

The Crucifixion

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Every year on Good Friday, whether I'm in Church or not, I think about Jesus' last day on earth. That day, in some ways, Jesus is more real to me. He's not the Super Hero, who changed water to wine, cured the blind and fed thousands with a few fish and loaves of bread, but merely a mortal man, trudging to his destiny. He was a young man, who was probably afraid and unsure what the immediate future would hold.

As a Mother though, I can't help but think of Mary, His Mother. What pain and anguish she must have suffered watching her child lumber along the path that would take Him to his death. It must have been unbearable for her to watch Jesus suffer and die. How helpless she must have felt. As Mothers, we tend to be 'fixers' and there was nothing Mary could do to change Jesus' destiny. I can't imagine anything more painful.

Seventeen years ago my first Best Friend died when she was 37. I was pregnant with Chris and I sat with her Mother, who had lost the 2nd of her eight children. As we sat and wept over Angela, I remember holding Andrew tight on my lap and feeling as though I couldn't breathe from the pain. I couldn't imagine life without my child and I wondered how she could even get out of bed and face each day without her beloved daughter.

Trite as it sounds, I am now starting to experience a loss as well, tiny as it may seem compared to theirs. Andrew and I just got back from the University of Colorado at Boulder and he fell completely in love with it. Lately, I've been keenly aware of the fact that God gives us this wonderful treasure – but only for a very short time. In that time, we are to mold our children in God's Light, to teach them to live as Jesus did and to care for others both locally and globally.

On March 19th, the day that Gary Breeke died, I realized a part of God's plan for me. Gary's daughter Denisha has been a very close friend of Andrew's since kindergarten and on the day that Gary died, Andrew decided to bring her a burrito from her favorite restaurant. He and a friend were just going to drop it off, but when Denisha heard that they were there, she wanted to see them. He stayed with her then and saw or talked to her every day after that until well after the Memorial Service. I was so very proud of him and so filled with love.

You see, when my Father died, in my Senior Year, when I was 17, no one said or did anything for me. None of my friends or teachers said a word to acknowledge that my world had completely collapsed and it was so very painful. Perhaps the reason that God put me through that pain was merely to raise a caring 17 year old boy, who would reach out to a 17 year old girl who was feeling the pain that I did.

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When Andrew leaves for College, I know it will be painful, not only for Bob & me, but also for Chris & Stevie. Nothing will be quite the same again, but I know that he is ready. I know that I have done the work that God gave me to do.

Maybe it was that way for Mary, too. As painful as it was for her to watch Jesus suffer and die on the cross, she too knew that she had done the work that God had given her to do. She also must have been very proud that her only son's death would change the path of the world. She gave her only son for all of us to know the way and to find our direction. Perhaps that pride and love is how Mary was able to get up the next day.