

Wisdom of the Blessed Mother

© 2001

James H. Kurt

A.

The Center of Being

(1)

I say, "I love you," to the Blessed Mother while looking at her statue during prayer and ask always to have faith, never to lose it – to always be with her and Jesus. She seems to say I will... I ask, "Is it necessary to lose faith sometimes?" as I had done earlier in the day. She says, "It is necessary to recognize your lack of faith and need to always grow in faith, but not to lose it, no."

(2)

In some desperation (regarding vocation)
I ask, “Where does the Lord want me to be,
Mother?”

“He wants you to be here, James, right where
you are.”

How difficult to learn this most essential
lesson. How greatly we desire a place to hang
our hat. How hard simply to accept God’s
presence.

(3)

Prostrated before the exposed Blessed
Sacrament:

“James, the Lord will give you a specific place
to work, to write, to pray.”

“Where is that, Mother?”

“It is in your heart, in your soul, in His
silence at the center of all.”

This place is everywhere, and yet it is
one place.

(4)

At Mass on Ascension Thursday, as I struggle to come out of mourning for my deceased cat, the Blessed Mother says, “Listen to the priest, James.”

He speaks of Jesus going to prepare rooms for us. He says we should be happy at His departure from this earth. And in speaking of the Holy Spirit and our brothers and sisters who have preceded us to heaven, ends stating, “We are never alone.”

“Eye has not seen...”

And the sun does shine.

(5)

Message of May 25, 2001: “Dear children! At this time of grace, I call you to prayer. Little children, you work much but without God’s blessing. Bless and seek the wisdom of the Holy Spirit to lead you at this time so that you may comprehend and live in the grace of this time. Convert, little children, and kneel in the silence of your hearts. Put God in the center of your being so that, in that way, you can witness in joy the beauty that God continually gives in your life. Thank you for having responded to my call.”

This message of today serves to confirm two previous messages here, and the Mother’s overall message to me at this time – even today. For she tells me earlier that if the Lord should give me a place (to live, especially) that I should not “live there” as it were.

We must not be attached to houses and jobs, etc. – again, it is the Lord who must be our home. And I must be careful not to make the several writings present with me now work not of the Lord. In fact, the Blessed Mother has just encouraged me, here before the exposed Blessed Sacrament, to use them “to draw closer to the Lord, to grow in Christ – to be as Mary at the feet of Jesus.”

I must indeed Remember His NAME.

(6)

As I consider returning this summer to teach classes after taking several months to search into vocation, I ask my Mother...
“Yes, James, you should teach these classes. It is not work I am asking you to give up but your preoccupation with it. The same is true of your writing. Be free, James!”

Yes, Mother, I pray I shall.

(7)

“Mother, are you calling me to be a holy man?”

“Yes, James, I am calling you to be a holy man.”

This upon reading Proverbs and seeing their application unto the cultivation of the soul.

(8)

“Places come and go. They do not stay, do not remain the same; they are always changing.” She mentions and I note that the four houses past the one I’m in all have new owners, including the one in which I grew up and the ones either side.

“You are in this place. Be here. Pray here. Wherever you are, pray there. Do not be concerned about the place.”

And I am reminded of my difficulties holding to my prayer practices while away from my hermitage here in Jersey City (in Florida and Arkansas).

These words came after my questioning (again) why she’d said I would be in Arkansas (and with my cat). She let me know she was in a sense humoring my rather obstinate search for an ideal place to be and pray.

(9)

“James, the Lord does wish to give you a place, but you must be prepared for it.”

I must be prepared to give it up. (My place must always be in heaven.)

(10)

After seeking earnestly in prayer, questioning if I shouldn't be returning to Florida to be with my family, the Blessed Mother answers (again):

“Do not worry about the time or the day or the place.”

I must learn to be with God. I must find Him at the heart of this my hermitage.

(11)

“Do you have something to speak to me,
Mother?”

“Yes, I have something to say.”

“What is it, Mother?”

“I love you, James.”

In these days I am finding God at the center
of my being, and the voice of the Blessed Mother
is becoming plain.

