**SATURDAY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY**

# SANCTA DEI GENETRIX

Once we wrote: If we read the history of mankind's wars, starting with the epic, fairytale, fantasy wars and ending with the real ones, including the atypical one of our days, which is war against the invisible enemy, we notice that there are no invincible, inviolable, unbeatable ‘garrisons’. If one cannot from the land, one goes from the sky, If one cannot from the sky, one goes from the sea. If it becomes difficult from the sea, one goes by land. If one cannot do it by force, one uses cunning. If legality vanishes, one uses illegality, treachery, deception, any other cunning. Even the bomb bunkers are not inviolable. A human mind designed and built them, a human mind is capable of destroying them, tearing them down, uprooting them. Everything that is built by man, is also destroyed, annihilated, razed to the ground by man. From Troy to the Twin Towers, history tells us that no town is ever safe. Everything under the sky is always reachable. We Christians do not take refuge under a man-made garrison, we do not enter a tower erected by human minds. If this were the case, our hope would be very fallacious. For us this would be a tower of sand, a garrison of mud, a hut of straw easily set on fire. Our garrison was not made by human hands, but by God himself. Indeed, it is the Mother of God herself. She is the one who is proclaimed the Holy Mother of God. She of whom the Son of the Most High was born when He wanted to become flesh and come to dwell among us. Mary is the true Genetrix of God, not in the sense that divinity was born of Her. That would be absurd, as well as false. Divinity is eternal. The Virgin is in time. Divinity is from no-one and not even from itself, since it is eternal, namely, without beginning and without end. It never began to exist and will never end. She is from eternity and forever, and so are the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity. These subsist from eternity, for eternity in the one divine nature that is eternal, without beginning and without end. Non-existence from none is the proper of divinity.

The Only Begotten Son, the only Son whom the Father begot in eternity, who is from ever and ever, who subsists in the one divine nature, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, for our salvation descends from heaven. He is made flesh in the womb of the Virgin Mary. Mary is true Genetrix of God, because the Son who is born of Her is true God. It is not a body, flesh that is born of Mary. The Son of the Most High is born with perfect humanity. The only true, consubstantial, Son of the Father is true, consubstantial, Son of Mary. Jesus is true God and true man, perfect God and perfect man. Not two persons, though: the human person and the divine person. But two perfect natures: the divine and the human, in the One Person of the Only Begotten Son of the Father. In Christ Jesus we must separate what belongs to eternity and what belongs to time. The entire mystery of His humanity belongs to time. The conception by the Holy Spirit, His birth, growth, mission, death, resurrection, and glorious ascension into Heaven, all belong to time, and from time they enter into eternity, in the same way that the eternal generation, His being the Son of the Father, consubstantial with Him, belongs to eternity and enters into time at a particular moment in our history. Only 2024 years ago, He became flesh, becoming the history of our history and the life of our life. It is foolishness, supreme ignorance, to confuse in Christ divinity and humanity, eternity and time, the eternal before, the human after, and the after again in eternity, but not as the first eternity. Before, He was without true humanity; now, He is fully human. Before, He was without the crucified and resurrected body; now, He is with the crucified and risen body. Before, He was not the Redeemer of man; now, He is our Redeemer and Saviour. Before, Mary did not exist. Now, she is the true Genetrix of the Son of the Most High. Because Mary is the true Genetrix of the Son of the Most High, to Mary belongs time, because the Incarnation is a mystery that occurred in time. The humanity of Christ can never be said to belong to the eternity of before. It is rather a mystery that belongs to the eternity of after.

The Holy Mother of God is our garrison. It is unconquerable. Mary belongs to that blessed offspring whose mission is to crush the head of the ancient serpent, the deceiver of man, the one who betrayed Eve with his falsehood and lies. There is no serpent whose head She should not crush. Before the Virgin Mary, all the serpents of this world run away, for they know that if they were to approach Her, their heads would be crushed. Whoever takes refuge in Mary, in this garrison that is clothed with the same divine omnipotence to combat Satan, is certain to always obtain victory. In it, under it, one must take refuge and remain forever. Outside this garrison one dies. In it one lives, not by our own merit, but by virtue of the Holy Mother of God.

Today let us add: Jesus gave his Apostles authority to cast out unclean spirits. Driven out of one body, they immediately go to occupy others. Impure spirits are like flies. We drive them away and immediately they return. On the other hand, Mary has the authority to crush the head of every unclean spirit. If we want certain impure spirits that torment our lives, impure spirits of sin and vice, we must ask Her to crush their heads, This prayer must be raised without interruption, with living faith, with a pure heart, with a visible evangelical life, with the will that is ever more converted to the Word, with works of mercy in our right and left hands, with a strong desire to serve the Lord in simplicity, in humility, in meekness. From this faith of ours, which increasingly wants to be fully evangelical, we ask our Mother to come into our midst. There are poisonous snakes all around us, cunning snakes, devious snakes, snakes that dress themselves in light to hide their darkness, snakes whose hypocrisy is as high as the sky, snakes that want to devour Christ Jesus, devouring your children, who want to darken the sun of truth by obscuring your children, who want to extirpate the Gospel from every heart with infernal fury, serpents that have formed themselves into a great structure of sin, serpents that have become counsellors to those who have the authority to defend the truth and fight against lies. These serpents, with moving forces, always attack your children Holy Mother. They, according to the word of Job, attack with ever fresh troops. According instead to the word of the Psalm, they are in everything like a herd of bulls:

