

### *Scripture*

A large crowd of people followed Jesus, including many women who mourned and lamented him.

(Luke 23:27)

### *Reflection*

Could the tears flowing down the faces of the women in the streets of Jerusalem be traced back to a playground in Nazareth? Every mother's heart is a gallery of memories, wonders and imaginings—seeing in their child the face of “Mary's boy.”

### *Song • Poem*

#### *Mary's Boy*

I remember him playing in the backyard with our boys;  
Even then things he was saying . . . displaying . . . what joy.  
She sometimes would talk, his mother—when we took them to the park.  
She would claim he's just like any other; yet there seemed a sorrow in her heart.

We lost touch as they grew older, he worked for his dad.  
“Visit any time,” I told her, but she never has.  
Then I heard he left the business, turned to preaching in the streets.  
For a time the family hid this, but now nothing is discreet.

They arrested him, Thursday—then we heard, “condemned to die.”  
I am here to weep as he's led away—no words to say, just cry.  
All that my eyes see is Mary's boy, happy and so free and full of trust.  
But in my heart I know with every mother's joy  
There's a sword that waits to pierce us.

