



Marie Eugénie – Intimate Notes N.163/01
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Nunc dimittis. O my God, I who have received my Lord, not as Simeon did but as Mary, I do not have to ask I feel that the excessive pain within me comes from my self-love and imagination. But, my God, may I not sustain my courage a little in thinking that, despite the fact that I have deserved it, that I drew it on myself, the painful effect that I experience should nonetheless be borne with love and resignation to your holy will which wants and permits it. My God, I do not know what afflicts me. It seems to me that it is these great revolts against authority, these movements of antipathy, of scorn, even of hate to which, it seems to me, my whole heart adheres. But why is it that I am tormented? It is because I fear offending You and You cannot live in a heart wherein are found so strongly and so naturally so many feelings contrary to your love, to your peace, to your humility. It seems to me that I do not seek You, praying so little, recollecting myself, mortifying myself so little and so fearful of suffering, feeling so little love for your presence in the Blessed Sacrament, not touched with respect for it, not seeking your company, being so hurried to leave it, doing things like a machine and by a kind of exterior mechanical impulse -even my communions- seeking to flee from myself in exterior activities where I find nothing, but where I do not feel troubled.

My God, my Savior Jesus, it seems to me that in heaven and on earth, I want only You, my heart can live in no other thing, nothing else can console it, fill it, nothing neither parents nor friends, nor egoism nor vanity, of that I am sure. Why then do I not experience my full joy in You, why does it seem to me that I am before You as if I were lying to You and that in speaking to You in this way, I turn my back on You. Why is it that I can still amuse myself in these things that are nothing to me and give me nothing if it is not to lose sight of myself for a moment in order to find myself again with more bitterness and discouragement. It seems to me often, my God, that I make efforts to leave all these things so that now they are nothing to me, but that I have put nothing in their place so that my heart is empty as a desert. With tears, I desire your love, but I feel that I do not have it, then I doubt sometimes and my soul falls into the deepest abyss of sadness. My Jesus, make Yourself felt in my heart, that your name be no longer an empty word, that it touch my heart as in times past, keep[me] from discouragement or perplexity of conscience that makes me see all my desires and efforts even when they are turned towards You.

On my knees, I adore your infinite Majesty, your infinite wisdom, I accept with my whole soul all that it pleases You for me to feel in my heart. I would like, O my God, to pass by all the crucifying states to arrive at loving You. But Lord, my God, make me love You, hide me entirely from the eyes of men, do not permit that the desire to be known and esteemed by them be mixed with any of my thoughts. I deny and detest any such desire, I give up all self-seeking, all the self-love in which I have lived so much. Hide me, bury me, take away my sight, my speech, all that You like, but do not take away Yourself from me, because apart from You, I sin.