

A Companion For Youth

Saint Bernadette

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Australian Catholic Truth Society No.1296 (1958)

"I Made Myself a Little Soldier."

"It is some years since I made myself a little soldier, though an unworthy one, of Your Holiness. My weapons are prayer and sacrifice and I will use them to my last breath. Then the prayer of sacrifice will fall away, but the weapon of prayer will follow me to Heaven."

— Letter of Bernadette to the Holy Father.

CHAPTER I.

Saint Bernadette: A Friend for Youth.

MY dear boys and girls, young men and women growing up, teenagers, as we have learned to call you, I am writing this pamphlet for you, and I am asking Mary, the Immaculate Spouse of the Holy Ghost, that you may read it, think it over, and adopt its plan of taking Bernadette to your heart as a worthwhile companion to be with you during these difficult growing-up years.

Our Lady looked like a beautiful young girl of sixteen or seventeen years when she appeared to Bernadette. The youth and beauty of the apparition captivated Bernadette. Mary chose as her confidant a girl of thirteen years. She rewarded Bernadette's absolute trust in her by keeping her young in heart and youthful in appearance. A priest, Father Cros, who saw her as a postulant at Nevers, tells us:

"To look at her you would say that she is just the same child of thirteen years that she was at the time of the Visions. I do not think it would be possible to find a child of thirteen years with a younger face than Bernadette has at the age of twenty-one. Her youth has a supernatural charm that it is impossible not to feel; she herself is a Vision."

Bernadette was tiny, only four and a half feet tall. She looked younger than her years and behaved like a happy, bright young girl throughout a life of stress and strain and suffering until she died at the age of thirty-six.

Mary appeared as a young girl in order that youth of an age with her might not be frightened to confide in her. She made a confidant of a girl of thirteen that boys and girls of a similar age group may come naturally to her. And lest some may find difficulty in approaching Mary directly because of her great holiness, she recommends to youth that they may come indirectly to her through Bernadette, her own confidant and messenger. That is the idea I propose to you, adolescents, namely, that you come to Bernadette, make her your companion and confidant, and ask her to bring you to Mary and Mary will then lead you to her Divine Son.

Delinquent youth need a Bernadette to answer their troublesome questions and to give them a motive, a purpose, and an ideal to fight for. They are in revolt and ask: "Why should we obey our parents and teachers or those in authority?" "Who will thank us for going straight, or who will recognize us for living clean?" "Why should we discipline ourselves at all or submit to any rules and regulations? Who cares what happens to us?" My dear youth, let Bernadette answer all these and similar questions.

"I Made Myself a Little Soldier" — Saint Bernadette

In a letter to the Pope, written on instructions from her Bishop, she said: "I come to you, Holy Father, like a poor little child to the tenderest of fathers, full of submission and confidence. What can I do, Holy Father, to show you my filial love? I can only go on doing what I have been doing up to now, that is to say, suffer and pray. It is some years since I made myself a little soldier, though an unworthy one, of Your Holiness. My weapons are prayer and sacrifice and I will use them to my last breath. Then the weapon of sacrifice will fall away, the weapon of prayer will follow me to Heaven.

"I hope that our good Mother will have pity on her children and that she will deign once more to place her feet upon the head of the cursed serpent and thus put an end to the cruel sufferings of the Holy Church and to the sorrows of its august and well-beloved Pontiff."

Bernadette from her childhood determined to become "a little soldier" to fight for the Pope with her "weapons of prayer and sacrifice." She had something to fight for, a thing bigger than herself, a real crusade to join with enthusiasm. She looked upon the Pope as the Commander-in-Chief directing the war against Satan on so many fronts. He needed soldiers so badly to fight for him with the prayer of petition and the prayer of sacrifice, to plead for him and to suffer for him, to ask for him and to give for him. She saw the Mystical Body of Christ attacked by Satan-inspired enemies. She saw the cruel sufferings of the Church, which caused such sorrow to Christ's Vicar on earth. In answer to the invitation in Christ's words: "Greater love than this no man has, that a man lay down his life for his friends," she devoted her young life to the Church and its mission to save souls. Hers was a short life, just thirty-six years, but they were years of prayer and sacrifice which were a true martyrdom.

Enroll Under the Banner of Bernadette.