(12)

“In much wisdom there is much indignation:
and he that addeth knowledge, addeth also
labor.”

Eccl.1:18

Blessed Mother: “This is why you should not
be attached to your writing.”

(Spoken to me as I read Scripture before the
exposed Blessed Sacrament.)

(13)

“Unless you love, no amount of discipline will help you.”

This word came after having rested past an appointed time of waking, at the Blessed Mother’s request. (I had awoken anxious.)

And without trust in God, you cannot love.

(14)

“Listen to the priest; he will teach you of love,” the Blessed Mother tells me as the sermon begins. It is to children the priest does speak, and so reminds them most to love their mother and father. We who are older know the primacy of the love of God.

Indeed, in these two days in which I have read the Song of Songs, I have struggled to see the love of Christ in their verses and not the beauty of women around me. And again my discipline serves to preempt love.

But the priest emphasizes that as you love, so you will act – and if I love the Lord, I will keep His commands; and if my discipline is true, it will engender love.

“Set your heart on Jesus.”

(15)

“Joy. Let there be but joy, James, in all you think and do.”

This even as I consider all the questions about where and how I am called... Let us give all this to the Lord.

(16)

What light through yonder window breaks!

This morning, upon completing the reading of the Blessed Mother's message (given to me more than three years ago, and which I now read every day), a heavenly door opens upon my mind and I see clearly that there truly is no other way but Jesus. All ways are Him and nothing *is* apart from Him.

I am not called to Religious vocation in the Church, per se, but my call is no less of Him.

(Thank you, Mother. I love you.)

(17)

Have you no word to give me, Mother, as I sit here before your Son in physical exhaustion reading of Wisdom...

“The word is near you at all times; you have only to remember His presence before you and that I am at your side.”

Thank you, Mother. Help me, please, to remember.

(18)

On lying prostrate before the Blessed
Sacrament:

“O Mother, I love being here with the Lord,
and I wish I could stay here at all times.”

“I know you do, James, and you shall.”

Stay with me now.

I find myself striding backward, literally, and find something comfortable about it as I easily accelerate... so I ask the Blessed Mother if there is significance to this.

“Yes, there is. It shows you are moving backward to your youth, to the innocent heart at the center of your being...”

And this does not mean I am growing immature, for progress still I make on my walk. It means a return to the source of life, where I shall find myself not in the arms of my natural father and mother or in the womb, but in the blessed bosom of my heavenly Father, the Mother standing by His side.

As I approach my 41st birthday I see I am just over the hill, and preparing for the downhill ride. But practice of my youth of conversion (particularly involving the four arts) I come to again to serve as my downhill guide.

“This is a time of grace.”

B.

Questions

(1)

“What is more precious than wisdom,
Mother?”

“Nothing, James. For by it I shall lead you
to all things, and finally to heaven.”

(2)

“Is heaven here on earth, Mother?”

“You carry heaven within you, James, and may bring its light to this earth. But its place is always above the earth, and its ways far above those of man.

“Heaven is where Jesus is, James. Let Him make His home with you.”

(3)

“Are you in heaven, Mother?”

“Yes, James, I am in heaven standing beside Jesus, my Son. All the saints and angels are here, too, and you shall come to be with us one day. Do not forget to pray to God.”

(4)

“Are you everywhere, Mother?”

“Yes, James, I am everywhere, for I am with Jesus and so everywhere with Him. Heaven is everywhere, Jesus is everywhere, and those with Jesus in heaven are everywhere, too. This is His grace to those born here. But none lives on the earth anymore, for His light has made us purified.”

(5)

“O Blessed Mother, where does the suffering of Christ lead us?”

“It leads you to heaven.”

“And why must we suffer to get there?”

“Because you must leave this world.”

(6)

“Am I growing patient, Mother?”

“Yes, James, but you still have far to go.”

(7)

After having decided to stay on in my rented rooms (that I do not have vocation and I would not move, for now, to the state where my parents dwell), I order a computer to help me especially with my writing. In the midst of the following night, questioning whether or not I should have done so, I say to the Blessed Mother, “I still don’t feel ‘here’.”

