

A Walk with Jesus

This weekend as we begin Holy Week, we are invited today and throughout the week to walk with Jesus on his way to Calvary. Isn't it interesting that during this week, we are asked to participate in the Mass like no other time in the church year. We are called to carry palms, take part in the washing of the feet at the Lords supper, pray in the garden with Christ, venerate the cross on Good Friday and then experience all of the senses of light, incense, music and excitement of the good news of the resurrection.

Why does the church pick this week for us to participate in a new way? I believe that the church picks this week because, in her wisdom, the church understands that we all experience this journey in one way or another throughout our lives. This week, as we experience this walk with Jesus, let us take time to invite Jesus to walk with us in a deeper way in our lives throughout the year.

I wrote a little poem about my walk with Jesus through a couple of different stations that I remember so vividly. I wanted to share that with you today.

My Walk with Jesus--Deacon Jim

As I was praying in church one day, a young man came up by me in the pew,
and asked if he could sit down and pray with me too.

I moved over and invited him to sit down,
As we gazed on the Stations of the Cross and Jesus wearing his bloody crown.

He had never thought about or reflected on the Stations in prayer,
And I told him to think in a deep way, as he would be walking with Christ there.

I shared with him that reflecting on these Stations,
I saw a reflection of my own life,
while seeing Jesus go through all his strife.

I told the young man that through our journeys of our earthy stay,
We can learn and reflect how we as disciples are asked to
journey with Christ and share in his cross day by day.

I was sitting by the Stations where Jesus neared the end,
And I said let me tell you of sharing
my journey through these 3 particular stations my friend.

You see when Jesus was stripped of his clothes at Station #10,
I could hearken back to a dear friend of mine way back when.

It was a couple that I knew very well,
Who were stripped of their material possessions and business,
when the bankruptcy hearings made them sell.

They cried and cried and I shared their tears, but I never knew how God would help them through those
terrible years.

Yet God was there for them, even though things were all stripped from their past,
but they knew in their hearts that this would not last.

For a only a few short years later when God helped them on back to their feet,
My friend was called to the vocation of Deacon, which was really rather neat.

So even though he was stripped of the material possessions of this earth,
God has now called him to a vocation which has a mighty worth.

You see my friend when I look at that 11th Station where Jesus was nailed to the Cross,
I can be reminded of my mother of whom I suffered great loss.

For through her death, she was nailed to a tree as well,
A disease called ALS, a terrible death which I am here to tell.

For as I watched her in her bed, her limbs became lifeless as
the disease it spread and her bodily movement she lost,
And I knew I was with her as she was sharing in the nailing to the cross.

But just like Jesus, she loved me to the end for this I know,
As she left me with her great spirit when God said that it was her time to go.

And even now I feel that she is there, as I remember her
11th station journey and being nailed to the cross,
As losing a mother, I will never forget her loss.

And on the 12th station, seeing Jesus hanging from the tree,
I remember a time that I was called to be with a family from noon to three.

I sat with a family whose daughters life was terribly shaken as ,
Her ex-husband was holding her hostage, and then in a brief gunshot her life was taken.

Yes it was in a little town called Bancroft you see, and it truly felt like I was standing with the family
on the hill of Calvary.

Her mother and father broke down in tears,
After the news that their precious daughter was murdered after living only 47 years.

For on that day, I was taken back to that Station where Jesus was lifted high,
When I too shared the anguish of a family whose daughter had died.

The young man put his arm around me with a tear in his eye and told me that he was really sorry for
all my loss,
I thanked him for his words and I told him, yes I learned a lot from not only these three stations
but Jesus' entire journey under that weight of that Old Rugged Cross

I pray for all of you this very day, that you may reflect on these stations too,
So that when we all finish our journey with Jesus
that we share in that Easter joy in heaven where will all be made new.

May God Bless your walk with Jesus during this Holy Week. Deacon Jim