



Photo from book cover
Living On a Dollar a Day
By Thomas A. Nazario

MI Monthly Intention

*Immaculata,
please intercede...*

*that the birth of Jesus
in poverty makes us
aware that in the
Incarnation Jesus
became poor that we
might become rich.*

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Who would Dare Imagine?

Dear MI Members and Friends,

“Who would dare to imagine that you, oh infinite, eternal God, have loved me for centuries, or to be more precise, from before the beginning of the centuries?

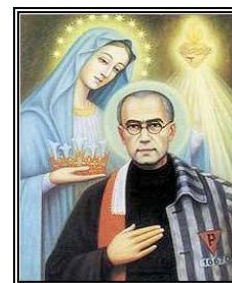
In fact, you have loved me ever since you have existed as God: thus, you have always loved me and you shall always love me!...

Your love for me was already there, even when I had no existence, and precisely because you loved me, oh good God, you called me from nothingness to existence!...

For me you have created the skies scattered with stars, for me the earth, the seas, the mountains, the streams, and all the beautiful things on earth...

Still this did not satisfy you: to show me from close up that you loved me so tenderly, you came down from the purest delights of heaven to the tarnished and tear-ridden world, you lived amidst poverty, hard work and suffering; and finally, despised and mocked, you let yourself be suspended in torment on a vile scaffold between two criminals.... Oh, God of love, you have redeemed me in this terrible, though generous, fashion! ... Who would venture to imagine it?

Yet, you were not satisfied with this; you knew that no fewer than nineteen centuries would still have to pass from



the moment you poured out these demonstrations of your love to the time I was to be born, so you decided to take care of this too!

Your heart did not consent to let my only nourishment be the memories of your boundless love. You have remained on this forlorn planet in the holiest and most admirable Sacrament of the altar, and now you come to me and you closely unite yourself to me under the appearance of food...

Now your Blood flows in my blood; your Soul, oh God incarnate, permeates my soul, giving it strength and nourishment.... What wonders! Who would venture to think this could be possible?

What else could you have given me, oh God, after offering yourself to me as something of my own property? Your Heart, burning with love for me, suggested to you even another gift; yes, still one more gift!...

You told us to become like children, if we wish to enter the kingdom of heaven (cf. Mt 18:3). You very well know that a child needs its mother: you yourself have established this law of love. Therefore, your goodness and mercy have created for us a Mother, the personification of your infinite goodness and love; and from the cross on Golgotha, you presented her to us and us to her...

Besides, oh loving God, You have decided to make her the All-powerful

***Solemnity of the
Immaculate Conception***

December 8

*Let us look into ourselves.
Let December 8 be a day
of regeneration for our
souls, a renewal of zeal
for furthering the heavenly
and earthly kingdom of the
most loving queen.*
-Maximilian Kolbe

Welcome to all new MI
Consecrants of Our Lady.



In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God.

The Word was with God in the beginning. Everything came into being through the Word, and without the Word nothing came into being.

What came into being through the Word was life, and the life was the light for all people. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness doesn't extinguish the light.

The Word became flesh and made his home among us. We have seen his glory, glory like that of a father's only son, full of grace and truth. John 1:1-5, 14

Dispenser and Mediatrix of your graces: you deny nothing to her, but neither is she capable of denying anything to anyone..." (SK 1145).

In this passage, Maximilian contemplates what the Incarnation means to a person and the marvelous consequences. What does Christmas mean to us, then? Jesus became one of us. He has taken on our appearance, radically restoring our humanity, which has fallen into sin. He showed us the way of holiness by what he said and did, and ultimately gave his life for our salvation. His love did not stop there: he guaranteed his presence until the end of time through the sacrament of the Eucharist and, as if that was not enough, he gave us a Mother, so we could have a further sign of his goodness and who would accompany us on our journey toward eternal life.

Maximilian sings the praises of God, and thanks him for so much goodness; he is attentive to the gifts of God and is ready to welcome them with confidence. He says his personal "thank you" to the Most High for the love he showed to him and to all humanity. According to the martyr of Auschwitz, the goodness of God is manifested, in a sublime way, through the redemption wrought by the death and resurrection of Christ. The gratitude of Father Kolbe pours out poetically and insistently, also, for the gift of the sacraments and the Word, offering men the chance to feel the constant presence and love of God.

Finally, the Polish Franciscan expresses his gratitude for the gift of the Immaculate Conception, since her mediation and her maternal presence are fundamental to the path of every believer. Emblematic is the conclusion of the saint: this invocation full of joy and awareness is possible because it is motivated and animated by faith, which is the "lens" to admire and contemplate what the Lord is doing for humanity.

According to the teachings of Maximilian, the practice of prayer allows each Christian a constant reflection on the elements of the faith professed, which become deeply rooted in the heart and mind. ... The saint is described, at every stage of life, as always intent on prayer and to fervently prepare for the celebration of the Mass, which he does not relinquish, even at the price of his own life, even in a concentration camp. In that place of darkness, he lives the holy sacrifice in secret and meditates the benefits that the Almighty has given to humanity throughout the history of salvation.

