

# Jesus our friend

*By Sister Mary De Lourdes*

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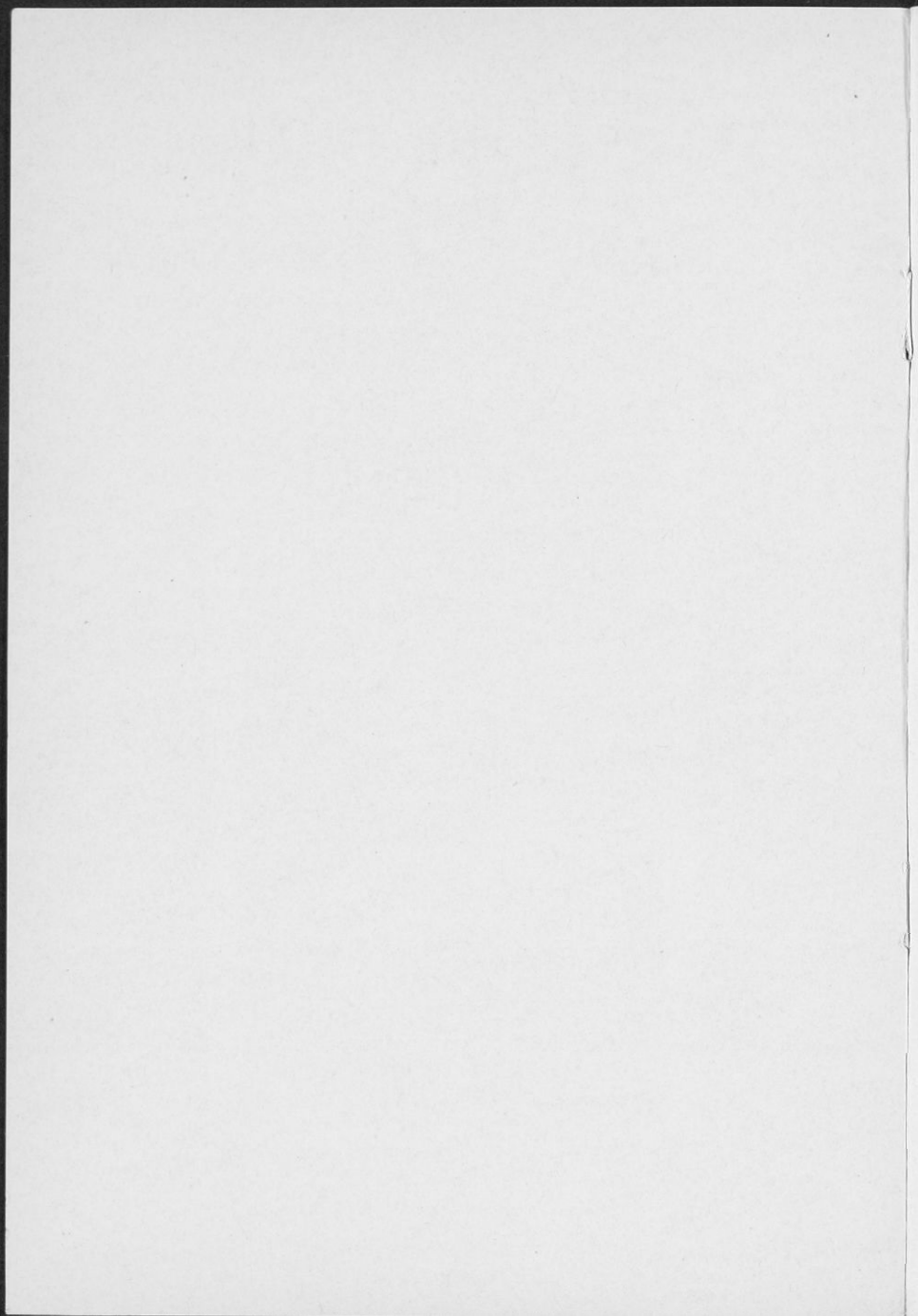
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# JESUS, OUR FRIEND

*By*

SISTER MARY DE LOURDES

*Sister of Mercy*



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## To the Boys and Girls Who Use This Book



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

This little book is to help you to come to Jesus. You know you can come to Jesus today just as easily in your own home in New York or Chicago as you could if you had lived in Nazareth or Jerusalem two thousand years ago. When you spend your time wishing you had lived in our Lord's own day so that you could be His little friend you are forgetting that you can always be His friend.

