



Balta Leliya

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My divine friend

Part 2

My divine Friend does not come to dwell in me only when I have already put my inner house in impeccable order. On the contrary, if I ask Him to do so, He Himself helps me with that. He does not shrink from anything; He is ready to show me the dirty corners that I would not even be able to discover, and He Himself gets down to work, but always with charming kindness and great perseverance. He wants to remain forever in my soul and prepare it for eternity. There it will stand firm forever and can never be derailed again.

This is hard work for my Friend, and it would not be possible at all without our Saviour, who bore our guilt and nailed it to the Cross. How good it is that He is a divine Friend and never grows weary! I hope I do not make it too difficult for Him. How I would like to listen to Him and obey Him as the holy angels do!

And how wonderful are the gifts He bestows: the fear of God, piety, fortitude, counsel, knowledge, understanding, and the glorious gift of wisdom. If only they would unfold in my life, they would make me a new man and make me more like my Friend.

What more can I tell you about my Friend? There would be so much to say!

I do not want to neglect to mention the so-called charisms that He bestows for the edification of the Church: the gift of healing, the gift of prophecy, the discernment of spirits and many other wonderful charisms (1 Cor 12:7-10). A great friend of my divine Friend reminded us that all these gifts only acquire their true splendour through love (1 Cor 13:2).

My Friend, by the way, is of heavenly beauty and there is no blemish in Him: He Himself is the spotless beauty. In poetic verses from the Song of Songs, the wise Solomon describes the love of my Friend for the human soul and the love of the soul for Him:

"In his delightful shade I sit, and his fruit is sweet to my taste. He has taken me to his cellar, and his banner over me is love. My love lifts up his voice, he says to me, 'Come then, my beloved, my lovely one, come. For see, winter is past, the rains are over and gone. 'Flowers are appearing on the earth. The season of glad songs has come, the cooing of the turtledove is heard in our land. The fig tree is forming its first figs and the blossoming vines give out their fragrance. Come then, my beloved, my lovely one, come. 'My dove, hiding in the clefts of the rock, in the coverts of the cliff, show me your face, let me hear your voice; for your voice is sweet and your face is lovely'" (Song 2:3b-4.10-14).

You see: He loves me more than I could ever love Him. His love precedes mine and kindles my love.

I want to tell you a little more about the One whom my soul loves.

Where should I begin: with the Creation of the world or with the descent of my divine Friend upon the most beloved of all virgins, who conceived and gave birth to the Saviour? Or should I also relate how He descended upon the apostles fifty days after the Resurrection of Christ in a mighty wind, enlightening and strengthening them so that they could proclaim the message of salvation in the most diverse languages to all who had gathered in Jerusalem (Acts 2)?

You can read all this for yourselves in much more detail in the Holy Scriptures!