

What Does It Mean To Be Carried?

In the Arms of my Blessed Mother Mary

Responses from Participants of Families of Nazareth Movement

What does it mean to be carried in the arms of my Blessed Mother? – EVERYTHING!

What being carried by Mom means to me is that whether or not I realize it in the moment, I am never alone or unprotected or very far from Help of a divine nature.

Being carried in MOM's arms for me means I am unconditionally, positively, mercifully loved by GOD! HE found a way for His most disabled spiritual daughter to be carried home to Him.

To be in my Blessed Mother's arms = a great RELIEF

- A relief from trying to be a "perfect" mom or wife, as I know I can't be, but Blessed MOM can be that for my children and husband.
- A relief because She can repair my mistakes.
- A relief because She can love and care for my kids and husband 24/7.
- A relief because She is watching over them when I am not with them.

Her arms are a safety net, keeping us all safe and protected while carrying us to her Son. What more do we need?

It is so great to be in the arms of Mary. I feel like a safe little child. She comforts me in my sorrows and guides me to Her Son, Jesus. I can snuggle in her lap when I'm tired. I LOVE Mother Mary with all my heart.

Complete trust
Abandonment

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Knowing Mom will help me to benefit from my many weaknesses, limitations and sufferings in Her Arms, exposing my pride and tendency to self-sufficiency. I need not be troubled but in all things praise God and trust Mom cares and will help me in any and all of life's many demands, twists and when my plans are undone...an intimate Mother's Love and honest concern for my smallest needs. So blessed!!!!!! And with great gratitude!!

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Each morning during my prayer time, I rarely neglect to focus on the prayer card of Our Lady of Guadalupe and the words she spoke to St. Juan Diego.

"Listen, put it into your heart, my smallest child, that the thing that frightened you, the thing that afflicted you is nothing: Do not let it disturb you...

Am I not here, I who am your Mother? Are you not under my shadow and protection? Am I not the source of your joy? Are you not in the hollow of my mantle, in the crossing of my arms? Do you need something more?"

Whenever I experience fear, anxiety or affliction, I experience Our Mother embracing me and speaking the same words she spoke to St. Juan Diego. Maybe she does carry me, however, it is her embrace I experience most often.

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I rely on Blessed Mother to lift me up to touch the face of my crucified Lord.
I cannot do it by myself!!!!!!

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Our Mother Mary is the most perfect creature created. She is there for all of us all of the time, and will perfectly intercede for us all our petitions, hopes and dreams to do God's will vis-à-vis her superior access to Him. May she continue to guide us all.

Mary is the perfect example of quiet and meek faith, and of never giving up.

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What does it mean to me? I'm never alone...
Even when I forget Her... She's always there...
Waiting... all prayer must be for Her intentions....
Mommy knows best...
A flash of light on the side of my glasses...

I know She wants prayer... all the time...
She's taught me how to be grateful for every little thing...
Even stuff I don't understand...
There's the peaceful joy of loving God & knowing He is always here...
Sending this peace to you & yours
Pray... pray... pray...

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For me, to be carried in Mom's arms means that I am free to experience confidently, how I am Loved, unconditionally; even as I see how imperfect I am, in living my life with all my weaknesses. No matter what circumstances are present in my life, when I receive the grace to know I am in Mom's arms (which sometimes takes lots of grace), I always experience the Peace which goes beyond understanding and the knowledge that God is all I need. Being in Her arms is a safe place, like the eye of a hurricane. It is a very humbling experience, seeing the truth that I don't deserve this Merciful Love but I receive this Gift, unconditionally, non-the-less. Her tiniest snail.

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Being held in Mom's arms means a warm, safe, nurturing feeling in the midst of trying moments...and triumphant efforts, as she holds me tightly because I know not where I will be the next moment!

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What being held in MOM's arms means to me. The first thought that came to me was that she is dependable – the most dependable person in my life. I depend on her to love me just as I am, to accept me for who I am even when I don't want to accept me or some weakness I see in me. She teaches me, her child, how to hold out my empty hands to Jesus, just like an earthly mother might teach her child to position her/his hands to pray.

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A book or perhaps several books would not suffice in expressing what it means for me to be carried in the arms of my Blessed Mother.
So here is a small attempt.

Blessed Mother is my way in this pilgrimage of faith:
She knows my littleness, my miseries, weaknesses and frailty and she encourages me to embrace them with humility as she loves me with Jesus' love just the way I am and not the way I think I should be.

Blessed Mother is my hope:

- When I stumble and fall, she picks me up,
- When I drag my feet, she urges me on and when they won't, she carries me.
- When I am downtrodden or despondent, she consoles me and brings me at the foot of the cross – there she tells me that this moment is precious and this too shall pass. The Eternal is waiting.

Blessed Mother is my love: love of God and love of others.

- When my heart is too narrow, she expands it,
- When my love is too little and self-orientated, she brings me to healing grace,
- When my love is/ will be not enough, she desires that I allow her to love in me in this life and for eternity.

Blessed Mother is my joy

She is my door, my opening to union with Christ in this life and in eternity

Do I need anything more?

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"How is it that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"

- Probably about 3rd or 4th grade the BVM sisters taught us Salve Regina. I have loved singing it since then, but especially in the last 20 years. Every December 12th the Guadalupanas (100-150 lovers of Our Lady of Guadalupe) at 5am with great love sing her praises – Immaculate Conception, Assumption, and appearance to St. Juan Diego at Tepeyac – for an hour and a half.
- I know the messages from Medjugorje always urgently encourage us to pray and love Jesus more.
- What a wonder that she would say the whole Magnificat at 15 years old.
- Immaculee tells us that she was appearing to the 6 schoolgirls in Kibeho, Ruanda, and the same year she started appearing in Yugoslavia.
- She told Fr. Gobbi, founder of Marian Movement of Priests, by locution, that she is prostrate before every tabernacle in the world.
- I know she loves the Walk for Life when all the religious orders and her children of every race are saying her rosary and singing to her and her Son. If people knew how awesome it is; there would be millions gathering, just like St. John Paul II's World Youth Days.
- My birth mom, whom my Dad became Catholic to marry, died when I was 19. Since then I have had 3 spiritual moms: Isabelle, Clara, and Mary, a Third Order Carmelite. Two Carmelite Formation Directors also wonderfully taught me. Thank you Blessed Mom. I love you and yours

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As unaware as I am of the earth spinning on its axis, so too am I unaware of Mary carrying me in her arms, until I stop to reflect and the terror threatens to overwhelm me as I understand the gravity of my sins that hold me to this spinning orb; then it is she who makes herself known as my mother only an Ave Maria away, and reveals Jesus as the love that holds me fast.

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To be carried in the arms of my Blessed MOM means that I can ask her to accept and believe (for me) that God loves me unconditionally, even when I sit in a chair and do nothing. She convinces me that I am God's most beloved daughter. She has done this for me. I know that I am loved for who I am, not for what I do. And then what happens? I want "to do" for God as a response to being loved, not out of thinking I can earn His love. My Blessed MOM has helped me to "know God" in place of just knowing "about Him." I realized that I was on the road of "perfection" not the road of holiness. There is a big difference! Being carried in MOM's arms keeps me on the road to holiness.