You know that whenever you pray you come to Jesus and Jesus comes to you, for prayer is the lifting up of the heart and mind to God and Jesus is God. Now our Lord is such a good friend that when He sees you trying to come to Him, He helps you just as a mother reaches out her hand to help the baby who is toddling across the room to her. Jesus helps you to pray but you must do your part, too.

This little book will help you. It will help you to lift up your mind and your heart to Jesus. In showing you how He came to other people and how He was truly their Friend it

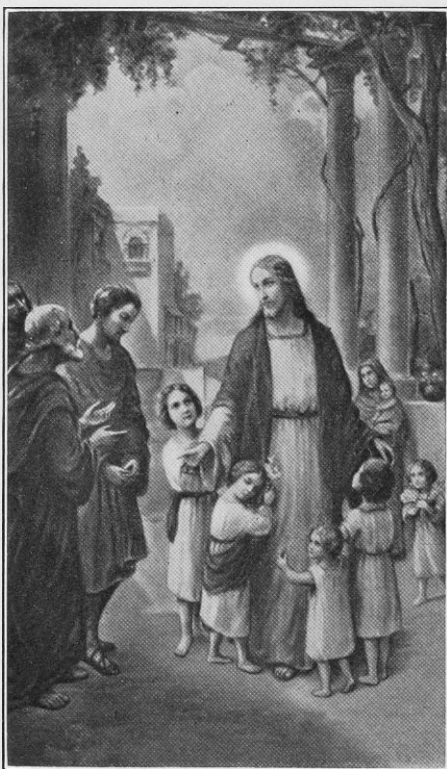
will give you a start in enjoying Jesus. Looking at Jesus, listening to Jesus, talking to Jesus—all this is prayer. It is work, too, but it is happy work—this work of meeting Jesus.

But you must use this little book rightly if it is to bring you to Jesus. You cannot read it quickly just to see what it says and then lay it aside. When you begin to read be sure to read the dark print slowly. It contains a little story about our Lord. It must be read a few words at a time. Look carefully at every move the people in the story make. Listen to every word they say. When Jesus comes into the picture put your whole mind on Him. Look at Him. See His kind, sweet face. Listen to His every word. Make this “mind picture” as real as you can.

Tell Jesus how much you love Him. Tell Him too, about your sorrows, your faults, your wishes and your joys. He will listen to you and help you.

The prayers in this little book were made by children. They are only the simple little talks they had with Jesus. Your prayers will tell you how your friendship with Him is growing.

THE AUTHOR.



Suffer the little children to come unto  
Me.

## **Jesus, the Kind Friend**

And they brought young children to Him that He might touch them. And the disciples rebuked those that brought them.

Whom when Jesus saw, He was much displeased and said to them: Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not. For of such is the Kingdom of God. . . .



**And embracing them, laying His Hands upon them, He blessed them (Mark x. 13).**

See Jesus sitting under a tree by the roadside. See the crowd of noisy children with their mothers hurrying toward Him. Hear His friends, His disciples, saying to the mothers: "The master is tired. Take those children away from here. Can't you wait until tomorrow?" Then listen to the voice of Jesus, "Let the children come unto Me and forbid them not." They are not afraid. They crowd around Him. They lean against His knees. They offer Him candy and flowers. One lad climbs upon Him until his curly head rests upon the Sacred Heart. The mothers only wanted Jesus to touch their children. But Jesus puts His arms around each child and blesses him. His friends would make the children wait until tomorrow but the Sacred Heart of Jesus wants them now.

Jesus wants you just as He wanted those children. He wants you now. He is saying to you, "Come unto Me." He is waiting to bless you. His arms are open to embrace you.

Put yourself into the picture. Choose the place you like. You may kneel at His feet. You may climb upon His knees. You may rest your head upon His breast close to His Sacred Heart.



