

††† *Jesus Mary Joseph* ††† **Humor for today** ††† *Jesus Mary Joseph* †††

I am only one, but I am still someone.

††† *Jesus Mary Joseph* †††

Jellyfish have survived this long without brains. This gives me hope for humanity.

††† *Jesus Mary Joseph* †††

A company owner was asked, “How do you motivate your employees to be so punctual?” He smiled and replied, “It’s simple. I have 30 employees and 29 free parking spaces. One is paid parking.”

††† *Jesus Mary Joseph* †††

THIS TOWN IS SO SMALL...

...the city jail is called Amoeba because it only has one cell.

...the New Year’s baby was born in October.

...there’s no place to go that you shouldn’t.

...Main Street is one block long and dead ends in both directions.

...Second Street is in the next town over.

...the ZIP code is a fraction.

...a “Night on the Town” takes only 11 minutes.

†††**JMJ**††† **This is Serious** †††**JMJ**†††

You can find sermons for the Fourth Sunday of Lent at

<https://jmjsite.com/4th%20Sunday%20of%20Lent.html>

††† *Jesus Mary Joseph* †††

Considerations and Motives to Excite in Our Souls a Lively Sorrow for Our Sins

An Act of Contrition and Purpose of Amendment

O my Crucified Lord, behold me prostrate at Thy feet with the deepest feelings of humility and confusion, acknowledging myself guilty of so many grievous offenses against Thee. Have mercy, O tender Father, have mercy upon this my soul, which Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious Blood. Have mercy upon this Thy prodigal child, who now returns to Thee weeping and penitent. I acknowledge and confess, O my God, that I am guilty of innumerable faults, and of the malice pertaining to each one of them. I am guilty of having outraged Thy goodness. I have a thousand times deserved Hell, and should be already burning in its flames, had not Thy mercy waited for my repentance. I am deeply penitent, O my God, for having done so much evil to my soul by my shameful sins, but far more do I grieve, and does my heart reproach me, when I reflect that in sinning I have offended Thee, my Sovereign Good. Oh, how dreadful it is to behold my Jesus nailed to a Cross by my hands! O Jesus! Have my sins then rendered Thee the Man of Sorrows? I see those sharp thorns which are the unhappy fruit of my proud and impure thoughts. I see those painful Wounds which my guilty pleasures have inflicted on Thy virginal Body. I see that Heart pierced through and through, in consequence of my sinful affections. Ah, my sweet Jesus! Since Thy mercy has led me to Thy feet, let me here die of grief, let my soul be breathed forth in contrition for such shameful ingratitude. Yes, my Jesus, let this body of sin die, provided only my soul may live. I asked this favor of Thee, through that most precious Blood which flows from thy dying limbs – look at me, O my Jesus, prostrate at the foot of Thy Cross, and already sprinkled with Thy most precious Blood. It is not I who speak to Thee, my beloved Redeemer, but Thy Blood which calls loudly for pity, mercy, and pardon, and implores for me the grace of an unbounded hatred for sin, and that I may die a thousand times rather than ever lose Thy grace again. O my God! O Father of mercies! Look upon Thy Son, crucified and dying for my sake, to make satisfaction for my sins. In His Name, through the merits of His sacred Passion, of His scourging, of His crowning with thorns, of His Blood, and of His death, look at my sinful soul with eyes of compassion and mercy; give me a most sincere and burning contrition for my sins. I repent, O Lord, I repent of them all, and I am grieved above every other evil for having offended Thy infinite Goodness, Thou, my Sovereign Good, Thou, who art a Being of infinite perfection, the Fountain of all good, the Author of all good, the Perfection of all perfection, and infinitely worthy of being loved, obeyed, served, and honored.

And I, miserable, vile creature as I am, instead of serving, honoring, obeying, and loving Thee, have outraged, insulted, and abandoned Thee; I have transgressed Thy most holy law to gratify the shameful caprices of my corrupted heart and perverse will. I would willingly die at Thy feet of grief for having offended Thee, my God, and for having been by my sins the guilty cause of the death of Jesus. I am resolved, and firmly propose, by the help of Thy grace, to die a thousand times rather than ever more offend Thee. Yes, O my God, I will fly sin, whatever it may cost me; I will avoid all occasions of sin; I will lead an entirely different life for the future; I will love Thee with my whole heart; I will die rather than offend Thee more. My sweetest Mother, and Queen of Dolours, by those tears which thou didst shed at the foot of the Cross, obtain for me a most lively, sincere, pure sorrow for my sins, that so, when I receive absolution from the Minister of God, I may receive the abundant fruits of the Blood shed by thy Jesus for love of me. Do thou assist me that I may accuse myself of all my sins, detest them all, and thus recover the grace and friendship of my God.

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