**Vale, o valde decora, et pro nobis Christum exora**

Mary is hailed as: *“Valde decora”*. The official translation says: “Most beautiful maiden.” Actually, *“valde decora”* says something more. The Virgin Mary was adorned, beautified, magnified, exalted by God a lot. Not only is Mary entirely holy. She is more than entirely holy. Every saint can be entirely holy. Mary is much holier than all the saints who are in the Paradise. In the created holiness, Mary overcomes the entire universe in its whole. Neither can one sing to the Virgin Mary the song of the bridegroom who magnifies his bride like that: *“Ah, you are beautiful, my beloved, ah, you are beautiful! Your eyes are doves behind your veil. Your hair is like a flock of goats streaming down the mountains of Gilead. Your teeth are like a flock of ewes to be shorn, which come up from the washing,*

*All of them big with twins, none of them thin and barren. Your lips are like a scarlet strand; your mouth is lovely. Your cheek is like a half-pomegranate behind your veil. Your neck is like David's tower girt with battlements; A thousand bucklers hang upon it, all the shields of valiant men. Your breasts are like twin fawns, the young of a gazelle that browse among the lilies. Until the day breathes cool and the shadows lengthen, I will go to the mountain of myrrh, to the hill of incense. You are all-beautiful, my beloved, and there is no blemish in you. Come from Lebanon, my bride, come from Lebanon, come! Descend from the top of Amana,*

*from the top of Senir and Hermon, From the haunts of lions, from the leopards' mountains. You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride; you have ravished my heart with one glance of your eyes, with one bead of your necklace. How beautiful is your love, my sister, my bride, how much more delightful is your love than wine, and the fragrance of your ointments than all spices! Your lips drip honey, my bride, sweetmeats and milk are under your tongue; And the fragrance of your garments is the fragrance of Lebanon. You are an enclosed garden, my sister, my bride, an enclosed garden, a fountain sealed. You are a park that puts forth pomegranates, with all choice fruits; Nard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all kinds of incense; Myrrh and aloes, with all the finest spices. You are a garden fountain, a well of water flowing fresh from Lebanon. Arise, north wind! Come, south wind! blow upon my garden that its perfumes may spread abroad. Let my lover come to his garden and eat its choice fruits.”* (Sg 4,1-16). The Virgin Mary is much more. She is almost divinely more. There is an utmost difference between the humanly beautiful and the almost divinely beautiful. Mary almost verges on the divine beauty. Thus God wanted the Mother of his Only Begotten Son to be. The entire creation must bow, remaining speechless, breathless, astonished, amazed. The creation must be enchanted before the Virgin Mary for the entire eternity. Rather, in this amazement, it must always grow more. This is “*valde*” that must be always attributed to the Mother of God. It is “*valde*” almost of divinity, even if by participation.

One asks Her who is almost divinely beautiful to pray Christ for us. In this case, too, the translation says a little. There is a difference between *oro* and *exoro*. The Virgin Mary must pray Christ Jesus from the depth of her most pure heart, from the height of her stainless soul, from the sublime nobleness of her feelings, from the firmness and fortitude of her will, from the abyss of her mercy, from the width of her compassion toward us, poor banished, in this valley of tears and affliction. She must do it without never being tired, never giving up, never failing, never distracting, not even for one moment. She must watch over us, watch over us without never closing her eyes otherwise we would be lost, because of our frailness and natural weakness. The Virgin Mary must make Herself our heart, our soul, our desire, our will, our spirit, our feeling, and, from the depth of our spiritual and physical misery, raise our cry to God. Not for a day and neither for one year, but until we have come to Paradise. She must never abandon us. This is why we must remind it every day. Every day we must appeal to her intercession, to her help, to her love, to her cry. If She must not forget us and She never forgets, neither must we forget Her. She never abandons us. We often abandon Her. We use Her, but we do not love Her. We appeal to Her when we are in the material need. Hardly ever when we are in spiritual need. This is true betrayal of our heavenly Mother. We deny Her in her truth of Mother, for we use Her for futile things, things of the body, while for the true things of the spirit and of the soul we live as She and not even Heven did not exist, for the things of the spirit do not exist for us. This is our ungratefulness. Not having acknowledged that She can a lot for us. She can everything. She can lead our soul into Paradise.

Today, more than ever, one must raise our cry to the Mother of God. A very strong wind of storm blow over the Church and the world, blown by Satan with the only aim to steal every light of divine and supernatural truth to the Church: divine and eternal truth of the Father and of the Holy Spirit, Truth of the Incarnated Word, truth of the Virgin Mary, truth of grace and of the sacraments, truth of the holy ministries, truth of the Divine Scriptures and of the sound Tradition; to the world the truth of man and of the entire creation. If She is not invoked with a choral prayer by all those who still believe that She is almighty by grace and can intercede for us before her Son, Satan will reduce the Church to a desert. Only a very little remnant will remain faithful to Christ. He will deprive humanity of every light and he will consume it in his darkness. Angels, Saints, give us the true love for the Virgin Mary, Mother of Redemption. You will help us and we will love the Heavenly Mother as it must be loved. We will invoke Her as She must be invoked.