Letter To The Unsaved Parent:

The Crucifixion Story

A Short Story By Krystale Jane’l

To The Unsaved Parent,  
I write this letter in hopes that you may understand the sacrifice of my beloved, the first born from my womb gave for you. It is not my intentions to persuade you or change your religious beliefs, but it is my intention that you truly understand the love and the hope my beloved son, the Lamb of God gave so that you may be free. This is my story….  
  
The Trial  
“Mary, they have captured Jesus. He will speak before Pilate. We must go to him.” One of the disciples sent word to us that my beloved son would be handed to Pilate for judgment. I knew that this day would come, but I was not prepared. My spirit was quiet within me searching for a place to take refuge preparing for the events that were to come.  
As we made way to the governor’s headquarters where my beloved was to stand before Pilate, I felt no pain and no emotion. My Father numbed me and I felt his presence as I moved forward with Joseph and the rest of our families and loved ones.  
The afternoon sun seemed to follow me and envelope me as if to comfort me. Its rays beat down on my tan face and radiated from around me like the glass from an alabaster box. There was an almost eerie quietness about the land as we traveled. The wind even seemed to stop breathing.  
I walked in silence remembering when the angel, appeared to me and told me I was with child even though I had not lay with my husband. The day had been like any other day. I went to the well with my sisters and prepared the beans and bread for our evening meal. The day came to a close as the sun set in the distant horizon in shades of light pink, orange, and yellow. I was alone in my room preparing to lay to rest.  
A warm glow illuminated in the room. The light was soft yet so bright it startled me.  
“Greetings O favored one the Lord be with you” (Luke 1:28)  
I was confused and terrified but yet I could not scream. Peace and sereneness enveloped me and seemed to flood through my chambers like a warm blanket on a cold night by the River of Jordan.  
Gabriel appeared to me looking somewhat like a radiant man but his poise was like that of an eagle.  
“Do not be afraid, Mary; you have found favor with God. You will conceive and give birth to a son, and you are to call him Jesus. He will be great and will be called the Son of the Most High. The Lord God will give him the throne of his father David, and he will reign over Jacob’s descendants forever; his kingdom will never end.” (Luke 1:31 -33)  
Logic and reason lost this battle to the events that where occurring.  
“How can this be, since I am a virgin?” I asked.  
The angel replied, “The Holy Spirit will come on you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you. So, the holy one to be born will be called the Son of God. Even Elizabeth your relative is going to have a child in her old age, and she who was said to be unable to conceive is in her sixth month. For no word from God will ever fail.” (Luke 1:35-37)  
I bowed down before the Most Holy messenger from God and replied, “ I am the Lord’s servant. May your Word be fulfilled.”  
Like a thief in the night the angel was gone just as quickly as he appeared.  
From that moment on until the time I gave birth my Father was with me. I could feel the presence of Elohim each day that passed. The town began to talk about the woman that disgraced her husband, but Joseph came to me and said that an angel spoke to him and told him that I was carrying Immanuel, the Son of God.  
The presence of Elohim remained with us the night I gave birth in the manger to my beloved first born son. The first fruit from my womb, the one that God protected when Herod plotted to kill him, the one whom I loved more than any, and the one that I watched being brought out before Pilate battered, beaten, and mocked.  
“Jesus, my son My son!” I cried out to him and tried to break free through the crowds to run to my beloved first born. There were hundreds of people waiting to see the “King of the Jews”. People turned around curiously to see the mother of the prophet who performed miracles throughout all the land. Some looked at me with sympathy. Others glared at me with the hatred of a hardened heart.  
“Mary, stop. Word has come that Jesus has been seen by the high priests. They accuse him of blasphemy and bearing false witness to our God.” Joseph held me back so I could not go to him; along with some of my beloved’s followers and Lazarus whom he raised from the dead. They heard my cry through the crowds and immediately came to attend to me.  
My beloved, my flesh and blood stood battered and beaten awaiting Pilate to come forth from behind the heavy stone doors. His body was badly bruised and his face was almost unrecognizable. My son, The Son of Man barely stood on his own. His body was almost limp from exhaustion and pain. He could barely trudge up to the podium where Pilate would declare his sentence.The crowd jeered and taunted him and even the children were among them. Innocence was among those who would sentence an innocent man to death on a cross.   
The guards slowly pushed open the doors. As the man that would deliver the fate of my son arrived; I gasped and my feet felt weak beneath me. Lazarus and Joseph caught me. This was the hour my God, my Father had prepared me for. I knew what was to come.  
  
