

Exercise for a Happy Death

When my feet, benumbed in death, shall warn me that my mortal course is drawing to a close—Merciful Jesus, have mercy on me!

When my eyes, dim and troubled at the approach of death, shall fix themselves on thee, my last and only support—Merciful Jesus, have mercy on me!

When my ears, soon to be shut forever to the words of men, shall be opened to hear your voice pronouncing the sentence of my irrevocable doom—Merciful Jesus, have mercy on me!

When I shall have lost the use of my senses; when the world shall have vanished from my sight; when my agonizing soul shall feel the sorrow of death—Merciful Jesus, have mercy on me!

St. John Bosco