

Reflection Tuesday Week 23 – Birthday of Our Lady 2020

I ought to begin by singing Happy Birthday, but it is not allowed in the current climate . . . Mary, the one who became the Mother of Jesus and gave birth to the one whom the prophet Micah said would be **peace**. Not the bringer of peace, not the one who would make peace possible, although he did both, but would **BE** peace. For many who met Jesus that would have been their first words about him. That they felt a peace about him that brought them reassurance, even confidence in his company. Whatever their past, that was now in the past, being in his company they knew themselves to be in a good place, an uplifting place, an encouraging place, a place of beauty and wonder. The peace they experienced from Jesus made them feel accepted and welcomed, even affirmed and valued. It filled them with confidence and energy, and a desire to share that peace with others. Something we all wish for and wish we could bring that peace to all those we encounter good and bad, friend and foe. What today's feast helps us realise is that Jesus learnt and inherited this peace from no other than Mary his mother. She had discovered this peace and its value during her pregnancy once she accepted to be the Mother of Jesus and which is why we call Mary the Queen of Peace. Like mother . . . like son!!

Theotokos (Mother of God) (*Malcolm Guite*)

You bore for me the One who came to bless
and bear for all and make the broken whole.
You heard His call and in your open 'yes'
you spoke aloud for every living soul.
Oh gracious Lady, child of your own child,
whose mother-love still calls the child in me,
call me again, for I am lost, and wild
waves surround me now. On this dark sea
shine as a star and call me to the shore.
Open the door that all my sins would close
and hold me in your garden. Let me share
the prayer that folds the petals of the Rose.
Enfold me too in Love's last mystery
and bring me to the One you bore for me.

You know you're getting old when you go to an antique auction and three people make a bid for you.

You know you're getting old when you sit in a rocking chair and can't get it to move . . .

What do you say to a kangaroo on its birthday? Hoppy Birthday!