

TSP Express

Habakkuk 2:2

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... *Mary treasured these things and pondered them in her heart. Luke 2:19* NRSVCE

Repetition is the teacher's stronghold.

"Training" in meteorology refers to repeated areas of rain, typically associated with thunderstorms, that move over the same region in a relatively short time.

Cows chew their cud to aid their digestion of food intake.

(<https://www.usdairy.com/news-articles/why-do-cows-chew-their-cud>
(Some fascinating connections here! Can you find them?))

This issue of *TSP Express* is another suggestion for your personal, private meditative retreat. Prepare for a special extended time alone for yourself -- a day or two away or, at least, at home sheltered away from duties and loved ones who will understand your need to draw away for a while.

As this time of solitude progresses between you and your Lord, when He calls you into the following pages, just let Him take the lead and follow Him as He wends His way through your heart. Give much time to silence in this process so He can impress His thoughts into your own. Remember that just "being," "resting" in the presence of this Friend is also most satisfying. However, don't rely just on "feelings."

Not for the traditional scriptural designation of the "Songs of Ascent" being certain psalms the Israelites intoned in anticipation as they climbed the hills into Jerusalem and to the temple for feast days (Psalms 120-134 [119-133]), but for a wider reason – a telling again of a key point in time that mysteriously morphs its way into eternal realities, coming at it from different angles and perspectives and through the mouths and experiences of different people – do | call this issue

Songs of Ascent

Confessions of a Clinging Vine



<https://pixiewinksfairywhispers.tumblr.com/post/33273442226/do-you-wish-to-rise-begin-by-descending-you-plan>

a mosaic of musings on the
Ascension of our Lord

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One internet definition of a “clinging vine” is “a person who is submissively dependent on another.” (<https://www.lexico.com/en/definition/clinging>) I find this perfectly descriptive of the way we are encouraged to live our lives with God ... being docile to the Holy Spirit and utterly committed to keep incorporating our will into that of our Lord.

With this in mind, I beg your indulgence as I reflect a bit on the glorious Easter season, specifically on the forty days between Easter and Ascension leading up to Pentecost, the sending of the Holy Spirit as promised by Jesus before He bodily exited the earth.

During His public ministry and His three years with His disciples it is obvious that, once He called these men to accompany Him, train them and minister with them, they were together almost constantly. Day and night. Everywhere. Exceptions were when He sent them ahead to prepare places for His arrival or when He sent them out two by two to share news of the coming Kingdom. But most of the time, they were all together. The disciples could depend on His being with them or they would know why He was not and where He would be.

Flash forward now to the days following Jesus’ resurrection. He came to them, yes, but on His timetable and in His ways. Unimaginable ways! Suddenly appearing in a locked room. Saying or doing what He wanted to say or do and then vanishing. This was no ordinary state of affairs. The disciples and those with them were always amazed whenever He showed up. Afterward they were left longing for more of Him, His words of consolation, of wisdom, of instruction. This was the same Jesus they had known earlier ... but not quite. He was different. He was more. He defied description. Eyes and hearts begged for Him, for His appearances.

From Jesus’ standpoint, He had always been the revelator of His Father to His brethren. He trained them through the intimacy of being with them, mentored them in His friendship. His words rang through the air and settled into their hearts. Their moments together almost seemed to hang down from heaven on silken cords. They watched Him respond to all kinds of experiences, His command of the winds and the waves, the demons on the shores and elsewhere.

These three years had been solid in every way. When they came down to the last tumultuous weeks and days that were to end with His passion, Jesus and His beloved ones had one last evening together. He gave Himself to them in a new way by instituting what would be called the Holy Eucharist to be the nucleus of how they would go on “without Him” yet somehow He would still be with Him. He loved them until the end. In less than a day He died the death He knew would

come. Three days later He rose from that death as He knew He would. Immediately His training, mentoring, instructions, consolations took on different dimensions.

He knew that His disciples and friends would need time to assimilate what had happened. They would need to acclimatize themselves to life with their resurrected Savior. They were on an “elevator trip” of sorts to His new order of things. Kindly and resolutely He began the process right on Day One -- from His meeting at the tomb just past sunrise with Mary Magdalene to later walking with two dejected followers on a road out of town, to visiting His startled disciples that evening where they had last been together, in the Upper Room.

Over the next forty days He thrilled His disciples, the holy women and other followers with unannounced appearances whenever and wherever He chose. Quite naturally, all wanted more of Him. Perhaps the steady companionship or at least some kind of regular access? But no. He was gradually weaning them away from His regular physical presence. Although He knew this must happen He was not in a hurry. Still He knew His return to the Father was imminent.

His followers slowly found themselves absorbing, transitioning, repositioning and gradually settling into this new life with their Lord. A little bit here and a little bit there: promises He gave them of “another comforter,” soft words to prepare them, “it is better for you that I go away or else this other One cannot come.” This other One to come He described in glowing terms and outlined what He would do. Because He would be soon with the Father, Jesus prayed earnestly for His dear ones, coveting the Father’s protection over them – and others after them who would believe in Him because of His friends’ words about Him.

