The Book of Heaven Volume 17- October 11, 1924 Luisa Piccarreta The love of God in creating the creature. Each sense is a communication between God and the soul.

"My daughter, why do you fear that I do not love you?

Ah! if you knew even just of my love for all creatures in general, you would be surprised.

With how much love did I not create the creature?

With how many senses did I not endow her?

Each sense was a communication that I left between Me and her.

Her thought was communication between my intelligence and hers.

Her eye was communication between her light and mine.

Her speech was a path of communication between her Fiat and Mine.

her heart, between her love and mine.

In sum, everything - breathing, motion, step

- everything, everything was communication between Me and the creature.

I acted as more than a father who, having to set a son up,

- not only prepares for him the house, the clothes, the food, and everything that can make his son happy,
- but gives virtue to his son,

and says to him:

'We will separate, it is true, but from afar

- you will feel my life, and I yours.
- You will feel my thought, and I yours;
- you, my breathing, my heartbeat, and I yours.

So, we will be far and near, separated and inseparable:

you will feel my life, and I, yours.'

But what the terrestrial father cannot do for his son, because it is impossible for him

- I, Celestial Father, did:

As this son of mine came out to the light,

- after I Myself had prepared for him the residence in this world,

I placed such a tight bond between Me and him,

- that I was to feel his life within Me, and the creature, Mine.

And this is my Love in general and for all.

What should I tell you, then, of the special love I have had for you?

Each suffering I have sent you was one more communication between Me and you, and therefore one more adornment with which I embellished your soul.

Each truth I have manifested to you was a particle of my qualities

- with which I embellished and filled your soul.

And after all this, you doubt about my love?

Each grace and each coming of mine to you were gifts that I poured upon you.

I did nothing but *multiply my communications almost at each instant*,

- so as to portray in you my various Beauties, my Likeness, that you might live with Me in Heaven, and I might live with you on earth.

Rather, I say to you: think about loving Me, and I will think of loving you ever more."