

DELAHNEY, John B.

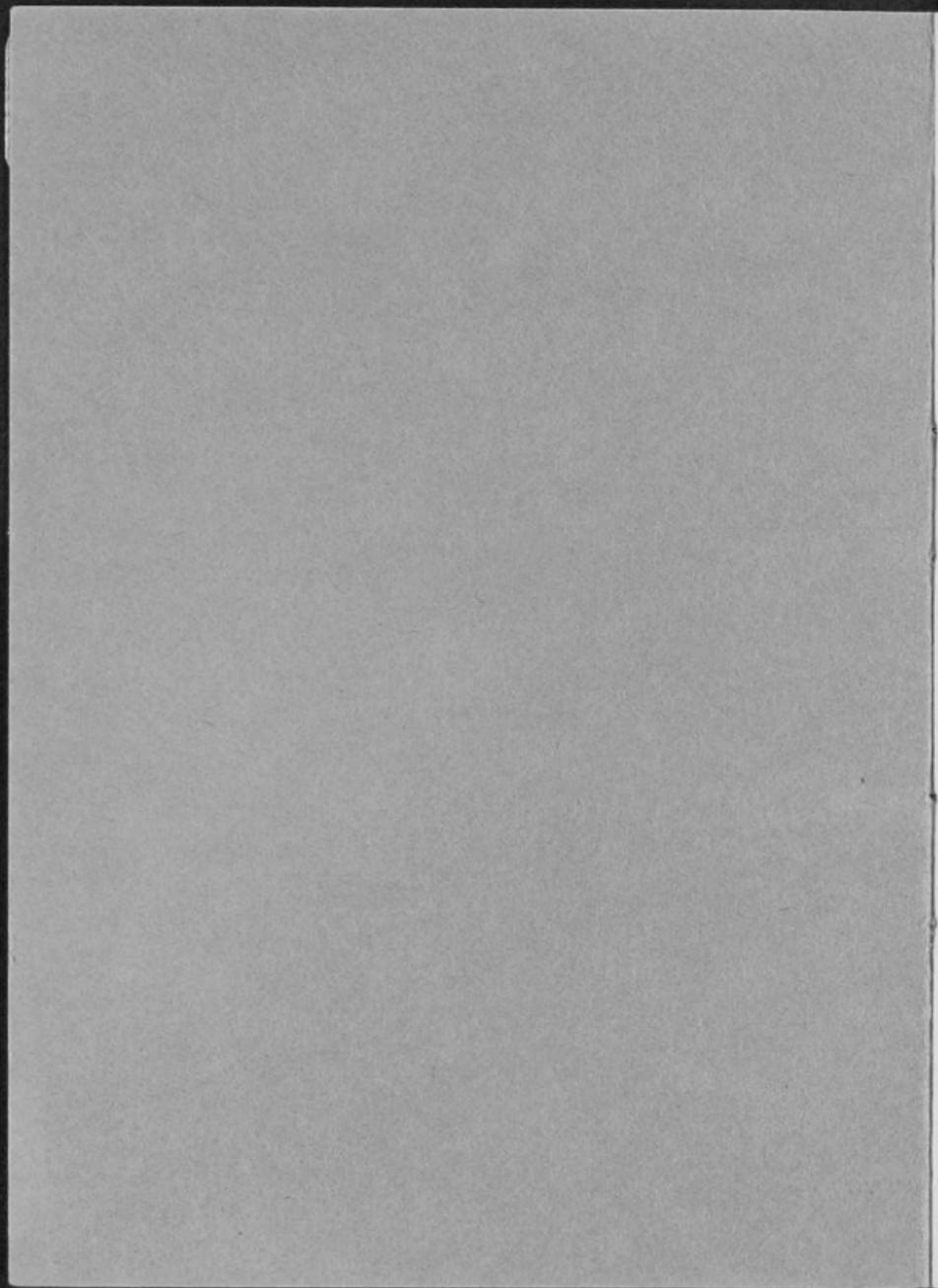
ADM 2822

Christ in the Mass

783284

Christ in the
... Mass





Christ in the
... Mass



Short Prayers
for the Mass

by
Rev. John B. DeLaunay, C.S.C., Ph.D.

