Communion Antiphon

Less-ed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Verses

1. I will sing for-| ev-er of your mercies, | O Lord; through all ages | my mouth will proclaim | your fi-del-i-ty. R

2. Whoever follows | me will not walk | in dark-ness, but will have the light | of life, | says the Lord. R

3. Blessed are the poor in | spir-it, for theirs is the Kingdom | of heav-en. Blessed are the pure | in heart, for they | shall see God. R

Saint Teresa of Jesus
(1515-1582)

Lines Written in Her Breviary

Let nothing disturb thee, Nothing affright thee All things are passing; God never changeth; Patient endurance Attaineth to all things; Who God possesseth In nothing is wanting; Alone God sufficeth.

—H. W. Longfellow (translator).

Saint Therese of Jesus
Virgin and Doctor of the Church

October 15

Truly wonderful were the exterior and interior manifestations of her mystical union with God, especially during the last decade of her life. These graces reached a climax when her heart was transfixed. She practiced great devotion to St. Joseph, whose cult was greatly furthered throughout the Church through her efforts. When dying, she often repeated the words: “Lord, I am a daughter of the Church!” Her holy body rests upon the high altar of the Carmelite church in Alba, Spain; her heart with its mysterious wound is reserved in a precious reliquary on the Epistle side of the altar.

In matters mystical Theresa holds a unique position, even as Thomas Aquinas does in matters theological. — Bossuet

AT MASS

Entrance Antiphon

Ps 61. Homesick for God. This psalm, a jewel of biblical poetry, was sung by the Jews of the captivity to express their intense longing for their homeland and their temple. Since the fall, earth has become a land of exile for us, and we look and long for our heavenly home. The sinner also suffers this nostalgia for true joy, his home and union with God.

Cantor Verse

Y soul is thirsting for God, * the liv-ing God.

Kyrie

Respensorial Psalm

Memorial of Saint Theresa:

Ps 130. Peace in God. In the chanting of this lovely psalm with its unmistakable mystic character, picture the Carmel of St. Theresa and her Sisters in which these consecrated souls serve their Lord humbly and joyfully. Be thankful for the blessings of religious life, and beg for more vocations.

1. O Lord, my heart is not proud, nor are my eyes haughty, I busy not myself with great things, nor with things too sub-

2. Nay rather, I have stilled and quieted my soul like a weaned child. Like a weaned child on its mother’s lap, so is my soul with you, O Lord.

3. O Israel, hope in the Lord, both now and for ever. R\n
Psalm 18

Christ, the Sun of Justice. This is the famous sun psalm. More beautifully than all the rest of creation, the sun proclaims the glory of God; in fact the sun is the symbol of God, the symbol of Christ. In the second part, the psalm is a song of praise for the spiritual sun, the Law of God. In this psalm the Church has also seen a figure of the Incarnation of Christ in the Virgin Mother’s womb: Mary is the tabernacle of the divine Sun, who comes out from his tabernacle on Christmas night like a bridegroom, like a mighty Hero.

1. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament proclaims his handiwork. Day pours out the word, its day, and night to night imparts knowledge. R

2. Not a word nor a discourse whose voice is not heard; Through all the earth their voice re-sounds, and to the ends of the world, their message. R

Offertory Antiphon

MEMORIAL OF SAINT THERESA :

Remain in my love, says the Lord, whoever remains in me and I in him will bear much fruit.

WEAK 28, YEAR I, TUESDAY:

Psalm of Faith

A

L-le-lu-ia, a-le-lu-ia, a-le-lu-ia.

Verses

1. May all your works thank you, O Lord, and all your hosts bless you.

2. Amen I say to you: That you who have left all and followed me, will receive a hundred-fold and possess eternal life.

3. Whoever follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life, says the Lord.

Acclamation

HE mys-ter-y of faith. R We proclaim your death, O Lord, and pro-fess your Res-ur-rec-tion un-till you come a-again.

N you, O Lord, I have found my peace.