

Imagine Mother Mary's Life

She was very young and according to God's plan,
was soon to be betrothed to a gentle, older man.
While in the midst of angels, she truly understood,
she would be sanctified by her virgin motherhood.

Away in a manger she gave birth to a prophet son.
How could she imagine that she would be the one,
to stand by Jesus faithfully until his work was done?
She was to be a mother who would glorify her son.

She watched as he matured into a miraculous man.
His fame was soon to spread all throughout the land.
What trials and tribulations was she able to foresee?
How could she imagine he would love his enemies?

It's hard to imagine how she suffered from her loss,
as she witnessed her beloved Jesus die upon the cross.
Our lives were changed forever by her redeeming son,
was his work on earth completed, or had it just begun?

On the second night, she awoke with the first light,
It appeared he had risen, she believed he was alive.
I can imagine her relief, for as Jesus prophesied,
he fulfilled his promise to demonstrate eternal life.

Within the lonely, longing hours of her later years,
I imagine our ascended savior would often reappear.
He would sit and talk with his beloved matriarch,
I imagine he'd assure her, she is always in his heart.

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This poem was inspired by insights within a lyric
called "I can't Imagine" by Dr. Michael McDonough.

Drawings by Heinrich Hoffmann.
Top - The Visit of the Three Wise Men.
Bottom - The Resurrection.