Keep remembering: "Jesus wants me. He is waiting for me. I can really go to Him as those children did." In your heart, call to Him. Reach out your arms to Him and go.

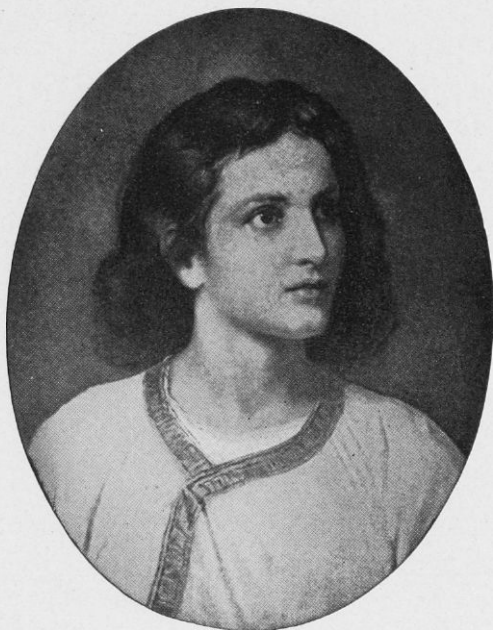
When you are close to Jesus you are often too happy to talk. You are just glad to be there. That is all right. When you do begin to talk, your prayer will be something like this:



### PRAYER

Dear Heart of Jesus, I am with you. You are as close to me as You were to those children long ago. And, Jesus, I want to tell You something. I want to whisper to You. It is this, I love You. Jesus, I love You a lot. I wish I could always have you.

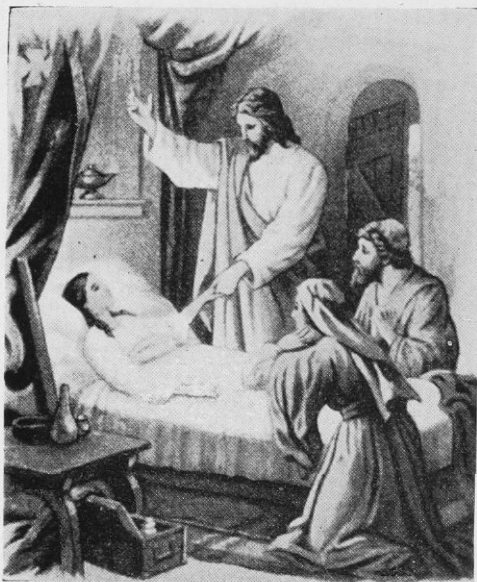
Jesus, I thought I'd have to wait till tomorrow to see You. Your friends said You were tired. Jesus, I couldn't wait till tomorrow. I wanted to come to You today. I'm glad You let me come. I guess You couldn't wait either, could You?



Jesus, wasn't mother good to bring me to You? You'll bless her too, won't You? See her, Jesus! She is right there waiting for me. My father didn't come, dear Jesus. He has to work hard all day to get food for us. You will bless him too? I will tell him You said You would bless him.

Jesus, will You make me good? Sometimes I get angry. But I'm sorry. Jesus help me to think about You when I feel myself getting angry.

Bless me now, Jesus, bless me and make me Your own little boy. Thank You, Jesus.



Jesus Raises the Dead

## Jesus, the Gentle Friend

As He was speaking these things unto them, behold a certain ruler came up, and adored Him, saying: Lord, my daughter is even now dead; but come, lay Thy hand upon her, and she shall live. And Jesus, rising up, followed him with His disciples.

And when Jesus was come into the house of the ruler and saw the minstrels and the multitude making a rout, He said: Give place, for the girl is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed Him to scorn.

**And when the multitude was put forth, He went in, and took her by the hand. And the maid arose. And the fame hereof went abroad into all the country (Matt. ix. 18).**

Follow the ruler in your mind as he goes to Jesus. See him on his knees before Jesus. Listen to his prayer, "Lay Thy hand upon her and she shall live." See the look of love and pity in the face of Jesus. Now He leaves the crowd to follow the poor father back to that house of sorrow.

