



Boston Catholic Journal



NIHIL NISI IESUM

Dedicated to Mary, Mother of God

Salus Animarum Suprema Lex Esto (Canon Law 175)

The Salvation of Souls is the Supreme Law in the Church

Letter to a Cloistered Catholic Nun

“Rejoice, you barren one who bore no children; break forth and shout, you who were not in labor; for more numerous are the children of the deserted one than of her who has a husband.”

Galatians 4.27



“Raise a glad cry, you barren one who did not bear, break forth in jubilant song, you who were not in labor, For more numerous are the children of the deserted wife than the children of her who has a husband, says the LORD.”

Isaiah 54

You have no idea, Little One ...

None

You do not see what you mean to the world.

Even less do you see what you mean to Me, my spouse and my beloved.

Oh, yes, I keep track of all your sorrows. I have collected all your tears in my bottle. I have recorded each one ...

You think you are hidden under a bushel ... You do not see how your light shines in the world!

So much is hidden from you, my child. Sometimes ... even yourself. And sometimes, more painfully ... yes, even Me.

But I have never abandoned you. I have never forsaken you. Not for a moment have I lost sight of you, nor for an instant have I been heedless of you; never have I forgotten you.

In the sacred corridors of your heart I have walked with you when none have suspected your desolation. I know of your loneliness, my beloved, and in the

watches of the night I have seen tears well up in your eyes. Do you think that I am blind to them? How they burned on my heart as they burned on your cheek!

You are pained by doubt. Sometimes you question your vocation. Visions rise before you. A family. Children. I see how this pains your heart.

"Lord, I have given everything up for you..."

Yes, my child. For *me*. How *much* you love me! How I yearn to hear you say this, too!

Do you think that I am blind to what you have forsaken for me? As each spouse forsakes every other in the world for the one, you have forsaken every other ... *and more* – for me.

Oh, my child and my beloved, my bride and my spouse...! Do you think that I have left you barren? Have I not taken you to myself?

Behold ... I have made you the mother of many! ... Of numberless children who will not cease to gather at your feet. I have kept my pledge. *Everyone who has left houses or brothers or sisters or father or mother or children or fields for my sake will receive a hundred times as much and will inherit eternal life.*

Yes, *you* are mother to the motherless! *You* are the irreplaceable love of a mother that *so, so* many need ... and, so sadly, do not have in this world which spurns its

children.

You are Mary in this world

You are the pledge of my love ... for you are Mine ... and because we are one, your love in the world is a testimony of My love for the sons and daughters of men.

You know that I did not leave my children orphans when I returned to my Father ... no ... I left them *you*. In your love, in your heart, in your beauty, you gather to yourself all who would come to me.

Lift up your eyes, daughter of the Most High God – and see the swallows, so many and so lost, whose only place in this world is in the Altar – and behold, I have made your heart an Altar unto Me. They flock to you. I Who have called, have also counted each one.

As any mother, some of your children are wayward ... the world will abandon them, but you will not. They know this. You are a fixed star in the firmament of my love. When they have nothing, they know that they have a mother, a sister, a child who will never turn them away. They know they have you because you have

Me.

Your children abound

I have clothed you in poverty, set you free through obedience, adorned you in chastity, embraced so many of you in enclosure. Do not cast off the raiment with which you were first attired. The world changes. But I do not change. I am the same; yesterday, today, and forever.

How the world longs for My Holy Mother, Mary! They must find her in you. If they do not find her in you, they will find her nowhere. The veil that anointed her in the blood of her Son ... do not cast it off for the ways of the world, my little one. Shall you be like unto her ... or to the world? For whom, my child, does the world long?

Behold your children: they are sick and despondent from the ways of the world ... do not conform yourself to the world. Bring the world to Me!

You must see, my child, that you are a sign. A sign of contradiction; of things

unchanging and everlasting in a world upon which no man or woman can set their hearts, for it changes, embracing today what it will spurn tomorrow; a world littered with the dreams ... and even the children ... your children ...it once called, and whom it no longer finds useful.

Go, gather your children! My children! They seek you! How painfully they have known the ways of the world: you can number its scars ... even its wounds ... upon their precious bodies, their vulnerable hearts. Do not be like unto the world that has done this to them.

Gather up your veil ... and if the world hates you, remember that it hated me first. In all things be like unto your Mother Mary ... and not the world. Do not conceal your betrothal to me, arraying yourself as one of the world. Adorn yourself as my bride. Have I not chosen you?

In the cool of the evening I will walk with thee in the garden of our love, and we will talk. In the whispering trees you will hear My song to thee ... and you will know that you have chosen well. For who will love thee as I love thee? If your years are many or few, it matters not. I have made an everlasting abode, a dwelling place eternal in your heart, a place of unspeakable beauty. For in all things you are mine. And in all things, ever and always, I am yours.

I love thee! Unutterably! Unspeakably ... Eternally!

Your Spouse, Jesus

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