

# TSP EXPRESS

*Habakkuk 2:2*

Issue #20, April 2021 • created by Lucy Brown for the Knoxville Diocesan Council of Catholic Women, Knoxville, Tennessee • *TSP Express* is an outgrowth of *The Secret Place* \* which is designed for enhancing one's spiritual growth toward a deepening personal relationship with Jesus Christ

\* <http://www.kdccw.org/TheSecretPlace.html>

[mellucy1967@yahoo.com](mailto:mellucy1967@yahoo.com)

©2021 by Lucy Brown • *TSP Express* may be freely forwarded to interested parties.

†



<https://www.britannica.com/video/179945/Overview-Easter>

## Passion's Release and Return

*... who for the sake of the joy that was set before him endured the cross, disregarding its shame, and has taken his seat at the right hand of the throne of God Hebrews 12:2 NRSVCE*

Each year Holy Week ushers us into our Lord's once-and-for-all Passion as He moves inexorably forward toward consummation of His Father's plan to restore to Himself we who have fallen to sin's prey. We may ask ourselves, "How (and why) is this week different? To me? Now?" It is best to leave the answers to our Traveling Companion and so we implore His leading.

Though we come annually into this most sacred time, each year has its own mystical unfolding in which the Holy Spirit specifically invites each one of us to accompany Jesus in specific ways for His consolation and for our ongoing sanctification.

The Sacred Triduum – Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday – brings us to the threshold of Resurrection Sunday. During the Saturday Night Vigil Mass, right on cue, alleluias spring forth from throats only recently constricted with grief at the death of our Lord. Concurrently, church bells victoriously clang as the

massive stone gives way and the tomb yields its charge. Our Lord has risen! All over the world explosive Resurrection celebrations inaugurate fifty days of delightful reawakening as atonement for sins, new life and joyous outlooks take over. Our risen Savior helps us acclimatize to living on the other side of the grave.

What follows began as my personal, simple but powerful meditation within these hallowed days but quickly morphed into something much larger, this present issue of *TSP Express*! Let these pages call to us again and again throughout the year as we return with desire and “ponder in our hearts” what has taken place.



## CONSECRATION

following is an excerpt from  
“MEDITATION

Holy Thursday: the Institution of the Eucharist”  
*Praying with Jesus and Faustina during Lent  
and in Times of Suffering*, pp. 91-92.

© 2020 by Susan Tassone. Sophia Institute Press.

Compiled by Susan Tassone in part from  
the Diary of St. Faustina Kowalska)

During this hour of prayer, Jesus allowed me to enter the Cenacle, and I was a witness to what happened there. However, I was most deeply moved when, before the Consecration, Jesus raised His eyes to heaven and entered into a mysterious conversation with His Father. It is only in eternity that we shall really understand that moment. His eyes were like two flames; His face was radiant, white as snow; His whole personage full of majesty, His soul full of longing. At the moment of Consecration, love rested satiated – the sacrifice fully consummated .... Oh, how ardently I desire that the whole world would come to know this unfathomable mystery. (684)



# That the Whole Nation May Not Perish

(*Magnificat's* Meditation of the Day, p. 404 for March 27, 2021)

Let our Bridegroom ascend the wood of his bridal chamber; let our Bridegroom ascend the wood of his marriage bed. Let him sleep by dying. Let his side be opened, and let the virgin Church come forth. Just as when Eve was made from the side of a sleeping Adam, so the Church was formed from the side of Christ, hanging on the cross. For his side was pierced, as the Gospel says, and immediately there flowed out blood and water, which are the twin sacraments of the Church: the water, which became her bath; the blood, which became her dowry. In this blood the holy martyrs, friends of the Bridegroom, washed their robes, made them white, came as invited guests to the marriage of the Lamb (Rv. 22:14), took the cup from the Bridegroom, drank, and gave their pledge to him. They drank the blood of him for whom they poured out their blood ....

