

Two Mothers

*Long time ago, so I have been told,
Two angels once met on streets paved with gold.
“By the stars in your crown,” said the one to the other
“I see that on earth, you too, were a mother.*

*And by, the blue-tinted halo you wear
“You, too, have known sorrow and deepest despair...”
“Ah yes,” she replied, “I once had a son,
A sweet little lad, full of laughter and fun.”*

*“But tell of your child.” “Oh, I knew I was blessed
From the moment I first held him close to my breast,
And my heart almost burst with the joy of that day.”
“Ah, yes,” said the other, “I felt the same way.”*

*The former continued: “The first steps he took-
So eager and breathless; the sweet startled look
Which came over his face – he trusted me so.”
“Ah, yes,” said the other, “How well do I know”*

*“But soon he had grown to a tall handsome boy,
So stalwart and kind – and it gave me so much joy
To have him just walk down the street by my side”
“Ah yes,” said the other mother,
“I felt the same pride.”*

*“How often I shielded and spared him from pain
And when he for others was so cruelly slain.
When they crucified him – and they spat in his face
How gladly would I have hung there in his place!”*

*A moment of silence - “Oh then you are she -
The mother of Christ”; and she fell on one knee.
But the Blessed one raised her up, drawing her near,
And kissed from the cheek of the woman, a tear.*

*“Tell me the name of the son you love so,
That I may share with your grief and your woe.
She lifted her eyes, looking straight at the other,
“He was Judas Iscariot: I am his mother.” – Anonymous*