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Types and shadows have their ending,  
For the newer rite is here;  
Faith, our outward sense befriending,  
Makes the inward vision clear.

*Tantum ergo Sacraméntum  
Venerémur cernui:  
Et antiquum documéntum  
Novo cedat rítui:  
Praestet fides suppleméntum  
Sénsuum deféctui.*

Glory let us give, and blessing  
To the Father, and the Son,  
Honor, might, and praise addressing,  
While eternal ages run;  
Ever too his love confessing,  
Who, from both with both is one. Amen.

*Genitóri Genitóque  
Laus et jubilátio,  
Salus, honor, virtus quoque  
Sit et benedíctio:  
Procedénti ab utróque  
Compar sit laudátio. Amen.*

The faithful are invited to continue adoration before the Blessed Sacrament for a suitable length of time during the night.

## Reflection

### Fully Immersed

After the starkness of Lent, with its stripped altars and veiled statues, it's always a shock when I walk into the church on

Holy Thursday. The altar is draped in crimson satin, the chapel where the Eucharist will repose is overflowing with flowers and candles. Tendrils of incense wind toward the ceiling, a gathering cloud of prayer above the nave. In the sacristy, an empty monstrance glitters alongside stacks of fluffy white towels awaiting the washing of the feet.

In the midst of this staggering visual richness, I sometimes forget there are other senses at play tonight. The soundscape is lavish. The sound of the water as it gurgles into the basins, the sigh as an exhausted woman drops into a chair before the altar, the rough sound of a towel drying her feet. The ting-ting of the chain on the censer as it swings in procession. The choir softly chanting the *Pange Lingua* as it circles the church, like the stirring of the wind before a storm. Word made flesh indeed.

This liturgy begs us not just to listen, but to hear, not just to stand in witness as a procession passes by, but to bear that Word out the doors of the church—to make it flesh. Look! Here is the eternal Word that stirred the universe into being, the whispered Word that called to Elijah, the redemptive Word that silenced death on the cross, the living Word that sent Mary Magdalene out of the garden to proclaim the Resurrection. Listen! Hear the Word that commands me to wash my neighbors' feet, that whispers to me, "take up your cross," that speaks my name and sends me out to make manifest the Good News. *Verbum caro, panem verum, Verbo carnem efficit.* Become flesh in me.

----- Michelle Francl-Donnay

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