



Of Seeds and Flowers



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William R. Pfeiffer – Director

Mary's Field, Ltd. - PO Box 99 - Hebron, CT 06248 - 860.530.1253 - wisdom@marysfield.org

LIVING RICHLY IN THE OVERFLOW OF LOVE

In our Christmas issue of "Of Seeds and Flowers" I shared some of the visions of Anne Catherine Emmerich that "fleshed out" the beautiful birth of Jesus. I do the same here in Lent with just one part, the scourging, of the passion of Jesus. The book that details the complete passion and resurrection of Jesus is called *"The Dolorous Passion and Death of Jesus"* -TAN BOOKS [www. TANBooks.com](http://www.TANBooks.com). As the book cover says: ***"Here is a book that will melt a heart of stone." IT DOES!! Get a copy. Experience changes us! This is an experience! Treat your life, your spirit, your future!***

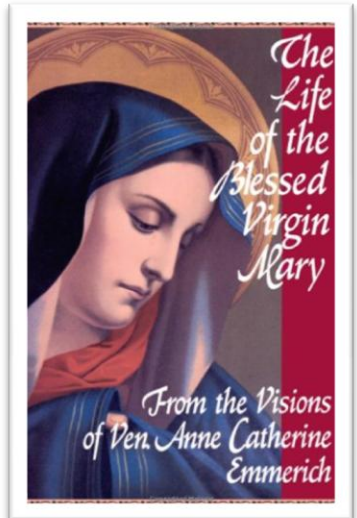
Anne Catherine, Augustinian nun, died 1824, stigmatist, visionary, great mystic, declared Venerable by St. John Paul II, gifted for US. Check YouTube, Anne Catherine Emmerich. I know that our society is "sick of words" but that is all I have.

"There are still many things that Jesus did, yet if they were written about in detail, I doubt there would be room enough in the entire world to hold the books to record them." John 21:25.

THE SCOURGING OF JESUS: The pillar where criminals were scourged stood to the north of Pilate's palace, near the guardhouse, and the executioners soon arrived, carrying whips, rods, and ropes, which they tossed down at its base. They were six in number, dark, swarthy men, somewhat shorter than Jesus; their chests were covered with a piece of leather, their loins were girded, and their hairy, sinewy arms bare. They were malefactors from the frontiers of Egypt, who had been condemned for their crimes to hard labor, and were employed principally in making canals, the most criminal being selected to act as executioners in the Praetorium.

These cruel men had many times scourged poor criminals to death at this pillar and they barbarously knocked Jesus down against the pillar. This pillar, placed in the center of the court, stood alone, and it was not very high, for a tall man could touch the summit by stretching out his arm. There was a large iron ring at the top, and both rings and hooks a little lower down. It is quite impossible to describe the cruelty shown by these ruffians towards Jesus. They tore off the mantle with which He had been clothed in derision at the court of Herod, and almost threw Him prostrate again.

Jesus trembled and shuddered as He stood before the pillar, and took off His garments as quickly as He could. His hands were bloody and swollen. The only return He made when His brutal executioners struck and abused Him was to pray for them in the most touching manner. He turned His face once toward His Mother, who was standing overcome with grief. This look quite unnerved her; she fainted, and would have fallen, had not the holy women who were there supported her. Jesus put His arms around the pillar, and when His hands were thus raised, the archers fastened them to the iron ring which was at the top of the pillar; they then dragged His arms to such a height that His feet, which were tightly bound to the base of the pillar, scarcely touched the ground. Thus was Our Lord violently stretched, without a particle of clothing, on a pillar used for the punishment of the greatest criminals; and then did two furious ruffians who were thirsting for His blood begin in the most barbarous manner to scourge His sacred body from head to foot. The whips or scourges which they first made use of appeared to me to be made of a species of flexible white wood, but perhaps they were composed of the sinews of the ox, or of strips of leather. Our loving Lord, the Son of God, true God and true Man, writhed as a worm under the blows of these barbarians. His mild but deep groans might be heard from afar; they resounded through the air, forming a kind of touching accompaniment to the hissing of the instruments of torture.



