

Mary's Son

By Clinton Meharry, @ 2008

Mary gave birth to a wonderful Son,
But experienced pain like everyone.

She couldn't have had a better child,
More loving, friendly, patient and mild,

More helpful, courteous, kind and strong,
Forgiving others, while hating wrong!

But that is why she experienced pain,
He hated wrong, and that was plain.

People who wanted to cling to their sin
Felt the rebuke that came from Him.

He didn't have to say a word,
Loud and clear, they still heard.

For the life He lived and choices He made,
Came from One who always prayed.

Abiding with His Father above,
He showed us how to truly love.

Those who felt the need for grace,
Were gently drawn by His smiling face.

Those who thought they upheld the law,
Didn't like the things they saw.

"Why do you want to eat your dinner,
With the Publican and sinner?"

God condemns the thief and liar,
He will throw them in the fire.

If you approve of what they do,
Then surely God is not with You!"

Then Jesus looked around and asked,
"What do you think is the doctor's task?"

He comes to help the ones in need,
The lame, the sick, the ones who bleed,

I've come to heal those who hurt;
Those who feel they're good as dirt.

I've come to love and save all men
From slavery to their selfish sin.

The truth will truly make you free
When you believe and trust in me."

The Jewish leaders replied with scorn!
"Through fornication you were born,

How can you be teaching us?"
They looked at Him with mean disgust

"We're sons of Abraham, you see,
We don't need to be made free!"

But as they spoke their anger grew.
Jesus knew what they would do.

When He was finally crucified,
He still loved them; He still replied,

"Forgive them, Father, they don't know
We're not doing this just for show.

When I am raised up from the grave,
They might believe I came to save

Everyone from every sin,
Simply because we love all men."

As Mary stood beneath the cross
Weeping over the imminent loss,

She remembered the promise from years before,
A reminder of the spiritual war:

"A sword will pierce your soul too!"
She felt it now, it was surely true!

But on Sunday morning when the Son had risen,
In spite of the guards, from His tomb-sealed prison,

Mary now had a new song to sing,
Of her Son – The Savior, Creator, and King!