

ST. THÉRÈSE

DE LISIEUX



**When I die,
I will send down a shower of roses from the heavens,
I will spend my heaven by doing good on earth.**

ST. THÉRÈSE DE LISIEUX

May today there be peace within.

May you trust God that you are exactly where you are meant to be.

May you not forget the infinite possibilities that are born of faith.

May you use those gifts that you have received, and pass on the love that has been given to you.

May you be content knowing you are a child of God.

Let this presence settle into your bones, and allow your soul the freedom to sing, dance, praise and love.

Without love, deeds, even the most brilliant, count as nothing.

For me, prayer is a surge of the heart; it is a simple look turned toward heaven, it is a cry of recognition and of love, embracing both trial and joy.

Miss no single opportunity of making some small sacrifice, here by a smiling look, there by a kindly word; always doing the smallest right and doing it all for love.

My whole strength lies in prayer and sacrifice, these are my invincible arms; they can move hearts far better than words, I know it by experience.”

Trust and trust alone should lead us to love

And it is the Lord, it is Jesus, Who is my judge. Therefore I will try always to think leniently of others, that He may judge me leniently, or rather not at all, since He says: “Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.”

A word or a smile is often enough to put fresh life in a despondent soul.

I know now that true charity consists in bearing all our neighbors’ defects—not being surprised at their weakness, but edified at their smallest virtues.

If I did not simply live from one moment to another, it would be impossible for me to be patient, but I only look at the present, I forget the past, and I take good care not to forestall the future.

Love consumes us only in the measure of our self-surrender.

I am convinced that one should tell one’s spiritual director if one has a great desire for Communion, for Our Lord does not come from Heaven every day to stay in a golden ciborium; He comes to find another heaven, the heaven of our soul in which He loves to dwell.

ST. THÉRÈSE DE LISIEUX

The splendor of the rose and the whiteness of the lily
do not rob the little violet of its scent nor the daisy of its simple charm.
If every tiny flower wanted to be a rose, spring would lose its loveliness.

Miss no single opportunity of making some small sacrifice, here by a smiling look,
there by a kindly word; always doing the smallest right and doing it all for love.

For me, prayer is a surge of the heart; it is a simple look turned toward heaven, it is a
cry of recognition and of love, embracing both trial and joy.

Without love, deeds, even the most brilliant, count as nothing.

The world's thy ship and not thy home.

I understood that every flower created by Him is beautiful, that the brilliance of the
rose and the whiteness of the lily do not lessen the perfume of the violet or the sweet
simplicity of the daisy. I understood that if all the lowly flowers wished to be roses,
nature would no longer be enamelled with lovely hues. And so it is in the world of
souls, Our lord's living garden.

Holiness consists simply in doing God's will, and being just what God wants us to be.

If every tiny flower wanted to be a rose, spring would lose its loveliness.

My whole strength lies in prayer and sacrifice, these are my invincible arms; they can
move hearts far better than words, I know it by experience.

When I die, I will send down a shower of roses from the heavens, I will spend my
heaven by doing good on earth.

Trust and trust alone should lead us to love.

A word or a smile is often enough to put fresh life in a despondent soul.

Do you realize that Jesus is there in the tabernacle expressly for you-for you alone? He
burns with the desire to come into your heart... don't listen to the demon, laugh at him,
and go without fear to receive the Jesus of peace and love...

If I did not simply live from one moment to another, it would be impossible for me to
be patient, but I only look at the present, I forget the past, and I take good care not to
forestall the future.

And it is the Lord, it is Jesus, Who is my judge. Therefore I will try always to think
leniently of others, that He may judge me leniently, or rather not at all, since He says:
"Judge not, and ye shall not be judged."

ST. THÉRÈSE DE LISIEUX

When one loves, one does not calculate.

I know now that true charity consists in bearing all our neighbors' defects—not being surprised at their weakness, but edified at their smallest virtues.

I can nourish myself on nothing but truth.

I am convinced that one should tell one's spiritual director if one has a great desire for Communion, for Our Lord does not come from Heaven every day to stay in a golden ciborium; He comes to find another heaven, the heaven of our soul in which He loves to dwell.

I know now that true charity consists in bearing all our neighbours' defects—not being surprised at their weakness, but edified at their smallest virtues.

If a little flower could speak, it seems to me that it would tell us quite simply all that God has done for it, without hiding any of its gifts. It would not, under the pretext of humility, say that it was not pretty, or that it had not a sweet scent, that the sun had withered its petals, or the storm bruised its stem, if it knew that such were not the case."

