above

He breathed His last, I breathed in deep
His torment done, I softly weep
A soldier pierced His Sacred Side
The Blood and Water bore His Bride

Creation shook, released it's pain
The drama done, the crowd did wane
A mourning few could still be seen
As falling rain, the earth washed clean

And with our own mixed Heaven's tears
As Blood and Sweat began to clear
Yet stained remained the wooden Cross
And too, our hearts who knew the loss

His broken body taken down
His bruised Head still wore the crown
Across my knees they laid my Son
His Heart at peace, His mission done

I pulled the thorns with mother's touch
My heart had never hurt this much
I softly stroked His matted hair
And kissed the wounds that they'd laid bare

My ear pressed to His silent Heart
His death alone kept us apart
For death obscured what life had not
My heart reached out and felt Him not

Behind His bruised, disfigured face
I saw the child I had embraced
Remembering those little hands,
By holding mine, He'd learned to stand

This innocence still undefiled
Yet look at how it was reviled!
Behold the wounds of my dear Son
Again I cry, "let it be done!"

I wrapped Him now as years before
But now this cloth in death He wore
The hidden sun had sunken low
I knew that it was time to go

The 'loved John I looked to see
The son my Own had given me
I beckoned him as he drew near
To lift my Son, His Body dear,

A solemn walk we slowly made
I followed Him and close I stayed
We laid Him in a borrowed tomb
New Life He'd bear from rocky womb

His words of life live in my Heart
And so from me He'll never part
I walked away with hope aflame
For in His love we have a claim.

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