

## From the Journal of the Novice Br. Anastasius (1950)

There is no greater joy than when man who is nothing, can be even more annihilated in Christ and immerse himself into the infinite world of His soul filled with wonderful riches which are forever given over to us.

Even if the road is rough, I look at your pain-ridden face and follow you. I ask you only one thing: May I always fulfill most precisely what you give to me as my vocation. Whether you assign me a leadership position or a humble one, let me follow your footsteps everywhere and accept my task from your loving, caring hands with the humble heart of a child. May I always remain as simple and humble of heart as you were in your life on earth...I can only thank you with trembling lips as I am meditating on your great and manifold goodness for "your love is better than life, my lips will praise you with joy."

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Aridity... a yawning void... a bottomless pit... hell... absurdity... Hold me up, Father, because the whirlpool of the abyss is swallowing me up. Woe to me, it snatches me away and then I will be lost forever. I offer you the bitter horrors of the spiritual trials. If you will it so, let your holy will be done. On the stonewall of the bastion of my life stands written this sentence: Under all circumstances let your holy will be done. Take my will, my heart, my all and give me [the grace] that I may be fully transformed into Christ, for this is my vocation. To burn, to be aflame in your love for sinners.

I grab with both hands and eagerly swallow the cup of sufferings that Christ gives me. For my life must mirror your life. And since you have suffered throughout your whole life, may I be continuously happy, without temptations, resting in your Father's lap? O yes, I feel this calms me down. O be with me in the dark night of temptations and in the bitter torments. Be with me, O most holy Heart of Jesus!

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My heart is filled to the brim with the ever sweet poetry of God's love... To burn in the fire...I saw a long corridor, which was gradually glowing hotter and hotter but where I was standing it was black and cold. At the end of the corridor there was a flaming heart upon a white hot glowing throne. I understood from this that the Heart of Jesus is Lord above all and that I am still far away from the true love of his most holy Heart. O blessed are those who reached the throne and burned away...