

# MAGNIFICAT

Compiled from the private notes of Mother Mary Teresa of the Angels  
Translated by the Benedictines of Talacre

## FOREWORD

The Servant of God, Mother Mary Teresa of the Angels, who died in the odour of sanctity, March 21, 1930.

MARIE SALLANTIN, the daughter of a distinguished French Magistrate, was born in Paris on March 20th, 1855. Her parents were devout Catholics who inculcated in their children an intense loyalty to holy Church and a strong sense of duty. From her earliest years little Marie had a deep devotion to Our Lady, to whom she used to confide all her childish secrets, and when she was only four, quite of her own accord, she dedicated herself to God in imitation of her heavenly Mother, looking forward from that moment to the time when she should be able to enter Religion. Our Lord bestowed on her many graces and a strong attraction to prayer, and in 1879 she entered the noviciate of the Augustinian Canonesses at Le Roule. She was obliged, however, to leave before profession, as her health broke down. For nearly two years she was completely paralysed, till she was miraculously cured by Our Lady of Lourdes. In 1886 she entered the Carmel of Fontainebleau, receiving the name of Mary Teresa of the Angels. In 1899 she was elected Prioress, and when the iniquitous Law of Associations was passed against Religious, it fell to her lot to take her community into exile. She was sent to Nassogne, in Belgium, to make a Foundation in 1912, and during the War she and her nuns behaved with great heroism, risking their lives to help the fugitive French soldiers and enabling eighty of them to regain the lines. After many privations the community were able to return to France, settling down eventually at Nogent-sur Marne, where Mother Teresa began the building of a permanent monastery. She was not destined to see the completion of her work, for on March 21, 1930, the Feast of the Passing of St Benedict, she fell asleep in the Arms of her Well-Beloved Spouse, murmuring: "I love Him, He is good.....Jesus, Mary, Joseph."

Though by nature shy and reserved, Mother Teresa always forgot herself so completely that she was a very tower of strength to others, even as a girl. Her dominant notes were sweetness and joy, and she seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of peace around her, in spite of constant suffering both bodily and mental; while her strong personality, combined with a delicate sympathy, drew all hearts to her. Richly endowed with intellectual and artistic gifts, she was so well-read that her Superior declared her mind to be "a real museum of knowledge." She was a good Latin scholar and had made a deep study of theology, especially the works of the Fathers and St Thomas of Aquin. In spite of this—or probably, because of it—Mother Teresa's spiritual life was one of childlike simplicity, and there was in her a transparent candour which foiled any temptation to vanity.

Lovers of St. Teresa of Lisieux cannot fail to be struck by the remarkable resemblance between the two nuns, though the little Saint was made perfect in a short space, while the older Religious had to bear the burden and heat of the day. They were unknown to one another, but both derived their strength from drinking deeply at the same source—the Hidden Life of Nazareth. The well-known passage in the Autobiography of St Teresa: "I offered myself to the Child Jesus as His plaything... a little worthless ball that He might fling down, kick aside, pierce through and through, leave in a corner or lay to His Heart, just as He pleased," is almost identical with one written by Mother Teresa when the Saint was only thirteen. (See Page 10.)

The Carmel of Nogent published a French Life of their Foundress in 1931, which has been translated into Italian and has had a very large circulation. It is hoped that the English Life now in preparation ("An Apostolate of Love") will also be widely read. Meanwhile, these short extracts, compiled from private notes, etc., written by her at various times and giving so practical an ideal of holiness, will be welcomed by all who are drawn to a hidden life of prayer and desire to come nearer to the Heart of Our Divine Lord in simplicity and love. They will be grateful for the glimpse into the inner sanctuary of this noble-hearted woman, who died in the odour of sanctity. Many striking favours, both spiritual and temporal, have been attributed to her intercession, and we hope that before long Our Lord will hear the prayers of His friends and glorify His lowly handmaid, whose only ambition was to procure His glory and the salvation of souls.

THE TRANSLATOR.

## MAGNIFICAT ANIMA MEA DOMINUM

### *Praise*

*“My soul doth magnify the Lord.”*

MARY, my Mother, sings the glory of God, and I, her little daughter, lisp it too. I am going to sing Your praises, O Jesus, and my heart shall be Your heaven. Let my life and my death be a song of love.

