



Marie Eugénie – Intimate Notes N.162/01
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3 February 1839 — Presentation in the temple

Nunc dimittis. O my God, I who have received my Lord, not as Simeon did but as Mary, I do not have to ask that I may go in peace, but rather that I may remain close to Him. Obtain for me, my Mother, to remain united to Him, to be worthy of receiving Him often, and outside those times to keep Him always in my heart. — This child will be a sign of contradiction, He will be there for the loss of many — That I be not lost, obtain for me not to be in contradiction with Him, to be humble as he is in this abasement, obedient as He is, (not offering) Himself, zealous for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, devoted and offering myself each day and not ever taking myself back.—

4 F[ebruary] — Jesus Christ head of the Church, we are his members — The Blessed Virgin in offering Him in the temple, offers us also; let us unite ourselves then to his dispositions. He offered Himself for the glory of God, the salvation of souls, the expiation of the sin of the world. He offered his body and ours also that it may serve only for penance, his will, his affections, his soul to be broken by anguish. Let us not be afraid, we shall never suffer as He has suffered. We have offered ourselves with Him, we no longer belong to ourselves, nothing should make us draw back from his service.—

5 —In the temple. Jesus Christ has been offered by the Blessed Virgin and handed to Anne, the prophetess. Only those who were just saw Him and knew Him. —And He has been given to me, I have not served for years as Anne, nor imitated her virtues in the least, especially the modesty of the Virgin.— And I have been without fear and without vigilance — Try then to make reparation, to imitate the modesty of the Holy Women. Let us put our hand to the task, avoiding the liberty of looking around, the useless words, the worldly thought. Let us be crazy, ridiculous, if necessary, by our prudence and reserve.

6 On my comportment — I have spent my life far from God, hardly entering his temples where He offered Himself for me, profaning his temple by the superficiality of my thoughts, living for myself, adoring myself, seeking myself. However, He never abandoned me, He led me to understand my wretchedness, He touched me, filled me. A thousand extraordinary events combined to help; I gave myself to Him, or at least I thought so, for how could I rest on this pretended reform when, instead of seeking to expiate pride by humiliations, the wanderings of the imagination by the severity of vigilance and the renunciation of all that excited it, softness and worldly pleasures by austerity, laziness and uselessness by work, in short, all my sins by penance, a true and universal penance. Instead, I find it a lot just to keep free of these sins that I promised to make up for, and instead of making up for the past, I gather up new repentance for the future; I live in such a way that, if I had never sinned before, I could still be worried about all that I have done since my so-called conversion. I want to live again in the good esteem of the little world that surrounds me, I restrain myself in nothing, I am just as lazy, distracted at Church, undisciplined, without vigilance over my thoughts, without humble feelings about myself, without modesty, without a spirit of mortification of my eyes, my actions, my meals. And I thus think that I have done a lot, and I am without worry. Lord Jesus, come then in me, enlighten me with your spirit, that I may live before You alone, for You alone, in union with your cross which, even if I were pure as a seraphim, would still impose on me the obligation of doing penance.

On the blessings of God. — Gifts of nature — qualities of mind, strength, physical beauty; independence, the comfort of my social position, all of which I have abused.

Gifts of grace, baptism at the first moment of my existence when I received the names of Anne and of Mary and of a martyr, an angel has always accompanied me, sacrifice of Jesus Christ which I so carelessly attended, at 12 years, the forgiveness of my sins, Jesus Christ gives Himself to me, during a moment I understand his goodness, then I forget it even faster, but He remains at the door of my heart, He finishes by knocking it down, for the past year He has showered graces upon me, He has given me a holy friendship whose consolations have been born of His suffering, on the Cross He gave me his mother, He gives Himself to me so often, and I, however, have not yet left my heart entirely under the influence of his grace.

As if it were not enough[,] He promises me gifts of glory if I only want to belong to Him, He rehabilitates me. He calls me to the virginal following (train) of his mother, and yet I do not think of Him, I am not totally His. I prefer bad thoughts, bad memories or all the frivolities of the world to listening to his voice. O my God! let it no longer be thus. Jesus and Mary, I am yours alone and wish to be yours alone.

