



***“Jesus has made Himself the bread of life to give us life. Night and day, He is there. If you really want to grow in love, come back to the Eucharist. Come back to that adoration.”***

*~Saint Mother Teresa of Calcutta~*

**Special points of interest:**

- \* The Eucharist at MHOH
- \* “Between the Beads”

A poem for October;  
The Month of the Rosary



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## Gift of the Eucharist

This time of Eucharist Revival has brought us to an ever-greater appreciation for the gift of the Eucharist and the chapel at Our Blessed Mother’s home. Over the past years we have seen large numbers of moms, their children, single women, and families that have worked hard to establish a responsible life by having a job and working to become stable in an environment that makes progress very challenging. Many can’t afford a roof over their heads due to the outrageous rents that often may put them on the streets. What’s amazing is that they don’t give up. They

want to be part of a peaceful and stable community where, not only, can they get the support to get on their feet, they also want an environment of a Christ-centered home where they can grow in faith and know how much God loves them. In realizing a need to help, Our Lady established Mary’s Homes of Hope to provide that missing piece.

Over the past five years many have come to MHOH to live in residence and many who didn’t live in the home were offered help in other areas.

So, how do they realize their goals and need for help?

***They go to Jesus!***

They visit Jesus in the Eucharist in the chapel. They let Him talk to their hearts. They begin to know how much He loves them. God grants them gifts of conversion and on-going conversion. He provides for their needs—in the ways they need. He gives them the ultimate gift—Himself—in the sacrifice of the Mass and sends them out to build up the church.

Praise be Jesus Christ now and forever. Amen!



## Mary's Homes of Hope

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### *The Transitus of St. Francis*

(Francis passing from this life into eternal life.)

Saint Francis died just after sunset on October 3, 1226. He recited Psalm 142 and, during the closing verse, he died. This event is solemnly recalled each year by Franciscans to honor their holy Father's entrance into joy.

## BETWEEN THE BEADS

By Pushkva 2022

Beads, sacred beads, in hands held,  
Beautiful touch of heaven satin smooth  
Words spoken, sacred holy words,  
Decades repeated,  
Sacred and holy repetition,  
For some, monotonous,  
To others, a healing balm.  
Sound of the chant,  
For some, noise it becomes.  
For others, healing rain.  
O my Jesus,

Between the Beads,  
That small space,  
Which quickly goes by,  
All of heaven resides.  
Mystical and miracles move.  
Inhale and exhale pause,  
Between heartbeats,  
Praise of life flows.  
The moment missed in the visible,  
Caught and held,  
Caressed by the Divine.  
That minute moment,  
Holds all of eternity.  
Forgive us our sins.

Lulled to sleep by  
Soothing notes of symphony float.  
Vibrations dancing through the wind  
Lift me up.  
Upon next blessed sphere,  
I rest, grateful for the breath.  
Realizing the journey difficult will be,  
Perhaps deadly, prayers offered,  
On calloused knees.  
Save us from the fires of hell!

Between the beads,  
That small space,  
Which quickly goes by,  
An ocean of peace lies,  
Gently rolling and moving,  
Massaging the spirit,  
Misfortunes of life no longer exist.  
Lead all souls to Heaven.  
Especially those in most need  
Of Thy mercy.



Pressing sphere with fingers,  
Tips embracing a perpetuity of  
Love and grace anxiously anticipating,  
Escaping darkness sliding down  
Into that next small space,  
Which quickly goes by,  
Between the beads.  
Where fullness of light abides.  
That "quickly goes by,"  
Becomes "time without end."

Awakened in the celestial,  
Solo angelic voice glides in chant.  
Waterfall cascades with  
Resonant waves.  
Single violin in the master's hands,  
Accompanies angel,  
With humble words of adoration,  
A sigh of grateful thanksgiving exhaled  
Between the beads,  
Where that small space,  
Which quickly goes by,  
Clutched and embraced tightly  
By heaven,  
With the knowing of suffering endured.

Breathlessly offered...

"You have given all to me.  
To you, Lord, I return it.  
Everything is Yours;  
Do with it what You will.  
Give me only Your love  
And Your grace.  
That is enough for me." AMEN!

(Closing stanza words of St. Ignatius of  
Loyola, 1491-1556)



Pray for us as we pray for you! *peace peace*