The Conviction  
  
It is a mother’s first priority to protect her children. The most terrifying thing for any parent is to lose their child or harm come to them. From the first day Jesus came from my womb he was my heart. I cherished Jesus more than anything else in my lifetime, and I protected him with my own life because I knew that God had a purpose for my son.  
“You have to let the boy be a boy Mary. We know he is the Son of God, but he will still grow up to be a man.”  
Joseph would say time and time again. When Jesus was an infant I nursed him and kept him beside me. I would lock myself in my chambers with my son and sleep with him on my breast so I could hear him breathe, and hear his heartbeat on my own. Where I was my beloved was also. People in our town new through hear say that my child would be the Savior. They would curiously eye me as I walked with my infant son strapped to my chest doing my morning chores.  
I would not let anyone touch him but myself and Elizabeth. Joseph would tend to him, but he himself was having a hard time coping with being an adopted father to the Son of God. Joseph would often stare at him while he slept and I would take my beloved and let him lie with me out of fear that Satan would enter my husband and slay my first born. My actions were those of a mother holding a treasure so valuable I didn’t trust anyone but myself.  
Jesus grew to be a handsome little boy, but all who knew him knew that God was with him. Unlike most of the children in Nazareth, Jesus did not play with the other kids. As he grew older I taught myself no to be as protective because I wanted him to have a healthy childhood.  
“My beloved, go outside and play.” I would say to him while I prepared the evening meal. After the evening chores were done I would go outside to find him. I could hear the joyous cries from the other children from afar and follow their voices so that I could find my son with them. He would not be there.  
My beloved would be by himself under a tree whispering and laughing. I would tiptoe quietly to him so not to interrupt him because I knew this was his time with his Father. This is where he would be until the sun set over the hills.  
On one rare occasion, my beloved fell while we were walking to the well to get water. There was no greater fear inside myself than to see my beloved hurt. My heart lurched through my chest as I hastily reached to pick him up. Fear and terror swept all over my body like the Red Sea that covered Pharoah and his army.  
There was but one small scrape with barely a drop of blood, but this was not the blood of an ordinary child, but that of the Son of God. I gently nursed my son’s injury as if it was a deep wound. I was the one that was held accountable for my beloved and now as I looked at my son Jesus I could not protect him from the accusers who would shed his blood for the sake of redemption.  
Pilate approached my son. Fear and doubt was visible on his face, but a false confidence masked his true emotions.  
Pilate asked, “Are you the King of the Jews?”  
My beloved answered, “You have said so.”  
The chief priests began to accuse him of many accusations. My son remained silent as the crowds began to join the priests with their accusations.  
It is custom for me to let one criminal go during the Feast. Now which one will you have me to release Jesus who is called Christ, or Barabbas?” Barabbas was a vile criminal who held no remorse in taking a life. The priests persuaded the crowds to choose Jesus.  
“Crucify him!”  
“Crucify him!”  
A riot was starting to form as the crowds began to get tumultuous. My peace within me started to drift away from me. My child, my beloved, was going to die. I wanted to scream or run through the crowds but, Elohim kept my body still and my mouth would not open. The realization that My Father’s work would be finished paralyzed me mentally and physically. I looked on waiting to see what would happen next.  
Pilate looked through the sea of angry accusers and washed his hands.  
“I am innocent of this man’s blood see to it yourselves.” (Matthew 27:24-25)  
The crowd responded, “May his blood be on us and his children.”  
“What punishment shall I give to Jesus who is called the Christ?”  
“Crucify him!”  
“What evil has this man done?” Pilate asked  
The crowd grew impatient and shouted, “Crucify Him! Crucify Him” Their voices could be heard throughout the land. I stood still with my loved ones behind me weeping. I could hear weeping from someone close to me, but I could not move or take my eyes off of my son. He still stood silent in the midst of chaos and hatred.  
I felt a gently breeze on the side of my face and I knew the presence of my Father was there.  
I heard a whisper in my ear, “Mary, my daughter, my treasured one. It is time, and it will be completed.” The sickening roar of the crowd was deafening, but my Father spoke to tell me now was the hour for his will to be done. The first fruit of my womb; my precious beloved would be taken from me.  
The prison guards released Barabbas and the crowds moved with the prison guards as they took him to the place where he was to be flogged. Somehow we managed to move to the front of the crowds. Joseph stood at the back with a blank expression, but my beloved’s followers especially Mary, Lazarus, and John, his disciple stood staring at my son as they stripped him from his clothes and prepared to beat him with the “cat of nine tails”  
