

As thou knewest, o soul that lovest God, that it is a weak house yet wherein thou art, thou didst light thy lanterns and put oil in thy lamps and didst not allow them to go out until they came and summoned thee.

Thy wares that thou hast made, behold, they have gone before thee: part of them will follow thee, part of them will overtake thee. Rejoice therefore and be glad as thou steppest before the judge.

Thou hast left behind thee the hunger and thirst of death, thou hast reached thy city of Light wherein there is no hunger or thirst.

Implore thy Father to have mercy upon us, do not leave us

...

A custom both sweet and bitter is the intercourse of this flesh,

...

Its laughter is weeping and its sweetness bitterness.

Henceforth thou hast no cares, for thou hast left the house of care behind, even the body of death, and hast cast it down before the face of its enemies.