**SATURDAY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY**

# Salve, radix, salve, porta ex qua mundo lux est orta

The Virgin Mary is *radix* because the Eternal Word of God has drawn his true humanity from Her. The old prophecies proclaimed that: *“But a shoot shall sprout from the stump of Jesse, and from his roots a bud shall blossom. The spirit of the LORD shall rest upon him: a spirit of wisdom and of understanding, A spirit of counsel and of strength, a spirit of knowledge and of fear of the LORD, and his delight shall be the fear of the LORD”* (Cf. Is 11,1-10). The Revelation precisely ends with this vision of Jesus, proclaimed as true root of David: *“I am the root and offspring of David, the bright morning star."* (Rev 22,16-17). However, not just flesh was born of the Virgin Mary. The eternal Person of the Son of the Most High was born. Mary is the true Mother of God. Truly the sun of life was born of Her to enlighten those who are in darkness and in the shadow of death. Jesus is born of Her as true God and true man, since the Person who is born is true God and true man, perfect God and perfect man. Mary does not, however, generate the divine nature. This is eternal and She, Mary, exists in time and is by God's creation. She is the gate because through Her the Son of the Most High entered our humanity. Truly Mary is the gate of hope of which the prophet Hosea speaks: *“So I will allure her; I will lead her into the desert and speak to her heart. From there I will give her the vineyards she had, and the valley of Achor as a door of hope. She shall respond there as in the days of her youth, when she came up from the land of Egypt. On that day, says the LORD, She shall call me "My husband," and never again "My baal." I will espouse you to me forever: I will espouse you in right and in justice, in love and in mercy; I will espouse you in fidelity, and you shall know the LORD.”* (Hos 2,16-25).

By becoming true man, the Son of the Most High weds human nature in the unity of His divine Person. In Christ, God and man are truly one, according to the law of the dogma of the hypostatic union. The properties of both natures are communicated to the Person who lives as true God and true man. The Council of Chalcedon expresses this truth as follows: "Following, therefore, the holy Fathers, we all with one voice teach the confession of one and the same Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, perfect in divinity and perfect in humanity, truly God and truly man, of a rational soul and body; consubstantial with the Father according to the divinity, and consubstantial with us according to the humanity; like us in all things, except for sin; begotten of the Father before all ages according to the divinity, and in these last days, for us and for our salvation, born of the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, according to the humanity; one and the same Christ, Son, Lord, Only-begotten, to be acknowledged in two natures, without confusion, without change, without division, without separation – *in duabus naturis inconfuse, immutabiliter, indivise, inseparabiliter agnoscendum* – the distinction of natures being in no way abolished by the union, but rather the properties of each nature being preserved and concurring in one Person and one hypostasis; not parted or divided into two persons, but one and the same Son, Only-begotten, God the Word, the Lord Jesus Christ, even as the prophets from the beginning have declared concerning Him, and as the Lord Jesus Christ Himself has taught us, and the Creed of the Fathers has handed down to us."

This is why the Virgin Mary is true gate of hope. The new life on our earth is born of Her. Life and grace come to dwell among us of Her. The Son of God is true sun of justice, according to the prophecy of Malachi: *“But for you who fear my name, there will arise the sun of justice with its healing rays; And you will gambol like calves out of the stall”* (Mal 3,19-21). She is the light enlightening every man, according to the Prologue of the fourth Gospel: *“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things came to be through him, and without him nothing came to be. What came to be through him was life, and this life was the light of the human race; the light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.* *And the Word became flesh and made his dwelling among us, and we saw his glory, the glory as of the Father's only Son, full of grace and truth.”* (Jn 1,1-18). Here is how Zechariah proclaims the coming of Jesus to our earth as true sun of justice: *“Because of the tender mercy of our God by which the daybreak from on high will visit us to shine on those who sit in darkness and death's shadow, to guide our feet into the path of peace.”* (Lk 1,76-79). Jesus is the purest light of truth, righteousness, holiness, wisdom, mercy, compassion, true salvation, true redemption, true justification. The true sun of the earth is born of Mary. The true light is born, the light that enlightens every man. The mighty Saviour, the Prince of Peace, the Holy One of God, the Strong One of Israel who delivers man from sin and death comes from Her into the world.

