

The First Joyful Mystery



The Annunciation

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THE ANNUNCIATION

Don't forget, my friend, that we are children. The Lady of the sweet name, Mary, is absorbed in prayer.

You, in that house, can be whatever you wish: a friend, a servant, an onlooker, a neighbor. . . . For the moment, I don't dare to be anything. I hide behind you, and, full of awe, I watch what's happening:

The Archangel delivers his message. . . . *Quomodo fiet istud, quoniam virum non cognosco?* But how can this come about, since I am a virgin? (Lk 1:34).

Our Mother's voice reminds me—by contrast—of all the impurities of men . . . , mine too.

And then how I hate those low, mean things of the earth. . . . What resolutions!

Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum: Let it be done to me according to your word (Lk 1:38). At the enchantment of this virginal phrase, the Word became flesh.

The first decade is about to end. . . . I still have time to tell my God, before anyone else does, "Jesus, I love you."