TO GROW IN LOVE

O Jesus, look with compassion upon your poor servant. It seems to me that I do love You, but I am afraid of deceiving myself. I feel that, were you to question me as you once requested the Prince of the Apostles, I would answer, "Yes, Lord, I love You," But You would not have to ask me three times to make me uneasy about the love I pledged to You. I repeat, I am afraid of deceiving myself. I do indeed believe that I love You. But You, the uncreated Light, You penetrate the hidden recesses of my heart, You can read all its secrets. You sound the depths of every human heart, and perhaps You see that I do not really love You. O my Savior, my Father, my Love: make me love You. I do not ask for any other thing— because to love You is everything.

Grant that I may love You.

Composed by Saint Eugène de Mazenod just prior to his Ordination to the Priesthood