I saw a group of bold looking men preparing fresh scourges, while others went to seek branches of thorns. Several of the servants of the - High Priests went up to the brutal executioners and gave them money; as also a large jug filled with a strong bright red liquid, which quite inebriated them, and increased their cruelty tenfold towards their innocent Victim. The two ruffians continued to strike Our Lord with unremitting violence for a quarter of an hour, and were then succeeded by two others. His body was entirely covered with black, blue, and red marks; the blood was trickling down on the ground.

The night had been extremely cold, and the morning was dark and cloudy; a little hail had fallen, which surprised everyone. The two fresh executioners commenced scourging Jesus with the greatest possible fury; they made use of a different kind of rod-a species of thorny stick, covered with knots and splinters. The blows from these sticks tore His flesh to pieces; His blood spouted out so as to stain their arms, and He groaned, prayed, and shuddered. At this moment, some strangers mounted on camels passed through the forum; they stopped for a moment, and were quite overcome with pity and horror at the scene before them.

Two fresh executioners took the places of the last mentioned, who were beginning to tire; their scourges were composed of small chains, or straps covered with iron hooks, which penetrated to the bone, and tore off large pieces of flesh at every blow. What word, alas! could describe this terrible -this heartrending scene!

The cruelty of these barbarians was nevertheless not yet satiated; they untied Jesus, and again fastened Him up with His back turned toward the pillar. As He was totally unable to support Himself in an upright position, they passed cords round His waist, under His arms, and above His knees, and having bound His hands tightly into the rings which were placed at the upper part of the pillar, they recommenced scourging Him with even greater fury than before; and one among them struck Him constantly on the face with a new rod. The body of Our Lord was perfectly torn to shreds-it was but one wound. He looked at His torturers with His eyes filled with blood, as if entreating mercy; but their brutality appeared to increase, and His moans each moment became more feeble.

The dreadful scourging had been continued without intermission for three quarters of an hour when a stranger, a relation to Ctesiphon, the blind man who Jesus had cured, rushed from amidst the crowd and approached the pillar with a knife shaped like a cutlass. "Cease!" he exclaimed. "Cease! Scourge not this innocent man unto death!" He quickly severed the cords which bound Jesus to the pillar. Jesus fell almost without consciousness on the ground, which was bathed with His blood. The executioners left Him there and rejoined their cruel companions, who were amusing themselves in the guardhouse with drinking, and plaiting the crown of thorns.

Our Lord remained for a short time on the ground, at the foot of the pillar, bathed in His own blood. During the time of the scourging of Our Lord, I saw weeping Angels approach Him many times; I likewise heard the prayers He constantly addressed to His Father for the pardon of our sins-prayers which never ceased during the whole time of the infliction of this cruel punishment. While He lay bathed in His blood I saw an Angel present to Him a vase containing a bright-looking beverage which appeared to reinvigorate Him in a certain degree. The archers soon returned, and after giving Him some blows with their sticks, bade Him rise and follow them. He raised Himself with the greatest difficulty, as His trembling limbs could scarcely support the weight of His body; they did not give Him sufficient time to put on His clothes, but threw His upper garment over His naked shoulders and led Him from the pillar to the guardhouse, where He wiped the blood which trickled down His face with a corner of His garment. When He passed before the benches on which the High Priests were seated, they cried out, "Put him to death! Crucify him! Crucify him!" and then turned away disdainfully. The executioners led Him into the interior of the guardhouse, which was filled with slaves, archers, and the very dregs of the people, but there were no soldiers.

