

Five minutes at the feet of Mary

Come, my child, open thy heart to me for I am thy Mother, and want thee to tell me, one by one, thy hardships, thy sorrows, thy agonies; thy distresses that thou endures daily; these needs that disturb the peace of thy home.

I know everything because my maternal eyes can see even the least desires of the heart of my poor children exiled in this vale of tears; but I desire for thee to tell me, without hesitation, without doubts. I desire to hear from thy lips, the sad story of thy own heart.

I would not be the Mother of Mercy, as you call me, if perhaps my poor unfortunate children would not have the right to place their pains and sorrows of the storm of life's tears into my hands to hide them inside my mantle.

There are miseries in the world, sorrows of the soul, torments of the conscience. Here I am the Mother of Counsel and Clemency, to be a light and hope in the darkness of this world and in the anxiety of the spirit...

I especially assumed my place at Calvary, Mother of all who weep, in order that they may be blessed,

If thou suffer and weep, thou also will be blessed, for my shadow will shelter you always and my blessing will never fail you.

My son, if the memory of a guilt filled past disturbs thy mind and diminishes thy trust in my immense mercy, look at me... I am thy mother, nothing more than thy mother... Forget the past and only think that thou art kneeling in front of thy Only Consolation and of thy Last Hope...

My sweet Mother, truly, you alone can be my only consolation and my last hope....

Therefore, with the confidence that thy loving Heart of a Mother inspires, in these moments of intimate confidence, I desire to join all my necessities into one

solitary prayer and all my sorrows into a handful of tears...

How distant are the happy days of my childhood in which, my pure soul, and clear conscience began to love Thee, my Mother, reciting at your feet the first Ave Maria's of life and giving thee the last flowers of a May... The years have passed. I am no longer a child... but I am a sinner...

The tempests of so many years have caused dust to accumulate in my soul and thorns to be strewn upon the path of life.

Burdened with fatigue, my heart is void of virtues; my hands are emptied of good deeds; my lips are slow to invoke thee. I fear to call thee "Mother" now...

But no, thy mercy calls me, thy goodness encourages me, thy look captivates me. I feel privileged, wretched, as I am, to call thee Mother, My Mother...

And since thou art a good Mother who tirelessly hears the countless complaints and filial sufferings of all, I come to recite my prayer to thee, My Lady, which flows from the depths of my soul. I come to ask thee for my loved ones, both living and dead. For those, in particular, whose memories are as ivy vines that creep among the ruins of my heart.

I ask for my parents, my brothers, and friends. Thou knowest very well, My Mother, their names and their necessities. Without doubt, there are, in the heart of their homes, deep and hidden sorrows. Days without nourishment and nights without light... Perhaps the absence or the sickness of some of them has been causing them great anguish.

Together, we were all raised at the foot of the Cross... and later, it is the same cross of obligation which separate us from the holy center of the home or friendship... Have pity on those dear absentees

that labor and fight far away from the family, and perhaps even very far from thee. Have mercy on those who are oppressed from sicknesses, and hardly have strength to invoke thee... Take care of them and bless them with thy motherly love.

My Mother, poverty is a blessing from God; but sometimes how hard and bitter it is... Abide with the poor to sweeten that bitterness. Thou who art the Mother of the First Poor, who did not have a stone to rest His head. Place into the heart of those in need, the happiness of the resignation. May thy love be their only treasure.

I also ask Thee, My Lady and Mother, for my dead, for those who heard the steadfast call of the Lord and have gone to eternity. Be, for them, the peace of the eternal beatitude through thy powerful intercession and thy immense mercy since at their death, they have left behind emptiness in the soul and a fountain of tears in the family,

For those who moan under the weight of tribulation grant them the grace of holy resignation and love of suffering that will redeem and save them... I know that thou art twice the mother of those who collapse at thy feet, clothed in mourning with eyes weary from weeping... Fill them with thy tenderness and protects them from that profound emptiness that death bequeaths... Have pity on orphans and those who suffer.

I have not yet talked to thee about myself: hear my final prayer... Thou knowest well, my Mother, the wounds that I bear in my soul; abandonment, deceptions, ingratitude, calumnies... Those I have loved have repaid me with forgetfulness; those who have received benefits, give me thorns in return. I do not complain about the hidden plans of Divine Providence who hast made from the sorrows of exile, a crucible of expiation and a stairway to Heaven...

That is why; I do not ask Thee, Mother, to cure my wounds... Leave them, as they are, bleeding and wide open. But draw my broken heart to thy Immaculate one... Detach it from the whole world. Fasten it lovingly to the Sacred Heart... I desire

nothing in life, not riches, not glories, not pleasures; but only to be thine. Nothing more than to be thine... eternally thine, My Mother.

MY VISIT

To the sweet Mother of Good Success:

*At the peak of the day, my hope is realized, the church doors open, and I finally enter.
"Dear Mary, I do not bring thee demands, nor promises; but I come only to look at thee, My Mother."*

*To look and cry to thee with a childlike faith,
To feel as if I am thy child, at thy side;
To remind thee of my affection,
To be with thee and to feel loved.*

*To lose myself in thy gaze,
To say, without speaking, the language that the heart sings,
To honor thee in silent homage... Oh Loving Virgin...*

Because thou art the pure beauty of the dawn; Because thou art the Mother of Jesus, Mary, Virgin and mother at the same time, Both Immaculate Virgin and Mother, simultaneously.

*Because with thy sweet and pure gaze, Thou prompts me to ponder within myself
Thou causes me to weep tears of love and tenderness, and reaches into the depths of my soul...*

*Because my Mother, thou hast been the Holy Dawn At the hour of my sorrows and losses,
Because thou art always good,
I come to you now so that our eyes may meet each other's gaze.*

*Because you live here waiting,
Because the church is silent and unoccupied;
Because you are always here thinking of me,
Because the love of my soul has never died.*

*Simply, because it is You, Mary,
Alone in the church without distractions,
Because thou art always good, always mine,
The Blessing of God in my sorrows...*