She says, “You should not feel as if you are here. You must remember you are passing through.”

And so I must use the computer, as all things, as if I am not using it. It is but a tool. And I think of the word given me: “Anything short of being with God is only image.” And all images must lead to Him.

(8)

“Why have you been apart from me?”

“Have I been apart from you, Mother?”

“Yes, James, you have not given thought to me or questioned me for a time.”

Over the past day or so I have set about doing tasks that have come from my own will, as I presumed the Blessed Mother was at my side. And, again, though the work may not be wrong, taking the Mother’s presence for granted is a dangerous habit one must avoid.

(9)

“Shall we go together, Mother?”

“I would have you stay close to me, my child,
and not venture forth alone with your life.”

“Please help me to remain close by.”

In this there shall be joy.

(10)

“The way of the cross
is the source of wisdom,”
the priest concludes in his homily today.

“Is this so, Mother?”

“You know this is so, James. But you do
not know it with your life.”

“Shall I come to know it with my life?”

“I will teach you, and you shall.”

Indeed, even in praying the Sorrowful
Mysteries the previous night I looked upon
them not only as a spectator, crying tears for
the suffering of the Lord, but realized He is
indeed not suffering for Himself, that they are
not so much about the pain He undergoes but
about His showing us the suffering which awaits
us all. He has told us of His way, and now He
shows us, inviting us to walk in it.

(11)

I move with the Lord; He moves me and I allow His Word to guide the actions of my body... I am as His breath. And He converses with me as does the Blessed Mother.

“Jesus is with me, too.”

“The angels are happy, James.”

And I hear in the Blessed Mother’s voice that she is pleased as well.

(12)

“James, be not concerned for money.”

“Mother, let me not be concerned about money.”

(We speak almost simultaneously.)

“You should not be worried about such things and must not become attached to them. The Lord will take care of you.”

Help me to trust and think only of Him.

(13)

Considering, and having considered for some time, writing letters to a Catholic newspaper regarding the false images of American society and proper interpretation of the Bible, I finally turn to the Blessed Mother and ask her, “Should I write these letters, Mother?”

“Yes, James, but you should not do so anxiously but with patience and in peace, letting the Lord speak through you.”

How easily I forget to trust in Him for all things.

(14)

On my birthday I become aware of my aloneness, and it begins to turn to a loneliness. But the Mother reassures me, “You shall not be alone for long.”

And I recall Jesus’ words as to the increased number of people and things, with persecutions, that shall be in the disciple’s life. And the angels and saints, on earth and in heaven – as well as the Blessed Mother – are always with us.

(15)

Reading in Sirach (Ecclesiasticus in the Douay) of the blessing Wisdom is for her children, I think of the Blessed Mother, then come immediately upon this passage (4:19-21), placed at the end of my autobiography:

“She will bring upon him fear and dread and trial: and she will scourge him with the affliction of her discipline, till she try him by her laws, and trust his soul.

“Then she will strengthen him, and make a straight way to him, and give him joy.

“And will disclose her secrets to him, and will heap upon him treasures of knowledge and understanding of justice.”

It is by the Blessed Mother I now come to know this Wisdom, who came to me even in my mother’s womb.

“Yes, James, I am with you.”

She is my constant guide.

“To this do you call me, Mother?”

“Yes, James. To this do I call you.”

Today I wake and finish my hour of prayer at what I think is 7 a.m. As I quickly eat my breakfast so I can attend and receive Communion at Mass at 8:00, I look up at the clock and see that it is seven minutes after eight. Why did I wake with such purpose for naught?

The Blessed Mother calls me to Mass at 9:00 at another church I do not prefer. But smiling and happy, as the angels are, too, she tells me I will be comfortable there. I suspect a plot, but she reassures me she is sincere.

The priest gives a sermon which keeps me rapt, and before the Blessed Sacrament I am called to begin an order, a mission, of the Divine NAME (YHWH). It is a medal with “YHWH” on the front and “I.N.R.I.” on the back I am called to make – and to promote His NAME.

