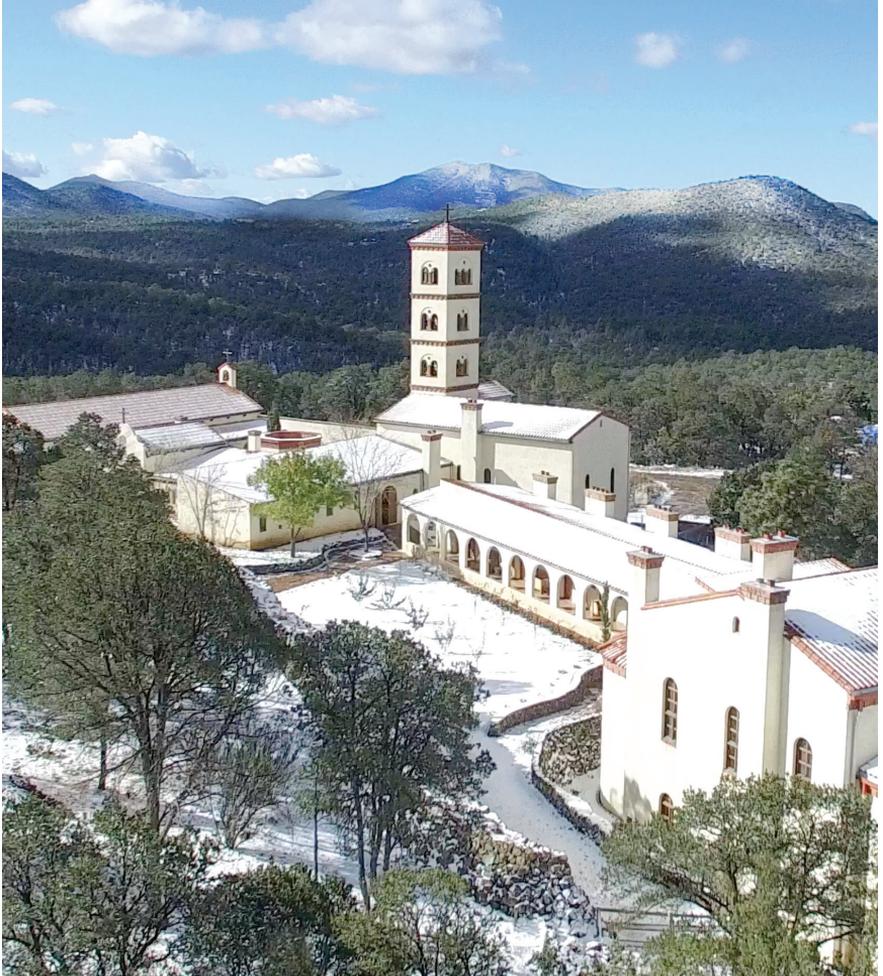


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PAX

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE MONASTERY



CHRISTMAS

WINTER 2016



Sermon for the Pilgrimage in Honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe

“I am the all and ever young Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of the True God.”

“...I am your compassionate Mother, yours especially and of all those who love me, who cry out to me, who seek me and who confide in me.”

LET US rejoice ! As the sacred liturgy tells us today, let us rejoice at this pilgrimage in which we climb the mountain, not only the rugged road we have just walked as pilgrims, but the mountain of life and of our true vocation, wherein we follow in the footsteps of Our Lady, following her with all our strength in the spirit of faith, hope and charity, following her wherever she shall lead us.



Let us now see and understand how Our Lady comes to our world, in what greatness and wonder, with what maternal charity and compassion she reveals her true identity, for as the scripture reminds us, “*She has not done this for all nations.*”

At first she sends the wonder of Spanish roses blossoming in the midst of winter, but with these extraordinary roses, the great surprise, the great wonder, the great miracle, the revelation of her true image, indelibly imprinted onto the coarse garment of her humble and faithful servant named Juan Diego.

ALREADY more than five centuries have passed, and this image still remains incorrupt and miraculously preserved, as permanent as Our Lady's enduring love, resisting, as we read in the accounts of history, the acid of malefactors, resisting the explosion of masonic government, resisting, yet even more, the plotting of the infernal enemy who does not want the world to see and to convert before the spectacle of this image. Stronger than the errors and heresies which she crushes beneath her feet, this sacred image is now presented to our own generation.



This present generation for which we have been born, this present generation of darkness and confusion, is now blessed and honored as the heir of this great treasure. This image has been wondrously preserved in time, traversing the vicissitudes of five centuries of history, in order to conquer and to overcome this age of disbelief, this age of infidelity, *this age drowning in disorientation, this age blinded by false lights and disillusioned by empty wisdom*, this image is today entrusted to us, unto the contemplation of truth, the truth according to the order of heaven, detailed with greatest and most impressive precision, this undeniable image not made by human hands, not contrived by the deceits of the iniquitous enemy, beyond argumentation, beyond speculation, withstanding, eluding the most virulent critical doubts.

Let us contemplate our Heavenly Mother, and let us love her name,



that most beautiful, complete name, the most Blessed Virgin Mary, the Sovereign Queen of heaven and earth, Queen of the angels and saints, the august Mother of God. Yet there is still more, for her image is the Woman of the Apocalypse.



“A Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon at her feet, with a crown of twelve stars about her head..”

The Apocalypse, the conclusion of the teaching and the meaning of the Sacred Scriptures, the final book of prophecies and mysteries whose seven seals are yet to be opened and revealed.

