

# Few Good Friends



As though I could do something or were something, I cried to the Lord and begged him that I might remedy so much evil. It seemed to me that I would have given a thousand lives to **save one soul** out of the many that were being lost there. I realized I was a woman and wretched and incapable of doing any of the useful things I desired to do in the **service of the Lord**. All my longing was and still is that since **He has so many enemies and so few friends** that these **few friends be good ones**.

Carmel Clarion April-June 2010 pg 24 (W 1 1,5)