

Mary, on Good Friday

Arthur Jones | Apr. 21, 2011

Good Friday April 22 2011

She'd learned of the arrest.
Like any mother, her heart plummeted
To depths of anxiety known only
To those who have suffered through it.
The trial she followed second hand,
Latest developments constantly reported back:
Hope! Uplift when the Sanhedrin found no case to answer.
Despair! Caiaphas took his case before Pilate.
Hope! Pilate, too, found no case to answer.
Despair! Pilate threw her son on the mercy of the mob.
Which had none.
Every step Jesus made, she made.
Every blow Jesus felt, she felt.
Every cry Jesus gave, she gave.
When he breathed his last,
Something left her forever also.
His Resurrection would be a shared blessing.
It would come, of course. She knew that.
Knowing does not fill the void. Not today.
He was gone.

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