

Liturgy of the Hours
LITURGY OF THE HOURS

OFFICE OF READINGS

December 12, 2025

{ Feast – Our Lady of Guadalupe }



Stand and make sign of cross

God, come to my assistance.

— Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Spirit:
as it was in the beginning, is now,
and will be for ever. Amen. Alleluia.

HYMN

Heart of the household,
pilgrim with your people,
you are devoted
both as wife and mother,
yet you will follow
paths where God would lead you,
while your heart ponders.

As dawn is breaking,
you stand on the hilltop
love has compelled you
to make haste to help us
waiting for Jesus,
you prepare his cradle:
Bethlehem once more.

Perfectly sharing
in our race and nature,
you speak our language
lovingly, with sweetness;
you seek a temple,
where your love most tender
may show us kindness.

Like a bird flying,
soaring down then upward,
first to your Son's cross,
then on high to heaven,
now to our country,

here you draw us homeward:
may we fly with you.

Praise to the Father,
who has no beginning,
glory eternal
to the Son, Christ Jesus,
and to the Spirit,
comforter most holy:
praise everlasting. Amen.

Metrical hymn, melody: CHRISTE SANCTORUM, 11 11 11 5; from François de La Feillée's Methode de plain-chant, 1782

Plainsong, mode I, melody 22; Liber Hymnarius, Solesmes, 1983, Text: Eres mujer de casa y, además, peregrina, unknown author*

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Sit or stand

PSALMODY

Antiphon 1

Mary received a blessing from the Lord and loving kindness from
God her savior.

Psalms 24

The Lord's entry into his temple

Christ opened heaven for us in the manhood he assumed (St. Irenaeus).

The Lórd's is the éarth and its fúllness, *
the wórld and áll its péoples.
It is hé who sét it on the séas; *
on the wáters he máde it firm.

Who shall clímb the móuntain of the Lórd? *
Who shall stánd in his hólý pláce?

The mán with clean hánds and pure héart, †
who desíres not wóorthless thínks, *
who has not swórn so as to decéive his néighbor.

He shall recéive bléssings from the Lórd *
and rewárd from the Gód who sáves him.
Súch are the mén who séek him, *
seek the fáce of the Gód of Jácob.

O gátes, lift hígh your héads; †
grow hígher, áncient dóors. *
Let him énter, the kíng of glóry!

Whó is the kíng of glóry? †
The Lórd, the míghty, the váliant, *
the Lórd, the váliant in wár.

O gátes, lift hígh your héads; †
grow hígher, áncient dóors. *
Let him énter, the kíng of glóry!

Who is hé, the kíng of glóry? †
Hé, the Lórd of ármies, *
hé is the kíng of glóry.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Spirit:
as it was in the beginning, is now, *
and will be for ever. Amen.

Antiphon

Mary received a blessing from the Lord and loving kindness from
God her savior.

Antiphon 2

Arise, my beloved, my beautiful one, and come; fragrant flowers now
appear upon the earth.

Psalm 46

God our refuge and strength

He shall be called Emmanuel, which means: God-with-us (Matthew 1:23).

Gód is for ús a réfuge and stréngth,*
a hélpér close at hánd, in tíme of dístréss:
so wé shall not féar though the éarth should róck,*
though the móuntains fáll into the dépths of the séa,
even thóugh its wátér ráge and fóam,*
even thóugh the móuntains be sháken by its wáves.

The Lórd of hósts is wíth us: *
the Gód of Jácob is our stróngthold.

The wátér of a ríver gíve jóy to God's cíty,*
the hólý pláce where the Móst High dwélls.
Gód is wíthín, it cánnót be sháken; *
Gód wíll hélp it at the dáwning of the dáy.
Nátions are in túmult, kíngdoms are sháken: *
he lífts his vóice, the éarth shrinks awáy.

The Lórd of hósts is wíth us: *
the Gód of Jácob is our stróngthold.

Cóme, consíder the wórks of the Lórd,*
the redóutable déeds he has dóne on the éarth.
He puts an énd to wárs over áll the éarth; †
the bów he bréaks, the spéar he snáps. *
He búrn the shíelds wíth fíre.
“Be stíll and knów that Í am Gód,*
supréme among the nátions, supréme on the éarth!”

The Lórd of hósts is wíth us: *
the Gód of Jácob is our stróngthold.

Glóry to the Fátter, and to the Son,*
and to the Hólý Spírít:
as it was in the bégínníng, is now,*
and wíll be for éver. Amen.

