

SAINT JOAN OF ARC

“I was condemned for what I knew was Truth, not because of my weakness, but because of man’s weakness, man’s boredom, man’s tiredness. The men in the Church were too weak to help me. Other men were frightened of my strength, for in Truth there is great strength, honor, dignity, and in Truth there is power.

Truth has a force in it that some men cannot handle for they are morally weak and they interpret according to their own opinions, imaginations, and positions in the world.

I was young, and in many ways I was timid. I walked with men and many times I was frightened, because I knew that the Voices that I told them of were questioned by some of them because it was difficult for these men to understand such Phenomena. But the Words that the Voices spoke had such clarity, such meaning, such force, such power, the men could not deny the value of Them, and we would ride to victory on the Words of Divine Will.

When it came time for men of disgraceful character, nature, to place judgment on me, they made it look as though I were the one that weakened under their pressure. True, I was tired. True, my endurance dwindled, but I did not weaken because my Voices told me to be strong, that those men who were judging me were all wrong.

My death was a terrible death, not because I was so young, but I was forced into a position where I could not run. I was tied and I was abandoned by many of those whom I loved. But the words at the end, when I knew I could no longer fight for what I knew was right, have never been given to the world correctly. I am Saint Joan of Arc. My words were these:

'If I have failed You, my God, forgive me. If I have done one impure thing that was my own fault, forgive me. And now that man has judged me and I go to Your Judgment, have mercy on me, for in my littleness, if I have failed You, I ask Your Forgiveness. Do not let the evil one touch me. I could not bear the stench of his place. Please God, take me to Where You are, for my Soul's sake.'
So be it."