

# *A Well-Read Mom Pilgrimage-in-Place August 13-15, 2019*

Many of us may not be able to attend the 2019 Well-Read Mom Pilgrimage to the National Shrine of Our Lady of Good Help, for one reason or another. However, we can accompany our sisters on their journey not only by keeping them in prayer, but also by engaging in our own *pilgrimage-in-place* during these days.

Let's accompany and encourage one another to take some *extra time in quiet and prayer during August 13-15* as we prepare our hearts for the Church's celebration of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

To prepare for this time, simply plan, each day, to take an extended *walk with the Lord*, with the following suggestions:

## *Day 1: August 13*

Ponder and pray during your walk.  
Could you find a way to end your journey  
in the Lord's Eucharistic Presence?

## *Day 2: August 14*

Take a walk, or spend some time outside, if possible, at night.

## *Day 3: August 15*

Invite the Blessed Mother to accompany as you walk.  
Bring a special-to-you sacramental along –  
a Miraculous Medal, Rosary, or image of Mary--  
to aid you in prayer.

*Audio Reflections* To aid you in your reflection, there are three brief audios provided, one for each day. Each is comprised of a poem by written by Gerard Manley Hopkins, a British Victorian-era poet, convert to Catholicism, and priest; a brief Scripture reading, questions for reflection, and a brief prayer. Certain moments are indicated where you may pause the audio and reflect and pray as you see fit. When you are ready, restart the audio and move on to the next part.

Alternately, simply print out the text and carry it along with you, or both. Whatever is most conducive to your own prayer.

*Blessings on your journey!*

*Day 1: August 13*

*POEM by Gerard Manley Hopkins*

*"Pied Beauty"*

Glory be to God for dappled things –  
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;  
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;  
Landscape plotted and pieced – fold, fallow, and plough;  
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;  
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)  
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;  
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:  
Praise him.

*"God's Grandeur"*

The world is charged with the grandeur of God,  
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;  
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil  
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?  
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;  
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;  
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil  
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;  
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;  
And though the last lights off the black West went  
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs –  
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent  
World broods with warm breast and with ah! Bright wings.

## *Day 1: August 13*

### ***WORD***

“They shall see the Lord face to face and bear his name on their foreheads. The night shall be no more. They will need no light from lamps or the sun, for the Lord God shall give them light, and they shall reign forever.” (Revelation 22:4-5)

### ***PONDER***

God's glory is all around us, yet so often we fail to see it. What glories, large or small, have I been overlooking recently? Which “dappled things” in my life might I thank the Lord for at this moment?

How might I recall more often, and more fruitfully, that I am destined not just for this world, but ultimately, for Heaven?

### ***PRAYER***

“Grant, that our love may never be small, but always most ardent, like a great fire that cannot but shine brightly.”

--St. Teresa of Avila

*Day 2: August 14*

*POEM by Gerard Manley Hopkins*

*"My own heart let me more have pity on"*

My own heart let me more have pity on; let  
Me live to my sad self hereafter kind,  
Charitable; not live this tormented mind  
With this tormented mind tormenting yet.

I cast for comfort I can no more get  
By groping round my comfortless, than blind  
Eyes in their dark can day or thirst can find  
Thirst's all-in-all in a world of wet.

Soul, self; come, poor Jackself, I do advise  
You, jaded, let be; call off thoughts awhile  
Elsewhere; leave comfort root-room; let joy size

At God knows when to God knows what; whose smile  
's not wrung, see you; unforeseen times rather – as skies  
Betweenpie mountains – lights a lovely mile.

**WORD**

*Psalm 4*

When I call, answer me, O God of justice;  
from anguish you released me; have mercy and hear me!

O men, how long will your hearts be closed,  
will you love what is futile and seek what is false?

It is the Lord who grants favors to those whom he loves;  
the Lord hears me whenever I call him.

Fear him, do not sin: ponder on your bed and be still.  
Make justice your sacrifice and trust in the Lord.

"What can bring us happiness?" many say.  
Let the light of your face shine on us, O Lord.

You have put into my heart a greater joy  
than they have from abundance of corn and new wine.

I will lie down in peace and sleep comes at once  
for you alone, Lord, make me dwell in safety.

*(from Saturday Night Prayer in the Liturgy of the Hours, Grail translation of the Psalms)*

## *Day 2: August 14*

### *PONDER*

What is troubling or tormenting me these days-- exteriorly and/or interiorly?

How might I make space to receive God's healing, His comfort, or His sustaining grace in these areas?  
In what ways have I experienced God's hand at work already?

### *PRAYER*

“They that really love You, my God, walk safely on a broad and royal road. They are far from the precipice. Hardly have they begun to stumble when You, Lord, give them Your hand... May the Lord, because of who He is, give us understanding of how wretched is the security that lies in such manifest dangers as following the crowd and how true security lies in striving to make progress on the road of God.” - St Teresa of Avila

## *Day 3: August 15: The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary*

### *POEM by Gerard Manley Hopkins*

*Excerpts from "The Blessed Virgin compared to the Air we Breathe"*

Wild air, world-mothering air,  
Nestling me everywhere,  
That each eyelash or hair  
Girdles: goes home betwixt  
The fleeciest, frailest-flixed  
Snowflake; that's fairly mixed  
With, riddles, and is rife  
In every least thing's life;  
This needful, never spent,  
And nursing element;  
My more than meat and drink,  
My meal at every wink;  
This air, which, by life's law,  
My lung must draw and draw  
Now but to breathe its praise,  
Minds me in many ways  
Of her who not only  
Gave God's infinity  
Dwindled to infancy  
Welcome in womb and breast,  
Birth, milk, and all the rest  
But mothers each new grace  
That does now reach our race –  
Mary Immaculate...