At last the Day of Departure arrived. His preparations were complete. Together with His followers atop the Mount of Olives, with all words having been said, He blessed them and began to rise. Up, up into the ether zone He went as His loved ones became smaller and smaller in His sight. He lifted His eyes to heaven ... and entered there to the embrace of His Father. “Well done, Son. Welcome home.”

The band of faithful ones below, aghast in wonder and straining their eyes to the heavens, were quickly awakened to another reality by angels bearing the promise of His return – but again, from this living side of Jesus’ grave, that would be on heaven’s timetable. They must now go back to Jerusalem with prayerful expectation for that “other One” when they would be empowered to pick up the golden strands of Jesus’ loving mission that would fill the rest of their lives and be carried outward to the whole world. Though He would be unseen, He still would mysteriously be with them.

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On a purely human level we have to know that His people would miss Him. They would want to look upon His face again and not just once. They would want to walk beside Him again from town to town. To eat with Him, to sleep near Him, to hear the timbre of His voice. To see the wind whip through His hair. To watch Him caress the face of children, to raise the paralytic, the desolate, to unstop deaf ears, to wipe away the blindness from eyes and hearts. They missed Him even as they rejoiced in what He had left them and what He had promised them was to come,

how He had commanded them to conduct themselves both externally and internally in different circumstances

So they huddled together in the Upper Room to pray, to be together and to charm themselves with memories, yes, and to wait with expectation for what was to come. The ache of His absence was ever with them for they had adhered to Him, clung to this One Altogether Lovely, the One Who had become their very lives, their reason for living. Maybe with this other One Who was to come things would become clear and they would somehow see Jesus again and always. Yes, “even to the end of the age” and beyond.

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Reflecting on this point, of course, they missed Him. We do not need to further convince ourselves of this fact. How could they **not** miss Him? To one degree or another, in one sense or another, I “**miss**” Him each time the liturgical calendar approaches the day of His Ascension. One year not long ago, the pain was excruciating. I wondered why or how this might be happening. I dreaded the ordained time. It seemed I nearly saw Him rise through the air and into the clouds. Grief seized my heart for days. I seemed unable to shake it until I wrote down some notes and tucked them into my favorite Stations of the Cross booklet. I remembered that part of Jesus’ step-by-step preparation of His disciples for His departure, both before His crucifixion and after, “... *you will weep and mourn ... you will grieve but your grief will become joy.*” (John 16:16-20)

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This is where it now gets personal. As said, I felt much grief at knowing Jesus was about to leave for heaven. I dreaded His leaving the scriptural scene: many tears, a holding onto Him, not wanting to let Him go. Then, came the lifting up, away from His flock as they watched Him go out of their reach while His words yet remained, “*I am with you always ...*”

An old pathetically beautiful love song came to mind.

“Softly, I will leave you softly. Long before your arms can beg me stay for one more hour, for one more day ... “

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aPQgQBB6VM>

<https://patriotpost.us/commentary/12721-the-dying-mans-daughter-2012-02-24>

The words, some of them especially, fit painfully well. But overall, the song was, of course, off base. I knew that whatever way Jesus wanted to come to me He would so we could still be together. He knows best **while** He moves us/me onward and upward in His plans. My sniffles eventually dried.

The prayer over the offerings for Mass on the sixth Thursday of Easter that year seemed to apply to my release from grief surrounding this Ascension Day:

May our prayers rise up to you, O Lord
Together with the sacrificial offerings,
So that, purified by your graciousness,
We may be conformed to the mysteries of your mighty love.
Through Christ our Lord.

---- *Magnificat*, May 2018, p. 142

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It is a comfort to know that others have felt a tangible sorrowful-longing-after-Jesus leading up to the Ascension while still celebrating with Him His astounding joy at having finished the work His Father gave Him to do: redeem mankind, including you and me! In this fullness of time He was magnificently enthroned by His Father and resumed His rightful place in heaven.

The following is from “**Eyes Only for Thy Face**” by Dom Mark Daniel Kirby, OSB, of Silverstream Priory in Ireland.

A Longing to See Him Again

Blessed John Henry Newman wrote somewhere that the Ascension of the Lord is “at once a source of sorrow, because it involves His absence; and of joy, because it involves His presence.” For Our Blessed Lady and the Apostles, standing on the Mount of Olives with their eyes riveted to the heavens, the Ascension was the last glimpse of the Face of Christ on earth. The disappearance of the beloved Face of Christ leaves in the heart of the Church a longing to see Him again, a burning desire for His return.

I Seek Thy Face

This is the grace offered us in *Exaudi, Domine*, today’s incomparable Introit: “Listen to my voice, Lord, when I cry to Thee, alleluia. True to my heart’s promise I have eyes only for Thy Face, O Lord! Turn not Thy Face away from me, alleluia, alleluia” (*Psalms 26:7-9*). The desire to contemplate the Face of Christ becomes a persistent longing; this is the experience of all the saints. The vitality of one’s interior life can be measured by the intensity of one’s desire to see the Face of Christ or, at least, by the desire of an intense desire to see the Face of Christ.

