

## **My love is poor**

23 May 1990, Vassula prays:

My love is poor,  
how will I ever replace Your Crown of thorns  
by a garland of roses?  
My spirit ponders this continually and sinks within me;  
explain then to me without tiring of me,  
and I shall learn,  
teach me to love You as You desire us to love You  
teach me to observe Your Law scrupulously for ever and ever,  
so that I walk in the Path of Righteousness,  
direct my steps in the Path of Love as You promised.