When every moment is an act of love, we possess life eternal already, here on earth. Oh that we may really love and be united to God alone, leaving the narrow horizon of self and creatures, to see Him only and every thing in Him. In this spirit Our Lady used to go about her work, meeting her anxieties, exile, her earthly life and all its changes, without ever leaving the one Centre which absorbed and sufficed for her. So every soul who desires God alone, who contemplates and lives by Him, remains pure and undisturbed.

The soul should be a musical instrument, vibrating only at the Master’s touch and giving out the note He wishes, in an Amen of ever increasing intensity, which will strip her of self and leave her empty for God.

I praise God without ceasing, for all, in all, and I do this rather than any other act or any penance, because it is what He wants of me—to worship Him and lose sight of self, always—in hours of darkness, in every circumstance. It is meet and just to give thanks for the past, the present and the future, to steady ourselves in the only reasonable function of man, the annihilation of self for love.

Life must be a sweet harmony of divine praise. Even if some of the notes are low or harsh, they are always correct, and thus the union of love with the Holy Will of God attunes the song of the soul in every changing circumstance. In this ceaseless worship and thanksgiving, this wholly spiritual joy, let me offer You the holocaust of myself. To praise and sacrifice myself for You is my life, and I shall sing “Holy, Holy, Holy, Amen,” like my brethren in Heaven. My life must resemble that of the Angels, in its adoration, joy, love, obedience, and I shall help my neighbour as they do—that is, without attracting notice.

## ET EXSULTAVIT SPIRITUS MEUS IN DEO SALUTARI MEO

### *Joy*

*“And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.”*

MARY, my darling Mother, get me the grace always to love God’s Will, to greet it with a smile and impart this smile to all.

“Rejoice in Me always”; that is what Jesus said to me, “so that your life may become a Communion, a never-ending Feast.”

I am to find God in every creature, and this I shall do by the purity of my love. When I rejoice in my Mothers and Sisters, in Recreation, the Divine Office, in every thing, I shall be making so many Communions and receiving Jesus in the Kiss of Love. A saint produces an atmosphere of happiness, and that is what I want to do. For my neighbour I would be a flower, a sweet fragrance, the smile of Mary, giving peace and joy to all.

Our Lord asked me: “Do you know what you can do to please me?” “No, Lord?” “Cultivate perfect joy, especially when you are in trouble.”

I no longer desire any happiness but that which comes from faith and complete accord with the Will of God. I want always to rejoice in that, without asking whether it will bring me pleasure or pain. Dear Jesus, do not trouble about me; let me accept always, wholeheartedly and joyously, every sacrifice, great or small. I thank You for giving me the Cross and I will not look to see of what wood it is made—that does not matter. It is Your Cross, O my Saviour, and that is enough to make it precious to me. Thank You for everything, my God! Gratitude is the prayer of the heart, the sweetest fruit of love.

To do our duty joyfully and ask for no reward except to be forgotten! What a happiness it is for a loving heart to spend herself, make a great effort and to be blamed for it. Then her work has indeed been done for Jesus only. It is so good to give Him gifts of love, and our sufferings are all we have to offer Him.

I am glad to feel all sorts of dislikes, in order to have the joy of sacrificing them for God, and if He wishes me to rejoice in my helplessness—why not? To a loving soul, her weakness is a great source of joy, for it casts her wholly upon Him. To look serene and happy, especially when we feel sad. The cheerfulness which hides every trouble, an

unruffled calm, is what I am always trying to attain, and when Our Lord makes me suffer, I give myself up to loving worship. He must always be able to find a sweet fragrance in my soul, especially in times of keen pain. I want to be a “full blown rose” for You, my God. My soul is a sky that is blue and cloudless, for it has been emptied of all creatures and Jesus reigns there as Master. He has taught me to sing a song of joy for all my trials, and it seems as though everything that hurt me is transformed into a rapturous harmony.

RESPEXIT HUMILITATEM ANCILLAE SUAE

*The Little Handmaid of Nazareth*

*“He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid.”*

I WANT to be very lowly, like Our Lady, to take everything simply and humbly, in sweetness and silence. May the Most High be my only Master and Lord, and I His obedient little handmaid.