.... One must recall the promise of Our Lord before His Passion: “He who is to befriend you, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send on my account, will in His turn

make everything plain, and recall to your minds everything I have said you" (*John 14:26*). "It will be for Him, the truth-giving Spirit, when He comes, to guide you into all truth" (*John 16:13*). Contemplation of the Holy Face of Jesus is the means by which the Holy Ghost teaches us all that we need to know in order to become saints. There is nothing written in the Gospels that one cannot read on the Face of Jesus. The Holy Ghost so illumines the Sacred Scriptures for us that we begin, with the eyes of faith, to perceive the Face of the Bridegroom shining through the text. "Now," says the Bride of the Canticle, "He is looking in through each window in turn, peering through every chink" (*Canticle 2:9*)

The Memory of the Church

Since His Ascension from the Mount of Olives, the Holy Face of Jesus fills the vision of the Church. The Holy Ghost brings to our remembrance all that Our Lord said by compelling us ceaselessly to seek His Face. . . .

As the Spirit of the Lord Enables Us

Through the adorable mystery of the Eucharist, the Face we so long to contemplate is set before our eyes and burned into our souls. "It is given to us, all alike, to catch the glory of the Lord as in a mirror, with faces unveiled; and so we become transfigured into the same likeness, borrowing glory from that glory, as the Spirit of the Lord enables us" (*2 Corinthians 3:18*).

. . . . (read more at <https://vultuschristi.org/index.php/2017/05/eyes-only-for-thy-face/>)

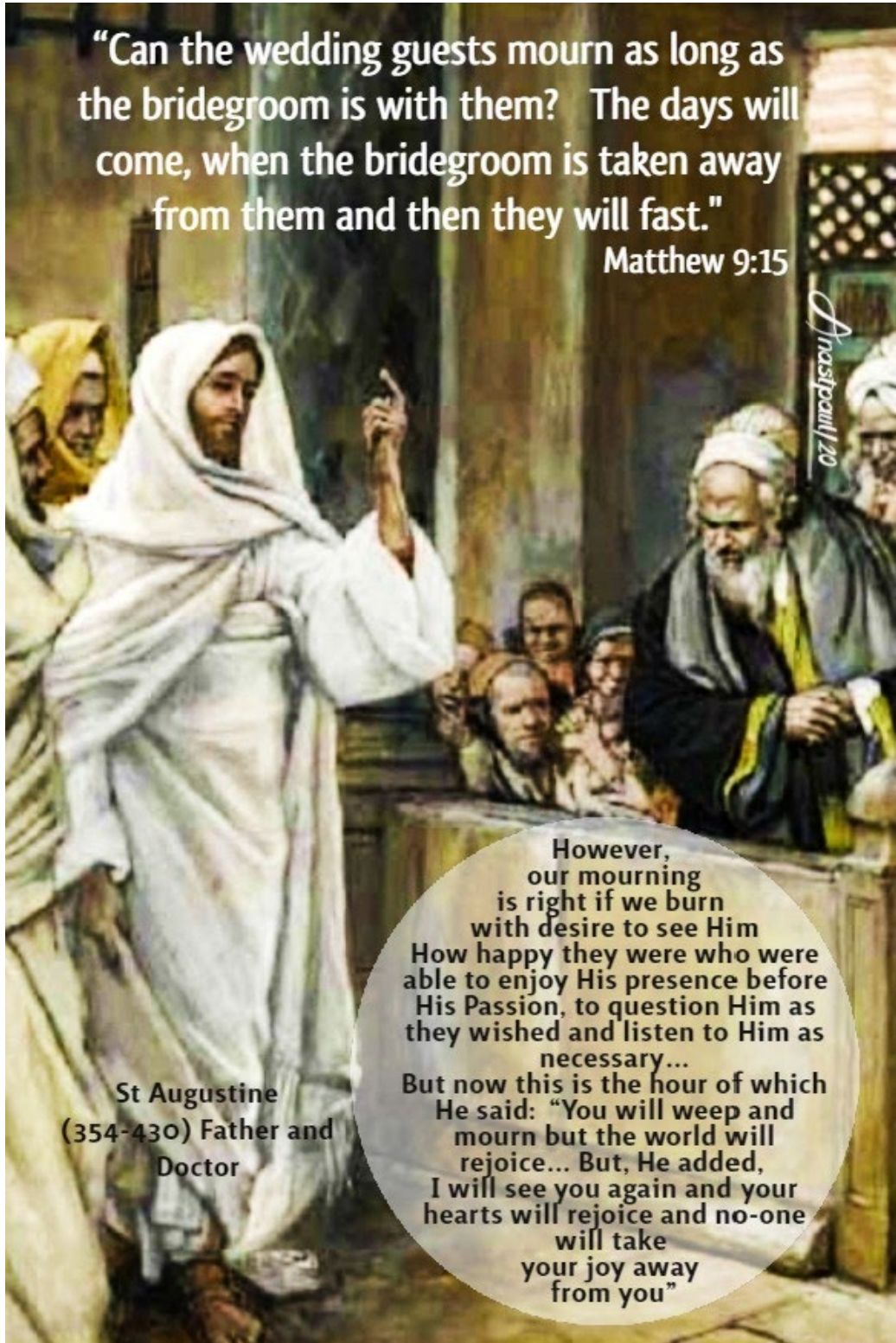
---- related ----

<https://vultuschristi.org/index.php/2020/05/pater-ad-te-venio/>
<https://vultuschristi.org/index.php/2019/05/nos-tuo-vultu-saties/>

http://www.vatican.va/content/benedict-xvi/en/homilies/2009/documents/hf_ben-xvi_hom_20090524_cassino.html (first four paragraphs)

"Can the wedding guests mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them? The days will come, when the bridegroom is taken away from them and then they will fast."

