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Guadalupe

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Guadalupe

Cloaked in emerald constellations, crowned with celestial grace. Hands, palm to palm, one as pale as light, the other the color of the earth. Deep sorrowful eyes lay upon the frail old man at her feet. Salmon colored gown encrypted in direct messages to the children of the moon, messages that speak of unity and peace on the very hill of Tepeyac, where many gathered to praise their blessed mother Tonantzin.

Outlined by the lace of motherhood, her blessed womb bears new life.

The beautiful woman keeps her hands together, symbol of the harmony she seeks to create, gaze fixed on the old man standing above a dark crescent moon, crushing the darkness with her delicate feet.

Higher than the stars. Greater than the constellations.

Standing here before this humble old man, she gifts him with impossibly beautiful spring flowers, out of season, in winter even, nonetheless, very real. A gift that transcends race and language, a vivid portrait of the mother of God, an image that will survive the decades to come despite the limited lifespan of the humble threads she chose as a canvas, no more miraculous than the human temperature it retains.

Of all the lovely countries in the world, of all the faith-filled cities, of all the humble people on the planet. You chose the humble indigenous man Juan Diego, as your messenger.

You chose "el centro de la luna" Metz-xic-co, to bless with your apparition to make your message of equality and opportunity heard in the Americas in a time when its leaders were most

in need of being humbled, when righteous men, drunk with power entertained feelings of superiority in the name of your Son.

Somewhere between the day and night, the light and the darkness lye your children, desperately seeking the warmth of your mantle, a touch of your grace, to know they are not alone.

Forever under your caring mothers gaze we pray for your continued protection.

Amen.