



The Sacred Wounds of Christ

A Prayerful Reflection by St. Bernard of Clairvaux
Doctor of the Church

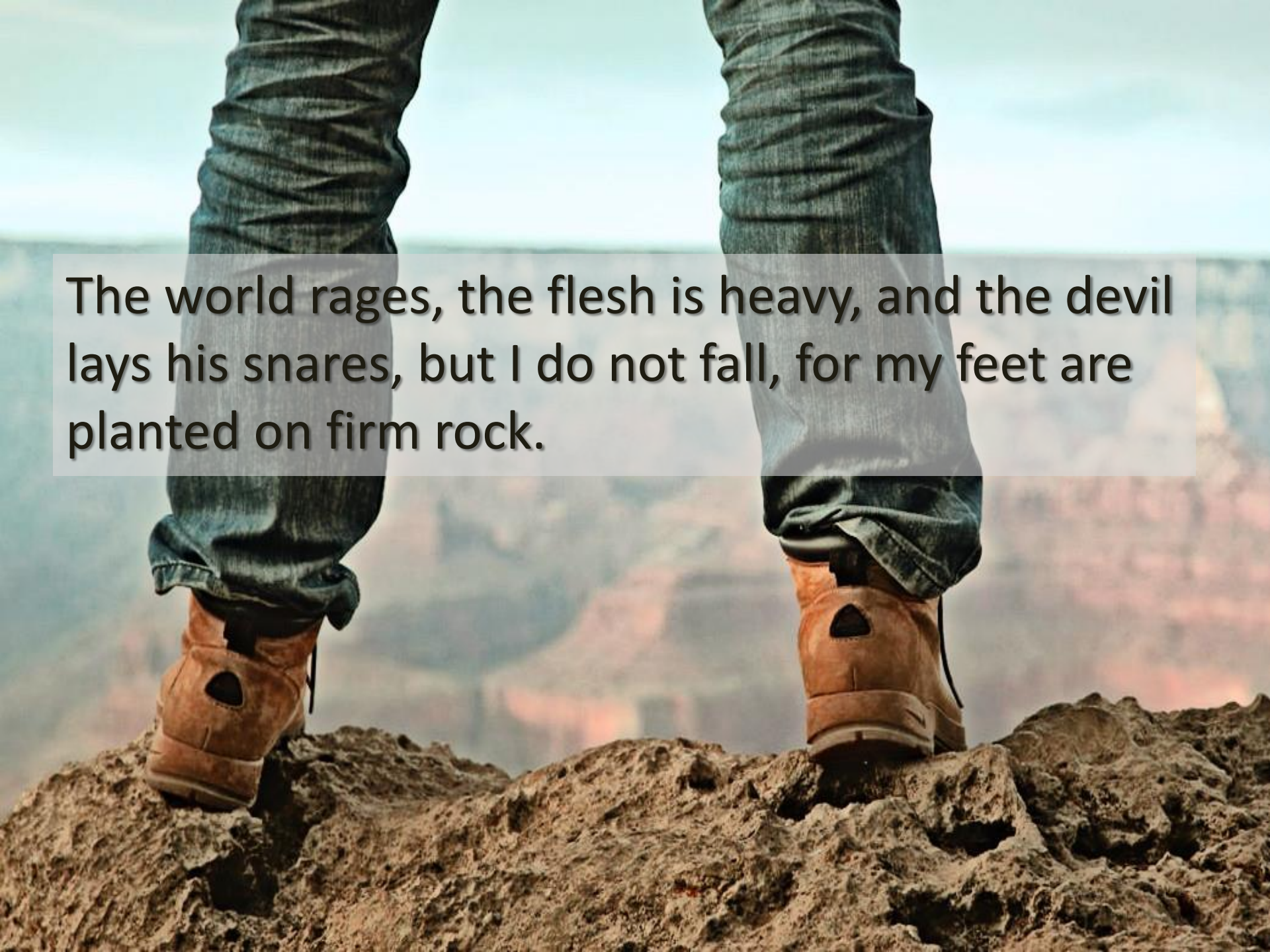
Presented by Jeanne Marie Toriskie, OSF, Ph.D.

Where can the weak find a place of firm security and peace, except in the wounds of the Savior?

