



I misused the freedom I received from You. You gave it to me to love and I chose selfishness. You gave it to me to give, and I chose according to greed. You gave it to me to forgive, and I kept for months and months a grudge that suffocated me. You gave it to me to cry, and I preferred to hold back the tears to continue in my sin.

So I have lived so many times: against your plans. The treasure of my will was thrown to the lowest. I gave up the light and chose for darkness.

I know that You do not stop before my faults. You are God and you are, above all, Father. That's why you're free to love me. And you hold up the banner of mercy, despite the multitude of my sins.

Maybe I have come to think that I am incorrigible. After so many years... But if Paul abandoned his hatreds, if Augustine broke with the sins of the flesh, if Charles de Foucauld renounced his worldly dreams, if André Frossard could find you in a chapel in Paris... Is it not possible that I also let myself be embraced by You?

You have never broken my freedom. You cannot retract your gifts. You risked a lot when you created me, because you only expected to find love. When my sin took me away from home, Your Love continued to be awake, and you left open a door to hope.

You cannot force me to love you, nor can I force you to stop loving me. I admire your insistence, I am surprised by your fidelity. So you act with so many hearts: the flames

with the bonds of love (cf. *Hos* 11:4). So you act with mine, also today, also now, as yesterday and as tomorrow, if I still close with selfishness the doors of my soul.

This day is a time of grace, it is a time of salvation (cf. *2 Cor* 6:2). I can... and, this time, yes, I want to open my life to your mercy.

Come in, Lord, purify, and save.

(Translation from Spanish by [Luis Baudry-Simón](#))