



MOTHER LOVE

A NEWSLETTER TO THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER VOL. 69 NO. 2 SPRING 2011

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Peace be with you!

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Unpetalled Rose: My Mother Has Died

Maria Thompson, Hanceville, Alabama

As I tearfully clung to my mom, I looked up to see, opposite of me, my little sister Anne, the baby of the family and only seventeen. Crying her eyes out, she looked at me and said, "I can't lose my mom, I need her, I need my mom."

I grabbed her and just held her tight. There were no words. How do you say to a seventeen year old, it will be fine, it will be ok, when you yourself don't even think it?

"Death," Anne said, "is like a thief in the night. And it stole my mom away from me."

How personal these words are to us now. We may not have been ready for our dearest mom to leave this world, but mom was always ready. She lived her whole life working at it, to be ready. How often have I thought, in the months of late, that Mom was always busy, she never gave herself time to just grow old and just be an old person.

My dad mentioned that my mom was looking forward to us Christmas caroling this year. As some families have their own baseball team, she had her own choir. We looked at one another and began to sing "Holy Night."

As the winter darkness was closing in on us, there was a light shining in a little hospital room where the children of a dedicated mother serenaded her lifeless body...where four grown sons and four grown daughters, with tears streaming down their faces, sang to their mother a Christmas lullaby. Mom took her last breath on the feast of the Holy Family. This little home schooling mother's hands are now at rest. These hands that only a week ago were teaching her grandchildren, cooking a meal, wiping a dirty face, sweeping the floor, or sewing something. I remember her always thinking that the fine arts of sewing and needlework were of utmost importance to the formation of a well balanced and contented woman. She passed this on to her four daughters and daughters-in-law and even the older granddaughters. Being a mother of eight she did not waste time in anything, thus, she taught us to pray while we sew. "These stitches," she would say: take one Hail Mary to be complete so this whole item will take thirty Hail Mary's.

She applied Saint Therese's little way to wifhood and motherhood, in being a home schooling mother and grandmother. In all that her day entailed, she still found time for weekday Mass, daily family rosaries, Eucharistic adoration, chaplets and novenas. I can still see the glow of the lamplight under her bedroom door where she spent late nights praying and reading. We knew Mom must be feeling pretty ill if she did not pray the rosary on her knees. She strove daily to know God and know herself so as to grow perfect in the science of the saints. She would often say, "We all have the same twenty-four hours in a day; don't waste them!" Mom always heard us out; she always had time to listen.

It has now been three months since Mom's passing and her eighteen grandchildren speak of missing her. Almost daily she was with them so even in a physical sense they are adjusting. At the funeral home, they all approached her viewing in a very childlike manner. It was nothing short of poetry to see so many little ones around her looking upon her and touching her without reserve. They were all her little flowers. We could not have placed more precious ones around her coffin.
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Unpetalled Rose (cont.)

This was a woman who in the eyes of the world went unnoticed. But in the eyes of her family and the countless lives she touched, she was indispensable. In her sixty-two years, she wrote much, taught much, and loved much. She was career-minded in the broad sense of the word. Her chosen career, and her only career, was to be a good mother who stayed at home, steering her little souls to the feet of Jesus. Never was there a career lived out so well. And never in the history of the world is there a career even half as important as that of being a full-time mother in every sense of the word.

How do I measure the success of mother's career? I'll tell you:

When I die, if any one of my four children knows and feels even half of what I know and feel of one mother's love and devotion to her family; if my daughter finds so much consolation in the thought that she knows she can go on because of what she was taught from infancy – from the bond that had formed from receiving nourishment from her mother's breast, from the help she received in taking her first steps and guiding her hands through the sign of the cross, learning how to pray, to speak, to read and dress, bathe, clean, sew and cook, be a good wife, give birth, and to properly nourish and care for a baby: to make a peaceful home and most of all, to live a good and holy life – then I shall praise my God in thanksgiving with all my heart, because I have left behind hope for a very confused world. Because, through my God who strengthens me, I will have left behind a daughter that has the tools she needs to become a good and holy mother. The one thing this world needs most.