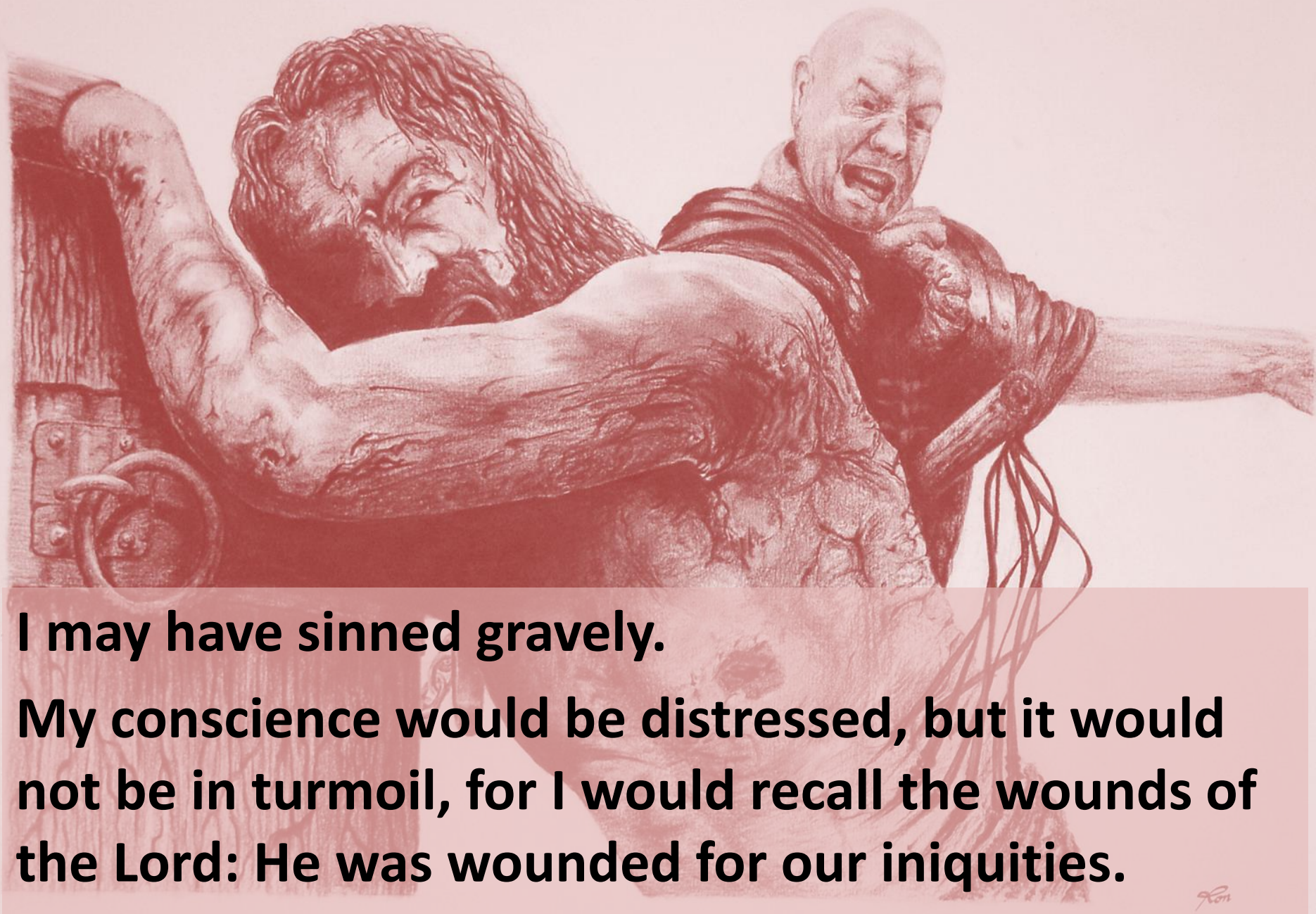


Indeed, the more secure is my place there the more he can do to help me.

LENT

A close-up, low-angle shot of a person's legs from the knees down, standing on a rugged, brown rock formation. The person is wearing dark blue denim jeans and brown leather hiking boots with distinctive circular cutouts on the side. The background is a vast, hazy canyon with layered rock formations in shades of brown and orange, under a pale blue sky. A semi-transparent grey rectangular box is overlaid on the center of the image, containing white text.