At the Foot of the Altar

DEAR LORD, I am happy to assist at Mass this morning. It is the most perfect way I have to adore You. By this Mass I can also thank You for all Your numberless gifts and graces. Further it will gain for me forgiveness of my sins. And, finally, there is nothing that I cannot obtain from You at the altar. Help me, O Lord, to hear Mass worthily.

I turn my feet towards Calvary and with the priest I pause to search my soul and acknowledge its unworthiness. My sins are so numerous, so grievous, that I should feel ashamed to approach so near Your holiness. In the presence of the Three Persons of the Trinity; of Mary, my heavenly mother; of all the saints, I confess my sins and beg full remission and absolution from all, even the most hidden; nay even from those that have escaped me in the Sacrament of Penance . . . sins of thought, word, deed, . . . sins of scandal which perhaps through forgetfulness I did not confess. And grant me abiding sorrow for the least of them.

The Priest goes up to the Altar

I FOLLOW You, O my Divine Friend, up the steep slope as You carry the heavy Cross for me. . . . With the priest, I kiss the stone on which You will soon be immolated. . . I wish to put aside all distracting thoughts. . . . I will think of You only. . . . Fill me with the sense of Your Presence. And give me a growing understanding of the stupendous Act about to be performed. . . .

Kyrie, Gloria

GOD, the Father, Who made me, have mercy upon the work of Your own hands. I do not deserve mercy, for I have so often been unfaithful . . . have mercy . . . have mercy. . . .

God, the Son, Who redeemed me, have mercy upon Your sinful brother. Upon the friend who so often has betrayed You . . . have mercy . . . have mercy.

God, the Holy Ghost, Who sanctifies my soul, have mercy. So often have I rejected grace and life. Yet so often have You re-

turned to the unworthy abode . . . have mercy . . . have mercy.

Together with the angels over Bethlehem I sing: Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will. I praise You . . . I bless You . . . I adore You . . . I give You thanks for Your great glory, Lord, Heavenly King, Lamb of God Who takes away the sins of the world, receive my prayer. You alone are holy. You alone, together with the Holy Ghost are most high in the glory of the Father.

The Collects and the Epistle

MY GOD! You know what I need far better than I. How many times have I not asked for that which, if granted, would only harm! In Your wisdom and kindness You granted only what was for my good . . . If it be Your will, give me skill for the day's work, strength to avoid sin, light to do good. Bless my work. Bless all those I love. Bless and heal the sick of my home and those who need health of soul.

Your priest is now reading the Epistle.

The Epistle is a letter from You to me. It contains the marrow of doctrine. I am so dull-witted and so distracted that I care little for Your messages. May I become interested in Your Word! May it strengthen my faith! May it equip me to defend it against foes! And may it enable me to explain it to those who seek the light! Surely all through this day my lips will not speak as though I had not heard Mass.

The Gospel

THE priest, Your servant and messenger, is now reading the story of Your wonderful life. Why have I been so little interested in it in the past? O, adorable Master, only One is worthy to be known, to be loved and admired. I wish to know more about You. I shall read Your life. I shall meditate on Your words and deeds as I do on the sayings and actions of my dearest friend. And in the midst of my daily occupations I shall strive to imitate You, to be, like You, gentle, kind, pure. Fill me with greater reverence, warmer love.

