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“Service, my children, service: that is our role”

In the middle of the rejoicing at the feast in Cana, only Mary notices that they are short of wine. A soul will notice even the smallest details of service if, like her, it is alive with a passion for helping its neighbour, for God. (Furrow, 631)

May 11

Service, my children, service: that is our role; to be ‘servants to all, so that in our days the faithful people may grow in merit and in number’.

Let us turn our eyes towards Mary. No creature ever surrendered herself to the plans of God more humbly than she. The humility of the *ancilla Domini*, the handmaid of the Lord, is the reason we invoke her as *causa nostrae laetitiae*, cause of our joy. After Eve had sinned through her foolish desire to be equal to God, she hid herself from the Lord and was ashamed: she was sad. Mary, in confessing herself the handmaid of the Lord, becomes the Mother of the divine Word, and is filled with joy. May the rejoicing that is hers, the joy of our good Mother, spread to all of us, so that with it we may go out to greet her, our Holy Mother Mary, and thus become more like Christ, her Son. (Friends of God, 108-109)

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