

He
Hung
on
that
Tree
for
Me

A short poem by
Kimberly D'Souza



fodi

Email: kimberly.m.dsouza@gmail.com

Artwork by Joseph Dias

A Catholic Booklet for Free Distribution and Private
Circulation only.

First printed in March 2020

There was a Man who walked the earth,
They say He was chosen
Since His birth,
Born of a virgin,
He came from a carpenter's kin.

At the age of 12 while on a pilgrimage,
His earthly parents were distressed,
For when they got home they realised,
The One who God entrusted to them was
misplaced!

They ran helter-skelter to see where He got lost,
Only to arrive at the temple,
Seeing Him teaching those who taught.

He spoke with authority and performed many
miracles,
He claimed to be God's Son,
How many were there who made such mighty
claims?
I think there were none.

He claimed to be the 'Truth',
Which brought Him scorn among the authorities,
the thugs and brutes.

He said He was the 'Way',
The way to Heaven,
To them He seemed blasphemous,
And so they began to threaten.

He said He was the 'Life',
But His life was strife,
He knew His purpose,
It would, our understanding surpass.

He was betrayed,
Betrayed by His very own,
The ones He called,
The ones for whom He prepared a home.

Betrayed with a kiss,
The symbol of love,
Manipulated by evil,
Led to the shedding of blood.

For 30 pieces of silver!
A “friend” thought it was a treat,
Only to realise his greed and guilt and later,
throw it back at their feet.

The friend ran out of the city
and hung himself on a tree,
The same kind of death
The Man was soon to see.

Another said he loved Him,
For Him he'd lay down his life,
But he was the one to betray Him,
he realised when the cock crowed thrice

He was stripped, beaten and held captive,
As if He'd try to flee.
But if He'd try to run away, well then what would
become of me?

He could command the angels to lift Him up
So that He would not hurt His foot against the stone.
But what would the world be without Him except
broken, worn and torn.

He was made to carry the wood
Up to the hilltop,
Just like Isaac did as Abraham said,
But God told Abraham to stop.

Oh yes He was a king!
And so they gave Him a crown,
Not one of gold as He deserved,
But a crown of thorns.



One was forced to help Him,
Carry His cross,
He looked into His eyes,
And realised,
that he himself was lost.

There was something about this Man he thought,
But he knew not what.
And so he decided to stay,
And watch what would happen anyway.

There were some who came to help Him up
when He fell,
One who wiped his face,
And His mother who stood by Him throughout,
Who told Him, His place.



He was nailed to the tree,
His hands stretched apart,
Something was about to happen for the sky was
turning dark.



King of the Jews they wrote,
On a piece of wood above His head,
And the very cross on which He died,
Is the one now hanging on our walls.

He was tired and in pain,
He cried out in thirst,
The innocent for us was slain,
He knew He had to carry the curse.

There were two by his side,
One challenged, one believed,
To the first He said nothing,
The other, He received.

He lay on that tree, stripped, his body bare,
But He had to do it so that I'd be
saved from the devils snare.



At the 6th hour He cried out and
gave up His Spirit,
The sky was dark, the veil torn,
the price was paid for free!
What would become of merit?

The Roman soldier standing at His feet,
Looked up at the cross
and fell down to his knees.
He proclaimed Christ the Son of God
and spoke of what he had seen,
If only he had known earlier he thought,
who knows how his life would have been.

They wrapped up His body
and placed it in a tomb,
A tomb that was borrowed and rightfully so,
for not long would last the sorrow.

Roman soldiers were asked to guard the tomb,
For fear someone, the body would steal,
But if they knew what would come the morrow,
They'd wish from the very beginning they'd
washed their hands clean.

On the third day He rose
and brought with Him the key,
Some believed when they were told,
Others demanded to see.

He came with peace
and breathed on them His Spirit,
They preached with fire and spoke in tongues,
And received many gifts.

His Spirit dwells in us, the ones who believe,
The Spirit that testifies that we are the sons of
Adam and the daughters of Eve.

He paid the price,
The price for my sin,
And bought me back to the Father,
He gave me my salvation.

What could I do or say to him
everything I owe,
When I stand before him
I can do nothing but bow.

For the God of the heavens stooped so low to
save!

For me His life He freely gave.

The God of the universe,

His Name is Jesus.



A few verses from the Bible

Jesus is the atoning sacrifice of our sins, and not for ours only but also for the sins of the whole world.

– 1 John 2:2

... since all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God, they are now justified by his grace as a gift, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, whom God put forward as a sacrifice of atonement by his blood, effective through faith. – Romans 3:23-25

He was wounded for our sins ... upon him was the punishment that made us whole, and by his bruises, we are healed. – Isaiah 53:5

For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him may not perish but may have eternal life. – John 3:16

“I am the Way, the Truth and the Life. No one comes to the Father but by me.” – John 14:6

Quotes from Catholic Saints

1. “We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you, because, by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world.” – ***St. Francis of Assisi***
2. Urge all souls to trust in the unfathomable abyss of My mercy, because I want to save them all. On the cross, the fountain of My mercy was opened wide by the lance for all souls - no one have I excluded! – ***Jesus to St. Faustina (1182, Dairy)***
3. “The reason for our existence is to quench the thirst of Jesus. When he asked for water, the soldier gave him vinegar to drink—but his thirst was for love, for souls, for you and me.” – ***St. Teresa of Kolkata (Mother Teresa)***
4. Let us look to Jesus, the pioneer and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is seated at the right hand of the throne of God. – ***St. Paul (Heb 12:2)***
5. He was once fixed to the cross in every part of his body for you, so he may now be fixed in every part of your soul. – ***St. Augustine***

A SHORT PRAYER:

Jesus, I ask for wisdom and understanding regarding the suffering you endured on the Cross. I acknowledge you as Lord and Saviour of my life, and I desire a true relationship with you. May your work on the Cross of Calvary and your Resurrection cease from being just a mere historic event and may it become something which draws me closer to you day by day. I ask that you cleanse me and wash me with your Precious Blood, which was shed for me and for my salvation. Lord Jesus, I ask for mercy and forgiveness, by merits of your holy wounds.

Jesus, give me your Holy Spirit. Help me change and become the person you want me to become, for your glory.

Amen.

Summary of the Poem

We have a loving God who has created us to share in His love, to be in communion with Him and with each other. However, since sin entered the world, we are broken - we hurt ourselves and those around us. God knew that we could not save ourselves. The only way for us to be His was for Him to save us. He loved us so much that sent His Son to take the penalty of our sins and restore us to life and fullness.

This poem is about the life of Jesus. Though being One with God in Heaven, Jesus was willing to sacrifice all power and glory and be born as a human being to show us who God the Father really is. He was crucified for our sake though He was blameless. May we perceive the character of God through Jesus and respond to His death for us by living a life of fullness, love and grace.

The life changing story of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ reflected in poetry. It is a short, well expressed reminder of God's love for each of us. - Fr. Gerald Fernandes