**SATURDAY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY**

# NE DESPICIAS IN NECESSITATIBUS

Once we wrote: Let us think for a moment about the trial that Christ Jesus had to endure: the death on the cross for our eternal salvation. Let us also think for a moment about the trial to which the Virgin Mary, Mother of Redemption, was subjected. She witnessed in the great silence of prayer her divine Son crucified for our sins. The trial is the crucible of our faith, hope, and charity. Here is what the Word of God teaches us: “*God, you have tested us; you have refined us as silver is refined* (Psal 65,10). *The crucible is for silver, and the furnace is for gold, but the Lord tests the hearts* (Prov 17, 3). *He tested them as gold is tested in the crucible, and he accepted them as a burnt offering* (Wis 3, 6). *The fire tests the gold, and acceptable men in the crucible of pain* (Sir 2, 5). *Behold, I have refined you for myself as silver, I have tested you in the crucible of affliction* (Is 48, 10).” “*Therefore you rejoice, even though now for a little while you may have to suffer various trials, so that the genuineness of your faith—much more precious than gold, which is perishable, though refined by fire—may result in praise, glory, and honour when Jesus Christ is revealed. Though you have not seen him, you love him; and even though you do not see him now, you believe in him and rejoice with an inexpressible and glorious joy, for you are receiving the outcome of your faith, the salvation of your souls*” (1 Pt 1, 6-9). To overcome the countless trials that pave our path to Paradise, the Lord has placed by our side a friendly person to support our steps, guide our gaze, elevate our hearts, strengthen our will, sanctify our souls, and purify our bodies, freeing them from every vice and imperfection. This person is for us more than a mother for her newborn, more than water for fish, more than air for birds, more than bread for our sustenance. She is more than our own life. This person loves us more than we love ourselves. Our love for ourselves is nothing compared to her immense love for us. This person has but one name: Mary.

This person is the Holy Virgin, Pure, Chaste, Mother of God and our Mother, our Help, our Comfort, our Protection, our Defence, the One to whom the Lord has entrusted the mission of helping us overcome every trial so that we can always walk steadily toward our eternal Homeland. The Virgin Mary always anticipates our needs, urgencies, and manifold trials. However, she wants us to trust in her, to place our confidence in her, to turn to her and express all the difficulties that come upon our path. It is as if we were walking in a dark forest, without any light, and from the sky hundreds and hundreds of lightning bolts were falling upon our field. The Virgin Mary sees the lightning and knows how to protect us from it. However, she wants us to express our fear to her, our anxieties, our terrors, that panic that overtakes us and seems to take our breath away. “Do not despise the supplications of those who are in need”: it must have only one meaning for us: You, Holy Virgin, Blessed Virgin, most Chaste, most Pure, most Holy Mother, if you wish to understand our cry, place yourself in our place for just a moment. Only then will you see the smallness of our hearts, and for this vision of our helplessness, you will be moved to compassion, to pity. Knowing our innermost being, you will also know how to move and what to do for our deliverance. Without empathy, our trials might be judged, assessed, and weighed as not true trials, while they are actually real trials for us. You will take our place, and then you will understand the weight of these trials and help us to overcome them. You will enter us, and then our salvation will be great, spectacular. The whole world will see it and confess that it was by your explicit and formal intervention that salvation entered our lives, and we were not crushed by the trials that inevitably strike our existence as believing people. This is our sin: we do not have the right evaluation of our brothers’ trials because we lack empathy. We live outside their reality. We are distant from their lives. We always see their trials starting from our own small, poor, and petty needs or urgencies. We judge them based on our non-existent trials, and for this reason, we do not give them the right solution, which is the purest salvation. To help and be helped in the necessities or trials of life, it is necessary that the Virgin Mary gives us her heart to love, her eyes to see, her hands to hold, her feet to walk, her mouth to breathe the Holy Spirit, her will to always be oriented toward the greatest good. Today, we add a solemn, great, infinite, eternal thanksgiving because you, our most Holy Mother, have heard our cry, and more than once with David, you have accomplished for us something impossible for every human and angelic creature. Only by the prayer you offered to your Son, the heavens and the earth have been shaken as never before in our history. What David’s Psalm says is but a small thing. Truly, your work has left the heavens astonished. For a moment, the entire world stood breathless. Even Satan was, for a while, stunned. In the heavens and on the earth, there is no creature that at any moment can reduce to nothing his power of death, his pride of hatred, his arrogance against all justice. *“I love You, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my rock, my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my rock, in whom I take refuge; my shield, the horn of my salvation, my stronghold. I call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised, and I am saved from my enemies. The cords of death encompassed me, and the torrents of ungodliness terrified me; the cords of Sheol surrounded me; the snares of death confronted me. In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried to my God for help; He heard my voice from His temple, and my cry for help before Him came into His ears. Then the earth shook and quaked; the foundations of the mountains were trembling and were shaken because He was angry. Smoke went up from His nostrils, and fire from His mouth devoured; coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also, and came down with thick darkness under His feet. He rode upon a cherub and flew; He sped upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness His hiding place, His canopy around Him, darkness of waters, thick clouds of the sky. From the brightness before Him passed His thick clouds, hailstones and coals of fire. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Most High uttered His voice, hailstones and coals of fire. He sent out His arrows, and scattered them, and lightning flashes in abundance, and routed them. Then the channels of water appeared, and the foundations of the world were laid bare at Your rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of Your nostrils. He sent from on high, He took me; He drew me out of many waters. He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from those who hated me, for they were too mighty for me. They confronted me in the day of my calamity, but the Lord was my support. He brought me forth also into a large place; He rescued me, because He delighted in me. The Lord has rewarded me according to my righteousness; according to the cleanness of my hands He has recompensed me. For I have kept the ways of the Lord, and have not wickedly departed from my God. For all His ordinances were before me, and I did not put away His statutes from me. I was also blameless with Him, and I kept myself from my iniquity. Therefore the Lord has recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands in His eyes.*

