

**The Purgatory of a soul for having neglected Communion.**

*(...) After this, I saw a soul from Purgatory* who, upon seeing us, hid and shunned us. And the blushing she felt was such that she was as though crushed. I was surprised that instead of running to the Baby, she would run away. Jesus disappeared, and I drew near her asking the reason for it.

She was so ashamed that she could not utter a word, but as I forced her, she told me: “Just Justice of God, for having sealed upon my forehead confusion and such fear of His Presence that I am forced to shun Him. I act against my own will, because while I am consumed with yearning for Him, another pain inundates me, and I shun Him. Oh, God – *to see Him, and to shun Him – these are mortal and unutterable pains!*”

However, I have deserved these pains, distinct from those of other souls, because in conducting a devout life, many times I made abuse by not receiving Communion because of trifles, temptations, coldnesses, fears, and sometimes even in order to be able to bring reasons to my confessor and let him hear that I was not receiving Communion.

Souls hold all this as nothing  
But God judges it most severely, giving it pains which surpass the other pains,  
***because these are defects more directed to Love.***

In addition to all this, ***Jesus Christ in the Most Blessed Sacrament burns with Love and with the desire to give Himself to souls.***  
He feels Himself dying continuously with Love, and when the soul can draw near Him to receive it, but does not – or even more, she remains there indifferent with many useless pretexts – ***the affront and the displeasure He receives are such that He feels restless, burning, and cannot give vent to His flames.***

He feels as though suffocated by His own Love, finding no one with whom to share it, and almost gone mad, ***He keeps repeating:***

***‘The excesses of my Love are neglected – even more, they are forgotten.***  
*Even the ones who call themselves my spouses have no yearning to receive Me and to let Me pour Myself out with them at least.*

***Ah, in nothing am I requited!***  
***Oh! Oh! Oh! “I am not loved! I am not loved!”***

And so, to have me purged of this defect, the Lord has made me share in the pain which He suffers when souls do not receive Him.  
It is a pain, it is a sorrow, it is a fire, such that it can be said that the very fire of Purgatory, compared to it, is nothing.”

After this, I found myself inside myself, all stupefied, thinking about the pain of that soul, while here with us neglecting Communion is really held as nothing.