

ODE TO THE IMMACULATA

By an anonymous Courage member



Behold our Mother, Virgin most powerful, Queen of heaven and earth, She who shows the Way; Kindness itself.

Beautiful as the rose, terrible as the dawn, Mother of eternal glory, a Temple for divinity.

My soul fears nought as She draws near, my arms outstretched, for the tenderest of mothers is here.

Behold our Mother, alike none other, cause of our joy; seat of wisdom; strength of the weak; wellspring of immense pity.

Gentle as the dove, ferocious as the tempest, luminous as the sun that doth clothe her.

She I implore, to her I go, in misery and woe. Twas she, Mother of Fair love, who pursued me to my worldly realm of gloom; Twas She who snatched my soul from certain and total doom.

Tis she, the Morning Star who turneth all darkness aglow. One glance from her, serene as the moon, enough to rid me of encircling foe. A word from Mary, full of grace, enough to spare the groom at Cana disgrace.

Behold our Mother, wretched man's triumph, for being Mother to the Inexhaustible Love that rules all things. Daughter of Mercy that endures forever. Chosen before the ages to be Queen for all, when the fury of lightning bespoke, as Cherubim did proclaim, the august majesty to come, of this, her glorious reign.

To thee, Spouse of Creation, to thee I cry, Beauty of the World, Mirror of Justice, my life, hope and stronghold. Under thy name, Mary, I find refuge. So bid my soul to ever call on thee, for blessed of all women thou must surely be.

Nay, n'er was it known for a soul to fly to thee and be left adrift betwixt the dark waves of a cruel and treacherous sea.

Into thy hands, I cast all, abandoning my life to thee, the indomitable Tower of David.
To thee, God bearer, whose soul doth magnify and whose spirit rejoices in Him from whom all
has sprung. Twas the Almighty Himself who sent thee here. To Him praise and glory be, for on
that day at Calvary, He did us bequeath Creation's masterpiece indeed.

I see her face etched upon the lily, I saw her power heralded by thunder among the cloud, I heard
her voice resound upon the howling gale, sensed her essence across the star strewn heights,
received her caress amidst bitter tear, clasped her hand in fearless trust, dwelt in her citadel
throughout the raging tumult, and felt her heart's warmth blaze upon a fire; mine own beating in
hers, 'neath the shadow of the same Love that burned at Sinai.

Alas, I cannot be silent, I cannot be still, until to all I have cried, a love for Her that doth
eternally thrill. Thus to thee I do say, run in swift haste, to her, fair vessel of limitless grace,
maternal to all in her swaddling embrace.

So, fear not thy soul, let nothing distress, sing out her glories, rejoice in her FIAT, recite her
Aves, then go and rest thyself upon the lap and love of this most tender Empress of whom all
generations have called truly blessed.

For by the end of this weary age grown cold, as the shadows of scorn will most surely have
bloomed; still the oft hailing of Mary will never have ceased to effuse its perpetual perfume; so,
let that wondrous name be as kindle then for all who doth anew proclaim; Her Sweet Son as
Lord; setting all nations aflame.

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