

When I think about Jesus' mother, Mary— I always picture her in a blue dress. She is in a blue dress with something white on her head. That's how I always see her. A lot of times she is crying.

I always picture Jesus in a red dress with tan on it. Just take the Mary image and change the clothes to red and tan. Jesus also has long hair to his neck that is brown. He looks calm and has a small smile. But I never see him crying.

When I read the Gospel reading for today, my mom told me that the story is only one of two times the Bible ever talks about Jesus crying.

I have thought about that a lot.

I think about it because it makes me feel different than I felt before in different ways. It is hard to put words to the feelings that change or disappear.

I was confused when I learned that Jesus only cried two times.

When I think about Jesus crying, I see his hands over his eyes.

I think he could have cried when other people died. He probably loved other people even more than Lazarus and he didn't cry then. But I guess he was also crying because his friends were so sad.

He didn't even cry when he was being nailed to the cross.

Jesus' mother Mary cried when Jesus was on the cross.

I cry lots of times—all people do.

God would never cry but he does get sad.

Jesus has been sad before. But when he cries it makes him seem different.

He seems more like me.

So even though I felt kind of sad when I learned that Jesus cried, I also felt different because it made Jesus seem more real to me.

I felt happy about that -- happy and sad at the same time.

Oh and in case you are wondering about the other time is that Jesus cries in the Bible, it is in the book of Luke when Jesus came to the city of Jerusalem. When he saw the city—the city where he was about to be crucified—he cried.

Now I know that Jesus cried WITH his friends when their brother died, and he cried FOR his friends when he knew he was going to die.

I was one of those friends. You are too.

Let us pray...

Dear Heavenly Father. Thank you for tears. Thank you for tears of sadness, tears of anger and tears of joy. Thank you for our ability to feel deeply---deeply enough that sometimes our emotions spill over out of our eyes. Thank you for sending Jesus to feel those emotions too like we do.

Thank you for sending us our perfect friend. Amen

(Matthew Sporrer, 11/1/09 Presented at the Children's Mass)