

“And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me” (Mt. 10,38).

There is a Christian poem «the Changed cross». It is told about one woman which believed that a cross which has dropped out on its share, the heaviest and that its all associates had crosses incomparably easier, and she wanted to change her cross, and to choose to herself another instead of it.

At night she has dreamed that she is in a premise where many crosses of the various form and size have been spread out. Between them there was a small cross of the marvelous beauty, all decorated with gold and jewels.

«Ah, I could bear this cross without any difficulty», – she has told. She has raised it, but her weak camp has begun to tremble all under its weight. Gold and jewels were fine by sight, but their weight was not on forces to her.

Then she has seen the wonderful cross decorated with a graceful carving and all twisted fine flowers. «Here this, undoubtedly, will approach». She took it, but under flowers there were sharp thorns which have wounded her hands till bleeds disappeared.

So she continued the way while at last she hasn't come across a simple cross without any ornaments from jewels, without a carving, but only with the several words written on it. She has lifted it, and it has seemed to her the most convenient and easier than others. Considering it at bright rays of light, she has recognized in it an own cross. She has found it again, and it has appeared best of all and most easy for her.

God knows better, what cross we are capable to bear. Any man or woman has his own cross which is absolutely distinct from all other crosses. Therefore as it is impossible to exchange medicines so it is impossible to exchange a cross too.

Any of us on a way to eternal pleasures should bear the cross up to the end. What is this cross?

It consists of our struggle against sin, passions and defects. Our cross is illnesses, sufferings which we should undergo in our life.

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