**Good Friday 2017**

She gazes at her son hanging there. A mother should be always there to soothe the childhood wounds, to wipe the tears, to enfold in tender embrace.

She gazes at her son, hanging there. No mother should see her child suffer and die. She remembers the words of the angel, the curious joy of the day when in her womb the multiplying cells hinted at the presence of the author of life.

She gazes at her son, hanging there. His agony is hers. Not the pain of birth, but of another birth that wrings her heart.

She gazes at her son, hanging there. All her tears are shed. Her eyes are fixed on his, windows onto eternity.

She gazes at her son, hanging there. She remembers the words of the old man – a sword shall pierce your heart. How did he know? There have been so many. She has not been spared the mockery of the Pharisees, the piercing words of so-called friends.

She gazes at her son, hanging there. The words of the angel pierce her heart still – son of God. The crowds were all about self-interest. They wanted healing and they wanted feeding, but not the rest.

She gazes at her son, hanging there. Has she become cynical? He would not like that because he loved, yes he really loved. She saw that with Lazarus.

So many wounds. A soldier’s spear. Why should it mar his body? She longs to cry out in protest but the words die on her lips. She has no words.

She gazes at her son, hanging there. Her body aches with grief. She knows his body. She remembers learning it as every new mother learns her child. His body tearing flesh from sinew, sinew from bone, that same body. She will learn it once again. One last time she will cradle him in her arms and tenderly wrap him in the shawl of eternity. Birth and death.

She gazes at her son, hanging there. And what of this other man, his friend? Is she to be his? He gives her away. Yet in the years of grief and emptiness she will share the infant and he the man and together, yes together, they just may come to know the son of God. She will go to him. She will cherish him and she will allow him to cradle her years.

She gazes at her son, hanging there. He cries. One last time she hears his voice through the agony. It is finished. It is finished?

She gazes at her son, hanging there. Soon, soon she must play her mother’s part and then the waiting, the waiting.

She gazes at her son, hanging there. The waiting must begin, for death? For birth? Her mind confounds the two – death birth, birth death – are they not buy one?

Wait……wait……….wait