

Love, rejected, turns into fire of chastisement. The soul in the Divine Will participates in the pains of rejected love. The pain of Jesus of feeling suffocated on the Cross.

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen all panting and oppressed.

But what oppressed Him the most were the flames of His love which, while coming out of Him to be released, were forced by human ingratitude to be imprisoned again.

Oh! how His Most Holy Heart was suffocated by Its own flames, and asked for refreshment.

Then He told me:

“My daughter, relieve Me, I cannot take any more; my flames devour Me. Let Me enlarge your heart so as to place in it my rejected love, and the sorrow of my own love. Ah! the pains of my love surpass all of my pains together.”

Now, as He was saying this, He put His mouth at the place of my heart and breathed hard into it, in such a way that I felt it swell. Then He touched it with His hands, as if He wanted to make it larger, and He breathed into it again. I felt as if I were about to die, but not paying attention to me, He would continue to breathe into it. (...)

And He said to me:

“Daughter of my Heart, I wanted to close, with my seal, my love and my pain which I have placed in you, so as to let you feel how terrible is the pain of constrained love, of rejected love. My daughter, patience. You will suffer very much - this is the hardest pain. But it is your Jesus, your Life, who wants this relief from you.”(...)

But, not content with this, He clasped my throat strongly with His hands, to the point that I felt the bones and the nerves of my throat snap, so much so, as to feel suffocated.

Then, after He left me in that position for some time, all tenderness, He told me: ***“Courage, such is the state in which the present generation finds itself – and in all classes. The passions that dominate it are such and so many that the creatures are drowned by their own passions and by the ugliest vices.***

The rot, the mud, is so much that it is about to submerge them. This is why I wanted to make you suffer the pain of choking your throat: this is the pain of the extreme excesses; and no longer able to bear the sight of humanity suffocated by its own evils,

I wanted a reparation from you. However, know that ***I too suffered this pain.***

When they crucified Me, they stretched Me on the Cross so much as to tear all my nerves, to the point that I felt them snap and twist. *And those of my throat suffered a greater pain and tearing, which was such that I felt suffocated.*

It was the cry of humanity submerged by passions which, clasping my throat, drowned Me with pains. This pain of mine was terrible and horrible – how I felt the nerves and the bones of my throat being stretched, to the point of feeling all the nerves of my head, of my mouth, and even of my eyes, being snapped.

The tension was such that every small movement made Me feel mortal pains - now I would become motionless, now I would writhe so much as to batter against the Cross in a horrible way, to the extent that even the enemies were terrorized.

Therefore, I repeat to you – courage, my Will will give you strength for everything.”

