

Living Holy Week in the Heart...



With Mary

He said to them,
“Why were you searching
for me?
Did you not know that I
must be in my Father’s
house?...
Then he went down with
them and came to
Nazareth,
and was obedient to them.
His mother treasured all
these things in her heart. Lk
2: 49,50









This child is destined
for the falling
and the rising
of many in Israel,
and to be a sign that
will be opposed
so that the inner
thoughts of many
will be revealed –

and a sword will pierce
your own soul too.

Lk 2: 34,35



It is no longer
I who live
but Christ
who lives in me.
Gal2:20





The First Station: Jesus is condemned to die.

His “yes” – his surrender to God’s will - ultimately destroyed the power of sin and death.

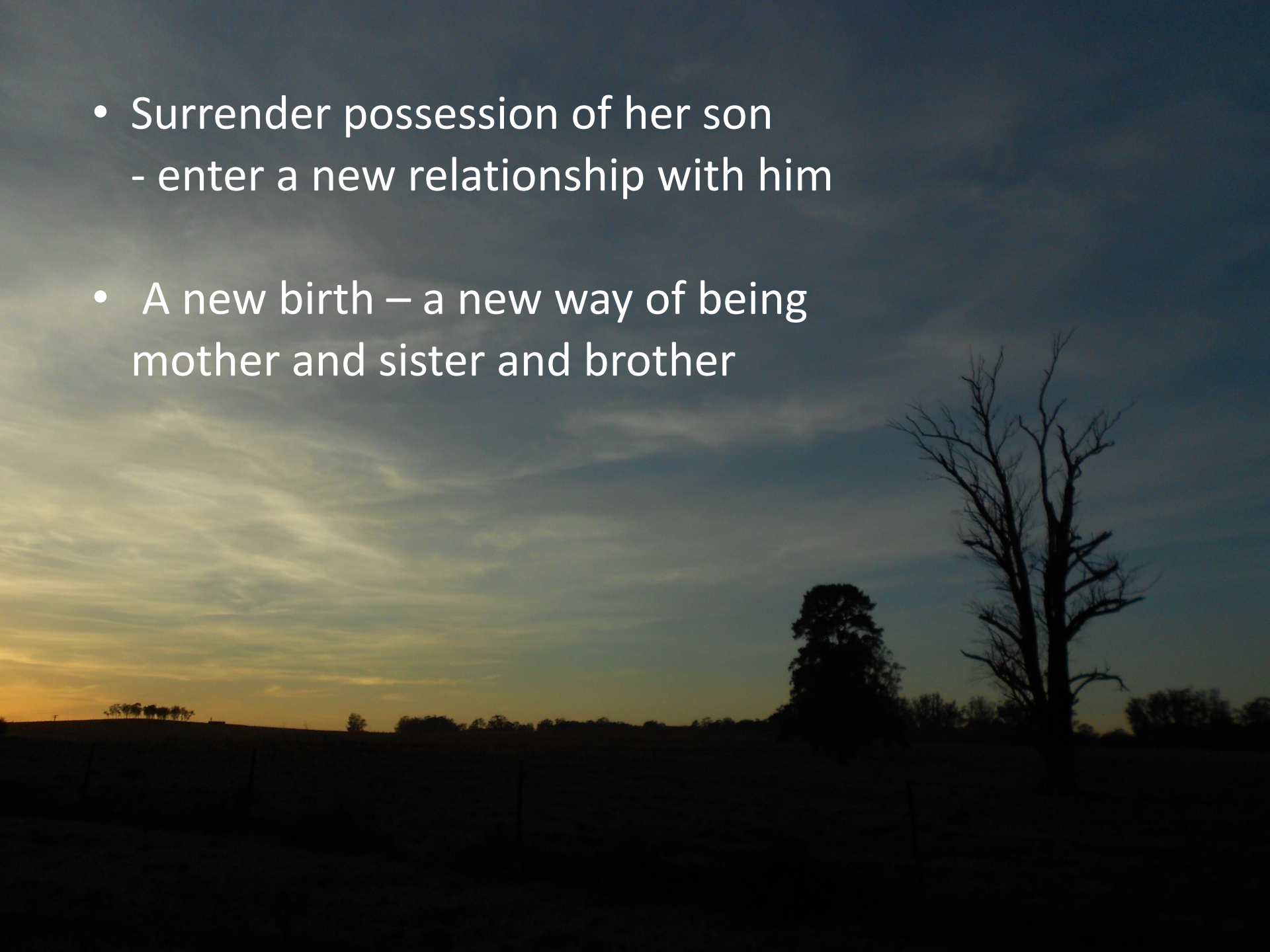
While he was growing up,
I told him many times
how I had been graced to say
“let it be done to me, according to your word.”

