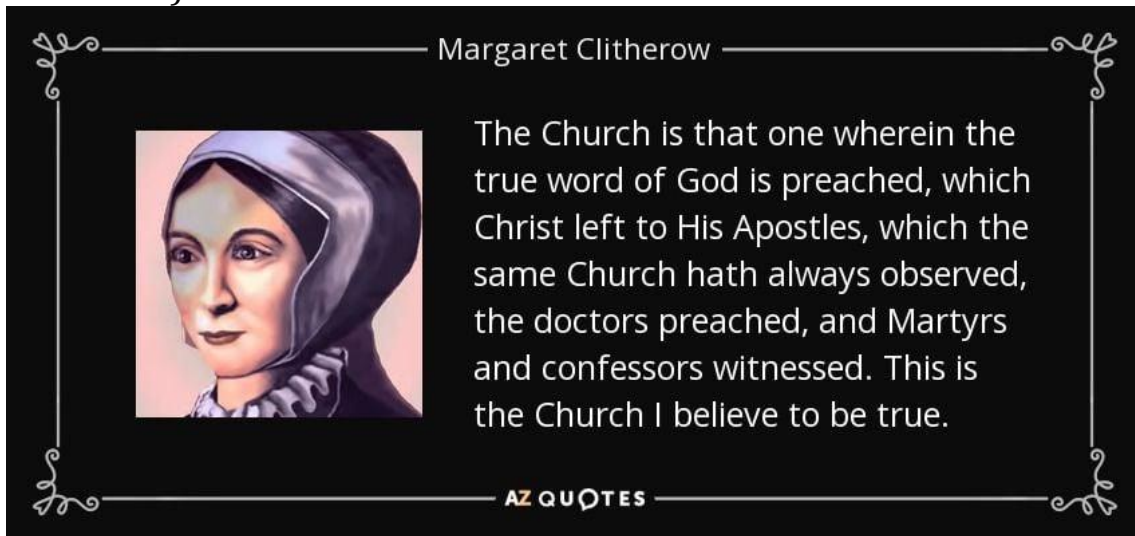


an essay, Saint Margaret Clitheroe, devoted wife & mother, convert to The Catholic Church in Protestant England, Martyred for The Faith. (1556 - 1586 AD)