The world rages, the flesh is heavy, and the devil
lays his snares, but I do not fall, for my feet are
planted on firm rock.

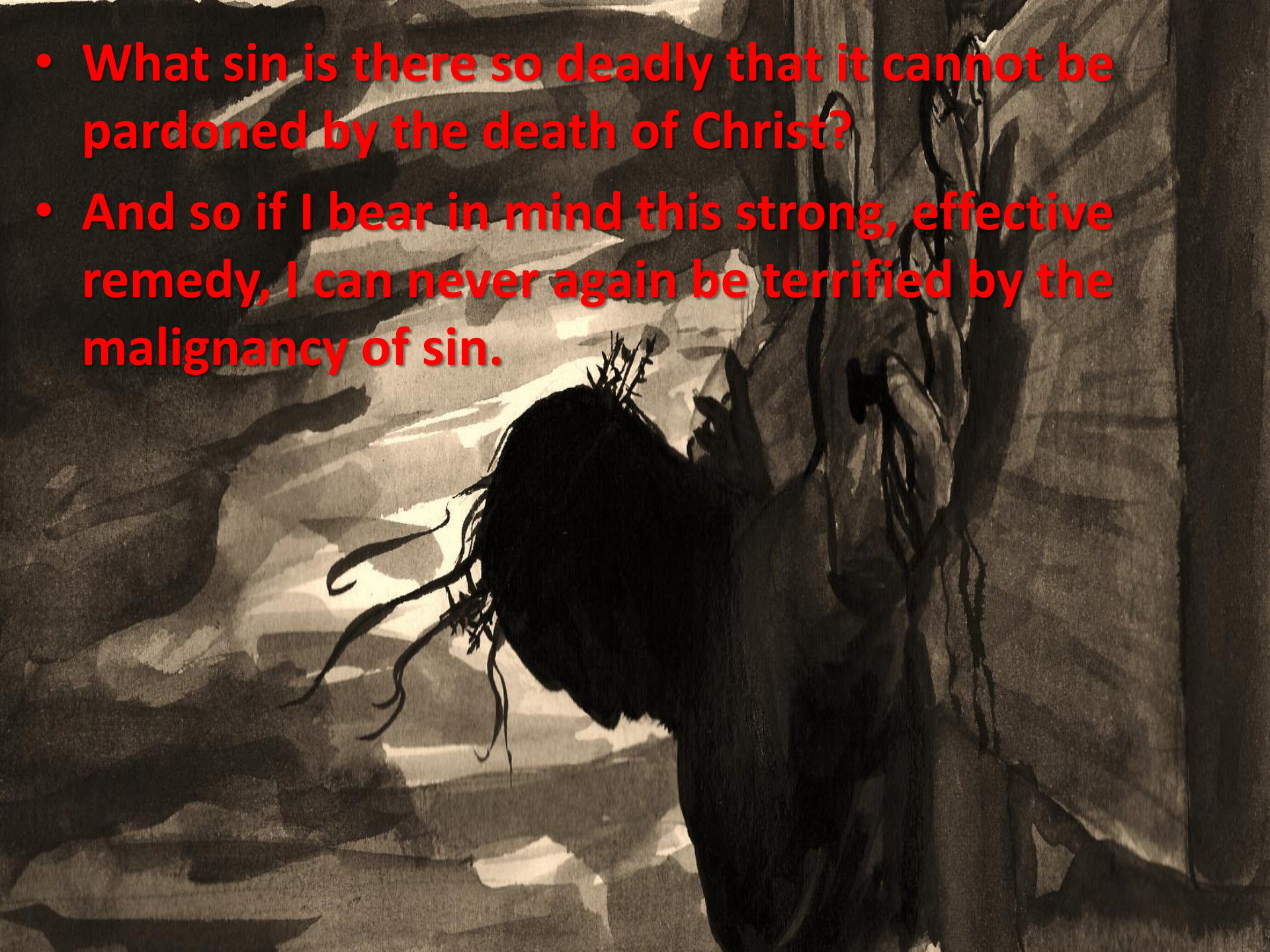


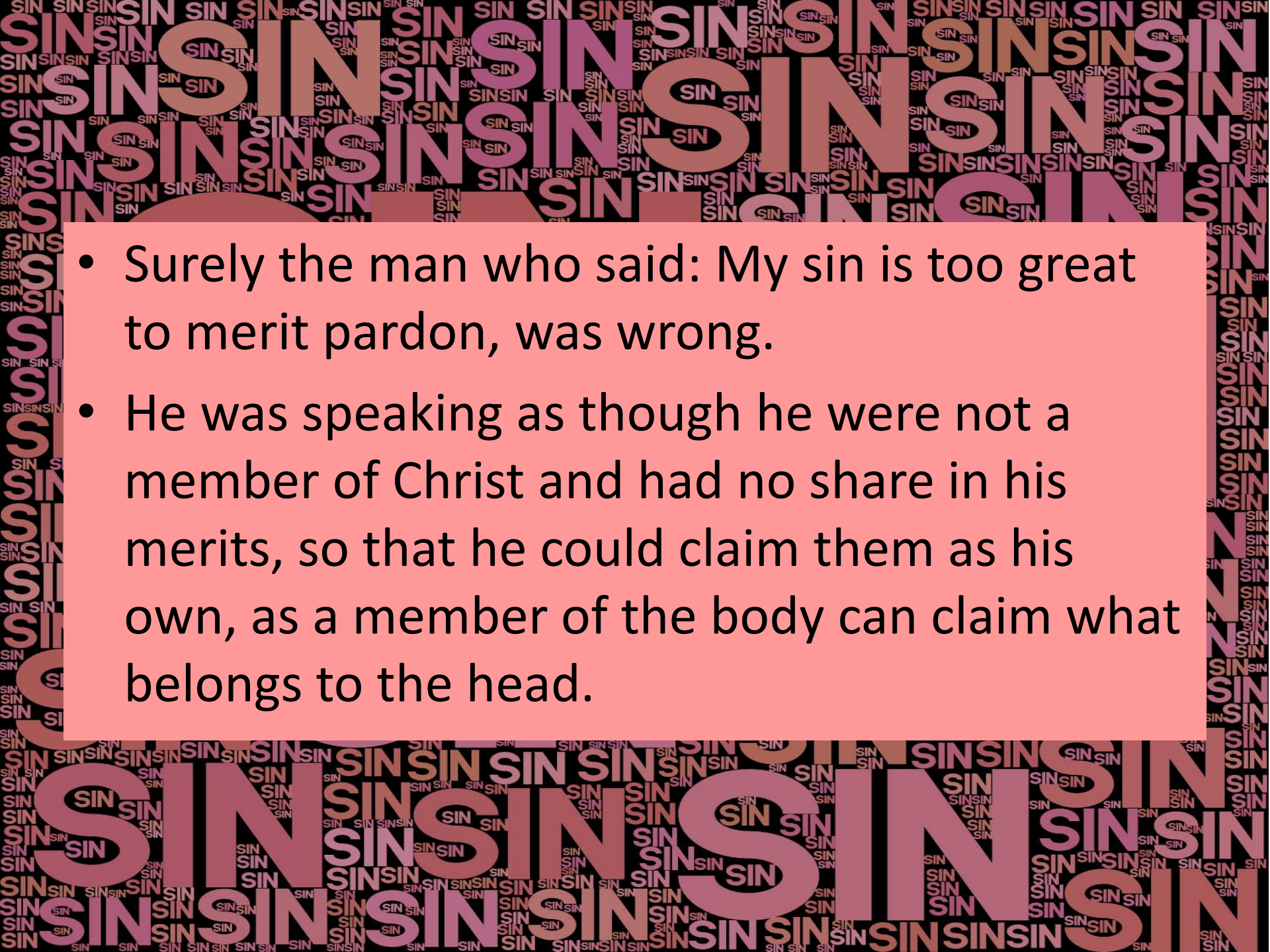
I may have sinned gravely.