Today the plight of the Church is more terrible than in Bernadette's time. The Church of silence, the Church in chains, (the Church muted by extreme Islamists) the Church behind the Iron and Bamboo curtain and in the Communist-dominated lands is suffering as never before. The communists' hatred of the Pope and his children is diabolical, fanned into destroying flames with blasts from hell. Then there are the subtler persecutions of secularism and materialism.

Here is a cause to fight for, a crusade that demands love and devotion, loyalty and service, courage and generosity to an heroic degree. Enroll under 'Bernadette's banner' and face something bigger than yourselves, a call to get out of yourselves, a campaign that will make you forget your own little needs, and will urge you to put the Pope and the Church above selfish gain and selfish pleasure.

To serve beside Bernadette is to follow her example. She obeyed; so must you. She had pluck and that must you develop. She kept her powder dry, that is, she cared daily for her weapons, she used them constantly.

Bernadette Obeyed Her Queen.

A soldier must obey and if he fails in obedience, he fails in all. The source of delinquency is that youth have no motive strong enough, no sanction compelling enough, to help them accept the difficult discipline of obedience to parents, to teachers, to Church, and to State. Obedience is the virtue and discipline they need most.

Our Blessed Lord was obedient even unto death. At Nazareth, "He was subject" to His parents for thirty years. From the Annunciation when Mary pronounced her all-powerful "Fiat mihi," "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to Your Will," her life became an 'absolute surrender' to the Will of God. Men and women have fashioned themselves into saints through the austere grandeur of a loving obedience.

During the Apparitions, Our Lady must have spoken to Bernadette of the value and virtue of a willing and joyful obedience. Bernadette obeyed 'The Lady' in facing her parents' scorn at home, in the interviews with the parish priest, and in her calm and unruffled acceptance of her companions' doubts and jeers.

When the parish priest forbade her to attend the first big ceremony at the Grotto, her companions urged her to go, but Bernadette obeyed her pastor, and showed not the least sign of resentment. Just imagine the scene a modern girl would create in her home were she in Bernadette's place! After all, Bernadette was the star in the "Lourdes Affair." Her name and pictures were known throughout France. Why should she be ordered to stay away from the Grotto she had put on the front page of the nation's news? How plausible, how convincing to worldly minds, but not worth considering to Bernadette who loved 'The Lady' and because of that love obeyed her parish priest. In obedience to her superiors in the convent at Nevers, Bernadette never mentioned Lourdes to the Sisters of the community, or to visitors, unless commanded to do so.

Bernadette's Weapon of Prayer: The Rosary.

A good soldier looks after his weapons, cleans them and tests them and keeps them near him, ready for any emergency. A soldier without his weapons is a burden on his battalion. He is useless to them in the fight.

Bernadette assured the Pope that she was his "little soldier," and promised him to use to her dying breath her weapons of prayer and penance. She dedicated her life to the constant use of her two weapons, and when death opened the gate of heaven to her soul, she promised to continue using her weapons of prayer for his intentions.

Her chief weapon of prayer was the Rosary. She had learned the prayers that compose the Rosary within the family circle, and the beads were her constant companion. It is no wonder that at the big startling moment of the first Apparition she instinctively did what so many Catholics do in a sudden crisis — "dived for the beads." How reassuring it must have been to Bernadette to see 'The Lady' carrying a Rosary of white beads on a golden chain, suspended on her right arm! How awful it would have been had Bernadette left her beads at home.

My dear young people, resolve now to have "the beads on your person" as a rule of Catholic living. Boys, consider your pockets empty unless you can feel your beads. Girls, check your bag before you leave home and make sure the beads are in it. Boys and girls, you should be as faithful to this rule of carrying your beads as a Protestant friend of mine who has walked back from the bus queue on discovering that he had not put his beads into his change of suit.

As a young priest, I went each week to give religious instruction to the boys of the Christian Brothers' College, Perth. I always concluded my talk with a call: "Show me your beads, boys." We arranged a mutual fine. A boy without his beads paid one penny towards the Bushies' Scheme, which were residential camps, at which rural children received intensive instruction on matters of religion. If I did not have my beads, I paid a shilling. I got more pennies than the boys got shillings.

But one Saturday morning as I was swimming in Crawley baths a group of the boys saw me, put their rosaries around their necks, swam out to me, and then one of them, now Father Edward Bryan of the Diocese of Geraldton, asked, "Where are your beads, Father?" I paid the shilling but ruled such a situation out in future. I have met many of those boys in later life, and they assure me that although they had forgotten most of what I had told them, this admonition remained, and they never leave home without searching in their pockets for their beloved beads.