I never could have imagined that this would be
the sword that would ultimately pass through my
heart: to watch my Son say Yes to God, so completely
and fully, for the salvation of the world.

CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY



- Surrender possession of her son
- enter a new relationship with him
- A new birth – a new way of being
mother and sister and brother



Lament of Mary

I am overwhelmed,
O my son
I am overwhelmed by love
And I cannot endure
That I should be
in the chamber
And you
on the wood of the cross
I in the house
And you in the tomb

Romanos Melodos

6th cent

Kontakion

syria



From Woman Wrapped in Silence, John W Lynch, 1941

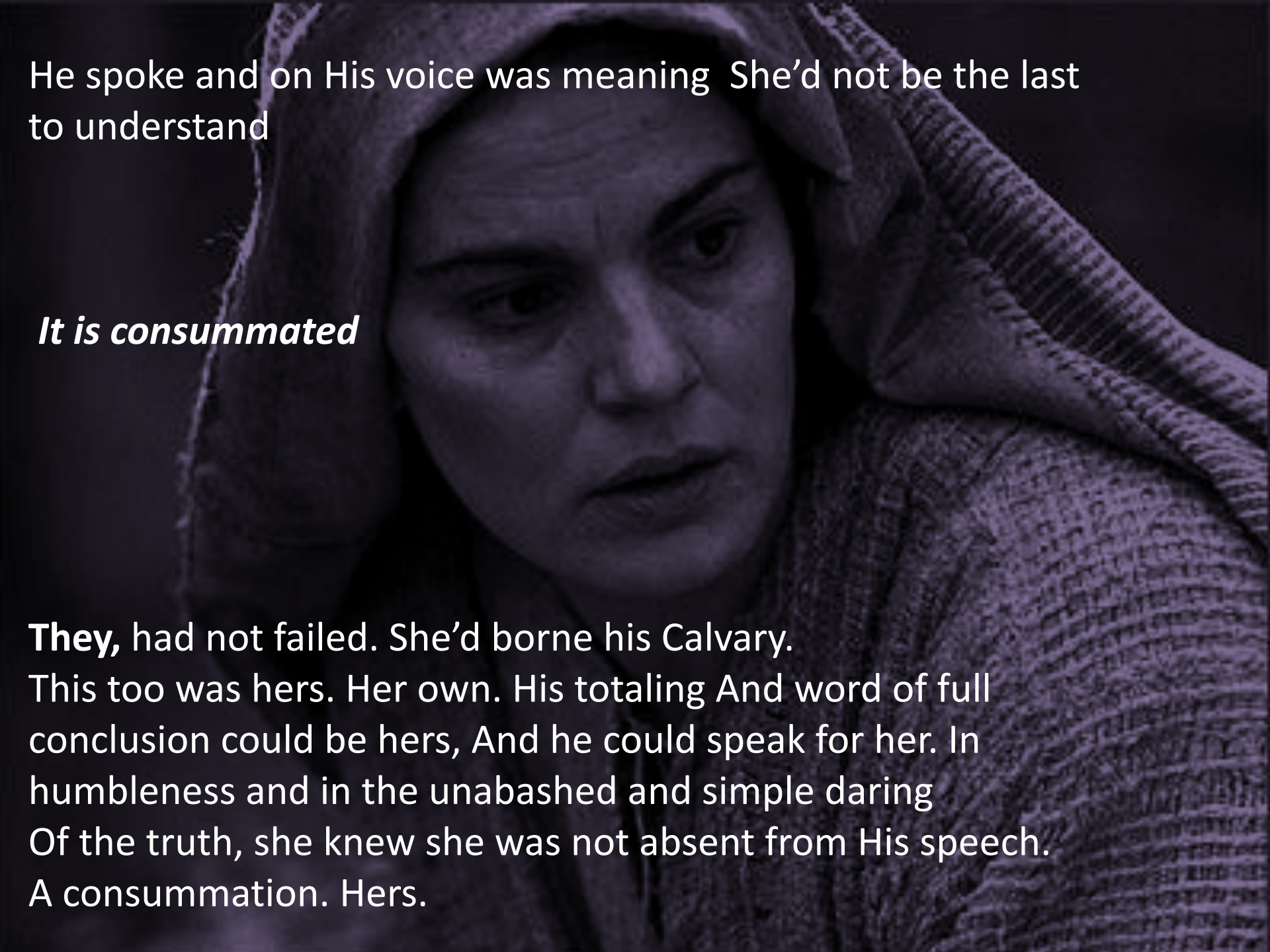
A woman wrapped in silence,
and the seed of silence
was her heart
that tried to give All
that it held to give,
and ever more.