“Mary, I am with you my treasured one. Be still and do not cry out.” I heard the voice of God whisper to me again.  
At each strike blood began to fly from my sons back. They flogged him and flogged him. With each hit his skin began to break free. I was but a few feet away and I could see my son’s muscle from underneath his back. I breathed heavily as the others around me sobbed softly. I knew they did not want their cries to be heard out of fear that the angry mob that stood hurling insults and applauding the prison guards would turn on us and do us harm. My spirit within me was overwhelmed with sorrow. My beloved’s back became nothing but blood and muscle. Bits of tissue and skin lay in the dirt around his feet. The guards that took turns beating my beloved took breaks so that they could wipe my son’s blood off of their face and bodies.  
My body stood motionless watching my son be tortured. I gasped for air as my chest heaved in and out. My lungs felt like they collapsed from the pressure of my heart being broken into pieces. Tears begin to roll down on only one side of my face. The devastation was too much for me to fully grasp.  
The first time My Father spoke to me was when my beloved was only 12 years old. Every year Joseph and our family would travel to Jerusalem for the Passover Feast. This time on our way back I noticed Jesus was not with me. Usually, I kept him in my sight, but for some reason I overlooked him in all the excitement.  
“Joseph have you seen Jesus?”  
“He is probably with the rest of the family. Stop worrying.”  
“How can you be so nonchalant about this? We have to stop I must see him with us.”  
“Mary, the boy is fine. He is behind us I am sure.” Joseph rolled his eyes.  
The tension between Joseph and I increased throughout the years. I knew he felt like Jesus was the only thing I cared for. Even though I had other children and he was my husband Jesus was still my first born and the Messiah. So many times we argued because Joseph felt like I neglected the rest of our family. Emotionally, Joseph and I had no attachment because God chose me to be the vessel of his child. We were husband and wife but all my love went to my children especially, my beloved.  
“I said I must see him.” I said defiantly, but not enough to anger or disrespect my husband.  
“Okay.” Joseph said impatiently motioning to the rest of the caravan to stop.  
We searched and search but could not find him. For 2 days we looked for him and with each day that passed terror seized me. Finally, on the third day we returned back to the Temple in Jerusalem. My beloved sat in the temple with the biblical scholars asking questions and listening to them. They were amazed by the child who spoke like a high priest.  
“Son, why did you have us worry?!Your father and I were both very upset.” My son looked up with steady eyes and said calmly,  
“Why were you looking for me? Did you not know I was in my Father’s house?”(Luke 2:49)  
Joseph and I were both bewildered by his response, but we said nothing because his answer somehow seemed justifiable.  
“Come on son we must go.” Joseph said gently. They walked on ahead as I stayed back to thank the teachers for watching over my son. They went back to their daily activities that my beloved’s presence had interrupted. I hesitated for a brief moment as I felt a cool and gently breeze kiss my face.  
“Mary, do not worry about the boy. When he is not with you he is with me always. When he has reached his 30th year he will depart from you. I will be with you my treasured one, and he shall be with me. Jesus is Immanuel, God be with us. He is the Messiah of who is and who is to come. Do not let your heart fill with sorrow. In his absence I am with you, In his presence there my heart will be also. “  
I felt the warm reassuring presence of God with me as I cried out of one eye.  
Now as I stood with tears streaming down one cheek as they took him away and came back with my beloved beaten and covered in a purple cloak. One of the guards took some thorns and twisted them around my son’s head like a crown. Blood was pouring from his disfigured face and scalp. I was not sure which one, but I heard one of the women with me gasp in despair. I did not turn back or look my eyes were fixated on my son as tears rolled down one side of my neck and hit the dirt like my son’s blood that also lay on the Earth.  
They beat him again and spit on him. My beloved, my flesh, my firstborn still stood silent. I felt people shift from around me as a small open circle formed around me as the gently presence of Elohim stood beside me also witnessing our son who did nothing wrong humiliated and tortured.  
“Hail, King of the Jews!” The guards began to chant. The crowd laughed and began to exclaim, “Hail, King of the Jews.”  
They beat him again. My beloved fell to his feet. Thoughts of the day he fell going to the well flooded my mind. I reached out my hand to him. For the first time my beloved looked up from where he was. Our eyes locked and his pain transferred into my very soul. My body filled with excruciating pain that numbed my physical sense but invaded the spiritual.  
“Hail, King of the Jews!”  
They spat on him and kicked him.  
“Hail, King of the Jews!”  
They continued mocking him as they stripped the purple robe from his back and lifted him to his feet because he could barely stand. The guards redressed him in his dirt and blood soaked clothes.  
Then, two of the guards brought out the cross where my beloved would be placed. The hour had come.  
  