Mary's Autobiography: The Rosary.

Bernadette was not very bright in school, she found it very difficult to learn the Catechism, in fact, she was considered a dull child. But she learned her prayers in the family circle and the Rosary became part of herself. She concentrated on the events of Mary's life and thought about them as she said the vocal prayers. That early training in meditation helped her in later life to make a mental pilgrimage every day to the Grotto at Lourdes. She found more consolation and help from this pilgrimage in the mind than an actual visit to the Grotto would have given her.

The Rosary, my dear young people, is Mary's autobiography, breaking to us, through meditation, the news of her life story, revealing the thoughts that filled her heart during the great events in the life of her Son, the Sorrowful, Joyful, and Glorious Mysteries. If you wish to be devoted children of Mary, honour her by a daily Rosary. You may spread the five decades throughout the day, saying a decade or two in the bus, others walking outside during lunch hour or quietly sitting alone. On Mary's big feast days, she will be delighted to receive the whole fifteen Mysteries as a feast day gift. These fifteen decades should be staggered; it is too much to attempt them all at one time.

Through Mary to Jesus.

Remember always that the main basis of devotion to Mary is her relationship with Jesus. Written in large letters within the Rosary Church at Lourdes are the words: "Per Mariam ad Jesum," "Through Mary to Jesus." The Virgin Mother bore God's greatest Gift to mankind. He was in her arms in the stable. He nestled close to her heart in the flight into Egypt. With her, He dwelt at Nazareth. She stood beside the Cross on Calvary. "You have borne Him in your heart: you have followed Him from Bethlehem to the Cross of Calvary. He is doubly yours — by the holiest love and the divinest sorrow. Henceforth forever His adorers must be your servants."

Look upon the Rosary in your pocket, or in your bag, as the weapon, which you can draw when Satan with smiling eye would tempt you. Get your hand quickly on the beads, and the feel of them will assure you that you have Mary beside you to fight with you and for you. Never go to bed, without the beads, either on you or near by, a weapon ready at hand to dispel the first whispered invitation to sin. Satan does not sleep.

During the Apparitions, Bernadette wore the Miraculous Medal around her neck. Follow her example and you have an additional claim on Mary's special protection.

Bernadette's Weapon of Penance.

We are living in an unholy age. Although it is the age of Mary, it is also the age of Satan. And Satan is having a frightening success with youth. This is evident in many ways.

Satan's main target today is youth. Think about this, my dear young people, and see what you can do to outfight Satan.

Bernadette's second weapon was penance. She accepted willingly the pain of body and humiliation of soul, which were hers from her thirteenth year to her death at the age of thirty-six. She was a very sensible girl and faced the facts that 'The Lady' told her: "I do not promise that you will be happy in this world but in the next." Later, in the convent at Nevers, when she was no longer able to help in the infirmary, or in the sacristy, she said: "My job is to be sick." That is the real song of Bernadette, the song of resignation.

Self-denial, self-discipline, self-control, self-mastery are not easy but are essential if you would build yourselves into what God expects you to be. Bernadette is a wonderful, encouraging, and bright companion to call to your side, someone of your own age, young in spirit, full of fun, but determined to become a saint.

The Apparitions convinced Bernadette that the hope of seeing 'The Lady' was worth more than anything, which Satan could offer in sensuality and pleasure. She was always most emphatic about the Lady's beauty. When asked later throughout the years, whether she was as beautiful as so-and-so or so-and-so, she used to say: "They can't make to it." This was her patois way of saying: "They are not in it. My Lady is beautiful... beautiful... more than anything."

You are beautiful, Mary, and original sin is not in you. Sinlessness is a thing of beauty and the only totally sinless, pure, human creature was to show her heavenly beauty at Lourdes — the stainless, beauty of the Immaculate Conception. God takes pleasure in no beauty like the beauty of a pure sinless soul. Lourdes teaches the pilgrim to hate sin as revoltingly ugly.

The Mass is the Arena.

