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**“Lord, there are so many souls who are so far from you!”**

I look at your Cross, my Jesus, and I rejoice in your grace, because your Calvary has won for us the reward of the Holy Spirit. And you give yourself to me, each day, lovingly, madly, in the Sacred Host.

26 August

And you have made me a son of God, and have given me your Mother to be mine. I can't be satisfied with just

giving thanks. My thoughts take flight: Lord, Lord, there are so many souls who are so far from you! Foster those yearnings for apostolate in your life, that many may get to know him and love him and come to feel loved by him. (The Forge, 27)

What respect, veneration and affection we should feel for every single soul when we realize that God loves it as his very own. (The Forge, 34)

Faced by apparent sterility in your apostolate you begin to detect the first waves of discouragement, which your faith rejects quite firmly. But you realize that you need a more humble, lively and operative faith. As someone who longs to bring health to souls, you should cry out like the father of that sick boy possessed by the devil: *Domine, adiuva incredulitatem meam!* -- Lord, help my unbelief! Have no doubt: the

miracle will be performed again.  
(The Forge, 257)

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