

## de 34. Hidden and, as it were, unknown in the world

de cet *Arriving in New Caledonia, Sr Marie de la Croix finds that within her deepest being she is burning with love for the One who has sent her forth.*

**And first of all what I felt when I put foot on this promised land, and at the sight of this people for whom I have given myself even to the very beating of my heart. To tell you what happened within me is impossible; it is inexpressible, almost incomprehensible even to myself. Nothing, or almost nothing of it appeared externally. That is normal for me. Besides, that day I didn't seem to have a body. For several days, I couldn't speak, or weep, or eat, or sleep. I don't even know what I was thinking. I understood, however, what happiness it is to work for the salvation of these people, for the glory of God and our divine Mother, and to work for this far from the world and its applause, ignored, known only to God. This happiness is worth all that I have suffered and all that I still hope to suffer. Only one thing surprises me – that one does not die of gratitude.**

Letter of Sr Marie de la Croix (La Conception, N.C.)  
to Fr Yardin (Lyon), February 20 1859, (OPS I)

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Sister Marie de la Croix's deep and intuitive understanding of her vocation, completely given to God and to Mary, resonates through all the fibres of her being. She expresses her total gift to God so very serenely in the secrecy of her heart. Here is how she describes her vocation to a friend in Lyons, Mlle Julie Berset: "One must say, 'Master, we have left everything behind,' and then be able to add, 'we have left ourselves'. That is the most difficult. Come blindly, don't dream of martyrdom by the blow of an axe. That is not for us; it is too glorious. Daughters of the Mother of Sorrows, our sufferings are hidden like hers. Our vocation is to be unknown, hidden in God. Our zeal, the quiet zeal of Mary without fuss, sometimes not understanding anything ourselves, it is all done so quietly. Our silence should be the silence of the heart of Mary, but deep down that fire that burns before God in secret".

[Sr Marie de la Croix (Île des Pins) to Mlle Julie Berset (Lyons), July 5, 1861, (NP II, 257)]

