Jesus forms His real Life, not mystical Life, in the soul who lives in His Will, as in a living host.

Now, while I was pouring out my pain with Jesus, He made Himself seen in my interior And the sacramental veils formed as though a mirror, and Jesus was inside of it - alive and real.

And my sweet <u>Jesus told me</u>: "My daughter, this mirror is the accidents of the bread which keep Me imprisoned within them.

I form my Life in the host, but the host does not give Me anything

- not one affection,
- not a heartbeat,
- not the littlest 'I love you.'

It is as though dead for Me. I remain alone, without a shadow of requital.

And therefore my Love is almost impatient to go out, to shatter this glass, - to descend into hearts in order to find in them that requital which the Host does not know how to give Me, nor can it do so.

But do you know where I find my true requital? In the soul who lives in my Will.

As I descend into her heart, immediately I consume the accidents of the Host. Because I know that more noble accidents, more dear to Me, are ready to imprison Me, - so as not to let Me go out of that heart,

which will give Me, not only life within itself - but life for Life.

I will not be alone, but with my most faithful company. *We will be two hearts palpitating together.*

We will love united, our desires will be one. So, I remain in her, and there I live Life, alive and real, just as I do in the Most Holy Sacrament.

But do you know what these accidents are, which I find in the soul who does my Will?

They are her acts done in my Volition which, more than accidents,

lay themselves around Me and imprison Me,

- but inside a noble and divine prison, not a dark one,

because her acts done in my Will, more than sun, illuminate her and warm her.

Oh! how happy I feel to form my real Life in her.

Because I feel as if I were inside my Celestial Royal Palace.

Look at Me inside your heart

- how happy I am, how I delight and feel the purest joys." (...)