  
  
The Crucifixion  
The hour that my Father prepared me for was upon us. They strapped the cross upon my beloved’s back and led him to Golgotha where he was to be crucified. The crowd followed as some of the women who were his followers wailed. I stayed close at hand with John, Lazarus, Elizabeth, and Joseph. We trudged slowly along burdened with despair and remaining silent, but the wails and screams from Mary Magdalene and the others overpowered the angry mob who hurled insults as they followed my beloved.  
My beloved turned to Mary Magdalene and the group of women following closely behind and said,  
“Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me; weep for yourselves and for your children. For the time will come when you will say, ‘Blessed are the childless women, the wombs that never bore and the breasts that never nursed!’ Then“they will say to the mountains, “Fall on us!” and to the hills, “Cover us!”For if people do these things when the tree is green, what will happen when it is dry?” (Luke 23:28-31)  
My body started to convulse at the sight of my son beaten, battered, tortured, and bruised, but yet still able to prophesy. We followed my beloved as I cried to My Father to at least remove his pain from upon him. There was a man traveling along the road, and when my beloved could go no further and his strength left him; the guards made the man called Simon take the cross and put it upon his back.  
“Father remove this pain from my son! Let him feel no pain! he is your child.” I prayed as I walked slowly behind the mourners and the crowd who taunted my son.  
Elohim heard my cry and soon after a guard offered my son a mixture of gall used to alleviate pain. My beloved, the Lamb of God refused and bowed his head. My strength was slowly leaving me as we approached the place where my beloved would be crucified.  
We arrived at Golgotha. It seemed as if even the animals and the birds in the sky knew what hour it was. All was silent except those who mocked the Lamb of God The winds ceased and the sky remained overcast. Even the Earth felt the pain of the Lamb of God.  
The guards began to crucify two other men, one on each side of where the Lamb of God would be crucified. Pilate prepared the Lamb of God by writing an inscription on the cross reserved for my son. It read, “Jesus of Nazareth, The King of The Jews”  
The chief priests argued with Pilate, “No, Do not write the King of the Jews but instead, write this man said he is the King of the Jews”  
Pilate responded sounding very irritated, “I have written what I have written”  
The hour was here.  
The guard stripped the Lamb of God of his clothes. They lay his already limp body upon the cross, and bound his arms and feet so tight with the rope it immediately drew blood. The drove a nail in his right hand and then in his left. The sound of metal piercing skin was a sound one would never be able to forget. They drove another nail in his right foot, and then his left. Blood dripped down his arms and legs and unto the cross. The Earth screamed as the blood from the Lamb of God trickled back into the ground.  
The Lamb of God was silent as they moved the cross upright and placed it into the ground in the middle of the two thieves. The Lamb of God finally spoke. He said something to the robbers on both side of him. I moved forward so I could hear what he is was saying. By the time I made it to the front of the crowd he was silent again. The guards were casting lots for the Lamb of God’s clothes, and they did not notice me as I slowly walked to where the Lamb of God would die for his people. My sister, and Mary Magdalene stood beside me.  
The Lamb of God slowly opened eyes that were beaten almost completely shut. His face was nothing more than a mass of bumps and bruises and was severely distorted. His normally tan body was now a mess of flesh, blood, and red and purple bruises. You could smell his blood as it left him.  
John stood beside me and rested his arms around me. It had become too much for Joseph to bear. He somehow got lost in the sea of people who were there to witness the death of The Lamb Of God.  
My beloved, The Lamb of God lay there and laid his eyes upon the woman who conceived him.  
Just above a whisper he said softly, “ Woman, behold your son.” (John 19:26)  
And to his disciple he gasped and said, “Behold your mother” (John 19:27)  
Immediately as if on cue, dark clouds rolled across the sky just as the last of my strength left me. John immediately grabbed me; without him I would have fallen to my feet. Agony and pain cascaded over my body and my spirit. John quietly led me to his home. He would not let me look back, but I did not need too. The crowds who once stood mocking and taunting were now silent. The only thing that could be heard where the wails, sobs, and screams of the women who loved the Lamb of God.  
“Mary, come into the house. Let me prepare a place of rest for you and food.” John said upon arrival at his home.  
“No, let me be with my Father.” I said sobbing softly.  
