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An hour with 'Christ'.
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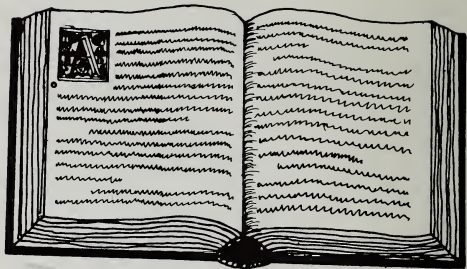
An Hour with Christ

Holy Hour Booklet



• *I BELIEVE*

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*An Hour
with Christ*



• *I Believe*

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DEDICATED TO
MY FATHER AND MOTHER
WHO
EXEMPLIFIED AND TAUGHT
THEIR CHILDREN
AN INTENSE LOVE FOR
OUR EUCHARISTIC KING



NIHIL OBSTAT:

FR. M. ALBERICUS WULF. O.C.S.O.

FR. M. MAURITIUS MALLOY, O.C.S.O.

Censores

IMPRIMI POTEST:

✠ FREDERICUS M. DUNNE, O.C.S.O.

Abbas Monasterii B. M. de Gethsemani

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✠ JOANNES A. FLOERSH, D.D.

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An Hour with Christ



Just a word . . .

My faith—that golden key which unlocks to me the immense wealth and treasures of divine truth—teaches me that God really and truly dwells in our tabernacles; that the Body and Blood, soul and divinity of Jesus is hidden under the sacramental veils. And the act of faith by which my intelligence assents or adheres to this truth is the highest possible act of adoration. Thus with a lively faith let us enter into this Holy Hour and adore our Eucharistic King. God is really and actually present on our altars! Let that thought, that truth, penetrate your whole being. It is the greatest reality of life. Approach your God and offer Him that homage which is His due and then open your heart to Him. He is there for you and me—He invites us to come: “Come to Me, all you that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you.” (Matt. 11:28) He is there as a Friend, a Confidant, a Father. Treat with Him as such. Go up close to Him and talk to Him. His is a standing invitation. Drop in often to

see Him, even if only for a moment. It will refresh you, strengthen you and encourage you in life's trials. And, too, you will console the Heart that loves man so much.

The devotion of the Holy Hour is in answer to a request made by Our Lord Himself to Saint Margaret Mary. This was in 1673. He complained of the coldness of men toward Him and requested her to spend one hour each week during the night between Thursday and Friday in atonement for their base ingratitude. The devotion spread rapidly and developed until it took the form we know today. To console the Heart of our loving Savior, then, should be our first motive in spending this Holy Hour. But let us add to this the four ends of prayer and thus we shall have a perfect hour of prayer: Adoration, thanksgiving, reparation and petition. I adore because I am man and He is God. I must thank Him because He is the Giver of all good gifts. Because I am a sinner I must beg mercy. And finally, in my great needs, to whom can I go but to Him?

Venite adoremus: come let us adore Him!

EXPOSITION

O salutaris Hostia
Quae coeli pandis ostium:
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni trinoque Domino
Sit sempiterna gloria!
Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria.

Amen.

O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below!
Our foes press on from every side:
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

To Thy great name be endless praise,
Immortal Godhead, one in three.

O grant us endless length of days
In our true native land with Thee.

Amen.

* * *

Thank You, Blessed Savior, for the privilege of being here. Please help me to spend this hour thoughtfully and worthily for Your greater honor and glory and for the salvation of souls.

* * *

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Dear Lord, here I am. There are so many things I want to say to You and so many things I should say to You, but my mind is a riot of thoughts—business, politics, domestic and business affairs, hobbies, and everyone and everything but You. Please help me to think and pray this Holy Hour. Coming into Your presence as I do from a turbulent, uneasy and restless world, I just don't seem to be able to concentrate on the immense mysteries before me. My mind wanders and my imagination is kaleidoscopic. Any number of distractions would take me away from You. Please give me the proper dispositions and quiet me. It is so calm, peaceful and prayerful here and so refreshing in contrast to the gloomy atmosphere of sin, the stuffiness of materialism and the passionate restlessness that pervades the world. How truly did Saint Augustine say, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our hearts can find no rest until they rest in Thee."

And not only did You empty Yourself by coming into our poor world as a Man but You even hide that humanity in this Most Blessed Sacrament of the

altar in order "to encourage us to approach Your divine Heart with greater confidence," as says Saint Teresa of Avila. I draw near to You, then Jesus, with confidence and affection in order to adore You as my God, to thank You for everything, to tell You that I am sorry for my sins and for all the sins committed against You, and to beg. Yes, dear Lord, to beg. I need You so much in the battles and trials of my daily life, and the world needs You now as it never needed You before. Oh, Jesus, help us!

