

L00170

Private Notes (Notes Intimes)

March 1841

I act too humanly. I call on my natural forces in the extreme difficulties coming from M. Combalot's exit. I do not keep the views of faith as I had promised. My ego asserts itself, acts, takes over my work for the congregation Ah! I feel that it is a dangerous moment as I break those bonds where I used to seek help in conquering myself. .M[onsieur].C[ombalot]. humiliated me, kept me in continual dependence on whatever order might come from him at any moment. He contradicted me, scolded me, made me give in all the time or punished me for the least failure in obedience or docility with long reproaches and severe and humiliating penances. I know that in ceasing to bind myself interiorly to that authority which controlled me in the smallest things, I could grow in virtue by forming the habit to seek in everything the will of God instead of human command. But I have not done this and it makes me fear that God will not bless the future.

It is hard and difficult to keep the interior liberty that M.C. has given back to me. I believe, however, that it is my duty. Nothing is stranger than this state where I am right now, painfully feeling a total isolation from creatures, and yet, on account of the pain that I experience there, fearing to leave it [the isolation]. Despite the fact that sometimes I try to find human help, I am always content not to succeed because I think it would be unfaithful to Our Lord. For the past six weeks, I have been agitated like Martha, suffering weakness and pains in the heart which make me waste time and lack in mortification. My dear Marie [M. Thérèse Emmanuel] prays a little for me, but she too has been unfaithful. The others sometimes crush me with their discouragement and demands, and sometimes I have the misfortune of being patient only on the outside.

I have never felt so irritated by the shortcomings of the others, so impatient with their weakness, with almost no feeling of sisterly love. The weight of the work, my feelings of loneliness, my worries about the future, material affairs, letters, visits, feelings of annoyance against O.F. [our father] that I can scarcely control and which awaken just when I thought them vanquished, the awareness of a state of infidelity towards God, neither faith, nor divine hope, almost no desire -- everything is causing me anguish. Directing the others is a martyrdom, especially when they are troubled and I have to do so more and more often. I don't have a minute for myself, so I am empty of what I should give to the others. O my God! When shall I have caught my breath and no longer have the horrible feeling of not being right with God?