(17)

There is greater wisdom to be gained from sitting in the presence of the Lord than from any book.

“Is this right, Mother?”

“Yes, James, you are learning well.”

(It is before the Blessed Sacrament I sit.
Here is the pure effulgence of light.)

(18)

As apparition time arrives in Medjugorje, on this the twentieth anniversary of these blessed messages, I feel the Spirit rush upon me.

“Do I hear you, Mother?”

“Yes, you do, James.”

“What have you to say...?”

And all the sounds around me I hear quite clearly as I listen for her word. But most prominently I hear the silence, I hear the wisdom, the light, in all the sounds and far above and beyond all the sounds. This is the voice of God. And so she speaks to me today.

(19)

Message of June 25, 2001: “Dear children! I am with you and I bless you all with my motherly blessing. Especially today when God gives you abundant graces, pray and seek God through me. God gives you great graces, that is why, little children, make good use of this time of grace and come closer to my heart so that I can lead you to my Son Jesus. Thank you for having responded to my call.”

“I wish I could be in Medjugorje with you today, Mother.”

“I am here with you, James.”

When first I read this message, quickly, as I prepare to print – having struggled somewhat to locate it [on the Internet] – it seems dull, repetitive. But when I read it again a few minutes later, I do come close to her heart, and to God.

Bless you, Mother.

C.

The One Light

(1)

“She will meet him as an honorable mother, and will receive him as a wife married of a virgin” (Sir.15:2). Such is the Blessed Mother to me in “the water of wholesome wisdom” she brings me to drink. “He shall be protected under her covering from the heat, and shall rest in her glory” (14:27).

“Such I am to you, my son, upon whom the Lord’s wisdom rests.”

(2)

Sitting in silence before the Blessed Sacrament, even turning to the Liturgy of the Hours seems an empty gesture. All else indeed pales to being in His glorious presence.

“Adore my Son,” says the Blessed Mother. “In Him you will find life, and light for all your days.”

(3)

The Blessed Mother instructs me: “You must love. You must love all.” And as I breathe in the light of the love of Jesus for all creation, what freedom do I find – what love is here present to the eyes of my soul.

“I love you, Mother.”

“Jesus loves you always, James. Share that love with others.”

(4)

“Have you anything else to tell me this day, Mother?”

“Yes, James.”

“What is it?”

“There is but one light which shines upon the whole earth, and it is the light of my Son. He alone illumines the hearts of all men. He alone is worshipped and glorified by all generations. Come to Him with all your being and proclaim the wonders He works in your life. This is your call: to shine forth His light to the world.”

“Yes, Mother. Be with me as I struggle to do so now.”

“I am with you now and always, James.”

“Thank you.”

(5)

“What step shall I take first, Mother?”

“Rise now and set about the tasks of this day, keeping the flame of Jesus burning in your heart, and the Lord will guide your every thought and action – in this way He will make you fruitful.”

Flame of Jesus, burn in my heart,
now and forever.
Amen.

(6)

“James, do you love me?”

“Yes, Mother, I am trying to love you; I know I don’t always love you well.”

“James, if you love me, then have confidence that I am with you and bring your prayers through me to Jesus, as you have been starting to do. I will make them holy in His sight, and so you shall become holy.”

“Yes, Mother. I pray I will remember.”

“Do not fear to make progress, James.”

“Yes, Mother.”

“I know what you mean.”

I have set aside an intention for each Hail Mary of the Glorious Mysteries I sing or chant in the morning upon waking. Sometimes I neglect to acknowledge the intention, and so go back and repeat the prayer, saying, say, eleven Hail Mary's to a decade.

The Mother assures me she knows the intention of my heart and my prayer and that I need not repeat the prayers when not acknowledged. Just as God knows what we need before we ask, so she understands the intention without my saying it.

This is not to suggest that we are therefore free to mindlessly ramble. Rather, we must understand that God knows our intentions, in fact, *better* than do we – and we should come to Him to find the true intention of our prayers and acknowledge it before Him (and His Mother).

