



In the silence, solitude, in feeling of meaninglessness,
Of losing and being left of this Black Saturday, we want to be together
with you, Mary,
Together with you standing in front of the Cross of your Son Jesus.
We want to learn from you, from your way of taking care, of
accompanying, of hoping.
Show us the way.

It won't be easy to remain together with you, Mary, in these moments.

It's more, if it would be easy, if there was nothing moving inside of us, possibly we would be losing our time. It would be like accompanying someone we love for her funeral and not being mover inside. Let us be honest: or we don't love this person so much or we have become insensible to the suffering.

MY MOTHER (Cecilia Rivero)

Our God entered in our history and made himself brother of all,
Consoling the pain of his people, lifting up the humble.
He was incarnated as good new because of your faithful response, Mary.
courage that opened the ways of God dwelling with his people.

**Woman simple and believer, of profound joy, Mary,
Woman of daily chores, of salt, yeast, water and spines.
Mother of all times, presence an faithful company.
Your people journeying recognizes you and needs you.**

Your solidarity in love is a song to God reigning in the world
With your Son who opened the way, the truth, the Word and life.
Today we come, humble, Mry, to ask your wisdom
We want to be faithful to your Son for ways of love and justice.

**Woman simple and believer, of profound joy, Mary,
Woman of daily chores, of salt, yeast, water and spines.
Mother of all times, presence an faithful company.
Your people journeying recognizes you and needs you
Mother of all.
Mother Mary.**



We believe in God, Father-Mother, we like to say in this time, and, certainly, the Word shows us in many moments that our God has a heart of a mother.

*"Like a child being consoled by his mother, so I will console you. In Jerusalem you shall be consoled.
Seeing that, your heart will rejoice and your bones will flower like a garden" (Is 66,10...)*

*"I was for them like the one who lifts his child to his cheeks;
I loved myself to them to feed them" (Os 11,4)*

**Mary, Mother of Jesus, teaches us how to be a mother.
Yes, yes, to all of us.**

All of us we can exercise our motherhood the way she teaches us, motherhood in a style of our Father-Mother God. Motherhood that is welcoming and care for life, respectful solicitude for others, a little push for others to become the best version of themselves.

If you have seen a mother crying for death of her child,
If you have seen a mother taking care and consoling her sick child,
If you have seen a mother supporting her child in achieving his dream,
If you have seen a mother without bread for her children,
If you have seen a mother believing in her child
to whom everyone criticizes or rejects,

If you have seen...

More, if you are a mother...

So you know that a love of a mother is stronger than death.

So you know that her tears flow from the depths.

So you know that to exercise motherhood is not oversensibility but
and it requires fortitude of spirit.



depth

✚ A mother **watches** over each one of her children, she takes care of the, day by day, night by night.

And you... for whom are you watching? For whom do you care?

✚ A mother **accompanies** her children, with patience, respect; she suffers and rejoices with them.

Whom do you accompany? Who are the cause of your joys and sufferings?

✚ A mother **pushes** each one of her children to become good persons and discover their dignity. She doesn't put hindrances, but collaborates so that the plan of God may come true in which one of them. And you...?

✚ Mary, as a good mother, not only "fulfills the will of God", but also helps her Son to fulfill it.

She, like no one, **understands, cares** and **inspires** her Son.

Song: Sobredosis de ternura (Maite López)

Who are you sons and daughters? To whom you offer your motherly love and care?

Your biological children.

- Your parents, old and fragile, sometimes demenes, difficult to accompany.
- Your brothers or sisters in community, specially the most vulnerable.
- Some of your neighbors that suffer from loneliness.
- The most fragile children in your school.
- The elderly in the residence where you have your mission.
- The migrants obliged to go out of their land searching for a better world.
- Children and the youth who suffer from loneliness.
- Those who experiment horror and slavery of human trafficking.
- Persons who surround you, wounded in their life's journey...

Today we see Mary crying in front of the Cross of Jesus.
You cry for whom you love. Because love hurts.

For whom does your heart cry? Really, who do you love?

Take risk, like Mary, to remain standing in front of the cross,
To look all those situations that hurt you and horrify you.
Don't look away.

Welcome them with the heart of a mother. More, keep them in your heart.
And if you don't feel it, ask Mary to give you a heart like hers.

Don't spend your life in sterile solitude of a stony heart. Yes, you will suffer, be honest about that, *God will make your pain fertile*. Your tears will wet the earth and life will be born.

Palau experiences this love of God Father-Mother with his daughter, the Church, for each one of her members of concrete faces:

"your beloved Spouse, your Daughter, is and will be in the Temple of a living God day and night, her Head -Christ in the Sacrament- reclined over the altar. Take care of Her- wipe away her tears, console Her in her afflictions, lift her burdens; what you do for Her on the earth, she will return to you and do for you in heaven" (MR 1, 31)



"I feel like getting crazy, this love for you, O Holy Church, makes me crazy. I walk as if I were a father, seeing his daughter caught in fauces of lion, and without thinking twice I run to fight lion to save her... You have discovered to me her pains, and since I have known you, there is no rest for me... Your presence renewed and renews thousands of mortal wounds that fatherhood opened in my heart." (MR 9, 30)

Try to face all the realities near and far from you which require to be welcome in your heart, your work for transformation and, if you cannot give more, your prayer and tears for them. If because your age you feel that you cannot ask to have a heart of a mother, don't feel exempted: ask for a heart of grandmother. You still have time. In many of our realities a grandmother reaches where a mother cannot.

You still have time

Ask God to make your offering bear fruits. Don't be afraid of pain and suffering.
In the name of God, in the name of Mary staying in front of the Cross, I tell you: it is worth.

DON'T GIVE UP (Maná)

Don't give up on life,

How much love hurts!
How it hurts!
It's a source of the greatest joy
And source of the deepest pain.
And a love of a mother...
It hurts so much!

Sleep hoping for another day,

Sun will rise.
Don't give up on love,
Resist the pain.
I love you so much that I could die,
I will plant a flower in your wound.
I will try to heal your pain.
Believe in me, my heart,
My hope and courage.
I love you so much that I could die,
The day will dawn,
It will heal.
You miss me so much, so much,
But resist, my heart,
Your loneliness
Will leave.
I will heal you.

Don't give up on life,
Plant some flowers
Of love in your heart.
O my heart.
Don't cut it, my heart.
Life always changes, always spinning.
Oh my heart
There will be always a new dawn,
Sun is rising.

Don't cut it, my heart

You are a courageous tree
Facing sun
We will resist
Like a tree, standing
Stand proud until your death.
It will dawn.
I know you feel pain
You know the mammon
You know, my heart
Your loneliness is gone
Is gone, is gone.

Don't give up on life,
Plant some flowers
Of love in your heart.
O my heart.
Don't cut it, my heart.
Life always changes, always spinning.
Oh my heart
There will be always a new dawn,
Sun is rising.
Don't give up, my love
Life is a miracle of God.
Go singing your pain
And let go of suffering.
It is dawning.
Sun will rise soon.

Let us remain with Mary waiting, soon it will be DAWNING