Rejoice, rejoice, bridal Church, for had not these things happened to Christ, you would not have been formed from him. Sold, he redeemed you; killed, he loved you: and since he loved you so much, he chose to die for you. Oh the great mystery of this marriage! How great the mystery of this Bridegroom and bride! Human words are not up to explaining it. From the Bridegroom, the bride is born. As she is being born, she is immediately united to him. At the very moment her spouse dies, the bride marries him. ... At the moment he is raised above the heavens, she is made fruitful throughout the whole earth.

Saint Quodvultdeus of Carthage

Saint Quodvultdeus (+ c. 450) was a bishop and Church Father who suffered exile after the Vandals captured Carthage in 439. His name means "what God wills." / From *Ancient Christian Writers: The Works of the Fathers in Translation: Quodvultdeus of Carthage: The Creedal Homilies: Conversion in Fifth-Century North Africa. Translation and Commentary by Thomas Macy Finn. Copyright © 2004 by Thomas Macy Finn. Published by the Newman Press, an imprint of Paulist Press, Inc. New York/Mahwah, NJ. [www.paulistpress.com](http://www.paulistpress.com). Used with permission.*

© *Magnificat* 2021

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d7op0oxgWnc>  
See My Servant

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gkkoA6H0Izs>  
How Beautiful



# *The Bending Down*

*Hebrews 10:5-7 Amp. Philippians 2:6-11 Amp.*

Anguished, burning, loving eyes  
zero in on me  
from high upon a cross.

I LOVE YOU.  
IF YOU HAD BEEN THE ONLY ONE  
IN ALL THE WORLD,  
I WOULD DO THIS  
JUST ... FOR ... YOU.  
I LOVE YOU.

And His head drops in death.

Copyright © 1977 by Lucy Brown Published in *This is My Beloved: psalms of communion*  
by Lucy Brown Copyright © 1988 Also published in *Along Garden Pathways* by Lucy Brown

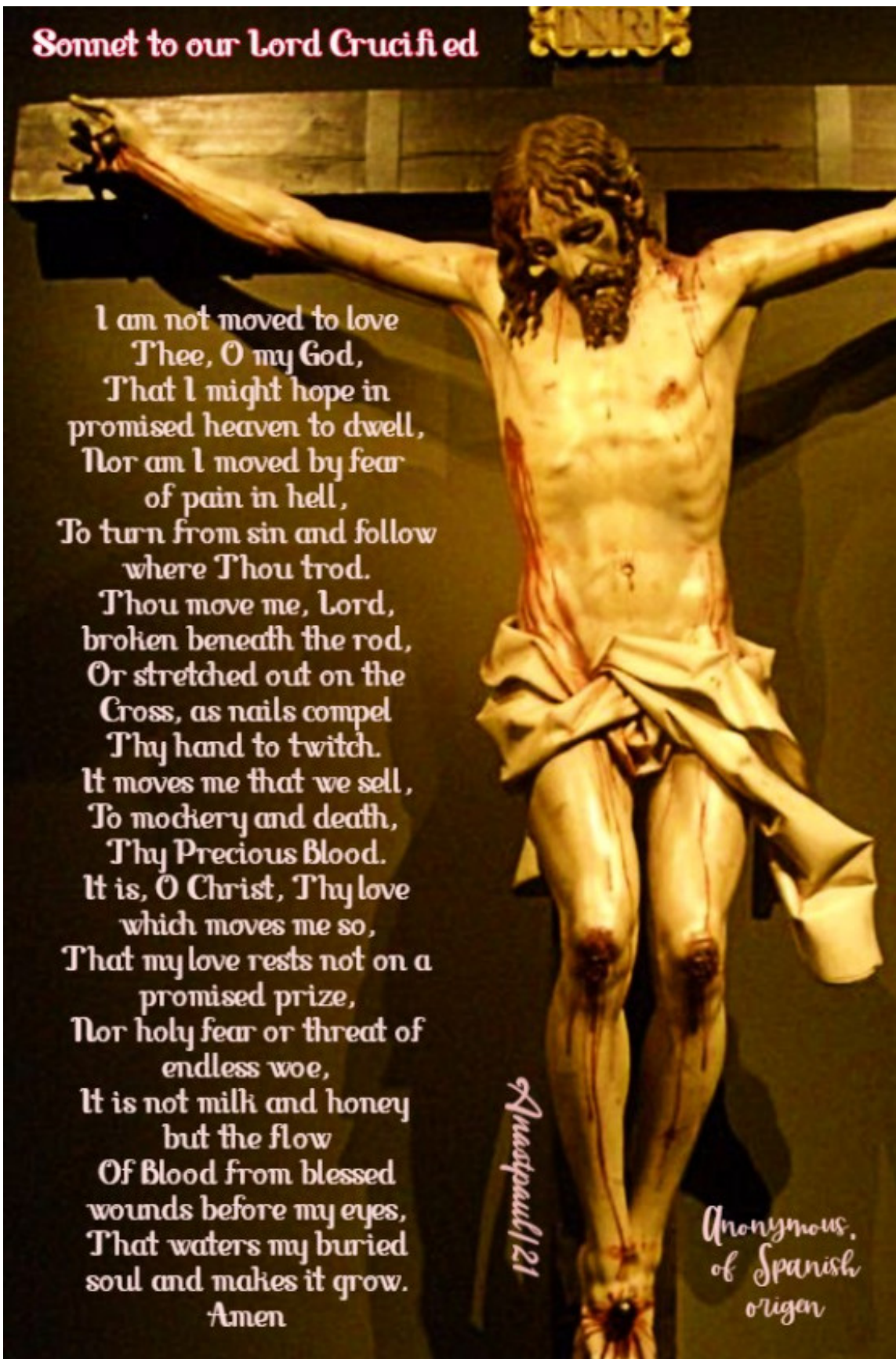
Copyright © 2007 by Lucy Brown All rights reserved

