

**My Sacramental lot is even harder than my lot as an Infant in the grotto.
In the grotto, saint Joseph never left Me without the light of a little lantern at night.**

Afterwards, my sweet Jesus came back. He was a tender Little Baby, wailing, crying and shivering with cold. He threw Himself into my arms to be warmed. I squeezed Him so very tightly to myself. And according to my usual way, I fused myself in His Will in order

- to find the thoughts of all with mine, and
- to surround shivering Jesus with adorations from all created intellects.
- to find the gazes of all, and make all look at Jesus and distract Him from crying;
- to find the mouths, the words, the voices of all creatures,

that all might kiss Him so as not to make Him wail, and might warm Him with their breath. While I was doing this, the Infant Jesus stopped wailing and crying and, as though warmed.

He told me:

“My daughter,
did you see what made Me shiver, cry and wail? The abandonment of creatures.
You placed them all around Me; I felt I was being watched and kissed by all, so I stopped crying.

However, know that *my Sacramental lot is even harder than my lot as an Infant*.
Though cold, *the grotto* was spacious, and had air to breathe
The Host too is cold, but so small that I almost lack air.

In the grotto I had a manger with a little hay for bed.
In my Sacramental Life, I don't even have hay, and I have nothing but hard and ice cold metals for bed.

In the grotto I had my dear Mama

who took Me very often with her most pure hands, covered Me with ardent kisses in order to warm Me, soothed my crying, and nourished Me with her most sweet milk.

In my Sacramental Life it is all the opposite: I do not have a Mama.

If they take Me, I feel the touch of unworthy hands which smell like earth and muck.
Oh! how I feel their stench - more than the manure I smelled in the grotto.
Instead of covering Me with kisses, they touch Me with irreverent acts;
instead of milk, they give Me the bile of sacrileges, of indifference, and of coldness.

In the grotto, Saint Joseph never left Me without the light of a little lantern at night.
Here in the Sacrament, how many times I remain in the dark also at night!

Oh, how much more painful is my Sacramental lot!

How many hidden tears, not seen by anyone.
How many wails not listened to.
If my lot as an Infant moved you to pity, much more should my Sacramental lot move you to pity.”