The Creed

I BELIEVE in You, in all the doctrines taught in Holy Writ, in all the teachings of the Church. When You speak through the Holy Father, Your Vicar on earth, I accept all the lessons of faith and conduct given me. They are light to my eyes, strength to my heart. . . . I believe, and I want to be known by all as a believer. In the future I shall never blush about my religion before men. I shall confess You in the presence of scoffers, unbelievers. . . . I shall do so not only in words, but especially by example. My faith will be visible in my life. In the past how have I reconciled belief and practice? Pardon me, O God of Truth, and bring all men into the one fold, under one shepherd in the unity of faith!

The Priest Offers Bread and Wine

AS THE supreme moment of Your immolation on the altar draw close, I voice again my feeling of utter unworthiness. But I know that it is You Who are the Victim and that Your most Precious

Blood suffices to atone for all my shortcomings.

I offer You the bread destined for sacrifice. Now it is only bread such as men eat. And yet it is already marked for all eternity and destined to lose its nature and be transformed into Your sublime Self. And, as during Your life on earth, those about You failed to see Your Divinity hidden in Your human body, so now my weak faith cannot gaze upon You with fitting reverence. O Christ that is to be, O intended Victim, increase my faith.

I offer You the wine, destined to be changed into Your Blood. Under the wine-press of torture, the infinitely Precious Blood was forced out of Your Body, and drop by drop, was spilled for me, with infinite suffering.

How then can I look with so little attention upon the chalice which holds the priceless Liquid? Hasten, O Lord, to come down on earth that my thirst for the Divine may be quenched.

While I acknowledge, O dear Lord, my

sorrow for sins, and my absolute unworthiness, yet I make bold to join the priest in beseeching You to accept as well-pleasing these offerings upon the altar and to vivify them with Yqur Presence.

O Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier, vouchsafe to bless this sacrifice prepared for the glory of Your Name!

The Priest Washes his Hands

WATER is being poured over Your priest's hands that they may be cleansed from bodily and spiritual stains. My hands also are to take part in the offering and like his must be purified. . . . Let the water of full forgiveness make them worthier to offer You, O my Crucified Friend, to the Eternal Father.

Receive, O Blessed Trinity, this spotless host, offered for our sins, trespasses and negligences. Receive it on behalf of all here present, and of all faithful Christians, whether living or dead, that it may avail us unto salvation, life everlasting. Amen.

The Preface and The Sanctus

THE priest bids me lift up my heart and give thanks to You, O bounteous Bestower of good gifts. It is indeed just and profitable that I thank You at all times and in all places, but especially now when You are about to do so much for me. And I realize that the main purpose of my life is to adore You to Whom I owe all that I am and have, and to praise You Who alone deserves praise. Would that I could spend my days on earth, as I hope to spend my eternity, crying out with the angels and the blessed:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts! The heavens and the earth are full of Your glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is He Who comes in the name of the Lord. . . .