Cedargarden Springs Press 204 Lexington Lane Clinton, Tennessee 37716

Printed in the United States of America

Picture source: <https://www.pinterest.com/pin/450148925226958349/> (detail)

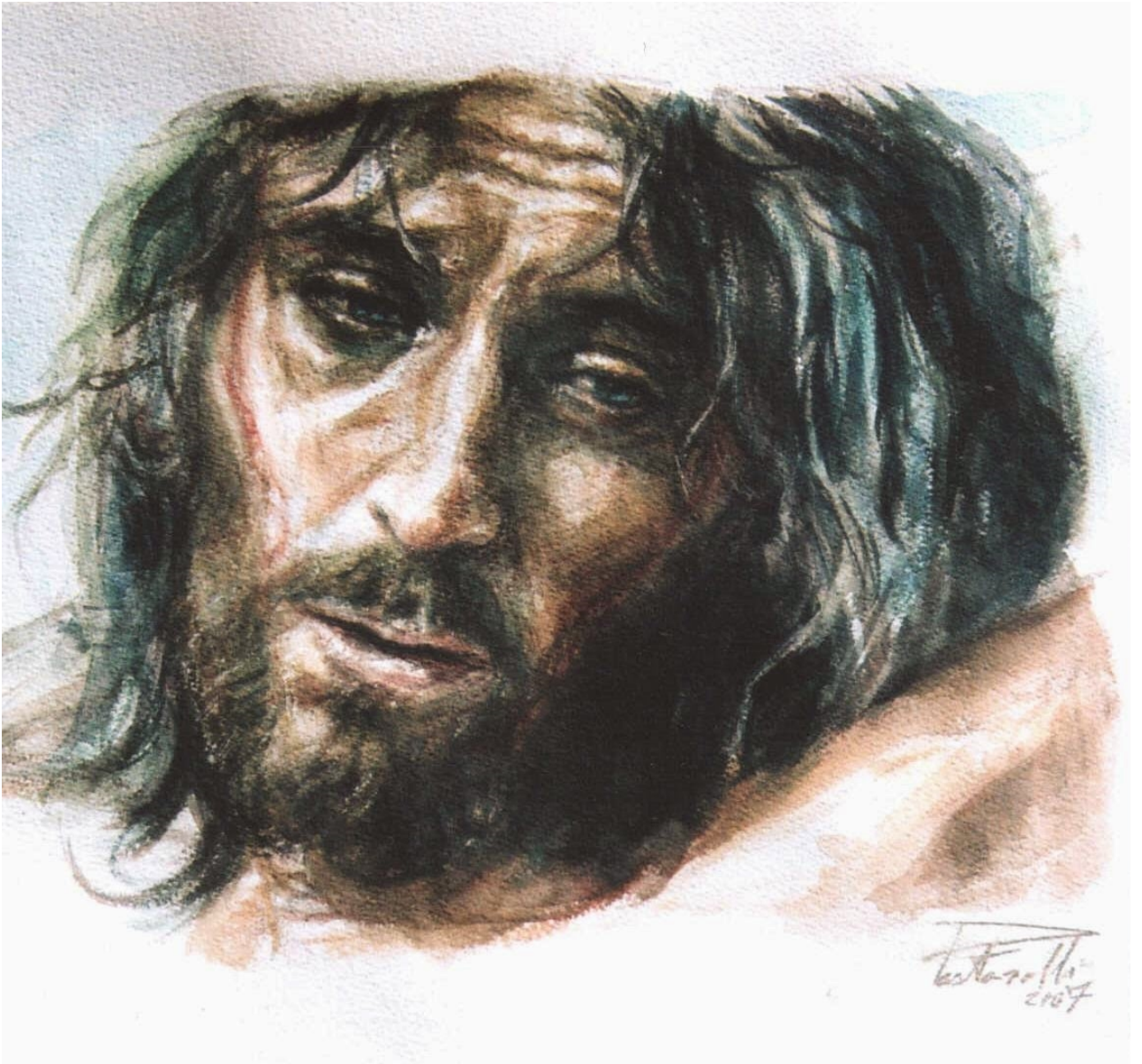
## Sonnet to our Lord Crucified



I am not moved to love  
Thee, O my God,  
That I might hope in  
promised heaven to dwell,  
Nor am I moved by fear  
of pain in hell,  
To turn from sin and follow  
where Thou trod.  
Thou move me, Lord,  
broken beneath the rod,  
Or stretched out on the  
Cross, as nails compel  
Thy hand to twitch.  
It moves me that we sell,  
To mockery and death,  
Thy Precious Blood.  
It is, O Christ, Thy love  
which moves me so,  
That my love rests not on a  
promised prize,  
Nor holy fear or threat of  
endless woe,  
It is not milk and honey  
but the flow  
Of Blood from blessed  
wounds before my eyes,  
That waters my buried  
soul and makes it grow.  
Amen