Matthew 9:15



**St Augustine
(354-430) Father and
Doctor**

However,
our mourning
is right if we burn
with desire to see Him
How happy they were who were
able to enjoy His presence before
His Passion, to question Him as
they wished and listen to Him as
necessary...
But now this is the hour of which
He said: "You will weep and
mourn but the world will
rejoice... But, He added,
I will see you again and your
hearts will rejoice and no-one
will take
your joy away
from you"

<https://anastpaul.com/2020/07/04/one-minute-reflection-4-july-so-let-us-fast-and-pray-since-we-are-still-on-the-threshold-of-birth/>

quotes above are from Saint Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, Sermon 210
<https://www.dailygospel.org/AM/gospel/2018-07-07> (cached) - as follows

Saint Augustine (354-430)

Bishop of Hippo (North Africa) and Doctor of the Church

Sermon 210

“Then they will fast”

“The day will come when the Bridegroom will be taken away from them and then they will fast.” Since the Bridegroom has been taken away from us, this is indeed our time for mourning and weeping. This Bridegroom is “the most handsome of men; grace is poured upon his lips” (Ps 44[45]:3) and yet, under the hands of his tormentors he lost all comeliness, all beauty and was cut off from the land of the living (Is 53:2.8). However, our mourning is right if we burn with desire to see him. How happy they were who were able to enjoy his presence before his Passion, to question him as they wished and listen to him as necessary... As for us, we see the fulfilment of what he said: “The days are coming when you will long to see one of the days of the Son of Man, and you will not see it” (Lk 17:22)...

Who would not say with the prophet: “My tears have been my food day and night while people say to me continually: Where is your God?” (Ps. 41[42]:3). Certainly we believe him to be already seated at the right hand of the Father, but so long as we are in this body we walk apart from him (2Cor 5:6) and are unable to show him to those who doubt his existence or even deny him, saying: “Where is your God?”...

“A little while and you will no longer see me, and again a little while and you will see me” (Jn 16:19). But now this is the hour of which he said: “You will weep and mourn but the world will rejoice... But, he added, I will see you again and your hearts will rejoice, and no one will take your joy away from you” (v.22). The hope thus given us by him who is faithful in his promises never now leaves us without a certain joy — until that overwhelming joy comes on the day when we will be like him because we will see him as he is (1Jn 3:2)... “When a woman is in labor, she has pain because her hour has come,” says the Lord, “but when her child is born, she no longer remembers the anguish because of the joy of having brought a human being into the world” (Jn 16:21). This is the joy no one can take away from us and with which we will be satisfied when we pass to eternal light from our present conception in faith. So let us fast and pray since we are still on the threshold of birth.

How Jesus is Glorified in Us

Having knelt down humbly in front of each disciple
to wash their feet,
having revealed their journey
and the journey of the Church,
through pain and joy
into the heart and ecstasy of God,
Jesus stops.

All has been said.

There is no more place for explanation or discussion.
It is now a moment of contemplation.

Jesus raises his eyes to heaven.
He no longer looks at the earth and at his disciples,
but towards the Father.
He is *with* the Father and *in* the Father,
contemplating the divine plan for creation and for humanity,
a plan that appears to be fulfilled
and becomes a song of thanksgiving.

And yet the plan is not fulfilled.

Jesus prays for its fulfillment:
that people may be healed of their aggressiveness,
hatred and fear
and become one,
one in God

Some people did not want to walk the road that leads to the light.
Jesus met fear and opposition.
Many wanted to get rid of him.
They clung to their security and power
and refused change and openness.
But even through this opposition, the plan of God is being fulfilled:
Through his death, Jesus reveals his love to the very end.
Now, in this moment of contemplation,
Jesus reveals that the cycle is complete.
It is no longer God descending into flesh
but the flesh of humanity ascending into God.
It is no longer the Word who becomes a human being,
but human beings transformed into God.

All is complete.

The Word of God came from God
and now returns to God,
with all his friends, brothers and sisters in humanity united together.

Jean Vanier

Jean Vanier was the founder of L'Arche, an international network of communities for the developmentally disabled.

from *Drawn into the Mystery of Jesus through the Gospel of John*, ©2004 by Jean Vanier, Paulist Press, Inc., New York/Mahwah, NJ. www.paulistpress.com (Magnificat, May 2018, pp. 206-207, 459)

But God, who is rich in mercy, out of the great love with which he loved us ... made us alive together with Christ ... and raised us up with him and seated us with him in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus ...

Ephesians 2:4-6 NRSVCE



I will espouse you to me forever: I will espouse you in right and in justice, in love and in mercy: I will espouse you in fidelity and you shall know the LORD. Hosea 2:21-22

(Lectionary for Monday of the 14th Week of Ordinary Time, *Magnificat*, July 2020, p. 85)



"Crucifixion with Mary Magdalene Kneeling and Weeping"
by Francesco Hayez

<https://artsandculture.google.com/asset/crucifixion-with-mary-magdalene-kneeling-and-weeping/vAGzHxlrRbEtjQ?hl=en> (enlargement on previous page is detail)

Clinging Vine

Precious one, once more you come to My feet – nail pierced feet still flowing with love for all your needs. Your needs are yet many and I meet them each in turn. Worry not in the slightest as to the needs to be dealt with in the future. It is enough that I know and that I am capable.

