

Sons are inseparable from mothers, and mothers inseparable from sons. Just as you cannot go to a statue of a mother holding a babe and cut away the mother, leaving the babe suspended in midair, neither can you cleave away the Mother from the Babe of Bethlehem. He was not suspended in midair in history, but, like all other babes, came into the world by and through His Mother.

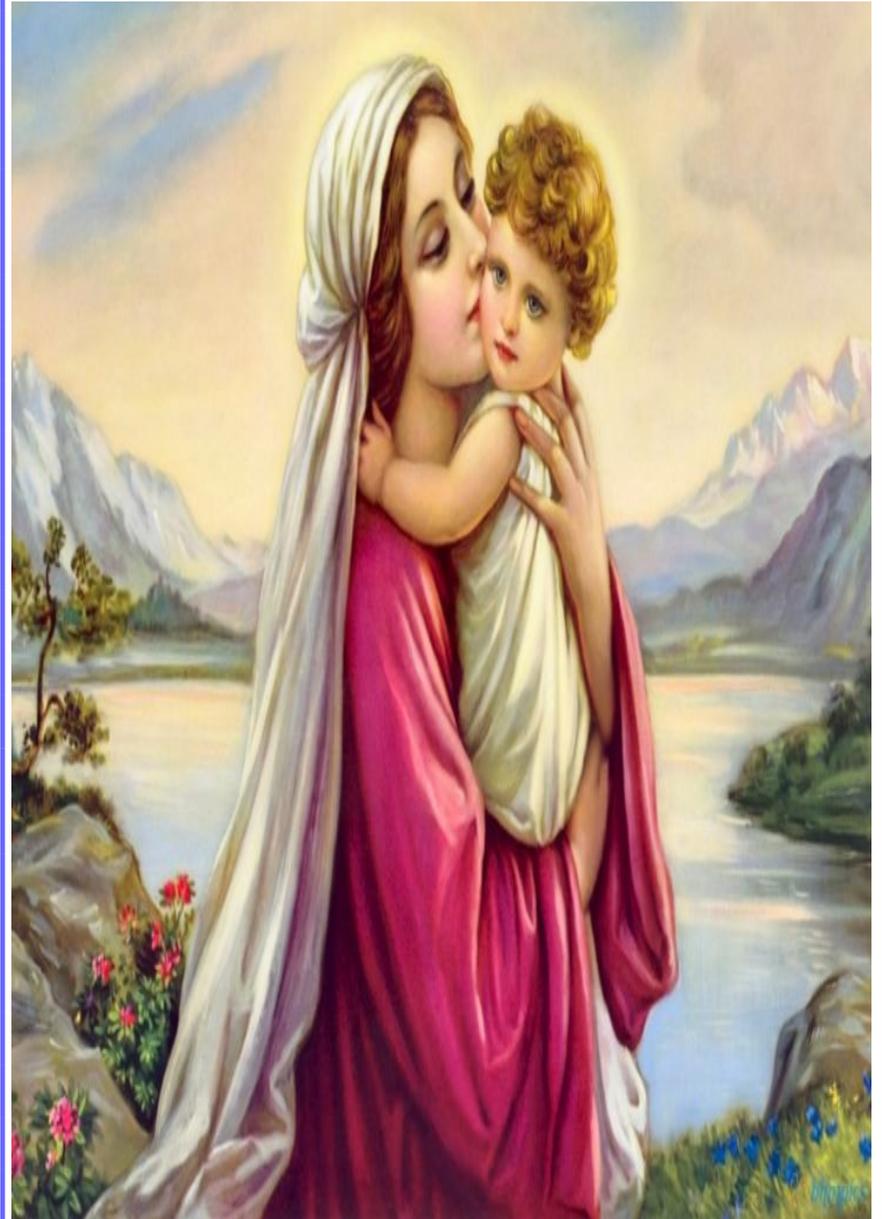
While we adore the Child, should we not, then, venerate His Mother, and while we kneel to Jesus, should we not at least clasp the hand of Mary for giving us such a Savior?

Mary was destined to have other children than Jesus, but they were to be born not of the flesh but of her heart. Mother of Christ she was at the Cross. Her firstborn in Bethlehem was brought forth in joy, but the curse of Eve hung about her labors at the Cross, for she was now, like Eve, bringing forth her children in sorrow. At that moment Mary suffered the pangs of spiritual childbirth for the millions of souls who would ever be called to adoptive sonship of the Father, to the brotherhood of Christ, and to the joy of calling her Mother.



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The Blessed Mother



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This story was written by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen during World War II. Does it have any relevance in modern times?

What would you think of one who professed to be a true friend of yours and yet who never spoke to your mother? That is what our Lord thinks of those who have no veneration to His Virgin Mother.

If you could have preexisted your mother, would you not have made her the most beautiful woman and the best in the world? Well, our Lord preexisted His Mother. We may therefore presume that He did just that.

It is a Christian tradition that no one who is devoted to her is ever lost. There is a story to the effect that one day as our Lord was walking through the courts of Heaven, He saw some souls who seemed to have won Heaven quite easily. "Peter," He asked, "how did these souls gain entry into my kingdom?" Peter answered: "Don't blame me, Lord; every time I close the door, Your Mother opens a window."

There were three forces contributing to the fall of the human race: a disobedient man: Adam; a proud woman: Eve; and a tree. These three conspired for our Redemption. For the disobedient Adam, there was the obedient new Adam, Christ; for the proud woman Eve, there was the humble Virgin, Mary; and for the tree, the Cross.

Eve was given to Adam as a helpmate and failed him beneath the tree. Mary, giving birth to God Incarnate, ministered to Jesus in infancy, followed Him to Calvary, and stood by the tree of the Cross as the helpmate who failed not. Mary stood at the deathbed of the Cross. We pray in the Hail Mary: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen." To whom could we better appeal for the grace of a happy death than to her who comforted her Son in His last moments on the Cross?

Our Blessed Mother alone knows how to console those mothers whose sons are in battle, for her only Son died in the War of Calvary. As she looked up into the night sky and saw a golden star, she became the first Gold Star Mother of Christian times.

If we could ever find anything we loved more than the flesh, the demands of the flesh would be less imperative. This is the "escape" a mother offers her boy when she says: "Don't do anything of which your mother would ever be ashamed." If there is that higher love of his mother, the boy will always have a consecrated sense of affection, something for which he would be willing to make sacrifices. When a mother makes such an appeal to her son, she is merely re-echoing the lesson of the Savior, who, in giving His Mother to us as our Mother, equivalently said: "My children, never do anything of which your Mother would be ashamed." Let a soul but love that Mother and he will love her Divine Son, Jesus, who, in order to make satisfaction for the unlawful pleasures of the flesh, surrendered to us His last and lawful attachment – His Mother.

The reason there is a degeneration in the moral order and a decay of decency is that men and women have lost the higher love. Ignoring Christ their Savior, who loved them unto death on Calvary, and Mary who loved them unto becoming the Queen of Martyrs beneath that Cross, they have nothing for which to make the sacrifice.

Mary, who is the Virgin Most Pure, is also the Refuge of Sinners. She knows what sin is, not by the experience of its fall, not by tasting its bitter regrets, but by seeing what it did to her Divine Son. Mary's purity is not a holier than thou purity, a standoffish holiness that gathers up its robes lest they be stained by the sinful; nor is it a despising purity that looks down upon the impure. Rather it is a radiating purity that is no more spoiled by solicitude for the fallen than sunshine is sullied by a dirty windowpane through which it pours.