To be that, to do all He wishes, with His word as my only law, His will and desires my own. I answer Him lovingly, assured that He is all mercy towards His little creature, and that love alone can respond to love. As my Heavenly Father’s child, with Jesus my Brother, I am going to be the soul of the present moment, giving myself up entirely to His guidance and leaving the future to Him. O Jesus of Nazareth, I want to be the child of Providence and unite myself to Your Hidden Life in the darkness of my own, seeking nothing henceforth but Your Good Pleasure, shutting myself away from the world with You, Mary and Joseph, as Your poor servant. I want to be humble, mortified, obedient, and do You, my Lord, use me as You will. You are not asking me to accomplish anything special, but just to rejoice in being what You wish, at every moment. You have created me for sanctity, and that consists in the perfect, loving fulfilment of Your Holy Will.

The Vow of Obedience is a sacrifice of praise, through the giving up of our own will. I am ready for anything through obedience, which makes the most ordinary actions beautiful. Was it not the one occupation of God Himself, at Nazareth?

To subject my whole being, body, soul, and affections, as fully as possible, to the golden chain which is called the Rule and Customs. The world no longer tolerates restraint, but I desire the folly of obedience. The world will have no more reverence— I will prostrate myself before Your Divine Majesty; no more penance—I will always suffer joyously.

I want to be that good maid-of-all-work about whom Jesus and her Superiors never worry. They must always feel they can ask me to do things without any fear of my refusing or hesitating, without my seeking anything save the Holy Will of God. I have even renounced the joy of being able to offer Him something, for I leave Him to take whatever He wants, without ceremony.

When any service is asked of me, I must always be able to do it, to be imperturbable and tireless, the humble, willing servant of all. In every community there must be some self-sacrificing souls who are maids-of-all-work, who do not take their own preferences, strength, or health into account, but are always at the public service, living a life of renunciation and self-denial. Jesus shows me that the sacrifice of self for our neighbour is a very high thing, for it is Communion, and in the Mass the Host is consecrated to be distributed, even to those who receive it unworthily.

Jesus said to me: “I want you to be perfectly simple, and so detached that in all circumstances you will see only My Good Pleasure and not care where or what you are, whether you are called to action or repose.”

I give myself up wholly to this Divine Good Pleasure, that He may play with me as His ball. I would be His plaything, His toy, which is not consulted about anything, but used by Him and my Superiors as they will. I am in the calm peace of the dark night and it is my will to desire nothing but God. In my prayer I am like the foal of an ass and I love to be so, for, if Jesus wishes, He may mount the foal some day and lead it whither He pleases.

If I give myself up, through Mary, to Him who is to gird me and lead me whither my nature would not, I shall walk humbly along the path of His Holy Will, calm and happy in the face of the storm. I want to drink the cup to the dregs with a childlike confidence, without looking to see what is in it. There are so many details, such a crowd of little sacrifices in suffering, and they have all been willed by God. We must not leave one of them out, any more than Jesus did in His Passion; for the priest at the Altar never omits any of the rubrics. The ceremonies of the Sacrifice must be performed carefully and the ritual not set aside.

QUIA FECIT MIHI MAGNA QUI POTENS EST: ET SANCTUM NOMEN EJUS

*The Heroism of Simplicity*

*“Because He that is mighty, hath done great things to me; and holy is His name.”*

I AM hidden with Jesus in God, through Mary. His Heart has taught me the way of childhood, abandonment, meekness, and humility. Never before have I had so great a desire to be hidden, lost among the rest, but full of God and the spirit of Nazareth.

It is there that I live with the Holy Family, and all the moral virtues are continually called into play: humility, sweetness, obedience, charity, mortification, in so quiet a manner, with such constancy and joy, that it is nothing less than a state of conformity to the Will of God. There is nothing heroic or showy about this, nothing to hint at the victory for which we have to struggle within, and which must be hidden, even from ourselves.

Jesus wants me to live a hidden life. Some souls are called by different paths—to go far beyond the austerities of the Rule and then to need dispensations. The heroic sanctity of Nazareth springs from perseverance in our everyday duties, through all the vagaries of nature and circumstances.

Hence, to practise the full Observance, in spite of much bodily suffering, when we have come to the end of our tether, and to go on, nevertheless, trusting to God alone and the blessing of the Common Life; so, interiorly, to go from one exercise to another, fulfilling all our duties well, always, always, in spite of all—that is sanctity; for in that there is nothing complex, it only consists in doing our duty, fulfilling God’s Will; but we must always be able to renounce self, for the duty is often devoid of any glamour or attraction. Nazareth was a house of work, utterly hidden from the eyes of men, but glorious in God’s sight. We cannot exalt ourselves or give ourselves heroic virtues, and there is no need; but we can always efface ourselves and go down lower, and Jesus wants me to be hidden among the rest in the Common Life.

