



Marie-Paule's Writings

published between 1952 and 1961



Between 1952 and 1961, special circumstances allowed Marie-Paule to write for regional newspapers under a pen name, thus enabling her to remain anonymous. Some of those writings, which must be set within the social context of those years, will be published in the column "Marie-Paule's Writings".

"You Who Suffer"

You who suffer, come to Him who heals.

You who weep, come to Him who consoles.

You who tremble, come to Him who smiles.

You who go past, come to Him who stays.

Those are the lyrics to J. Faure's hymn "The Crucifix".

In this life of sadness in which a state of social unrest rages on more than ever, in which the majority thinks only of having fun, of getting maximum pleasure out of a minimum of effort, serious and clear-sighted people see with fright what humanity would become if there were not souls on earth that were suffering to compensate for the evil and hold back the divine hand.

You who suffer, come to Him who heals. Whether it is because of moral or physical sufferings, go fearlessly to Him who has to dress all wounds; your surrender to His holy will shall spread a beneficial balm upon your wounds and your sorrows. The less God and His doctrine are known, the more sufferings and prayers will be required to fight off the pernicious tendencies. Souls chosen by God for so much generosity, courageously raise your heads, smile bravely before those who are indulging in pleasures and have the audacity to say hurtful things to you. Do not look for sympathy from them because, being frivolous, they could never understand that maybe you are suffering for the welfare of their souls.

You who weep, come to Him who consoles. You who are af-

flicted by bereavement, by the loss of a loved one who seemed indispensable, so valuable on earth, be assured of his great solicitude and tenderness now that he is on the other side. Turn your eyes confidently to the future and hope to obtain everything from God's infinite goodness. And you who are in contact with people who incessantly abuse your kindness by making of you their scapegoat, go before the crucifix. A few minutes of meditation and you will get up again, stronger and more courageous to bear the ordeal. God permits such situations so that the accumulated merits of the ones will finally bring the others who cannot reflect back to the right path.

You who tremble, come to Him who smiles. A divine smile that is more encouraging than ever. The Lord understands your oppressed heart so well, concerned for the future. Go and meditate a little on the suffering of His heart, supremely tender and delicate, whereas it is so offended.

Then, your worries are not so burdensome

and your nervousness fades, giving way to that wonderful confidence possessed only by those who know to seek refuge in Him who can do all things.

You who go past, come to Him who stays. May your life abound with good deeds, may the duties of your state be accomplished well, may your times of leisure be wholesome; then your passage on this earth will enable you to hope for the most wonderful reward in the heavenly Father's house.

Light (L'Éclaireur, February 5, 1953)