The contemplation of divine benevolence strengthens his faith and allows him to instill peace and joy in the prisoners and die heroically in the place of a father.

-Fr. Raffaele Di Muro,
MI International Assistant

Translated by Ann O'Donnell



For Reflection



Admiring the self-emptying of the Lord, am I encouraged to give generously of myself?

- ⚏ Looking at St. Maximilian, how can I spread the love of Christ?
- ⚏ How can I make my life an offering to God and to my brothers and sisters?
- ⚏ How can I be poor among the poor as Maximilian was in Auschwitz?
- ⚏ What concrete actions can I perform as a fruit of my meditation on the Incarnation and Nativity?



The Little Star
By Mary Franceschini
MI Member - Concord, CA

The angels are singing in the nighttime sky. The stars are twinkling brightly in and around planets and galaxies, except for one little star.

“What am I good for? I am too small to be seen. I can’t even shine and don’t even have a name!” the little star groaned.

The morning star shone in all its brilliance. “Little one, we all have a role to play. God the Father placed you here for a reason.”

“I wish I knew for what!”

“When the time is right, you’ll know. Now stop crying, otherwise what little light you give will be no more.”

The angels continued to sing as always and the little star was as always!

Time passed by. Something strange was happening.

The little star turned to the right, to the left. What was this? The angels not only sang but flew around and around in great excitement. In the midst of their chorus a voice was heard, His voice. The Father!

“What is happening?” The little star asked as an angel spun round and around with enthusiasm.

“Mary, down in little Nazareth has said “yes” to Gabriel! She will be the mother of His Son!”

The little star rejoiced at the wonderful news. The Father had long wanted to redeem His children on planet earth. Could this be the time?

All of heaven was excited because for the Baby’s birth, the Father had planned something special.



Curiosity abounded. No one knew except the Father, of course.

The little star wondered and wondered and wondered.

“Ooh, what is this?”

The little star was no longer small but growing and growing and becoming brighter and brighter!

An angel flew by and called out, hands waving.

“Come! We have to go!”

“Go? Wh...where?”

“Now you shall know what the Father has planned for you. The Baby is born! Come, we must hurry.”

No longer small but BIG and with a BIG tail of light, the star followed a multitude of angels. In the midst of their glorious song, one pointed to a mean stable from where a soft light shone.

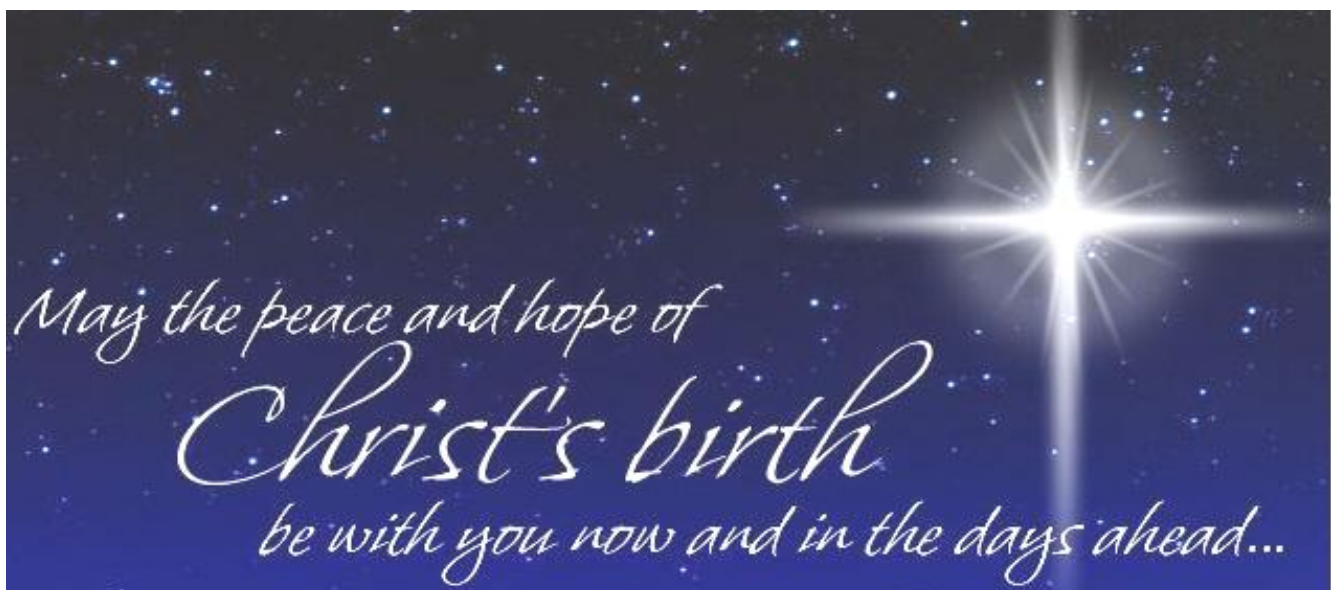
“The Baby is there?” The star asked.

“Yes,” the angel nodded. “You are to remain here. Shepherds and Kings will look to you for guidance to the Baby.”

“To me?”

The angel smiled. “From now on, man will look to you. You are now the Christmas Star!”

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