(Stop for a moment, if you wish, and expose your needs—have a little talk with your best Friend.)

"I believe in God the Father..."

Upon entering the church and just now before beginning this exercise I made the sign of the cross and thus proclaimed myself a Christian. If I would only stop to think about it, there is a world of truth and reality contained in that sign. It means that I believe in Christ and in the Redemption, for the cross is the banner of Christ and the instrument of our redemption; it means

that I believe in the Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost; and it means that I am a Christian, and to be a Christian is to be another Christ, says Tertullian. Teach me, Master, to know these truths; teach me, for You have the words of eternal life . . .

When I was baptized I gave my assent, either personally or through my sponsors, to the Apostles Creed which is really an epitome, a summary of Your whole doctrine. I have recited it many times since without really thinking of what I was saying. It begins with my belief in God the Father. We cannot and do not doubt the existence of God—the amazing truth is that the Almighty God, the Creator of all things, is not only Your Father but He is also my Father. I—a son of God! The thought is bewildering. I, a poor sinner, can claim God for my Father! Conscious of my unworthiness and of my natural limitations, how could I even dream of or think of—much less aspire to—such an exalted dignity? Divine sonship! and yet we have Your words for it and the assurance of the inspired writers. For on one occasion when the Apostles

asked You to teach them to pray, You began: "Our Father..." I am to address God as my Father! And Saint John, whose immense privilege it was to lay his head on Your bosom at the Last Supper, exclaims: 'Behold what manner of Charity the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should *be called and should be* the sons of God.' (I John 3:1) To this the Apostle of the Gentiles, Saint Paul, adds his testimony. He writes to the Romans: "For whosoever are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For you have not received the spirit of bondage again in fear; but you have received the spirit of adoption of sons, whereby we cry: Abba (Father). For the Spirit himself giveth testimony to our spirit that we are the sons of God. And if sons, heirs also; heirs indeed of God and joint heirs with Christ: yet so, if we suffer with him, that we may also be glorified with him." (Rom. 8:14-17).

And Jesus it is through Baptism that we enter into this divine sonship, that we are re-born and become Christians, children of God and heirs of heaven. It is in the sacrament of regeneration that

we become of God's race and co-heirs with You, His only begotten Son. To be adopted children of God is our glorious privilege! We were raised to the royal rank by our adoption—we were transformed, re-born, re-created. Saint Peter does not hesitate to say that we become sharers of the divine nature through the infusion of sanctifying grace into our souls. To use a metaphor, the blood of God begins to flow in our veins when we are regenerated in the waters of Baptism and more perfectly when we receive You in the Holy Eucharist. What a stimulus there is here to the cultivation of lofty ideals and noble conduct if we would only reflect on the glory and greatness implied in the titles we rightfully bear as Christians: children of God, co-heirs with You! And how empty and cheap are the honors, riches and titles of the world in the light of the incomparable dignity of adopted children of the Most High with a right to the divine inheritance! And when we look around today and see the sad state of the world, the crimes being committed, the godlessness of it all and our own native frailty and miserableness, we

are tempted to become discouraged; but oh, let the thought of our divine adoption serve as a stimulus, an inspiration, to carry on and live our lives as true and sincere Christians should. Can I fail to have confidence in a Father who clothes the lilies of the field with such beauty, who cares for the sparrows and who even knows when a hair falls from my head? in a Father who loves me to the extent of making me His own son?

To be a Christian, then, means not only that I believe all that You have revealed and taught but also that I am a child of God, an heir of heaven, Your little brother, and a member of Your Mystical Body for, says Saint Paul, "You are the body of Christ and severally His members." (I Cor. 12:27) And when in Baptism I received the life of grace, God took up His dwelling in my soul—I became a ciborium, a tabernacle, a temple, a little heaven where God chooses to dwell. And He will continue to dwell there as long as I am in the state of grace! What a tremendous truth! God dwells within me! He is actually there, guiding, consoling, enlightening, strengthening and encourag-

ing me in life's battles. Again, dear Lord, we have Your word to assure us, for on one occasion You said: "If any man love Me, my Father will love him and we will come to him and take up our abode with him." O dear Lord, help me to grasp these truths. They are real; the only realities in life, and in my chase after the phantoms of this world I pass them by. And it is because I am a Christian that I enter into this immense cycle of truths and realities.

