



onto his seat and starts the engine. The vehicle moves, the wheels roll out of the ruts and after two minutes the truck is on the road again. Then, in order to end the shouting of the labourers involved, the foreman approaches the reverend mother: „Thank you, sister, it is quite clear that we owe this jolt to the Saint!“

Excerpt from “The Glories of Saint Joseph”
Published by Traditions Monastiques (F)

Our Intentions in This Month

- Joseph, the fatherly protector of families, may grant us mutual love and domestic peace.
- He may help us bring up our children despite all our fears and worries.

„I already thank You, st Joseph!“

As always I remain united with you in my thoughts. I always look forward to seeing you again. Till then I wish you all the best!

With kind regards and the blessing of st Joseph I say good-bye again, your

Sister Paula



November 2010

Lay Community of St Joseph

JESUS Talks about His Foster- and Nursing Father

„He protected us both. He deserves to be held in great reverence. – St Joseph ought to be venerated profoundly; I venerate him as well. He solves the most difficult things and protects from danger! – Everything is entrusted to him. How much my mother loved him! She looked into his pure heart – inclined to humility.

Conversation did not prevail; every glance was understood. There was deep silence, often for days – and yet we knew the devotion of each other. Every moment went up to the FATHER with our whole mind and all our efforts. – Love was always present and devoted. – I was happy about My parents. I saw more than they knew. After all, I was a divine Child with a different knowledge. – St Joseph carried us through impassable canyons. His heart pounded with bliss to be able to help us. My mother did not weigh much, a mere child. – There was so much love in his heart. In this way he was able to endure greatest hardships.

His body was not oversized, but neither did he rank among small men. – He was full of bravery in anything life threw at him. – He was handsome by birth, so modest and

elegant. He was the only one allowed to help My mother because GOD saw his soul – totally pure for the benefit of this work.

I could not imagine Heaven without him because the people need him. – No one is needed more badly to help the souls. – Helping is his highest duty to which he is always loyal. He carefully guards the Church. He also stands up to hell with great power. I was entrusted to him by the FATHER – and hence also the Church. In this respect, too, he remained a father to Me. His life was full of daily sacrifices and so modest, prepared to help us in all things. No distance was too far and no work too hard for him. – Only in this way were we able to live in a foreign country. How much he cared about Me – his tears literally washed Me. He had a thorough knowledge of Sacred Scripture – this love is written in golden letters! –

My parents suffered much. – Though st Joseph was not My father, he protected Me like a real father. His eyes rested on Me and mother. We both looked up to him. He was well built and strong. People shamelessly took advantage of it. Whenever he came he was left to his own devices and people would ask him only to do the most difficult work. He never protested whatever he did. GOD granted to him power because he was so modest and always tolerant. No one can match him, not even the highest ranking priest. – He is unrivalled in his humility, patience and purity! He is a powerful intercessor of souls –all requests are granted to him.”



Chapel Building with Obstacles

The street running along the main garden entrance is so narrow, that the semi-trailer truck loaded with iron bars does not have the required space to manoeuvre. The load is intended for the building of a chapel belonging to a convent. The driver being in a tight spot decides to approach the building site from a different direction by driving across an open field – considering the weight of the load it is a risky operation. – And indeed, after a few yards the truck sinks up to the wheel centre into the loose ground which is still drenched with rain. For four hours the crew struggle to free the truck, but to no avail. Now they inform the sisters who are unaware of it.

The mother superior goes to the site, encourages the men and finally says: „We must call upon st Joseph.“ The labourers respond sceptically to this proposal ... The foreman states that he is a non-believer. When they see the little statue of st Joseph they wonder yet again. Brief explanations follow ... Once more some sceptical smiles. One of the labourers says: „This statue will not get the truck going; only hard work will do the job!“ The good mother remains silent. They try again but the only result is that the wheels keep spinning. The beams bend and the car jacks which have become of no use have to be put aside. Frustrated the labourers are thinking of postponing the case till next morning.

Without a word the mother superior takes the little statue of st Joseph and attaches it to the red rag hanging from the longest iron bar; then she asks to give it a try one last time. The foreman refuses to do so. „Give in,“ says the driver, „if we do not succeed now, the sister will try it herself.“ He jumps