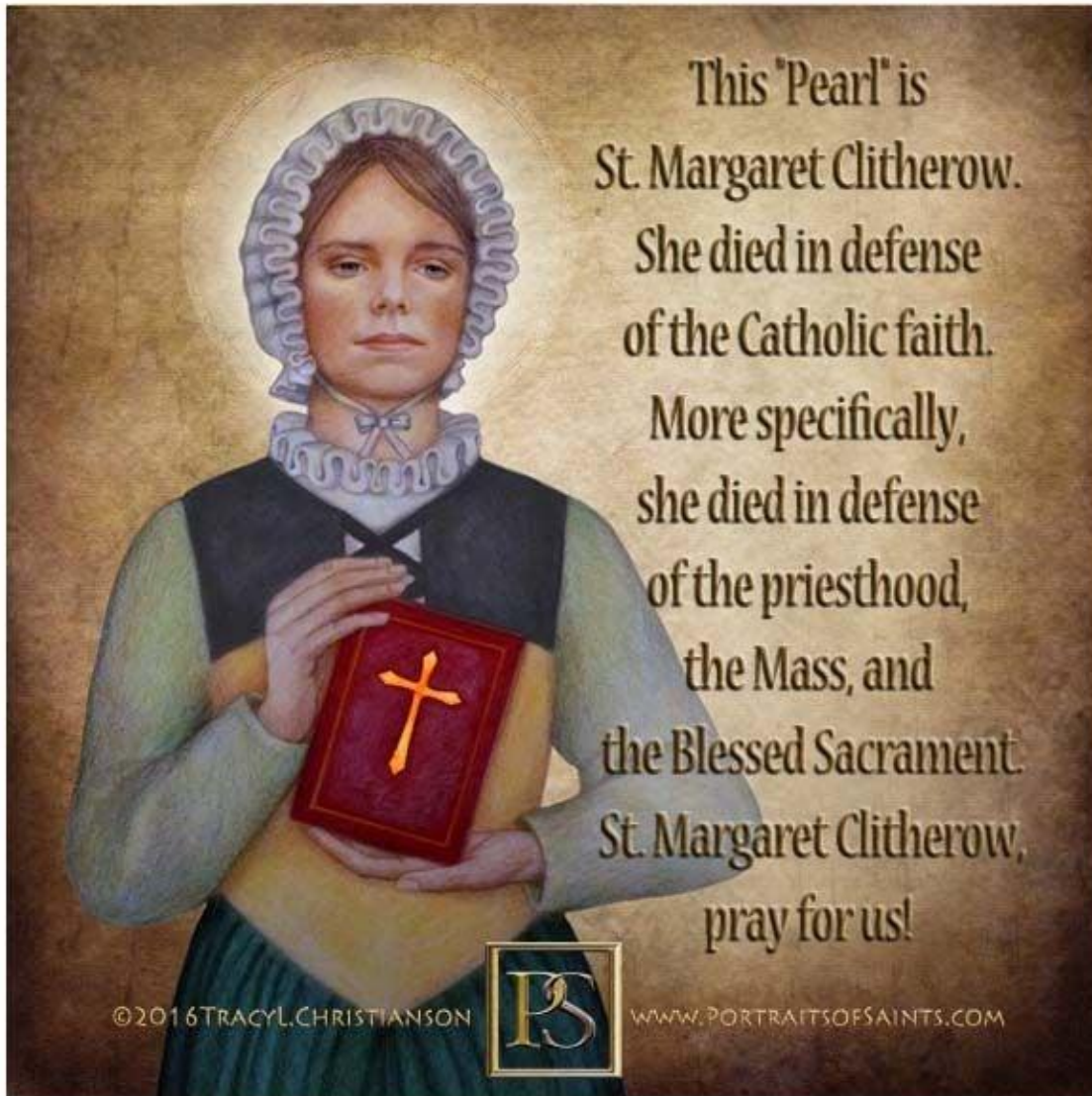


<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0GStWOb0xtE>

Known as "The Pearl of York," Saint Clitheroe had already been imprisoned for failing to attend Church of England Protestant Mass. She was martyred - while pregnant with the couple's fourth child - for the "crime against the state" in Elizabethan England of harboring Catholic Priests and the then forbidden "illegal" Catholic Mass in her home.

To protect her husband and children from having to testify against her, she refused to confess her "crime." Standard for the time to induce "confessions," she was stripped naked, her blindfolded head laid on a sharp rock and was "doored" to death on "Lady's Day," Good Friday, at the age of 30, in 1586.

This interrogation technique involved the front door of one's own home being placed over one's back, and loaded up with escalating crushing weights, to induce the desired confession or death, whichever came first. Death was accepted by investigating authorities, in lieu of an actual confession, as evidence of guilt.



https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Margaret_Clitheroe

Lady Margaret is the patron Saint of the Catholic Women's League and co-patron Saint of The Latin Mass Society. She was beatified in 1929 by Pope Pius XI and canonized in 1970 by Pope Paul VI, one of the "Forty Catholic Martyrs of England and Wales."



https://www.lifesitenews.com/opinion/covid-era-catholics-should-look-to-the-english-confessors-and-martyrs-for-guidance/?fbclid=IwAR3UfCGdrD72zkJ7swVAUJAz1194V03IfdkuO3NkN_3C6Z6Y64WcrBEFa2I

Centuries later, the Victorian Jesuit Priest and poet - Father Gerard Manley Hopkins, SJ - penned a poem in her honor, "GOD's Daughter Margaret Clitheroe." A lesson for us today: this innocent lady's unjust execution by the state is a study in oppression. Tyranny is tyranny, no matter how you dress it up. Saint Margaret Clitheroe, pray for us!

<https://catholicinsight.com/gods-daughter-margaret-clitheroe-audio-podcast/>

GOD's counsel columnar –
severe But chaptered in The Chief of Bliss
Had always doomed her down to this —

Pressed to death. He plants the year;
The weighty weeks without hands grow,
Heaved drum on drum; but hands also
Must deal with Margaret Clitheroe.

The very victim would prepare.
Like water soon to be sucked in
Will crisp itself or settle and spin

So she: one sees that here and there
She mends the way she means to go.
The last thing Margaret's fingers sew
Is a shroud for Margaret Clitheroe.

The CHRIST-ed beauty of her mind
Her mould of features mated well
She was admired. The spirit of Hell
Being to her virtue clinching - blind

No wonder therefore was not slow
To the bargain of its hate to throw
The body of Margaret Clitheroe.

Fawning fawning crocodiles
Days and days came round about
With tears to put her candle out;

They wound their winch of wicked smiles
To take her; while their tongues would go
GOD lighten your dark heart —
but no, CHRIST lived in Margaret Clitheroe.

She caught the crying of Those Three,
The Immortals of The Eternal ring,
The Utterer, Uttered, Uttering,

And witness in her place would she.
She not considered whether or no
She pleased the Queen and Council so
To the death with Margaret Clitheroe!

She was a woman upright, outright;
Her will was bent at GOD. For that
Word went she should be crushed out flat

Within her womb the child was quick.
Small matter of that then! Let him smother
And wreck in ruins of his mother
Great Thecla, the plumed passionflower,
Next Mary Mother of maid and nun,

And every saint of bloody hour
And breath immortal thronged that show;
Heaven turned its starlight eyes below,
To the murder of Margaret Clitheroe.

She held her hands to, like in prayer;
They had them out and laid them wide
(Just like JESUS Crucified);
They brought their hundredweights to bear.

Jews killed JESUS long ago
GOD's Son; these (they did not know)
GOD's daughter Margaret Clitheroe.

When she felt the kill-weights crush
She told His Name times-over three;
I suffer this she said for Thee.

After that in perfect hush
For a quarter of an hour or so
She was with the choke of woe. —
It is over, Margaret Clitheroe.