



Poem by Father Robbie Low

Candlemass-February 2nd 2021

Readings: Malachi 3:1-4, Psalm 23, Hebrews 2: 14-18, Luke 2:22-40

Into my arms,
Sweet Mother of the mysteries of grace,
You place
Salvation's subterfuge.
Child borne at such great cost,
Conceived of that same Ghost
Who, in the mountain fastnesses, gave prophets Word
Loud, in the still small voice of silence, clearly heard.
Now, maiden born, divine in manhood thus concealed,
Through cleft in this new Eve,
To patient Pentecostal hearts has been revealed
That ancient souls believe.

Into my hands,
Daughter of David's line, chosen and blest,
You place
The destiny of Man.
This tiny hand, that flung the stars in space,
Holds gnarled and dying fingers to His face.

His eyes, that saw a million suns ablaze,
Breathed on this dust and granted all my days.
Let Temple Gates be opened wide and incense burned.
The Presence of the Lord of Glory has returned.
Blessed Maiden pure,
Mother of Christ,
Must much endure
Who opens Paradise.

Into my heart,
Beloved mother of believers throughout time,
You pour
The balm of Gilead
Anointing me for death and for new life.
While in your soul is thrust rejection's knife
By those whose hatred of your Son their dark reveal,
Kill love and perish thus unhouseled, unaneled.
Let now thy servant, Lord, depart in peace
This child shall Man from sin and death release.
Glory of Israel and the nations' light
Confounds the darkness of eternal night.
I have sought you and you found me.
Death holds no fear
With Mary's arms around me
And the Christ child near.