How tenderly Jesus looks at the thin white face of the dead girl! Watch Him as He waits for the crowd to leave the child's room. He knows that He is going to bring the girl back to life. He doesn't want her to open her eyes and see that crowd. That would only frighten her. So He waits for the multitude to leave. Besides He wants the little girl to be alone with Him.

Then see just what Jesus does. He takes the little dead hand in His holy hand. He speaks two words, "Maiden, arise," and life flows from Jesus into the dead child. What a change takes place! Her heart begins to beat. Color comes back to her pale cheeks. She lives! The girl sits up. Her eyes open. They look right into the face of Jesus. Happy little girl!

Put yourself in her place and talk to Jesus.

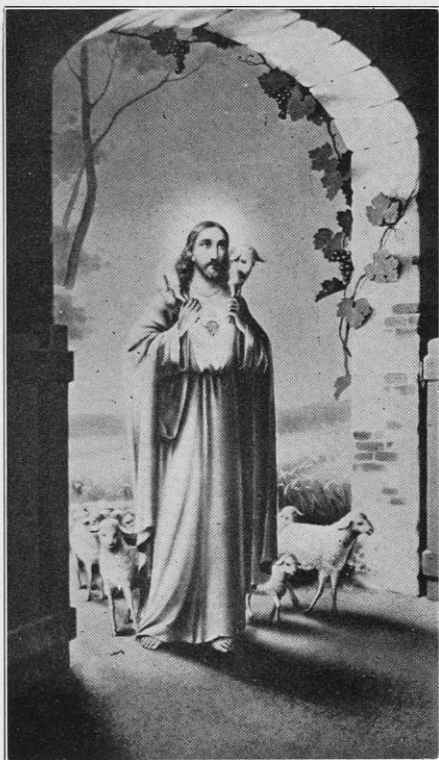
## PRAYER

Oh, is it You, dear Jesus? How good You are to come to me. I needed You. I wanted You so much. I thought You would never come. And now You are here. I have You all to myself. Jesus, I love You. How good You are to me! I suppose You have crowds of people waiting outside for You, and You are happy to stay with me. Stay here with me always, dear Lord.

Jesus, there is no make-believe about this. You are just as real to me in Holy Communion as You were to that little girl in her bed. When You come into my soul Your life flows into me just as it flowed into that dead child. If my soul is weak it becomes strong. If it is dark you fill it with Your light. Jesus, how can I thank You?

When the little girl saw You, Jesus, did she think she was in Heaven? Afterwards, did she often think about how You came that day and raised her from the dead? Did she love You all her life after that, dear Jesus?

Jesus, I want to love You all my life. I want to keep You always in my heart. I want to be alive with Your life. Then I will never forget You. Bless me, Jesus, please.



Jesus, the Good Shepherd

## **Jesus, the Good Shepherd**

When Jesus lived on earth He was very kind to sinners. He did everything He could do to win their love. Some people wondered at this. They thought our Lord was too kind to sinners. Jesus knew this so He asked them these questions:



**What man of you that hath an hundred sheep: and if he shall lose one of them, doth he not leave the ninety-nine in the desert, and go after that which was lost, until he find it?**

**And when he hath found it, lay it upon his shoulders, rejoicing: And coming home, call together his friends and neighbors, saying to them: Rejoice with me, because I have found my sheep that was lost? (Luke xv. 4, 5, 6.)**

See Jesus bringing home a naughty sheep that had run away. Whenever a child does wrong he is like this naughty sheep. He runs away from Jesus, his Good Shepherd. Remember how often *you* have been naughty. Tell Jesus how sorry you are for running away from Him. Thank Him for coming after you.

### PRAYER

Jesus, I'm sorry I gave You so much trouble. I want to have my own way, instead of obeying my father and mother. I often get angry and say sharp words but now I'm sorry. Jesus, I'm so ashamed! After all You did to make me happy, I didn't mind hurting You, and You forgot my meanness and came after me.

