



## Marie Eugénie – Intimate Notes N.163/02-03

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...It seems to me that it is necessary

That I not torment myself with austerities or scruples, that I should not think of mortifying myself too much nor of examining and analyzing too much. I should just do simply what is of the Rule or obedience and keep myself in habitual silence of recollection and loving union with Jesus Christ. Mary and my father, to whose love I should not fear to abandon myself, thinking of all the graces I have received, of the destiny that is prepared for me, of the union of soul between my father and me, of the love of Jesus Christ and of Mary for me of which I find a reflection in the love of my father. [I should] avoid all human thoughts, the memories of novels, without being troubled or indignant. [I should] see in all, even in his reproaches a tender and affectionate intention of my Savior and avoid the people who might turn me away from these comforting sentiments.

Not to think too much about being a victim, crucified and detached, but go with wholehearted faith as a child who tries to obey her mother.

With regard to temptations of vanity, say to God simply that I do not want them, that it isn't my business. Live with Mary in Bethlehem, feeding her child at her breast and adoring him and be with her also at Nazareth where she was so happy in the possession of her Jesus who is the joy of the elect in heaven and who gives himself to us. Not to seek in my communions anything else but to love Him, to receive him and listen to him.

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My tender Lord Jesus, the sole spouse of my soul, you for whom I want to do everything and suffer all; allow me, however, to write for my poor soul what she should do to bear these bitter moments of helplessness, these profound sadnesses that I accept with all my heart, but to which I do not want to give in.

It is you, my God, who deigned to draw me out of them by your grace. I know that I could not do so without you and I say this only to teach myself not to put an obstacle to this grace of mercy and sweetness.

At these moments, I need to go to the foot of your altar and to think of your compassionate love, to ask you to come into me as you give yourself to your apostles in your adorable tenderness, to think that you look on me with compassion, that you say to me: My poor little girl, for you are truly my father and my beloved, to think that you had pity on the daughters of Jerusalem and that you said to them under the Cross: Do not weep for me, but for yourselves. You allow me then to cry over myself when my soul is sad until death and you have pity on it. I ask you again to let me love you as did those who knew you, for if my heart is so human, so tender, so prone to natural and sensible attachments, surely Lord, I would have loved you if I had lived with you.

I should not torment my poor soul, but allow her to do what she wants at your feet.; allow her to rest without doing anything, listen to your voice which tells me: I am your best friend, the most tender. Why do you want any other? Rest here with me.

Then, I must make my soul look at the sky when it is beautiful, pick the flowers of the fields, gaze on them, think of You who made them and who are good, because all of those things bring my soul peace.

For my vanities, I will consider that the heavenly robe is made on the wrong side, and the more it is poor and ugly in the eyes of men, without anyone to approve of it, the more it pleases you. If you deign to touch me a little with your wing, I will not refuse this breath of life, of inspiration, of love; I will enjoy it with thanksgiving.

I need that in order to keep silence and to find in myself the harmonies without which I suffer. I will seek beauty in your word, in a passage of Job or of Moses. My God, I do not hold against myself that my heart wants love, and my mind beauty for I shall seek all of that in you. You alone are infinite love and beauty, that I may seek you everywhere, find you always, hide myself in you, live on You always. In this way, I can reach for the perfection that kills me when it is understood in the way of the books. You, your works in nature, your word, teach me much better. To sacrifice the things here below, not to walk in their way, to abandon each little thing and ceaselessly, but our wings should not be clipped.