



When my Virgin Spouse put the newly-born SON of GOD in my arms and I became immersed in the indescribable beauty and the divine Child stretched out His tender arms towards me, David's verse already appeared before my mind's eye: 'They pierce My hands and My feet.' I cannot nearly describe to you what I felt and suffered. As JESUS grew up and helped me with my work, it often happened that He had to nail two beams on top of each other and then He looked at me and I looked at Him – we both thought of the cross."

St. Joseph, how rich he was in greatest poverty. In all distress and affliction, he always remained the same Joseph. He never lost his patience, hope and trust. Often Heaven had mercy and Angels brought food from Paradise.

This Month's Heartfelt Matters

- „Saint Joseph, we ask You, be You our Father and protector, guide and helper, so that we may all stand firm in today's battle against the threatening power of the Evil One and may find each other again in our eternal homeland.“



With all good wishes I will be with you all year long.
Most heartfelt regards,

Brother Paula



January 2019

Lay Community of St Joseph

The High Dignity of St. Joseph

There is a great prophetic figure who wonderfully expresses the greatness of our Saint. According to St. Bernhard of Clairvaux, the Egyptian Joseph, son of Jacob, is like a shadow symbolising the sublime privileges of Mary's Spouse. Let us remember the dream of the Egyptian Joseph, in which he saw the sun, the moon and eleven stars bow down to his feet. It was really a vision from GOD, in the soul of the sleeping Joseph, at the same time it was also an announcement of the future greatness of the Nursing Father of JESUS. His brothers, his parents, yes, the whole of Egypt threw itself at his feet.

The Egyptian Joseph did not store the corn for himself, but for the people. St. Joseph received the living Bread coming from Heaven for safekeeping for himself as well as for the whole world.

A Life after the Example of St. Joseph

In the midst of a plague that was devastating an entire country, and which was particularly affecting the poor,

a charitable priest entered into a lowly and damp stable where an old man was dying of this contagious disease. The dying man was all alone, a stack of hay served him as a bed. Not a piece of furniture, not even a chair, for he had sold everything in the first days of his illness to be able to afford some meat broth. On bare, black walls hung a hatchet and two saws, which, along with his two arms – at least when he was able to still move them – constituted his entire fortune.

„Have courage, my friend,“ the cleric said to him. „It is a great grace which the LORD grants you today because you are about to depart from this world which only brought you misery.“ – „Only misery!“ the dying man replied in a faint voice. „You are wrong! I took St. Joseph as my Patron Saint and model. Like him, I have never complained of my lot. I knew neither hate nor envy, and my sleep was always peaceful. I worked hard by day, but I rested by night. The tools you see on the wall earned me my bread that I ate with relish. I was poor, it is true, but so was St. Joseph, and I have been in good health up to now. If I recover, which, mind you, I doubt, I shall return to my workplace and continue to bless the hand of GOD, who, up to now, has taken care of me.“

The astounded priest was not quite sure how to answer this sick man. He continued: „My friend, even if life has not been all that bad for you, you must nonetheless now be resigned to leave it, because one must submit to the will of GOD.“ – „I managed to cope fairly well in life,“ replied the dying man in a firm voice. „Likewise, I am looking calmly forward to

death. So I bless the LORD for having given me life and for allowing me to die in His grace in order to reach Him. I feel the time is at hand. Farewell, dear Father!“

In this manner lived and died, full of peace, this devout worker, this just man, who had taken St. Joseph for his Patron Saint and model. Let us also during this month and always be imitators of this great Saint!

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Ancilla Domini Writes in Her Diary:

Today I begged Our Lady to make me contemplate well. She sent me to St. Joseph. Before I invoked him, I thought to myself: „St. Joseph will surely have little experience in contemplating CHRIST’s Passion.“

But St. Joseph spoke: „Oh, how wrong you are. Even before I knew that I was destined to be the Nursing Father of JESUS, I contemplated the writings of Isaiah as well as the psalms. David told me about the sufferings of the Messiah. Before I even had an inkling that He was so soon to be born, I already took pity on Him. The 21st psalm quite particularly formed my way of contemplating and whenever I came to the words: ‚But I am a worm, not a human being; I am scorned by everyone, despised by the people,‘ I tried to comfort the Redeemer in His suffering by declaring my reverential disposition.