But—noblesse oblige—not only does divine sonship imply dignities and privileges—it also imposes the responsibility of living up to my high calling. It implies that I must be ever careful to walk worthy of the vocation in which I am called (Ephes. 4:1). Would I be perfect as my Heavenly Father is perfect, I must take up my cross and follow You. Yes, Lord, it is only when I follow You and model my conduct on Yours that I can hope to please our Father and reach perfection. Would I please Him, I must live and suffer like You for it is only sufferings that will purify my mind and detach me from myself and from the

things of this world. Oh, if I could only realize that I am a son of God, that this world is a place of exile and that one day I am destined to go to my Father's home! How differently I would act! O Jesus, give me some of Your love for the Father, some of Your burning zeal for His glory and Your spirit of perfect filial love and obedience and submission to his holy Will and to the dispositions of His divine providence. Help me to live what I believe I am: a son of God!

O Heavenly Father, I am deeply grateful to You for having adopted me as Your child. It is such an exalted dignity that I can hardly believe it. I am Your son! and I am destined to be happy with You forever in Your heavenly kingdom where Jesus, Your Beloved Son, has gone to prepare a place for us. Oh truly, no one ever had a more loving or forgiving Father. We fail You and offend You so many times, and yet You are always ready and anxious to clothe us in the best robe and lead us to the banquet table. O my Father, help me to be a worthy son. And, while adoring You as my God, I approach You with child-

like confidence, sure that You who out of an act of love made me Your son will continue to care for all my needs and bring me home safely to You.

“... and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, Our Lord...”

And, Jesus, all these treasures reach us, all these wonderful things happen to us through You, for “when the fullness of the time was come God sent His Son, made of a woman, made under the law: that he might redeem them who were under the law: that we might receive the adoption of sons.” (Gal. 4:4,5) O Jesus, how You must love man—love me! Emptying Yourself of all Your glory and becoming a servant, You underwent untold sufferings and finally died to save me! to make me a son of God! O Jesus, “how can I love Thee as I ought?”

Hymn:

JESUS MY LORD MY GOD MY ALL

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all!

How can I love Thee as I ought?

And how revere this wondrous gift,

So far surpassing hope or thought?

Chorus:

Sweet Sacrament! we Thee adore,

O make us love Thee more and more,

O make us love Thee more and more.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart

To love Thee with, my dearest King,

O with what bursts of fervent praise

Thy goodness, Jesus would I sing!

Chorus:

Sweet Sacrament! etc.

O Sacred Heart, Your love knows no bounds, and it seems that the more sinful and miserable we are the more lavish and prodigal You are with Your love. Just glancing back over the history of mankind I can see nothing but sin on the part of man and only merciful forgiveness on Your part. At the moment of his creation, You endowed man with every conceivable good and immunity from evil and You destined him for an eternity of happiness with You. And how did man requite this love and goodness? The tragedy of Paradise was

the answer to Your overflow of love. Man proved recreant to his trust. Choosing rather to listen to the evil one than to You and pridefully desirous of becoming as gods, our first parents did eat of the forbidden fruit... Everything seemed to crash around them and Adam and Eve found themselves smothered under the wreckage their sin had wrought. Gone was the freedom of children of God—they were now slaves of the infernal tyrant. Gone was the peace and tranquillity of innocence and in their stead the rebellion of passions and nature. Henceforth they are to suffer and die, they are to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow and in recompense for their labors the earth will bring forth thorns and thistles. And instead of being givers of life to their offspring as You had planned, they are rather givers of death, for every child born of Adam comes into the world a child of death—a servant of sin. The outlook was dreary, despairing: slaves of Satan, suffering, pain, death... The wages of one sin...

Could man hope for a better fate

than that of the angels? Could he hope to escape the everlasting pit into which You had plunged the angelic rebels for a like sin of pride? With fear and trembling man awaits his judgment... And turning to the serpent You cursed him, and then: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." (Genes. 3:15) O Lord, is that the way You punish our crimes? Is this the way You repay our infidelity? Hardly have we committed our sin when You offer to redeem us. Oh, what boundless love and mercy! O Jesus, why do we love You so little? Is it because we do not stop to think of the awfulness of sin and the great price You paid to redeem us? Is it maybe because we do not think of You and Your infinite mercy at all and commit sin without a thought—even indifferently? I have reviewed Your Passion many times, Blessed Savior, and I have made the Stations of the Cross often, but how little was I impressed by all that You did and suffered. I'm ashamed of myself. To think that

it was all for me, and with what a matter-of-course attitude I take it all for granted! As if You had to redeem me!

