

Daily Reflections



THE SWORD THAT PIERCED MARY'S HEART

By Sister Bernadette Inocencio, CSJ

Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows Sequence for Reflection

*At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother
weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.*

*Through her heart, his sorrow
sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had
passed.*

*Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother highly blessed
Of the sole begotten One!*

*Christ above in torment hangs,
She beneath beholds the pangs*

*Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Savior crucified.*

*Let me share with you his pain,
Who for all our sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.*

*Let me mingle tears with you,
Mourning him who mourned for
me,
All the days that I may live.*

*By the cross with you to stay,
There with you to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of you to give.*

Of her dying, glorious Son.

*Is there one who would not weep,
'Whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?*

*Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that mother's pain untold?*

*Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child,
All with bloody scourges rent.*

*For the sins of his own nation
Saw him hang in desolation
Till his spirit forth he sent.*

*O sweet Mother! font of love,
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with yours accord.*

*Make me feel as you have felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the love of Christ, my Lord.*

*Virgin of all virgins blest!
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share your grief divine.*

*Let me to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of yours.*

*Wounded with his every wound,
Steep my soul till it has swooned
In his very Blood away.*

*Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In his awful judgment day.*

*Christ, when you shall call me
hence,
Be your Mother my defense,
Be your cross my victory.*

*While my body here decays,
May my soul your goodness praise,
Safe in heaven eternally.
Amen. (Alleluia)*

JACOPONE DA TODI

Reflection

Let us join Mary at the foot of the Cross and imagine this scene:

Mary stands, quietly weeping at the foot of the cross, grieving over her Son who is dying. Still, she is standing firm and strong. She wants to show and to let her Son draw strength from her posture, even from afar. Her posture holds a certain dignified presence. She looks at her Son, not taking her gaze from him, with tears streaming down her face. She seems to memorize every little scratch, every wound, every trickle of sweat, every drop of blood that oozes out of the wounds on her Son's face and body. She wants to cup that beautiful face in her hands, blow the wounds away. Her gaze moves to his hands, now pierced with crude nails. Oh, there is a pit in her stomach. Oh, how she feels excruciating pain, like how her Son must have felt as those cruel nails were driven to his hands -- although she did not hear him complain. Her stare goes down to the feet of her Son, eye-level with her. Her heart is broken. She feels a sword pierce her heart. Still, her faith in God never wanes. She believes in the strength of God's Holy Arm. There is no complaint from her. She does not curse or blame the centurions or the Pharisees. One can only hear her muffled sobs. And yet one knows her love for her Son pours out just like His love.

I grieve with Mary; I feel her pain.

Now I remember and think of:

- the mothers who have lost their children in school shootings, grieving the loss of their children they will never see again, feeling the loss of a life cut short, a life that has not even seen its full potential.
- the mothers of those who perpetuate gun violence or commit murder, asking where did they go wrong, asking themselves if they are bad mothers.
- the mothers of immigrant children, living in constant fear. Where will she get food for her children?
- the mothers of innocent children caught in crossfire, limbs severed -- lamenting for their children, trying to grasp the reason they are amid a senseless war.
- the mothers of children who have died due to gang violence or bullying.
- the mothers of abducted children. What would every moment have been like if the children had not gone missing?

I grieve with them. I feel their pain. I ...



Image created by Sister Bernadette Inocencio, CSJ

For Pondering

- How will you complete the last sentence of the reflection?
 - Ponder on the words of the Stabat Mater. What emotions are stirring in you?
 - Which stanza resonates with you? Why?
 - Yesterday, we celebrated the Exaltation of the Cross, the symbol of perseverance, surrender, trust, and Love. Today is yet another scene from the Crucifixion. Consider the Exaltation of the Cross and the Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows. What is similar? What is different? What is the message of both?
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For Prayer

*Holy Mother, pierce me through,
In my heart each wound renews of my Savior crucified.
Let me share with you his pain,
Let me mingle tears with you, mourning him who mourned for me.
Wounded with his every wound, steep my soul till it has swooned.
Jesus, When You call me, hence, be Your Mother my defense.
Be Your Cross my victory, Safe in Heaven eternally.
Amen.*

EXCERPTED FROM THE STABAT MATER

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