The Prayer of Thanksgiving

(Note: Jesus' words below are in **red**, Faustina's in **black**; editorial headings and comments are in **blue**.)

Extract 9

September 17, 1937. O Jesus, I see so much beauty scattered around me, beauty for which I give You constant thanks. But I see that some souls are like stone. Always cold and unfeeling. Even miracles hardly move them. Their eyes are always fixed on their feet, and so they see nothing but themselves.

You have surrounded my life with Your tender and loving care, more than I can comprehend, for I will understand Your goodness in its entirety only when the veil is lifted. I desire that my whole life be but one act of thanksgiving to You, O God.

Thank You, O God for all the graces which unceasingly You lavish upon me, graces which enlighten me with the brilliance of the sun, for by them You show me the sure way.

Thank You, O Lord for creating me,
For calling me into being from nothingness,
For imprinting Your divinity on my soul,
The work of sheer merciful love.

Thank you O God, for Holy Baptism
Which engrafted me into Your family,
A gift great beyond all thought or expression
Which transforms my soul.

Thank You O God, for Holy Confession,
For that inexhaustible spring of great mercy,
For that inconceivable fountain of graces
In which sin-tainted souls become purified.

Thank You, O Jesus, for Holy Communion,
In which you give us Yourself.
I feel Your Heart beating within my breast
As you cause Your divine life to unfold within me.

Thank You, O Holy Spirit, for the Sacrament of Confirmation,
Which dubs me Your Knight
And gives strength to my soul at each moment,
Protecting me from evil.

Thank You, O God, for the grace of a vocation
For being called to serve You alone,
Leading me to make you my sole love,
An unequal honour for my soul.

Thank You, O Lord, for perpetual vows,
For that union of pure love,
For having deigned to unite Your pure Heart with mine
And uniting my heart to Yours in the purest of bonds.

Thank You, O Lord, for the Sacrament of Anointing
Which, in my final moments, will give me strength;
My help in battle, my guide to salvation,
Fortifying my soul till we rejoice forever.

Thank You, O God, for all the inspirations
That Your goodness lavishes upon me,
For the interior lights given my soul,
Which the heart senses, but words cannot express.

Thank You, O Holy Trinity, for the vastness of the graces
Which You have lavished on me unceasingly through life.
My gratitude will intensify as the eternal dawn rises,
When, for the first time, I sing to Your glory.

Diary 1284 - 1286 (Notebook IV)

Heaven