**SATURDAY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY**

# VALE, O VALDE DECORA

Mary is hailed as: ‘Valde decora’. The official translation says: ‘Entirely holy’. In truth, ‘valde decora’ says something more. The Virgin Mary has been adorned, embellished, magnified, and greatly exalted by God. Not only is Mary entirely holy. She is more than all holy. Every saint can be entirely holy. Mary is much holier than all the saints who are in Heaven. In created holiness, Mary surpasses the entire universe. Not even the song of the husband, which so magnifies his wife, can be sung to the Virgin Mary: *“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. Until the day breathes cool and the shadows lengthen, I will go to the mountain of myrrh, to the hill of incense. You are all-beautiful, my beloved, and there is no blemish in you. Come from Lebanon, my bride, come from Lebanon, come! Descend from the top of Amana, from the top of Senir and Hermon, From the haunts of lions, from the leopards' mountains. 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. Arise, north wind! Come, south wind! blow upon my garden that its perfumes may spread abroad. Let my lover come to his garden and eat its choice fruits.”* (Sg 4,1-16). The Virgin Mary is much more than that. She is almost divinely more. There is a huge difference between human beauty and almost divine beauty. Mary verges on divine beauty. God wanted Her to be the Mother of his Only Begotten Son. All creation must kneel before Her, speechless, breathless, astonished, amazed. Creation must remain enchanted before the Virgin Mary for all eternity. Indeed, this amazement must grow ever greater. This is the “valde” that must always be attributed to the Mother of God. It is a “valde” that is almost divine, even if by participation.

One asks the One who is almost divinely beautiful to pray to Christ for us. Again, the translation says little. There is a difference between *oro* and *exoro*. The Virgin Mary is called to pray to Christ Jesus from the depths of her most pure heart, from the height of her spotless soul, from the sublime nobility of her feelings, from the firmness and strength of her will, from the depths of her mercy, from the breadth of her compassion towards us, poor exiles in this valley of tears and affliction. She is called to do this without ever tiring, never giving up, never failing, never being distracted even for a moment. She is called to watch over us, keeping vigil without ever closing her eyes, otherwise we are all lost because of our fragility and natural weakness. The Virgin Mary is to become our heart, our soul, our desire, our will, our spirit, and our deepest feeling. From the depths of our spiritual and physical misery, She raises her cry to God—not for a day or even a year, but until we reach Paradise. She never abandons us. That is why we must remind Her of this every day. Each day, we must seek her intercession, her help, her love, and her voice lifted in prayer. If She does not forget us—and indeed, She never does—then we, too, must not forget her. She never abandons us. We often abandon Her. We turn to Her in times of material need, but rarely in our spiritual distress. This is a true betrayal of our heavenly Mother. We deny Her true identity as Mother when we reduce Her to a means for worldly favours, neglecting Her in matters of the soul. We live as if She and Heaven did not exist—because for many of us, the things of the spirit no longer exist. This is our ingratitude: failing to understand how much She can do for us. She can do everything. She can lead our souls to Paradise.

O Mother *valde decora*, today we await from You a special, particular grace:
ask the Holy Spirit to allow, even for a moment, those who have offended You, fought against You, and declared You absent from our history, to see the failure of all their efforts, the vanity of their pastoral work, the emptiness of their decisions, the futility of their plans. Whoever opposes you, O Holy Mother, loses the light of their intellect, the grace of their soul, the strength of their spirit. Their heart becomes like iron, their mind like bronze, their soul like a statue of salt. Yet You, through the Holy Spirit, will obtain this grace: they shall see the nothingness of their being and of their actions—and if they are of good will, they may even convert. O Mother *valde decora*, we ask yet another grace: implore the Holy Spirit that the glory which has been denied You may be restored to You promptly—not tomorrow, but today. The whole world must confess that You have come among us and have worked wonders. Come and restore life to that missionary people who were destroyed because they did not believe in You, O Holy Mother. Come quickly—do not delay. Show Yourself powerful in your help. **22 June 2025**