Your need now – your only need – is to grasp onto, yes, cling with a death grip that brings you life. Cling to My feet right now in more fervor than you ever have, even at any point in the past. Believe Me and trust Me on the grounds of My merits. Adhere to My feet as ivy would cling to the wall in order to scale the heights of the building. Only in clinging can it climb ... and it must start at the bottom for there is the soil, bearing the nutrients for growth. You must ever come to My feet, beloved. Ever know and be aware in your understanding of what gives you life.

To come to My feet you must bow, either out of sheer delight of worship and wending adoration and homage or out of sheer obedience to the truth I show you. That, in itself, will soon birth the worshipful adoration. I have said that those who reverently fear Me will be wise – and you must also reverently fear My revelation of truth to you. I will allow you to test authenticity of apparent truth but you will soon see the difference between apparent truth and the truth that is Me. I create all things and I have created that instinct in you to test and prove so I say unto you, prove the things I show you! They will stand all tests! Don't you defend them. I will defend them. Don't you become flustered or anxious either at others' testing of them. After I show you so clearly that you are past the point of doubt, you will be unshakable, no matter what comes against them. This is why you must ever remain, in spirit, at My feet where the revelation knowledge is born. There, also, your own purity of heart nurtures the roots of the vine as it climbs higher and higher. The roots, hidden deep in the dark moist soil of your being, draw upon the hidden nutrients I have placed there and activated by the life flow of the waters of My Spirit. So, My love, knowingly draw continually from what now covers and washes your hands in restful flow – My blood shed freely for you.

Yes, meet Me at the cross ... and bring to the blood flow whatever you question. Kneel to place it at My feet. You partake of the healing flow of My blood and I will deal with what you have brought Me. Do not be afraid to part with it. If I accept it, I will return it to you purified and fit for My use. So too, as you remain humble and surrendered – ever the sacrifice before Me – I will cause you to rise. As I cause you to rise, I will place in your hands what you have brought Me. I will place it in your hands to use for Me as I send you forth commissioned into My harvest fields.

And what if what you have brought Me is not acceptable, is not fit for such use? You will not despair. I will simply replace it with My exceeding greatness revealed in something new to you. It will occupy the place of vacancy and remove the hurt so you will even look to find the pain of loss and be amazed you can find none! That imperfect thing will simply disintegrate before your eyes for, remember, it is I Who hold all things together. All things created but not filled with Me will eventually be destroyed by the very absence of the cohesive force. In My own timing I will cause them all to be burned – even with the fervent heat of which Peter spoke. Whenever you bring things to Me, surrendering them to Me for My approval, that also is the time I will cause My testing of fire to be put upon those particular things and only what is of Me in them will remain.

You will be pleased and relieved at the results of your coming to Me for you will have relieved yourself of judgments that were never designed for you to make. The discomfort caused by your assuming My lordship responsibilities will give way to relaxation and rest. Whatever the outcome of My burning, your heart will be at rest for it will have been purified and it will be secure in knowing I can be trusted and I do all things well. Relinquish all to the altar at My feet continually. My refining fire will be applied to your words and your works and My cleansing blood will refresh and soothe you throughout your spirit, soul and body.

Leave them, in a sense, beneath the blood flow at My feet as now I cause you to rise before Me. How is this possible? The same blood that you find flowing at My feet also is flowing within you. It is the same cleansing agent I took with Me when I was resurrected and ascended to My Father to remove the charges of your sins against you. I brought this same power with Me when I came into you at your invitation – and I washed you clean, removing even the stain of sin. The power of the blood of the innocent Lamb, planned for your redemption before the foundations of the world, is also cleansing you continually!

our soul sister, Saint Mary Magdalene, “clinging vine” supreme



July 22 of each year: **The Feast of St. Mary Magdalene**

<https://www.catholicculture.org/culture/liturgicalyear/calendar/day.cfm?date=2020-07-22>

“Who Really Was Mary Magdalene?”

<https://www.catholicculture.org/culture/library/view.cfm?recnum=6091>

Saint Mary Magdalene: Prophetess of Eucharistic Love

Fr. Sean Davidson, Ignatius Press, © 2017, ISBN 978-1-62164-092-9

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The following are selected excerpts from a popular and well-respected medieval legend concerning Mary Magdalene,

The Life of Saint Mary Magdalene and Her Sister Saint Martha, A Medieval Biography Translated and Annotated by David Mycoff,

Cistercian Studies Series: Number 188, ISBN 0 87907 908 9,

pp 81, 83, 85-86

... It is enough, then, to have reflected on this concerning the three unctions of the special friend of Christ – the unction of his feet, of his head, and of his body – by which that devoted lover, that admirable contemplative, that happy perfume-maker gave of her love to the Son of God.

