

Full Circle

Mary always knew this day would come, but she was still unprepared for it. How could anyone prepare for this? This insanity? The vacillating crowd, followed him with cheers of acclamation one day, and the next cursed him with the riotous shouts of the damned.

She remembered standing at the edge of the crowd staring in disbelief at the three bodies. This was senseless! Why did it happen? Surely, the two on the outside deserved this. After all, they were thieves; but Jesus did nothing to warrant this punishment.

In the darkness, Mary rested her weary frame on her mat as her mind traveled back over the past six months without him. So much has changed. His followers are in hiding most of the time. They come out boldly, preaching his message during the day, but at night, they hide among the new converts.

Jesus made many enemies while he was here. In death, he had attracted more. The stories and the lies they concocted to explain his being seen by the multitudes afterwards were just the beginning.

A slight smile tugged at the corner of her mouth as she remembered her little boy running across the square to tell her of his latest revelation. So young and yet so much wisdom. God revealed many secrets to this child He had entrusted into her care. Softly touching his curls Mary looked into the dark eyes that danced with such merriment. His smile never changed. She could see that same smile the last time they were together. He still looked to her like the same little boy who was so eager to share God's truth with her.

As Mary lay on her mat, her mind was pulled in many directions. Part of her struggled with inexpressible grief. Losing Jesus was the most difficult thing she had experienced since the loss of her beloved Joseph years before. Another part of her rejoiced in the knowledge that Jesus would never be hurt again. Through his death, he had won his battle and the battle for himself and for all who would follow him.

The hardest part of all of this was accepting that he was no longer her son; he was now her Savior. He was no longer that little boy with curls. Nor was he that young man who came to her so often for counsel. He had fulfilled His Father's plan for his life and now sits at His right hand.

Mary lay in the darkness remembering her long battle. She thought on the day that an angel told her that she would bear God's child. He entrusted His plans into her care. She was so overwhelmed that God would choose her for such responsibility and honor. She had loved Jesus, protected him, taught him, and guided him for most of her life. She had to remind herself often that he was not really hers. He belongs to humanity. He came with a purpose and death was part of the plan.

Now she understood the price God paid when He placed Jesus into her womb. How it must have broken His heart to let him go. Their relationship changed, too. He no longer belonged to His Father alone. He now belonged to the world.

Source: [Miron Ministries](#)

About the Author

Normal 0 false false false MicrosoftInternetExplorer4 Dr. Sharon Schuetz is an ordained minister and holds a BA in Religious Education and a Phd in Clinical Counseling Psychology. She and her husband, Michael, have been married for 33 years. They have three children and seven grandchildren. Like most writers, she has loved writing since she was a child.