We have to keep ourselves lowly by humility and confidence. When I feel my weakness, instead of worrying about it I forget it, in order to become little with the Child Jesus; He has promised everything— His Spirit, His Kingdom, His Heart—to the little ones who put no trust in themselves. The new heart, for which the Church makes us ask in her Liturgy, in order to receive Jesus, is one full of simplicity, the heart of a child who does not even think of his great unworthiness, but, knowing that he is loved, rejoices in that and responds by his own devotion.

The life of Mary, the life of a tiny child, the life of love! For a long time I contemplated Jesus kissing Mary, and Mary kissing Jesus—the ineffable interchange of love between the Mother and her Divine Child. I felt myself to be so little and reflected that children want to be kissed, so it is this loving kiss given to the little ones that I have begged from Jesus. To become a child and simple; to take just as much pleasure in days on which everything goes smoothly and those which are full of difficulties—that is what God wants. Not to look for success, but to rejoice in everything, in God, with face and soul always serene; to accept every happening, every cross, with perfect simplicity, as the poor little child of Providence, like the birds of the air and the lilies of the valley. Play with me as much as You like, Holy Child. I don’t want to be great; I am Your very own and I shall not be astonished at anything.

Before I entered Carmel, I used to imagine that we needed enthusiasm and strength, in order to do God’s work. Now I find that we have to be meek and humble of heart. The Child Jesus told me I was His spouse of Bethlehem and still more of Nazareth. I have become a child and my heart is flowing into His childish Heart in a union of simplicity, for He is in my soul to teach me the spirit of childhood, sincerity, praise, and joy.

ET MISERICORDIA EJUS A PROGENIE IN PROGENIES TIMENTIBUS EUM

*Confidence and Abandonment*

*“And His mercy is from generation unto generations, to them that fear Him.”*

My life is to be nothing but love, confidence, and abandonment through Mary. In my difficulties I am glad to understand and hope for nothing, save through Jesus and Mary. Jesus told me to make a profession of simplicity and self-surrender, saying: “You will have a natural fear sometimes, but that does not offend Me. You must behave like a child when he is frightened. He runs to his mother, who is touched by her little one’s trust and glad he is afraid, because it has brought him to her. He throws himself into her arms and grows quiet. He would be willing to play now, even on the edge of a precipice, and that is what you must be.”

God does not want anything big, in order to achieve great things, for it is He who is great. We must only ask to be the little “nothing” of the Good God, content to suffer or not to suffer, to remain here still or to enter at once into Eternity, just as He wills.

Whether God makes use of us for all His works and designs, or not, what does it matter? The more we realise our utter nothingness, so much the more can He, the Great All, do for us. The devil tries to ensnare us by representing perfection as impossible and beyond our reach, but it is God who asks it of us, and He never expects impossibilities. We must not consider our own wretchedness, but the mercy of Jesus. He can do all, He knows all, He loves us. No difficulty or temptation can come to us without His leave and His grace; He arranges everything for our sanctification, and in times of trial He opens His Heart and says:

“Fear not, I am here and I am watching over you.” We must respond by our unchanging love and confidence, for sanctity is measured by our trust in God.

All I ask of Him is to let me sleep in the arms of His Providence, nestling there like a child with its mother. It is not for us to choose our own way of perfection, we have to accept what is pointed out by the Will of God, who wants of us holiness, self-surrender, and joy. His Will springs from His love, and we must accept it lovingly. This year I have been the little puppet with which the Child Jesus was playing, pulling the string to the left, pulling the string to the right. He is free to do with me whatever He wills; let Him break me as much as He likes, I only want His Holy Will and His Love, and I shall hope and rejoice in Him. There are many things which puzzle me, but they are simply the links in God’s loving plan and I must be grateful for them all. *Hostia Laudis*, the sacrifice of praise—that is the thought which solves every difficulty for my soul.

We must not lean on human support nor be troubled at human obstacles; created things are so far away and God so close, for we are in Him, so why should we fear what is nothing? I have great reason for trust, for, though the instrument is weak, it is wielded by the all-powerful Hand of God and all its force is derived from Him. In this knowledge lies my strength. I must not be frightened, for “nothing” expects nought from herself, but all from God.

