

**1915**

*23 May, 1915*

Tomorrow I leave to take up my military service in the Medical Corps. Where will they send me? To the front perhaps? Shall I ever return to Bergamo, or has the Lord decreed that my last hour shall be on the battlefield? I know nothing; all I want is the will of God in all things and at all times, and to work for his glory in total self-sacrifice. In this way, and in this way only, can I be true to my vocation and show in my actions my real love for my country and the souls of my fellows. My spirit is willing and cheerful. Lord ,Jesus, keep me always so; Mary, my kind Mother, help me "that in all things Christ may be glorified".