

Yahweh, my God, You are lavishing Your scents on me

23 May 1991, Vassula prays:

Yahweh, my God,
You are lavishing Your scents on me,
praised be my Yahweh.
You are mine and I am Yours.
Give me Your Shoulder to lean upon,
unworthy as I am,
a puff of wind that passes unnoticed and does not return,
a speck of dust washed away with the first drops of rain,
allow me to be in the Presence of Your Splendour.
Lead me through this wilderness with a sensitive hand, Beloved.