O Sacred Heart, I am sorry for the ingratitude and coldness I have shown in the past. Hear my cries, my pleadings, and through that Sacred Heart which I so often pierced with the lance of sin, have mercy!

LITANY OF THE SACRED HEART

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, have mercy on us.

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us.

Christ, graciously hear us.

God the Father of Heaven, have mercy on us,

God the Son, Redeemer of the world,

God the Holy Ghost,

Holy Trinity, one God,

Heart of Jesus, Son of the Eternal Father,

Heart of Jesus, formed by the Holy Ghost

in the Womb of the Virgin Mother,

Heart of Jesus, substantially united to the Word of God,

Heart of Jesus, of infinite majesty,

Heart of Jesus, sacred temple of God,

Heart of Jesus, tabernacle of the

Most High,

Heart of Jesus, house of God and gate of heaven,

Heart of Jesus, burning furnace

of charity,

HAVE MERCY ON US

Heart of Jesus, abode of justice and love,
Heart of Jesus, full of goodness and love,
Heart of Jesus, abyss of all virtues,
Heart of Jesus, most worthy of all praise,
Heart of Jesus, King and center
of all hearts,
Heart of Jesus, in which are all the
treasures of wisdom and knowledge,
Heart of Jesus in which the Father was
well pleased,
Heart of Jesus, of whose fullness we
have all received,
Heart of Jesus, desire of the everlasting
hills,
Heart of Jesus, patient and most
merciful,
Heart of Jesus, enriching all who invoke
Thee,
Heart of Jesus, fountain of life and
holiness,
Heart of Jesus, propitiation for our sins,
Heart of Jesus, loaded down with
opprobrium,
Heart of Jesus, bruised for our offences,
Heart of Jesus, obedient unto death,
Heart of Jesus, pierced with a lance,
Heart of Jesus, source of all consolation,
Heart of Jesus, our life and resurrection,
Heart of Jesus, our peace and
reconciliation,
Heart of Jesus, victim for sin,
Heart of Jesus, salvation of those who
trust in Thee,
Heart of Jesus, hope of those who die
in Thee,
Heart of Jesus, delight of all the saints,

HAVE MERCY ON US

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *Spare us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *Graciously hear us, O Lord,*

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *Have mercy on us.*

V. Jesus meek and humble of heart,

R. Make our hearts like unto Thine.

Let us pray. O Almighty and eternal God, look upon the Heart of Thy dearly beloved Son and upon the praise and satisfaction He offers in the name of sinners and for those who seek Thy mercy. Be Thou appeased, and grant us pardon in the name of the same Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.

(300 days indulgence once a day)

Yes, Heavenly Father, look upon the Heart of Thy Beloved Son and grant us pardon in His name, for it is only through Jesus that we can look for forgiveness, for a return to Your friendship. What would have happened to us, Blessed Savior, if You had not elected to suffer and die for us? What if the Cross were not a Crucifix? O Jesus, we owe everything to You—life, peace, happiness. And in this Your Most Blessed Sacrament You give us the Pledge of eternal life itself. Just suppose You had not come! The thought is breath-

taking. And suppose we were born into a Christ-less world! Alas, it is true that even in our own day many reject You and Your teachings, but what would society be like without even those marks, those goods of Christianity it still retains? without the influence of Your Church, which is the only moral force battling unconditionally the paganistic trends of our civilization? Yes, Jesus, what would our world be without You? We need You, Jesus, I dare say even more than the pagan world You found upon Your entry into creation as a Babe! Show forth, then, O Lord, Your power by sparing and having mercy on us, on our sinful world. Remove from us this horrible scourge of wars and "isms" which threaten to destroy society and which are a punishment for our past infidelities. Under the Old Law, dear Lord, You forgave Your fickle chosen people and removed the penal scourges You had inflicted upon them at the least sign of repentance. Grant, then, to Your people in today's world the grace to turn towards You, to repent. And, oh, how ready You are to forgive and draw the prodigal world to

Your bosom and lavish on it new and even greater blessings!

