

**I have covered Myself with the Eucharistic veils so as not to strike fear.**

After I received Communion, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen  
And as soon as I saw Him, I threw myself at His feet, to kiss them and to cling to Him with all  
of myself. And Jesus, extended His hand to me and **He told me**:

“My daughter, come into my arms, and even inside my Heart.  
I have covered Myself with the Eucharistic veils so as not to strike fear.

I have descended into the deepest abyss of humiliations in this Sacrament in order  
- to raise the creature up to Me,  
- to identify her with Me, so much as to form one single thing with Me.  
And, by letting my Sacramental Blood flow inside her veins,  
- to constitute Myself life of her heartbeat, of her thought, and of her whole being.

***My love devoured Me and wanted to devour the creature in my flames,  
- to make her be reborn as another Me.***

This is why I wanted to hide Myself under these eucharistic veils and so, hidden,  
enter into her ***to form this transformation of the creature into Myself.***

But in order for this transformation to take place,  
- the dispositions were needed on the part of creatures.

And my Love, giving in to excess, in instituting the Sacrament of the Eucharist,  
- released from within my Divinity more Graces, Gifts, Favors and Light for the good of  
man, to render him worthy to receive Me.

I could say that it released so much good as to surpass the gifts of Creation.  
First, I wanted to give him  
- the graces in order for him to receive Me,  
and then Myself, to give him the true fruit of my Sacramental Life.

However, in order to anticipate souls with these gifts, it takes  
- a little emptying of themselves,  
- hate of sin, and  
- desire to receive Me.

These gifts do not descend into rot, into mud.

Therefore, without my gifts they do not have the true dispositions to receive Me.  
And in descending into them, I do not find the space to communicate my Life.

I am as though dead for them, and they are dead for Me.  
I burn, and they do not feel my flames. I am light, and they remain more blinded.  
Alas! how many sorrows in my Sacramental Life.