

Building a House for Mary

By: Mr. Guy Murphy OP (Lay Dominican)

This series of three meditations over a seventeen-year period helped me to understand what Our Lady meant in 2001 when I received an inspiration to “Build a House for Her.”

Garabandal, Spain is a very powerful place to meditate. Meditation allows us to encounter God by using the three powers of our soul, the memory, the intellect and the will. The normal way God speaks to us is through the soul and meditation helps us to hear Him.

A Jesuit priest, the late Fr. Francis Budovic S.J., started a Lay Apostolate called “Angels of the New Era” as a vehicle for the New Evangelization. This apostolate is the Driver’s Ed of teaching your soul how to fly to God in meditation. To join, the “Angel of the New Era Prayer” is said every day and then in the Lord’s time, the Holy Spirit puts a burning desire in your heart to start the first of the angel stories that make up the Angel Constitution.

The “Angel of the New Era Prayer” goes like this: “Dear God, I beg you to please give me the grace, that the three powers of my soul, my memory, my intellect and my will, will be for the greater glory of God.” (For more information on Angels of the New Era, see www.MED1.com)

Meditation #1 during a retreat in Garabandal, Spain, May 1999

The Subject: Saint Ignatius of Loyola’s “Three Kinds of Humility” (SE #165-167).

The Meditation took place before the exposed Blessed Sacrament where the alive person, Jesus Christ is miraculously and truly bodily present under the appearance of the Sacred Bread Host.

From St. Ignatius Spiritual Exercises, “Why meditate on humility? Pride leads to all sins. Humility leads to all virtue.

To acknowledge God as creator and designer is an act of humility.

The first degree of humility is necessary for salvation. It requires me to subject and humble myself to obey the law of God our Lord. Even if God made me lord of all creation, or to save my life on earth, I would not consent to violate a commandment of God and commit a mortal sin.

The second kind of humility is more perfect than the first. It expects that I neither desire nor am I inclined to have riches over poverty. That I not seek honor rather than dishonor, desire a long life rather than a short life. All this provided only in either alternative, I would promote equally the service of God our Lord, and the salvation of my soul. Besides this indifference, not for all creation, or to save my life, would I consent to commit a venial sin.

The third degree of humility is the most perfect kind. Assume that the first two kinds of humility are already achieved. If God would be equally served, in order to be like Jesus Christ our Lord, I desire to choose poverty with Christ poor, rather than riches; insults with Christ, rather than honors; desire to be considered as worthless and a fool for Christ, rather than to be esteemed as wise and prudent in this world. So was Jesus Christ treated before me.”

Meditation begins. Guy prays, “Speak Lord, your servant is listening!” “Dear God, I beg you, to please give me the grace, that the three powers of my soul, my memory, my intellect and my will, will be for the greater glory of God.”

Memory: What do I see, hear, smell?

FIRST DEGREE: I can’t think of anyone who is living the first degree of humility. I think of Eve. She had everything. The Devil told her she would be like God if she commits a mortal sin. (She certainly would die). She did not have humility. She was not truthful that she was a creature and that God is Creator.

SECOND DEGREE: I can’t think of anyone who is living the second degree of humility. I think of Peter. He walked with Christ, he chose poverty over riches, dishonors over honors, he did not prefer a long life to a short life, and he said I am willing to die for you Jesus. If the Sanhedrin and the Roman court held Peter up and said, “Deny Jesus or die”, he would have died. He would die a noble death, in front of everyone, for God. However, when a handmaid questioned him, and Peter thought he was going to get lynched in the dark, he cursed and swore and said, “I do not even know the man.” (Venial Sin)

THIRD DEGREE: The Blessed Mother is the new Eve. She preferred to remain hidden, and asked the gospel writers, not to write about her. God allowed the minimal required, until the time that He wanted to exalt Her to the world as the boast of all His created works. She will be exalted after the world sees how She is practicing the third degree of humility in our day.