Happy is the one who has heard all this concerning Mary Magdalene with pleasure. More happy the one who has believed it and remembered it with devotion. Yet more happy the one who has marveled at Mary’s holiness, and revered her with love, and burned to imitate her. And most happy by far the one who has been so moved by and who has taken such delight in the surpassing fragrance of Mary’s deeds that he has followed the example of her conversion, has imprinted in himself the image of her repentance, and has filled his spirit with her devotion, to the degree that he has made himself a partaker of that best part which she chose.

CHAPTER XXXI

On the fortieth day after his resurrection, the Saviour, about to ascend into heaven, wished to see and to be seen by his own who were in the world, and so he appeared to them and sat down and ate with them, that through his eating it would be seen that his body was truly risen. Thus, that solemn and happy feast, that supper remembered through all ages, that famous dinner of angels and men, took place. With the Son of God sat his blessed and glorious Mother, the Queen of Heaven, the Virgin Mary; and the one whom Jesus loved before all others, the apostle and evangelist, the prophet and virgin, John; and the special friend and first servant of the Saviour, Mary Magdalene; and his most devoted hostess, Martha; and Lazarus, whom he had recalled from death; and also [many others]

Satisfied with feasting, he rose and went out and led his dinner guests through the gates of Bethany to the Mount of Olives, which is near Jerusalem, about a mile's walk, the distance permitted on the Sabbath. And there, standing before the Queen of Heaven, her companions the Marys, the apostles, and the whole crowd of disciples, about a hundred and twenty in all, he said his last farewell: "Behold I am with you," he said "until the end of the world." And raising his hands, he blessed them. Immediately they saw him raised into the air and carried into heaven. A shining cloud appeared and hid the Saviour and bore him into the aether, while the lover of God, and the companion Marys, looked on.

An army of angels hurried to their triumphant king, and immediately the Lord sent some of them to the Mount of Olives to announce his return to those who were standing there gazing attentively into heaven with the Queen of Heaven, the apostles, and the holy women. "In just this same way," they said, "the one you have seen go into heaven shall come again."

CHAPTER XXXIII

Truly, amid such great glorifications of Christ, Mary Magdalene outwardly rejoiced with an ineffable joy in the glory of her Lord and Redeemer, but inwardly she grieved with the grief of a forsaken lover for his corporal absence. It is natural, I say, very natural, and even necessary, that fast friends be happy and joyful when together and tearful and sad when apart. The greatness of love for the one departed is measured by the tears of the one remaining behind; the love felt in the presence of the beloved equals the sorrow felt at parting.

Left alone, therefore, Mary endured what all lovers endure when they lose each other, though she had not really lost her lover, since he had only gone before to prepare a place for her. In short, who would dare guess what sweetness and what love she felt

listening to the Saviour while she ate with him, enjoyed his presence, and talked with him; or what incomparable light she saw in the Son of the Virgin, on whose face she could not be satiated, who is the most lovely of the sons of men? [And who can guess what sorrow she felt] after the last farewell; after the solemn words of benediction, when, suddenly raising his hands, he was borne into the air; after the milky cloud reaching up high into the aether took him as she followed him, who would not be brought back to her, with the sharp gaze of her eyes; and after he was received into the open heavens, within which she could no longer see him? I can scarcely believe, I find it very difficult indeed to believe, that she stood there very long. More likely, she grew weak, fell in a faint, grown pale, her limbs frozen. And when warmth returned again to her breast, her tears reappeared and flowed plentifully. I ask you, is it possible that Mary could remember the Lord Jesus, whom she loved so much and who loved her so much, without grief, without tears? Is it possible that from that time on there was any period that was without sorrow, any moment without sadness, any hour without sighs, any time whatsoever in which she did not know grief, especially when she remembered his promises: "I go to prepare your place and I shall return" to take them with him so that they could be with him and he with them?

When she turned these things over in her heart, her sorrow turned to joy. When, through constant contemplation, she discerned the presence of the Son of God in spirit, her desire for his corporal presence was tempered and she rested quietly in the sweet memory of him. And finally, after many sighs, after long waiting, after hungering for that most happy vision for a long time, she was satisfied with the sight of that beloved face. In the rest of eternal contemplation, he gave her his sweet embraces.



<https://www.facebook.com/sevensistersapostolate/photos/a.849483625186635/849483631853301/>
Daniel Gerhartz

Do Not Weep

Think of all the tokens of My presence I have given you ... tokens past, tokens present, tokens “large,” tokens “small.” Tokens within, tokens without. Tokens visible, tokens invisible. Tokens more than tokens – My presence yet in full actuality each time you approach Me in the tabernacles of My Church, yea, even the tabernacle of your heart!

•

You know Me well and yet you want Me in the flesh as well as in the Spirit. I say to you My flesh remains with My Spirit for all who know Me with the eyes of faith.

We walk together, run together, even frolic together as one day gives way to the next. It matters not the task, the circumstance of a day or night. We are together, simple as that.

I did not leave you orphaned or widowed when I rose away from sight, returning to the Father. My promise animated My followers to wait for its fulfillment with prayerful expectation. Not many days after, their capacities were filled and set afire with power and love that sent them out with Me within on missions far and wide. Burning with Me, they went, they tarried, they lived in full knowledge and experience of My presence with them.