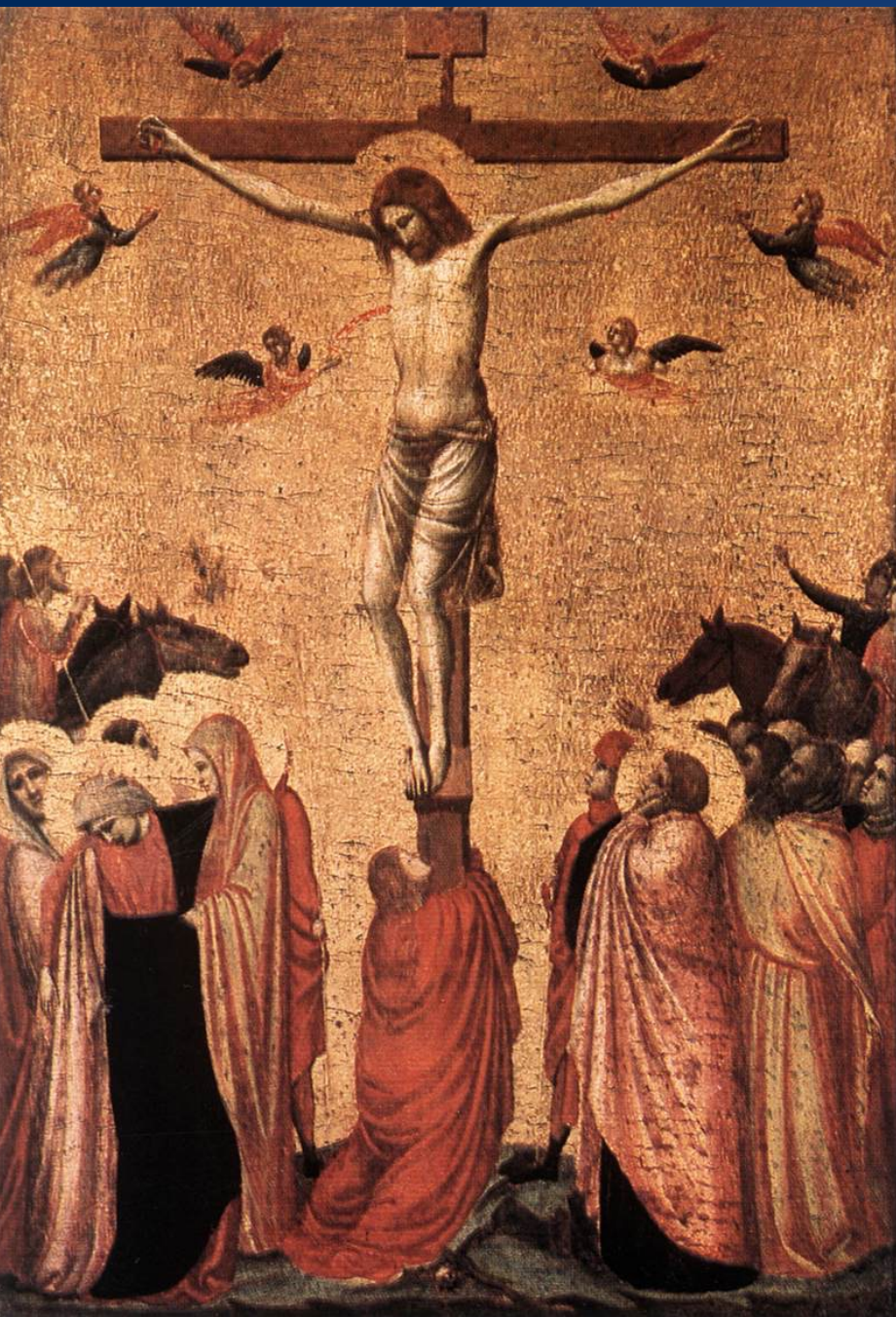
This was a woman wrapped
in silence:
And the shrine her thoughts
made gathered her beyond
her exile and enclosed a
native place where all
She loved could cancel
banishment, and hold
The votive pleading of her
single prayer
That asked to be only in that
place
Where He will be.