In real life, I was walking around the town of Garabandal. As I was pondering on where to meditate, my friend Ed said to me, “God has done amazing things through the pilgrimages, prayer groups and parades. If you do a holy hour with Jesus every day, God will make your ministry really blossom.” I told him that I try to make holy hours but then I get a wiggly feeling in my stomach that I have people to see, places to go and things to do, then I get up and leave. He gave me a pathetic look, shook his head and left, so I decided to go to the church in Garabandal where the Blessed Sacrament happened to be exposed. There I continued the meditation.

Memory: What do I see, feel, smell? The devil appeared before the throne of God and growled; “I will destroy Your church, but I need more time and more power. I will make them hate You, rebel against You, be filled with pride, lust, greed, envy, wrath, sloth, gluttony. Give me 100 years....” (See Pope Leo XIII’s 1884 encounter with the devil & Freemasonry encyclical letter.)

The Devil starts out by feeding them corn with a little stain of manure on it. “Don’t worry, the rich and famous know it is a delicacy.” They were reluctant but the Devil started making all kinds of noise and said; “Lets Party, Eat, Enjoy.” They developed a disorderly attachment to corn. As time went on, he gave them larger manure stains on their corn. As time went on, we became more used to the smell, taste, and darkness of manure. After 50 years, our food looked like manure with corn kernels coming out of it. People did not seem to mind eating it. After 80 years, we were completely immersed in ten feet of manure. I saw our beautiful blue planet earth from a view from outer space. The color slowly turned more and more brown until our entire earthly home was submerged in manure. Our planet earth was a big piece of poop. Corn is a good gift from God. The manure stain is a venial sin. The manure covering the corn is a mortal sin.

At the same time, Our Lady is enjoying the beautiful vision of God in Heaven, She asks God, "Let me help restore your Church. I will help them love You, follow You and be filled with faith, hope, love, justice, prudence, fortitude, and temperance."

God said, "YES", and sent Our Lady to the manure pile. Although it cost Her a great deal of suffering to smell the manure, She used Her hands to feel through it to find Her children.

As She finds Her children, She tells them; "God exist and He loves you. God did not create you to be children of the serpent as little worms digging through the manure eating polluted corn, He created you to be sons and daughters of God." She tells them how to apply the power Jesus gave them through Jesus' Church in order to break the chains they are in.

Being a holy slave of love to Jesus thru Mary is a great privilege. Mary is so good and beautiful, but she is also so impractical. My disposition had me pointing out Her faults often. I am amused by the way She works, but also in wonder and awe as I watch Her do things. She has a merciful and generous heart complete with an angelic sweetness. I just love hanging around Her, helping with any menial tasks that She wants. I joined Our Lady in Her mission, however, the smell was so foul that I could not approach the spot where She was digging. All I could do was hold my nose and watch at a distance. She had to work pretty hard to catch one. She would pull them out with Her fingers, wash them with Her tears, sit them down in front of the Blessed Sacrament, and they would be transformed from worms into people. It was a very slow and treacherous process.

They were resisting, and I became impatient because the smell was so foul. I yelled out: "Come on Our Lady, let's get out of here. They don't even want your help!" She stopped Her work, looked at me with those blue eyes, there was a little manure on Her cheek, and She said to me very seriously but full of love; "Is that how you love My children?", then She went back to work.

Wow, I never lose any arguments and She silenced me once again with one short but sweet sentence. Look at how much She loves them. She moves so gracefully. She is as precise as a humming bird and as delicate in handling them as a butterfly. I continued to watch with admiration, and at the same time, as they resisted, I had to use all my self-control to not heckle at Her for being so impractical. "What patience!"

I noticed that to be more efficient, She was digging several holes in the big manure pile called earth. One hole was called Fatima, one was Lourdes, one was Medjugorje, one was Garabandal, one was the Cross (Queen of Heaven, Cemetery). After a long time, she had several people from each hole, half converted and sitting in front of the Blessed Sacrament. Then I saw a demon whisper something to one of them. The one stood up and said, "Hey we are the only true conversion hole!" Then he started to throw manure at the people that came out of the other holes. Many from those holes fired back. Our Lady turned Her head because She was caught in the cross- fire. Several people were hit and fell back into the hole. Several people who were throwing the manure lost their balance and fell back into the manure pile also.

