

# POST #8 - THORNS ON THE MOTHER'S HEART

A HEART PIERCED BY THORNS  
MEDITATIONS BY A DAUGHTER OF THE MOTHER OF SORROWS



## *8. Thorns on the Mother's Heart*

### *A. Scripture reading:*

*Lamentations* 2:18-19 –

<sup>18</sup>Cry out to the Lord from your heart, wall of daughter Zion! Let your tears flow like a torrent day and night; Give yourself no rest, no relief for your eyes.

<sup>19</sup>Rise up! Wail in the night, at the start of every watch; Pour out your heart like water before the Lord; Lift up your hands to him for the lives of your children, Who collapse from hunger at the corner of every street.

### *B. Meditation:*

Imagine yourself (as you might have when you were younger) as a knight in shining armor, galloping through the countryside. Lost in dreams of great feats and heroic deeds, you are oblivious of all around you. Fortunately, your horse is not! His sudden halt rouses you, and there at the road's bend, you see a simple hut with a flourishing garden, and standing on the path, a woman weeping. Her bare feet and peasant dress suggest that she is hardly the lady-fair of your recent dreams, yet when she drops her hands from before her face, you are amazed by the purity of love shining through her tears.

With greetings exchanged and honor given, the lady pleads with you: "Please, Sir Knight! Set free my children! The enemy has ensnared them and holds them even now as slaves!" As she speaks, she sweeps her arms towards the fields, and there, for as far as you can see, are children struggling amid thistles and briars.

The Lady continues: "Here, take these. I give you bread and wine to nourish them and oil of olive for their healing."

"But, my Lady," you ask, "how shall I know them? There are so many! How shall I know which ones are yours?"

"All of them . . . all the children of the fields are mine!"

You cannot bear the sorrow in this Mother's eyes and turn to look towards the fields, but seeing the suffering children, you turn back to her again. "All of them, my Lady?"

"Yes, all of them . . . each one is precious.—And even you, dear Knight," you hear her say, "I claim as son and give you this to carry as my token."

Then she is gone: the Lady, the hut, and the garden are gone . . . but in your hands you hold a linen cloth with wheaten bread, a flagon of wine, a flask of oil, and a ribbon of blue. Looking closely at the token this sorrowful Mother had pressed into your hands, you see on the ribbon two hearts embroidered—one crowned with a cross, one pierced by a sword, both ringed with a twist of thorns.

### C. Reflection:

Think of our Blessed Mother bending down to the three children in Fatima and holding out to them her heart, a heart covered with thorns,<sup>1</sup> thorns caused (she told them) by the sins of humanity. For now, let us not look at the many horrible sins that we know are being committed throughout the world. Let us look instead at our own hearts and, with our previous reflections in mind, examine them particularly in regard to our love and compassion for *all* of Mary's children. Remember that it was suggested that possibly nothing grieves our Lord more than the apathy and indifference of those who call themselves His followers. Surely, our most-loving Mother must also be cruelly grieved anytime she sees someone who calls himself her son treat *any* of her children (his own brothers and sisters!) with coldness or contempt . . . with injustice or discourtesy . . . with anything less than a sincere and caring charity.

Reflect for a little on the love the Blessed Mother has for her children. Thank her for the special love she has for you.—We often hear that Mary has a special love for her priestly sons. Do not forget that she also has a special love for the poor and a special love for the weak and again, a special love for her consecrated daughters. This dear Mother has a special love for widows and orphans . . . for refugees and immigrants . . . for parents . . . for little children . . . for teenagers . . . for the lonely, the struggling, and the quietly persevering. A *special* love does not imply a *greater* love but a specific character within that love.<sup>2</sup>—Mary is the most perfect of mothers: no child of hers is given a *lesser* love. Every one of her children is loved in a special and specific way. And remember, there is *no one* whom she does not see as being, in some way, one of her children.

Look at our Mother. Look at her Immaculate Heart, pierced by a sword and surrounded by thorns. Look at her beautiful face streaming with tears. Tell her of your love for her, and ask her how she would have you express that love. Very likely, because she is a mother, this most-loving Mother will tell you, “If you love me, love my children. Love each of them—by your words, by your actions, in your thoughts, and in your heart.”

Ask Mary to obtain for you the grace of charity you need to be able to truly love each and every one of her children . . . in every place . . . at every time . . . in every way. Praying the rosary, wearing a scapular, and making an *act of consecration* are excellent and pious practices, but they are not enough. Vases of flowers are beautiful gifts, but the roses the Blessed Mother most desires are the hearts of her children . . . each one healed and restored and set free from the thorns.

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<sup>1</sup> This apparition of Mary's heart on June 13, 1917, is distinct from the one given to Sister Lucia in 1925.

<sup>2</sup> A young mother told me, “I have a special love for my oldest because he is our first-born, and a special love for the next one because we had to wait so long, and a special love for . . .”; and thus she went on through all five of their children.