He spoke and on His voice was meaning She'd not be the last
to understand

It is consummated

They, had not failed. She'd borne his Calvary.
This too was hers. Her own. His totaling And word of full
conclusion could be hers, And he could speak for her. In
humbleness and in the unabashed and simple daring
Of the truth, she knew she was not absent from His speech.
A consummation. Hers.



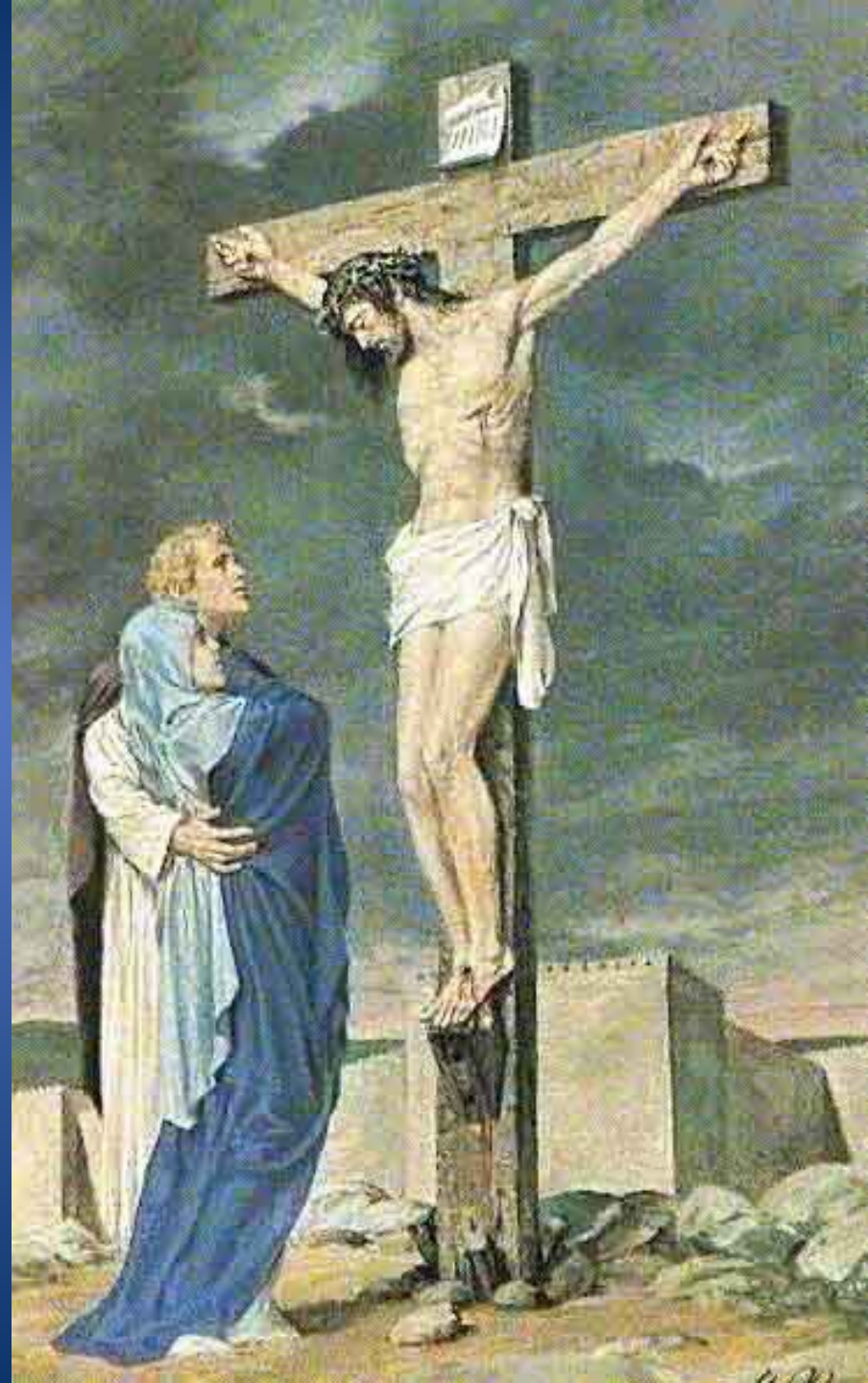
She was aware then of His long look
falling down. She felt His gaze, his
contemplation, Strong at last, and
certain, held to her.

