

I learn, my dear daughter, that you sometimes let yourself give in to your inclination towards discouragement because you discover in yourself weaknesses and imperfections and in order to cure yourself, you would like to do without the strongest remedy; to strengthen yourself, you would like to deprive yourself of that food which par excellence makes people strong and produces saints. You are wrong as I have told you a thousand times, to listen to your gloomy imagination; you must, by naively recognizing your poverty, wonder at the fact that God loves you and wants to be loved by you. You must go to communion with faith, with confidence; and if you do not find in yourself those sentiments that charity always seems to have to arouse in the soul in the presence of God the Savior, you must again wonder at the infinite indulgence of God who does not rebuff you but loves you, notwithstanding your wretched powerlessness to feel that you are not insensitive to so much love for you. Believe that, my dear child; you know that I do not want to make you follow paths that would be suspect.

Your devoted Father in Jesus Christ

Ghent, 17th December 1847