I saw the Blessed Virgin in a continual ecstasy during the time of the scourging of her Divine Son; she saw and suffered with inexpressible love and grief all the torments He was enduring. She groaned feebly, and her eyes were red with weeping. A large veil covered her person, and she leaned upon Mary of Heli, her eldest sister, who was old and extremely like their mother, Anne. Mary of Cleophas. the daughter of Mary of Heli, was there also. The friends of Jesus and Mary stood around the latter; they wore large veils, appeared overcome with grief and anxiety, and were weeping as if in the momentary expectation of death. The dress of Mary was blue; it was long, and partly covered by a cloak made of white wool, and her veil was of rather a yellow white. Magdalen was totally beside herself from grief, and her hair was floating loosely under her veil.

Continued page 4.

VISION AND REALITY

SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN BEING RIGHT!

In church for the past two Sundays, we have been listening to the VERY HARD SAYINGS from the 5th chapter of Matthew's gospel. It made me think, meditate, pray and write. CHRISTIANITY HAS NEVER BEEN VERY POPULAR BECAUSE IT ALWAYS CHALLENGES OUR PRE-PACKAGED VALUE SYSTEM. **No one** likes that. LENT-ONCE A YEAR-IS THE PROPER TIME TO HAVE ONE'S VALUES SERIOUSLY CHALLENGED. - TO HEAR THE HARD SAYINGS OF THE GOSPEL, even if this isn't the year we are up to handling the challenge. Thank God for Lent.



THE GOLDEN RULE:

Tweet others the way that you want to be tweeted.

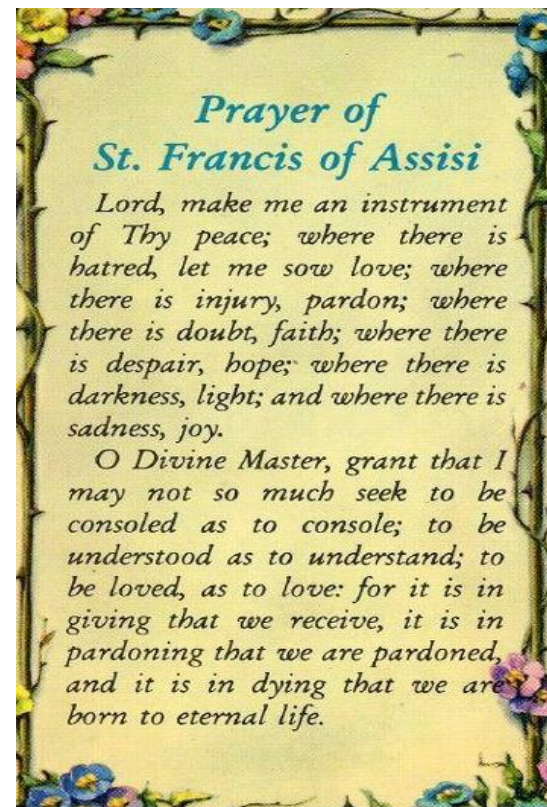
TODAY, TODAY! WHAT IS HAPPENING TODAY? It was always the job of the Old Testament prophets to confront the Israelites with what was happening, both in their lives and in their country, that didn't fit with God's plan for them. One always has to name and identify the enemy within your own heart and your own country before you can subdue that enemy within. Think of YOUR anger, pride, selfishness, jealousy, laziness, lust etc... -YOUR enemy within.

Who or what has gotcha, right NOW? Trump, Pelosi, Schiff, the Pope, Sanders, Clinton, FOX, CNN, MSNBC, Baier, Matthews, Blitzer, Limbaugh, Hannity, the Church, all Democrats, all Republicans, abortion, Iran, Antifa, Democracy, Socialism, the Constitution? etc.. When was the last time you prayed for YOUR ENEMY? Your FIRST TIME? Maybe our lack of prayer for our "enemies" is the reason we Christians continue to MIRROR our culture instead of TRANSFORMING IT? MAYBE *THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS PRAY?* To pray is a revolutionary act.

What does God, the Scriptures have to say about enemies? This is one of the Matthew's HARD SAYINGS that we all avoid listening to because it is difficult, it makes us feel uneasy, not want to be a Christian, pretend we didn't hear it, move on quickly!! *You have heard the commandment You shall love your countryman but hate your enemy. My command to you is: love your enemies, pray for your persecutors This will prove that you are sons of your heavenly Father, for his sun rises on the bad and the good, he rains on the just and the unjust. If you love those who love you what merit is there in that? Do not the tax collectors do the same? do not the pagans do the same?* Mt. 5: 43-45.

