

May 13,2020

Upper Room- Mary his Mother

She was there in that room, surrounded by his friends and family. It had been a blur, these past several months. She could hardly believe what had transpired.

As usual, the family set out for their pilgrimage to the Temple for the Feast. Somehow the journey was different this year. Even in Nazareth, word had arrived about the new preacher and all the wonders associated to his life and work. People said that he came from this town and was the son of a carpenter. She would smile proudly at their words. Then there were other words that she heard; He had made enemies a well. His enemies were people of importance. The trip would be important for more than just a pilgrimage of faith. She needed to see her son. Mom needed to make sure he was alright.

When she finally did see him, he was far from alright. He was hanging on a tree and he was dying. There were no words of comfort that she could offer him at that moment. She was not even there with the rest of the family. She was with one of his friends, a nice young man, but not her kin. Her son looked down at her in that moment. There was a note of recognition, a small smile. Then he said, "Woman, behold your son," then he said to that young man, "Behold your mother." Now he was kin.

She had been with him and the others for all those weeks after that horrible day. She had been able to hold his lifeless body for only a short time before they hurried to bury him before the Feast would begin. She was numb in the pain of her loss. She had known losses before, her parents, her husband. But to bury a child you bore and to whom you had given life, that was a loss that hurt deeply. And yet, somewhere inside, as she remembered back to the beginning, her faith told her that God would not let it all end like this. What would happen she didn't know. But crucifixion had not destroyed her faith nor her hope.

There was a buzz in the room that Sunday morning. One of the women had been to the tomb. It was empty. There was confusion as his friends tried to understand what it all meant. Only later would the confusion turn to joy and peace as he showed himself to them. She would only smile as her faith and hope were rewarded.

She stayed with them and shared their lives. He had given her to them. She brought her family into the group and they were all caught up in the euphoria of the moment. As she sat there with them, she realized that she didn't know a lot about them and so one day she said to them, "I know you were close to my son but I don't know a lot about what you all did with him and what he meant to you. Would you please tell me about your friendship with him? How did you meet? What did you do with him? Why was he important to you? I would really love to know."

There was silence for a few moments and then Peter spoke up. "I was on my boat in Capernaum...". And tomorrow Peter will tell us his story.

But you at home how might you answer the questions that Mary asked the disciples today as you sit in your Upper Room?

Fr. Marty