“Mary, please do not weep. For Jesus is with God.” John, the disciple whom the Lamb of God loved, reached for me to bring me into the house where his family waited to comfort me.  
“Let me be with my Father.” I turned away from John and walked up to the hilltop that overlooked the land.  
The land was consumed with darkness and it felt like my Father had left this place. Stillness surrounded me.  
“Father, I cry out to you. Let me be with my beloved! Take me as a sacrifice! Let him feel no pain!” I fell on my knees on the warm earth. My tears turned the earth around me into mud.  
My Father was not there.  
I thought back to the time I went to see my beloved. It had been so long since I had seen my first born son. I conceived other son’s and they knew vaguely of their brother whom the townspeople called a prophet. I took them with me to see their brother, my beloved.  
Like any mother I was proud to see my beloved surrounded by hundreds of people attentively listening to him teach the Word of God.  
I tapped the arm lightly of a man who was overseeing the crowds.  
“Can you tell Jesus his mother and brothers are him to see him?”  
The man gave me a warm hug and nodded his head. He ushered us through the crowds of people. My son’s closest followers would not let us get to them each one whispered to the other until one of them whispered in the ear of my beloved. At once I joyfully grabbed the hands of my other son’s and prepared to greet my first born. They would not let me pass.  
My beloved looked at me with steady eyes and turned back to his students and said,  
“Who is my mother? Who are my brothers?”  
And he stretched his hands towards his disciples he said, “Here are my mother and brothers! For whoever does the will of my father in heaven is my brother and sister and mother.” (Matthew 12:48-50)  
At that moment my son broke my heart. The son I carried and protected was no longer mine, but had been given back to My Father. My other sons saw the look of hurt on my face and comforted me.  
“ My brother is protecting us. If some people knew we are the mother and brothers of Jesus they may try to harm us Mama. “  
I shook my head and at that moment I felt the breeze on my cheek and heard my Father whisper, “He is with me now Mary. You have done your work that I prepared for you. There will be a time he will be with me and leave this Earth to be with me, but he will return.” I did not understand then what My Father meant, but I knew my beloved was not my own anymore.  
Then, My Father had been with me and comforted me with his Spirit, but now I could not feel his presence as pain reached every part of my body and the tears flowed from me. The pain of a mother who lost her child is indescribable and agonizing. A pain so deep it tormented my Spirit. The tears flowed and flowed from a place deep within me.  
From the place where I nurtured my beloved,  
From the place where I lay him on my bosom and nursed him,  
From the place where I carried him,  
From the place where I protected him,  
From the place where I loved him, I cried  
From the place where they took him from me, I sobbed.  
From the place where My Father departed from me and my son, I wept.  
I looked up into the dark sky at the ninth hour and cried out, “My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?!  
Matthew 27:46 “And about the ninth hour Jesus cried out with a loud voice, saying, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" that is, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"   
A sour taste invaded my mouth as I cried out again, “My God, My God, why have you forsaken me?!” The very essence of my Spirit and my breath left me and returned. I knew my beloved, The first fruit from my womb, The Lamb of God left this place and returned home to be with his Father.  
Matthew 27:48-50 Immediately, one of them ran and got a sponge. He filled it with wine vinegar, put it on a stick, and offered it to Jesus to drink. The rest said, “Now leave him alone. Let’s see if Elijah comes to save him.” And when Jesus had cried out again in a loud voice, he gave up his spirit.  
I felt the Earth beneath where I lay my head grieving for my beloved. The ground beneath my head trembled, and at that very moment I knew My Father was also in despair over the pain the Lamb of God suffered for salvation.  
  
3 days later my son returned from his rest. He left this Earth as a Lamb and returned as a King. I write my testimony because even though the hour of his final arrival is not known we must always be prepared and ready for the coming of the Beloved King. The words I have written are not to bring fear, but hope that all those who receive the Spirit of God through Jesus will be redeemed and will not taste Death. I also pray that you are strengthened so you may go out and tell the testimony of Christ to others, so they may too partake in the fragrant offering of my Beloved Savior. May the Peace, Love, and Joy of Christ be with you now and forever.Signed,  
Mary of Nazareth