Jesus, how can I be so mean to You? How can You care for me at all? I feel too

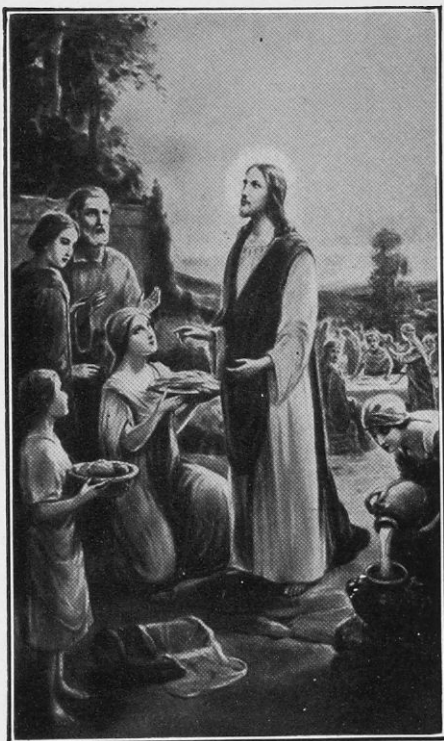


ashamed to talk to You. And just look where I am, dear Jesus. Here in Your loving arms, close to Your Sacred Heart.

Jesus, You ought to drop me and let me go, but I know You won't. Your Sacred Heart keeps right on loving me. Your tired feet keep coming after me. Your loving voice keeps right on calling me.

Jesus, no bad sheep is as mean as I am when I sin. The silly sheep doesn't know how good You are. But I do. I know how much You love me. But I go on pleasing myself and forgetting You.

Jesus, I'm sorry. I promise I won't be bad again, but You must help me. Jesus, if I let You come to me often in Holy Communion You could help me more, couldn't You? You would live in my heart, wouldn't You, Jesus? Then You would be with me when I worked, when I played, or when I went to bed. Then I wouldn't be bad again. You would be there in my heart keeping me good. Jesus, I will come to You often in Holy Communion.



He had fed over five thousand with a few loaves of bread and two fishes.

## **Jesus, the Strong Friend**

A great crowd is following Jesus. A short time ago He had fed over five thousand of these people with a few loaves of bread and two fishes. They were delighted with this food. They wanted Him to do this always. But now Jesus wants to teach them about the

Blessed Sacrament. This is how He tells them about it.

**The crowd said unto Him: Lord, give us always this bread. And Jesus said to them:**

**I am the bread of life: He that cometh to Me shall not hunger.**

**And he that believeth in Me shall never thirst.**

**And they therefore murmured at Him because He had said: I am the living Bread which came down from Heaven. Jesus therefore answered, and said to them: Murmur not among yourselves.**

**I am the bread of life.**

**This is the bread which cometh down from heaven.**

**If any man eat it, he may not die.**

**I am the living Bread which came down from heaven.**

**If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever.**

**And the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world.**

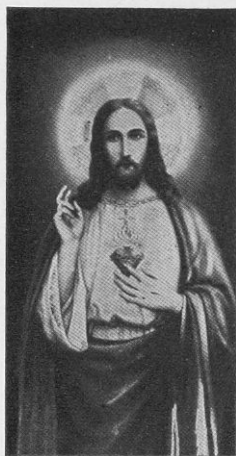
**Many of the disciples hearing this said: This is a hard saying. Who can hear it?**

**And many of the disciples went back and walked no more with Him.**

Stand there in the crowd. Hear Jesus' words. See how He tries to win the crowd. Hear the people murmuring, "How can He be bread? I don't believe Him. I'm going home."

He is disappointed. How bravely He goes on with His lesson. He tells them more about

the Blessed Sacrament. They won't believe Him at all. They walk away. Jesus is alone. Walk up to Him. Take His hand in yours and talk to Him.



### PRAYER

Jesus, this is a shame! Here You are promising these people Yourself in the Blessed Sacrament and they walk away and leave You. It's a shame.

Jesus, how can You give us the Blessed Sacrament after this? How could You dare trust Yourself to us? O, what a strong Friend You are! You give us this Gift anyway. I'm so glad those people didn't make You change Your mind!

