

**“ I want you to make my Pains, my Prayers and all of Myself your own,
in such a way that I may find in you another Myself. “**

I was afflicted because of the privations of my sweet Jesus
And if He comes, while I breathe a little bit of life,
I am left more afflicted in seeing Him more afflicted than I am.

He does not want to hear about placating Himself,
because creatures force Him, and snatch more scourges from Him.

But while He scourges, He cries over the lot of man.

And He hides deep inside my heart, almost not to see what man suffers.

It seems that one can no longer live in these sad times.
Yet, it seems that this is only the beginning.

Then, as I was worried about my hard and sad lot of having to be so very often without Him, my sweet **Jesus came**, and throwing one arm around my neck, **told me**:

“My daughter, do not increase my pains by worrying – they are already too many.
I do not expect this from you.

On the contrary,

***I want you to make my pains, my prayers and all of Myself your own,
- in such a way that I may find in you another Me.***

In these times I want great satisfactions

And only one who makes Me his own can give them to Me.

That which the Father found in Me

- ***Glory, Delight, Love, Satisfactions*** whole and perfect, and for the good of all ,
I want to find in these souls,
- like as many other Jesuses that match Me.

These intentions you must repeat

- in each Hour of the Passion that you do,
- in each action
- in everything.

If I do not find my satisfactions – ah, it is over for the world!

The scourges will pour down in torrents.

Ah, my daughter! Ah, my daughter!”

And He disappeared.