As nothing can take Him from me, I must never worry. After all, the means matter little; as long as He is glorified, whether by our exaltation or our abasement, it is just as He wills. Lord, I give up all that is of self, wholly and entirely, my faintheartedness, fears, and weakness, the approval of others, all that is human and purely natural. I am worthless and I yield myself up to Your power, Your loving Providence.

*Expectans expectavi*, “With expectation I have waited for the Lord.” I will not be in a hurry nor go before Jesus, but, like the woman of Canaan, humbly prostrate at His feet in perfect trust and abandonment, act when and as He pleases, hanging, as it were, on God in loving confidence.

In souls to God surrendered is sweet harmony  
Of humble love, of worship and of peace;  
A perfect echo of Eternity’s  
*Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, and Amen.*  
They understand the things that please their Lord;  
Fertile in action, though in deep repose,  
For they derive from Him a power divine.  
God wills—I can—a mighty word is Love!

#### DEPOSIT POTENTES DE SEDE ET EXALTAVIT HUMILES

##### *Humility*

*“He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble.”*

OUR LADY is the happiest of all creatures, because she has been the lowliest, meekest and most completely united to God, in perfect possession of all the Beatitudes. My nothingness is my bridal dower and I love it, because it makes me hope in You, dear Lord. All I have is from You, by You, in You and for You. O my God, I thank You for all the illness which has reduced me to this precious state of conscious nothingness; it is the lot of sinful man, but it is to Your Glory, so we must love it. O Jesus, my wretchedness seems infinite, but in reality the only infinitude is Your

mercy! In my utter destitution I cry to You, for it must bear fruit in trust, joy, and liberty. It seems to me that by humility we are freed from our poverty, to be endowed with the treasures of God; and a humility springing from intense simplicity is the fairest flower of charity.

There is no real bitterness in humiliations, for they are very sweet when we accept them with love. It is such a joy to be found fault with, that we must not detract from it by excusing ourselves. The Observance is the greatest blessing of the Religious Life. I offer You my honour, dear Lord, as a feast of love. If it is for Your Glory that I should be greatly humiliated, so be it. Calumny is precious, because it destroys the very roots of self and offers it to God by a true love.

O Jesus, the favour I beg of You is that one degree more of grace may be granted to all those who cause me suffering, for, since they gain so great a good for me, it is only right that they should derive some benefit from it themselves.

## ESURIENTES IMPLEVIT BONIS, ET DIVITES DIMISIT INANES

### *Detachment*

*“He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich He hath sent empty away.”*

ALL her life, Mary, the Child of God, was saying: “Our Father who art in Heaven,” and she was filled with good things. As her child, I have taken my rest with her, saying “Our Father,” too. All her life, God was stripping her of spiritual things, to keep her in this childlike state of poverty. O Mary, my Mother, God seemed to mock at your most legitimate desires, even that of fulfilling your duty, to make you enter more deeply into His designs. Your soul is filled by being stripped, He emptied you of Himself to fill you with His Divinity. He went up to Heaven and left you on earth, as our example, poor and obedient. Immaculate Mother, stripped even of the Man-God, that you might be filled with all the good things of Heaven, teach me the perfect abandonment of a child.

I want to be one of those simple, upright, trustful little ones; for the simpler our souls become, the better we can understand God, the Supremely Simple. We must always tend towards this by destroying self-love. When we love Our Lord and forget self, we find peace in our trials, humiliations, and pain.

The best solution for most things lies in serenity, not in a flood of words or excitement, because peaceful souls are always inspired by the Holy Spirit. God speaks in the calm, and there are many things beyond our power to solve, which He alone can explain.

All we have to do is to look up to Heaven and not go down to earth, except to spread abroad the peace of the Sacred Heart. I must live as one who dies daily and rises again, valuing, loving, caressing the destitution of holy poverty—the cold, the coarse food, the work of a poor woman perfectly done. My body must be treated as an old clout belonging to the community, to be patched up for the common use; but I must accept cheerfully and humbly the prohibition from doing any hard work. The Divine Eagle will spread His wings and carry us, as long as we are not afraid to be lifted off the ground and breathe a purer atmosphere. The solitude is not a desert, it is the abode of God, of simplicity and love. I must never forget that I am a hermit and a foreigner, as regards temporal matters—for the country of my Spouse is Eternity, and it is in that light that I must leave all created things, to abide there for ever.