The situation looked so hopeless and pathetic that I could not even say anything. She was working so hard that I felt very sorry for Our Lady and how everybody was treating Her. Our Lady regained Her composure and then went back to work saying "God exist, and He loves you!"

“Wow, this is certainly an example of the third degree of Humility.” As I thought about this, Our Lady caught one, washed him off with Her tears, and sat him down in front of the Blessed Sacrament. He was sitting there, wiggling around and he fell off the chair. I started to chuckle. He was headed back to the manure pile, and I cried out “Mother he is going to fall in there again.” Our lady grabbed him in the nick of time and sat him back down on the chair in front of the Blessed Sacrament. He was half worm and half man. He had a tail where his legs and feet should be. I was standing in back and to the left of him but I could see that his face was intently looking at Jesus but his tail was still wiggling and almost knocking him out of the chair. I tried not to laugh and said, “Who is this?” I walked up alongside of him, and paid my respect to Jesus. I knelt in front of the Blessed Sacrament that the worm man was in front of. I turned to the right to look at him, and at the exact same time, he turned to the left to look at me. When we were face to face, I realized that I was looking into a mirror. It was my face with a worm head and tail. The smile was wiped off my face. I snapped out of the meditation and turned my head back to the left and realized that I was still in front of the Blessed Sacrament the entire time. It was easy for me to imagine a worm costume on top of my head and a tail protruding from my feet.

Still stunned, I then felt that familiar wiggly feeling in my gut that I had things to do, people to see, and places to go. With each wiggly feeling, I saw my worm tail move back and forth. For the past ten years since my conversion I knew I had some rough edges but thought I was making great strides in the spiritual life through prayers, Mass, Confession, fasting, reading the Bible. However, from the depths of the wiggle in my gut, I saw how needy I was. This time, the truth came over me, it was very shocking and humbling and I did not get up to leave Jesus so soon.

After a pause, I said to Jesus: “I get it; the Holy hour is more important than all my endeavors.”

Then I paused again and looked at Jesus seriously and said, “Jesus, Mother got me again!”

Will: From now on, a Holy Hour in front of Jesus every day is the number one priority.

Note: One of the future predictions of Garabandal is a future world-wide warning. This is where God shows all of us the state of our souls as He sees it. I think I experienced it in this meditation. When Our Lady says, “Do not wait for the sign to be converted,” She speaks the truth.

Meditation #2 “Three kinds of Humility” on Pentecost Sunday, May 19th 2002.

After Mass in the Vatican, on the plane on the way home from my friend Eddie W’s ordination to the priesthood. SE #165. The same points were used as the first meditation.

Meditation begins. Guy prays, “Speak Lord, your servant is listening!” “Dear God, I beg you, to please give me the grace,,,,,, **Memory:** What do I see, hear, smell?

I see our Lady. The good Mother is still working the pile of manure. She is still crying. I look and see that there are less people converted now, than there were three years ago.

I could tell by the manure sprinkled on Her that there was another fight and many more children fell back into the manure pile.

Our Lady is still working diligently, crying and saying, “Dear Children, please listen, God exist and He loves you. God alone is the fullness of life. If you want to enjoy that fullness and obtain peace, you must convert yourself to God.”

Seeing Her great love and little success, I no longer wanted to heckle Her. Instead, I came off my chair at Adoration, which I happily visit often, my heart was breaking because of how bad Her children were treating Her. Her admirable love and great humility won me over. I walked close to Her and raised my hands with the back of the hands facing Her and with my fingers pointing up. With tears welling up in my eyes, I said: “Here are my hands Mother, can I help you dig?”

She smiled and pointed out a place next to Her. As I moved close, I realized that Jesus was inside of Her, strengthening Her and telling Her what to say.

I gave Her the key to my heart, She thanked me for building the house for Her and Jesus. She opened the door to my heart. I saw inside my chest, the little house, similar to the House of Loreto with many bricks. Each brick had something written on it. Some said: Prayers, Penance, confession, sacrifice, charity, pilgrimage, patience, Mass, Messages, Rosary, prudence, fasting, peace, sharing, Eucharist, adoration, perseverance, Joy, kindness, books, etc. I realized the house was being built over the years one little brick by brick by doing the little things that Mother wanted me to do through the St. Louis DeMontfort Consecration.