Bernadette brought the fight to discipline herself, the battle for self-mastery, into her praying of the Holy Mass and so must you. Life is a daily fight along three fronts, physical, mental, and spiritual. You must pay the little daily tax of discipline on all three planes of life if you would achieve the full flowering of yourselves. Neglect to discipline yourselves and you dig the graves of your higher possibilities. You will remain mediocrities unless in mind, body, and spirit you are determined to build yourselves from within. The Chinese have a proverb: "You cannot carve rotten wood." Neither can you carve a strong character out of a selfish, indolent, "having a good time," way of life.

Life is a daily fight against yourselves. You are called upon to govern your thoughts, to curb your impatient tongues, to restrain the eager curiosity of your eyes, to close your ears to sexy talk, to say "no, you cannot have that" to many an attractive invitation, to practise the "soft answer" in the hope that you may win the person instead of the argument, to be courteous and good mannered, which costs many acts of self-discipline, to listen patiently when you want to talk, to say a kindly word or do a generous act to someone who has been nasty to you, and to pat another on the back for some success. Each day calls for many small victories over self.

Create a Spiritual Credit Balance.

You will build yourselves into holier and better persons by bringing this fight into the Mass, where you will pray the Holy Spirit to shed His Light on your shortcomings and grant you courage to

tackle them. This is no soft enterprise. No, it issues a daily challenge, and promises you the rare joy of achievement. At each Mass you offer, put upon the Paten your resolve to avoid this and do that, this very day. Whenever you score a small victory over self, store it for the Chalice, and deposit it in the Chalice as a spiritual credit balance upon which you can call when in need.

Through the guidance of the Holy Spirit you can make the Mass a spiritual exchange where you may bargain with your small gifts for something better, something richer. Self-discipline is a nasty medicine to take, but once you realize its purchasing power you take it with a better relish. Discipline is a coin with which we buy something worth while. This idea of the Mass as a spiritual credit balance and exchange can sow seeds of holiness in your lives.

CHAPTER II.

The Lord Loves a Cheerful Giver.

The Bishop of Nevers writes:

"Bernadette conquers you by her mystery, her simplicity, her purity, her suffering and by the strange charm of a holiness that can be sensed and felt and that nevertheless retains the secret of its mystical life, as is, indeed, always the case when the divine touch is sensibly present."

That is what I hope for, that you, teenagers, will be captivated by this most attractive girl, with her deep brown eyes and her wonderful sense of humour. Bernadette was a very likeable girl who enjoyed simple things. She would be an ideal companion to take on a picnic, enthusiastic, vital, interested, and awake to the humorous side of things. She never looked her years or carried them heavily. Indeed, one might look upon her as a Peter Pan among the canonized.

She Liked Bright Colours.

She liked to be happy and to wear bright colours. She was dress conscious as our girls are today. An eye-witness reports an occasion when Bernadette was surprised "working on a dress to enlarge it and give it the appearance of a crinoline," and the observer, shocked at this "tendency towards dress," reported that it was much too worldly for a girl who had seen Our Lady". Bernadette just laughed and continued with her sewing.

Bernadette was between two fires. On the one hand there were many 'adoring admirers' seeking a lock of her hair, or a piece of her dress, ardent fans as we have today, and, on the other hand, there were her severe critics who in their zeal tended to forget that she was only a young girl. If she wanted to press and iron her Sunday dress so that she would look smart, they frowned upon it. She was never left in peace, and yet, her youth and natural vivacity would break through and sparkle. Her sense of fun never deserted her.

Bernadette was lively and happy and she was not above a little mischief. One day at school when silence reigned in the class, a child suddenly sneezed, followed immediately by another, and then a third, until finally it sounded as though the whole class was sickening for a mass cold. But suppressed giggling soon indicated that there was no cause for misgiving. In fact, the cause was quite different. Bernadette had been prescribed the use of snuff for her asthma — and she had handed her snuff-box round the class!

Smallest Nun at Nevers.

At her reception at Nevers, dressed in white and wearing a long veil, she walked at the head of forty-four other aspirants. She went ahead of the others "only because she was the smallest of all." Naturally, all present turned their eyes to her to distinguish her amongst her companions. But Bernadette wanted to hide herself. Afterwards when the hour for recreation arrived, Bernadette, now Sister Marie Bernard, naively enquired: "Can you skip when you're in the Novitiate? I do love to hold the rope for others." Imagine the arched eye-brows of the French Mistress of Novices when this bit of innocence was reported to her! Skipping, indeed, how did she ever get into our convent!

