



twilight of the morning on the same path I had walked at night – close to death! I learnt that the good old people had venerated St Joseph.

(shortened version from “And again St Joseph helped”)

„The more ominously the times announce themselves,
the more steadily the signs of it increase,
the more reasons we have
to join GOD ever more closely and humbly.“
(St Vincent Pallotti)

„Always be loving
for where there is no love,
GOD is not either,
even though GOD is in every place.“
(John of GOD)

This Month's Heartfelt Matters

- „Saint Joseph, take our heart and our house and make then a Nazareth.“



Furthermore, I wish everyone a grace-filled, happy Easter Season!

With the blessing of St Joseph and heartfelt regards,

Sister Paula



April 2021

Lay Community of St Joseph

Wisdom and Love of GOD in the Heart of Joseph

Joseph made progress all the days of his life in the love of GOD as well as in all virtues. His whole striving was for the glorification of GOD and the love for Him and his poor fellow human beings. His life was completely focused on GOD. He avoided any shadow of sin whatsoever. He took to heart the warning of the HOLY SPIRIT: „He who places little value on the little faults shall fall into more grievous ones.“ He was very conscientious in little things.

Joseph never flaunted his piety, virtuousness and knowledge. Joseph had a wonderful way of comforting and strengthening those who were suffering. He was always happy when he could lift people up and was also always so grateful to GOD for everything. GOD always filled him anew with light and greater knowledge. Joseph carried the divine within him so much that his face literally shone. When Mary was born, Joseph heard in a dream through his Angel that he should thank GOD for such a great blessing that He had shown to the people today and especially to him. Joseph did not ask any questions. He

immediately stood up and thanked GOD. He was so happy and blissful. In this state, many mysteries were revealed to him.

The longing for the Messiah was great in his heart, and his supplications became more and more fervent. Thus, he immediately united himself in spirit with Mary and he longed for the Messiah with her. The vows of purity, renunciation and absolute devotion to GOD of both Mary and Joseph moved the FATHER in Heaven to send His SON to us humans seven to eight years earlier. They had brought the Messiah down to earth in their great love for Him and in the hope of being allowed to serve the Redeemer – no matter where they would have had to go. It never occurred to Mary and Joseph that the Messiah would one day be under their care.

St Joseph Called the Priest

Experience of a Parish Priest

Rainy November night. After a hard Sunday's work, I am lying in a leaden sleep. Suddenly the house bell shrills as if in despair, I rise from the warm bed as if electrified. Just then the tower clock chimes the first hour of the morning. Is a sick person asking for spiritual help? A stranger stands at the door: „Come to our parish immediately, in his depression a man has opened his wrists and is bleeding to death!“ – „Yes, why do you not go to your own parish priest? I am not allowed to intervene in someone else's parish just like that.“ – „Our priest of souls moved away to his new parish a few days ago and a vicar has not yet been appointed.“ Now there

are no more concerns, necessity knows no law.

By the time I have equipped myself for the difficult walk, the messenger has disappeared without leaving any further address or other details. It is pitch dark and it is raining cats and dogs. I go up the heights and down again on the other side. I reach the lake that separates my parish from the neighbouring one. The shore is swampy, and I often sink into the mud and water up to my knees. I can hardly make out the little-used path and the lake in the dark. I call on all kinds of Patron Saints, they should not leave the dying man without comfort and not let me suffocate in the mud. My prayer is not in vain. Literally bathed in sweat and water, I reach the other shore of the lake. But now where to go?

The rain has subsided, and I recognise a cluster of houses. But everything is in darkness, no light anywhere. I think: where there is a sick person, there must be a light. I look fearfully around. There: a little way outside the village I finally spot a faint glimmer of light. I quickly reach the hut, enter expectantly, and can literally feel my heart beating with exertion and excitement. A narrow room, blood everywhere and a whimpering old man in a bloodstained bed. In spite of all the horrors, a little old mother comes to meet me joyfully and asks in astonishment: „Who called you?“ My astonishment is great: „You sent a messenger, did you not?“ – „We did not. I could not get away from my husband and we are alone. No one knows about this misfortune!“

My astonishment turns into the realisation that GOD has wonderfully sent His messenger here. And my intuition becomes certainty when I set out on my way home in the

