

**Mother Mary
Listens to me**

*When I find myself in times of trouble, Mother Mary
comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be
And in my hour of darkness she is standing right in
front of me
Speaking words of wisdom, let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be
And when the broken hearted people living in the
world agree
There will be an answer, let it be
For though they may be parted, there is still a
chance that they will see
There will be an answer, let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
There will be an answer, let it be*

*Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be, be
And when the night is cloudy there is still a light that
shines on me
Shinin' until tomorrow, let it be
I wake up to the sound of music, Mother Mary
comes to me

Speaking words of wisdom, let it be
And let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be
And let it be, let it be, let it be, let it be
Whisper words of wisdom, let it be*

"Let It Be" is a song by the English rock band the Beatles, released on 6 March 1970 as a single, and as the title track of their album Let It Be. It was written and sung by Paul McCartney, and credited to the Lennon–McCartney partnership.

Mother Mary

I could not let the month of October go by without thanking Mother Mary, since it is one of ‘her’ months along with May. Mary is rarely mentioned in Scripture but there is a passage from Luke called the Cantic of Mary, which says it all...

The Cantic of Mary.

And Mary said...

*“My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord
my spirit rejoices in God my savior.*

*For he has looked upon his handmaid’s lowliness;
behold, from now on will all ages call me blessed.*

*The Mighty One has done great things for me,
and holy is his name.*

His mercy is from age to age

to those who fear him.

*He has shown might with his arm,
dispersed the arrogant of mind and heart
He has thrown down the rulers from their thrones
but lifted up the lowly.*

*The hungry he has filled with good things;
the rich he has sent away empty.*

*He has helped Israel his servant,
remembering his mercy,
according to his promise to our fathers,
to Abraham and to his descendants forever.*

Raised an Irish Franciscan Catholic, I was taught Mary, one of us in all things except sin (logical being the Mother of God), would intercede on our behalf, if we asked her. My Mom was famous for asking the Great Lady to intercede on our behalf, particular for my Dad, her husband of fifty-two years who she loved unconditionally with all her heart. It must have worked. He survived complications from being a POW of the Japanese in WWII-beri beri, diphtheria. Of the six guys who caught diphtheria in his unit he was the only one to survive. Then there were the four heart attacks – the first at thirty-three. And the multiple Squamiae Cell Carcinoma’s compliments of Hiroshima when he was twenty-five.

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Interesting piece of Pop's POW experience – they Japanese, who took everything from them except their dog tags, ***let Pop keep his rosary***. The guard 'frisking' him came across it and immediately pulled a set of beads out of his pocket and showed them to my Dad. The Japanese soldier nodded his head as if communicating he too used beads to pray. In the horror of the Death March on Bataan, humanity surfaced between two enemies.

After Pop made the Great Leap in 1999, mom would stay with my sister and me, alternating every three months. Of course, she scheduled her stays with us around the grandchildren's sports. We had a separate little carriage house across the driveway where she stayed in the bedroom upstairs. There was a sitting room on the ground floor next to my office where we put her 'prayer' chair. When I came over to the office, I'd find her in her 'prayer' chair, with rosary beads in her hands, eyes closed, lips moving ever so slightly as she said the prayers.

Most of my friends who are not Catholic do not get 'the concept' of Mary. They think, we who ask her intercession, think of her as a Divine Goddess of sorts. She is not a god. She is a human just like us. She is the ultimate 'yes' in the entire history of the world. It is that moment when the angel Gabriel came to her and said she would be incarnate by the Holy Spirit and from that point forward carrying the Master first in her womb and then in her heart.

Fr. Dwight Longnecker wrote a book called 'Mortal Combat'. Best book I've read in years. He treats Mary accordingly. He calls her 'the Secrete Mother' of 'the Secrete Son'.

The appearance of Mary over the millennia highlights her plea to pray, the world's most powerful weapon, demonstrated clearly by her 'conversations' with the children of Fatima. Eerily, if one looks at the world today, many of the things she talked about if we don't turn to Him and pray, 'appear' to be happening both physically and in 'cyberspace' over a lot of the planet.

Mother Mary does indeed speak to me. She is, after all, since being the mother of the most Holy One, also my mother, since I am His brother.

And while I don't say the rosary nearly as often as my mother (her form of excellent meditating), I bet I say up to hundreds of Hail Mary's a day, with a few being in the thousands if the night is rough. It pleases me to talk with her, to bless her, to plea for intercessions for those around me and those in greater need.

Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with thee, and blessed is the fruit of your womb Jesus.

Indeed, most blessed of all that He Created is the fruit of her womb.

Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

I had the world's best mom. I am glad to follow her steps, her dedication to the Mother of God.

I feel secure that I can always turn to not only mom, because I am sure she is 'Home' with her beloved best friend and only lover (really, he was her only lover!), her brilliant daughter, my sister, but also my Heavenly mom, the Mother of my Lord and Master.

So, I will continue to pray relentlessly, continue my life as a prayer, and focus entirely on what He told us to do...

'Love one another as I have loved you.'

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