

Good Friday

I only want, on a day when they themselves have meditated on the sufferings of Jesus Christ and when He has spoken to them through all the ceremonies of the Church and through His silence in the tomb, where they have adored Him day and night, to remind them of only three things: one, that we are all guilty of the death of Jesus Christ and that in a Chapter of Reparation where we come to ask forgiveness from God and our Sisters for all that has been wrong in our conduct, there is no feeling so base, so humiliating that can suffice for us. Woe to us if our faults seem light to us! They can only be washed away by the blood of Christ; and souls who love have always been broken under the weight of their own.

Ah! if Saint Peter were among us, how do you think he would accuse himself on this day when he had made Jesus Christ suffer so much. And yet we, however, have not denied Jesus Christ in the face of death or danger, but in the face of the slightest cowardice of our nature. When have we resisted to the point of bloodshed, *adversus peccatum repugnantes*?

But let us admit that our faults are minor, the second thing I have to say to them is the inner sadness, the penetrating wound that must have been for Jesus Christ on the Cross at the sight of the cowardice of His own, their forgetfulness, their coldness, their offenses so careless, so full of ingratitude and frivolity.

The third thing is that Jesus Christ, having died for justice, it is not so much tears that He asks of us as much as a change of life.

Abasement, pain, strong resolutions and generous fidelity, such must be the fruits of this Chapter.

¹ In our struggle against sin. Heb 12, 4.