

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.

On February 11, 1958, Our Lady spoke these words to Sister Mildred Mary Neuzil, visionary of the Our Lady of America® apparitions.

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, Diary, OUR LADY OF AMERICA®, Fostoria, Ohio, Pgs. 24, 16.)

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. We cannot imagine the enormity of the gap between the incomprehensible glory of God and the utter lowliness of our human nature, even before scarred by sin. So great was the humility of the Son of God that theologians suggest that the angels, under Lucifer, the angel of light, rebelled at the very thought of God assuming a nature so inferior to their own brilliant angelic nature, let alone to God's Infinitely Pure and Divine one. They refused to worship such a God. Their sin wreaked havoc in the world and in our human nature, adding to Adam's fall. Jesus would become the new Adam re-creating our nature to a state higher than the preternatural state that was the original gift to Adam and Eve. O Felix Culpa!

From the moment the Incarnation took place with Mary's fiat to 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 human children so much that 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 martyrdom of the Son would necessarily be laid upon the Mother who had given Him birth in her blood so that He might give us rebirth in His blood. **Oh how the blood of her maternal compassion mingled with the Blood of His salvific Passion there on Calvary!** Every moment of Christ's humanity was spent with hers. Surely Mary must have longed to die with Jesus rather than live without Him. Surely a great part of her died with Him on that Good Friday, and when she obediently remained behind after His Ascension to build up the Body of His Mystical Self. While Christ's Passion ended with His Resurrection, hers continued at least fourteen years more.

In her book on the life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Blessed Anne Catherine Emmerich speaks to Mary's enduring passion. She tells how John, the Beloved disciple who stood with Mary beneath the cross and took her into his home, took Mary back to Jerusalem several times to walk the way of the cross and stations where Jesus had prayed, walked, suffered and died before rising and ascending into heaven without her. According to Blessed Anne Mary built her own private stations of the cross behind her 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 together by blood and Spirit. Who can know the immensity of her sorrows? Blessed Anne speaks of the last years of Mary's life as an endless, agonizing 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 became 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. [We see that suffering in the Holy Innocents, the martyrs, the Apostles, the saints, all the elect, but nowhere is it so clear as 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 are baptized into that Paschal Mystery! Our Lady addressed this mystery of suffering.

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. ... Weep, then, dear child, weep with your Mother over the sins of men. Intercede with me before the throne of mercy, for sin is over-whelming the world and punishment is not far away. (Diary, Pg. 34.)

Surely the most cruel torture in the Passions of Jesus and Mary was to have endured inexplicable suffering only to see so many souls refuse to accept the awesome grace won for them at so costly a price, to see souls go to hell when heaven was freely offered to them. To the holy women who followed Jesus, weeping for his affliction, He said: **"Weep not for Me, but for yourselves and your children!"** And as Pilate washed his hands of the innocent blood of this Man the crowd yelled loudly: **"Let His Blood be upon us and upon our children!"** Oh yes, unless that Precious Blood wash over us, drip from that cross and pour from that Broken Heart and soak our own, we will never be saved. The very cry to crucify Him is our salvation! What paradox in the mystery of God's ways!

"Were you there when they crucified my Lord?" the Lenten hymn asks. Yes, we were all there, all of us, for it was not merely the spiritually blind and hypocritical Pharisees that ordered Christ's death. Nor was it only the Roman soldiers, noted for their cruelty and torture, who drove the nails into that infinitely holy and superbly sensitive flesh as they nailed Jesus to the tree. Nor was it Judas' kiss alone that betrayed Him that first Holy Thursday night! Nor was it Peter alone who denied Him three times after swearing undying allegiance. Nor was it His apostles alone who abandoned Him in His hour of need. Our sins, each and every one of them, were laid upon Jesus' shoulders that day and were whipped across His Sacred Back. Our sins of spiritual blindness ordered His death as

surely as that of the Pharisees did. Our sins of pride, jealousy, anger, hatred, unforgiveness and revenge, vented their torture upon that Sacred Flesh as surely as Satan's rage filled the executioners' blows with despicable cruelty and mockery. How many Judas kisses have we laid upon that Holy Face in our own betrayal of His love. **Oh yes, we were there!** May that most Precious Blood pour down on us and our children to cleanse and save us!

Dear child, evil is so insidious that it often passes for good. The simple and pure of heart alone can detect the difference. Many good works and many a good person or persons are thwarted and destroyed by apparently good people who are manipulated by the powers of evil because they do not possess that finer sense of being able to detect a false spirit from a true one. (Our Lady to Sister, Holy Saturday, April 18, 1981, Diary, Pg. 40.)

At the cross her station keeping, stood the mournful Mother, weeping, close to Jesus to the last. (Stabat Mater hymn.)

Where do we stand? Will we allow this awesome mystery of our redemption to rend our hearts, transform our lives, and change us from "executioners" to "beloved disciples" and repentant "Magdalens" standing beneath the cross of Jesus with His Mother, and ours? Will we allow His Blood and her tears to be in vain, for ourselves, and others? If not, then let us cry out to heaven with our Mother, with her tears cupped in our hands of pleading, that every soul upon this earth be covered with that Precious Blood, placed in the Sacred Heart of Jesus and hidden under her mantle of mercy, so that not one more soul will be lost forever, from this day forward, until the end of time!



Our Lady of Hope, La Macarena, Spain

Behold, O my children, the tears of your Mother! Shall I weep in vain?
(Diary, Pgs. 12.)

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