

*Come Holy Spirit  
Use me to Your glory*

### *The Annunciation*

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*My name is Mary the Handmaiden. I'm fourteen and am betrothed to Joseph, a carpenter and a good man. I am blessed. I always have been blessed for, you see, my Father God loves me. He loves you too, Pilgrim. Sometimes when I'm alone, I feel a call to listening quietness. A sense of calm and deep peace seems to envelop me. Last night was such a moment, even more exquisitely so. I do not know how to tell you. It would be easier not but I must, for I know the gift is also for you. I am only the vessel, the handmaiden. I am a virgin. I am with child. The Holy Spirit came upon me and I am to bear the Messiah. An angel told me. I do not understand, but I did say, "Yes." What other response could I have given to God's love?*

*If you could clothe me for that moment, I would want you to clothe me in humility. How could there be any other garment when one encounters the Holy One? My arms are downwardly outstretched, palms open, head bowed. "Yes, may I be the handmaiden of the Lord?"*

*Precious Pilgrim, might He be also calling you into His loving servanthood? If so, my first gift to you this day is humility. Slip it on. It's light. It's basic. It's simple and childlike in design with a great sense of humor. It's solid*

*groundedness comes from the knowledge of who we are and  
Who our Father God is.*

*Humbly --*

*"Serve the Lord with gladness."*

*Mary*

### *Good Friday*

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*My name is Mary, the Handmaiden. I am Jesus' mother.  
He is the Messiah, the Lord and Savior of the world. I know. At  
the Annunciation I was told by our Father God Almighty's  
messenger. At his birth, shepherds and wise men recognized  
and worshipped Him. At His nine-day-old presentation to the  
temple, holy Simeon and Anna proclaimed Him. John the  
Baptist knew. His disciples knew, first the twelve and then  
hundreds, even thousands who followed Him knew. The  
miracles. The fulfilled prophecies. My Son Jesus is the Messiah,  
the Lord and Savior of the world!*

*But where is everyone now? I don't understand. I kneel  
on the ground looking up. My eyes are fixed on His. I'm trying  
to give Him strength with my gaze. There is an excruciating  
pain in my heart. My head is throbbing. My breath has  
become labored like His. Am I also dying? Once again, I do  
not understand. But that is all right. I have learned that I  
don't have to understand, but rather I have to trust and in*

*trusting comes acceptance and I can, I must, I will proclaim my eternal, continual response to our Lord God. "Yes."*

*Pilgrim, I am in agony. If I could, I would climb up on that cross and die in my Son's place. You know I would, all mothers would. Right now I have to stay here as if glued to this spot.*

*"God is Love. My Son is the Messiah. God is Love. My Son is the Messiah." This thin line of words has become my hymn, my chant, my lifeline.*

*Pilgrim, do you still want to be a handmaiden too? Today I am clothed not only in humility, but the garment of love has been added. God's ways are not our ways. I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that our Father God's love is about to crash through this darkness and that my Son's Messiahship is about to eternally be proclaimed.*

*My arms also are outstretched. I seem to be dying too, dying to self as I look upon Him. At the same time, this exquisite sense of love seems to be blossoming.*

*Look. Do you sense the same? Stretch your arms out. Look up into His eyes. All else seems to be dropping, drifting, departing away. This Light -- This Love -- In this darkness. Ah! "Yes, Lord, Yes."*

*Humbly, lovingly,*

*"Serve the Lord with gladness."*

*Mary*

## *Pentecost*

*Precious Pilgrim,*

*We wait expectantly. My Son died. He rose. He ascended.  
And now we wait as He told us to do.*

*The stillness, the quietness in this room has been  
transformed, has burst forth into praise. All hands have  
simultaneously lifted. There's a strong wind, which seems to be  
coming from nowhere. And there's fire -- little flames of fire  
dancing overhead. I hear words, foreign words like I've never  
heard before. There's joy, bubbling forth joy, praising joy. The  
deepest part of me is being touched like so long ago on that  
first "Yes" day. I can feel my Son living in me once more.*

*Handmaidens, these three gifts are yours for asking.*

*With hands held down in surrender, ask to be clothed  
with the gift of Humility.*

*With hands held outstretched in dying to self, ask to be  
clothed with the gift of love.*

*And with hands held high in adoration and praise, ask  
for the gift of His Holy Spirit and His joy.*

*He wants to bestow these gifts upon you, Pilgrim.*

*He wants you to be His handmaiden.*

*He wants you to serve Him with gladness.*

*Humbly, lovingly, joyfully,*

*Mary*