So it is with you, My love, My cherished chosen one -- My hands upon your face, lifting it to My own. You know Me, you experience Me and you lack no good thing for you have Me all in all. The fullness of unabashed joy at seeing, hearing, touching and tasting mid fragrances untold are yet to come but you sense portions even now as I bring them to you.

Rejoice, therefore, bride of My heart. The wedding feast approaches when faith gives way to sight and all things are made new.

For now, rest with Me in knowing's joy. All is well and as it is meant to be. Turn toward Me and receive.

Luke 24:36-53 John 13-17 Acts 1



“And so, we approach the table of this wondrous Sacrament,
So that, bathed in the sweetness of your grace,
We may pass over to the heavenly realities here foreshadowed.”

(from the Mass for the Solemnity of the Most Precious Body and Blood of Jesus, Preface II
of the Most Holy Eucharist: The Fruits of the Most Holy Eucharist, *Magnificat*, June 2020, p. 191.)

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The Most Holy Body and Blood of Christ

Oh Jesus! My Lord, my God, and my all! I believe that you in your living manhood are as truly present in the Blessed Sacrament as when you did walk amidst men and converse with them. Relying on their word, which shall not pass away, I believe that you are here, ever living to make intercession for us. Here is your sacred Body, which hung upon the cross; here is your soul, which was sorrowful unto death and agonized in the Garden of Olives on account of my sins; here are those sacred wounds made by the nails and spear; here are those eyes which looked with pity and love on the penitent Peter; here are those ears which heard the cruel cry ... *crucify him*, and which listened so compassionately to all the ills of men. *I do believe, Lord: help my unbelief.*

Throughout the centuries sacred writers have vied with one another in describing the marvel of the Real Presence. It has been called the greatest work of God, the mirror of the divine perfections, the reflection of the wisdom, the immensity, and the eternity of God, a type of all the operations of God, the teacher of the unity of God. It has been described as the continuation and the parallel of the Incarnation and the sum of its wonders, as the mirror of the life of Christ, as the triumph of the Church and even as its very life, as the explanation of the phenomena of the Church, as the compendium of all miracles, as the example of every virtue, as the fountain of all grace, as the magnet of souls. Yet, strive as they may, no writers, no poets, no saints can say anything more outstanding than this truth – the Blessed Sacrament is God.

----- Canon Francis J. Ripley

Canon Ripley († 1998) was an English priest, author, and apologist.

from *This is the Faith*. 2002, Thomas A. Nelson, TAN Books, Charlotte, NC (tanbooks.com)

(Meditation of the Day for June 14, The Solemnity of the Most Holy Body and Blood of Christ:
Magnificat, June 2020, pp. 192-193.)

---- related ----

<https://aleteia.org/cp1/2020/06/11/corpus-christi-how-the-eucharist-unites-earth-time-with-gods-time/>

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A Timely Invitation to Search Our Souls

In Revelation chapter 1 Jesus appears in vision (below) to St. John the beloved and gives him specific messages for each of the Seven Churches scattered throughout Asia Minor. These messages are in chapters 2 and 3. For the good of our souls we need to read them periodically and prayerfully, knowing we are in the presence of God as we read.

⁸ "I am the Alpha and the Omega," says the Lord God, who is and who was and who is to come, the Almighty.

⁹ I John, your brother, who share with you in Jesus the tribulation and the kingdom and the patient endurance, was on the island called Patmos on account of the word of God and the testimony of Jesus. ¹⁰ I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and I heard behind me a loud voice like a trumpet ¹¹ saying, "Write what you see in a book and send it to the seven churches, to Ephesus and to Smyrna and to Per'gamum and to Thyati'ra and to Sardis and to Philadelphia and to La-odice'a."

¹² Then I turned to see the voice that was speaking to me, and on turning I saw seven golden lampstands, ¹³ and in the midst of the lampstands one like a son of man,^[b] clothed with a long robe and with a golden girdle round his breast; ¹⁴ his head and his hair were white as white wool, white as snow; his eyes were like a flame of fire, ¹⁵ his feet were like burnished bronze, refined as in a furnace, and his voice was like the sound of many waters; ¹⁶ in his right hand he held seven stars, from his mouth issued a sharp two-edged sword, and his face was like the sun shining in full strength.

¹⁷ When I saw him, I fell at his feet as though dead. But he laid his right hand upon me, saying, "Fear not, I am the first and the last, ¹⁸ and the living one; I died, and behold I am alive for evermore,

and I have the keys of Death and Hades. ¹⁹ Now write what you see, what is and what is to take place hereafter. ²⁰ As for the mystery of the seven stars which you saw in my right hand, and the seven golden lampstands, the seven stars are the angels of the seven churches and the seven lampstands are the seven churches.



The message to the Church at Ephesus (2:1-7) is particularly pertinent to many of us today:

“To the angel of the church in Ephesus write: ‘The words of him who holds the seven stars in his right hand, who walks among the seven golden lampstands.

² “I know your works, your toil and your patient endurance, and how you cannot bear evil men but have tested those who call themselves apostles but are not, and found them to be false; ³ I know you are enduring patiently and bearing up for my name’s sake, and you have not grown weary. ⁴ But I have this against you, that you have abandoned the love you had at first. ⁵ Remember then from what you have fallen, repent and do the works you did at first. If not, I will come to you and remove your lampstand from its place, unless you repent. ⁶ Yet this you have, you hate the works of the Nicola'itans, which I also hate. ⁷ He who has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the churches. To him who conquers I will grant to eat of the tree of life, which is in the paradise of God.’

