

Mary's Loving Eyes

Her loving eyes were the first to behold the Incarnate Word.
Hers were the first eyes He saw.
Her eyes were the first to see His tears and the first to see His smile.
Hers were the eyes which saw His first steps, His first tooth.
Her eyes saw His first injury, her eyes shed the first tears for Him.
Hers were the eyes which searched Him out each day as He played & worked.
Her eyes searched frantically for Him when He was lost.
Her eyes spotted Him in the Temple, teaching His people.
Her eyes caught His attention at Cana, and asked for His help.
Her tear-filled eyes looked into His as He left to begin His public ministry. Her eyes embraced Him as He was condemned by Pilate.
Her eyes watched through tears as the whips ripped into His body.
Her eyes absorbed the agony of His crown of thorns.
Her eyes followed His every painful step.
Her eyes met His, comforting Him as He stumbled toward Calvary.
Her eyes watched as the nails were pounded into His hands which healed so many, so often.
Her eyes watched, caressing His swollen face in the only way she could, as He hung on the Cross.
Her eyes met His as He gave her all His children to be her own.
Her anguished eyes looked upon her children as they crucified her only begotten Son.
Her loving eyes were the last thing on Earth He saw as He died.
Her eyes beheld His broken body as it was laid across her lap.
Her eyes watched as He was laid in the tomb.
As she held John's arm for support, her eyes looked back across the fields to the three now empty crosses, silent witnesses in the twilight.
Her loving eyes watched, filled with hope, as the frightened apostles gathered in the upper room.
Her loving eyes were radiant as she beheld her risen Son, as He beheld her, as He embraced her soul.
Her sorrowful, joyful, loving eyes watched as He ascended to the Father.
Her loving eyes envelop each of us every day.