...  
I say that we are wound  
With mercy round and round  
As if with air: the same  
Is Mary, more by name.  
She, wild web, wondrous robe,  
Mantles the guilty globe,  
Since God has let dispense  
Her prayers his providence:  
Nay, more than almoner,  
The sweet alms' self is her  
And men are meant to share  
Her life as life does air.

...

Be thou then, O thou dear  
Mother, my atmosphere;  
My happier world, wherein  
To wend and meet no sin;  
Above me, round me lie  
Fronting my froward eye  
With sweet and scarless sky;  
Stir in my ears, speak there  
Of God's love, O live air,  
Of patience, penance, prayer:  
Worldmothering air, air wild,  
Wound with thee, in thee isled,  
Fold home, fast fold thy child.

*\*The full text of this beautiful Marian poem is attached at the end of these pages.*

## *Day 3: August 15, The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary*

### ***WORD***

“Standing by the Cross of Jesus were his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus saw his mother, and the disciple whom he loved standing near, he said to his mother, “Woman, behold, your son!” Then he said to the disciple, “Behold, your mother!” And from that hour the disciple took her into his own home.” (John 19: 25-27)

### ***PONDER***

Does the Blessed Mother have a place in the home of my heart? How might I make her place more secure?

To what prayer of mine might I ask Mary to lend her intercession on this particular Solemnity?

### ***PRAYER***

“O Lord of heaven and earth! Is it possible, while we are still in this mortal life, for us to enjoy You with such special friendship? Oh! The joys which You bestow on souls who give themselves entirely to You! ...For the love of the Lord, my soul, wake out of this sleep and remember that God does not keep you waiting until the next life before rewarding you for your love of Him. Your recompense begins in this life.”--St. Teresa of Avila

## *\*POEM By Gerard Manley Hopkins*

*"The Blessed Virgin compared to the Air we Breathe"*

Wild air, world-mothering air,  
Nestling me everywhere,  
That each eyelash or hair  
Girdles: goes home betwixt  
The fleecièst, frailest-flixed  
Snowflake; that's fairly mixed  
With, riddles, and is rife  
In every least thing's life;  
This needful, never spent,  
And nursing element;  
My more than meat and drink,  
My meal at every wink;  
This air, which, by life's law,  
My lung must draw and draw  
Now but to breathe its praise,  
Minds me in many ways  
Of her who not only Gave God's infinity  
Welcome in womb and breast,  
Birth, milk, and all the rest  
But mothers each new grace  
That does now reach our race –  
Mary Immaculate,  
Merely a woman, yet  
Whose presence, power is  
Great as no goddess's  
Was deemèd, dreamèd; who  
This one work has to do –  
Let all God's glory through,  
God's glory which would go  
Through her and from her flow  
Off, and no way but so.

I saw that we are wound  
With mercy round and round  
As if with air: the same  
Is Mary, more by name.  
She, wild web, wondrous robe,  
Mantles the guilty globe,  
Since God has let dispense  
Her prayers his providence:  
Nay, more than almoner,  
The sweet alms' self is her  
And men are meant to share  
Her life as life does air.

If I have understood,  
She holds high motherhood  
Towards all our ghostly good  
And plays in grace her part  
About man's beating heart,

Laying, like air's fine flood,  
The deathdance in his blood;  
Yet no part but what will  
Be Christ our Savior still.  
Of her flesh he took flesh:  
He does take fresh and fresh,  
Though much the mystery how,  
Not flesh but spirit now  
And makes, O marvellous!  
New Nazareths in us,  
where she shall yet conceive  
Him, morning, noon and eve;  
New Bethlehems, and he born  
There, evening, noon, and morn--  
Bethlem or Nazareth,  
Men here may draw like breath  
More Christ and baffle death;  
Who, born so, comes to be  
New self and nobler me  
In each one and each one  
More makes, when all is done,  
Both God's and Mary's Son.

Again, look overhead  
How air is azurèd;  
O how! Nay do but stand  
Where you can lift your hand  
Skywards: rich, rich it laps  
Round the four fingergaps.  
Yet such a sapphire-shot,  
Charged, steepèd sky will not  
Stain light. Yea, mark you this:  
It does no prejudice.  
The glass-blue days are those  
When every colour glows,  
Each shape and shadow shows.  
Blue be it: this blue heaven  
The seven or seven times seven  
Hued sunbeam will transmit  
Perfect, not alter it.  
Or if there does some soft,  
On things aloof, aloft,  
Bloom breathe, that one breath more  
Earth is the fairer for.  
Whereas did air not make  
This bath of blue and slake  
His fire, the sun would shake,  
A blear and blinding ball  
With blackness bound, and all  
The thick stars round him roll  
Flashing like flecks of coal,  
Quartz-fret, or sparks of salt,  
In grimy vasty vault.

So God was god of old:

A mother came to mould  
Those limbs like ours which are  
What must make our daystar  
Much dearer to mankind;  
Whose glory bare would blind  
Or less would win man's mind.  
Through her we may see him  
Made sweeter, not made dim,  
And her hand leaves his light  
Sifted to suit our sight.

Be thou then, O thou dear  
Mother, my atmosphere;  
My happier world, wherein  
To wend and meet no sin;  
Above me, round me lie  
Fronting my froward eye  
With sweet and scarless sky;  
Stir in my ears, speak there  
Of God's love, O live air,  
Of patience, penance, prayer:  
Worldmothering air, air wild,  
Wound with thee, in thee isled,  
Fold home, fast fold thy child.