

Have you no promises to make me? I know your heart. Men are deceived, but not God. Be frank.

Are you resolved to avoid all things that lead you to sin, to give up the temptations that lead you astray, not to place yourself with people that draw you away from me, and whose presence disturbs the peace of your soul? Will you go at once and be kind to that companion who annoyed you?

Well, my child, go now and resume your daily work. Be silent, be honest, be patient, and charitable. Tomorrow, bring me a heart even more devoted and loving. Tomorrow I shall have new favors for you.



Vocation Action Network

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History of “A Meditation before the Blessed Sacrament”

In 1987, Norris J. Songe, desiring to honor his father at his funeral, found this inspiring Meditation and gave them out. Norris received so many requests for the Meditation, he distributed more than three million copies world-wide, without any advertisement. He kept this beautiful meditation available, and, as a result, brought countless people closer to Our Lord.

The Meditation was written by Saint Anthony Mary Claret, a very holy priest and bishop. St. Anthony was born in 1807 in Sallent, Spain, and ordained a priest in 1835. In 1850, he was appointed Bishop of Santiago, Cuba and later became the confessor to the Queen of Spain. Claret remained dedicated to converting souls and founded his own order, the Claritians.

St. Anthony was warned interiorly by Jesus that Communism, a very small movement at the time, was to be the great enemy of humanity. Jesus revealed the remedy would be a devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the Rosary.

St. Anthony Mary Claret died in Narbonne, France in 1870. Pope Pius XII canonized him on May 7, 1950. His body with an incorrupt heart was moved to Vic, Spain and can be visited by pilgrims today.

A MEDITATION
before the

Blessed Sacrament



come experience

The Greatest Love

My child, you need not know much to please me, to love me dearly. Speak to me as you would speak with your mother, as if she had taken you in her arms. Have you no one to bring to me? Tell me the names of your friends. After each name ask what you wish me to do for them. Ask a great deal. I love generous hearts that forget themselves for others. Invite your friends to come to me.

Tell me about the poor whom you want to help, the sick whom you have seen suffer, the sinner whom you would convert, the persons who are alienated from you and whose affections you wish to win back. Pray fervently for them. Remind me that I have promised to grant every prayer that comes from the heart, and surely the prayers are heartfelt which we say for those whom we love, and who love us.

Have you no favors to ask for yourself? Write, if you like, a long list of all your wishes, all the needs of your soul and come and read it to me. Tell me simply how self-indulgent you are, how proud, how touchy, how selfish, how cowardly, and idle. Ask me to help you to improve. Poor child! Do not be embarrassed! There are in heaven many saints who had the same faults as you. They prayed to me, and, little by little, they were cured.

Do not hesitate to ask for good health of body and mind, for good memory, for success. I can give everything, and I always give when the gifts would make souls more holy. What do you want today, my child? Oh, if you knew how I long to do you good!

Tell me about your plans? Do they concern your specific vocation? What are you thinking about? Ask me for what purpose did I create you? What do you have in your heart? Will you not share your deepest desires and dreams with me?

And have you no thoughts of zeal for me? Are you not anxious to do a little good for the souls of your friends, for those whom you love, and who, perhaps, forget me? Tell me who interests you, what motives urge you, what means you wish to take.

Confide to me your failures. I will show you the cause. Whom do you wish to see interested in your work? I am the master of all hearts, my child, and I lead them gently where I please. I will place about you those who are necessary to you, never fear!

Have you nothing that annoys you, my child? Tell me about your annoyances with every

detail. Who has pained you? Who has wounded your self-love? Who has treated you contemptuously? Tell me all, and then say that you forgive and forget, and I will give you my blessing.

Do you dread something painful? Is there in your soul a vague fear which seems unreasonable, and yet torments you? Trust fully in my providence. I am here. I see everything. I will not leave you.

Are there friends who seem less kind than before, who neglect you without your having consciously done anything to wound them? Pray for them, and I will restore them to you, if their companionship is good for you.

Have you no joys to tell me? Confide in me. Tell me what has happened since yesterday to console you, to make you look happy, to give you joy. An unexpected visit has done you good, a fear has been dispelled. You have met with unlooked-for success, you have received some mark of affection, a letter, a present, a trial has left you stronger than you supposed. All these things, my child, I obtained for you. Why are you not grateful? Why do you not say, "I thank you?" Gratitude draws benefits, and the benefactor loves to be reminded of his bounty.