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MAY 13

OUR LADY OF FATIMA
From the Common of the Blessed Virgin Mary, p. 000.

Office of Readings
SECOND READING
From a sermon by Saint Ephrem, Deacon
(Sermo 3 de diversis: Opera omnia, III syr. et lat., Romae 1743, 607)

Mary alone embraces him whom the whole world cannot compass

Mary has become heaven for us, bearing the Godhead which Christ, without forsaking his Father's glory, enclosed within the narrow space of her womb, that he might raise human beings to a loftier dignity. From the whole company of Virgins he chose her to be the instrument of our salvation.

In her the oracles of all the just and the Prophets found their fulfillment. From her arose that most resplendent sun by whose radiant guidance the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.

Mary is rightly given various titles. She is the temple of God's Son, who came forth from her in a manner different from that by which he had entered; for he entered her womb without a body, but sprang forth clothed in a body.

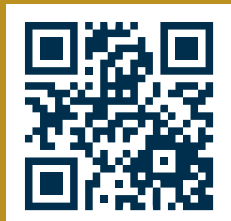
She is that mystical new heaven in which the King of kings dwelt as on his throne, and out of which he came forth on earth, bearing an earthly form and likeness.

She is a vine that bears a fragrant fruit, a fruit so different in nature from its stock that it had to borrow its appearance from the stock. She is the fountain springing from the house of the Lord, whence living waters have flowed for the thirsty; he who has but sipped of them will thirst nevermore.

1944

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WEEK I FIRST VESPERS

Psalm 142
You are my refuge

All these things were fulfilled in the Lord at the time of his Passion
(St. Hilary).

With my voice I cry to the LORD; *
with my voice I entreat the LORD.
I pour out my trouble before him; *
I tell him all my distress
while my spirit faints within me. *
But you, O Lord, know my path.

On the way where I shall walk, *
they have hidden a snare to entrap me.
Look on my right hand and see: *
there is no one who pays me heed.
No escape remains open to me; *
no one cares for my soul.

To you I cry, O LORD. †
I have said, "You are my refuge, *
my portion in the land of the living."
Listen, then, to my cry, *
for I am brought down very low.

Rescue me from those who pursue me, *
for they are stronger than I.
Bring my soul out of prison, *
and I shall give thanks to your name.
Around me the upright will assemble, *
because of your goodness to me.

LENT, 1ST SUNDAY: Then you shall call, and the Lord will
answer; you shall cry out, and he will say:
Here I am.

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