

My Son, My Son

Fr. William Dinga, jsc

*My Son, my Son -
look at what they have done to You-
they have hung You on a Tree to die
my Son, my Son,
offer of reconciliation to
a sin-soaked world.*

*O my Son, my Son—I mourn for You
who hang in utter peace!*

*There is a stream that flows
to water the earth
with gladness and joy.*

It flows down from your Pierced and Wounded Heart;

*O my Son, it was You who offered to go for us
to teach them,
to love them,
to save them
sons and daughters of I AM.*

My Son, my Son -
a Father's heart is broken -
I felt Your pain,
I felt Your desire—to see it through -
...through to the end!

I am so proud of You,
my Son, my only-begotten, my Joy!

As I look down on You now,
on Your hanging, and draining -
which is it raining away the sins of the many -
good job! well done, Son, good job well done!

Rest now your body for three days,
and then receive my gift to transform Your humanity
into our Divinity—our Exalted Divinity -
reset now, rest well, for Your work is ended,
and yet it is only begun anew -
this is the circle of life—no the
spiral of life—ever leading them upward and onward to Us.
Thanks for going! Son, thanks for going to them. Amen.