

Jesus returns home

by [Gracia Grindal](#) in the [March 14, 2018](#) issue

He fought with dragons in the wilderness,
The old Nick, he who had his way with Eve.
Jesus, my grown son, now in Nazareth,
In the synagogue, they never believed
I mothered him. Crazy, the family thought.
The crowds parted announcing his family neared.
Murmuring at the mysteries he taught.
“Who are they? Those who do God’s will are mine,
My mother, my sisters, my brothers, all of you,”
His heritage made words riding the blue.
My son now giving birth without the seed
That I had gotten him for, out of godly need.