Too often, we give what I call "Notional Assent" to the truths we hear. We hear, but don't REALLY LISTEN!! We accept the truth in our mind, intellect, but it doesn't drip down into our heart where we have to RISK FOR IT. We allow our **"BODY MIND", where a lifetime of emotions are stored and live and rule, to do our "thinking"**. Often our decisions aren't really decisions **based on thinking** but rather on **our feelings** that rule and push us around. **PURE "BODY MIND". MOST, MOST** of what passes for thinking in America is erupting feelings, emotions out-of control, **"BODY MIND", VENTING!!** Today, in our society, there is a great diversity of everything but genuine thought. **ALL OF THIS IS A SERIOUS RELIGIOUS PROBLEM WITH SERIOUS RELIGIOUS, SPIRITUAL CONSEQUENCES.** Keep your eye on the **"BODY MIND"**. It is **EVERYWHERE!!**

"If a man spends all of his days on the hillside tending the sheep sooner or later he asks himself, "What do the sheep think of me and, little by little, he begins THINKING AND ACTING like he believes the sheep expect him to act". Nietzsche. **WE, AS A PEOPLE, AS CHRISTIANS ARE BETTER THAN THIS!!!!**



Lord, teach me not to ask, "Who am I" but "WHOSE am I?" "Abba Father, I BELONG TO YOU"- AS DO ALL OF THE PEOPLE ON THE PLANET EARTH, EVEN THOSE PEOPLE WE DON'T LIKE OR WITH WHOM WE DISAGREE.

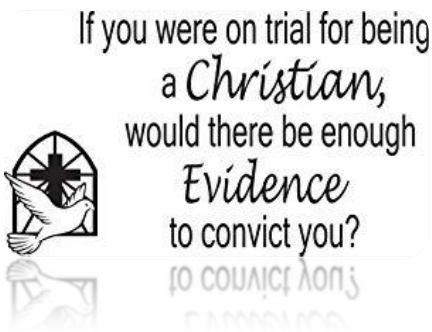
God, grant me the Serenity to accept the things I cannot change, *Courage* to change the things I can, and the *Wisdom* to know the difference.

When Jesus fell down at the foot of the pillar, after the flagellation, I saw Claudia Procles, the wife of Pilate, send some large pieces of linen to the Mother of God. I know not whether she thought that Jesus would be set free, and that His Mother would then require linen to dress His wounds, or whether this compassionate lady was aware of the use which would be made of her present. At the termination of the scourging, Mary came to herself for a time and saw her Divine Son all torn and mangled, being led away by the archers after the scourging: He wiped his eyes, which were filled with blood, that He might look at His Mother, and she stretched out her hands toward Him and continued to look at the bloody traces of His footsteps.

I soon after saw Mary and Magdalen approach the pillar where Jesus had been scourged; they knelt down on the ground near the pillar, and wiped up the sacred blood with the linen which Claudia Procles had sent. John was not at the time with the holy women, who were about twenty in number. It was not more than nine O'clock A.M. when the scourging terminated

- ***This partial account of the passion is a far sight from the cleaned up Stations of the Cross in our churches.***

LENT: Pick up your Bible: the Gospel of John, Chapter 12 to the end. Read it, pray it, let it slowly sink into your beautiful heart. Learn why you believe what you believe, or learn why it is such a privilege, an honor, a joy, be a Christian! Such freedom!! Such overabundant love!



Remember: No matter what you face in life DON'T LET GO; the fact is that Jesus died for YOU, knowing full well that you may not love Him back. That is TRUE LOVE!! Isn't it good to know that even when we don't love with a perfect love, HE DOES?

O God, help me to believe the truth about myself, no matter how beautiful it is."
~ Macrina Wiederkehr

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