Son, Thy mother. Woman son Thy
mother

And his meaning, bent and dark, and
poised above the pain, descended
On her in demand so huge, so
weighed

**He'd asked He to be to her
no longer son!**

He'd severed her from him! He'd
asked not tears
Nor pain, nor life,
He'd asked she turn away
From motherhood!
That she unbind her bond
In Him, deny her name, her love
... She must turn from him and
accept another son that had not
been her own.



“Behold,
I am the handmaid
of the Lord,
May it be it done to me
according to your word.”
(Lk 1:38)

Woman, behold , your son.”
Then he said to the disciple,
“Behold, your mother.”
(Jn 19:26, 27)



Next to her son, Mary is the beginning of the holy Church.

For she is the mother of the apostle, to whom it was said: “Behold thy mother,” But what is said to one, can be understood as spoken to all the apostles.

And moreover because Christ had prayed for all those who should receive the faith through those same apostles, that they should all be one, so the same words can be understood of all the faithful who love Christ with all their hearts.

What was said to the one, to John who so loved him and whom Christ loved more than all the others, can be applied to all who love him.

Whoever
does the will
of God
is my brother
and sister
and mother.”

Mk 3:35



We may call her the Virgin Mary but the gospels call her the “mother of Jesus’.

She has the same ties with her child as any mother has, but she is also able to let go and let him fulfill his mission.

Leonardo Boff





The Blessed Virgin compared to the air we breathe

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Wild air,
world-mothering air
Nestling me everywhere,