The Canon of the Mass

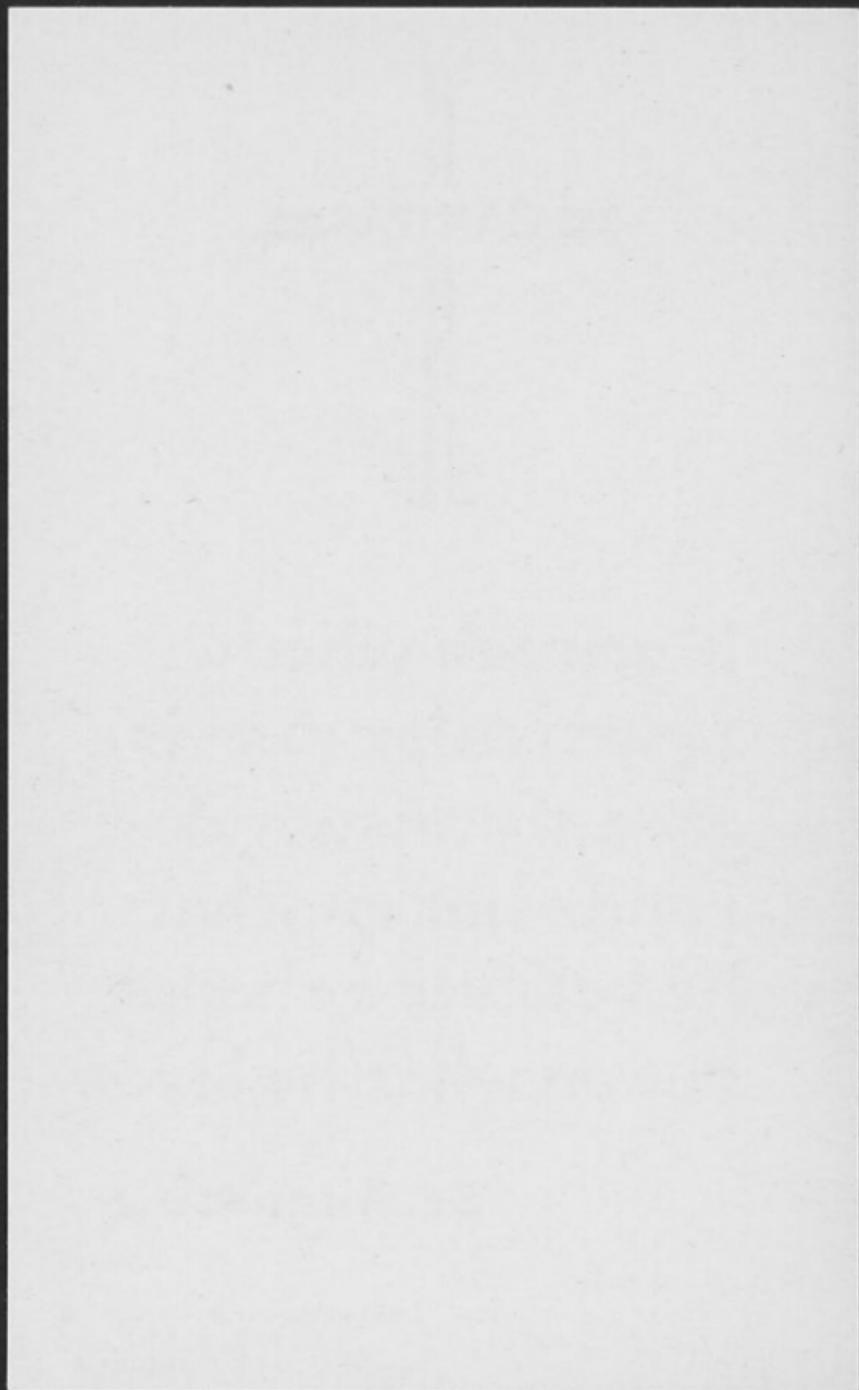
THE awful moment is near. The offering is on the altar. The priest is about to bring the Victim down from heaven. In a moment my eyes shall behold my God. Can my mind now dwell on aught but this? Away with every distraction!



If you ask whether
a particular man is
good, the answer de-
pends not on what
he believes or hopes
but on what he loves.

St. Augustine

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE
NOTRE DAME
HOLY CROSS, INDIANA



Most merciful Father, I humbly beseech You, through Jesus Christ, Your Son, to receive and bless these gifts, these holy and unspotted sacrifices which we offer to You for the holy Catholic Church, for your servants, our Holy Father, the Pope; our Bishop; and for all those who believe in You.

Be mindful, O Lord, of those for whom the Mass is offered; remember all present, my family and friends. Grant them health, happiness, holiness and life everlasting.

At this solemn time I vision near me the glorious Mary ever Virgin, the blessed apostles and martyrs, and all Your saints. May their pleadings obtain for us Your protection!

