

**God is food and life of the soul.**

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little with a loaf of bread in His hand, as if He wanted to refresh me.

For I feel so ill because of His continuous privations that it seems

- that a mere thread of life keeps me alive, and
- that I would be reduced to ashes and consumed under this thread.

Then, after He refreshed me with that bread, **He told me:**

“My daughter,

the material bread is food and life for the body.

And there is no particle of the body which does not receive life from that bread.

In the same way, God is food and life of the soul.

And there must be no particle which does not take life and food from God – that is,

- animating all of oneself in God,
  - nourishing one’s desires in God, and
  - making one’s affections, inclinations and love take life and food in God,
- in such a way as to enjoy no other food but God alone.

But – oh, how many let their souls feed on all sorts of filth!”

Having said this, He disappeared.

And I found myself inside a church, and it seemed that various people were saying:

“Curse you, curse you...”,

as if they wanted to curse the blessed Lord and also creatures themselves.

I don’t know how, I comprehended all the weight of those maledictions, as though they signified the destruction of God and of themselves.

And I cried bitterly because of these maledictions.

Then I saw a priest celebrating at the altar, as if he were Our Lord.

And coming into the midst of those who had uttered those maledictions, He said with a solemn and authoritative voice: “***Maledicti, maledicti!***” (damned,damned !)

- at least twenty times or more.

And while He was saying this, it seemed that many thousands of people would fall dead – some from revolutions, some from earthquakes, some in the fire, some in the water.

It seemed to me that these chastisements were the precursors of nearing wars.

I cried, and **He**, drawing near me, **told me:**

“My daughter, do not fear, for I am not cursing you.

On the contrary, **I say to you:**

***‘benedicta’*** (Blessed!) thousands and thousands of times.

Cry and pray for these peoples.”