

Come and See If There Be Any Sorrow Like Unto My Sorrow



The beauty of Jesus is inexhaustible. ... He is beautiful always, beautiful everywhere, in the disfigurement of the Passion as well as in the splendor of the Resurrection, amid the horrors of the Scourging as well as amid the indescribable attractions of Bethlehem. But above all things our Blessed Lord is beautiful in His Mother. If we love Him we must love her. We must know her in order to know Him. As there is no true devotion to His Sacred Humanity, which is not mindful of His Divinity, so there is no adequate love of the Son, which disjoins Him from His Mother, and lays her aside as a mere instrument, whom God chose as He might choose an inanimate thing, without regard to its sanctity or moral fitness. ... Unerring experience has told us that we never advance more rapidly in love of the Son than when we travel by the Mother, and that what we have built most solidly in Jesus has been built with Mary. There is no time lost in seeking Him, if we go at once to Mary; for He is always there, always at home. ... She has the “grand entry” to Him. She is His Esther, and speedy and full are the answers to the petitions which her hand presents.

Frederick William Faber, D.D., THE FOOT OF THE CROSS, Tan Books and Publishers, Inc, Rockford, IL 61105, Pgs. 11-12.

I am the Mother of the sacred humanity, and it is my special work as co-redemptrix of the human race to help souls reach the sanctity of the Father in eternal union by showing them how to put on Christ, to imbibe His Spirit, and thus become one with Him. ... But to make your hearts grow more and more like to the Heart of the Son, you must go to the Mother, whose heart is most like His. From this Pure and Immaculate Heart you will learn all that will make you more pleasing to the Divine Heart of the Son of God. The Holy Trinity looks down with infinite delight upon such souls and makes them Its heaven upon earth.

Sister Mildred Mary Neuzil, The Diary, OUR LADY OF AMERICA©, Fostoria, Ohio, Pgs. 16, 23, 18, 24.)

Father Faber speaks of **the law of the Incarnation as a law of suffering, of expiation**, for Jesus was the man of sorrows, the Suffering Servant of Yahweh, **the only one ever born precisely to die**, for by His suffering He would redeem the world. His suffering began the moment He laid aside the glory of His divinity and His dwelling place in Trinitarian Love to take flesh in Mary’s womb, assuming the wretched nature of our sinful humanity. So humbling a state was it that we cannot even begin to imagine the enormity of the stoop from the incomprehensible glory of the divine to the deep, dark abyss of our broken humanity. So great was that humiliation that theologians tell us that the brilliant minds of the angels of heaven, under Lucifer, the angel of light, rebelled at the thought of worshipping a God who would stoop so low as to assume a human nature, a nature so inferior to their angelic own. Each moment Jesus lived, His humanity increasingly being

informed by His divinity as to His divine purpose and end, He began already, by way of anticipation, to experience His agony and His terrible Passion.

From the moment the Incarnation took place at the word of the angel Gabriel, **a martyrdom of love beyond human definition or imagination began to unfold**—the love of this Mother for her divine Son and of the Son of God for His Mother and for all of us, and each for the Father's will, a Father who loved His children of creation so much He would ask His Only Begotten Son to bear a passion of unthinkable proportion—the Creator crucified by the creature—in order to reconcile us to Himself and adopt us into His Trinitarian home. And that torture upon the Son would likewise be asked of and laid upon the Mother who had given Him birth in her blood so that she might give birth now to us, in His blood. **Oh how the blood of her maternal compassion mingled with the Blood of His redeeming Passion there on Calvary!** Surely Mary must have longed to die with Jesus rather than live without Him; and just as surely must a great part of her truly have died with Him that terrible Friday even though she continued to live on to do His bidding in building up the Body of His Mystical Self. The events on Calvary were simply the end of their passion together, but Mary's passion would continue on for at least fifteen more years.

