

# Immaculate Conception

December 8

Even though our Blessed Lady be most imitable in the exercise of virtue, it must never be allowed to enter into our hearts to cheapen her dignity by accepting readily that she is “one of us”, and that anything she does can be reduced to something commonplace. Neither must it enter our minds that her powerful and unquestionable appearances can be anything but clear demonstrations — to all people — of the awesome beauty, dignity and majesty which have been bestowed on her by God, Himself. It is true that there entered a very singular and marvelous act of God, a unique and unshared predestination, because of which He raised her high above all men and all Angels. Mary stands loftily above us both in the resplendent beauty of her soul — in virtue of her Immaculate Conception, and in the order of her earthly being — in virtue of her Divine Maternity. She is of our race — undoubtedly. She had to be of our race. But she is not “one of us” in the bandied sense of the colloquial. She is not quite — readily accessible. She is so far above us that none stands above her but God. Consequently, our love of her and our devotion to her must ever be of a quality that inevitably builds credibility in her majestic power, and chastened with a truly tender filial reverence, for her loving motherhood.

This attitude of reverence, which pervades all true and really Catholic veneration of her, does not take away from any nearness of approach in our relations to her. She is in all the most cherished meaning of the word, a MOTHER to every one of us. She has borne and nurtured the Baby Jesus. She loves Him as her Child Who is, nevertheless, her God. She grasps the meaning and purpose of His life amongst us. She beholds us, the other children of her sorrow on Calvary: “poor banished children of Eve, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears.” She knows what we are, heirs of original sin and victims of our own countless sins. Yet she loves us with a mother’s compassionate love for an erring child. She appreciates what we can be, through the grace of her Son, and she loves us with every mother’s ambitious love for her children. She yearns for our divine well-being, and longs to see us true images of her precious Son, in Divine life and love and virtue. Would that every one of us — her children — would strive to still the yearning of that Mother’s heart.

Indeed, she is “Our tainted nature’s solitary boast.” For that reason the reverence we must have in our soul for her should necessarily emanate from our being in the presence of her who is so admirable, and our reverence for her must never permit the entrance of the slightest thing, idea or notion that might possibly taint the loving devotion of her children.

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*We need to stop talking  
and find out what we  
really believe*