*Io sono stanco della mia vita! Darò libero sfogo al mio lamento, parlerò nell’amarezza del mio cuore. Dirò a Dio: “Non condannarmi! Fammi sapere di che cosa mi accusi. È forse bene per te opprimermi, disprezzare l’opera delle tue mani e favorire i progetti dei malvagi? Hai tu forse occhi di carne o anche tu vedi come vede l’uomo? Sono forse i tuoi giorni come quelli di un uomo, i tuoi anni come quelli di un mortale, perché tu debba scrutare la mia colpa ed esaminare il mio peccato, pur sapendo che io non sono colpevole e che nessuno mi può liberare dalla tua mano? Le tue mani mi hanno plasmato e mi hanno fatto integro in ogni parte: e ora vorresti distruggermi? Ricòrdati che come argilla mi hai plasmato; alla polvere vorresti farmi tornare? Non mi hai colato come latte e fatto cagliare come formaggio? Di pelle e di carne mi hai rivestito, di ossa e di nervi mi hai intessuto. Vita e benevolenza tu mi hai concesso e la tua premura ha custodito il mio spirito. Eppure, questo nascondevi nel cuore, so che questo era nei tuoi disegni! Se pecco, tu mi sorvegli e non mi lasci impunito per la mia colpa. Se sono colpevole, guai a me! Ma anche se sono giusto, non oso sollevare il capo, sazio d’ignominia, come sono, ed ebbro di miseria. Se lo sollevo, tu come un leone mi dai la caccia e torni a compiere le tue prodezze contro di me, rinnovi contro di me i tuoi testimoni, contro di me aumenti la tua ira e truppe sempre nuove mi stanno addosso. Perché tu mi hai tratto dal seno materno? Sarei morto e nessun occhio mi avrebbe mai visto! Sarei come uno che non è mai esistito; dal ventre sarei stato portato alla tomba! Non sono poca cosa i miei giorni? Lasciami, che io possa respirare un poco prima che me ne vada, senza ritorno, verso la terra delle tenebre e dell’ombra di morte, terra di oscurità e di disordine, dove la luce è come le tenebre”» (Gb 10,1-22).*

*To the choirmaster. According to "The Doe of the Dawn." A Psalm of David. My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? Far from my deliverance are the words of my groaning! My God, I cry by day, but you do not answer; and by night, but I find no rest. Yet you are holy, enthroned on the praises of Israel. In you our fathers trusted; they trusted, and you delivered them. To you they cried and were rescued; in you they trusted and were not put to shame. But I am a worm and not a man, scorned by mankind and despised by the people. All who see me mock me; they make mouths at me; they wag their heads: "He trusts in the Lord; let him deliver him; let him rescue him, for he delights in him!" Yet you are he who took me from the womb; you made me trust you at my mother's breasts. On you was I cast from my birth, and from my mother's womb you have been my God. Be not far from me, for trouble is near, and there is none to help. Many bulls encompass me; strong bulls of Bashan surround me; they open wide their mouths at me, like a ravening and roaring lion. I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax; it is melted within my breast; my strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue sticks to my jaws; you lay me in the dust of death. A company of evildoers encircles me; they have pierced my hands and feet— I can count all my bones— they stare and gloat over me; they divide my garments among them, and for my clothing they cast lots. But you, O Lord, do not be far off! O you my help, come quickly to my aid! Deliver my soul from the sword, my life from the power of the dog! Save me from the mouth of the lion! You have rescued me from the horns of the wild oxen! I will tell of your name to my brothers; in the midst of the congregation I will praise you. You who fear the Lord, praise him! All you offspring of Jacob, glorify him, and stand in awe of him, all you offspring of Israel! For he has not despised or abhorred the affliction of the afflicted, and he has not hidden his face from him, but has heard, when he cried to him. From you comes my praise in the great congregation; my vows I will perform before those who fear him. The afflicted shall eat and be satisfied; those who seek him shall praise the Lord! May your hearts live forever! All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn to the Lord, and all the families of the nations shall worship before you. For kingship belongs to the Lord, and he rules over the nations. All the prosperous of the earth eat and worship; before him shall bow all who go down to the dust, even the one who could not keep himself alive. Posterity shall serve him; it shall be told of the Lord to the coming generation; they shall come and proclaim his righteousness to a people yet unborn, that he has done it. (Sal 22,1-32).*

Holy Mother, our true refuge of salvation, come to our aid today and crush the heads of these infernal serpents who seek to take away your glory as the Queen of heaven and earth, the Queen who is always concerned for our eternal salvation, and for this reason, she comes among us to show us the way of truth and light. If you do not come, these hellish serpents will weary us, assail us, tear our souls apart, and no one will give glory to Your Holy Name anymore. Hear, I pray you, our supplication. Come and crush their heads, not only for their eternal damnation, but also for their conversion and eternal salvation. You know what to do. Come quickly to our aid. Do not let them prevail over You.

**27 April 2025**