Jesus, the Bread of Life, make me strong like You. You know what is right, and You do it no matter what happens. I know I ought to be truthful, but if the truth will get me into trouble I sometimes tell a lie.

I know I ought to obey my father and mother and teachers. But if I don't feel like obeying, I try to have my own way. Jesus, the Bread of Life, make my soul strong to do as I am told even against my own wish.

Jesus, I am often led into mischief by others. I like the crowd I go around with. I like to do as they do. If I don't go with the crowd, I'm left alone. Jesus, help me to remember that You were alone. Jesus, come into my heart. Let the life and strength from Your Sacred Heart flow into mine and make me what I ought to be, a Knight of the Sacred Heart.



I can't see You on the altar, Jesus, but  
I know You are there.

## **Jesus, the Hidden Friend**

Sometimes we feel far away from Jesus. God seems far away. Perhaps our souls are having stormy days and there is too much of school or play or shows instead of listening to Jesus. This little picture will help us to un-



derstand that God is always near. He may seem far away but He never is.

**And there was a certain ruler whose son was sick at Capharnaum. He having heard that Jesus was come from Judea into Galilee went to Him and prayed Him to come down and heal his son for he was at the point of death. Jesus said to him: Unless you see signs and wonders, you believe not.**

**The ruler said: Lord, come down before my son die. Jesus said to him: Go thy way; thy son liveth. The man believed the word which Jesus said and went his way.**

**And as he was going down, his servants met him and they brought him word that his son lived (John iv. 46).**

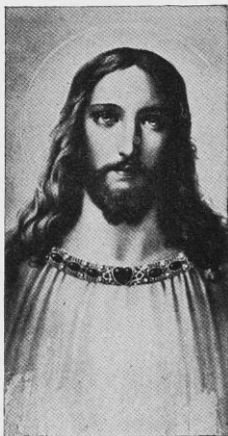
The sick-room does seem far away from Jesus. The sick boy doesn't even know Jesus. He doesn't ask for Jesus. The little lad turns to his father and says, "Daddy, don't let me die." See the poor father turn away from the child in tears. Poor Dad! He knows that only God can save the boy now. "God help me," he prays.

Now Jesus is at the other end of the country. He is teaching the crowd there, but He is in the sick-room, too. He sees the poor father. He hears his prayer for help. He pities the little boy who is afraid to die. He longs to help them both. But they cannot see Jesus. He seems far away.



Now this longing of the Sacred Heart to help sends an idea into the father's mind. He thinks to himself, "Jesus can cure my son. I will go and ask Him." So the father goes to Jesus. Hear him say, "Come down and heal my son." He says it again, "Lord, come down before my son die."

Now Jesus was in the boy's room all the time. He didn't have to go down to heal him. So when He said to the father, "Thy son liveth," at that moment He cured the boy.



#### PRAYER

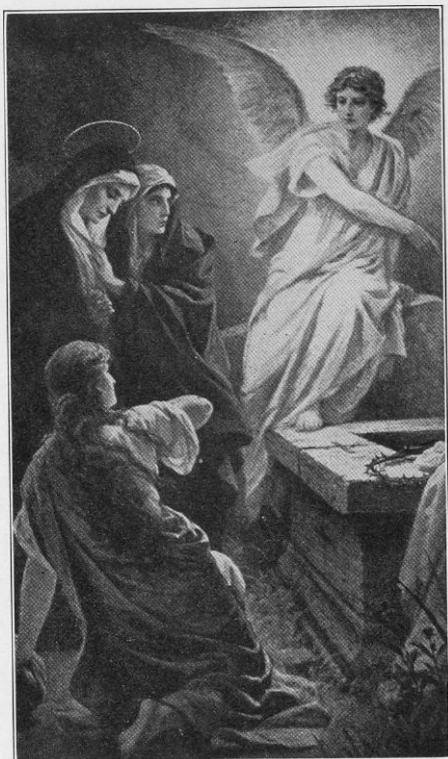
Dear Jesus, how near You were to that little boy and He didn't know it. He didn't know You as I do. You can't hide from me like that. I know that You are always with me. Even if I can't see You, I know You

are everywhere. I can't see You on the altar, Jesus, but I know You are there. I can't see You any place, but I know You are always near me. No matter how far away You seem to be—You are always near.