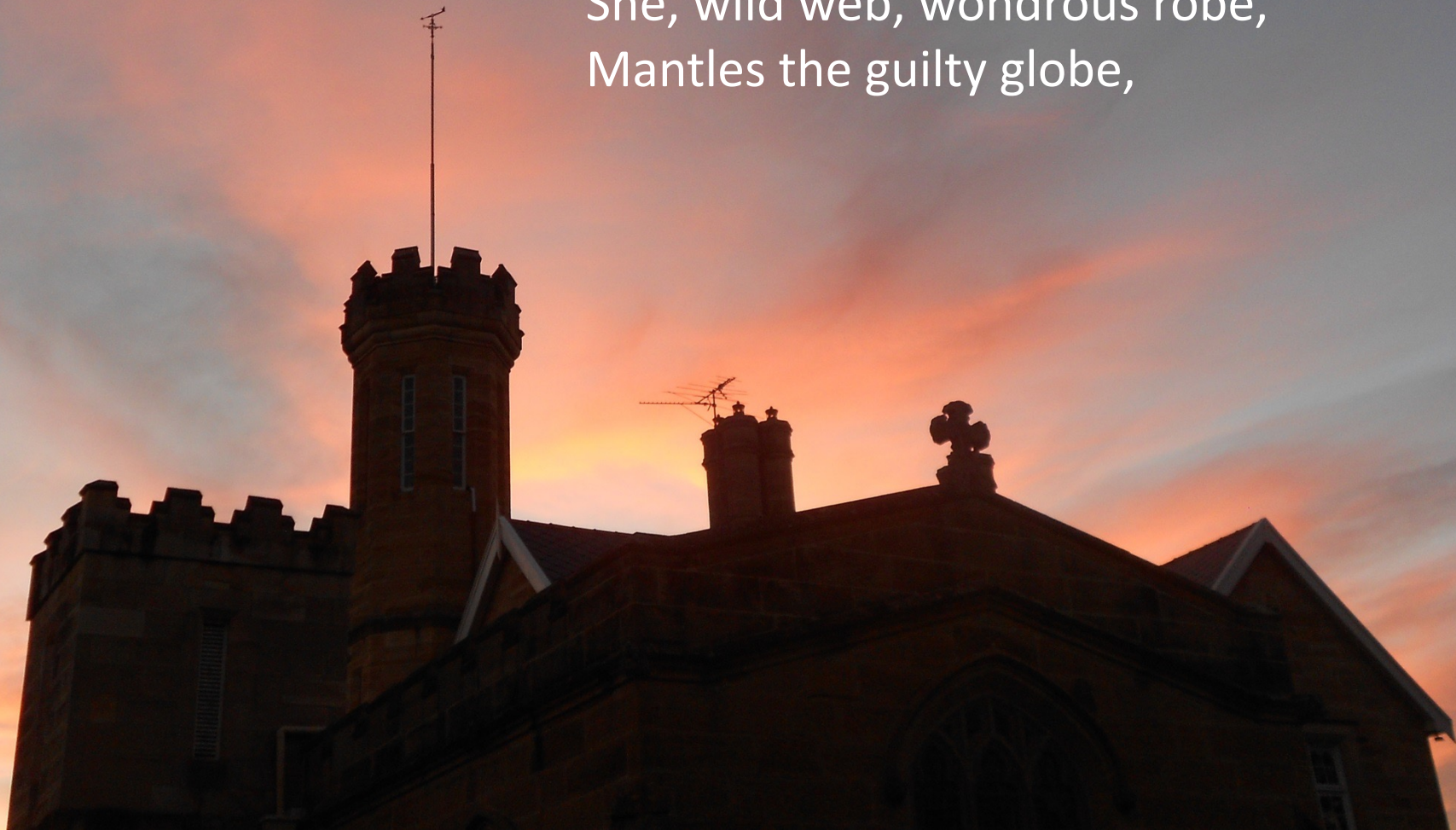
This air, which, by life's law, My lung must draw and draw
Now but to breathe its praise, Minds me in many ways
Of her who not only Gave God's infinity
Dwindles to infancy



Welcome in womb
and breast,
Birth, milk,
and all the rest
But mothers each
new grace
That does now reach
our race—
Mary Immaculate,
This one work has to do—
Let all God's glory
through,
God's glory which would
Through her
and from her flow
Off, and no way but so.

