

Her Heart

"But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart."

(Luke II, 19)

How long the road that leads to David's Town.
It runs, and running makes so slow of pace
The two who shall receive but frigid frown,
Whene'er they shall request some resting place.

Alas, they found some shelter there. Oh where
Were laid His head, His tiny hands and feet?
'Twas not in castle strong, or palace fair.
In stable cave His heart intoned its beat.

With baby arms outstretched He welcomed those
Who heeded heaven's message, "Go and see
One born for you." Behold reversed the pose;
Before the Lamb each shepherd bent his knee.

How long the road that now does make its start.
For all these things are kept in Mary's heart.

What happy moments were those forty days.
And still, some shadow hovered over one,
Whose heart did ponder that mysterious haze
Surrounding endless Light, her God and Son.

Then came the time, and temple-bound were they
To cleanse the chaste and offer perfect Love.
The poor man's offering was rich that day;
Directly Godward flew each turtledove.

No sooner their oblation passed the sun
Than Mary's heart with flaming wing took flight.
Celestial court reechoed, "Be it done,
Since Simeon has opened up my sight."

The road is brighter now than 'twas before,
Illuminated by the heart she bore.

O bright the night because of shining star,
That made the sky to look like burning sea.
Across ravines and over streams afar,
To worship One it led the royal three.

Along another way the kings returned,
While sleeping spouse was warned they must depart
Because the Savior even then was spurned.
To what shall I compare her wounded heart?

Beloved return that gave consoling peace
Was quick to try Our Lady's loving soul.
Her Firstborn's childhood then began to cease.
Again in temple was revealed His goal.

Along the road that leads to Calvary's hill,
A mother's heartbeats echo Father's Will.

—MICHAEL JELLY, O.P.