Lately, in our days, the Virgin Mary has been the true gate through which the purest Light of Christ and his Gospel has enlightened our earth. But just as yesterday, so also today what the Holy Spirit reveals in the prologue of the Gospel according to John has been fulfilled: *“What came to be through him was life, and this life was the light of the human race; the light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it. The true light, which enlightens everyone, was coming into the world. He was in the world, and the world came to be through him, but the world did not know him. He came to what was his own, but his own people did not accept him. But to those who did accept him he gave power to become children of God, to those who believe in his name, who were born not by natural generation nor by human choice nor by a man's decision but of God. (Jn 1,4-6.9-13).* Those who have let themselves be enlightened by that light, those who have let themselves be transformed and have become light in the light, light from the light, light through the light, have overcome every temptation, have weathered mighty storms, have even overcome mighty hurricanes, and persevere in being light from the light and bringing light into this world. On the other hand, those who have not let themselves be enlightened by the light and have not become light in the light, have either always remained in darkness or have returned to being darkness in darkness, living as darkness and working as darkness. We bless, we praise, we thank, we celebrate, we exalt the Virgin Mary. She took us out of darkness and brought us into the light of her Son. She always watched over us, preventing us from returning to darkness. Today She always helps us live in the light of her Son, who has enlightened our lives through Her. And we have always been attracted by her beauty and will never cease to exalt, bless, sing and celebrate Her. Her spiritual beauty enchants, attracts, conquers, seduces heart, spirit, mind, desires, will. Before Her splendour every other thought of beauty is lost, annihilated, evaporated. All the wonders of creation in its comparison vanish, dwindle in light, become nothingness, paucity. Oh if the whole world would fall in love with its beauty! The Song of Songs tries to describe such beauty. But it is very little. Her astonishment at material, physical, bodily beauty, even if it is to be carried over into the spiritual realm, is very little. The splendour of the Virgin Mary always remains indescribable. Every human mind must surrender. Yet those images say something. They create a new yearning in the heart, they lift the mind, they give breath to the heart, they make the eyes look upwards. *Ah, you are beautiful, my beloved, ah, you are beautiful! Your eyes are doves behind your veil. Your hair is like a flock of goats streaming down the mountains of Gilead. Your teeth are like a flock of ewes to be shorn, which come up from the washing, All of them big with twins, none of them thin and barren. Your lips are like a scarlet strand; your mouth is lovely. Your cheek is like a half-pomegranate behind your veil. Your neck is like David's tower girt with battlements; A thousand bucklers hang upon it, all the shields of valiant men. Your breasts are like twin fawns, the young of a gazelle that browse among the lilies. You are all-beautiful, my beloved, and there is no blemish in you. You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride; you have ravished my heart with one glance of your eyes, with one bead of your necklace. How beautiful is your love, my sister, my bride, how much more delightful is your love than wine, and the fragrance of your ointments than all spices! Your lips drip honey, my bride, sweetmeats and milk are under your tongue; And the fragrance of your garments is the fragrance of Lebanon. You are an enclosed garden, my sister, my bride, an enclosed garden, a fountain sealed. You are a park that puts forth pomegranates, with all choice fruits; Nard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all kinds of incense; Myrrh and aloes, with all the finest spices. You are a garden fountain, a well of water flowing fresh from Lebanon. (Cfr. Sg 4,1-16).*

Nor is the other beauty, the one described in the Book of Sirach, sufficient to sing the glory of the Mother of God. So much has the Lord exalted Her. She occupies the highest place in heaven. She sits next to her Son, on the same level as the Blessed Trinity. She lacks only divinity, eternity, deity. Every other gift has been bestowed upon Her. *Like a cedar on Lebanon I am raised aloft, like a cypress on Mount Hermon, Like a palm tree in En-gedi, like a rosebush in Jericho, Like a fair olive tree in the field, like a plane tree growing beside the water. Like cinnamon, or fragrant balm, or precious myrrh, I give forth perfume; Like galbanum and onycha and sweet spices, like the odor of incense in the holy place. I spread out my branches like a terebinth, my branches so bright and so graceful. I bud forth delights like the vine, my blossoms become fruit fair and rich. Come to me, all you that yearn for me, and be filled with my fruits. (Cf. Sir 24, 1-18).* Before the beauty of the Mother of God, the heart stops, the mind stops thinking, the spirit pauses all reflection—even the imagination comes to a halt. The eyes close, so as not to be overwhelmed by such brilliance. One must simply allow oneself to be filled with this splendour, to dive into it, to be gently carried away until reaching divine ecstasy. There is no sculptor on earth who can carve her, nor any painter who can depict her. All our images and representations are made of earthly matter. The image and sculpture created by God are infinitely different. He used “almost divine” materials. We use thoughts of earth, earthly matter, colours of earth, hands of earth, earthly imagination.

Virgin Mary, You are beautiful, You are great, You are exalted, You are “almost divine.” When the Lord conceived of You, He held nothing back. Humanly speaking, You are unimaginable, inconceivable, unthinkable. Only God could have thought of You. Only He could have made You. Only He could have made You so beautiful and magnificent. You are the true image, the true likeness created by Him, outside of Himself. When God looks at You, He sees Himself outside of Himself—so beautiful, wise, intelligent, and splendid was His idea of You. Virgin Mary, Mother of God, You who, by the will of the Son on the cross, are also my true Mother, see my smallness, my misery, my nothingness. See this broken, battered image I carry of my Lord and come to my aid. Hide me within Your almost divine beauty, so that the Father may not see me, but You in all Your splendour. Grant me a little of Your love and grace, and I will be able to begin the journey that will raise me up to reach You in Heaven. Mother, all beautiful, who enchants and suspends the beatings of the heart with Your splendour, lift me up to You. By Your mercy and compassion, help me, so that I may help You to give this world, which is increasingly wrapped in idolatry and immorality, a ray of Your marvellous beauty to make it fall in love with You. Mother, all beautiful, make us fall in love with You, so we can fall in love with our God. Thank You, Mother, all holy and all beautiful, all radiant with divine light! Angels, Saints, grant us true faith in Mary, Mother of Redemption, and in Her Divine Son, the Sun of grace and truth, peace and hope, charity and holiness, justice and mercy**.**  **08 June 2025**