

MARY AT THE CROSS

Time suspended, time that stops
In between the crimson drops:
As they tumble to the ground
Somehow she can stare around
Seeing scenes of yesterday,
Hearing angel's words that say,
"Highly favored, have no fear!
From your virgin womb this year
By the Spirit's power alone
Comes the King for David's throne,
Sinner's Savior, Holy One,
God Almighty's only Son."

Then, the words her cousin told
(As it trickles red and cold,
His life-blood before the tomb),
"Blest, the fruit that fills your womb!
Blest are you of womankind,
Mother of our Lord Divine!"
And her song sung in reply,
"My soul praises God on high!
In my Savior I rejoice!
Making me His humble choice,
Causing all to call me 'blest,'
God has done for me the best!
Mighty is His holy name,
Ageless grace, and endless fame!"

As she stands before His cross,
Feeling pain, heart-rending loss,
She remembers public shame,
Pregnant with no man to blame.
She recalls dear Joseph's care:
Taught by dreams her task to share,

How he guarded her from scorn
Till the baby boy was born . . .
Worried when her pains began
As they came to Bethlehem,
He implored each house and hall
Just to find a stable stall.
In its filth the baby came
'Neath an oily torch's flame.
Wakened by a holy light,
Shepherds visited that night.
Angels beckoned them to run
To the town to find the One
Called the Christ whose wondrous birth
Brought down Heaven's peace to earth.

On the hill called Calvary
Witnessing his agony,
Aching with a dreadful sob,
Hearing laughter from the mob,
She, with other women's tears,
Weeps and dreams back through the years
To the visit of the Three:
Magi from the East to see
Little Jesus on her lap
Swaddled in a woolen wrap.
Frankincense and myrrh and gold,
"Royal presents," they were told.
One day he would reign as King. . .
How could they have said this thing,
When with torment now he cries
Up to cold and silent skies?

Darkness gathers, shadows fall,
Thunder echoes with his call. . .
Mournful cry: "My God! My God!"
She falls prostrate on the sod.

Then she somehow overhears
Whispered words that ease her fears,
Words that re-ignite the dream
Shattered by her son's last scream.
"It is finished!" he had cried.
Now the guard that pierced his side
Whispers when the deed is done,
"Surely He was God's own Son!"

Mary keeps that faithful word
In her thoughts until she's heard
Peter tell her, "He arose,"
Smiles, and nods as if she knows. . .
How could it be otherwise?
And again her heart replies,
Filled with overwhelming love,
"My soul praises God above!
In my Savior I rejoice!
Making me His humble choice,
Causing all to call me 'blest,'
God has done for me the best!
Mighty is His holy name,
Ageless grace, and endless fame!"

— *David L. Hatton, 2/8/1992*