**SATURDAY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY**

# O MARY. O MARY

Once we wrote: Standing before the contemplation of the beauty, the splendour, the light that comes from the Virgin Mary, the heart is as rapt in ecstasy, the mind ceases to think, the spirit of man is extinguished, the soul sinks into the mystery and allows itself to be annihilated by it and in it. Our body itself loses its heaviness and is lifted up towards the heavens, attracted by it, in the same way that a powerful magnet lifts heavy iron from the earth and leads it where it desires. Faced with the feats performed by Jael, Judith, Esther herself, who are figures of the Mother of the Lord, the men and women of their time were seized with profound amazement and intoned songs of joy and exultation to celebrate and eternally remember the deeds performed by these singular women, through whom God had manifested his divine almightiness, crushing, annihilating the enemies of their people. These women were seen as givers of life for all. Deliverers from slavery, oppression, various servitudes, from the very death that threatened them. The cantor of the glories that God has accomplished through his Mother, the Virgin Mary, begins to celebrate the praises of the Woman made by God in such a lofty and elevated manner, as to overshadow the beauty of every other work of the Lord. The beauty of Lucifer, the angel-bearer of light, before his sin of pride, compared with the beauty of the Virgin Mary we can depict it with the flame of a wick before the splendid light of a thousand and more suns radiating God's sky. This is the spiritual beauty of the Mother of Jesus. This cantor begins to celebrate the glory of this unique Woman in the creation of his God, but then stops. He does not know how to go on. He does not know what to say. His heart freezes. His thoughts come to a halt. Her voice stutters. He knows nothing but to repeat endlessly: O Mary, O Mary. It is the ecstasy of one who remains speechless, for in truth there are no more words to say. In the name there is everything. The name is enough. It is enough to repeat it endlessly. While repeating it, the mind immerses itself in the mystery and the heart lets itself be transported by a vortex of sweetness and joy without end, so immense is the beauty seen, contemplated, tasted. Before the contemplation of the Virgin Mary, it becomes almost impossible to narrate her beauty. There are no suitable words. All seem insufficient.

Then one needs to go from contemplation to taste. One must apply the words of the Psalm to Her: “I will extol the Lord at all times; his praise will always be on my lips. I will glory in the Lord; let the afflicted hear and rejoice. Glorify the Lord with me; let us exalt his name together. Those who look to him are radiant; their faces are never covered with shame. Taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the one who takes refuge in him.” (Cf. Psal 34,1-9). Taste is a sublime way of knowledge, infinitely surpassing that of the eye and ear. To taste the beauty of the Mother of God is to go infinitely beyond our mind, our heart, our ear, our touch, our sense of smell. The other senses must be set aside. By them we will always know little of both God and his works, and the Virgin Mary is the Work of God's works. The absolute Work of God is Christ Jesus, who was born from her virginal womb, when the Word became flesh and came to dwell in our midst to give us grace and truth. One tastes the Virgin Mary not through learning, not through schooling, not through study, not through other human, earthly ways. One tastes by the gift of the Holy Spirit. He is the most perfect knowledge of the Mary of God. He is the eternal taste of the Father and the Son. He must also be our taste. In Him we must always taste the beauty of this Woman. Without His divine taste, we will have an earthly knowledge of the Virgin Mary, made up of thoughts of this world, but we will never have a divine knowledge, made up of divine thoughts. That is why it is right for the song to stop and let us be carried away by the taste of the Holy Spirit, by her divine thoughts, which are no longer even thoughts, but life given by participation, by creation, by gift. Holy Spirit of God, our Consoler, Paraclete, our eternal Truth, give us the same taste of yours so that for just one moment of our life on earth we may allow ourselves to be enraptured by the knowledge of this Woman who is the Enchantment of the Blessed Trinity. Angels and Saints intercede for us and obtain for us this grace. It alone is enough to satiate our life. Nothing more is necessary.

Today we add: of the Virgin Mary we have seen a stupendous vineyard that she planted and cultivated with unspeakable love. Then she entrusted this stupendous vineyard of hers to farmers to perfect it in every beauty. This work required patience, infinite patience, but above all the same love and dedication as the Mother of God, it required first of all the great holiness with which the Virgin Mary is clothed. These farmers soon reduced the beautiful vineyard of the Mother of God to a thicket of brambles, nettles and every other wild herb. The vineyard was suffocated. In addition, the solid walls that had been set up to guard the vineyard were torn down. Warthogs, wild boars, wild goats, every other beast of the field entered the vineyard, and there are so many trunks left of that vineyard that they insistently ask the Virgin Mary to return to her once beautiful vineyard and give it back its original splendour and beauty. We are certain that the Virgin Mary will return to cultivate her vineyard, We are convinced that She will return to testify to the whole world that the vineyard was hers, by the will of her Son. She will return because her Son needs her to build him beautiful evangelical vineyards. We ask all those who have tasted the beauty of that vineyard to raise a heartfelt prayer to Her every day. She will hear our cry and will surely return. We already promise her that we will be farmers who let ourselves be guided by her love, her wisdom, her heart. **16 March 2025**