

A Novena of Holy Christmas

Day 8 – The Eighth Exces of My Love

**“The Creator takes the form of a little baby so as not to strike fear in him.
He asks for the heart of the creature, at least as alms.
And in seeing that he does not want to give it, He supplicates, moans and cries”**

The Book of Heaven - Volume 1

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“My daughter, do not leave Me alone. Place your head upon the womb of my dear Mama, and even from the outside you will hear my moans and my supplications.

In seeing that neither my moans nor my supplications move the creature to compassion for my Love, ***I assume the attitude of the poorest of beggars.***

And stretching out my little hand, I ask - for pity's sake, and at least as alms
- for their souls, - for their affections and - for their hearts.

My Love wanted to conquer the heart of man at any cost

And in seeing that after seven excesses of my Love,
- he was still reluctant, he played deaf, he did not care about Me and
- he did not want to give himself to Me,
my Love wanted to push itself further. It should have stopped.

But no, it wanted to overflow even more from within its boundaries.
And from the womb of my Mama, It made my Voice reach every heart
- with the most insinuating manners,
- with the most fervent pleas, - with the most penetrating words.

And do you know what I said to them? ‘My child, give me your heart.

I will give you everything you want, provided that you give Me your heart in exchange.
I have descended from Heaven to make a prey of it.

O please, do not deny it to Me! Do not delude my hopes!’

And in seeing him reluctant – even more, many turned their backs to Me – I passed on to moaning. I joined my little hands and, crying, with a voice suffocated by sobs, ***I added:***

‘Ohh! Ohh! I am the little beggar; you don't want to give Me your heart - not even as alms?
Is this not a greater excess of my love.

- ***that the Creator***, in order to approach the creature,
takes the form of a little baby so as not to strike fear in him.

- ***that He asks for the heart of the creature, at least as alms.***

And in seeing that he does not want to give it, He supplicates, moans and cries?”

Then I heard Him say: “And you, don't you want to give Me your heart?

Or maybe you too want Me to moan, beg and cry in order to give Me your heart?

Do you want to deny Me the alms I ask of you?”

And as He was saying this I heard Him as though sobbing

And I: *‘My Jesus, do not cry, I give You my heart and all of myself.’*

Then, the interior voice continued: “Move further; pass on to the ninth excess of my Love.”