

I remember it all as I lay down my head in death.

*I remember when the angel came and told me, and my heart burst with joy
and terror.*

*I remember when I came to the door of Zechariah's house and Elizabeth
knew my secret and my heart melted and my eyes burned with tears and my
mouth prophesied.*

*I remember when I felt Your movement first inside my body, and I realized
that I was the living ark of the living God.*

*I remember when first I saw Your face, and touched Your hands, and looked
into my Joseph's eyes.*

*I remember when they came creeping in to see You, to worship You, the
shepherds of the night, and told me of angel songs and glory in the highest
and peace on earth.*

*I remember when we brought You to the temple and the old man took You in
his arms and blessed God, ready to die, and told me of pain yet to come.*

*I remember when they came from the East, and as I held You, they bowed
before you and gave their gifts—the gold, the incense, and the myrrh, while the
star's light shone upon us.*

*I remember when he woke me and we fled into the night ahead of the terror
of Herod's sword.*

*I remember when we came home at last, and people looked and talked, but
You were all our joy.*

*I remember when You stayed behind, when You left us, and we found You in
the temple and my heart rose up in fear, realizing that You chose to abide in
the place of sacrifice and death.*

*I remember when You spoke to me in roughness and yet made the water into
wine.*

*I remember when we came to make You take Your rest, and You taught me
that all these in need were dear to You as Your own family.*

*I remember when they took You, tortured You, and crucified You; before my
eyes rose up the memory of the old man in the temple—his words haunted me
still—and as I watched You dying it was as if a sword ran me through.*

*I remember when You looked on the beloved one and me and gave us to each
other for all our days.*

*I remember when the light died in Your eyes and my heart sank beyond tears
and words.*

*I remember after the empty days when they came and told me that You lived
again, and joy flooded my heart, and I knew then what I had always known—
Your every promise was true.*

*I remember when we prayed together after You had gone into heaven and the
Spirit came in wind and flame.*

*I remember how they went and told the news to all the world. And I
welcomed each new believer as my beloved child, a brother of my Son, the
King of all.*

I remember it all.

*My Son, now as I die, I am not afraid. I go to You, to You who has
conquered death, to You who is the forgiveness of all sins. Receive me, child.
Receive me.*

I remember. I remember. I remember.

-St. Mary, Mother of Our Lord