



devotion flared up all the more. I believe his youngest son became a priest. (X. T.)

Once I was in such distress that I did not know what to do and with what to pay some workers. Then St Joseph, my true Father and Lord, appeared to me and assured me that I would not lack money, I should go on to hire workers. So I did. Again, I did not have a penny. And behold, the LORD provided me with money in such a way that all who heard it were amazed.

(St Theresa of Avila)

This Month's Heartfelt Matters

- October is the month of the Rosary. Let us ask St Joseph to contemplate the mysteries with us, in sacrifice for the salvation of souls.



With kind regards and the blessing of Saint Joseph, I say goodbye,

Sister Paula



October 2021

Lay Community of St Joseph

JESUS Remembers His Parental Home

As so often JESUS had gone aside to be alone. He sat by a small fire, to which He added fuel so that it would not go out.

JESUS recounts: „I thought back to the days when I was still at home, to the days I spent with My Mother and with Joseph. I thought of how My Mother used the wood chips that Joseph gave her to keep the fire going in our house.

I remembered how, as a little boy, I sat on Joseph's lap and he told Me the old stories from the Scriptures, while Mary, My Mother, sat quietly listening to Joseph's gentle voice. Joseph's firm but peaceful voice always gave My Mother great joy, and on such evenings she could sit and listen to him for hours. Sometimes Joseph and Mary sang a song together, reciting psalms that praised and glorified GOD. As a child, I enjoyed their love in the songs. I remembered how I sank into the sleep, while Josef and Maria sang lovely songs of the love of GOD. One evening, My Mother sang a song that she had made up herself. Joseph was completely enchanted by it and

praised GOD for His wonderful gifts to the world in Mary!

That evening, when both were so full of joy and I was in their midst, the love in their hearts grew more and more until they thought they would burst. They cried tears of joy, tears of love and tears that said that they belonged to GOD forever. Then, when the night had advanced and I was growing tired, My Mother gently laid Me in My bed, stroked My hair and kissed My forehead with the words: ‚JESUS, how I love You! What a joy You are!’

Then Joseph put his hand on My head, tenderly ran his fingers through My hair and said: ‚My Child, I feel as if I were Your child, and I feel that this happiness comes from You. Sleep now, tomorrow you can help me carve wood.’

How I enjoyed working with Joseph, even though I could not do much at that age. It was good just to be with him and watch his skilful hands shaping the wood into vital things.

A tear stood in My eye as I thought of Joseph and Mary – a tear of happy memories. I leant back against the wall and began to pray silently ... As I watched the shadows of the flames dancing on the wall, more memories of home came to me. I knew that Mother was praying at that time of day, as she always did, and so I closed my eyes and saw her before me, absorbed in prayer. I approached her and joined in her words. I saw the Mother open her eyes and smile, thinking that she was only imagining that I was beside her, when

in fact I was there. Then she closed her eyes again and said: ‚JESUS, my SON,’ and continued to pray.

When her prayers were finished, I saw her open her eyes and look at the place where I had been and find a single rose on the floor next to her. ‚You were here, my SON,’ she said as she smelt the rose and began to cry. My tears joined hers as I thought of a time, not very far ahead of us, when Mother would walk with Me as I carried My Cross and laid down My Life for humanity.”

Excerpt from “Zeichen der Zeit” (Signs of the Times)

Suffering Happened on the Feast of St Joseph

During my years as a missionary to China, from 1931 to 1952, I experienced the following incident: There was a pious man who greatly venerated St Joseph. He had solemnly celebrated 19 March in his house. And now it happened that on this feast day his eldest son died. A bitter pain, even more so on that day. The following year, another son was taken from him. Another Joseph’s Day. He could not get over it. When the next Joseph’s Day approached, he could no longer stay at home and rode away, sad, and disappointed. On the way, he passed a tree with two young men hanging from it. An inner voice told him, „This is how your two sons would have ended if I had not saved them by dying well first.” Shaken, he returned home. He realised that the death of the two was a special grace, and that the grace was given to him precisely on the feast of St Joseph. He asked for forgiveness because of his lack of understanding, and his love and

