

He dreads—forgetfulness. Yes, to be forgotten, is what Jesus looks upon as the greatest of evils.

Moreover, it is at the moment death claims Jesus, that He, the divine Friend, as it were, throws Himself into the arms of man for protection. Judas has just added the climax to his perfidy by a sacrilegious Communion—has delivered Jesus to Satan before delivering Him to His murderers. Then, Jesus enters into the pure heart of the other Disciples to ask them to preserve His life. What a mystery of love! Until now it was we who said to the Lord: Thou art my refuge, my all-powerful help; now love reduces God to say to us: Save Me, you are my refuge, your heart is my shelter!

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O Christians! we were all there around the table in the Cenacle, near Jesus, in the person of our elders in the faith. To us then as to the Apostles Jesus addresses this request: My Brother, save Me; save Me from ignominy and forgetfulness, to Me, worse than death; save Me from the cruel betrayal of the new Judas' sacrilegious communicants. Is not this request clear and distinct? does it not re-echo in the bottom of our hearts at a time as touching as approaching Passiontide?

Let us, then, prostrate before the agonizing Christ and offer reparation for the outrages heaped upon Him. Let us kneel before the loving King of the Cenacle bequeathing Himself to His children in a priceless testament of wisdom and love. Let us on Holy Thursday commemorate His benefits by welcoming the dearest Friend, the most loving Father in sacramental Communion.

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