

9/10/12

DESCRIPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY, THE MOTHER OF GOD - 2



FOR THE GLORY OF GOD THE FATHER

The Virgin Mary, evil spirits and the Sacrament of Confession

You came out of your large statue that lies right above the tabernacle, in the church which bears your name, when I was unknowingly surrounded by some evil spirits on that Saturday afternoon, while awaiting my turn in line to go to Confession. I was already nervous at being there, despite the priest-confessor being very good and thorough, albeit kind and gentle, because it was only the second time that I was attending after not having been for a significant period of time. Sitting in the pew waiting, I was hoping against hope that the person before me would get their confession over and done with, so that I could just get in and out as quickly as possible. I had purposely sat at the end of the pew so that if I felt I could not make it, I would be able to leave easily – hopefully unnoticed and without disturbing other people.

As soon as you saw the evil spirits surround me and try to pressure me into fleeing the church, through the extremely intense, almost-unbearable desolation which they brought with them and

that felt as though it would never stop increasing, you came! You came even though, at the time, I did not fully understand all that was happening. You descended determinedly from your statue, made a beeline for the evil spirits and stood there in front of me, face to face, fully clothed in white; with your blue-ribboned, floor-length mantle draped all around you. This time you were not wearing your crown.

The evil spirits fled in great fright as soon as they saw you and the almost-unbearable sense of desolation evaporated. You then took my left hand in your right hand and said, “**Come**” in that beautifully melodious, medium-pitched, sweet voice of yours. You waited there with me, standing and gently holding my hand while I remained seated, until it was my turn to enter into the confessional. Then you walked with me over to the priest *in loco* your divine Son, releasing my hand only after I had crossed the threshold of the confessional, so that I could close its door behind me.

When I came out of the confessional, after my soul had been cleansed from all my sins, I discovered that you had remained patiently waiting for me; standing there, outside, like the good Mother that you are. In fact, as soon as I opened the door of the confessional, you instantly came up to me and draped your wide mantle over me with your right hand, so that evil spirits would not be able to get to me. Your mantle settled upon me like a large, square handkerchief that enveloped me from head to toe. Then after I walked over to the pew, to start fulfilling my penance, you quietly disappeared.

All of the above is once again a brief, experiential description of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. It is additionally an example of Her ceaseless, maternal care toward us human beings, even when we do not invoke Her assistance either knowingly or unknowingly.