



Marie Eugénie – Intimate Notes N.153/01
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I am sometimes tormented by the idea that I am not moved by the love of God, but rather by the love and admiration of that perfection to which Christianity calls us. I love justice, rectitude, purity, humility, detachment from self, ardent charity... for themselves and I want to acquire them for their own worth rather than to please God. But I have reassured myself in saying that in loving these virtues, I love God. They belong to the very nature of God who is perfection and the fullness of all perfection. Perhaps this is a gross misunderstanding, but I cannot imagine God as a Being separated from these things; I understand God only as the source and the essence of all good, in such a way that one cannot be good or virtuous apart from a kind of emanation of God's nature that we must ask him constantly in prayer, so that in loving goodness, truth, justice, one is loving God himself, who is not a material thing, a separated Being, independent from his perfections and virtues, but rather the ensemble of the greatest power, the highest goodness, the highest justice, wisdom and truth that are God and in God. The idea of pleasing God carries with it a human idea that I cannot quite grasp when applied to God. I approach him as an eternal Law, a goodness, but human nature is so much beyond the understanding of my poor mind that it all leads me to adore the mystery of a God in human form (a humanized God). Thus I can love Jesus Christ much better than I can love God; I desire to possess God and it seems to me that if I were perfect, I could communicate in his essence in some way and I have difficulty in imagining any other manner of possessing God than of being assured of that possession by the impossibility of falling from perfection and by the dissolution of the body, instrument of error which troubles us and leads us on. God is love; if I love, God is in the depths of my heart. God is holy, I shall have God in myself if I become holy. God is truth, if I love and I believe the truth, I possess God still more....

In the Church, we sing the praises of the valiant (strong) woman, and in the world they love and put forward the weak woman. I am Christian, but I am under the influence of this worldly idea, I am not ashamed of my weakness. On the contrary, I glory in it, not as St. Paul gloried in his weakness, but without the desire to overcome it, without attention to the One who is the strength of Christians. I like my weakness, to show it, to speak of it. I take consolation in the failings which come from my weakness as if it was a virtue whose excess or imprudence had led me on.

Vocation:

I need the severities of the cloister in order to be a Christian: outside, if someone speaks to me of books that please my imagination, I let myself go to saying that I like such works, to let people see my poems, my ideas. Jocelyn, however, is on the Index; and my thoughts, my reveries, go towards a happiness that is earthly, an infinite love, a love without measure. That is not Christian life with its serenity, its love of God, its perfect detachment, its efforts against vices, its mortifications of sensible joys and goods of this world, its modest virginity, its fearful purity, its humility, obedience and walking in the presence of God (before God)....

We must look to where we are going rather than pay attention to what we have to endure.