

CIRCUMCISION ON THE LORD & OCTAVE OF CHRISTMAS

1 January

(Lk: 2:21)

(Poem Vol. 5, p. 657; Gospel Vol. 10, p. 183)

(Jesus has died and Mary is in agony talking about the wounds and the blood that has been shed by Jesus. Mary says:) [...] 'Oh! God! God! How many wounds has Your Son, My Son! How was I able to see them without dying, whereas I almost fainted every time You hurt Yourself when You were a child? Once You fell in the kitchen garden in Nazareth and You hurt Your forehead. Only a few drops of blood. But I, Who felt I was dying when I saw the drops of Your Blood at the Circumcision, and Joseph had to support Me as I was shaking like one who is dying, I thought that that tiny cut would kill You and I cured it more with My tears than with water and oil, and I was not at peace until I saw that it no longer bled. Another time, You were learning to work and You hurt Yourself with a saw. A slight wound. But I felt as if the saw had cut Me in two. I had no rest until six days later, when I saw Your hand healed.'