



## 12<sup>th</sup> Star

# HUMILITY

When I feel the desire for others to speak well of me, I will remember how Jesus shunned all praise and fame when He cured the sick and multiplied the loaves. I will remind myself of how His mother, the most exalted and exquisite of all human beings, lived her days in quiet love, without fanfare, never calling attention to herself.

When I desire wealth and ease, I will think of the Lord's challenge: "*Foxes have dens and birds of the sky have nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to rest his head*" (Lk 9:58). I will tame myself with His warning: "*But woe to you who are rich, for you have received your consolation*" (Lk 6:24).

When I seek to satisfy my appetite for materialism and comfort, I will reflect on the daily life of Mary, a poor and humble woman from an underdeveloped nation, who had to fetch and carry water in a heavy bucket, cut and break branches for firewood, tend to goats and chickens, and grind wheat with stones. The Queen of Heaven and Earth had no central heating, no air conditioning, no aspirin for a headache. Her queenship was without soft, delicate hands and personal servants.

When I realize that I am spending my precious time looking out for myself, I will recall that Jesus never acted in this way. He lived his life solely for others, renouncing His advantages of being God, submitting Himself to the life of a poor carpenter and an itinerant, and eventually to a violent, untimely death. When I think nothing of putting myself first, I will turn my thoughts to Mary, who was quick in mind and body to help those in need: . . . *Mary set out and traveled to the hill country in haste to a town of Judah, where she entered the house of Zechariah and greeted Elizabeth* (Lk 1:23-39-40). *When the wine ran short, the mother of Jesus said to him, "They have no wine"* (Jn 2:3).

When I focus my talents around my own goals and desires and refuse to ask God what His will for my life is, I will bring to mind Mary's fiat, which began with the Annunciation and had no greater expression than her quiet presence at the Crucifixion: "*I am the handmaiden of the Lord, let it be done to me according to thy word.*" And I will say, like Jesus in the Garden of Olives, ". . . *not my will but Yours be done*" (Lk 22:42).

When my pride roars within me, insisting that my ego be fed and my will satisfied, I will remember that I am only truly great when I am most humble.