Antiphon

Arise, my beloved, my beautiful one, and come; fragrant flowers now appear upon the earth.

Antiphon 3

Behold, my beloved comes to me, springing across the mountains, leaping across the hills.

Psalm 87

Jerusalem is mother of us all

The heavenly Jerusalem is a free woman; she is our mother (Galatians 4:26).

On the hóly móuntain is his cíty *
chérished by the Lórd.
The Lórd prefers the gátes of Zíon *
to áll Jacob's dwéllings.
Of yóu are told glórious thíngs, *
O cíty of Gód!

“Bábylon and Égypt I will cóunt *
among thóse who knów me;
Philístia, Týre, Ethiópia, *
thése will be her chíldren
and Zíon shall be cálléd ‘Móther’ *
for áll shall be her chíldren.”

It is hé, the Lórd Most Hígh, *
who gives éach his pláce.
In his régister of péoples he wrítes: *
“Thése are her chíldren,”
and whíle they dáce they will síng: *
“In yóu all find their hóme.”

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Spirit:
as it was in the beginning, is now, *
and will be for ever. Amen.

Antiphon

Behold, my beloved comes to me, springing across the mountains,

leaping across the hills.

VERSE

Blessed are those who hear the word of God.

— And cherish it in their hearts.

Sit

READINGS

First reading

From the book of the prophet Isaiah

52:7, 9-10; 54:10-15; 55:3b, 12b-13

Peace will be proclaimed over the mountains

How beautiful upon the mountains
are the feet of him who brings glad tidings,
Announcing peace, bearing good news,
announcing salvation, and saying to Zion,
“Your God is King!”

Break out together in song,
O ruins of Jerusalem!
For the LORD comforts his people,
he redeems Jerusalem.
The LORD has bared his holy arm
in the sight of all the nations;
All the ends of the earth will behold
the salvation of our God.

Though the mountains leave their place
and the hills be shaken,
My love shall never leave you
nor my covenant of peace be shaken,
says the LORD, who has mercy on you.

O afflicted one, storm-battered and unconsoled,
I lay your pavements in carnelians,
and your foundations in sapphires;
I will make your battlements of rubies,
your gates of carbuncles,

and all your walls of precious stones.
All your sons shall be taught by the LORD,
and great shall be the peace of your children.
In justice shall you be established,
far from the fear of oppression,
where destruction cannot come near you.
Should there be any attack, it shall not be of my making;
whoever attacks you shall fall before you.

I will renew with you the everlasting covenant,
the benefits assured to David.

Mountains and hills shall break out in song before you,
and all the trees of the countryside shall clap their hands.
In place of the thornbush, the cypress shall grow,
instead of nettles, the myrtle.
This shall be to the LORD's renown,
an everlasting imperishable sign.

Responsory

See Psalm 23:4; 109:22; Isaiah 66:13; Psalm 121:6

Even though I walk in the dark valley, I fear no evil; you are at my side; for I am wretched and poor and my heart is pierced within me.

— As a mother comforts her child, so will I comfort you.

The sun shall not harm you by day, nor the moon by night.

— As a mother comforts her child, so will I comfort you.

Second reading

From a report by Don Antonio Valeriano, a Native American author of the sixteenth century

(Nican Mopohua, 12th ed., 3-19, 21)

The Voice of the Turtledove has been heard in our land

At daybreak one Saturday morning in 1531, on the very first days of the month of December, an Indian named Juan Diego was going from the village where he lived to Tlatelolco in order to take part in divine worship and listen to God's commandments. When he came near the hill called Tepeyac, dawn had already come, and Juan Diego

heard someone calling him from the very top of the hill: “Juanito, Juan Dieguito.”

He went up the hill and caught sight of a lady of unearthly grandeur whose clothing was as radiant as the sun. She said to him in words both gentle and courteous: “Juanito, the humblest of my children, know and understand that I am the ever virgin Mary, Mother of the true God through whom all things live. It is my ardent desire that a church be erected here so that in it I can show and bestow my love, compassion, help, and protection to all who inhabit this land and to those others who love me, that they might call upon and confide in me. Go to the Bishop of Mexico to make known to him what I greatly desire. Go and put all your efforts into this.”

When Juan Diego arrived in the presence of the Bishop, Fray Juan de Zumarraga, a Franciscan, the latter did not seem to believe Juan Diego and answered: “Come another time, and I will listen at leisure.”