Adopting A Priest: A Call to Motherly Love

By Ellen Marie Edmonds

So often in the life movement, we think of adoption in terms of little babies coming into the world in need of a family, a home – the basics of life – and our desire to love them. In reality, what the newborn baby needs most is to be loved *unconditionally* by someone *committed* to caring for the baby in every way, even when that “call to love” requires sacrifice and suffering. That adoption commitment, like any commitment to unconditionally love a baby or anyone else as Christ calls us to do, starts in the human heart. Looking at Mary as our model for motherhood, isn't it true that the incarnation of Christ in Mary's virginal womb took place first in Mary's pure heart, with the commitment of her “yes” to unconditionally love God and her son Jesus? And just as Jesus - the Highest Priest – came into the world needing to be loved, *every* priest needs to be loved.

In emulation of Mary's love for Christ, and His call for us to love the priests of our Church, imagine for a moment the effects of spiritually adopting – every single day – a priest who may be in most need of extra grace at *that very moment*. The power of a loving heart combined with faithful prayer, transforms both the giver and receiver, with an abundance of God's grace, adding love and light to the Kingdom. Imagine if each one of us, every day, set aside just one moment to pray and spiritually love a priest most in need of love, prayer, and grace. And by praying through the intercession of Jesus and Mother Mary, the Mother of all priests, we know those graces – that spiritual outpouring of love and prayer – would be given to the priest most in need, in the present moment, according to God's holy will. Jesus tells us that we are to love our God, our neighbor, and our self. And it begins in the heart, with our adoption, our “yes”, to respond to the call to love.

Start today, in this very moment, adopting a priest in our heart with this little daily prayer: Father God, I offer this moment in faith, hope, and love, for the priest most in need right now, in the name of Jesus, through the power of the Holy Spirit, with Mother Mary. Amen.

Mother, Learn Communion! Learn Humility! Dispel Loneliness! Jesus – Still the Heart of All Human History

Father Angelus M. Shaughnessy, O.F.M. Capuchin

Some people seem to think they have no need of a redeemer, but just a quick glance at the morning paper should make it clear that there are some people clearly in need of some kind of salvation or redemption, judging from the crimes and addictions so evident in their lives. Are they able to overcome these problems from their own resourcefulness?

I would hope that those who will not or seemingly cannot acknowledge their helplessness in overcoming their weaknesses will be brought to the need of that reality of the help available to them before they reach the point of no return. Perhaps the final addiction for the self-sufficient is the addiction to their own ego. Some of these people will claim there is no God. They need no one but themselves.

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Send Your Angel To Mass

This very special prayer was written by a devout woman named Ruth Merz from Cincinnati, Ohio. Ruth is the mother of eight children who was diagnosed with cancer, which eventually and sadly claimed her life. Unable to attend Holy Mass because of her illness, she wrote this wonderful prayer. We hope that her words will convey special meaning to those who are ill and to their friends and families who care for them.

O Holy angel at my side, Go to church for me, Kneel in my place at Holy Mass Where I desire to be. At offertory in my stead Take all I am and own And place it as a sacrifice Upon the Altar throne. At the Holy Consecration bell, Adore with Seraph's love my Jesus hidden in the Host. Come down from Heaven above. There pray for those I dearly love and those that cause me grief that Jesus' blood may cleanse all hearts; Give suffering souls relief. That when the priest Communion takes, Then bring my Lord to me That His sweet heart may rest in mine And I His temple be. Pray that the sacrifice divine May all man's sin efface. Then bring me Jesus' blessing home, The pledge of every grace. Amen.

What Hypocrisy!!!

Our government rightfully criticized what some of the governments have done to their own people as their citizens protested the dictatorial tactics of those in positions of authority. It was reported they even killed their own citizens!

