

“ Being in jail in Angoulême due to debts, meditating [...] he had smelt the stench of sulphur and fire on his feet, which proved Purgatory existed, punishing the heretics’ error. [...]

Being out of jail, on the Saturday after Christmas, by night, having meditated, he continued, joined hands and crossed feet, in his bed, he had felt something on his face and mouth, something he could not detect as it was midnight. Being in this state of mind, he felt like singing all David’s canticles, starting with Dixit Dominus, etc until the end, finishing with the Miserere and De Profundis. Singing, he felt he was playing the trumpet, making the same music as the trumpet in war time.”