7 February: the 8 beatitudes —1st —Love poverty in my material life by cutting down my needs and living economically, like to appear poor, to be dressed poorly, to have the air of a woman of the lower class. Mary willed to be the wife of a carpenter, no longer speak as I do about the things I am not used to. Consider myself as a poor servant who works to earn her living and put as much work and promptness in what I am doing as if I thus earned my daily bread, am I not the servant of Jesus Christ?—lastly, enjoy doing things for myself and remember when I find something hard, how the friends of Jesus, the poor, are at this same moment, doing much harder things.—

8 February —Blessed are the gentle:I always imagined myself gentle in being weak and yet this is never what others say of me. Because I like to be right, to make my opinion prevail, to speak, to have the last word, to play the professor, to judge others. The modest gentleness of Mary is not seen in my expression. Gentleness is humble, kindly, does not blame, does not mock, let us be gentle interiorly and exteriorly in order to serve souls and not scandalize them. The spirit of silence, of moderation in my words, will do wonders for me.

9 —B[lessed]are those who mourn — Take this word with me when I expect a disappointment[,] a contradiction. Excite in myself the desire to mourn with the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the Cross, to suffer the sufferings of Jesus Christ and to share them. God loves those who are tender-hearted, whose heart is moved easily, who suffers with others. — Above all, blessed are those who mourn for their sins. How is it that I don't think of mourning them. They have offended God sovereignly. I am not among those who have always kept their soul pure and who have only to enjoy the favors of the heavenly Lover— Arouse contrition in me, compunction, the humility of the repentant sinner and try to keep it continually.

10 B[lessed]are those who hunger and thirst for justice. Arouse in me a great love of progress, a great thirst for my sanctification, do not neglect any little thing for that, do everyday things well with this aim. —Of myself, I have no justice[,] it is Jesus Christ who is justice and who gives it. — Not to be afraid to show my wretchedness, my total lack of justice, when I am pleased with myself and what I do, with the good opinion of myself, humble myself about these thoughts as not being able by myself even to be humble. — Lastly, what will I do today to make progress in justice [?]I will try to accomplish all my actions perfectly, to keep myself united to Christ by the thought that He and his holy Mother did all these common actions, stooping to them for us and by love.

11 B[lessed]the merciful: O Jesus, my mercy[,] You have even pardoned me for not being merciful, give me the tenderness of your heart so that mine may be deeply touched by the sufferings of the poor. If today it is not to them that I consecrate myself, may I be at least spiritually merciful, praying and weeping over those who do not possess You on earth or in purgatory. One day, when I will have companions, may you give me the tenderness of your heart for them, for the children for whom I should care, a holy tenderness, focused on and devoted to their perfection. As for me, have mercy on me and do not abandon me; entrust me to your Mother and may she give me to You and may nothing ever separate me from Your mercies.

B[lessed]are the pure of heart: How far mine is from being pure, the seven capital sins have their influence; a pure heart belongs entirely to Jesus Christ, founded on Him and confirmed, in its thoughts, its actions, its affections. Today is this still true? Let us conceive a profound horror of all that stains it, do not prostitute it to the devil for even a moment. So often, I am allowed to approach the source of purity, ask for it then, for of myself how can I be pure? And I will see God, all the lights, all the beauties, all the transports, all the élans, all the loves of this earth are feeble images which the weak creature that I am is obliged to use in order to raise herself to the idea of this infinite good. To love God infinitely, desire Him alone. But does He not already deign to show Himself each day to us, despite my impure heart. O Jesus, purity of virgins, make this virtue of Mary grow in me. How her heart was beautiful, how it pleased You. Let my heart be enclosed in Yours and that of your mother.

Friday morning — In the end, my prayer was well made, but not enough order, I had some good feelings about the grace that God gives me in calling me to serve the glory of Mary, and to be the spouse of Jesus Christ[,] to unite myself to Him substantially by communion, these two poles of the world. I had some feeling of the grandeur of God who is going to join Himself to me, and I prayed ardently that He would recreate me.

Saturday morning — On the suffering of the Virgin Mary when she saw that St. Joseph would send her away after the Incarnation. Rather bad prayer, many distractions. Take from this a love of humiliations - with Jesus as the motive.