



Saint Marie Eugenie of Jesus

July 22 (no year indicated)

Feast of Saint Magdalena

Dear daughters,

Today is the feast of one of the saints who most loved Our Lord. At the Cross, Jesus found himself between two loves: Mary's most pure and perfect love, which no creature could ever attain, and Magdalene's penitent love. From one to the other, the distance is great. Nevertheless, we go back to the point at which they touch: humility. To love, you have to be humble. The more humble we are, the more we love. That's why the Blessed Virgin, then Madeleine, loved Jesus so much.

Mary's humility, like that of the sinner, does not result from the knowledge of her faults. What shame could there be in a woman whose soul was not even tainted by original sin? But, enlightened by a greater light, she knew and understood better the greatness of God and the lowliness of the creature, and therefore the state of dependence, subjection and complete and absolute abandonment of the latter with regard to her Creator.

Deeply aware of the full extent of God's rights over her, she gave him everything, not even suspecting that it was possible to dispose of the smallest moment of an existence over which she so loved to acknowledge God's sovereign domain. A docile instrument in His divine hands, she allowed herself to be shaped and worked according to His pleasure, without the slightest resistance ever drawing her away from the path of subjection, dependence and servitude, from which the creature should never deviate with regard to her Creator. A greater, deeper knowledge of God's greatness on the one hand, and on the other, a greater penetration of her own powerlessness and nothingness - these were the foundations of Mary's incomparable humility.

Madeleine drew from the knowledge of her sin the trust she placed at the feet of Our Lord. Couldn't Magdalene's humility be our own? We mustn't think that Madeleine's sin is the one by which God is most greatly offended, and the only one worthy of our repentance and tears.

Without doubt, this sin is the most degrading in itself, the most humiliating, the most vile. But the sin of heresy, for example, is far greater. Perhaps we have nothing to reproach ourselves for in this respect. But which of us, not to mention original sin, can do justice to the fact that we have never given in to a feeling of self-love, that we have never lent ourselves to any of the movements or acts that it inspires? To say so, or to think so, would be immense pride. Mary alone, by a privilege granted only to her who was called to be the Mother of God, could have borne witness to this. Was she any less humble?

But how many faults and infidelities have we committed and still commit every day? Well, a few prayers, a few satisfying works, and all our venial faults are wiped away, if we wish. How often have we

been sprinkled and purified by the Blood of Jesus Christ! Like Madeleine, we have been forgiven much. But like her, have we loved much?

Let's take a look at the works of her love in this holy penitent. With what eagerness she seeks Jesus. To get to him, she stops at nothing, exposing herself to mockery and humiliation. What can I say? She doesn't even think about it. Seeing Jesus, finding Jesus, what else matters to her? She's indifferent to everything. As long as she sees him, follows him, she has everything she wants. It's no use Simon showering her with opprobrium; it's no use the mob pointing their fingers at her on the way to Calvary... what does it matter to her? Occupied with Jesus, she will hear only Jesus, see only Jesus.

Let's know how to love like Magdalene, and to do so let's be humble. Like her, let us base our humility on the knowledge of ourselves, of our faults, of our infidelities, so many and so many. May this knowledge always keep us in that state of annihilation, abasement, submission, subjection in every encounter, profound adoration, which alone befits the creature.