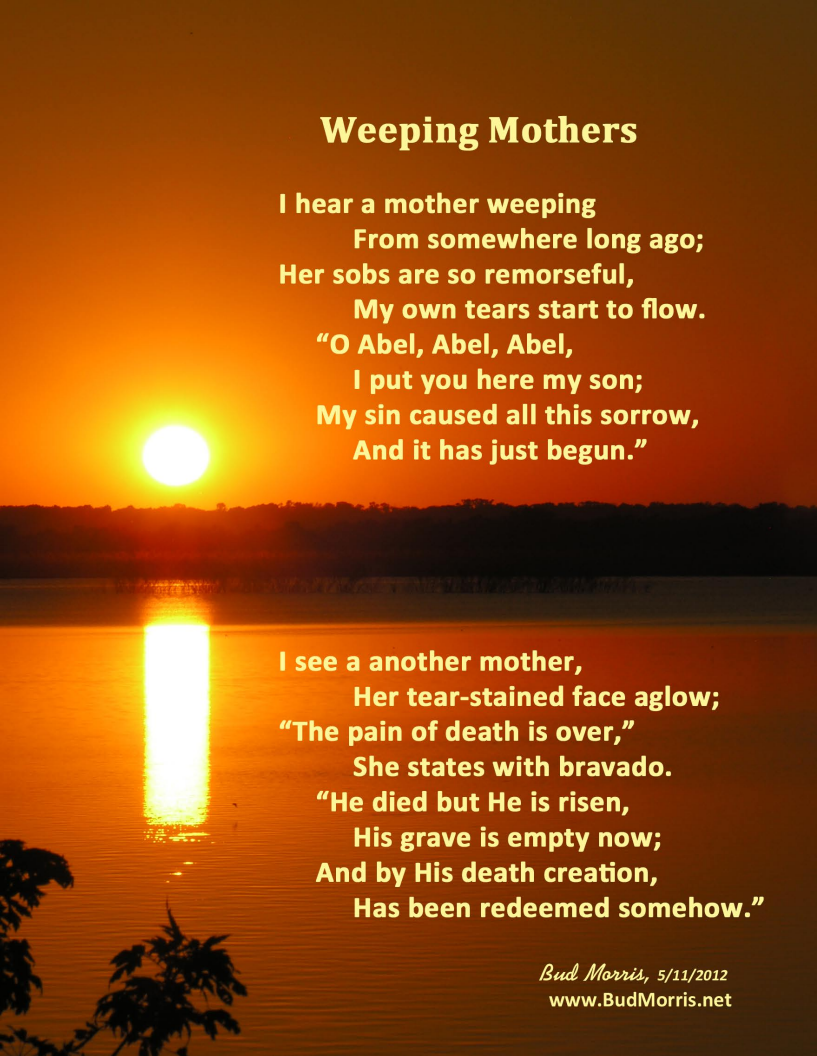


# Weeping Mothers



I hear a mother weeping  
From somewhere long ago;  
Her sobs are so remorseful,  
My own tears start to flow.  
“O Abel, Abel, Abel,  
I put you here my son;  
My sin caused all this sorrow,  
And it has just begun.”

I see a another mother,  
Her tear-stained face aglow;  
“The pain of death is over,”  
She states with bravado.  
“He died but He is risen,  
His grave is empty now;  
And by His death creation,  
Has been redeemed somehow.”