O Sacred Heart, if we only knew the depths of Your love and mercy for us! If we only realized that You desire not the death of the sinner but that he repent and be saved. Just an indication of sorrow on his part and You are there with untold blessings of peace and happiness. "Thy sins are forgiven thee!" O Savior, how many times did these words not fall from Your lips not only restoring life to paralyzed limbs and health to broken bodies but much more—life to souls dead in sin. And Your parables of the prodigal son and the good shepherd—are they not sources of consolation, comfort and confidence for us poor sinners? And today, as in the days of Your earthly existence, we can present ourselves to You in the person of Your priests and hear those divine words: "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Sin forgiven! It almost seems a contradiction, a paradox, and no matter how many or how heinous they are, You are ready to forgive. No matter that I have trampled on Your Sacred Heart: You are anxious, waiting, to forgive and

take me into Your embrace if only I turn to You and say that I am sorry. Oh, how can I sin any more? How can I continue to be cold and ungrateful to a Heart that loves me so much! Make me love You, dear Lord, for it is only in loving and serving You that I will find happiness in this life and bliss in the next.

I know, Lord, that it is easy to say that I love You, but You have warned me that "Not every one that saith to Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven: but he that doth the will of my Father who is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." My love, then, must be one of the intellect and of the will; one that is willing to sacrifice for You; one that is willing to serve You at any cost—a love that forgets self in the interest of the beloved. It must be an unselfish love that means to be had and not to have—a complete giving of myself to You and Your service in the round of my daily life. Everything I do then, dear Lord, I will offer up to You as an act of love and reparation. As the Apostle says: "Therefore, whether you eat or

drink, or whatsoever else you do, do all to the glory of God.” (I Cor. 10:31) In this way, by trying to fulfill perfectly the duties of my state in life—whether it be in factory or office, store or warehouse—and by offering it all up to You, I can offer You some return for Your great love for me and make amends for my sins and negligences of the past and at the same time lay up for myself treasures in heaven. Please help me, then, to love and serve You as I ought. “Had I but Mary’s sinless heart to love Thee with, my dearest King! . . .”

“ . . . conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary . . . ”

And after long centuries of hope and expectation You finally came to liberate us from our bondage. Conceived by the Holy Ghost, You were born of the most pure and holy Virgin, the new Eve in the economy of the Redemption. Eve had given us the poisoned fruit of death; Mary now gives us the Fruit, the Bread of life. At Bethlehem Mary gave You to us and on Calvary You gave her to us to be our real and true

mother. Next to Yourself, could You have given us a more precious Gift? a greater testimony of Your immense love and solicitude for poor sinners? Thank You, Jesus, for Your and my Mother! and, Mother, please intercede for your poor, needy children.

Hymn:

MOTHER DEAR, O PRAY FOR ME

Mother dear, O pray for me!
Whilst far from Heav'n and thee
I wander in a fragile bark
O'er life's tempestuous sea,
O Virgin Mother, from thy throne,
So bright in bliss above,
Protect thy child and cheer my path
With thy sweet smile of love.

Chorus:

Mother dear, remember me,
And never cease thy care,
Till in heaven eternally,
Thy love and bliss I share.

Mother dear, O pray for me!
Should pleasure's siren lay
E'er tempt thy child to wander far
From Virtue's path away.
When thorns beset life's devious way,
And darkling waters flow,
Then Mary aid thy weeping child,
Thyself a mother show.

Chorus:

Mother dear, etc. . . .

Dear Mother, when confronted with your loveliness, your beauty and greatness I am at a loss for words. But then I remember that you are my mother and with child-like confidence I hasten to you. Saint Bernard tells us that it was never heard that anyone who fled to you was left unaided . . . and I need your help so very much. But before begging from you let me tell you how beautiful you are and how happy I am to have you for a mother.

Mother of God—what an incomparable dignity! and in keeping with God's ways, He endowed you with all the beauties and graces necessary to fit you for that sublime office. To what can we compare you, dear Mother, for after Jesus, there never was and never will be a more lovely creature formed by divine Wisdom. Saint John sees you as a brilliant vision clothed with the sun and having the moon at your feet and a crown of twelve stars. But how pale these must be when compared to you, Mother, who are the brightest star in God's heavens. Poets and painters have tried to capture your beauty and fix it

in verse or on canvas; while troubadours in all ages have sung their lays to your beauty. But all alike fail, for who can describe your beauty, the fresh loveliness of your virginity and your motherly tenderness when you call forth from God Himself the exclamation: "Behold thou art fair, my love?"

But lest all this regal splendor and incomparable beauty keep me at a distance, I will hasten over to Nazareth and call upon you in your modest little home. What a thrill and happiness to knock at the door and to be received by the Mother of God herself! Such humility! and it is this humility which at the same time brings God down from His heavens and clothes over your majestic splendor. To the natives of the town you are just another young mother going about the ordinary duties of caring for your child and your modest household. But what a Mother! and what a Child! and such humility! That little Child who is running about and Who, seeing you approach, runs eagerly and climbs into your loving Motherly embrace is the very Son of God. And how you mother Him! How you clothe, feed

and care for His little needs! Surely, no child ever had a more tender, a more loving mother.

