



*"There are those who think I am like those nice old people who spend their time mumbling some prayer. I think, and that is exhausting. I am not necessarily impressed by my being blind, because that would make me sad; I cannot see my hand today, but I can still count my fingers. I would much rather think about the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit than about something that does not matter, except to souls that follow that path."*

(Pouget)