

## Day 4 – The Fourth Exces of My Love

“My Passion was conceived together with Me!”

The Book of Heaven - Volume 1

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“My daughter, from the devouring love, move on to look at my operative love.

Each conceived soul brought Me the burden  
- of her sins, of her weaknesses and passions.  
And my Love commanded Me to take the burden of each one of them.

And it conceived  
- not only the souls, but the pains of each one,  
- as well as the satisfaction which each one of them was to give to my Celestial Father.

**So my Passion was conceived together with Me.**

Look well at Me in the womb of my Celestial Mama.

***Oh! how tortured was my little Humanity!***

Look well at my little head, surrounded by a crown of thorns,  
- which, pressed tightly around my temples, made rivers of tears pour out from my eyes.  
Nor was I able to make a move to dry them.

O please! be moved to compassion for Me, dry my eyes from so much crying  
- you, who have free arms to be able to do it.  
These thorns are the crown of the so many evil thoughts which crowd the human minds.  
Oh! how they prick Me, more than thorns which sprout from the earth.

*But, look again – **what a long crucifixion of nine months:**  
- I could not move a finger or a hand or a foot. I was always immobile  
There was no room to be able to move even a tiny bit.*

***What a long and hard crucifixion, with the addition  
that all evil works, assuming the form of nails, continuously pierced my hands and feet.***

So He continued to narrate to me pains upon pains – all the martyrdoms of His little Humanity, such that, if I wanted to tell them all, I would be too long.

I abandoned myself to crying, and I heard in my interior:  
“My daughter, I would like to hug you, but I am unable to do so :  
- there is no place, I am immobile, I cannot do it.  
*I would like to come to you, but I am unable to walk.*

For now, you hug Me and you come to Me. Then, when I come out of the maternal womb, I will come to you.” But as I hugged Him and squeezed Him tightly to my heart with my imagination, an interior voice told me:

“Enough for now, my daughter. Move on to consider the fifth excess of my Love.”