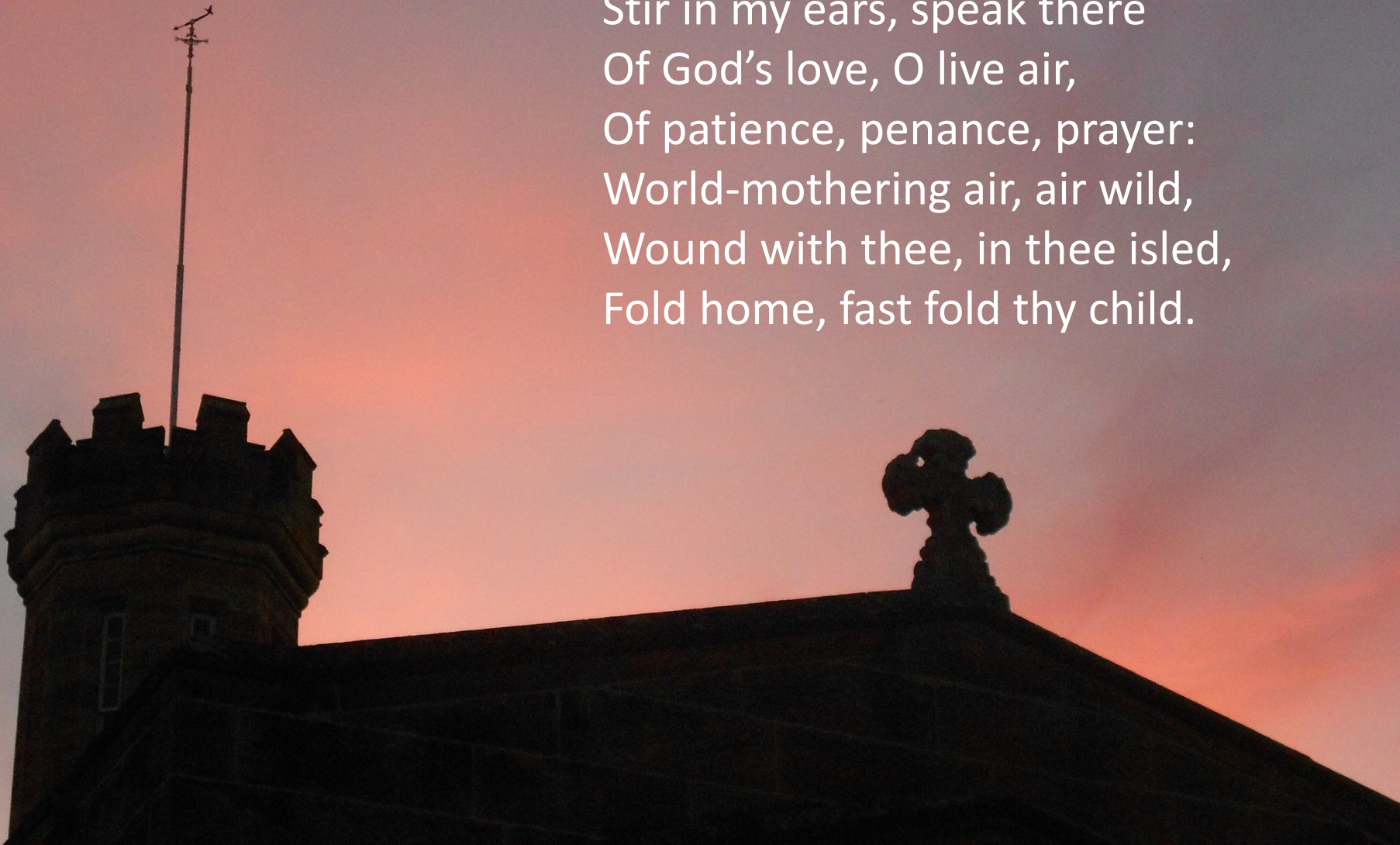


I say that we are wound
With mercy round and round
As if with air: the same
Is Mary, more by name.
She, wild web, wondrous robe,
Mantles the guilty globe,



Be thou then, O thou dear
Mother, my atmosphere;

Stir in my ears, speak there
Of God's love, O live air,
Of patience, penance, prayer:
World-mothering air, air wild,
Wound with thee, in thee isled,
Fold home, fast fold thy child.



Lady, Queen of Heaven

Pray me into solitude and
silence and unity

That all my ways may be
immaculate to God.

Let me be content with
Whatever darkness
surrounds me

Finding Him always by me,
in His Mercy

Thomas Merton






Mother Behold thy Son

Mother Behold thy son
Mother behold thy son
son behold thy mother
keep her warm inside
our heart and love her
like no other

Mother behold thy son
Son behold thy mother
Keep her close
and never part
For you are still my own



A serene landscape at sunset. The sun is a bright, glowing orb on the left side of the horizon, casting a warm, golden light across the sky. The sky is filled with soft, wispy clouds that catch the low light, creating a palette of yellows, oranges, and pale blues. In the foreground, the silhouettes of several trees are visible against the bright horizon. The trees vary in size and shape, some appearing as dark, solid shapes while others show more detail of their branches. The ground is dark and mostly featureless, emphasizing the silhouettes of the trees and the brilliance of the sky.