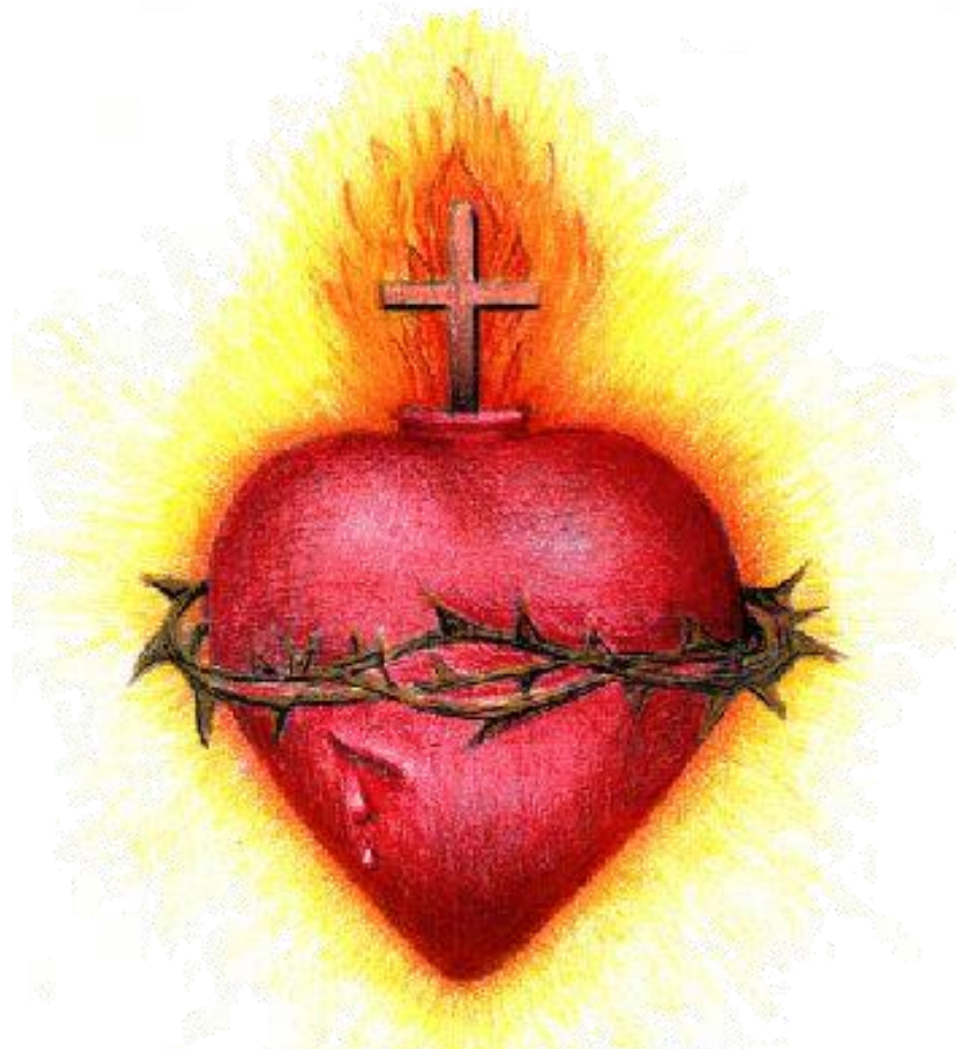
My conscience would be distressed, but it would not be in turmoil, for I would recall the wounds of the Lord: He was wounded for our iniquities.

Ken

- What sin is there so deadly that it cannot be pardoned by the death of Christ?
- And so if I bear in mind this strong, effective remedy, I can never again be terrified by the malignancy of sin.



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- Surely the man who said: My sin is too great to merit pardon, was wrong.
 - He was speaking as though he were not a member of Christ and had no share in his merits, so that he could claim them as his own, as a member of the body can claim what belongs to the head.



As for me, what can I appropriate that I lack from the heart of the Lord who abounds in mercy?

They pierced his hands and feet and opened his side with a spear. Through the openings of these wounds I may drink honey from the rock and oil from the hardest stone: that is, I may taste and see that the Lord is sweet.



- He was thinking thoughts of peace, and I did not know it, for who knows the mind of the Lord, or who has been his counselor?



- But the piercing nail has become a key to unlock the door, that I may see the good will of the Lord.



