

“If You Only Knew How Much I Love You!”

by Sister Julie Joubert

In the shadow of the Almighty, in a very restricted space, stripped of all that can attract, time is as though suspended. A woman, worn out by time and the exhausting daily work of past years, is living her last moments on earth. Isolated from the world which she regenerated with her flesh to the tiniest part of her last cell, the Woman is entirely in God.

Every breath is an offering, every minute a prayer, every hour an agony, that of being, at one and the same time, so far and yet so close to her divine Homeland.

On her bed of suffering and hope, Mother Paul-Marie is continuing the commitment she made at the age of 12, to give souls to God: *“Make me suffer all that you want, my Jesus of Love; I want to help you carry your cross, like the Cyrenian and I want to love you ever more and more. Accept, oh my Love, the little that I am. Do with me whatever you will, providing that thus there will be more souls in your beautiful heaven. I love you so much!”* (*Life of Love*, vol. I, p. 33) Having so painfully won them, she will have them all, her souls; not a single one will be forgotten.

In this place of continuous prayer which is her bedroom, we are invited to lay our soul next to her in order to pray, to confide in her and especially to adore. Filled with the Father’s infinite Love, this place of light, ignored by almost everyone, radiates upon humanity. This latter owes its survival to the One who is still and forever repeating her indefectible Fiat. Her Mother’s heart, overflowing with love, continues to worry over each of her children in this time of upheaval. Even during those intense periods when illness overwhelms her, she allows herself no respite. Let us take refuge in this little chapel where the Divine Trinity and Mary Immaculate are accomplishing, through Mother Paul-Marie, the plan of

love foreseen from all eternity.

What can we do, dear Mother, to lighten the burden of your cross, to help you carry it? Quite simply: accept our cross every day, practice the spirit of sacrifice and self-abandonment, offer up every instant to Love, actively continue working on our interior reform.

Oh, dear Mother! You who are pushing the limits of Love to the point of consuming yourself entirely for all souls, have mercy on us who do not yet understand the colossal import and scope of your mission of regeneration of humanity.

We want to be those valiant Knights, armed with the rosary, our hearts filled with real charity, who fight so that, finally, we may all live in the Kingdom which you have so dearly won for us.

Like you, we are called to be transformed through the Eucharist by accepting that our “self” be crushed so as to be all drawn up into God.

Yes, I want, dear Mother, to live this path of light which your *Life of Love* sets out, so as to accomplish my own life of love. I know that, all along this breathtaking ascent, I will be able to take your maternal hand to climb the worlds all the way to the God Light.

If everything overwhelms me one day along my way of the cross, I know that I will be able to see again your gentle piercing gaze, filled with tenderness and mercy. It will repeat to my soul, which will have regained its ardor and fervor, these words you say to each one of us so intimately: *“If you only knew how much I love you!”*



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