Jesus, did the little boy come to You after that? Did the father bring the boy to You so he could thank You? And did You bless them both? Or did the little boy come to look for You himself? Did he find You and say, "Jesus, I am the boy You made better. I want to thank You. I love You."

Dear Jesus, I love You in this picture. You feel so sorry for people who are sick. If I'm sick or afraid again, I'll remember that You are sorry for me and waiting to help me. I'm going to call You "My Hidden Friend." Bless me Jesus, and make me always remember that my Hidden Friend is near.





He is not here, for He is risen, as He said.

## **Jesus, the Joyous Friend**

The Sacred Heart of Jesus is so much like our own in some things. He likes to surprise those who love Him. The first Easter Sunday was a day of glad surprises for many of those who loved Jesus. He knew His friends were sorrowful because of His sufferings and

death and He wanted to turn their sorrow into joy. See how He surprised Mary Magdalene.

**But Mary stood at the sepulchre without, weeping. The angels said to her: Woman, why weepest thou? She saith to them: Because they have taken away my Lord; and I know not where they have laid Him.**

**When she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing; and she knew not that it was Jesus.**

**Jesus saith to her: Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, thinking it was the gardener, saith to Him: Sir, if Thou hast taken Him hence, tell me where Thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away. Jesus saith to her: Mary. She turning, saith to him: Master (John xx. 11, 13, 14, 15, 16).**

Put yourself into the picture. Talk to Jesus as you would if you met Him just after He had talked with Mary Magdalene.

### PRAYER

Jesus, how glad You were to give this surprise to Mary. You couldn't bear to have her crying and You came to her early on Easter Sunday.

It was nice of you to look like a gardener. If Mary knew You right away perhaps she would have been frightened. You wouldn't want to frighten her, would You, Jesus?



The priest says that's one reason why You come to us in Holy Communion under the form of bread. You don't want to frighten us by showing us Your power and glory. Jesus, You are always so good to us. You are always doing kind things for us, in a way that won't frighten us.

Are Your angels surprised when You come to me in Holy Communion, Jesus? Can they tell that I'm Your friend? Sometimes I'm afraid they can't tell. When I'm selfish and lazy and bad tempered, I'm not much like a friend of Yours. Jesus, only You are so good, I wouldn't dare tell You again that I am sorry. But You believe me no matter how often I fail You. Dear Sacred Heart keep on trusting me. With Your help I will be a true friend like Mary Magdalene.



My Lord and my God!

## **Jesus, the Loving Friend**

After our Lord had risen from the dead, He enjoyed visiting His Apostles. When Jesus came, one Apostle, Thomas, was not with the others. He was so disappointed at missing our Lord's visit that He wouldn't believe what the others told him about the



visit. He was bad tempered and sulky. How gently our Lord cured him!

**Now Thomas, one of the twelve, was not with them when Jesus came.**

**The other disciples therefore said to him: We have seen the Lord. But he said to them: Except I shall see in His Hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe.**

**And after eight days, again His disciples were within, and Thomas with them. Jesus cometh, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst and said: Peace be to you.**

**Then He saith to Thomas: Put in thy finger hither, and see My hands, and bring hither thy hand, and put it into My side; and be not faithless, but believing.**

**Thomas answered, and said to Him: My Lord and my God! (John xx. 25-28).**

### **PRAYER**

Dear Jesus, I'm glad You came back for Thomas. It must have been hard for him to have missed You. I know he ought not to have sulked the way he did, but his heart was sore. If that happened to me, I don't know what I'd do.

But Jesus, You understood Thomas. You knew how sore his heart was. You knew he was disappointed. You didn't like the way





he behaved but You weren't angry with him. You felt sorry for him.

Jesus, who could read this story and not trust You? Here You are coming to Thomas to help him to get over his sulks. Here You are doing everything Thomas had asked when he was in a temper. Thomas is so surprised and so ashamed. And he ought to be.

