

SAINT THERESE OF LISIEUX

“There is a great field of flowers. There are only two paths in the field. If you walk any place other than the path, you will crush the beauty that it is there. One path is marked ‘Love of God’. The other path also has a sign, ‘Self-love’. You are standing in the middle of the field with the choice. Your will, will make the choice. It will not take intelligence to make such a choice. It will take truth, justness, loyalty, love. Seeing as to how both roads have the word ‘love’, then the determining factor will be which is greatest in these, love for God or self-love?”

Hell is full of those who loved themselves so much, or those who were eagerly influenced by destruction. Those souls would walk on the flowers just to enjoy the softness under their feet. I do not feel any child in this room would choose this way but would have the desire to stay on the path. If you choose self-love, I must ask you to be prepared for unhappiness, despair, turmoil, and all things that will guide you the opposite direction of Heaven. Please, My children, step on the path to Here and be aware of the Beauty that can be yours.

Now that you are on the path, take these things into account. Walk one step, pick a flower. The first one you pick We will call ‘acts of love’. Walk a little further down the path. Now let Us name this flower, ‘small sacrifices’. A few more steps, and now another flower, ‘penance’. A few more steps and another flower, ‘serving God’. Keep going, don’t stop until you have gathered a bouquet that fills your arms with the

Odor of Sanctity. The time will come and you will say, 'What shall I do with this bouquet?' My first thought is this: to place it at the Feet of God. He will not see only flowers, but will see your love.

On this day These Words are not meant to be just a story, but a way to live, a way to serve, a way to love. As I walked in the physical world, I was as you, of flesh, and interested in many things. I am now known as the 'Little Flower', for I spent my life picking certain flowers, asking for certain ones and craving to see them. I always felt the ultimate gift of love, act of love, was the rose, but the little ones meant just as much to me. I remembered them as I walked along the road. There was a little purple flower all alone. I knew if I picked it, it would soon die. So I knelt down beside it and wanted to cry. My heart ached to have it in my hand so I could enjoy it as I walked the land. I asked God what He wanted me to do. I knew instantly. He would want me to preserve the life and enjoy just the view.

As I walked farther down the road, I saw children playing in the field. They were happy, they were laughing, and all of a sudden I heard one squeal. He had fallen over a rock and his knee began to bleed. The other children ran about, running to the need. They stepped on flowers, just to help, and suddenly a little girl ran up to me with a plea to run and help the little boy's knee. I ran through the field with no thought of where I was going except that another child was crying for help. As I looked at the knee I asked God to wipe it clean, and suddenly the knee stopped bleeding and joy was seen.

As I looked back to the road, I realized that some children scream for help and no one hears. So, from now on, don't wait for tears but lend a hand to someone in need. When you do this, name the flower as a deed. Do not let nervousness or pride rob you of the beauty that can be inside. Don't look for just the beauty that's around, but see the need.

There are many Lessons in What I say, and I ask each child here to begin today to walk the path to Here. Do not be stubborn, do not be quick. Be gentle and be kind and let the flowers that you pick be only for The Divine: an act of love, an act of charity, an act of hope, and when you feel self-love creep in, remember the path you're on is love for God and not the other.

I could speak on and on but there is no need for this. The Lessons I have taught, if followed, will give your life a touch of bliss. I send you roses with much love, any color that you want. They will not die for They are from Heaven Up Above. These Roses are Graces to help you carry on, on the path leading to God, in the field of flowers that you love."