I say nothing to him, I love him.

Another time I was working in the laundry, and the Sister opposite, while washing handkerchiefs, repeatedly splashed me with dirty water. My first impulse was to draw back and wipe my face, to show the offender I should be glad if she would behave more quietly; but the next minute I thought how foolish it was to refuse the treasures God offered me so generously, and I refrained from betraying my annoyance. On the contrary, I made such efforts to welcome the shower of dirty water, that at the end of half an hour I had taken quite a fancy to this novel kind of aspersion, and I resolved to come as often as I could to the happy spot where such treasures were freely bestowed.

God would never inspire me with desires which cannot be realized; so in spite of my littleness, I can hope to be a saint.

Then, overcome by joy, I cried, 'Jesus, my love. At last I have found my vocation. My vocation is love. In the heart of the Church, my mother, I will be love, and then I will be all things.'

The splendor of the rose and the whiteness of the lily do not rob the little violet of its scent nor the daisy of its simple charm. If every tiny flower wanted to be a rose, spring would lose its loveliness.

The loveliest masterpiece of the heart of God is the heart of a mother.

ST. THÉRÈSE DE LISIEUX

A word or a smile is often enough to put fresh life in a despondent soul.

And it is the Lord, it is Jesus, Who is my judge. Therefore I will try always to think leniently of others, that He may judge me leniently, or rather not at all, since He says: 'Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.'

Each prayer is more beautiful than the others. I cannot recite them all and not knowing which to choose, I do like children who do not know how to read, I say very simply to God what I wish to say, without composing beautiful sentences, and He always understands me. For me, prayer is an aspiration of the heart, it is a simple glance directed to heaven, it is something great, supernatural, which expands my soul and unites me to Jesus.

For me, prayer is a surge of the heart; it is a simple look turned toward heaven, it is a cry of recognition and of love, embracing both trial and joy.

Holiness consists simply in doing God's will, and being just what God wants us to be.

I am convinced that one should tell one's spiritual director if one has a great desire for Communion, for Our Lord does not come from Heaven every day to stay in a golden ciborium; He comes to find another heaven, the heaven of our soul in which He loves to dwell.

I know now that true charity consists in bearing all our neighbours' defects—not being surprised at their weakness, but edified at their smallest virtues.

I understood that every flower created by Him is beautiful, that the brilliance of the rose and the whiteness of the lily do not lessen the perfume of the violet or the sweet simplicity of the daisy. I understood that if all the lowly flowers wished to be roses, nature would no longer be enamelled with lovely hues. And so it is in the world of souls, Our lord's living garden.

If every tiny flower wanted to be a rose, spring would lose its loveliness.

If I did not simply live from one moment to another, it would be impossible for me to be patient, but I only look at the present, I forget the past, and I take good care not to forestall the future.

Let this presence settle into your bones, and allow your soul the freedom to sing, dance, praise and love.

Let us not be justices of the peace, but angels of peace.

May today there be peace within.

May you be content knowing you are a child of God.

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May you not forget the infinite possibilities that are born of faith.

May you trust God that you are exactly where you are meant to be.

May you use those gifts that you have received, and pass on the love that has been given to you.

Miss no single opportunity of making some small sacrifice, here by a smiling look, there by a kindly word; always doing the smallest right and doing it all for love.

My whole strength lies in prayer and sacrifice, these are my invincible arms; they can move hearts far better than words, I know it by experience.

One word or a pleasing smile is often enough to raise up a saddened and wounded soul.

Sufferings gladly borne for others convert more people than sermons.

Perfection consists in doing His will, in being that which He wants us to be.

The sun shines equally both on cedars and on every tiny flower. In just the same way God looks after every soul as if it had no equal. All is planned for the good of every soul, exactly as the seasons are so arranged that the humblest daisy blossoms at the appointed time.

I realised that to become a saint one must suffer a great deal, always seek what is best, and forget oneself.

I understood that there were many kinds of sanctity and that each soul was free to respond to the approaches of Our Lord and to do little or much for Him — in other words, to make a choice among the sacrifices He demands.

My God,...., I choose all that You will.

For me, prayer is an upward leap of the heart, an untroubled glance towards heaven, a cry of gratitude and love which I utter from the depths of sorrow as well as from the heights of joy. It has a supernatural grandeur which expands the soul and unites it with God.

There is one ONLY THING to do here below: to love Jesus, to win souls for Him so that He may be loved. Let us seize with jealous care every least opportunity of self sacrifice. Let us refuse Him nothing - He does so want our love!