Anastpaul/21

Anonymous,  
of Spanish  
origin



# Be With Me

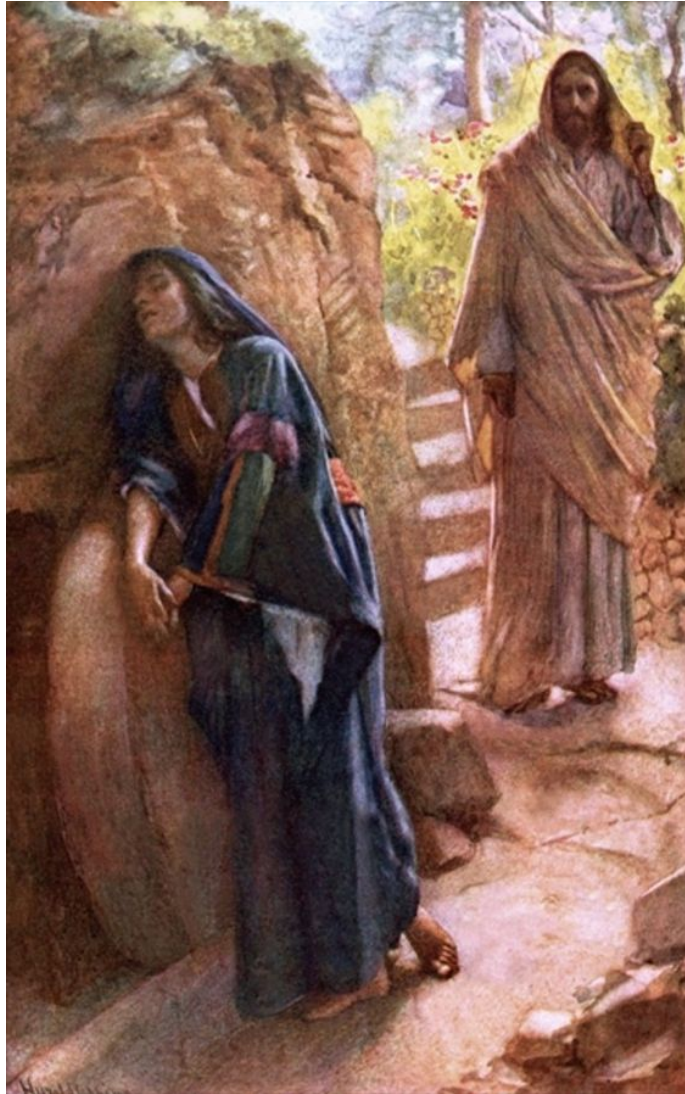
You have done what was necessary. For love you have remained, stayed with Me to the bitter end. To the last drop of My blood spilled out upon the ground for you and for the whole world.

My love for you has strengthened you to stay. To stay beyond your strength, endurance, energies all. Weakness is no obstacle to loving Me in return. Yea, it even strengthens your ability to stay, nestled at My feet until the ordeal is over, leaving an uncommon rest within its wake.

Love's outpouring you have spilt so you know its force. "Give it all. Turn not away from the Beloved," My inner voice calls ever to your heart. "Stay to the end and then, beyond to see where it will lead ... "



Past ways of shadows to light far off that grows steadily closer and more engulfing. Night turns to day. Standing near you, see Who's here!



Yes, love, indeed, is stronger – much stronger – than death.

© 2018 by Lucy Brown. (text only)  
Cedargarden Springs Press, 204 Lexington Lane, Clinton, TN 37716.  
All rights reserved. (March 30, 2018, Friday, 12:50 p.m.)

### Art Sources

*Face of Christ.* Cristian Pastorelli. 2007. Private Collection. Caritas of Piacenza  
<http://www.cristianpastorelli.it/images/artesacra/voltoCristo.htm>  
*The Magdalen at the Foot of the Cross.* George Frederic Watts 1817-1904. Walker Art Gallery  
<https://artuk.org/discover/artworks/the-magdalen-at-the-foot-of-the-cross-97322>  
*Mary Magdalene at the Sepulchre.* Harold Copping  
<https://fineartamerica.com/featured/mary-magdalene-at-the-sepulchre-harold-copping.html>



†

<https://anastpaul.com/2021/04/06/one-minute-reflection-6-april-easter-tuesday-we-all-touch-him-who-believe-in-him/>

†

## *A Just Return for Labors Spent*

*Beloved Lord, I want to give You pleasure, to give You the full yield of all that You have planted within me for Your glory has flooded me with new life and energy beyond my comprehension, beyond my capacities to enjoy.*

*You bore such pain for me, agonies beyond description. Help me give You fitting recompense for such investment in this soul.*

.

It begins with the viewing of My wounds. You asked Me how I was unfastened from the nails impaling Me upon the cross so those who took Me down could release My body from the tree, lowering it to the peacefulness of the ground to those who loved it, cradled it yet in death, anointing it with love and tears to wrap it for the tomb.