Jesus has stripped me wholly, to make me more pure. The more He loves His bride, the greater the sacrifices He asks of her, but all the more deeply will He hide her in His Heart and reveal Himself to her. His Will drives me into a great interior solitude, and when I look at the Crucifix, we understand one another without words. Silence—not that of a crushed or wounded heart, but that of a soul who prays and talks to God alone—is a great strength.

It is my joy to owe everything to Our Lord, to present myself before His Heavenly Father as the masterpiece of His mercy. I love to feel myself wholly dependent—a little child; for those who are really poor in spirit are nourished by the Word of Life, and their souls become simplified, expanding in prayer and intimate union with God.

“The poor shall eat and shall be filled.” And it is indeed the poor, those overwhelmed by their own wretchedness, who will be fed and enlightened by the Divine Heart.

The stream flows on towards the ocean without ever turning back, even if some of its waters are used as canals; thus may my love flow straight to God and give itself out to my neighbour without being diverted from its goal. May I be a channel filled with God, to give Him out to others, and Jesus only be found in me, nothing of self. To be all

things to all men, without rigidity or weakness, to be indeed the Host given with Jesus and in which Jesus is found.

We have to be very deeply hidden in solitude in order to help our neighbour; we must be Hosts, spotless and consecrated, that Communion may take place. How beautiful it is when every member of a community receives Jesus from her sisters and communicates Him to them in her turn, as often as they come in contact with her.

Our Lord told me I could do nothing except by annihilating myself and being wholly occupied by Him, in adoration, silence, pain, and constant supernatural joy. Though the whole world may be in an uproar, my soul shall rest, like a child, in God. He loves me and I love Him—that is enough.

SUSCEPIT ISRAEL PUERUM SUUM, RECORDATUS MISERICORDIAE SUAE

*Mother of Souls*

*“He hath received Israel His servant, being mindful of His mercy.”*

FOR a long time I have been gazing on Mary, plunged in the mercy of God, owing every thing to it, and then becoming herself, and making me likewise, a mother of mercy. I prayed that my heart might be open to all who are in misery. By prayer, I want to perpetuate that glorious bargain which Jesus made at the cost of His Blood. If my pain and my blood are needed, I am ready to give them peacefully, in loving confidence. Mary, my sweet Queen, my kind Mother, you are the beautiful golden chalice in which Jesus must find me at every moment, ready to immolate myself as He wishes, for His glory and for the souls He wills.

He tells me He has chosen me also to be a comfort to His Church, to be His bride and a victim with Him. He wants me to be so docile that when He is in need of a soul to suffer and pray, He can turn to me with out any fear of my refusing or asking why. I am to bring forth souls for Him in travail, not realising the good that I do them; to be like the Host offered in the daily Mass of a poor church, without flowers, music, or assistants, all alone with Jesus, who immolates Himself every day and never wearies. Every moment of my life ought to increase the glory of my Divine Spouse and bring Him comfort. It is by obedience, docility, and a loving reverence for all that hurts or goes against the grain, that the true spouse of Christ procures the conversion of souls. When I am walking about, I tell Jesus that at each step I want to seek sinners, and in my work I ask for some grace for souls at every stitch. Can I do less for them than a mother for the welfare of her child?

I am crucified in many ways, but that is my profession and I am glad. Those are golden days for a Carmelite when she is suffering in body and soul and looks so cheerful that nobody guesses it. I want never to let my troubles be seen but to keep my treasure hidden, and when I have come to the end of my tether, I shall go on all the same, for I have sold my body to Jesus.

I am ready for all that God may will to do with me, for the sake of souls, and, like the Angels, I want to go with them right down into Purgatory and be their lowly servant. Let light perpetual shine on them, Jesus, and I will gladly stay in the darkness. Let me have the suffering, but give comfort to the souls of sinners.

O God, give me the heart of a mother for Your priests, to help them in times of depression. May Our Lady bring me their troubles, that I may pray and suffer for them as mothers know how. Is it not for the sake of these noble souls, O God, that You have ground my heart to powder, to get floods of love out of it? The priest is so great, an alter Christus, and he needs such pure souls to help him, souls consecrated by the Eternal Priest, who was born of an Immaculate Virgin.

I would fain cure all the bitterness of the earth, plunge souls in a sea of mercy and give nothing but joy and sweetness to the whole world.

\*\*\*\*\*