But Nazareth and its mixed joys and sorrows are gone. We are now standing on Calvary. The Sacrifice is almost complete—the divine Victim, your Son, Mary, hangs upon the Cross. But before giving up His soul into the hands of His Heavenly Father, He has a final bequest to make . . . And then, Jesus, seeing Your mother standing there with John, Your beloved disciple, You said: “Woman, behold thy son.” And after that to the disciple: “Behold thy Mother . . .” and from that hour John took her to his own.

Your Mother, Jesus, is mine! That most lovely of all creatures, I can call mother! Yes, just as God is my Father, so too, is Mary my mother. We have Your word for it, Jesus, and You are Truth itself. Why do we always doubt Your word? Is it because these truths are so stupendous, these Gifts so royal, that I can't believe my own ears? I am a son of God and a son of Mary in the strictest sense of the term because You tell me so. Please help my unbelief.

O Mother, Saint John took you to his own, for he took Jesus at His word. I resolve henceforth to do likewise, to take you into my heart, to treat you as my own dear mother, to confide in you and like Jesus, to fly to you in all my joys and sorrows. I'm so happy dear Mother, to think that you—even though reigning gloriously in heaven—are so close to me, that your mantle of love enfolds and protects me and that I am the object of your maternal solicitude just as Jesus was in the little home in Nazareth. Yes, mother, I promise to be a real son to you from now on. I promise to love you by serving you and never displease you by offending your divine Son.

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, have mercy on us.

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ hear us.

Christ, graciously hear us.

God the Father of heaven, have mercy on us.

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have
mercy on us.

God the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us.

Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy on us.

Holy Mary, pray for us.

Holy Mother of God, pray for us.
Holy Virgin of virgins,
Mother of Christ,
Mother of divine grace,
Mother most pure,
Mother most chaste,
Mother inviolate,
Mother undefiled,
Mother most amiable,
Mother most admirable,
Mother of Good Counsel,
Mother of our Creator,
Mother of our Savior,
Virgin most prudent,
Virgin most venerable,
Virgin most renowned,
Virgin most powerful,
Virgin most merciful,
Virgin most faithful,
Mirror of justice,
Seat of wisdom,
Cause of our joy,
Spiritual vessel,
Vessel of honor,
Singualr vessel of devotion,
Mystical rose,
Tower of David,
Tower of ivory,
House of gold,
Ark of the covenant,
Gate of heaven,
Morning star,
Health of the sick,
Refuge of sinners,

PRAY FOR US

Comforter of the afflicted,
 Help of Christians,
 Queen of Angels,
 Queen of Patriarchs,
 Queen of Prophets,
 Queen of Apostles,
 Queen of Martyrs,
 Queen of Confessors,
 Queen of Virgins,
 Queen of all Saints,
 Queen conceived without original sin,
 Queen of the most holy Rosary,
 Queen of Peace,

PRAY FOR US

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *Spare us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *Graciously hear us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, *Have mercy on us.*

V. Pray for us, O holy Mother of God.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray. Grant, O Lord God, we beseech Thee, that we Thy servants may rejoice in continual health of mind and body, and through the glorious intercession of Blessed Mary ever Virgin, be freed from present sorrow and enjoy eternal gladness. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

Title upon title has been added to the list but, dear Mother, we cannot exhaust your beauties, your wonders, your graces. Each day you manifest some new beauty to the eyes of your children. Just as our earthly mothers increase in beauty each day to the eyes of their loving and devoted sons, so do you too, Mother Mary. But there is one title that is dearer to me than all of them and that is—mother. You are my mother! No one was dearer to Jesus than you, dear Mary. He loved you with all the tenderness of His great Sacred Heart, and in this—as in all else—He is the Model for us. As a child, He, the Almighty God, obeyed your wishes and requests and as He grew up He was always on the alert to please and to serve His lovely Mother. And after Saint Joseph died, He worked hard to support you—always being solicitous for your needs and comfort. Yes, Jesus, You were the Model for us in filial devotion to our Mother. Give us the grace, please, to love and treat her as she deserves—to be loving sons to her. The Cure d’Ars was ravished, dear Mother, by your solicitude for your children left

behind on earth. He goes on to say that you never rest and never will rest until the end of time when you see all your children safely in heaven. What a lovely picture—to see you busily going about from one child to another, caring for the needs of each and obtaining for each the much-needed graces from the Father. And what have we, Mother, that we have not received through your hands? for in the present economy, in the order established by God, all graces come to us through you. You are the dispensatrix of the riches of the Holy Trinity. I come, then, with confidence to you, dearest Mother and munificent queen. Please do not turn away the poor beggar standing at your gate, for he is your own poor child.