I did not design the house located in my heart, I just put many of the bricks in there by doing what She asked. I continued working joyfully because Jesus and Mary were living in me. I was begging them to never let me lose focus on them and offer them poverty, insults and being a worthless fool for Christ as little bricks so they could continue to build. The grace received from Adoration was the mortar that connected the bricks daily (See Eucharist Encyclical /John Paul II).

Will: Strive for HUMILITY. I realized that the Totally Yours Society was born.

The Colloquy – Thanks Mother for your heroic efforts and love. We prayed together the Our Father. I ate a piece of candy and shared it with Her on the plane ride home.

July 29, 2016 at the Divine Mercy Shrine in Stockbridge Massachusetts.

Meditation #3 on the Three Kinds of Humility (Spiritual Exercises #165-167)

#1. The first kind of humility is to obey the law of God our Lord in all things. Even if I was made Lord of all creation or to save my life, I would not commit a mortal sin.

#2 The second kind of humility is more perfect than the first. I do not desire riches over poverty, or honors over dishonors. I do not desire a long or a short life, as long as I can serve God and save my soul. For everything in the whole world, I would not commit a venial sin.

#3 Assuming that the humility number one and number two are already achieved, to be more like Jesus Christ I desire poverty with Christ poverty. I desire insults with Christ rather than honors and to be counted as a worthless fool for Christ rather than be esteemed as wise in the world.

Meditation begins. Guy prays, “Speak Lord, your servant is listening!” “Dear God, I beg you, to please give me the grace,,,,,, (The Angel prayer)

Memory: What do I see, hear, smell? We are together digging in the manure pile on the Earth. I just gave Our Lady the key to my heart as I did in a meditation 13 years ago. The scene seemed to be the same as the other two meditations.

I already realized that Jesus is living in Her Heart like it was a “little heaven”. The Lord was with Her. I knew He was telling Her what to say in all Her apparitions. As Queen of the Angels, She is delivering the Lord’s messages perfectly. I am helping Our Lady dig in the manure pile as I call out, “God exists and He loves you. God alone is the fullness of life, if you want to enjoy that fullness and obtain peace, you must turn back to God.” I have very little success but I am happy to be near Jesus and Mary. She smiles and takes the key and plunges it into my chest. I was shocked and I thought I would feel pain, but I did not. She opened the door to my heart similar to how one would open the door to a safe. Inside my heart was a house all in light. I saw all the bricks made in the house. I marveled because the house was much bigger than it was before, in an earlier meditation. The little brick house was now like a big mansion. It was the big Garabandal house that we have been designing for the “Building a House for Mary” project.

Each brick that made up the house had a name on it. One brick had the name “pilgrimage” etched on it. One was named “Marian Conference.” Another brick had “a good deed” written on it, just like it did before but many years had gone by and there were more bricks.

I saw Saint Joseph inside my heart working to assemble the bricks together. He had an apron on. Our Lady was there also. St. Joseph had a metal triangle trowel used for cement in his hand. He was in there, building the house, all throughout the years, one brick at a time. Our Lady told me what menial tasks to do and I did them. This is how I got each brick. I did not design the house or assemble it. I was just living out the St. Louis DeMontfort Consecration by going to Jesus through Mary “Totus Tuus.” I just did the little things that I thought Our Lady wanted me to do each day and it happened. Thank you St. Joseph.

Intellect: The most important thing to tackle projects is to remain faithful to my prayer life, including visits to Jesus. From that, I will identify and then obtain the grace to attempt to accomplish the little tasks that the Lord calls me to do every day.

Will: I renew my St. Louis DeMontfort consecration and promise to try and do all the little tasks with love to Jesus through Mary and let God do the building (Psalm 127:1).

Note: Presently, I am trying to design and build a retreat house. I hope the meditations done there will be even more inspired with the help of God’s miraculous “Great Sign” that is prophesied to be left at Garabandal, Spain. See www.MEDJ1.com for more info. God Bless, pray for me and don’t be afraid to help build up the Kingdom. Totus Tuus, JMJ.