

Meditation of Pilate's wife

I told him not to get involved.

'Leave it alone,' I said,

'Stay out of it.

After all, you're the governor,

you're the one in charge.

Let the Jews sort it out,

send him off to Herod,

get someone else to do your dirty work for a change.

It's not your problem!'

So what did he do?

Made a right botch of things, that's what!

Oh, he tried all right, I'm not denying that;

he wanted to wash his hands of Jesus as much as I did,

more if anything. '

I've never seen him so agitated,

so uncertain what to do.

And to be fair he took my advice, to a point;

sent the man off to Herod, just as I suggested.

But he let him send Jesus back, that's what I can't understand -

he let that cunning old devil off the hook

and left himself in the lurch.

Honestly, men!

After that it was downhill all the way.

'You decide,' he told the crowd,

‘Barabbas, or Jesus?’

It's up to you?’

Brilliant!

They could all see what he was angling for,
and they were damned if he was going to get it.

‘Give us Barabbas!’ they shouted,
and you could almost hear the chuckle;
they could scarcely keep the smirk off their faces.

So there he was,
nowhere else to turn,
no one else to turn to,
the decision his and his alone.

Yet even then all wasn't lost;
he should have stood up to the mob,
listened to his conscience — “
not that he ever has before, mind you.

But when they suggested his loyalty might be suspect,
his job on the line,
that settled it.

Now look at him.

I thought *my* nerves were bad,
but his — they're shot right through.

He just can't forget the man,
night or day,
never a moment's peace. ’

He's tormented by shame,
riddled with guilt.

Well, I tried to warn him;

I couldn't do more.

He made his decision, and now he has to live with it.

But I can't help wondering sometimes,

when I look into his eyes,

when I catch that haunted, hunted expression deep within,

just who passed judgement on whom that day.

Was it Pontius who condemned Jesus?

Or was he the one condemned?