A new postulant arrived at Nevers, and said: "How I would like to see Bernadette!" Bernadette was standing close by. "This is she," said an older nun. "That?" said the postulant, before she could stop herself. "Merely that," said Bernadette, as she held out her hand with her sweet smile.

Some rash person told her that they were selling her portrait at Lourdes for a penny. She laughed gaily, not because her portrait was on sale, but because of the penny. "It's all I'm worth," she owned.

She found book learning very difficult and her natural humility made it a constant source of regret for her. She was heard to exclaim on one occasion when her memory and her knowledge had failed her: "You could more easily throw the book at my head than hammer that lesson in."

All the time she and her family refused to accept the presents visitors wanted to give her. "I'm not a shopkeeper," she would say. For those who asked her to autograph holy pictures, she wrote in her careful childish handwriting "P.P. Bernadette" — ("Priez pour Bernadette") "Pray for Bernadette," and before long, this led to her companions giving her the odd nickname of "Pepe Bernadette."

A Humorous Mimic.

She feared her parish priest of Lourdes, Abbe Peyramale, "more than a policeman." But she faced him and delivered the Lady's message that he should build a church at the rock at Massabielle, organize processions there, and encourage the people to come in great numbers. Picture the face of the testy old pastor on hearing this strange request! The child was quickly ushered to the door and chased home. Bernadette was a gifted mimic and had her family in fits as she "did" the parish priest and mimicked his grunts and growls.

Later she laughed when Father Peyramale endorsed a procession but forbade her to attend. He got sick himself and could not attend either. "Father Peyramale forbade me to attend the procession," she said, "but the Blessed Virgin caught him out; she sent him a fine bellyache, which prevented him from attending himself."

She was unafraid of threats of prison after eight days of examination by the Magistrate, Monsieur Rivers, and laughed when he told her he was going to send her to goal for causing "all those crowds!" "I am ready," she said, "Put me in prison, but make certain that the locks are strong, or I shall escape."

Always Glad to see Children.

She escaped the attention of the curious whenever she could. "O Sister," some visiting ladies cried yearningly to the unknown sacristan, "might we just see Bernadette?" Bernadette smiled, bowed, and went to fetch herself, but failed to find her. "What!" her sisters once said to her. "You are hiding from the Bishop. And you could get forty days' indulgence if you kissed his ring." "O, well — 'My Jesus Mercy,' There, I have got a hundred!"

The day when she accompanied some Sisters to the little holiday house she loved because the river and trees reminded her of Lourdes, she was sent for as some Bishops had come to inspect her. "These excellent Bishops," she said with a charming little air of petulance, "would be wise to stay in their dioceses and let us alone. We were so comfortable here."

The only ones whom she was really glad to see were children.

Her heroic trust in God, allied to her God-given humour and sense of fun, helped Sister Marie-Bernard to keep going throughout her trials. She had plenty of common sense and a natural spring of good humour which could bubble over into pure joy. For instance, her snuff-box — the doctor had prescribed snuff to ease those terrifying bouts of asthma, which racked her frail frame, choking her so cruelly that she would gasp out in agony: "Open my chest."

She produced her snuff box at recreation one day, to the great scandal of a Sister. She cried out: "Oh, Sister Marie-Bernard, you will never be canonized." "Why not?" asked the "snuffer." "Because you snuff. That bad habit almost disqualified Saint Vincent de Paul." "And you, Sister Chantal," twinkled Sister Marie Bernard in reply, "you are going to be canonized because you don't indulge." The story recalls that day in the class room at Lourdes when Bernadette sent the snuff around the class and had them all sneezing.

In the infirmary one day, a pot of milk heating on the fire suddenly boiled over. The Sister Infirmarian rushed to the rescue, crying: "The milk is escaping." From her sick bed, Sister Marie-Bernard advised: "Quick, call a policeman."

"I can only Pray and Suffer." — Saint Bernadette.

She had the gift of clever mimicry and when she was in charge of the infirmary she became expert at "taking off" the mannerisms of good Doctor Robert Cyr, who, all innocent of this, declared her a competent and trustworthy nurse. Little did he know that many a time she had the novices streaming tears of laughter by putting on a little "act" from the infirmary.

A special wish of hers was that her sisters should pray for her, after her death. "You will say that I was a saint," she complained, "and leave me to roast in purgatory."

