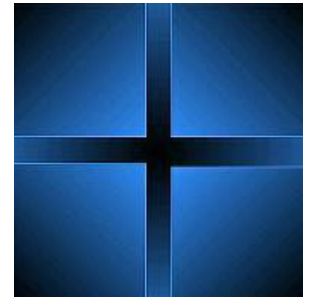


# ***“Eucharistic Whisperings”***

Adapted by **Fr. Winfrid Herbst SDS**  
from the German translation by Otilie Boediker

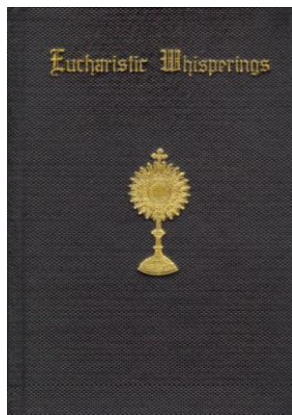


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## It is Good to Be Here

**O**H, I am even happier than were the three Apostles on Mount Tabor! I may remain here with Jesus just as long as I like. Here I am not dazzled by the splendor of His glory; no, but I am set aglow and warmed to the soul's very depths by the gentle fire of His love. 'Tis true; I do not hear the voices of Moses and Elias, but I do hear—O so plainly!—the voice of His love. I do not hear the Father say, "This is My beloved Son;" but I do hear Jesus telling me that I am His beloved child. Oh, it is good to be here, with Jesus!

\* \* \*

Many things oppress me in life and weigh me down—things that I may not impart to others, because they would not understand. Verily, sometimes my heart would break if I could not tell my Jesus all.

I also tell Him the whole sad story of my sins, but He does not punish me with

contempt. Nay; He even encourages me to wash those stains away from my soul by tears of true repentance—tears to which He graciously adds some few drops of His Precious Blood. Oh, how good it feels to weep in the arms of Jesus, Who forgives me everything! . . . .

And then, when I raise my eyes to the Sacred Host, I see Jesus before me; and He seems to look down upon me with those very eyes of goodness and love which He so tenderly cast upon the penitent Magdalen.

Ah! one only hour in the tabernacle's shadow is truly worth infinitely more than a hundred years spent upon a throne!

\* \* \*

Here I am now, before Jesus. And I think . . . . . and speak . . . . . and meditate a little. . . . From time to time my thoughts speed away to Palestine, and fond memories awake within me I see some stones of Bethlehem's stable . . . . . a wall of the house of Nazareth . . . . . a well at Sichar . . . . . a figtree in Jericho



*"O Sacrament most holy, O Sacrament divine,  
All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment  
Thine!"*

. . . . . a chamber in Bethany . . . . . a  
large supper room in Jerusalem . . . . . a  
heavy cross on Golgotha. . . . . Then,  
after I have plucked an ear of wheat  
and a bunch of grapes . . . . . and tried  
to catch the song of an angel . . . . . and  
Mary's smile . . . . . I look up to the  
Host and find myself before Jesus still.  
He is goodness itself to me; He unfolds  
his kingly robes in order to offer me re-  
fuge and rest; He extends His divine  
hand to draw me to Himself; He speaks  
words of heavenly love to me. "Poor  
child," He says softly, "come! repose in  
peace within My arms". . . . . Oh, it is  
good to be here, with Jesus!

\* \* \*

If the world but knew how I entertain  
myself with Jesus—oh, it would laugh  
me to scorn!

I go through the garden of my soul  
and pluck flowers in sweet confusion.  
Then I pick out the best of them for a  
beauteous wreath. Enthusiastic love  
. . . . . saddening concern about the future  
. . . . . the fear of being eternally lost

. . . . . hope of salvation . . . . . canticles  
of praise . . . . . remembrance of benefits  
received . . . . . yearning for grace . . . . .  
backward glances at the days of youth  
. . . . . plans for old age . . . . . thorns  
and roses . . . . . out of all these I weave  
a wreath and intertwine it with the spark-  
ling beams of the glittering monstrance.  
And the Savior accepts everything so  
condescendingly. He blesses everything.  
He rejects nothing.

And when I consider that this is what  
I do every day. . . . . And Jesus never  
becomes weary of it; on the contrary,  
He even find His pleasure in this con-  
fused medley of thoughts and words.  
As soon as the Divine Savior finds just  
a little spark of real love in my heart,  
He is so pleased that He quite forgets  
how miserable I really am. Oh, 'tis truly  
good to be here!

\* \* \*

A little piece of heaven, planted here  
in the midst of earth, that is what the  
altar is for me. There I receive a fore-  
taste of the joys and delights of Paradise.

Nothing so soothes my heart as the fond hope that I am good, and that I will become better; and I never leave this dear place without feeling that I have advanced in goodness.

One hour's adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, and afterwards—I have a real liking for prayer; it is easier for me to practice virtue; work becomes a pleasure to me. When contradicted I am the more patient; when afflicted, more resigned; when suffering, more submissive to the divine will. The cross then seems more beautiful; the ciborium has greater attraction for me; and Jesus? . . . . Jesus becomes my love ever more and more.

\* \* \*

Therefore I am going to come hither a few moments every day in order to spend some happy time with Jesus. I am also going to visit Him for those who never do so.

I will come to adore Him for all who blaspheme Him; to thank Him for all who do not thank Him; to make repar-

ation for the sins of others . . . . . to pray for all.

And when one day I lie upon my deathbed, then will I send my heart once more to His tabernacle in order to offer to Jesus the myrrh of my bitter sufferings. And when my soul takes its flight to eternity, then, O Jesus, let it wing its way past this quiet, modest little home of Yours before it enters in to look upon You in the splendor of Your great, great glory!