Kiss those wounds you see, My child, and clasp them to your heart ... to rest with Me awhile and ponder what has taken place.

For you, My love. For you. It was all for you and I rejoiced to give My all. For you.

Stay with Me awhile until in time you feel the warmth return, calling you to rise and journey with Me along the way ahead of loving where I will show you yet again the secrets of My joy that you are giving unto Me day by day and night after night.

You are My delight forevermore.



[https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Jean\\_Jouvenet\\_Descent\\_From\\_The\\_Cross.jpg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Jean_Jouvenet_Descent_From_The_Cross.jpg)



[https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Archivo:Jean\\_Jouvenet\\_The\\_Descent\\_from\\_the\\_Cross.jpg](https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Archivo:Jean_Jouvenet_The_Descent_from_the_Cross.jpg)  
[https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Jean\\_Jouvenet\\_The\\_Descent\\_from\\_the\\_Cross.jpg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Jean_Jouvenet_The_Descent_from_the_Cross.jpg)



Following is my fascinating discovery a year and a half after receiving the above writing:.. (LB)

## “Kiss My Wounds often ... very often ... ”

(discovered 11/23/18)

Don Giuseppe Tomaselli, gleaned from *Mystics of the Church: Devotion to the Holy Wounds* – <http://www.mysticsofthechurch.com/2016/03/devotion-to-holy-wounds-of-jesus-as.html>

### Consecration of our children to the Holy Wounds

There has been a pious practice of consecrating one's children or loved ones to each of the Holy Wounds. This has produced many saints such as **St. Veronica Giuliani**. Before Veronica's mother, Benedetta Mancini, died, she consecrated each of her five children to each of the Five Holy Wounds of Jesus. Ursula (St. Veronica) was consecrated to the wound of Jesus' side. Throughout her diary it is clear that St. Veronica had a great devotion to the Holy Wounds.



**Father Giuseppe Tomaselli**, a 20<sup>th</sup> century Italian exorcist and spiritual director to special souls such as Natuzza Evolo, said in one of his tapes: *“Jesus told a soul: ‘Kiss My Wounds often. Kiss them very often.’ The soul replied, ‘How many times in a day?’ Jesus answered, ‘Numberless times. Kiss them often because the Wounds of Jesus are springs of grace and mercy.’”*

Father Giuseppe also advised the following, *“It is good that everyone wear a crucifix and kiss often during the day the Holy Wounds. The practice of those good mothers or good religious daughters in which they place a soul into the Wounds of Christ is praiseworthy. For example, a mother could say: ‘I have 5 children: I place each one of my five children in a specific Wound of Jesus. Those who, for example, have other sinners, can place one or more sinners into each Wound in order for the Wounds of Jesus to save many souls.’”*

Lux, Cristiana. *“Don Giuseppe Tomaselli: Grande Mistico, Grande Guaritore, Grande Esorcista”* pp.16-17  
(above emphasis is in the original)



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YZ1pK2cfkA0>  
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



## *Only Love Brings You This Far*

You have already “passed over.” The impossible or the unknown or the fear of loss is no longer part of an impassible journey for I, the Bridge of all bridges, have brought you to the place of crossing over upon My back in the walk of faith. You would not have attributed the walk as one of “faith,” however! It is precisely the word “faith” that has brought you condemnation in the past because so often you felt unsure, insecure, doubting of that very faith in Me.

I show you now that what you have doubted was your ability to effect in overt deed and inward resolve, I have drawn you to actually walk. As the believer’s walk is a walk by faith and as “faith” gives the eyesight for life in the spiritual realm, you felt you had “no eyes.” You thought you had no “faith” when even the word “faith” itself (to your outer ear) brought a stab of shame to your inner heart . . . and you would sink into the fear that your shame would one day be found out – disclosed to those who would judge you.