<https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Revelation+1-3&version=RSVCE>

PLEA FOR MERCY

Song of Solomon 1:4

Father, entreat me not to leave Thee . . .
Thou in Whose Name, in Whose ways I
delight.

Cause me to hear Your voice
when I might have forgotten its tones.
Cause me to ache for Your arms
when I have neglected Your embrace.
Cause my eyes to flow down with tears . . .
then be riveted
to the wonder of Your face . . .

Till I become, once again, so totally caught up,
so wrapped up, so hidden in You . . .
That whatever it was that caused me to forget You -
even if just for a moment -
Would be lost in the fallout of all earlier things
that have faded and gone . . .
For love of, for knowing, for desiring You above all
I may ever see, hear, taste, touch, feel or know
now and forever. Amen.

Psalm 73:25 Philippians 3:7-10 Amp. Hebrews 12:1-2
Psalm 16:8-11; 17:15 Revelation 2:1-7 I John 1
Mark 12:28-31 John 14:21 Amp. Deuteronomy 6:4-12 Amp.
Colossians 3:1-3 Psalm 119

“Divine Mercy” (UnCatolico)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U8D9AgEB6VM>



*¹⁸Therefore the LORD waits to be gracious to you;
therefore he exalts himself to show mercy to you.
For the LORD is a God of justice;
blessed are all those who wait for him.*

¹⁹Yea, O people in Zion who dwell at Jerusalem; you shall weep no more. He will surely be gracious to you at the sound of your cry; when he hears it, he will answer you. ²⁰And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet your Teacher will not hide himself any more, but your eyes shall see your Teacher. ²¹And your ears shall hear a word behind you, saying, “This is the way, walk in it,” when you turn to the right or when you turn to the left. ²²Then you will defile your silver-covered graven images and your gold-plated molten images. You will scatter them as unclean things; you will say to them, “Begone!”

²³And he will give rain for the seed with which you sow the ground, and grain, the produce of the ground, which will be rich and plenteous. In that day your cattle will graze in large pastures; ²⁴and the oxen and the asses that till the ground will eat salted provender, which has been winnowed with shovel and fork. ²⁵And upon every lofty mountain and every high hill there will be brooks running with water, in the day of the great slaughter, when the towers fall. ²⁶Moreover the light of the moon will be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun will be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day when the LORD binds up the hurt of his people, and heals the wounds inflicted by his blow.

Isaiah 30:18-26

<https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Isaiah+30%3A18-26&version=RSVCE>

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*¹How lovely is your dwelling place,
O LORD of hosts!*

*²My soul longs, indeed it faints
for the courts of the LORD;*

*my heart and my flesh sing for joy
to the living God.*

³ *Even the sparrow finds a home,
and the swallow a nest for herself,
where she may lay her young,
at your altars, O LORD of hosts,
my King and my God.*

⁴ *Happy are those who live in your house,
ever singing your praise. Selah*

⁵ *Happy are those whose strength is in you,
in whose heart are the highways to Zion.^[a]*

⁶ *As they go through the valley of Baca
they make it a place of springs;
the early rain also covers it with pools.*

⁷ *They go from strength to strength;
the God of gods will be seen in Zion.*

⁸ *O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer;
give ear, O God of Jacob! Selah*

⁹ *Behold our shield, O God;
look on the face of your anointed.*

¹⁰ *For a day in your courts is better
than a thousand elsewhere.*

*I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God
than live in the tents of wickedness.*

¹¹ *For the LORD God is a sun and shield;
he bestows favor and honor.*

*No good thing does the LORD withhold
from those who walk uprightly.*

¹² *O LORD of hosts,
happy is everyone who trusts in you.*

Psalm 84

<https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Psalm+84&version=RSVCE>

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**“For Your Name is Holy - I Enter the Holy of Holies” - Paul
Wilbur**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s4CRvAPzxlI>

Entering In

Oh, Jesus . . . Living Tabernacle . . . fresh, alive within me . . .
I now bow low before You in the holies of my heart.
I kiss Your feet, Beloved, then slowly rise while taking in the wonder
of Your Being.

I rise to place upon Your head the crown of my adoring
for You alone are worthy, are worthy, precious Lord,
of all my life's devotion, of all my heart's desire.

Heady incense wafts our chamber 'round Your glorious throne . . .
spiraling, circling, slowly swirling, drenching us in one accord.
Hearts that ached in separation, longing for completion . . .
our rest, at last, we've gladly taken, love's communion here we've
found.

Songs we sing in joyous rapture each to the other in tender turn . . .
Then, from both of us together, soaring strains waft outward on the
gentle breeze.

From this our chamber these combine to evidence the sweet
communion:
glory, fragrance, revelation . . . seen and sensed and burning.

These enough to bring Your kingdom, Your dominion into all my
days.

Blessed Savior, Holy Lover, ever to this place I'll come
for it's here in Your own Presence we're at rest and I'm at home.

Psalm 27:4 Amp.
Zephaniah 3:17
Malachi 1:11

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