

(English translation)

Rome, 5 March 1958¹

As a Heavenly Plane Sloping

Mary is not easily understood even though she is greatly loved. In a heart that is far from God, one is more likely to find devotion to her than to Jesus.

She is universally loved.

And the reason is this: it is Mary's nature to be *Mother*.

Mothers, in general, are not "understood," especially by younger children; they are "loved." And not infrequently, indeed often, one hears that an eighty-year-old man dies saying as his last word: "mother."

A mother is more the object of the heart's intuition than of the mind's speculation. She is more poetry than philosophy, because she is too real and profound, close to the human heart.

So it is with Mary, the Mother of mothers, who the sum of all the affection, goodness, and mercy of all the mothers in the world cannot manage to equal.

Jesus, in a certain sense, *confronts* us more: his divine and splendid works are too different from ours to be confused with them. Indeed they are a sign of contradiction.

Mary is peaceful like nature, pure, serene, clear, temperate, beautiful — that nature which is distant from the world, in the mountains, in the open countryside, by the sea, in the blue sky or the starry heavens. She is strong, vigorous, harmonious, consistent, unyielding, rich in hope, for in nature it is life that springs up perennially generous, adorned with the fragrant beauty of flowers, kind in the abundance of its fruits.

Mary is too simple and too close to us to be "contemplated."

She is "sung" by hearts that are pure and in love, who express like this what is best in them. She brings the divine to earth as gently as a heavenly plane sloping from the dizzy heights of heaven to the infinite smallness of creatures. She is the Mother of all and of each human being, who alone knows how to burble and smile at her child in such a way that, even though it is small, each knows how to enjoy her caress and respond with its love to *that* love.

Mary is not understood because she is too close to us. She, who was destined from eternity to bring graces, the divine jewels of her Son, to humanity, is there, near to us, and waits, always hoping for us to notice her gaze and accept her gifts.

If any are fortunate enough to understand her, she carries them off to her kingdom of peace, where Jesus is King, and the Holy Spirit is the life-breath of that heaven.

There, purified of our dross and illuminated in our darkness, we will contemplate her and enjoy her, an added paradise, a paradise apart.

Here, let us be found worthy of being called along "her way" to avoid staying always immature in spirit, with a love that does not go beyond supplication, petition, request and self-interest, but knowing her a little, may we glorify her.

(taken from *Mary, The Transparency of God*, New City Press, New York and New City, London 2003, pp. 85-87)

¹ This date corresponds to the date of publication in the Italian Magazine "Città Nuova", 5 (1958), p.3.