But now, the “stakes” of the “game” have grown so high that you can no longer keep this fear of the heart from being opened to any passerby. Indeed, it seems you have nakedly been put on display not only for those closest to you to gaze upon but for anyone else, just passing by your place of impalement.

Learn the lessons of the cross, My love. Here there IS no sight. There is no faith needed in death for all has been surrendered to the Father. Clean your soul with full forgiveness for those whose hands have actually brought you to the circumstance of the cross. Because the hands of the executioners vary through time you must understand that your struggle is not with those whose hands, words and actions treat you unfairly. Your struggle is with the process and, yes, even with Me, the One who has ordained the process.

No one submits to this process willingly. All seek escape. You have come to the garden, My love. You have been asked to lay down your own life, your own desires, your own needs – to pick up Mine. Your love has been so great you have wanted My person, My will, My heart above all else. So I have led you along the way in the shelter and delight of My companionship.

I have now come to the garden, My love, and you are with Me. I have cried the great tears of the horror of the present moment and the agonies at hand – and you now must see that I, Who agonized in the garden of blood, have been with you in your garden of horrors. No, this garden is not one of delights to the eye, to the senses, to the heart. It is a place that all who truly follow Me must come – the place of pre-death.

But we move on yet to the place of true death. You have known the smiting from without, the accusations of biased judgment, the procession, even, to the hill of ultimate surrender to those who have brought you to the point of death.

You have been impaled upon the ugly wood. The curious and the loved ones have looked upon and considered your nakedness. You have seen them all from a higher vantage point and have seen that you can hold to no person for any reason . . . so you forgave the ones who unwittingly played their roles in the necessary process, the process I have chosen.

Remember, it is I, Who have chosen the process. Do you thrash against Me still? Will you die this death in vain? Will it, in mercy, need to be called for again? Will you look into My eyes you love and not trust My goodness for this death into which I now softly call you?

Here are My arms you have leaned upon, found refuge and delight in. Just come as you have come before, only now surrender all to Me – all. Just come. Lean. Come into. Relax . . . and falling upon and into . . . let go and rest yourself upon Me. The cross will hold you in the natural realm but really it is I, Who hold you in the spiritual. Until the last breath and beyond I will hold you. In your knowing this, the cross -- in its own sense, an instrument of evil and death -- has lost its horror, for you trust Me. You really DO trust Me.

Yes, dove of My heart, you have trusted Me all along. Your faith has been great for you have only known to follow your heart and its intertwining with My own. Do not the scriptures say that faith works by love? Your love for Me has taken you where your concept of walking in faith would never have brought you. We wind up with the same prize – that of being in My will -- but I have bypassed your mind by leading you in spirit.

Ah, the ways of a man with a maid! Too wonderful to comprehend!

Such are the ways I have to bring My will to pass: through your heart's desire to truly follow me in word and deed. This is love in its purest form, dearest one, and love for Me has its way, for certain, in your heart.

Now, you may sleep the sleep of death, My love. Take your rest. You have fought a good fight and repented when proven needful. You have been found faithful. There is waiting for you the crown of righteousness to yet be borne in life to come.

You know life, beloved. I am the Life as well as Way and Truth. Living's turn is waiting. We all will greet you in the morning.

Commend all now into our Father's hands and be at peace.

*Galatians 5:6*  
*Proverbs 30:18-19*



# The Trysting Place

*Matthew 6:6, II Corinthians 6:17*

Oh, beloved darling, purchased of My Father, thy love is higher than the heavens, deeper than the pools of earth and fuller than the reservoirs of your being. Flowing out to Me, you flow unto others. Beloved of Mine, thou art blessed of My Father. His design upon your life is refined and thou art fitting into it.<sup>1</sup>

Cherished one, come here to Me now. Let us commune together once again. Let us break bread together. Let us drink the cup together. Let us savor the elements of our union. Let us lie beside the other in the caress of silence.<sup>2</sup>