One of her occupations, at one time, was to paint "Sacred Hearts" on images of piety, and she would say to her companions: "If anyone says I have no heart, you can reply that I spend the whole day manufacturing hearts."

Her cousin, Sister Victoire, once said to her: "You are lucky to be kept here in the Mother-house." "Oh," was her reply, "What else could they have done with me? I'm no good at anything."

"Well, at least, you can pray for others."

"That's all I can do," answered Sister Marie-Bernard, "I can only pray and suffer."

As always, she faced facts squarely. In October, 1875, it had become clear that her active life was at end. She had served for six years in the infirmary and then for almost two in the sacristy. From that until her death in 1879, she filled her last and most important post, that of suffering. "My job is to be sick," she told a superior, who, calling to the infirmary, had asked her: "What are you doing there, little lazybones?"

Her Sense of Humour Saved Her.

Her sense of humour brought her through the long series of exhausting interviews and awkward questions. She was derided by her two companions at the Grotto, who called her a fool, but that was nothing to what her mother said when Bernadette described what she had seen and heard. She was commanded to chase such things out of her head for she had seen nothing. Her mother even suggested that it might have been the Devil that she saw, to which the calm, smiling Bernadette replied that the Devil would certainly not be saying the Rosary and besides would not be as pretty as 'The Lady'.

Her touch of innocent humour turned the tables on her inquisitors. "You want me to believe that you have actually seen the Virgin Mary," asked an eminent gentleman. Calmly and politely, Bernadette replied: "I don't ask you to believe it — I am only telling you what happened."

Referring to the incident during one of the Apparitions when Our Lady instructed Bernadette to eat some of the grass near where she stood, one questioner asked:

"Did Our Lady take you for a beast?"

Quickly came the reply: "Do you think that way when you eat salad?"

She was asked a very tricky question, what she would do if the Pope ordered her to make known the secret she claimed Our Lady gave her. Bernadette's reply was beautifully simple:

"If I told His Holiness it was a secret, he would not ask me."

Imagine a simple child on her first Holy Communion asked this subtle question: "Which has made you the happier, to receive the good God or to have spoken with the Blessed Virgin?"

Bernadette answered calmly: "I do not know which made me happier. These things go together and cannot be compared. I do know that I have been very happy in both circumstances."

No wonder the parish priest reported to the Bishop at this time that Bernadette's development since the Apparitions was astonishing.

Her Cold Reception at Nevers.

Her cold reception at the Mother House at Nevers was a very severe trial for Bernadette. She was reminded that the Lady had to tell her several times to drink of the spring water and to wash her face in it. "You can judge of the lack of humility," said the Mistress of Novices in a loud whisper to the Mother Superior. Bernadette, quick of hearing, answered instantly with a flash of her native repartee: "But the water was so dirty!"

The Mother Superior made one final appeal to the Bishop that they send Bernadette back home. "My Lord," objected the Mother Superior, "she has not the necessary health. She is not trained for anything." To which the Bishop, who had gone to see Bernadette in the Hospital in Lourdes and had found her cleaning vegetables in the kitchen, answered: "She could always scrape your carrots."

"I Served as a Broom for the Blessed Virgin."

At Nevers, engrossed in her little jobs in the infirmary, or in the sacristy, Bernadette had fulfilled her hope of complete obscurity and smallness. Once her Superior asked her: "Do you feel tempted to vain-glory, having been thus favoured by Our Lady?" Bernadette answered in all sincerity that had Mary found anyone still more ignorant than she was, to such a one would she have appeared.

One day she put a strange question to one of her companions, Sister Phillipine. "Tell me, what do they do with a broom when you're finished with it?"

"Why do you ask me that?" inquired Sister Phillipine in astonishment.

"Never mind," went on Bernadette insistently. "I do ask you: what do they do with a broom when you're finished with it?"

"What a question! Why, you put it back in its place, of course."

"In its place? Where is that?"

"Behind the door."

"Exactly! You see, I served as a broom for the Blessed Virgin. And when she no longer had any use for me she put me in my place: behind the door."

And with a gentle gesture, Bernadette added: "There I am, and there I shall remain."

"O God, the protector and lover of the humble, Who did cheer Your servant, Bernadette, with the vision and conversation of Mary Immaculate, grant that by the simple way of faith, we may become worthy to see You in heaven. We ask this Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

— Prayer of the Mass of Saint Bernadette.
