

Selfless...

A mother's love for the man she raised

In reflecting upon my life, being a Lay Carmelite has given me a deeper insight into Mary's selfless attitude, Mary's selfless behavior. I'll explain, but for now bear with me...

When my son was flying his Navy FA-18 in the Omaha, Nebraska air show one summer afternoon, many of our relatives came from distant places to see their brother, cousin, brother-in-law, uncle, nephew, boyfriend and 'our son' perform his military 'stunts' in front of thousands of waiting spectators. As his mother, my excitement was overtaken by an enormous sense of love and pride. *[I also have three wonderful, loving and attentive daughters, but I must admit there truly is a unique bond in a mother-and-son relationship.]*

When it was time for my son to leave the 'stands' and head over to his 'fighting machine,' I had expected (as usual) that he would turn to give me a kiss and say, "I love you, Ma," to which I would always respond, "God bless you." Instead, he turned toward his girlfriend (soon to be fiancée), and gave her a parting kiss... then took off in a military jeep to head toward the flight line. Immediately, I became aware of my highly-activated "Mom's Antennae!" It began working overtime as I realized he was now a man... that he was no longer 'just my son.'

Several weeks later, after (still) struggling with the fact that he hadn't given me his usual 'kiss good-bye,' the Holy Spirit blessed me with the ability to ponder Our Blessed Mother's relationship with her Son. You see,

shortly prior to the airshow, I had begun to say The Rosary of the Seven Sorrows on a daily basis. Because of this, I was able to develop a desire to concentrate on Our Blessed Mother, her experiences and the relationship she had with her earthly family... in particular, her only Son, Jesus.

One day, during some deliberately-attempted 'quiet time,' I found myself identifying with Our Lady at the foot of the cross. I felt like I was standing next to her as she beheld her Son. In reflecting upon Jesus' words to her, "Woman, behold your son"... and to John, "Son, behold your mother," I no longer felt the "loss" of my son's 'parting' kiss. I was able to look through Mary's motherly eyes. She had given her Son to us, to you and to me. Jesus was no longer the child she had reared, the child whose scuffed and bloody nose she had caressed. Jesus was now OUR Savior, OUR Lord. He had come for all of us and was no longer just "Mary's Son." Like my son, I need to share him with other family members... with the entire public and the thousands who came out to see his 'show.'

Blessed Mother,
please help us to be
as selfless, and loving
to our children, to
our friends and to
our families as you
are to each of us,
your children.☺



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