(8)

“Bridle and bit I need for my tongue, dear Mother, for it seems I cannot restrain my anger and foolishness.”

“Yes, James, this you need to learn.”

“But how shall it be known by me?”

“It shall be known by you. His Word is coming to you.”

O Wisdom of God, be with me.

(9)

“O Mother, is there wisdom greater than that which comes from death on the cross?”

“No, James. As the Lord has told you, by this shall your eyes be filled with His light.”

“Be with me, Mother, I pray, as I die.”

“Yes, my son, I shall, and I am.”

“Thank you, Mother, for such grace.”

(10)

“Come to me. Come to me, my son,” the Blessed Mother entreats me with open arms. Her peace awaits me, as she would lead me to the Lord.

“Let me not hesitate, dear Mother, but embrace your call, that I might indeed be one with you, and with the Lord.”

This love is all.

As the priest in his homily warns against attachment to material things, the Blessed Mother inquires whether I am listening or not, particularly concerning the computer I've acquired to produce my work.

I am not clear as to my attachment to it, but I believe I must be if my Mother tells me so; so I ask, "What can I do, Mother?"

She responds, "Do not set your sights on the machine itself or what it can or cannot do. You must entrust this, as all things, into my care and into the hands of God the Father. In your anxiety you do not see that He holds the answers to your problems (note: I have had some difficulty getting the computer to function properly); rather, you turn to the world for help. Turn to me."

"I am sorry for my blindness, Mother. I beg you to take all the anxiety from my soul, and I trust this and all things into your gracious hands."

(12)

“Mother, why don’t I turn to you in all things?
How can I draw closer to your heart?”

“You must take your heart from the things of
this life, that it might be free to come to me.”

“But they weigh me down so and distract my
mind... how can I remember to forego them?”

“You must be resolved that you shall draw
closer, and then the Lord will see that your
desire comes to light.”

(13)

The Blessed Mother has told me that I have not sufficient love in my heart. Though I speak the truth, it is too often in anger, and such impatience holds not the salve of love.

“Mother, may I find your kindness, even for my enemies. By the Lord’s power may this grace be born in my soul.”

“You shall see it so.”

(14)

“I sought for wisdom openly in my prayer. I prayed for her before the temple, and unto the very end I will seek after her” (51:18-19).

So says Jesus Sirach as he resolves his testimony to the Wisdom of God.

And will such wisdom be given me? Shall I find a way to open myself to its workings in my life?

“James, you must but listen to me, and to the Lord when He speaks unto your heart.”

I pray I shall not close my soul to the wisdom of God. (So often His promptings are ignored by my sluggish heart. So often I do not answer His knock upon the door – even as I today lack the kindness to rise and open a door leading to this chapel for a woman who knocks repeatedly... it was not unlocked.)

(15)

The closeness of the Blessed Mother and my obedience to her voice frightens me today. I find such faith overwhelming, and such a gift too remarkable to maintain. The trust must be planted firmly within me; it must become natural to me to spend time in this awesome light.

Again I pray, “Mother, let me not turn away.”
“James, with you I shall remain.”

(Yet quietly, Mother, I pray.)

(16)

“Mother, what shall I do about the dozens of charities that beg from me through the mail? Shall I give to them all?”

“Yes, James, you must give to them all.”

And I recall yesterday praying for one such charity as I set aside its letter... I have not the money to send, but I must indeed keep each of these intentions in my heart, remembering them in prayer. (This the Mother leads me to.)

(17)

I ask the Blessed Mother in which book I should write – this one or “In Conversation with the Lord”. The devil interrupts, shouting in uproarious, mocking laughter: “Neither. Throw them both away. Throw them both away...” repeatedly. But his tones, like the voice, die out.

Wickedness is but in the machine. It is temporal and wears out like any physical thing. Only God is eternal (as is His punishment); and so His light can indeed never be overcome by such dead matter. He is not subject to death.

Vain and futile are the ways and workings of the devil, and they shall pass away with the setting of the sun. They do not last, so they are not real. Do not be fooled by their illusion.

