

Mercy Story Eight – August

“O my Jesus, forgive us our sins. Save us from the fires of hell. And lead all souls to Heaven, especially those in most need of Thy Mercy.” (Our Lady of Fatima, June 13, 1917)

Those people are in most need of Jesus' Mercy who least desire it.

His rise to power was phenomenal. People all over the world were in awe of his accomplishment. At home he brooked no dissent. Abroad he was hailed as the dawn of a new day. It seemed there was no problem too challenging for him to tackle, no opponent he couldn't bring to heel.

He won the loyalty of the masses by living in an ordinary apartment complex and rubbing shoulders with “the common man” on a daily basis. He saw himself as the key to the future, the cornerstone of his resurrected nation, indispensable, indestructible, invincible.

But his mother knew better. Day and night she offered her Rosary for him:

“O my Jesus, forgive us our sins. Save us from the fires of hell. And lead all souls to Heaven, especially those in most need of Thy Mercy.”

Her prayer was answered on the day he was overthrown and relegated to the sidelines.

A close second is those who long for Mercy but figure they've disqualified themselves forever from receiving it by the choices they've made in their life.

She tried to live her life on two levels – as a person and as a professional. She had to. It was a matter of survival.

As a person, she was a disaster. Born to a single teenager who treated her like a dolly that you could cuddle or ignore at will, taken to church by her grandmother as a child, raped at 15 by a cousin who paid for her abortion, in and out of one failed relationship after another for over 10 years, with a highly developed “flight mechanism” that caused her to run away at the first sign of trouble, and a temper and a tongue that went out of control as soon as she felt threatened, she couldn't stand herself. In fact, she hated herself.

As a professional, she thrived, except for uncharacteristic outbursts from time to time. In a controlled environment, where people did as she told them, life was at least tolerable.

But her grandmother never stopped praying Rosaries for her.

At first it seemed like just one more relationship destined to unravel like all the rest. But he was different. He was struggling hard to find God and leave his own disordered life in the past. When she found herself pregnant, he stayed. There were many ups and downs. Often she fell back into the panic of her desperate feelings of worthlessness, and often she treated him as worthless. But eventually their growing faith and the miracle of his commitment to her brought her glimmers of hope. Five years into marriage and 3 children later, those glimmers were an almost steady glow.