



# Boston Catholic Journal

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"Rejoice, you barren one who bore no children;  
break forth and shout, you who were not in labor;  
for more numerous are the children of the deserted one  
than of her who has a husband." Galatians 4.27

"Raise a glad cry, you barren one who did not bear, break forth in jubilant song, you who  
were not in labor, For more numerous are the children of the deserted wife than the  
children of her who has a husband, says the LORD." Isaiah 54.1

## To a Nun



**Rejoice! ...  
Daughter of the Most High God!**

There are mothers of many who are mothers to none – and there are mothers of none who are mothers to many.

How your children abound! Count them if you can, daughter of the promise of Abraham!

You are the face of Mary in the desert of this world.

How many ... how many say ... that except for you ... they had no one.

Arms that never close, heart that never sleeps, love that is never emptied ... you are such a Sign to the world, O, Daughter of God! Your robe and veil announce to Whom you belong, and you do not demur from it – how clearly they enunciate that you have spurned the world, its false lovers, its empty promises ... and have embraced your Spouse Jesus Christ. In you we find Him! Bring us to Him!

Do you know how desperately we need you? ... how ill we are in this world?

We come to you as *one*. We come to you as *many*. One or many, we come as your children through your espousal to Christ Jesus. We know that you are our mother, our sister, our daughter – all that we have lost in the world, and long for with a longing unto tears.

In your humble robe and beautiful veil you do not *conceal*, no ... you *uncover* the Heart of Christ, the face of Mary, to a world that has lost all acquaintance with sanctity, all memory of the sacred. we have even lost ourselves!

Throw off your veil, discard your robe, and you, too, uncover your nakedness to the world, which has disrobed itself before our eyes a thousand times! ... Do not do this!

We do not long for Mary as Corporate CEO clothed *with* the world, *as* the world, hiding in shame the emblem of her espousal to God and God alone. This is the world which we already know, the world of designer suits and cold corporate words that has used us, drained us, exploited us ... and discarded us.

It is to the promise of a better world, the testimony to things real, sacred, and eternal, it is to this, in this, that we come to you.

We are the world's orphans ... count us, if you can ... are we not numberless?

You do not understand how in your hiddenness you are the most conspicuous sign to the world!... the Sign of the Cross, the reality of Christ, the sign of hope, the sign of things that really matter ... that we had all forgotten – *but you did not*.

Rejoice, Daughter of the Most High God. He has given you as an inheritance, the orphans of the world.

Bring them to your Spouse ... for it is He Who brought them to you ...

Rejoice! For you are the mother of countless children, O spouse of God and Daughter of the King!



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