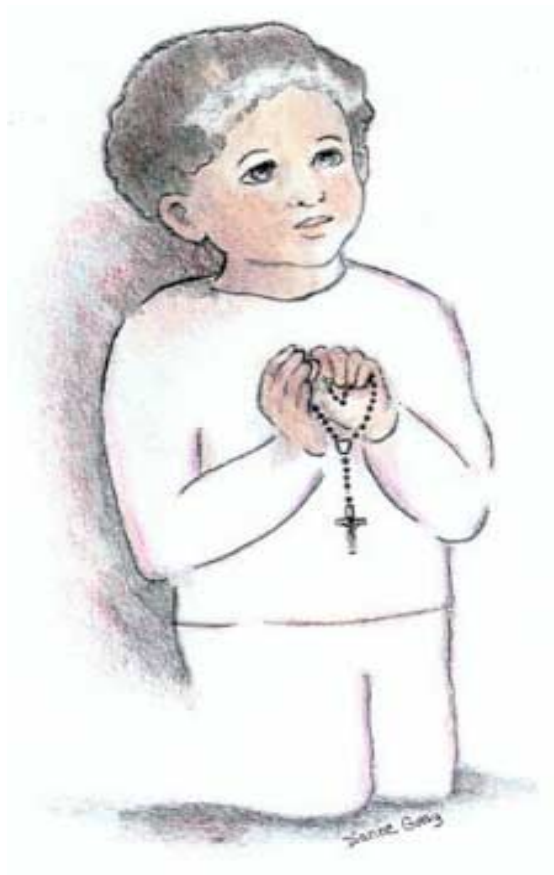


Beneath the Cross

By Dianne Gotay



Dear Jesus-
I wish that You had not been hurt so much-
They laughed at You,
and said things about You
that were not true.
They whipped You,
and pushed prickly, sharp thorns
into Your Head.
Oh, let me take from off Your Head
that thorny crown;
And let me kiss Your dear, sweet Face
So wounded for me.

You suffered so, dear Jesus,
to take away our sins.
So much did You love us
that You let them put nails
Through Your Hands and through Your Feet,
and a spear through Your Side.
You even asked God, our Heavenly Father,
to forgive us.

I want to put my arms around Your loving Mother
who is here with me.
It makes her happy that I love You.
She teaches me how to pray better
and love You more.
She hugs me, and caresses my head tenderly
when I am scared,
or when I hurt for some reason
like You did.

All the things that were used to hurt You-
the crown of thorns,
the nails, the spear,
and the Cross-
Your dear Mother tells me to always keep them
close to my heart,
to treasure them
as keepsakes of Your Love.