*With the kind You show Yourself kind, with the blameless You show Yourself blameless, with the pure You show Yourself pure, and with the crooked You show Yourself astute. For You save an afflicted people, but haughty eyes You abase. For You light my lamp; the Lord my God illumines my darkness. For by You I can run upon a troop; and by my God I can leap over a wall. As for God, His way is blameless; the word of the Lord is tried; He is a shield to all who take refuge in Him. For who is God, but the Lord? And who is a rock, except our God? The God who girded me with strength and made my way blameless; He made my feet like hinds’ feet, and set me upon my high places. He trains my hands for battle, so that my arms can bend a bow of bronze. You have also given me the shield of Your salvation, and Your right hand upholds me; and Your gentleness makes me great. You enlarge my steps under me, and my feet have not slipped. I pursued my enemies and overtook them, and I did not turn back until they were consumed. I struck them down so that they were not able to rise; they fell under my feet. For You have girded me with strength for battle; You have subdued under me those who rose up against me. You have also made my enemies turn their backs to me, and I destroyed those who hated me. They cried for help, but there was none to save, even to the Lord, but He did not answer them. Then I beat them fine as the dust before the wind; I emptied them out as the mire of the streets. You have delivered me from the contentions of the people; You have placed me as head of the nations; a people whom I have not known serve me. As soon as they hear, they obey me; foreigners submit to me. Foreigners fade away, and come trembling out of their fortresses. The Lord lives, and blessed be my rock; and exalted be the God of my salvation, the God who executes vengeance for me, and subdues peoples under me. He delivers me from my enemies; surely You lift me above those who rise up against me; You rescue me from the violent man. Therefore I will give thanks to You, O Lord, among the nations, and I will sing praises to Your name. He gives great deliverance to His king, and shows lovingkindness to His anointed, to David and his descendants forever. (Psal 18,1-51).*

Holy Mother, your work must be confessed as far superior even to the opening and closing of the Red Sea. Your staff is infinitely more powerful than Moses’ staff. For this reason, our song must be far superior to the song of Moses. You did not open and close the Red Sea; you opened and closed hell. You opened hell. Your faithful servant was drawn to safety. Immediately after, you closed hell so that the enemy could not reach him. No creature, Holy Mother, except You, can open and close hell. This is why our song must be higher and more solemn than the one sung by Moses.

*Then Moses and the Israelites sang this song to the LORD: I will sing to the LORD, for he is gloriously triumphant; horse and chariot he has cast into the sea. My strength and my courage is the LORD, and he has been my savior. He is my God, I praise him; the God of my father, I extol him. The LORD is a warrior, LORD is his name! Pharaoh's chariots and army he hurled into the sea; the elite of his officers were submerged in the Red Sea. The flood waters covered them, they sank into the depths like a stone. Your right hand, O LORD, magnificent in power, your right hand, O LORD, has shattered the enemy. In your great majesty you overthrew your adversaries; you loosed your wrath to consume them like stubble. At a breath of your anger the waters piled up, the flowing waters stood like a mound, the flood waters congealed in the midst of the sea. The enemy boasted, "I will pursue and overtake them; I will divide the spoils and have my fill of them; I will draw my sword; my hand shall despoil them!" When your wind blew, the sea covered them; like lead they sank in the mighty waters. Who is like to you among the gods, O LORD? Who is like to you, magnificent in holiness? O terrible in renown, worker of wonders, when you stretched out your right hand, the earth swallowed them! In your mercy you led the people you redeemed; in your strength you guided them to your holy dwelling.*