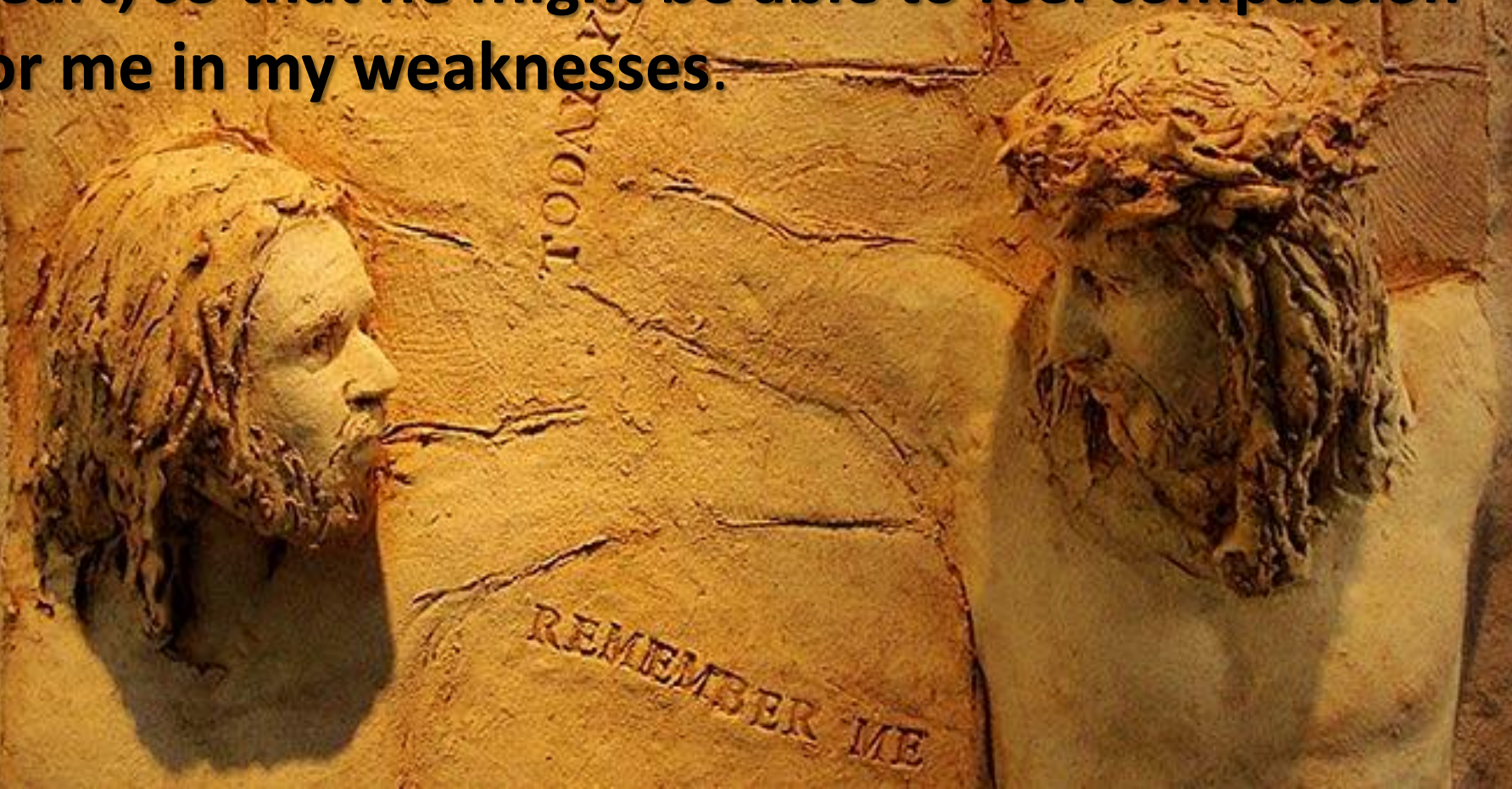


And what can I see as I look through the hole?



Both the nail and the wound cry out that God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself.

The sword pierced his soul and came close to his heart, so that he might be able to feel compassion for me in my weaknesses.





Through these
sacred wounds
we can see the
secret of his
heart,
the great
mystery of
love,
the sincerity of
his mercy with
which he
visited us from
on high.

