

# **THE PASSOVER (AN INTERPRETATION)**

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The Passover (An Interpretation) by Clifford Howard

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**CLIFFORD HOWARD**

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INTERPRETATION)**



**THE PASSOVER**

# The Passover

(AN INTERPRETATION)

By  
Clifford Howard

*Author of "Sex Worship: An Exposition of the Phallic Organs  
of Religion;" "The Story of a Young Man; A Life of  
Christ;" "Did Jesus Live in Nazareth?" etc.*



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*The Passover*

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137  
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1483p

“ . . . but was in all  
points tempted like as we are.”

631946



# The Passover

## I

*“Lord, I cry unto Thee.  
Make haste unto me.  
Give ear to my voice when I cry unto  
Thee.”*

The young woman in the garden started from her reverie and listened.

The lengthened shadows of late afternoon overspread the eastern slope of Mount Olivet and cast into refreshing shade the white-stone village of Bethany. Though the blush of orchard blossoms that mantled the hillside in tremulous tints of rose and pink betokened the cradling of spring, the day

## The Passover

had shone with unseasonable warmth beneath a parching breath from the valley of the Dead Sea. But with the shades of approaching eventide the east wind had died away, and in its place there came now a gentle breeze from the southwest, stirring the trees with cooling promise of rain. And as it fanned the sequestered garden which lay within the enclosure of one of the village homes it carried with it ever and anon the notes of a hymn—a quavering, improvised chant, sung in monotonous refrain.

The voice was that of a woman moving back and forth across the shrubbery-hidden courtyard of the house, busied with her preparation of the evening meal. After the manner of the Jewish housewife, she was singing to herself at intervals as she worked;

## An Interpretation

choosing her lines at random from her favorite Psalms:

*“Hear my prayer, O Lord;  
And let my cry come unto Thee.  
Hide not Thy face from me in the  
day I am troubled.”*

She who was listening within the garden clasped her hands in sudden fervency. Above her spread the branches of a flowering olive tree, and leaning forward upon the broad stone bench on which she was seated, her arms resting upon her knees, she lifted her gaze to heaven through the patulous bower of blossoms.

Her blue cloak of soft woolen fabric, with its girdle of linen twice circling her waist in ample folds, was draped loosely about her girlish figure. In the abandon of her solitude it had slipped