For I have travelled many miles
I'm at my journey's end
My time has come
And I can see the shining light,
that blinding light,
so beautiful, my friend

Mother behold thy son
Son behold thy mother
You are now my witnesses
To all you've seen and heard

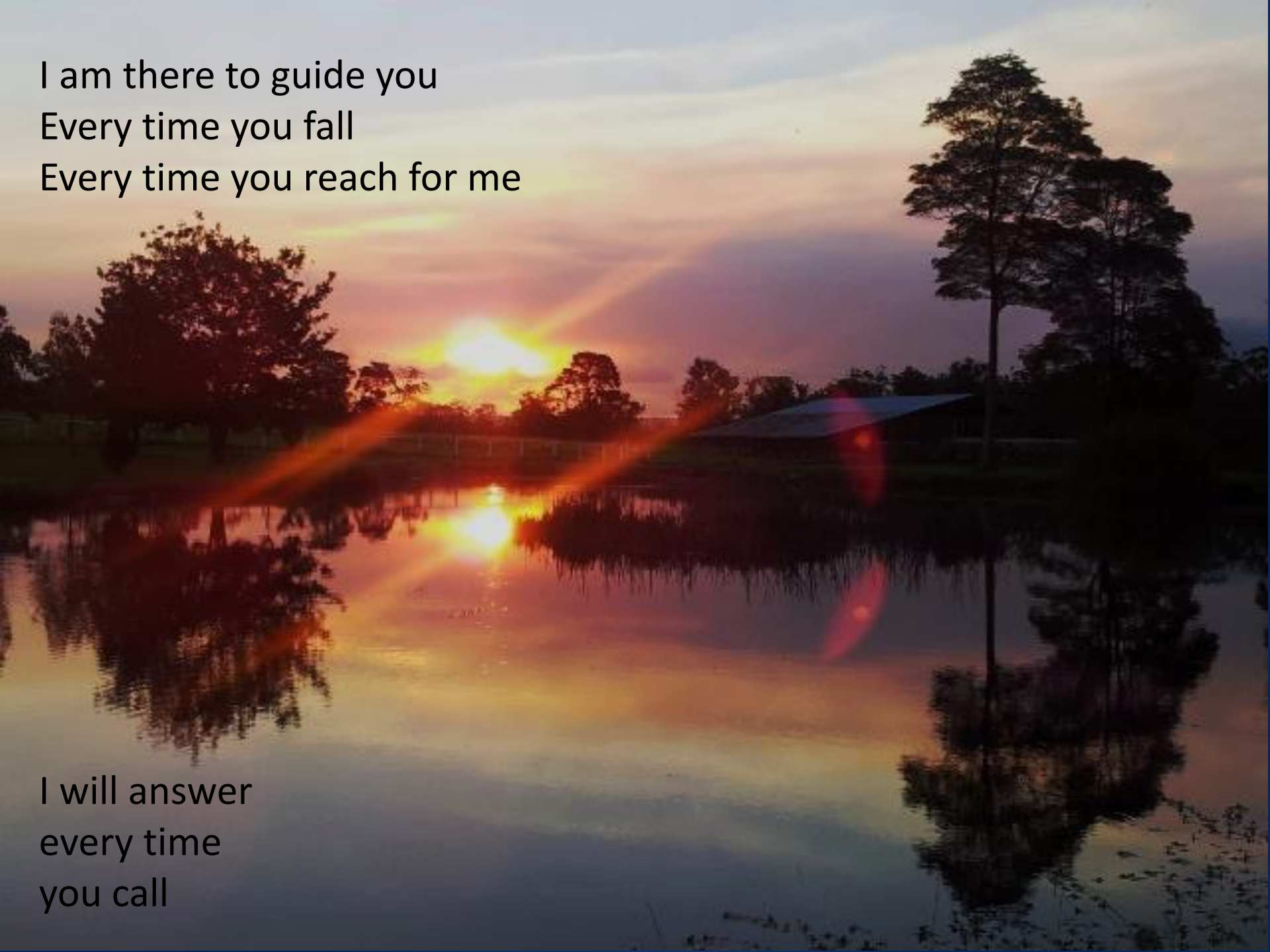


Mother behold the son
Son behold thy mother
Be a window to my light
a signpost on my road





For I will heal
your broken hearts
And when you feel alone
Let me make this promise
to you
Do not fear
for I am here
With you until the end



I am there to guide you
Every time you fall
Every time you reach for me

I will answer
every time
you call

A dramatic sunset sky with orange and red clouds. In the foreground, there are silhouettes of trees and a castle tower. The text is overlaid on the sky.

Mother behold thy son

Son behold thy mother

For I must do my father's will

And my time it is at hand

