



The Immaculate Heart of Mary appears to be consoling Sister Lucy, while at the same time holding out Her precious gift to solve all problems, no matter how big or how small, the Most Holy Rosary.

Sister Lucy had overseen the sculpting of this Holy Image which she says most closely represents Our Lady when She appeared.

The Kindness and Courtesy of Our Blessed Lady

by D. Roberto, Hermit of Monte Corona

You are astounded, Parthenius (one who belongs to the Virgin); you are discouraged and terrified. The great nobility, dignity, and majesty of the Mother of God, which I have placed before you, have doubtless occasioned in you

esteem, reverence, and a most profound respect for one so eminent and sublime that there is no greater under God; but, on the other hand, it may have extinguished, or at least cooled, that ardor which you felt towards that amiable object, esteeming yourself alto-

gether unworthy to aspire to Her love, or to lift your eyes so high, and you have perhaps even persuaded yourself that one so worthy, so noble, would not deign to cast even a look upon your baseness.

But take courage, Parthenius; first of all, call to mind what I have said and made you reflect upon in the two chapters on the happiness and the sweetness of the love of Mary, and consider it certain that Mary never has been, and will not be, one of those proud potentates who join to the highness of their rank and nobility equal fierceness, haughtiness, and disdain.

Such are those proud princes of this world, who deign not to lower one point of their majesty, and woe to him that shall presume to fail, although involuntarily, in even the least part of that respect and reverence which they believe their due.

Such was the fate of that poor page who, by the command of Alexander, lost his head, because, having cast himself into the river to regain for the king his laurel crown, he placed it on his head that he might swim back more easily.

So fared that unfortunate general who was condemned to death, by Basil of Macedon, because he had encamped in a position a little higher than the king's. Domitian caused the unconquered Agricola to be strangled, through mere envy, because he had gained a victory over the Britons; and a Roman knight to be killed, because he carried with him a map of the world.

Laborosoarchod, King of Assyria, condemned to death his principal favorite, to whom he had intended to give his own sister in marriage, merely because in the chase he had promptly dispatched a lion which the king had been unable to kill with several blows.

The Kind and Gentle Humility of Mary

But far, far from Mary be the thought, the suspicion of such haughtiness. She is as kind, as gentle, and I was almost going to say as humble, as She is great; and I may well say so, for She seems to have carried with Her to Heaven a virtue that was so dear to Her on earth, to exercise it still in that most sublime position which She now enjoys.

Hear me with attention, Parthenius, and you will see

if I tell the truth. Affability, benignity, courtesy, and condescension, are among the virtues which draw the heart, attract the will, soften the most cruel natures, and conciliate the most cordial affection and tenderness of the most adverse spirits.

But if such amiable virtue is united with nobility and greatness, who can tell the applause it gains and the praises that are given it?

How Alexander is magnified by history because he bound the wounded forehead of Lysimachus with his own diadem, and deigned to write to his blacksmith; Julius Caesar, for the same condescension to his gardener; Augustus, to his carpenter; Tiberius, to his miller; Pompey, because he went to visit Pandosius without the imperial fasces; Vespasian, because he gave long audiences to his subjects while suffering under a fever; Antiochus, because he visited his sick soldiers in their own dwellings, examining their wounds and applying balsam with his own hands, and binding them with royal bandages; and many others who, in different manners, lowered their dignity to some act of

humanity and courtesy.

What Could Compare to Mary?

But what comparison can there ever be between the majesty of these miserable grandees of the earth, already reduced to dust, scattered by the wind, or trodden underfoot by even the vilest men and by every beast that passes over them, with the majesty, with the greatness of that Sovereign Empress of the Universe, who lives and shall live glorious above the highest heads of the seraphim for all ages? And what comparison can there be between the few and slight condescensions of the persons just mentioned, and whatever others history mentions, and the benignity, courtesy, humanity, and condescension, and I had almost said humiliations, which the Mother of God has always used for the past, uses daily, and will use for the future to the end of the world, towards the most vile and miserable on earth, even Her enemies, rebels against God and slaves of Satan?

Mary, Our Consoler

The earth is full, and the world is full of such wonders; all tongues speak of them,

all histories relate them, all nations, all generations extol them. I should cover the earth with great volumes, if I should write a part of them; and who can ever know them all? And what pen, or what mind, even though angelic, would be capable or sufficient to relate them?

I cannot undertake, Parthenius, to enumerate them, for I should never finish. You already know many of them. You know very well how often She has deigned to console and delight Her servants; how often She has called them Her children; how often She has hastened to save them in their dangers, to counsel them in their doubts, to console them in their labors and troubles, to provide them even with money in their wants, to burst their toils, to break their chains, to cure their diseases and heal their wounds, to deliver them from the hands of their enemies, to give them health, to preserve them from both temporal and eternal death, to caress and serve them, I will not say as a mother and sister, but as a servant.

She differeth nothing from a servant, though She be Mistress of All. I receive, She

one day said to Saint Bridget, the prayers of all, now that I sit on the supreme throne of glory, where I retain the same humility as on earth. And being prayed by Domenica dal Paradiso to smell some flowers she gave Her, She made a sensible sign that they pleased Her.

