

L00172

Private Notes (Notes Intimes)

May 1841

I do not dare admit to myself the state in which what has just happened has left me. My soul is so sad; I need encouragement for the work and for myself, but I have to get along without it. May God's will be done. I would like to have some hope of seeing M.C. abandon the line of absolute separation that he has adopted. I did not think I was capable of feeling what I do. I cry like a child; and at the end of all the tenderness of M.C., from my own stiffness, from my excessive detachment, I end up seeing that I loved M.C. much more than he loved me. Since yesterday, I keep wondering how I could have avoided this separation, what I could have sacrificed in order to leave him Superior and yet keep the house according to the Rule. The reproach that has been made to me about my haughty character weighs on me, and yet I can't find any other way out. What consoles me is the gentleness and moderation that I kept all during the last scenes. I forced myself to withstand the storm, interiorly and exteriorly united to the dispositions of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, so that M.C. himself told me on the second to last day that I couldn't have been better. Nevertheless, when I pray, I still cry and that makes me see that I am weaker than I seem or would like to be.