**Where have your love, your mercy, your
compassion shone out more luminously than in
your wounds, sweet, gentle Lord of mercy?**

**More mercy than this no one has than that he lay
down his life for those who are doomed to death.**

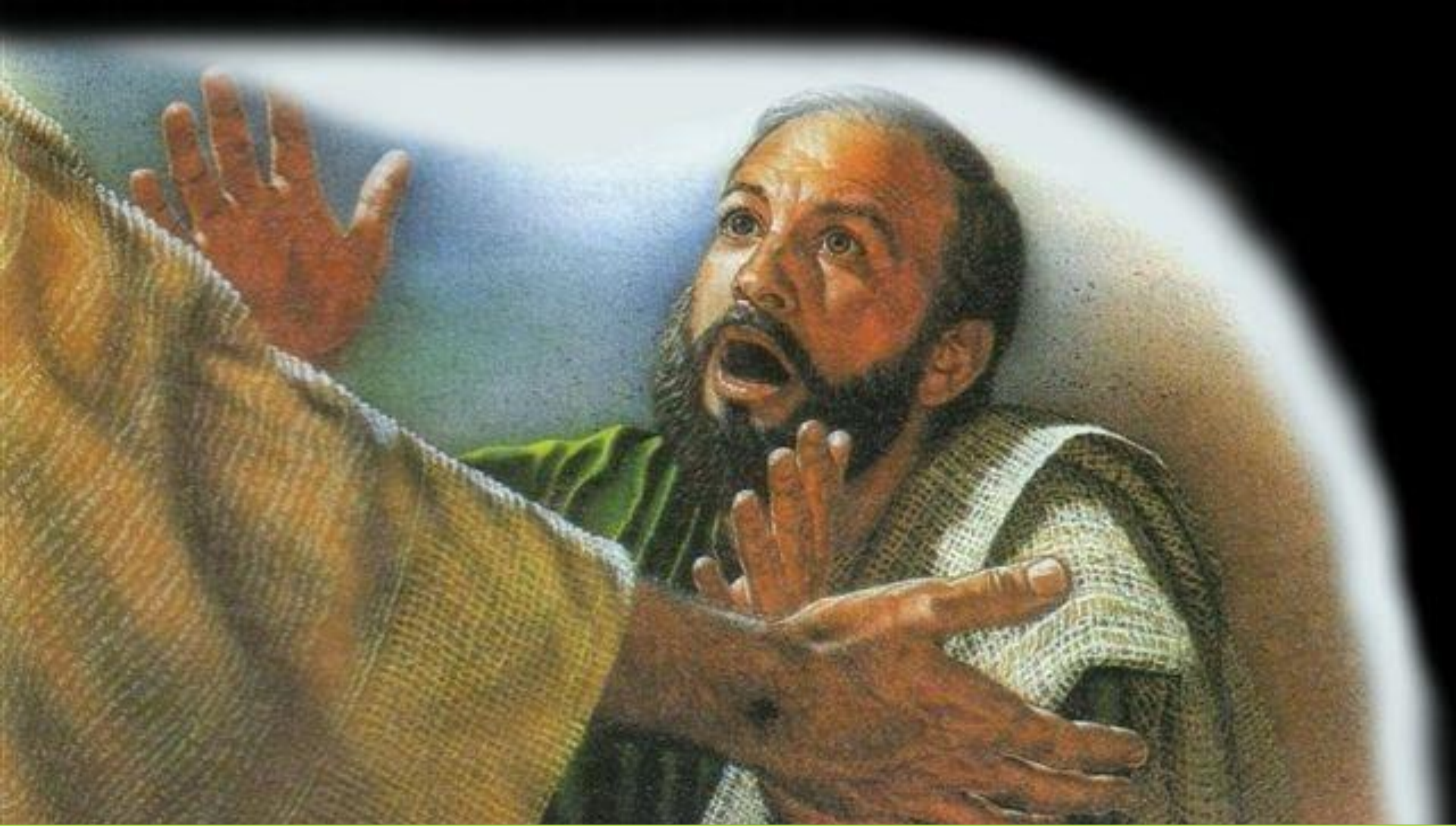




My merit comes from his
mercy;

for I do not lack merit so
long as he does not lack
pity.

And if the Lord's mercies
are many, then I am rich
in merits.



For even if I am aware of many sins, what does it matter?

Where sin abounded grace has overflowed.

And if the Lord's mercies
are from all ages for ever,
I too will sing
of the mercies of the Lord
for ever.





- Will I not sing of my own righteousness?
- No, Lord, I shall be mindful only of your justice.
- Yet that too is my own;
- for God has made you my righteousness.

AMEN.

**"The measure of love is
love without measure."**

St. Bernard of Clairvaux

