

JESUS MEETS HIS MOTHER.

Pat Hall writes

I saw her a little ahead of me, waiting in the shadows, wary of being caught. I knew she was trying to catch a glimpse of him.

Suddenly, advancing towards us, the shouts and cries mounting into an ear-splitting crescendo, the clamour and clatter of a crowd unleashed, baying for their prize.

She moves, as swiftly as a mother to scoop up a falling child, her fluttering outer garment, a mantle of love and then she stops, still, but for the tremor, quivering through her body, her shoulders drooped, her head inclined to search for those eyes. Eyes it seems, not so very long ago, glistened, from a precious new born, suckling at her breast.

Newborn eyes, now bathed in salt and blood. Waves of pain that stun and sicken pass across his face and hers. A stillness momentarily descends, her presence a precious comfort, as a deep love of recognition bathes each heart, each giving strength and courage to the other.

Her lips move as if in prayer, on this tortuous road of torment, he bows his head in acknowledgement of her blessing and then he is gone. Now no longer hers.

She returns to the shadows as the sword of utter helplessness pierces her heart.

Her faithful body crumbles, her eyes turn heavenward in despair.

In the hopelessness and gathering gloom, of the moment, I sense the lingering whisper,

'I love you'.