The Cistercian monk, Thomas, of whom we have already spoken, desired ardently to see Her, and She consoled him with Her amiable presence. The blessed Alphonsus Rodriguez, of the Society of Jesus, finds himself wearied and covered with perspiration, owing to his age, the difficulty of the way, and the very warm season; this Loving Queen consoles him, comforts him, sustains him, and even wipes the perspiration from his brow.

The monks of Clairvaux work in the field praising Mary, and She accepts and recompenses their praises. A holy priest, most devout to Her dolors, and a poor widow, are agonizing on the point of death; She mercifully assists them, and changes their sufferings into delights. A holy bishop of Taranto is obliged to restore to his nephew ten golden scudi spent in



The devotion to Our Lady's Seven Sorrows is most pleasing to Our Lord Jesus Christ. Our Lady made 11 Promises for practicing and promoting this devotion.

In Her 7th Promise to St. Bridget of Sweden, She said: "I have obtained this grace from My divine Son, that those who propagate this devotion to My tears and sorrows will be taken directly from this earthly life to eternal happiness, since all their sins will be forgiven and My Son will be their eternal consolation and joy."

To assist you in practicing and promoting this devotion, ask for our new booklet, "The Devotion to the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary". Write us to get your free copy. See our address on [page 63](#). Order extra copies for your family, friends, and fellow parishioners.

the relief of the poor; and She gives him the means of satisfying his debt.

The Love of Mary

How true it is that She loves them that love Her, and even serves them that serve Her, as says the devout Jordan. A poor widow in her agony is driven mad by the violence of her fever, and Mary comes to console her.

St. Dominic retires into the woods to weep, fast, and punish himself for the salvation of the Albigensian heretics, to whom he had that day preached without effect; and, almost fainting away through weakness and suffering, he saw the Virgin Mother unexpectedly appear before him and lovingly address him:

**“Dominic, My dear son,
I, whom thou hast invoked,
am ready to help thee.”**

She appeared to Frances of Serrone. While driven one night from her house, Frances was tempted to cast herself from a high rock; Mary drove her from her desperate resolve, and persuaded her to return to Serrone, full of inexpressible consolation. Mary provided bread every day for blessed Colomba of Milan, of the order of Saint Dominic,

when shut up in a house neglected by everyone else.

What more could be asked? A gamester, possessed by the devil, struck furiously with a stone the breast of Mary painted on a canvas attached to a wall, accompanying the blow with horrible blasphemies and injuries, and the wound bled copiously. He was exemplarily and frightfully punished for it by God, Who twisted his neck and turned his face to the back, and by human justice he was immediately condemned to death; but the most kind and merciful Mary, unmindful of the grievous affront, by a most wonderful kindness freed him from the death he merited.

And to what excesses of benignity and mercy has this Great Queen lowered Herself! She has become mother, sister, servant, almoner, shepherdess, not disdaining any office, however low, vile, and abject, for the sake of Her servants. Oh, condescension without terms! Oh, excess of humiliation without example! Who will not love Thee, O Mary, Furnace of Love, more beautiful than the sun, sweeter than honey. Treasure of Goodness! Thou art ami-

able to all, to all Thou art affable, to all delightful, says Saint Bonaventure.

And what do you say, Parthenius? Do you not feel your heart captivated by so great sweetness, so great amiability? Do you not feel astounded with admiration, to contemplate a personage so noble, so great, so sublime, humbled, so to say, and become degraded in Her condescensions, Her favors, Her affability, Her courtesy, Her humiliations, and the lowly services which She has exercised, not only towards Her lovers and devout friends, but towards Her servants and Her enemies, the rebels and slaves of Satan? One must have a heart of stone not to be moved, not to feel himself burning and inflamed with love for so amiable an object, in which is found only benignity, sweetness, mercy, meekness, love, and goodness.

Mary, Full of Goodness

To me, O Mary, Thou art amiable and always to be desired, for Thou art full of goodness, says Saint Denis the Carthusian. And what more can you desire, loving and possessing Mary? She is so kind and courteous that

She is ever with you, keeps you company in solitude, accompanies you in your journeys, counsels you in doubt, consoles you in affliction, assists you in sickness, defends you from enemies, visible and invisible, encourages you in fear, and protects you from the anger and vengeance of God. If you call Her, She answers promptly; if you salute Her, She courteously returns your salutation; if you praise Her, She kindly thanks you; if you do Her any service, She abundantly remunerates you; if you give Her your faith and love, She lovingly embraces you, and gives you the most tender proofs of Her correspondence and most invincible affection.

But why do I go on describing it? Enough that you have often experienced it; and I may conclude that Mary is a most sweet bait, chosen, prepared, and ordained by God to catch the hearts of men, as He said to Saint Catherine of Siena. May the whole world know Thee; may all men love Thee, O Mary! **FC**

Taken from *The Love of Mary*, available for \$8.95 from The Fatima Center. To order see [page 63](#).