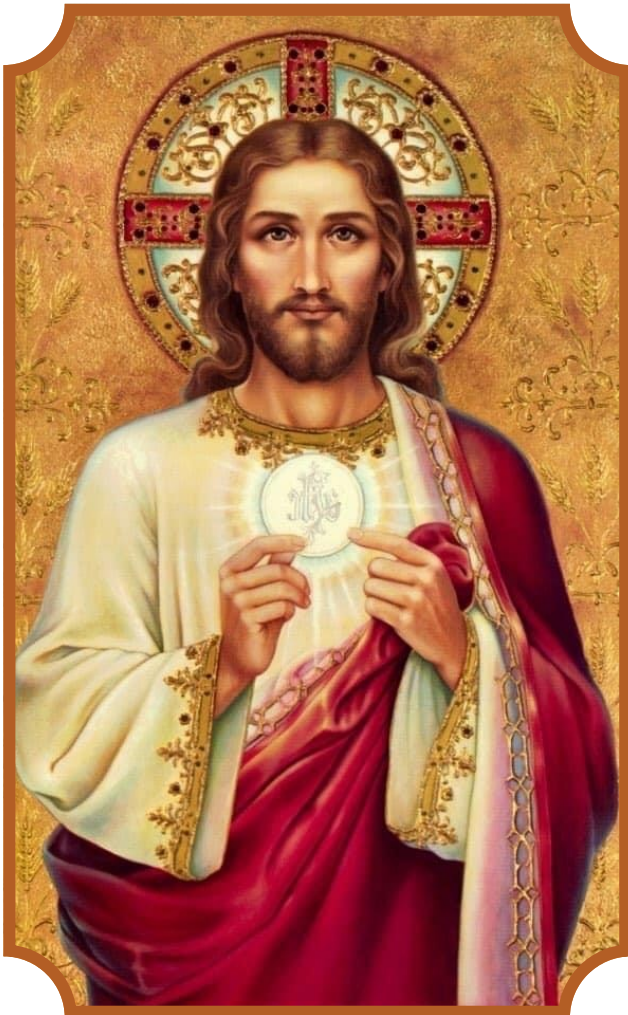


# LITANY TO THE BLESSED HOST

— Saint Faustina Kowalska

(For private recitation only.)



*O Blessed Host, in golden chalice  
enclosed for me,  
That through the vast wilderness of  
exile I may pass  
pure, immaculate, undefiled;  
Oh, grant that through the power of  
Your love  
This might come to be.*

*O Blessed Host, take up Your dwelling  
within my soul,  
O Thou my heart's purest love!  
With Your brilliance the darkness  
dispel.*

*Refuse not Your grace to a humble  
heart.*

*O Blessed Host, enchantment of all  
heaven,  
Though Your beauty be veiled  
And captured in a crumb of bread,  
Strong faith tears away that veil.*

O Blessed Host, in whom is  
contained the testament of God's  
mercy for us, and especially for  
poor sinners.

O Blessed Host, in whom is  
contained the Body and Blood of the  
Lord Jesus as proof of infinite mercy  
for us, and especially for poor  
sinners.

O Blessed Host, in whom is  
contained life eternal and of infinite  
mercy, dispensed in abundance to  
us and especially to poor sinners.

O Blessed Host, in whom is  
contained the mercy of the Father,  
the Son, and the Holy Spirit toward  
us, and especially toward poor  
sinners.

O Blessed Host, in whom is  
contained the infinite price of mercy  
which will compensate for all our  
debts, and especially those of poor  
sinners.

O Blessed Host, in whom is  
contained the fountain of living  
water which springs from infinite  
mercy for us, and especially for  
poor sinners.

O Blessed Host, in whom is  
contained the fire of purest love  
which blazes forth from the bosom  
of the Eternal Father, as from an  
abyss of infinite mercy for us, and  
especially for poor sinners.

O Blessed Host, in whom is  
contained the medicine for all our  
infirmities, flowing from infinite  
mercy, as from a fount, for us and  
especially for poor sinners.

O Blessed Host, in whom is contained the union between God and us through His infinite mercy for us, and especially for poor sinners.

O Blessed Host, in whom are contained all the sentiments of the most sweet Heart of Jesus toward us, and especially poor sinners.

O Blessed Host, our only hope in all the sufferings and adversities of life.

O Blessed Host, our only hope in the midst of darkness and of storms within and without.

O Blessed Host, our only hope in life and at the hour of our death.

O Blessed Host, our only hope in the midst of adversities and floods of despair.

O Blessed Host, our only hope in the midst of falsehood and treason.

O Blessed Host, our only hope in the midst of the darkness and godlessness which inundate the earth.

O Blessed Host, our only hope in the longing and pain in which no one will understand us.

O Blessed Host, our only hope in the toil and monotony of everyday life.

O Blessed Host, our only hope amid the ruin of our hopes and endeavors.

O Blessed Host, our only hope in the midst of the ravages of the enemy and the efforts of hell.

O Blessed Host, I trust in You when the burdens are beyond my strength and I find my efforts are fruitless.

O Blessed Host, I trust in You when storms toss my heart about and my fearful spirit tends to despair.

O Blessed Host, I trust in You when my heart is about to tremble and mortal sweat moistens my brow.

O Blessed Host, I trust in You when everything conspires against me and black despair creeps into my soul.

O Blessed Host, I trust in You when my eyes will begin to grow dim to all temporal things and, for the first time, my spirit will behold the unknown worlds.

O Blessed Host, I trust in You when my tasks will be beyond my strength and adversity will become my daily lot.

O Blessed Host I trust in You when the practice of virtue will appear difficult for me and my nature will grow rebellious.

O Blessed Host, I trust in You when hostile blows will be aimed against me.

O Blessed Host, I trust in You when my toils and efforts will be misjudged by others.

O Blessed Host, I trust in You when Your judgments will resound over me; it is then that I will trust in the sea of Your mercy.

+Most Holy Trinity, I trust in Your infinite mercy. God is my Father and so I, His child, have every claim to His divine Heart; and the greater the darkness, the more complete our trust should be.

—*Divine Mercy in My Soul: Diary of Saint Faustina*, #159, 356-357.