The wickedness of the devil falls, in contrast to the abiding wisdom of the Blessed Mother and her Lord.

(18)

Woke late today.

“James, don’t continue to worry about the time you’ve wasted or you will waste even more time. Be concerned now for finding your discipline and you will save yourself from further waste and learn to regain what you have lost.”

Must get schedule straight. But for now I must repent.

(19)

“Mary, my Mother, sometimes there seems no refuge but in the Lord, so deceitful all the world becomes.”

“You must learn this lesson, my son, that only in Jesus will you find a home, and that home is founded in suffering.”

“Hold my hand, dear Mother, for I have fear along the way of the cross.”

“I shall be with you always.”

D.

The Gentle Cloud

(1)

The Blessed Mother's voice is with me always, like a gentle cloud. When I turn to it, it descends upon me with direction. Much as the Israelites were led through the desert by the LORD's cloud, so am I led forth through this world by my gentle Mother.

“Speak with me always, James.”

(2)

“Mother, come to my heart and be with me this day. Stay close to my soul always, that I might be surrounded with your peace and my eyes be open to the will of my Lord.”

“Yes, James. Your prayer is good. Remember to pray it each day. Do not forget my presence near you and the peace and direction you seek will remain.”

(3)

The Blessed Mother directs me to write down a measure of wisdom I've gained:

In discussing a question at work rather passionately with a superior, he noted, not angrily, that I could use listening skills. He is not the first to offer such a remark; I have addressed this problem over a number of years, and still need correction.

But in thinking about its possible source, I arrived at an interesting and potentially enlightening possibility. Most of my time is spent alone. Who do I speak to but God? And what of my conversation with Him?

I realized that in communication with the Lord I am guilty, too, of monopolizing the conversation, of simply giving my thoughts and opinions to Him in prayer – and not listening enough for His voice!

If I listened better to my Lord and Lady, I would improve my listening to others as well. This may I do, I pray.

(4)

And how quick I am to judge another, and how certain this is to bring separation from the Lord. Why His love I do not remember, I cannot say, but that I am on the lookout for an enemy instead of making all a friend in Christ.

“Yes, James. You must know that the light overcomes all darkness; and if you are overcome by what is dark, where shall be your light?”

“Forgive my forgetfulness, dear Mother. Thank you for bringing me the Word and Wisdom of God. May I leave behind all my own sins, and love.”

(5)

Each day I see my sins before me. Each day I fall short of His glory and must learn to improve. Wisdom do I lack in so many things, and patience is too often far from me. So the painful process of learning I must endure.

But the Blessed Mother is ever at my side; I need only turn to her and be obedient, though it may be difficult and though I may be forgetful.

(6)

The Mother tells me as I question saying the Rosary during my hours of contemplation before the Lord (wherein I listen not well to His voice): “The problem is not *that* you say the Rosary; it is *how* you say the Rosary.” Indeed, as I am too quick to judge others, I am too superficial and rushed in my prayers.

(7)

The Blessed Mother's message this month instructs us to draw closer to God in personal prayer, take rest for our eyes and our souls in His presence, and find comfort and joy in Him and in nature, His creation.

One seems to lead to the next for me. As I remember Him more in prayer, I am drawn to the center of my being where He exists; and there I find rest for my soul in His blessed arms, at His comforting breast. And this quintessence of Spirit is the source of nature and Creation itself – it is here really we find Him and His hand at work, and so can celebrate being in His presence.

It is like laying down my life, breathing with Him in His Spirit, giving my vision and soul to Him. He is there, breathing with me, and so I am at the heart of Creation.

“James, this is where you must live, in the Lord's holy heaven.”

(8)

I find peace in nature and discover the Creator and the grace to give thanks to Him for all creatures, as the joy in my heart comes to the fore as I walk along the amusement pier in Seaside Heights, New Jersey – the timeless place of childhood wonder and unity of all souls.