Our Lady is the culmination and the perfection of all scripture and prophecy. She will be the key to perseverance in those times of

tribulation yet to come, because she is always the key, she is always the secret to perseverance in any difficulty. She is the Immaculate Conception. Even centuries before the dogma would be permanently defined and proclaimed to the entire world, she is now, in the year 1531, the living dogma, both the object and the subject of this great doctrine required for salvation, being the Mother of the one, true God and therefore the Mother of Truth itself.

AS WITH THE TRAINED EYE OF THE EXPERT, let us look closely and carefully at this wondrous image. We see 15 constellations of stars that adorn her mantle. 15 constellations of eight-pointed stars.

The 15 mysteries of the Holy Rosary, the 15 principal mysteries of the one true holy Catholic faith.

Far above and beyond the meaning of each constellation, named from mythical and pagan origins, we see the stars themselves, in their emplacement in the heavens. The stars of the night sky are what we observe for the navigation, not just of ships to find their way through the pathless seas, but for the higher navigation of our souls, in order to find our way through the storms and swelling waters of confusion which surround us today.



Our Lady herself, already present in the mind of God during the very creation of the stars, is the new reference for navigation by which the greatest ship of all, the Bark of Peter, the true Church, in the midst of every night of danger and disorientation, infallibly finds its way by the contemplation of her image.

“HERE, I GREATLY DESIRE THAT YOU WOULD BUILD A CHURCH IN HONOR OF MY GOD, WHEREIN I WILL HEAR YOUR CRIES AND WHERE I WILL HEAL YOUR WOUNDS OF SORROW.”



WHAT CHURCH IS THIS ? What kind of church is being requested by the Queen of Heaven ? This church must imperatively be the model of all churches in the new world, the model of what makes a true and holy church, and its effects on the surrounding society. We can now understand that this church, solemnly requested by Our Lady, is much more than a material church. It is both the moral and spiritual dwelling place of the God of truth and charity, the supernatural throne of divine authority, whereupon the nations of the new world are to be ruled beneath its scepter.



THIS EXCEPTIONAL CHURCH requested by Our Lady is also an interior one, for the human ear has been designed and engineered, the human ear has been created to hear and to assimilate the doctrines of this church to the very depths of our souls.

We must therefore build this church especially within us, within each of our hearts, within the interior life of our souls, the intimate place where we pray, where our prayers are answered, "*where our wounds are healed and where our sorrows are taken away.*"

We must be little images of this great image, that the miracles might continue to be multiplied, firstly in our souls. For we must be faithful reflections of Our Lady, we must be the clear images of Her Image, so as to attract, so as to victoriously pass on this urgent message of conversion and salvation.



AND LASTLY, DEAR FRIENDS, let us contemplate and admire this final detail, as her faithful and beloved children. At the conclusion of the series of apparitions on December 12th, Our Lady would send Juan Diego to the authorities of the Church, to the bishop, His Excellency



Juan de Zumarraga. This devout religious, priest and first bishop of the New World, would be the first to contemplate her miraculous image, since Juan Diego was completely ignorant of the great miracle he carried, enfolded in his *tilma*.

By this final act, Our Lady continues to teach her children, to instruct them in the understanding of obedience to the divinely established order of authority, to involve and to include this holy bishop and all the clergy, firstly and directly, in the great work of God, the work entrusted to the approval and blessing of authority, the divine work,

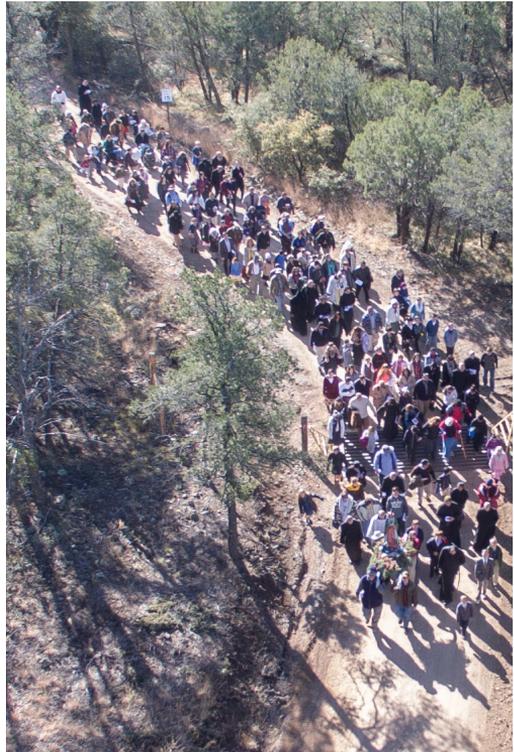


which is now his most grave responsibility. Such is the nature of the crucial role of Our Lady, the most important sign of her work and her mission for which God sent her : the conversion of all nations and the universal practice of true religion.

Dear friends, may we be found faithful, the beloved children and loyal servants of Our Lady. May we be the next generation of converts, transformed in truth and in love. May we be found bearing her holy image imprinted not upon the fragile and corruptible fibers of cactus, *but indelibly imprinted upon our souls.*

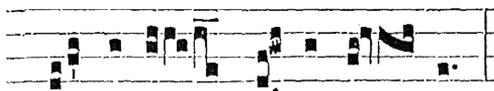


AND MAY OUR pilgrimage continue beyond this mountain top, as we embrace and fulfill this great message of hope, in our homes and in our families, in all of you who are the members of our extended Benedictine family. May Our Lady reign sovereign in your souls, now and forever. Amen.





Hri- stus na- tus est no- bis :



Ve- ní-te, ad-o-ré- mus.

Our Lady of Guadalupe Monastery
142 Joseph Blane Road
Silver City, New Mexico 88061

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