

Tell me what has consoled and gladdened your heart since yesterday, since you last visited me. Perhaps you have had an agreeable surprise; perhaps you have seen grave doubts dissipated, or you have received good news - a letter, or perhaps a gesture of love. Maybe you have overcome some difficulty, or come out of a trying situation. All of this is my work. I have obtained this for you. Why not show me your gratitude and say, like a child to its father, "Thank you, my Father, thank you." Gratitude brings forth new gifts since benefactors, as you know, like to see themselves appreciated.



Do you not have a promise to make to me? I read, you know, the bottom of hearts. People are easily deceived, but not God. Speak to me, then, honestly; do you have firm intentions of avoiding the occasion of sin? Of denying yourself that object that harmed your soul? Of not watching again that which excited your imagination? Of avoiding that person who disturbed the peace of your soul?

Will you be kind to that person who, because he offended you, you have regarded as an enemy?

And now, my child return to your work, to your office, to your family, to your studies - but do not forget these fifteen minutes of intimate conversation we have had in the privacy of the sanctuary. Keep as much as possible, silence, resignation, modesty, charity towards your neighbours. Love and honour my Mother, who is also your Mother. And please come again tomorrow with an even more fervent heart, to unite it to mine. In it you will find every day new love, new gifts, new consolation.

Here I await you.

Speak, Lord,

YOUR SERVANT IS LISTENING



It is not necessary my child, to know much in order to please me much; it is enough that you love me fervently. Speak here to me then, as you would speak to your most intimate friend, to your mother, to your brother.

So, you want to ask me to do something for someone? Tell me his name. Is it your parents, your brothers, your friends? Tell me what you want me to do for them now. Ask much, very much: do not hesitate to ask. I love generous hearts who somehow can come to forget themselves to look after the needs of others. Speak sincerely to me then, of the poor you would console, of the sick you see suffering, of the strayed you yearn to see return to the right path, of those absent friends you want at your side again. Say at least one word for each, the ardent word of a friend. Remind me that I have promised to listen to every petition that arises from the heart, and is not a prayer for those whom your heart especially loves such a pray?

And for you: do you need a particular favour? Make a list, as it were, of your needs, and come and read it in my presence.



Tell me frankly that you are prone to anger, that you love sensuality and pleasure, that you are perhaps proud, lazy, negligent...Ask me to come to the help of those efforts, many or few, which you undertake to free yourself from these faults.

Do not be ashamed, poor soul; there are in Heaven so many saints who had these same defects; but they prayed humbly, and little by little they saw themselves freed from them.

Do not hesitate to ask Me for spiritual and material goods; for health, memory, success in your work, enterprises and studies; all these I can give and I do give - as long as they do not hinder, but rather assist your sanctification.

Precisely today, what do you need? What can I do for you? If only you knew how much I would like to help you!

Do you have, right now, some project in mind? Tell me everything in detail. What preoccupies you? What are you thinking? What do you want? What do you want me to do for your parents, your brothers, your children? What would you want to do for them?

And for me, do you feel an attraction for my glory? Do you not want to do something for those friends whom you love much but who perhaps live separated from me?

Tell me what in particular attracts your attention today, what you desire most ardently and what means you have of obtaining it? Tell me if your plans are not working and I will tell you the causes of your difficulties. Do you not want to interest me in your quest? My dear one, I am the Lord of hearts and I move them, without violating their freedom, to wherever I please.

Are you perhaps sad, or in bad humour? Tell me, tell me, you inconsolable soul, tell me your sorrows in all their details. Who wounded you?



come close to my Heart, and find in it a refreshing balsam for the wounds in yours. Then, you will confess that, like me, you forgive everything, you forget everything. In appreciation, you will receive my consoling benediction.

Are you perhaps afraid? Do you feel in your soul those vague stirrings of sadness which, however unjustified, can be so tearing? Throw yourself in the arms of my Providence. I am with you. I am at your side. I see everything. I hear everything. I shall not abandon you for one moment.

Do you feel ignored by persons who loved you once but who now have forgotten you without cause? Pray from them and I will bring them back to you if they are not obstacles to your salvation.

And don't you have, perhaps, some joy to communicate to me? Why don't you let me share it with you, like a friend?