Juan Diego returned to the hilltop where the Heavenly Lady was waiting, and he said to her: “My Lady, my maiden, I presented your message to the Bishop, but it seemed that he did not think it was the truth. For this reason I beg you to entrust your message to someone more illustrious who might convey it in order that they may believe it, for I am only an insignificant man.”

She answered him: “Humblest of my sons, I ask that tomorrow you again go to see the Bishop and tell him that I, the ever virgin holy Mary, Mother of God, am the one who personally sent you.”

But on the following day, Sunday, the Bishop again did not believe Juan Diego and told him that some sign was necessary so that he could believe that it was the Heavenly Lady herself who sent him. And then he dismissed Juan Diego.

On Monday Juan Diego did not return. His uncle, Juan Bernardino, became very ill, and at night asked Juan to go to Tlatelolco at daybreak to call a priest to hear his confession.

Juan Diego set out on Tuesday, but he went around the hill and passed on the other side, toward the east, so as to arrive quickly in

Mexico City and to avoid being detained by the Heavenly Lady. But she came out to meet him on that side of the hill and said to him: “Listen and understand, my humblest son. There is nothing to frighten and distress you. Do not let your heart be troubled, and let nothing upset you. Is it not I, your Mother, who is here? Are you not under my protection? Are you not, fortunately, in my care? Do not let your uncle’s illness distress you. It is certain that he has already been cured. Go up to the hilltop, my son, where you will find flowers of various kinds. Cut them, and bring them into my presence.”

When Juan Diego reached the peak, he was astonished that so many Castilian roses had burst forth at a time when the frost was severe. He carried the roses in the folds of his *tilma* (mantle) to the Heavenly Lady. She said to him: “My son, this is the proof and the sign which you will bring to the Bishop so that he will see my will in it. You are my ambassador, very worthy of trust.”

Juan Diego set out on his way, now content and sure of succeeding. On arriving in the Bishop’s presence, he told him: “My lord, I did what you asked. The Heavenly Lady complied with your request and fulfilled it. She sent me to the hilltop to cut some Castilian roses and told me to bring them to you in person. And this I am doing, so that you can see in them the sign you seek in order to carry out her will. Here they are; receive them.”

He immediately opened up his white mantle, and as all the different Castilian roses scattered to the ground, there was drawn on the cloak and suddenly appeared the precious image of the ever virgin Mary, Mother of God, in the same manner as it is today and is kept in her shrine of Tepeyac.

The whole city was stirred and came to see and admire her venerable image and to offer prayers to her; and following the command which the same Heavenly Lady gave to Juan Bernardino when she restored him to health, they called her by the name that she herself had used: “the ever virgin holy Mary of Guadalupe.”

Responsory

See Matthew 22:37-39; Matthew 25:40

You shall love the Lord, your God, with all your heart, with all

your soul, and with all your mind. This is the greatest and first commandment. And the second is like it: You shall love your neighbor as yourself.

— You shall love your neighbor as yourself.

Whatever you do for the least of my brothers and sisters, you do for me.

— You shall love your neighbor as yourself.

Stand

TE DEUM

You are God: we praise you;
You are the Lord: we acclaim you;
You are the eternal Father:
All creation worships you.

To you all angels, all the powers of heaven,
Cherubim and Seraphim, sing in endless praise:
Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of power and might,
heaven and earth are full of your glory.

The glorious company of apostles praise you.
The noble fellowship of prophets praise you.
The white-robed army of martyrs praise you.

Throughout the world the holy Church acclaims you:
Father, of majesty unbounded,
your true and only Son, worthy of all worship,
and the Holy Spirit, advocate and guide.

You, Christ, are the King of glory,
the eternal Son of the Father.

When you became man to set us free
you did not spurn the Virgin's womb.

You overcame the sting of death,
and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

You are seated at God's right hand in glory.
We believe that you will come, and be our judge.

Come then, Lord, and help your people,
bought with the price of your own blood,
and bring us with your saints
to glory everlasting.

CONCLUDING PRAYER

Let us pray.

God of power and mercy,
you blessed the Americas at Tepeyac
with the presence of the Virgin Mary of Guadalupe.
May her prayers help all men and women
to accept each other as brothers and sisters.
Through your justice present in our hearts
may your peace reign in the world.

We ask this through our Lord Jesus Christ, your Son,
who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit,
God, for ever and ever.

— Amen.

Acclamation

Let us praise the Lord.

— And give him thanks.

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