

## Mary, Mother of the Eucharist

“My soul magnifies the Lord” Luke 1:46



Is it not obvious that we are living in a broken, wounded world with an unsatiated thirst for authentic affirming love. Many have sought the endless cul-de-sacs of life when nothing, nothing, no-thing will ever heal the relentless hunger of the human heart.

As our spiritual Mother, Mary will ever offer to be our guide, radiating the solution to this ongoing human dilemma. For it is Mary, who in becoming the New Eve, the New Ark of the Covenant, recaptures what humanity had foolishly cast aside in the Garden of Eden: the intimate healing Presence of God. Nonetheless, this will always be undeniably the Divine goal of the human soul. For out of love all were created and only this love of God will ever fulfill.

And so, it is not a coincidence that in this artistic design, *Mary, Mother of the Eucharist*, she appears as a living stem of a living monstrance for which we are all invited to be. (A monstrance is usually a golden liturgical vessel to display the Eucharist for prayer and adoration.) In and through the sacrificial gift of the Eucharist Jesus is able to restore the true purpose of our created hearts, a repose of the Divine Presence; the Holy Spirit descends to be our spouse of healing slowly transforming us into true children of God; whereas the Father affirms His redemptive plan by encompassing the soul with the warmth of His unconditional Love, revealed by the rays of the sun.

Simply, then, we are called to capture what the Heart of Mary has recaptured. Again, never let it be forgotten, that the human heart was created as the dwelling place for Divine Intimacy, to receive and share in the loving dynamic and rhythm of the very heart of God. We are invited to nothing short of a total realignment Trinitarian Love.

Let us follow Mary's lead to ever increase our faith in His Presence through Eucharist adoration. We will then yearn for deeper levels of Communion with His presence. In Mary's footsteps, we will not be able to resist the joy in going forth sharing His love as His co-workers, to be His living, healing monstrance, radiating His eternal love to those who still thirst and hunger, seek yet do not find.

What of Mary's crown. Surprisingly, it is not composed of seven diamonds or precious metals. Because of Mary's intense desire for our healing she along with Jesus embraced the many sorrows of our life. What better way to honor Mary then to place seven liquid tears in her diadem. Through the gift of wisdom Mary teaches us to embrace the sorrows of this life knowing they will often purify and predispose us to follow in the footsteps of Her Son. The cross becomes our source of healing.

The exquisite facial expression of Mary is drawn from accounts of various saints who were blessed with a visual appearance of Her. To more fully render the wondrous gift of her innocence, Mary's eyes are based on those of a five year old girl.

In the horizon, there is a darkening tempest approaching, as angels gather in a protective pose. The storm mirrors the gradual erosion of belief in the Eucharist Presence in our day. As one begins to approach Mary, Mother of the Eucharist, she seems to be somewhat saddened. Although as the observer comes closer to Mary, her sustenance takes on an air of peace, as if inviting one to follow her example, to dispel darkness by radiating the healing love of God.

Let our souls magnify the Lord.

*From the following encounter came the inspiration for the artwork "Mary, Mother of the Eucharist."*

Since my childhood, I have been slowly drawn into the mystery of the Eucharist presence. The Monstrance, that is, the liturgical receptacle that contains and reveals the consecrated Host, has always intrigued me. Increasingly, I have intuited the hidden desire of Our Lord to radiate and embrace His friends with His Healing and Nurturing Gift of Himself, the Eucharist.

Several years ago, a colleague hinted of an impending present that was to be rather unique. And so, on the eve commemorating the birth of the Christ Child, the gift was given. As the wrapping fell away, it was suddenly difficult to stifle a surge of sadness when my eyes beheld the most petite, twisted, dented, tarnished Monstrance that had been noticeably long discarded.

Even the little door to this once sacred vessel could not be opened. Moreover, the delicate insides that was intended to hold His Presence were lost. Offering a faint, "thank you", the afterthought came "What a strange gift!" Honestly, I felt shame and disillusionment with such a "used gift." Truly, this was a BROKEN VESSEL. When the Christmas farewells were politely exchanged, the "discarded" present was placed in the passenger seat of my car for the long journey home.

Almost imperceptibly at first, a faint inspiration filled my heart. "Andrew, Andrew in My Eyes, YOU are that broken vessel. Yes, you have been buffeted by the passions of life and you are quite dented and tarnished like this vessel. Nonetheless, love me as you are, because in your shame if you wait until you are perfect you will never know My Love. Know that I love you and freely choose to need and work through you. Yes, it is true, even the little door to your heart does not easily open itself to my inspirations, and, as only your heart knows, the evident results are that you remain empty because often you are far My Presence."

Do not turn away, for I will never abandon you. I choose YOU as my small, broken, discarded Monstrance. Yes, I choose to need you as My Living Monstrance to reveal My Healing Presence to so many empty hearts.

"Will you not draw others like yourself onto this path of Healing, to allow Me to refashion you into small humble living Monstrance of My Life and Love.

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