(Why not pause here and have a talk with your mother?—a real filial talk and ask her confidentially for the things you need.)

“... I believe in the Holy Ghost...”

Dearest Jesus, how solicitous you always were and are for our welfare! You gave us Your own dear Mother on Calvary's hill but Your concern did not

rest there. Determined that we should not be left orphans till the end of time, You promised to ask the Father to send the Holy Ghost: "I will ask the Father and he shall give you another Paraclete, that he may abide with you for ever. The spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not, nor knoweth him: but you shall know him; because he shall abide with you and shall be in you." (John 14:16,17) We hasten, then, over to the Cenacle and there in company with Mary and the Apostles and the other disciples, we await the coming of the Holy Spirit, the Gift of God Most High.

Hymn:

COME, HOLY GHOST, CREATOR BLEST

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
And in our hearts take up Thy rest;
Come with Thy grace and heav'nly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

O Comforter, to Thee we cry,
Thou heav'nly Gift of God Most High;
Thou fount of life and fire of love,
And sweet anointing from above,
And sweet anointing from above.

O Holy Ghost through Thee alone,
Know we the Father and the Son,
Be this our never changing creed,
That Thou dost from them both proceed,
That Thou dost from them both proceed.

Praise we the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit with them One;
And may the Son on us bestow
The gifts that from the Spirit flow,
The gifts that from the Spirit flow.

During the ceremony of our Baptism, the priest, exercising his powers of exorcist, commanded the evil spirit in whose bondage we were born, to depart and to give place to the Holy Spirit. And at the actual moment of Baptism, our souls, which were dead in sin, received life and we became temples of the Holy Ghost. Until then we were dead as far as heaven and the supernatural life was concerned. Like the stillborn babe physically perfect at birth, our souls were equipped with all the faculties needed to lead our rational life but they were dead. It is thanks to this infusion of the Holy Ghost at Baptism that we receive life. Our souls are, as it were, given a soul—given a principle of life which will enable them to live and

act supernaturally. It is this re-birth of which Christ spoke when He said that we must be reborn of water and the Holy Ghost. Our natural birth made us members of the human race and members of our particular families. The supernatural birth effected by Baptism and the infusion of the Holy Ghost makes us members of a divine race and sons of God, brothers of Jesus. And just as the Holy Spirit formed our divine Model, Jesus, so too will He form us into worthy sons of God—if we let Him work!

O Jesus, send forth Thy spirit abundantly into our souls that we may become genuine Christians, real sons of God and other Christs.

This presence of the Holy Spirit in our souls which accompanies and is the effect of Grace is generally known as the state of grace. It is a condition of soul wherein we are not only free from mortal sin but we are actually in possession of God, sharers of divine life, as says Saint Peter, and children of God. Please, Lord, help me to grasp these truths and to realize what a treasure I carry in my

soul. Help me to guard carefully this treasure which I carry around in such a fragile vessel. Give me such an appreciation of Grace and the state of Grace that I would rather die than lose it; for to lose Grace means that You leave my soul; and living without You here means that I will have to live without You in the next life! Help me to realize that when I sin mortally I reverse the words of the priest at Baptism. Although not actually, I say practically: depart from me, God, and give place to the evil spirit! What an exchange! to barter the priceless treasure of Your grace for the toy of some passing pleasure, to trade eternity for time, peace for remorse, and the freedom of a child of God for the terrible slavery of sin!

And not only does the Holy Spirit give life to the soul but He also perfects, develops and sanctifies it—if we let Him! Most of us are disappointments to God. With all the potentialities in our souls for greatness we end up very mediocre. What is wrong, Jesus? Is it perversity of will that obstructs the divine action in us? Is it our own self-seeking that shrinks up our souls with

selfishness? Or is it because we fail to grasp the purpose of life? We have Your Holy Mass, we have the Sacraments channelling to us the merits of Your life and death, we have all the means at our disposal to make us spiritual giants—and we fail. The Spirit of God, the Finger of God, who formed You, Jesus, into the GREAT ONE, is at work in our souls to form us after You; and what are we? Is it that our hearts, our minds, our feet, are stuck so fast in the mucky clay of this world that they cannot be lifted to You? Is it that we allow our minds to become so filled with creatures that there is very little or no space left for the Creator?

