

# 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday of Lent – March 14/15, 2020 – The Third Last Word of Jesus: “Woman, behold, your son ... Behold, your mother.” (John 19: 26-27)

In the bright afternoon sun of the Palestinian springtime, He hung there now, passing in and out of consciousness, half in a dream state, half in excruciatingly clear awareness.

He thought of the Torah, those sacred five books of the bible, words and stories known and cherished by every Jew. Genesis ... “In the beginning ...” He saw, as if it were present now, the gorgeous Garden with its fruited trees, its crawling animals, its flying birds. He could almost feel again the warmth of that brand new sun, taste the cool, clear water of the flowing streams, hear the roar of those primal ocean waves crashing on the new shore. Though His hands were cramped and aching from the nails, He could once more feel the cool, moist, clay of the earth Father had formed into Adam, the man. How good it all was ... how very, very good. But, He remembered that despite all the goodness, all the beauty, something wasn't quite right: the man, Adam, was lonely. And so, Father cast the man into a deep sleep and took a rib from his side near the man's heart and formed that bone and sinew into a perfect companion. When the man awoke from his sleep, he stared in wondrous rapture and joy; “This one, at last, is flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone ... this one shall be called woman, for out of her man she has been taken!” He could see her standing there ... Eve ... so

perfect, so beautiful. And, the man and the woman were a family, the first family.

Now, He saw another woman. It was at Cana in Galilee. It was a wedding. The woman was not the bride, though to His eyes, she always looked the bride. So perfect. So beautiful. And, when she spoke, she melted His heart, He could never refuse her anything. "Son, they have no more wine." He remembered what He had said to her, "Woman, how does this concern of yours involve me? My Hour is not yet come." Did she know what she was asking? Did she know that she was moving Him from the quiet of their home together to the pain and blood of this awful moment, this awful cross? Did she know that? And yet, she had simply said, "Do whatever He tells you." And, of course He would, He did ... for the Woman ... His Mother ... so perfect ... so beautiful.

He thought now of the people and what they had thought of His family: "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" ... "Isn't this the carpenter's son; isn't His mother Mary; don't we know His kinfolk ... where did He get all this? And they found Him too much for them."

He opened His eyes and looked through the blood dripping from His brow that couldn't cloud His clear vision. There would be a new family: not in Nazareth or Eden; not from ribs or clay; not made by blood or tribe or race.

John, the beloved, the faithful one, would be the new child, the first of many, many others; and Mary, the new Mother to him and to all ... and, believers, even the rejected and the outcast, even the refuse and the throw-away's of the world ... a new family, a new order, a new Creation!

And, as He looked out from Calvary to forever, He could see it ... My  
Family ... My Church ... you, My People ...

"Woman, behold, your son ... Behold, your Mother."