Oh, My love, thou art all fair to Me. I have compared thee to all the beauties of My creation. Surely, thou art reflected in them all: the tall, stately “mother tree” bearing large cones of many seeds; the shimmering leaves of the oak outlined in diamonds by the morning sun, set to music by the graduating effect of the breezes upon them; the quiet swaying of the entire body of the tall pine as the heavier gales sweep across the landscape, the upsweep of praising arms into the sky and reaching for the Beloved.<sup>3</sup>

Yes, My love, I see all this and more as you come to Me in the quiet freshness of the morning. I see all the secrets of your heart which you, yourself, don’t even know. How precious it is for Me to be entrusted with all of you, My love! I tenderly watch over all you have entrusted to Me and I return them back to you with My kiss upon them.<sup>4</sup>

Oh, blessed of My Father, oh, blessed of our union, our communion is sweet, our communion is life. Our communion refreshes, our communion takes us deep into the mysteries of the universe, of the ages. Our communion is eternal though entered into at specific times. Come often, beloved. Remain with Me until I send you on your way. Not only will the memory of our meeting make fragrant your whole day, but you will find it following you wherever you go – not just the memory of it, but the very essence of My presence for I am with you always and whither thou goest, I will go. Thy people shall be My people for thy God is My God. We are one.<sup>5</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Ps. 73:23-25; 27:4 Amp., John 7:37-38, S. Sol. 4:15, Eph. 2:10; 4:1-3 Amp.

<sup>2</sup> Ps. 45:10-16, John 6, Prov. 9:5 Amp., Isa. 55, John 6:27; 21:1-24 Amp., Rev. 3:20, John 14:17, 23, 26 Amp., Ex. 25:23-30, Jer. 5:16, Job 23:12, Matt. 4:4, John 4:31-38, II Cor. 13:14, Ps. 25:14 Amp., Col.2:2-3 Amp., Heb. 4, S. Sol. 1-2

<sup>3</sup> S. Sol. 4, Eccl. 11:1-6 Amp., Rom. 8:5b Amp., Ps. 141:2; 143:6, I Peter 1:8

<sup>4</sup> Ps. 5:3 Amp., Isa. 26:8-9, Luke 6:12, Rom. 8:26-28 Amp., Phil. 1:6 Amp., I Peter 2:25b Amp., II Tim. 1:12

<sup>5</sup> I Cor. 1:4-9 Amp., Luke 24:32, Acts 4:13, Prov. 3:32b Amp., Eph. 3:16-19 Amp., Rom. 8:6b Amp., Gen. 14:18-20, Ex. 25:22, I Cor. 2:7-16; 14:2, 14-19 Amp., Jude 20-21 Amp., Ps. 16:5-11, Matt. 28:20 Amp., Acts 16:31, John 20:17b

# Encounter

In the sanctuary of Your worship I stood this morning . . .  
in wondering love, reaching forth to You . . .  
longing to enfold You with my blessing

. . . and there You were.

Dearly beloved One, King of Kings Your lovely name  
yet before me now You stand . . .  
accepting the anointing of my hands  
upon Your head, Your shoulders, arms and hands.  
Eyes fitly set with kindly burning love  
You permeate my very spirit, body, soul.  
Your Spirit fills, overflows. We are one, awash together,  
my wet, adoring face at peace within Your hands.

Silently now You're at my side . . .  
white robed arm about my waist.  
Only now do our surroundings crystallize . . .  
atop a grassy hill our gaze spans  
morning skies of blue o'er horizon's mountains, hills.  
The path before us downward leads  
to fields and meadows wide and fresh.

A question rises deep within . . .  
"Will this Your revelation now fade away, my Lord?  
You are within so I have no fear."  
But vanish You do not. Instead, Your words are clear,  
"However you will need Me . . . I am here."  
Satisfied, a bit surprised . . .  
my left arm slips around Your waist . . .  
rough folds of holy robes.

The pathway yields with fragrance to the pressure of our feet.  
Downward now we go . . . into the fields . . . together  
Though only one is seen . . . were others watching.

†