

Mary, Jesus' Mother

Ever since I was a little girl, I wanted to be a mother—to have children of my own. When an angel told me I was going to have a baby and that baby was going to be God's Son, I knew my life wasn't going to look like the one I'd always imagined. But then Jesus was born. He's been a wonderful Son. I'm not sure how I will live without Him.

So many people love Him, not just me. Young, old, men, women, children ... they all followed Him, hanging on every word He said. I know the Jewish priests were jealous. That's why they wanted Him to die. But I also trust God's plan that the angel told me. That means I need to go on living ... and loving ... and waiting to see what God is going to do next, even though my heart is broken.

As a mother, I know that no one will ever take the place of my Son. Yes, I have other children. Even though they're grown, I'll always love and care for them as only a mother can. But for as long as I live, my Son Jesus will remain close. I'll always be thinking of Him, loving Him, missing Him ...

Do you know that even while my Son—my special Son—was suffering on the cross, He was thinking of me? He told John, one of His followers and closest friends, to take care of me, to love me as if I were his very own mother. And Jesus asked me to care for John as if he were my very own son. Jesus knew that John and I needed each other. He also knew that we would do anything He asked. So we'll care for each other as family, in Jesus' name. We'll talk together about everything Jesus did and said and how much He meant to us.

Most importantly, we'll tell others how much He and His love changed our lives. We'll grieve together, and hopefully, one day, we'll smile together again too. I know that's what Jesus would want for all of us.



What do you think Mary was like as a mother?

How does God provide for you when you're hurting?

How do you now feel about Jesus, knowing He loved His mother so much?