The timelessness of Creation I hear in the ocean's waves breaking to one side; the timelessness of my own existence I see in the unchanging attractions and the sameness of the people that surround me. And I walk through the midst of it all, observing and transcendent yet rooted at its center, the Spirit of peace opening my mind and my heart to the unity and eternity of all His people and Creation.

“Mother, you have been faithful in leading me to the blessing you promised. Thank you.”

“James, this is your place in this world.”

May it be preserved unto eternity.

(9)

“O Mother, why is it I turn a deaf ear to your voice? How can I ever prefer the mire of this world to your heavenly wisdom? Why am I so lazy and foolish?”

“You are not yet come to full growth in Jesus, James. Though He does call to your heart and bless you with progress, you do have a way to go. The place that He prepares for you will require greater commitment on your part.”

“Will I be ready, Mother?”

“You are ready, James. I am with you; you need but trust.”

I pray the Lord grant me the faith to follow in His way.

(10)

The Blessed Mother prepares a path for me, answers my prayers and guides me – if I would but bow my neck under her discipline, the way would ever be clear to me.

It is love of God that she leads me to, the overwhelming love of the Lord in which we find our souls at one with Him apart from whom nothing exists. I need but to keep Him first, to remember His NAME.

“James?”

“Yes, Mother?”

“The love of God awaits you, as it does all who seek His hand. In heaven we shall celebrate His glory.”

“May heaven come to me now, I pray, dear Mother.”

“It descends on you as peace from above.”

“Mother, what shall I say of the wisdom you impart to me; how shall I record your instruction?”

Considerably does the Mother speak to me this morning as I pray during Holy Hour. She supports the Lord’s words to my heart and confirms that I must remember to speak His holy NAME (YHWH) in silence. And though He is reticent to give approval to my specific schedule of prayer from evening to morning, not wanting me to take any pride in its device but to keep love, His love, always before discipline... the Blessed Mother understands my weakness and my need for regularity. And so she can tell me what He cannot say explicitly – that it would be good for me to practice this discipline specifically, for it shall serve as a protection and guide.

“Only let it not become so necessary that you cannot leave it, James.”

(12)

“O Mother, I run to the Lord now. Let me not fall.”

“I am with you, James, to hold you up and guide your steps in wisdom.”

“Thank you.”

(13)

At the funeral of my long-time pastor, the Blessed Mother reminds me to “be present” to others, as he was.

(14)

Message of August 25, 2001: “Dear children! Today I call all of you to decide for holiness. May for you, little children, always in your thoughts and in each situation holiness be in the first place, in work and in speech. In this way, you will also put it into practice; little by little, step by step, prayer and a decision for holiness will enter into your family. Be real with yourselves and do not bind yourselves to material things but to God. And do not forget, little children, that your life is as passing as a flower. Thank you for having responded to my call.”

“Little by little, step by step,” holiness will overtake me. In all things I will find God quite present as I give all things to Him.

And though we pass as a flower, there is the petal of a rose from my sister’s grave I keep with the message of the Blessed Mother in my Breviary; and it is preserved.

(15)

The Blessed Mother encourages me to trust my health to her – this in response to aches and pain and some sickness of late, and my thoughts about not having health insurance.

And so I must.

(16)

“I love Jesus, Mother.”

“I know you do, James.”

“How shall I come to Him?”

“You shall come to Him.”

How close He is when I speak His NAME.

(17)

“O Mother, I begin to see that there is no greater gift than obedience to the will of God, and I pray that obedience shall be firmly set in me.”

“This is wisdom, James.”

(18)

As I think to myself that God is the easiest thing to ignore, the first thing to be set aside by us humans, I look upon my statue of the Blessed Mother in light and she confirms my words in her humility.

“God is more humble than a spec of dust,” I have written; and it is so. Like the Spirit to which we can be so blind, the Lord’s humble presence, shown in Jesus, shown in Mary, is easily taken for granted by eyes veiled by material things.

We must be humble as He.

“It is so, James. Do not turn away from His simple grace working in your heart.”

(19)

Into your hands, Blessed Mother, I commend my life, I commend my days. Lead me according to the will of God and by your holy wisdom. Be always at my side.

It shall be so.