



Sunday July 24, 2005



With the Marianist Communities
We are praying for
a Marian Church
A Church which "lives the Gospel in Mary's way"

The Marian Church follows Mary into the hill country and goes with her to encounter life. She visits men and women and is present to what is barren; she is on the watch of what rises, of what is possible, of the life that moves in them.

Silence

Réjouis-toi, comblée de grâce, le Seigneur est avec toi

The Marian Church rejoices and sings.

Instead of complaining about its fate and about the world's miseries, she wonders at what is beautiful on earth and in all hearts.

She sees in all of this God's works.

Magnifique est le Seigneur, tout mon cœur pour chanter Dieu.

The Marian Church knows that it is the object of a freely given love and that God has mother's womb.

It has seen God, on the threshold, watching for the son unlikely to come back; she has seen Him embracing the son, putting the feasting ring on his finger and organizing the feast of welcome... When the Marian Church flips through its family album, it sees Zacheus on top of his sycamore, Matthew and the publicans, an adulteress, a Samaritan, strangers, lepers, beggars, a common law prisoner against his execution stake.

The Marian Church does not lose hope in the human being.

It does not "extinguish the wick which is still smoking". When it finds somebody on the roadside, hurt by life, she is stirred with compassion. And with unlimited kindness, she tends their wounds. She is the sure and always open harbour, the sinners' sanctuary, mater misericordiae, mother of mercy.

N'aie pas peur, laisse-toi regarder par le Christ



The Marian Church does not know the answers before the questions are asked. Its way is not drawn up beforehand. It is acquainted with doubts and worries, night and loneliness.

It is the price of confidence. It takes part in the conversation but does not pretend to know everything. It accepts searching.

Je cherche le visage, le visage du seigneur

The Marian Church lives in Nazareth, in silence and simplicity. It does not live in a palace. Her house looks like any other house.

She goes out from home to speak with the other villagers. She cries and laughs with them but never lectures them.

Mostly, she listens.

She goes to the market, goes for water at the well, is invited when there is a wedding. That is where she meets people. Many like to sit a while in her house.

Happiness is breathed there.

Danse de joie, danse pour ton Dieu

The Marian Church stands at the foot of the Cross.

She does not seek shelter in a stronghold or in a chapel or in a prudent silence when others are crushed.

She is vulnerable, in her acts as well as in her words.

With humble heart, she stands by the side of the weakest.

Gloire à toi qui était mort, Gloire à toi Jésus,

The Marian Church lets in the Pentecost wind, the wind that stirs out and loosen speech.

And in the public place, she speaks clearly; not to enforce a doctrine, not to swell the ranks.

She says that the promise is kept, that the battle is won, that the dragon is crushed for ever.

Maranatha, Maranatha, Maranatha, Esprit d'amour



But here is the great secret that she can but murmur : to obtain victory, God has laid down arms. That is the truth, we are in between, in the time of human history. And it is a painful history.

However, every evening, the Church sings the Magnificat. Because the Church knows where her joy dwells. And here it is : God has not found our world unliveable , God has not found unliveable the wounds of the world, the violence of the world, the wickedness of the world. That is where God has joined us.

And there, on the cross, we have seen the mercy, the open heart of our God.

Magnificat, Magnificat, Magnificat, anima mea dominum

Here at the foot of the cross it is where a nation is born, a Marian people. “Seeing his mother, and next to her the disciple he cared for, Jesus told his mother : “Woman, here is your son”. Then he told the disciple: “Here is your mother”. And from that hour, the disciple took her home with him.

Brothers and sisters let us be that people. Let us take Mary home with us.

Let us enter with her in the “humble and anguishing happiness” of cherishing and being cherished.

Salve Regina