



work. I was to make useful things for Mother. That is how the respect which every son should have for his mother was instilled in Me, and the teaching for the future carpenter was based on that respectful and loving incentive.“

Excerpt from “The GOD-Man” by Maria Valtorta

### This Month's Heartfelt Matters

- In Fatima it was Mary's most ardent wish that people would pray the Rosary for peace in the world. Let us try to fulfil her heartfelt wish to the best of our ability.



We should revive, increase, in us and in our neighbours the love which is due to the HOLY SPIRIT!

The HOLY SPIRIT reminds us of the Cross and the Blood of CHRIST – and we should not be afraid of the crosses. The HOLY SPIRIT transfigures everything, even our lives.

Let us go to the Mother of the LORD. She teaches us to bear the little and great crosses. What a heroic example we do have with her!

With very kind regards and together with the blessing of Saint Joseph,

*Sister Paula*



May 2016

## Lay Community of St Joseph

### Never Had a Pupil a Kinder Teacher

Jesus says: „They say that Joseph was My foster Father. Oh! If, being a man he could not feed Me with milk, as My Mother Mary did, he worked very hard indeed, to give Me bread and nutritious food and he had a truly motherly loving affection to Me. From him I learned everything that makes a man of a child, and a man who is to earn his own bread, and never had a pupil a kinder teacher.

If My intelligence as the SON of GOD was perfect, you must consider and believe that I did not want to deviate from the attributes and attainments of My own age group ostentatiously. Therefore, by lowering the perfection of My divine mind to that of a human intellectual perfection, I submitted Myself to having a man as My teacher, and to the need of a teacher. If consequently I learned quickly, that does not deprive Me of the merit of having been willingly dependent on a human being, nor does it reduce the merit of the very person who nourished My young mind with the ideas which are necessary to life.

Not even now that I am in Heaven can I forget the happy hours I spent beside Joseph, who, as if he were playing with Me, guided Me to the point of being capable of working. And when I look at My putative Father, I see once again the little kitchen garden and the smoky workshop, and I still appear to see My always busy Mother peep in with Her beautiful smile which turned the place into Paradise and made us so happy.

How much families should learn from the perfection of this couple who loved each other as nobody else ever loved!

Joseph was the head of the Family, and as such, his authority was undisputed and indisputable: before it the Spouse and Mother of GOD bent reverently and the SON of GOD submitted Himself willingly. Whatever Joseph decided to do, was well done: there were no discussions, no objections, no oppositions. His word was our little law which we complied with. And yet, how much humility there was in him! There never was any abuse of power, or any decision against reason only because he was the head of the family. His Spouse was his sweet adviser. And if in her deep humility she considered herself the servant of her consort, he drew from her wisdom full of grace, light to guide him in all events.

And I grew like a flower protected by vigorous trees, between those two loves that interlaced above Me, to protect Me, and love Me.



No! As long as I was able to ignore the world because of My age, I did not regret being absent from Paradise. GOD the FATHER and the HOLY SPIRIT were not absent, because Mary was full of Them. And the Angels dwelt there, because nothing drove them away from that house. And one of them, I might say, had become flesh and that was Joseph, this angelical soul freed from the burden of the flesh, intent only on serving GOD and His cause and loving Him as the Seraphim love Him. Joseph's look! It was as placid and pure as the brightness of a star unaware of worldly concupiscence. It was our peace, and our strength.

Many think that I did not suffer as a human being when the holy glance of the guardian of our home was extinguished by death. If I was GOD, and as such I was aware of the happy destiny of Joseph, and consequently I was not sorry for his death, because after a short time in Limbo, I was going to open Heaven to him. As a Man I cried bitterly in the house now empty and deprived of his presence. I cried over My dead friend, and should I not have cried over this Saint so near and dear to Me, on whose chest I had slept when I was a little Boy, and from whom I had received so much love in so many years? Finally, I would like to draw the attention of all parents to how Joseph made a clever workman of Me, without any help of pedagogical learning.

As soon as I was old enough to handle tools, he did not let Me lead a life of idleness, but he started Me to work and he made use of My love for Mary as the means to spur Me to