

O God, come to our aid. O Lord, make haste to help us. Glory be ...

**Within our darkest night**, you kindle the fire that never dies away, that never dies away.  
Within our darkest night, you kindle the fire that never dies away, that never dies away.

### **Reading 1**

A true lover of Christ and a diligent pursuer of virtue does not hunt after comforts, nor seek sensible sweetnesses, but is rather willing to bear strong trials and hard labours for Christ. (Bk 2 ch 9)

God would have you learn to suffer tribulation without comfort. (Bk 2 ch 12)

℟ O Christ, son of the living God, have mercy on us, have mercy on us. *Repeat* ℟  
℣ You were wounded because of our sins. ℟ Glory be. ℟.

### **Letters of St Thérèse**

I find happiness only in suffering without consolation. It would, however, be seeking your own satisfaction if you wanted to *feel* this happiness or a real taste for suffering, for when we like anything we no longer suffer. We must be prepared to suffer without feeling the courage to do so. If Jesus was sorrowful when He suffered, there can be no suffering without sorrow. We deceive ourselves if we hope to suffer nobly and gracefully.

**Peace I leave you**, my peace I give you. Let your hearts be free from fear, my peace I give to you.

(Silence)

### **Our Father**

### **Intercessions**

Response: Kyrie, Kyrie, Eleison. Kyrie, Kyrie, Eleison

*(a time for brief spontaneous personal intercessions. Each intercession is followed by the Kyrie, sung by all.)*

### **Concluding Prayer**

Come O Comforter Spirit, burn away the trials of life by the fire of your presence.

### **Salve Regina**

Salve, Regina, Mater misericordiae  
vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve  
ad te clamamus, exsules filii Evae  
ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes  
in hac lacrimarum valle

Eia, ergo, advocata nostra,  
illos tuos misericordes oculos  
ad nos converte;  
et Iesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui,  
nobis post hoc exsilium ostende.  
O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

Hail, Queen, Mother merciful  
life, sweetness and hope of ours, hail  
to you we cry, exiles, children of Eve  
to you we sigh, mourning and weeping  
in this tearful valley

Quick, then, advocate of ours,  
those your merciful eyes  
to us turn  
and Jesus, blessed fruit of your womb,  
unto us, after this exile show.  
O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.