Deign, O gracious Lord, to receive this offering which we, Your servants, and with us the holy family of the faithful, make to You. Bless, consecrate, and approve this offering. By Your almighty power change it into the Body and Blood of Your most-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

The Consecration

On the day before He suffered, He took bread into His holy and venerable hands. And with His eyes uplifted to heaven unto You, His Almighty Father, He gave thanks, He blessed, He broke and gave to His disciples, saying, "Take, and eat ye all of this: *For This is My Body*".

O Christ really present where a moment ago there was only a morsel of bread, I raise my eyes to You, lifted up for my adoration. Was ever man more privileged than I? I see You with my eyes as actually as Your friends saw You in Nazareth, in Judea, on Calvary.

In like manner after He had supped He took also the chalice into His holy and venerable hands, and giving thanks, He blessed it, and gave it to His disciples, saying: "Take and drink ye all of this.

"For this is the chalice of My blood of the new and eternal testament; the mystery of faith; which shall be shed for you, and for many, to the remission of sins."

And He added the words which insti-

tuted the Sacrament of Orders and bade His priests to offer the Holy Sacrifice: "*As often as ye do these things, ye shall do them in commemoration of Me!*"

I have just witnessed a stupendous miracle. The Sacrifice of Calvary has been enacted before my eyes. How, knowing it, can I ever be uninterested at Consecration time?

This clean Victim, this holy Victim, this spotless Victim, I offer to You, O merciful God. It is worthy of You. It is the only worthy offering I can make. Deign to receive It with a countenance merciful and kind. Command that the pure hands of Your angels bear It to your altar on high, and that all those who partake of It on earth may be filled with every heavenly blessing and grace.

And may the Precious Blood assist not only those now living on the earth, but also your servants who are gone before us with the sign of faith and sleep the sleep of peace. To them O Lord, and to all that

rest in Christ grant a place of refreshment, light and peace.

And to us also, your sinful servants, grant fellowship with the holy apostles and martyrs and with all the saints! Admit us to their company, not that we deserve it, but because of Your great generosity.

To You, O God the Father, be all honor and glory by Jesus Christ, with Jesus Christ and in Jesus Christ, forever and ever.

At the Our Father

OUR Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

Evil is in me. It is about me. It ever seeks my ruin. Let the pleading of the blessed and glorious Mary, ever Virgin, of the apostles, and of all the saints free me

from sin and from all trouble, through the same Jesus Christ, Our Lord!

The Agnus Dei

LAMB of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on me.

Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on me.

Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, grant us peace.

I crave for peace, for the peace that is born of Your presence within me when I am in the state of grace.

As a means to that blessed peace, deliver me, by the virtue of your most holy Body and Blood, from all transgressions and from every evil. Never suffer me to be separated from You. May Your Body and Blood avail me for a safeguard and healing remedy for my soul and body!

Communion

LORD, I am not worthy that You should enter under my roof, say but the word and my soul shall be healed.

Lord, I am not worthy that You should enter under my roof, say but the word and my soul shall be healed.

Lord I am not worthy that You should enter under my roof, say but the word and my soul shall be healed.

May the Body and the Blood of Our Lord Jesus Christ keep my soul unto life everlasting!

If I cannot receive You physically, O dear Lord, at least come into my heart in spiritual communion.

And may no stain of sin ever remain in me whom Your pure and holy Sacrament has refreshed!

And again I beg that the sacrifice which I have offered in union with the priest may be acceptable to You and win forgiveness for me and for all those whom I have included in my intentions.

May God Almighty, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, bless me. Amen.

Final Prayer

AND now, dear Lord, I can begin the day in peace. My eyes have seen my Lord. I have spoken heart to heart with You. I cannot mingle with the world and fall again into sin as though I had not heard Mass. Strengthen my resolve. Keep all temptation away from me. Bless my day, my night, and watch over Your servant till the end. Amen.

Imprimi permittitur :

J. Burns, C.S.C.
Sup. Prov.

Imprimatur :

Michael J. Curley
Archiep. Baltimorensis

THE
HOLY CROSS
FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY
WASHINGTON 17, D. C.