O Holy Ghost, we are sorry that we have grieved You till now. Make us more amenable, more responsive to Your grace, more submissive to Your divine action, so that Christ may be formed in us. Teach us that the things of this world are only to be used as means to bring us to You and not as ends in themselves. Teach us that we are pilgrims here and that the earth is not our home. Teach us that unless we

accept and use the grace You are pleased to send us, we shall stumble and fall on the way—and suppose we do not rise again! Please give us the strength, the courage, to live our faith in the face of and in spite of every obstacle, so that persevering we may be saved. Give us an abundance of Your Gifts which make us apt and capable of living and acting supernaturally. Infuse into our souls a lively faith, that we may not only believe, but live what we believe; a firm hope and confidence in Your goodness and promises; and an ardent love and burning charity for God and the things of God, and for our neighbors. In a word, O Holy Spirit, make us like unto Jesus.

* * *

And so, dear Lord, we approach the end of our visit. It has passed by so quickly, peacefully and pleasantly. You have brought home to me so many truths which I have always believed, but the import of which I never realized because I never stopped to think about them—truths which, if realized and lived, would make my life fuller, richer

and happier. I promise to take the time to think and read, and even, if necessary, to consult the pastor You have placed over us about the richness of our Faith. Surely, if I fully realized what it means to be a son of God, a brother of You, Jesus, a temple of the Holy Ghost and a child of Mary, I would lead a genuinely Christian life and would not allow myself to become tainted with the materialism, modernism and hundred other "isms" of our twentieth century world. And did I but often call to mind the promises I made at Baptism to renounce Satan and all his works—promises too little valued and too easily broken—I would not be so likely to betray my God and expel Him from my life. And finally, did I but realize the priceless pearl that is mine in the gift of Faith! It opens up to me the vast realms of the Father's kingdom and enables me to say the "I believe" which is the password to eternal life.

Thank you, dear Lord, for everything. I am going back into the busy, care-filled world, but I do not go alone—I am taking You with me as the treas-

ured Guest of my soul. I need You at every turn of the road. May You always be to me "the way, the truth and the life."

I promise to call again very soon.

* * *

Venite adoremus: come let us adore Him!

BENEDICTION

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui:
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui:
Praestet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio:
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio:
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

Down in adoration falling,
Lo! the sacred Host we hail!
Lo! o'er ancient forms departing,
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith for all defects supplying
Where the feeble senses fail.

To the Everlasting Father,
And the Son who reigns on high,
With the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from each eternally,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Might and endless majesty. Amen.

V. Panem de coelo praestitisti eis.

R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

V. Thou gavest them bread from heaven.

R. Having in it the sweetness of every taste.

OREMUS

Deus, qui nobis sub Sacramento mirabili passionis tuae memoriam reliquisti; tribue, quaesumus, ita nos corporis et sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari; ut redemptionis tuae fructum in nobis jugiter sentiamus. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

LET US PRAY

O God, who, under a wonderful Sacrament hast left us a memorial of Thy passion: grant us, we beseech Thee, so to venerate the sacred mysteries of Thy Body and Blood that we may ever feel within ourselves the fruit of Thy Redemption. Who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.

THE DIVINE PRAISES

Blessed be God.

Blessed be His Holy name.

Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true man.

Blessed be the Name of Jesus.

Blessed be His most Sacred Heart.

Blessed be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most holy.

Blessed be her holy and Immaculate Conception.

Blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin and Mother.

Blessed be Saint Joseph, her most chaste Spouse.

Blessed be God in His Angels and in His Saints.

(Indulgence of two years—Leo XIII, Feb 2, 1897.)

Psalm 116

Laudate Dominum omnes Gentes: * laudate eum, omnes populi.

Quoniam confirmata est super nos misericordia ejus: * et veritas Domini manet in aeternum.

Gloria Patri, etc.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, all ye people.

For His mercy is confirmed upon us: and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

HOLY GOD WE PRAISE THY NAME

Holy God, we praise Thy name;
Lord of all, we bow before Thee;
All on earth Thy septre claim,
All in heaven above adore Thee.

Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy reign.
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy reign.

Hark the loud celestial hymn,
Angel Choirs above are raising;
Cherubim and Seraphim,
In unceasing chorus praising.

Fill the heavens with sweet accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.
Fill the heavens with sweet accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.



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