



Boston Catholic Journal



NIHIL NISI JESUM

DEDICATED TO MARY, MOTHER OF GOD

“Salus animarum Suprema Lex esto — The Salvation of Souls is the Supreme Law in the Church” (Canon Law 1752)

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Mary, Queen of the Poor

“Mary said: My soul doth magnify the Lord. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior.

Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.” (St. Luke 1.46)

“He has scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat,

and hath exalted the humbled.”

He had said it ... so many, many times – and we would not listen.

We had seen it, and still did not believe.

The mighty toppled, the Cedars of Lebanon broken as withered reeds, the proud brought down in their arrogance ... and, yes, the humbled raised up to take the emptied thrones of fallen kings.

One saw ... and understood. And even when she did not see, and did not understand ... she believed!

So God set her above all men, all women, all the sons and daughters of Eve ... from Abraham who would immolate all hope on the sad heights of Moriah, to John who stirred in joy at her very voice in the womb of Elizabeth her kin.

Her “**Yes**” still resounds through the corridors of time, lingers in soaring, endless spires, in thatched hopes built anew a hundred times on searing plains, in the slums and barrios where stifled voices know the dialect of the *Queen of the Poor*. It is a song which sings that the raiment of the poor is not shame ... for, behold, it was lowliness that mantled her in beauty, and covered her with grace!

In her humility, her lowliness, Mary toppled the world of the arrogant, and she topples it still! ... sets the heel of her Son against that Dreamless Malice who would make of her children a kingdom of the dead while yet they live ... that they may die twice!

Mary, Mother of Life, and the living, will not suffer them death!

Gentle Mother, she is the River of Life whose supple waters — most yielding of all things — overcome even stone, the most unyielding of things — making of mountains mere walls through which her grace, poured out on her children, courses to the endless sea of God's love.

The hardest of hearts subdued by the gentlest of hearts!

How can this be? Tell us, Mary ... Mother of God, and Queen of the Poor?

“Because He that is mighty, hath done great things to me; and Holy is His Name.”

