



A QUARTER OF AN HOUR
before

The Blessed Sacrament

My child, it is not necessary to know much to please Me; it suffices to love Me much.

Speak to Me, simply as you would do to your intimate friend.

Have you no one you wish to recommend to Me?

Tell Me the names, of your relatives, your brothers, your sisters. After each one of these names, tell Me what you wish Me to do for them. Ask much for them, ask much. I love generous hearts which forget themselves for others. Tell Me of the poor you wish comforted. Tell Me of the sick you have seen suffer, of the wicked you wish converted, of those persons with whom you have some quarrel, and with whom you wish a reconciliation. For all, recite a fervent prayer. Remember I have promised to hear every prayer coming from the heart; and is

not that truly a heart prayer when offered for those we love and who love us?

Have you not some graces to ask for yourself?

Write, if you will all the wants of your soul, and come and read them to Me.

Tell Me simply how sensual, proud, susceptible, selfish, cowardly and lazy you are. Ask Me to come and help you overcome all these failings.

Poor child! Do not blush; there are many of the Blessed, many Saints in Heaven who had all these faults, who asked Me to cure them of them, and who, little by little, overcame themselves.

Do not hesitate to ask Me for the good of the body and the mind; health, memory, success... I can give all, and I give always when it is to render the soul more holy. What do you wish to-day, My child? If you only knew how I long to do you good!

Have you no projects which occupy you?

Tell Me all the details... what do you think of, what do you hope for? Is it to give pleasure to your relatives, your brother, your sister, or those you depend on — what do you wish for them?

And for Me, will you not wish something? Will you not wish to do a little good to the Souls of your friends whom you love, and who perhaps forget Me?

Tell Me in what do you interest yourself, what are the motives urging you on, what means you would take?

Explain to Me your want of success, I will show you the cause. Whom would you have join you in your plan? I am the Master of all hearts, My child, and I lead them gently where I will, I will place those necessary for you near to you, be assured, My child.

Have you any troubles?

Oh! My child tell Me all your troubles in detail. Who has pained you? Who has hurt your pride? Who has despised you?

Tell Me all, and finish up by saying you have forgiven, that you will forget... and I will bless you.

Do you fear some trouble, have you some fear without reason perhaps, but which torments your heart? Confide in Me, I am there, I know all, I can help you...

Have you friends around you who seem less kind, indifferent even, towards you, without, as far as you know, any just cause? Pray for them to Me; I will bring them back if they are necessary to your comfort.

Have you no joys to tell Me of?

Why do you not let Me partake of your joys?

Tell Me all that has come to you since yesterday, which gave you pleasure.... An unexpected visit which cheered you... a fear dispersed, a mark of affection, a letter, a present which you received, a trial which proved you stronger than you thought...

All these, My child, I send; why do you not show yourself grateful, and say — Thank You!

Gratitude brings down a blessing, and the Giver likes to be reminded of His goodness.

Have you no promises to make to Me?

I read to the bottom of your heart, you know I do. You may deceive others, but you cannot deceive Me. Then, My child, be frank, be sincere...

Are you resolved to avoid that occasion to sin...? to deprive yourself of that object which does you harm—to give up reading that book which uselessly excites your imagination, to avoid the friendship of that person which troubles the peace of the soul?

Will you know how to be amiable and gentle to those who have hurt you...?

Very good, My child—go now, go, take up your daily duties; be silent, modest, submissive, charitable, love very much My Blessed Mother.

And come again to-morrow with your heart more loving, more resolved to be and do good.

To-morrow I will have ready for you new favors, new graces.

NIHIL OBSTAT:

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Censor

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Vic. Gen.
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