But what hypocrisy for us to berate those killers in North Africa when our own laws put their blessing on mothers killing their own babies in the womb! Four thousand slaughtered every day by their own mothers in our abortion mills! How can our country be blessed?

Father Angelus M. Shaughnessy, O.F.M. Capuchin

Suffering

What is the key to all good mental health (sanity) and all good spiritual health (sanctity)? Where do we learn to cope with the hurts of life?

...by all means get the help you need from the medical profession....But, even after you have taken all your prescriptions, there may well be a big chunk of pain that persists. How do you deal with that?

Focus on the Crucified! He will teach you to tolerate the pain (with or without the morphine drip), to accept the pain, maybe even to embrace the pain. The immediate goal is to accept the pain, yes even to embrace it uniting it to His suffering on the cross; not that He will necessarily take the suffering away, but that He will be present to us in our suffering. 'Offer it up!' is the truly Christian way to cope with our hurts.

Father Angelus M. Shaughnessy, O.F.M. Capuchin

Mom, I Love You! I Miss You!

A couple of years ago, I wrote a poem about an incident with my Mom. It happened when I was a teenager. My Mom's mother had been dead for ten years.

In the early morning hours
Just before the Dawn,
My mother shed a lonely tear
It softly fell
And then was gone.
She was staring out the window
Just sitting in a chair
She didn't move or make a sound
She didn't know that I was there.
That single tear just broke my heart
I never saw her cry
Just sitting there – in the dark
I had to ask her why?
Dearest mother, why do you cry?
Why do you look so glum?
She held my hand so tenderly
and said
"I miss my Mom."

We'll miss you for a very, very long time too, Mom. Our hearts are aching. In that special place in our hearts, there you'll always be – Just a prayer away. We Love You So Much!

If any of you still have your mother - treasure her. She loves you more than you will ever know. Time is quickly passing – don't waste the opportunity. Be not only her child, but her friend. If you don't, you will – in time – be full of regrets. May your children be as good to you as you are to your Mother.

*I have no regrets... Thanks, Mom,
for being my dearest friend!
Regina Angela Kuszinski,
January 22, 2011*

"The renewal of the Church in America and throughout the world depends upon the renewal of the Sacrament of Penance."

Benedict XVI

Mother, Learn Communion! Learn Humility! Dispel Loneliness! (cont.)

This is why our humble God saw fit to send His only begotten Son to help us rise from our own human nature to restore His image and likeness to us. No one can fathom this awesome mystery. It takes the mind of God to do that.

This is the heart of our Christian Faith: God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. That's the humility of God the Father in action. He would identify so completely with us as to allow His Son to become one of us and stay one of us for all eternity.

Then when God the Son in human form emptied Himself on the cross to become a "worm and no man – a leper," He shows the humility of the Second Person of the most Blessed Trinity. Father and Son are distinct persons; but Jesus tells us "The Father and I are one"... "He who sees Me sees the Father."

He continues the on-going emptying process day-by-day in the re-presentation of Calvary at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Not even God could give us any more or assume a more humble posture. This is accomplished through the humility of the Holy Spirit Who makes it possible in the Church to have the Risen Lord so available under the forms of bread and wine.

Jesus really does have credibility when He invites us to learn from Him (and the Father and the Holy Spirit) because He is meek and humble of heart. This is truly the Holy Trinity's plan to restore God's image and likeness in us: forever inviting us to become utterly uncluttered forever open to the Divine Invasion. This is why He made us. This is His reason for our existence.

Grandad's Beauty – From Within

A little girl ran to her Grandfather, jumped into his arms and gave him a great big hug. Then she ran her fingers along his balding head and down the side of his wrinkled face. "Did God make you Grandad?" she asked. "Yes honey, He made me." She felt her own cheek and then asked "Did God make me too?" "Yes, honey, He made you too." "Well" she shrugged "Don't you think He's doing a better job now than He used to?"

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