In her book on the life of the Blessed Virgin Blessed Anne Catherine Emmerich speaks of Mary's continuing passion. She tells how John, the Beloved disciple who took Mary into his home after standing at the foot of the cross with her, took Mary back to Jerusalem several times to walk the way of the cross and revisit the holy sites and stations where Jesus had prayed, walked, suffered and died before rising and ascending into heaven without her. **Blessed Anne tells how Mary built her own private stations of the cross behind the home near Ephesus, each indelible sorrow made present and marked with stones to bear witness to Christ's passion, and hers.** Daily Mary walked that dolorous path and pondered anew the blows, the curses, the spittle, the torn flesh, the dripping blood that fell from her beautiful Son's disfigured face and pain wracked body. She felt it all over again as though it were done to her, for her heart and His were joined by blood as one. Who can know the immensity of her sorrows? Blessed Anne speaks of the last years of Mary's life as an endless yearning to be completely united, body and soul, with her beloved Son, so much so that her flesh seemed to waste away without signs of aging while her face was increasingly transparent and transfigured with her longing for Jesus.

This same law of suffering, which belongs to Jesus, touches all who come nigh Him, and in proportion to their holiness envelops them, and claims them wholly for itself. [It is so clear in Mary, for none is as close to Jesus as she, nor is any other life as bound up in His work of redemption as hers.] It can plainly be no wonder, if she shall suffer more than anyone but Himself. The immensity of her sorrows will neither be a distress nor a surprise to us, but rather the obvious conclusion from all we know of the grand mystery of the Incarnation. The amount of her sufferings will be the index of the magnificence of His love for her. The depth of her pains will come the nearest of all things to fathom the abyss of her love for Him. Her far-rolling sea of sorrow will measure the grandeur of her holiness. The loftiness of her divine Maternity will raise her dolours close up to His gracious Passion. Her sinlessness will almost seem to enclose it within the same life-giving law of expiation. Her union with Him will render her Compassion inseparable from His Passion, even while for a thousand reasons it is so manifestly distinguishable from it. (Faber, Pgs. 14-15.)

Mary understood better than any other creature this law of suffering so necessary for mankind's redemption. She understood how every life and all creation is bound up in the awesome and eternal mystery of her Son's Incarnation, Passion, Death and Resurrection. We must be prepared, as she was, to suffer with The Christ, the Anointed One, sharing in His Passion in the measure of the holiness to which we are each called. Sister Mildred Neuzil was called to share in Christ's Passion to a very high degree. Our Lady said...

My child, nothing is accomplished without pain. Prepare to suffer much. You see the sword in the Heart of your Mother. Suffering completed the work of divine grace in my soul. He who refuses to suffer will never abide in the Spirit of Christ, will never be formed into His image. ...

Beloved daughter, you wonder at the sword and the deep wound it has made in my Heart. It is the sword of grief plunged therein by my children who refuse to let me teach them the true way. There is only one true way to the Father, my child, only one way to eternal union. It is the way of the divine humanity. It is through my Son, the Only-begotten of the Father, that souls attain perfect union with the Divinity, as perfect as human nature is capable of, aided by divine grace. But my children will not heed; they will not listen. Every other way they will take, but not this one. (Diary, Pg. 23.)

See, I weep, but my children show me no compassion. They behold the sword in my heart but will make no move to withdraw it. I give them love; they give me only ingratitude. Weep, then, dear child, weep with your Mother over the sins of men. Intercede with me before the throne of mercy, for sin is overwhelming the world and punishment is not far away. (Diary, Pg. 34.)

Surely the most cruel torture in the Passion of Jesus and Mary was to have endured such agony and yet see so many souls refuse God's grace and suffer damnation. Can we grasp the meaning hidden in Jesus' words to the holy women who followed His way of the cross, **"Weep not for Me, but for yourselves and your children!"** Our salvation is tied up in those terrible words of the mob who yelled to Pilate, **"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"** As Pilate washed his hands of the innocent blood of this Man they cried so loudly: **"Let His Blood be upon us and upon our children!"** Yes, unless that Precious Blood that poured from Christ's Broken Heart pour over us and wash us clean, we shall not be saved. The very words that crucified Him save us! Such paradox in the mystery of God's ways! **"Were you there when they crucified my Lord?"** Truly, our sins placed us there right with the Pharisees and Roman executioners. Our sins were as much a kiss of death as was Judas' kiss of betrayal. How many times did we abandon Our Lord as those scared apostles did? Each and every sin, from the beginning of time to its end, was laid upon Jesus' shoulders that day and whipped across His Sacred Body with despicable cruelty. **Oh yes, we were there!** May that most Precious Blood pour down on us and on our children to cleanse and save us! Is there any sorrow like unto Mary's sorrow?

Our Lady of Hope, La Macarena, Spain.)



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