Jesus, I am as bad as Thomas. Here I am before You. Let me fall down at Your feet. My Lord and my God! Jesus, let me kiss the wounds in Your hands and feet. And let me put my own heart into the wound in Your side, close to Your Sacred Heart.

Jesus, I'm very sorry for my sulks and temper. When I see You here ready to forgive me and to forget my sins, I am ashamed. Jesus, how much You must love me. No one else could love me like You. Jesus, my Lord and my God!



See My Heart. It is all on fire with  
love for men.

## **Jesus, Our Friend in the Tabernacle**

This is a true story, but it is not a Gospel story. The Gospel stories tell us about Jesus, the Son of God, when He lived on earth as a man. This story happened some years ago in a city in France.

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One day St. Margaret Mary was praying to Jesus in the tabernacle. She was a Sister and true friend of the Sacred Heart. She could talk to Jesus by the hour without getting tired.

All of a sudden the Sister saw a bright light beside the altar. She rubbed her eyes. She was afraid. Then she saw Jesus. He was brighter than any light she had seen. His five wounds were like five suns. His Sacred Heart could be seen. It was all on fire and there were thorns around it.

Jesus spoke gently to St. Margaret Mary. He told her not to be afraid. He pointed to His Sacred Heart and said: "See My Heart. It is all on fire with love for men. I have done everything I can to make men love Me. And still I have few real friends. Many people do not care for My love. Please tell them how much I love them."

Put yourself in St. Margaret Mary's place. Remember, Jesus is waiting in the tabernacle for you, just as He waited for St. Margaret Mary. Talk to Him.

#### PRAYER

Jesus, I know Your Heart must be on fire with love. Only You could love us enough to stay, day and night, on our altars without anyone near You. No wonder You are lonesome.

It is true, Jesus, that people don't care how much You do for them. Days when I come to visit You, the church is empty. Helen's father never comes near You. Bobby's

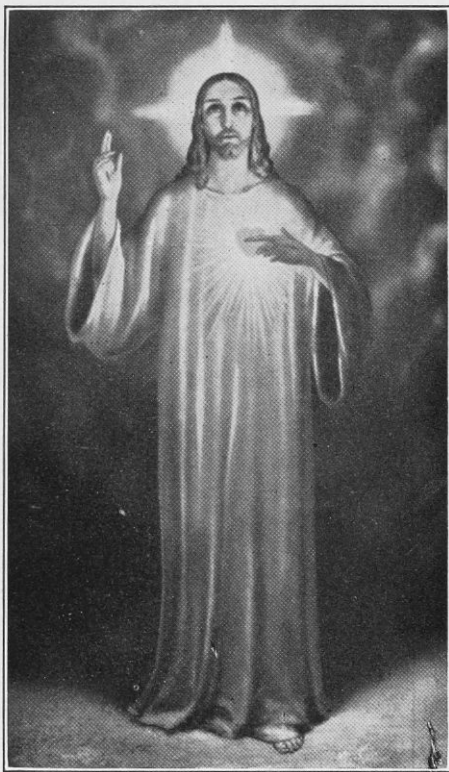
mother won't let him make his First Communion. Johnnie Smith, who lives next door, doesn't even know who You are.

Sometimes people come into the church and pass by Your little house. They light candles in honor of St. Anthony or the Little Flower and they do not stop to speak to You. That is too bad, Jesus. I'm sure St. Anthony and St. Thérèse don't like that.

Jesus, I want to be Your friend. I want to give You my heart "for keeps." I'd be ashamed to keep telling You this if I didn't know how good You are. You know how often I forget my promise to be good. But You want me to keep on trying. You want me to keep on loving You. You want me to keep on asking You for help.

Well, Jesus, I can do that much. No matter how often I forget, You will always be glad when I remember You again, and You will always give me the help I need.

Jesus, I wish I loved You more. Perhaps I could help other boys and girls to know and love You. Dear Sacred Heart of Jesus, help me to do this for You. It will be my way of proving to You that I love You.



## Morning Offering

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world, in reparation for my sins, for the intentions of all our associates, and in particular for the special intention of the League of the Sacred Heart.

