

We left mother and child there and returned to the house. Peter spoke to Me saying, "He was a nice boy. I am glad You helped them."

"If you ask from God in prayer and in love, if you persevere and trust that God will answer your prayers, if it is for the best, God will," I explained, as we entered the doorway of the house to prepare to go to the synagogue.

ANOTHER HAD BEEN TOUCHED BY MY LOVE

When we arrived at the synagogue, My followers were waiting. James came to Me and said, "We were worried, Lord, it has been nearly two hours."

"I am sorry for the delay, but we met someone who needed help," I replied. James smiled for he knew another had been touched by My love, and this brought him great joy.

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MY CRUCIFIX

I bear it everywhere, I prefer it to all things.

I often read of beautiful things
that carry my soul aloft on wings,
but aught they say, or e'er can sing,
such peace to me can never bring...As my Crucifix

It brightens my day and cheers my night,
and makes life's heaviest burdens light;
no beauties of nature, nor charms of sea
such depths of thought can unfold to me...As my Crucifix

It speaks in a low, mysterious way,
and says what creatures can never say.
Ah! who will tell me the value of pain
and the merit patient suffering can gain...As my Crucifix

When bowed beneath the weight of woe
that only our Crucified Lord can know,
who then can comfort my aching soul
and urge it onward towards the goal...As my Crucifix

The trees and flowers all speak of God's love,
and the sky reveals it from above
but neither flowers, clouds nor sun
can tell what His love for me has done...As my Crucifix

(anonymous)



"What Does Crucify Mean?"



..." Oh,

that is something you must talk

to your mother about."

"WHAT DOES CRUCIFY MEAN?"

from *THROUGH THE EYES OF JESUS* by C. Alan Ames

Walking back to the house with Peter, we passed a young boy playing in the dirt. He was covered from head to toe with dust. I looked down at him and smiled saying, "Are you enjoying yourself? You look as if you are."

"I AM MAKING A FARM"

The boy looked up at Me with large hazel eyes and replied, "Yes, I am, I am making a farm, these are the houses," he said, as he pointed at some mounds of dirt, "and these are the animals," he explained, as he showed Me some shiny stones.

I knelt down beside him and asked, "Do you want to be a farmer when you get older?"

"Yes, I do, because then we will never be hungry!" he stated, as if this should be obvious to everyone.

"Are you hungry now?" asked Peter.

"Yes, I am," replied the young boy. "I only had a small breakfast, and mummy says we cannot eat again until tomorrow. I've eaten some grass though," he said, as he lifted some blades of grass from the ground beside him.

"Do you go hungry often," asked Peter, with a caring in his voice.

"Most days," said the boy while he continued to play with the dirt and stones.

"Where is your father?" inquired Peter, with a tear rolling down his cheek.

"Mummy says my daddy was killed in an accident, but some of my friends say he was crucified by the Romans. What does crucify mean?" asked the boy, in an innocent way.

I reached out and stroked his face saying, "Oh, that is something you must talk to your mother about. "Peter," I said, as I spoke to the child, "do we have something we could give this boy for his mother?"

"Yes, Lord," said Peter, as the tears rolled freely down his cheeks. Peter then took a small bag of coins from his side and gave it to the boy. "Here son, take this to your mother."

As the boy took the bag, he asked of Me, "Why is he crying? Is he sad?"

PETER CRIED EVEN MORE

"He is crying because his heart is filled with love," I answered. The boy leaned forward and put his arms around Peter, and said, "Don't cry, I used to cry a lot, but I still feel sad. Don't cry." Then he kissed Peter on the cheek saying, "I will be your friend, don't cry." This made Peter cry even more, and then I started to cry at the love and innocence of this young child who had to suffer so, but suffered without losing his love.

I saw the boy's father before Me who had been a good man, but who could not feed his family because he had an illness, which made it difficult to work. One day in desperation, he stole some money and a sword from a Roman soldier, a sword he would sell to buy food. The soldiers caught him and beat him. Then they said he tried to kill them with the sword, which was untrue. The officer in charge of the soldiers ordered the man be crucified, and so he was.

It breaks My heart to see how a good man was drawn into sin because his neighbors had not helped him in his hour of need. If the neighbors and friends had

taken pity on this poor sick man and helped him, he would not have been so desperate as to steal.

SIN ONLY BRINGS MORE SUFFERING

I also saw how sin only brings more suffering, it never eases it. This man suffered on the cross, his wife and child suffer without him, and his neighbors hurt their very souls more and more, for even now, after this man has died, they still do nothing to help this family. What a weight of sin they bring upon themselves.

The mother of the child arrived to see Peter and Me crying, with the boy embracing us both, saying, "Don't cry, it will be all right, don't cry."

"What's this? What are you doing to my child?" she asked, as she picked him up. Peter looked at her, and said, "We were just talking, and he told us a little of his life."

"Oh," she said, as she looked to the ground in shame. I stood up and went to her, lifting her face up with My hand, saying, "You have nothing to be ashamed of. You have a fine boy and I see you have a loving heart."

"I must go," she said, nervously, as she made to leave. "Mummy look what these nice men gave us," said the boy, showing his mother the bag of coins. She looked in disbelief. "You didn't steal it, did you?" she asked.

"No, we gave it to him for you," stated Peter.

"But, why?" she questioned.

"It is for you so that you can return to your family in Cesaria," I said, smiling gently at her.

"How did You know my family was there?" she asked, surprised.

"I know you have an uncle there who will look after you and your son, if you go to him," I advised.

"But-but how can You know that? No one in this town knows that," she exclaimed.

I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU

"I know, just as I know each day you pray to God that your husband will be forgiven, and that you will be given a little help in life. Well, God hears and answers."

"Lord," she cried, as she fell to her knees.

"That man called Him Lord, also," said the child, matter of fact, pointing to Peter.

The woman started to cry and would not look at Me. She just kept looking at the ground saying, "Lord."

I reached down and took her arm helping her to her feet, saying, "Your prayers have been answered. Never forget to thank God for what He does in your life."

She lifted her eyes and looked at Me, and then she knew Me. She fell to her knees and this time, she began to kiss my feet, saying, "Thank You, Lord, thank You. I am not worthy. Oh, thank you, Lord."

Again I lifted her up and said, "All the sadness in your heart I lift, and I replace it with joy, and to the child in your womb, I give the joy of life."

"A child, Lord a child. I wasn't sure, but yes, You are right. A child...my husband's child," she called, happily. The young boy smiled at Me and said, "I am glad You have stopped crying." "So am I," I said, "so am I,"