

POST #9 - AT DUSK WEeping, AT DAWN REJOICING

A HEART PIERCED BY THORNS

MEDITATIONS BY A DAUGHTER OF THE MOTHER OF SORROWS



**9. “At dusk weeping comes for the night;
but at dawn there is rejoicing.”
– Psalm 30:6**

A. Scripture reading:

Hebrews 6:7-12; 12:1-2 –

⁶ Ground that has absorbed the rain falling upon it repeatedly and brings forth crops useful to those for whom it is cultivated receives a blessing from God. ⁸ But if it produces thorns and thistles, it is rejected; it will soon be cursed and finally burned.

⁹ But we are sure in your regard, beloved, of better things related to salvation, even though we speak in this way. ¹⁰ For God is not unjust so as to overlook your work and the love you have demonstrated for his name by having served and continuing to serve the holy ones. ¹¹ We earnestly desire each of you to demonstrate the same eagerness for the fulfillment of hope until the end, ¹² so that you may not become sluggish, but imitators of those who, through faith and patience, are inheriting the promises.

¹² Therefore, since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us rid ourselves of every burden and sin that clings to us and persevere in running the race that lies before us ² while keeping our eyes fixed on Jesus, the leader and perfecter of faith. For the sake of the joy that lay before him he endured the cross, despising its shame, and has taken his seat at the right of the throne of God.

(also)

Isaiah 55:12-13 –

¹² Yes, in joy you shall go forth, in peace you shall be brought home; Mountains and hills shall break out in song before you, all trees of the field shall clap their hands. ¹³ In place of the thornbush, the cypress shall grow, instead of nettles, the myrtle. This shall be to the LORD's renown, as an everlasting sign that shall not fail.

B. Meditation:

You are tired and sore. All day you have worked in the field, and now you just want to relax—but there before you lies your own garden. It needs weeding (as always), some pruning of vines, and some tilling of the soil. You know you need to do it, not only for yourself but for others who depend on the fruit you share. Over there, near the melons, you can see a couple thistles that ought to be rooted out. It seems to be a never-ending battle against the briars that creep in from the field and the weeds that spring from seeds blown in on the wind. But you are so very tired, and your hands and heart are both torn by all you have been through today. Surely, just this once, you can skip it . . . wait till tomorrow.

As you stand there, leaning on your hoe, a voice interrupts you: “Come on. We need to work for a bit in My garden.” And you are reminded that it is not just yours. You have pledged this garden to your Master, and all the good fruit it bears is of His planting. With a weary sigh, you turn to look at Him, and looking, you

remember also that He is more than Lord and Master to you: He is your dearest Friend, and whatever time you spend with each other has always meant so much to both of you.

Side by side, the two of you pull the weeds and dig out and burn the shoots of briars. Then, while loosening the soil, you speak of the struggles you faced that day . . . the frustration you feel . . . the discouragement that threatens. Your Friend listens, and you wait, wondering what He will say. You continue hoeing, and He continues watering . . . and you hear Him start to sing. His voice lifts higher and stronger, filling the garden. It is a song of joy, a song sung by harvesters returning from the fields with sheaves heavy with grain. It is a song of jubilee, a song sung by a king as he returns with those he has freed from the enemy. It is a song of rejoicing, a song sung by a lover as he dances with his bride at the wedding feast. The song enters your heart, and you too begin to sing. On your lips, the song becomes a song of hope as you imagine cypresses and cedars growing freely and children weaving garlands of myrtle and romping with lambs in a thorn-free meadow.

You are still weary, but the pain in your heart is eased . . . and you look at your Master—you look at Jesus. You look at His hands and His feet, still so deeply scarred, and you whisper to yourself, “Yes, for His sake and for the sake of His children . . . for the sake of each one.” And as you gaze, remembering other times that you have looked on His face, He turns to look at you . . . and He looks at you with great love.

C. *Reflection*

Ask the Holy Spirit to direct you as you reflect on the mystery of the joy of Christ. Spend a few moments recalling your earlier meditations. See again the Master’s tears and hear His weeping. Remember Him standing before you, holding out to you His thorn-circled heart and inviting you to go with Him into the field of thorns. Stand again in the courtyard and outside the judgment hall and look at Jesus as He turns His eyes towards you.

Now, if you will, follow Jesus as He carries the cross to Golgotha. Stand with Mary and the others, and watch and listen as Jesus surrenders everything—*more* than everything, for He gives even His Mother! He surrenders even the consolation of His Father!—Stay with Jesus through those hours of agony and then see Him die. *All* this He endured. Why? “For the joy that was set before Him!” What joy? What joy could justify and exceed such suffering?

Throughout the psalms and the writings of the prophets, throughout the Gospels and the letters of the apostles, one great joy is proclaimed above all others: the joy of knowing that even one sinner has repented, even one soul been restored to a life of grace, even one heart set free to live as a child of the Father in the Kingdom of God. All of heaven rings with this song of joy!¹ And this for just *one*! Think how immeasurable that joy must be when the *one* is multiplied over and over and over again, increasing exponentially throughout all the ages!

Such joy is beyond our imagining. Nothing we have seen, nothing we have heard, nothing that has entered into our minds can approach the reality of that joy—but such is the joy God has promised to those who love Him.² Only our personal love for God can make this joy personal for us. How? Because since a lover delights in the joy of the beloved, the beloved’s joy is made the joy of the lover. Is not God our Beloved One . . . and are we not His?³

¹ Cf. *Luke* 15:7, 10

² See *I Corinthians* 2:9.

³ See *Song of Solomon* 6:3.

Similarly, a lover suffers when his beloved suffers and longs to remove every cause of that suffering. In compassion, God suffers⁴ with us; in mercy, He offers Himself for us. Are we willing to suffer with Him? Am I willing . . . are you willing . . . to endure all and to surrender all for the sake of His joy? Are you willing to work with our Lord at destroying the thorns rooted in your own heart while opening yourself to the pain of the thorns of others? For the sake of the love of the Heart of God the Father . . . for the sake of the love of the Heart of Jesus our Savior . . . for the sake of the love of the Heart of our Sorrowful Mother . . . and with holy charity for every child of every age, in every place . . . are you willing to be made willing?

Keep your eyes fixed on Jesus. Do not forget His tears and His thorns and His cross. And keep in the ears of your soul the sound of His song, His song of jubilee and joy. Let His song become your song of hope. Let His joy be the strength of your heart.

⁴ If the thought of God “suffering with” causes you a philosophical difficulty, consider at least that through the Incarnation, God took for Himself a human heart. The Sacred Heart is even now in the heart of the Most Holy Trinity.