

Jesus Wept

By: Hazel Gay Lee © 2013

My Sweet Father,

Who is he that walks among us that cries unto thee? Is it he who is in great pain and lamentation for his people? Is it he who withstood nails and spears to hang on a tree and die? Is it he whom the prophets of old looked for to be their messiah? Is it he who wept over Jerusalem? Who is he that laments for his people? How can his sorrow be eased and his pain removed?

“Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I have gathered thee as a hen gathers her chicks, but you would not. Now your house is left unto thee desolate.” Thy people, called by thy name, have been left desolate. Is this why thy weep? Oh precious brother and master, who walked this way before me, weep not for those left in desolation. They chose to walk away. They chose to not come unto thee as chicks to their hen. They chose their house to be left desolate. Why then do you weep for them for they have chosen their path?

“No man can come unto me except the spirit of my father draw him.” Why did not your father draw them to come unto thee? Is this why thy weep? Why would your father, our father, not draw them unto thee or him? Was their hearts wicked? Was their hearts hard as stone? Was their self-righteousness beyond breaking? Why, my dear master and brother, did not our father draw them?

I stood over your people and I also wept. The lamentation came from deep within my soul. As thou stood over Jerusalem and wept, so I wept for them. They are my people and I love them. It was a mixture of sadness and love that I felt. I was sad they could not come unto thee. I could not bring them unto thee. I wanted so much to bring them unto thee. Through the sadness I was overwhelmed with a different feeling, for from the depths of my soul I felt nothing but love for your people. I wept because I loved them. They are bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. I felt an overwhelming love as my eyes looked over them. I had sadness that they could not come. I was overwhelmed with love for them. I stood in their midst and I cried and cried and cried some more. I lamented so loud I woke up heaven and thee. Why could not your people come with me? Why must they stay in their house that was left desolate? Why, my father and brother, could they not come? Why did you draw me and not them? The longing in my soul as I beheld them was of deep sorrow and love. I could not speak. I could only weep. In abundance of love I could only weep. If I could have spoken I would have told them what you told Jerusalem. I did not want to go and leave them behind in a desolate house. I wanted to take them with me unto thee. How I wept before thee and them. My tears reached heaven and thee. My tears fell upon deaf ears and hearts that could not comprehend what your spirit was doing at that moment. In great sorrow I had to walk away. I have never stopped loving them. There is a time and a season for all things under heaven. It was my time. It was my season. I had to go. I had to leave them behind in their desolate houses. My heart was full of grief and sorrow to walk away but I could not stay. I had to go.