

The rose near the Tabernacle



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Once upon a time, in a small church, there was a beautiful, freshly cut red rose. It was placed in a pretty vase, right next to the tabernacle, between the tabernacle and the sacristy. It was the closest place to Jesus.

Every day, people came to Mass. But many went out of habit, as if they were going shopping. Before Mass, they talked loudly about their vacations, their businesses, and sometimes even swore. The grandparents, who should have set an example, criticized everyone. Some who went to Mass every day had sad and bitter faces. They cast sidelong glances when someone misread, mocked with their eyes, and after Mass, said unpleasant things.

"What is she doing here? It's not her place to help!" Even the priest always repeated the same sermon, bowed and groveled before the bishop, but he got angry easily with the parishioners and in reality did not live what he said.

The poor rose heard everything. Every cruel word, every criticism, every closed heart was like a drop of cold water falling on her. Her petals withered. She bowed her head and slowly dried up... She was very sad, for she felt that the heart of Jesus, so close to her in the Tabernacle, was wounded by all that lack of love.

One afternoon, after Mass, the priest was about to close the church. Suddenly, a beautiful ray of sunlight filtered through the stained-glass windows and illuminated the rose directly. For a few seconds, a wonderful aroma of incense filled the air. The priest approached, astonished. He looked at the withered rose and, for the first time, understood.



She knelt down and wept:

“Lord Jesus, forgive us! We come to you, but we don’t bring our hearts. We make gestures, but we don’t truly love.” The following Sunday, the priest observed everyone closely. He saw the gossip, the mocking glances, the criticism, the closed hearts. He saw the rose losing its petals too quickly, day after day...



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On the third Sunday, he prayed fervently to the Holy Spirit and, for the first time in a long time, spoke from the heart. In his homily, he said:

“My dear friends, look at this rose near the Tabernacle. It was so beautiful when it was cut! But it is withering because of us.” Our sins cause it suffering: our pride, our laziness, our criticism, our lack of charity, our hurtful words... We come to Mass, we make gestures, but we don’t give our hearts to Jesus. True religion is not just going to church out of habit. It is being good, kind, honest, and full of love, as Jesus asks of us. The parishioners were deeply moved. Many had tears in their eyes. They understood that they had hurt Jesus and the little rose.

From that day on, they began to make small efforts: they started praying silently before Mass, smiling at others, ceasing to criticize, speaking kind words, and helping joyfully. Even the priest changed: he spoke with more love and truly tried to live what he preached.

The rose had only one petal left... but it stood firm.



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Then came Divine Mercy Sunday. The priest opened the church early in the morning. Upon entering, he was astonished: the rose had regained its beauty! Fresh, red, and fragrant, just like the first day. All its petals were open and shining.

The priest fell to his knees and wept with joy. He understood that Jesus, in his great mercy, had healed the rose because hearts had begun to change.

And from that day on, in this church, they tell the children: “Take care of the rose that is in the heart of Jesus.” When we come to Mass with love, in silence, being kind and sincere, the rose remains beautiful... and Jesus is very happy.



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Coloring page: The Rose near the Tabernacle

