

## **PRAYER 11.**

*A prayer for enlightenment.*

O JESUS, Mirror of eternal truth! Light that enlightens every man that comes into the world; Light that shines in the darkness; Light in which there is no darkness at all; Light to which no other light can add; Light before which every other light is as it were not; Light that gives increase to all light; Light from which all things receive light; Light that creates all light, preserves all light, rules all light! O Light, which Tobias saw, when, with closed eyes, he taught his son the way of life! Light, which Isaac inwardly saw, when, with misty eyes, he told his son the things which were to be! Light, by which all the prophets were enlightened, that they might know the secret things which were to come to pass long afterwards, and prophecy of hidden sacraments and mysteries! Light, that said: "Let there be light, and there was light." Behold! darkness covers the face of my heart, so that I cannot see the light of heaven. Say, therefore, to my soul: "Let there be light, and there shall be light." For straightaway in glittering splendor there shall beam forth shining rays from You, the true and fontal light, into the abyss of my heart, into the depths of my soul, and my night shall be turned into clear day.

O Light above all understanding! So light me up with Your brightness, that I may contemplate You, my God, in Yourself, and myself in You, and all things beneath Yourself. O Light that can not deceive, and can not be deceived, to Whom nothing is hid, to Whom alone the hearts of all the sons of men lie open and clear; enlighten, I beseech You, the secret recesses of my heart, that I may find out my secret sins, which lie hidden within them; and not those sins alone, which have been conceived of the enemy's vicious seed, but also those propensities and hidden roots of the soul, which have generated within me, and caused to spring up anew the enemy's hurtful seed, whereby

Your work in me is hindered and delayed, virtues are kept under, and the little garden of my heart, which is tilled for Your consolation, is given up to shameful weeds, and becomes untilled and rough.

O most luminous Truth! who can rightly understand his own sins? Who can clearly discern what is pleasing or displeasing to You, what is suggested by Your Spirit, or advised by our own spirit of sensuality? In truth without You all things are vicious, frail, and unclean; without You, all is darkness to me; without You, there is for me no truth, no judgment, no knowledge, no discernment. As long as Your light is absent, vanity seems to be truth, and wickedness justice, and vice virtue. For with my growth, ignorance has grown; my iniquities are multiplied more than the hairs of my head; I have tried to see, and could not. The mist of impure thoughts has so darkened my heart, that I cannot gaze at the light of Your grace. Blind, I am led down to hell. Ah! my God! grant that I may see; enlighten my inward eyes, lest ever I should sleep in death, and the enemy should say: "I have prevailed against him?" Tear asunder the great veil, which has interfered itself between You, my God, and me, Your servant. Open my blindfolded eyes, that I may know the way of truth, and keep to Your sacred foot-prints. O Jesus, bright Sun of Justice, exceeding bright, enlighten me who sit in darkness, and who dwell in the shadow of death; direct my feet into the way of peace, by which I may come to the place of Your wonderful tabernacle, to Your great dwelling-place, with the prayer of compassion, and the song of rejoicing. O well-spring of exhaustless loving-kindness, from which flow all grace and goodness; let there flow forth, I beseech You, the rich dew of Your bounty on my parched and withered soul, before it die; for my virtue is dried up like a broken pottery. Help Your wretched creature, that Your Almighty Goodness has made. O source of my being! You have made me out of nothing, and behold I return into nothing, unless You govern and preserve me. When I had perished, You didst redeem me; but again I perish, unless You help me. For You are the Word of God, by Whom all things are made, and without Whom nothing is made, and behold! without You, I am nothing. O tender Jesus, Who shrinks not from coming down from heaven, to build up again what had become ruined, come down even to my wretched soul, corrupted though it is, and dead in sins,

that by You I may be born again. Without You we have no life in us. Let me hear Your sweet voice, at which the dead come to life, and the wicked spirits are put to flight, and all sicknesses are healed, that my spirit also may be healed by You, and stirred up, and that it may rejoice with joy beyond all measure, in worthy praise and thanksgiving.

O, mirror of divine brightness, purify my inward eyes, that they may be made fit to contemplate You. For it was for this that Your loving face was made foul with spittle and blood, and was buffeted and smitten. It was for this that You Yourself were left without any beauty; because You would cleanse the face of my heart, and make it pure from every stain in Your precious Blood. It was for this, too, that my outward eyes were veiled and covered during Your Passion, because You would uncover the inward gaze of my understanding, and strip it naked of all distractions, and images, and multiplicity of objects, and of all that can come between You and it; so that with a naked understanding and a clear gaze, I might look on Your eternal Godhead, and on You, the source of my being, and that I might ever have my spirit naked and uncovered, a living and brilliant mirror, as it were, wherein I might catch the outward likeness of Your divine image; and that I might set no other object before the eyes of my heart, than that bleeding Body of Yours, and Your disfigured Face, and Your thorn-crowned Head; and that at the same time, by means of this Your pitiable and painful image, I might vigorously despise all pride and vanity of this world, and the applause and favor of men.

O most merciful God, grant me so much knowledge of Yourself as is necessary for me, in order to obtain a true love for You; for, indeed, I love You, and long more and more to love You. Wound my heart with the dart of Your love, and grant that I may love You with such ardor as that with which You wish to be loved by me. For nothing is sweeter to me than to love You, my God; and nothing more bitter, than to be held back from and kept a stranger to Your love by anything whatsoever. For all that is beneath You is to me a cause of great want, and an affliction; indeed more, it is a deadly

enemy that desires to tear me from Your sweet and beloved Heart. Moreover; without You, I am a heavy cross to myself, and an intolerable hell.

O unquenchable fire of love, Your love that ever burn, and never can be put out, set me also on fire, burn into my whole being, that in myself I may wholly fall away, and be wholly transformed by Your love; melt my whole being, that I may wholly lose myself in You. Consume me wholly, O my God, in the fire of Your burning love, that utterly forgetful of my own self and of all that is in the world, I may, with the arms of love, embrace You, the highest and most excellent Good. I pray to You, Lord, by Your loving-kindness, to graft me into Yourself, and unite me to You, that I may become one with You, and rest forever in You, the one Eternal. Amen.