*The nations heard and quaked; anguish gripped the dwellers in Philistia. Then were the princes of Edom dismayed; trembling seized the chieftains of Moab; All the dwellers in Canaan melted away; terror and dread fell upon them. By the might of your arm they were frozen like stone, while your people, O LORD, passed over, while the people you had made your own passed over. And you brought them in and planted them on the mountain of your inheritance - the place where you made your seat, O LORD, the sanctuary, O LORD, which your hands established. The LORD shall reign forever and ever. They sang thus because Pharaoh's horses and chariots and charioteers had gone into the sea, and the LORD made the waters of the sea flow back upon them, though the Israelites had marched on dry land through the midst of the sea. The prophetess Miriam, Aaron's sister, took a tambourine in her hand, while all the women went out after her with tambourines, dancing; and she led them in the refrain: Sing to the LORD, for he is gloriously triumphant; horse and chariot he has cast into the sea. (Ex 15,1- 21).*

Our song must also be far higher and more solemn than that of Hannah. Truly, Holy Mother, the Lord has placed into your hands not only the hinges of the world, but also the hinges of heaven and earth, of time and eternity, the hinges of every man, of every angel, the hinges of Satan and of all his rebellious angels, enemies of mankind. You, Holy Mother, hold in your hands the power to shake heaven and earth. Here is the Canticle of Hannah and the Prophecy of Isaiah:

*And as she worshiped the LORD, she said: "My heart exults in the LORD, my horn is exalted in my God. have swallowed up my enemies; I rejoice in my victory. There is no Holy One like the LORD; there in no Rock like our God. "Speak boastfully no longer, nor let arrogance issue from your mouths. For an all-knowing God is the LORD, a God who judges deeds. The bows of the mighty are broken, while the tottering gird on strength. he well-fed hire themselves out for bread, while the hungry batten on spoil. The barren wife bears seven sons, while the mother of many languishes. "The LORD puts to death and gives life; he casts down to the nether world; he raises up again. The LORD makes poor and makes rich, he humbles, he also exalts. He raises the needy from the dust; from the ash heap he lifts up the poor, To seat them with nobles and make a glorious throne their heritage. He gives to the vower his vow, and blesses the sleep of the just. "For the pillars of the earth are the LORD'S, and he has set the world upon them. He will guard the footsteps of his faithful ones, but the wicked shall perish in the darkness. For not by strength does man prevail; the LORD'S foes shall be shattered. The Most High in heaven thunders; The LORD judges the ends of the earth, Now may he give strength to his king, and exalt the horn of his anointed!" (1Sam 2,1-10).*

*The LORD of hosts is mustering an army for battle. They come from a far-off country, and from the end of the heavens, The LORD and the instruments of his wrath, to destroy all the land. Howl, for the day of the LORD is near; as destruction from the Almighty it comes. Therefore all hands fall helpless, the bows of the young men fall from their hands. Every man's heart melts in terror. Pangs and sorrows take hold of them, like a woman in labor they writhe; They look aghast at each other, their faces aflame. Lo, the day of the LORD comes, cruel, with wrath and burning anger; To lay waste the land and destroy the sinners within it! The stars and constellations of the heavens send forth no light; The sun is dark when it rises, and the light of the moon does not shine. Thus I will punish the world for its evil and the wicked for their guilt. I will put an end to the pride of the arrogant, the insolence of tyrants I will humble. I will make mortals more rare than pure gold, men, than gold of Ophir. For this I will make the heavens tremble and the earth shall be shaken from its place, At the wrath of the LORD of hosts on the day of his burning anger. Like a hunted gazelle, or a flock that no one gathers, Every man shall turn to his kindred and flee to his own land. (Is 13,4-14).*

Now, Holy Mother, I ask you for a grace that only you can obtain for me from your Son: give me your faith so that I may believe that you are truly omnipotent, by the grace given to you by our Lord God, and give me your wisdom so that I may carry out the ministry entrusted to me always according to pure truth, charity, hope, justice, courage, temperance, and prudence. To you, Holy Mother, I ask that today you shake heaven and earth, so that your glory may be visibly manifested. The children of Satan have denied it, defiled it, distorted it, despised it, and outraged it. You come visibly and bear witness to the whole world that all has been done according to your will. Hear my prayer, Mother of God, and from your throne as Queen of heaven and earth, grant it.

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