

**In the grotto my dear father Saint Joseph acted as father to Me.
I felt all of his joys which he felt because of Me.**

(..)Then, after this, I was thinking about how unhappy was that grotto in which little Baby Jesus was born. How exposed it was to all winds and to cold, to the point of making one numb with icy cold. Instead of men, there were animals to keep Him company.

So I thought: 'Which prison was more unhappy and sorrowful – the prison of the night of His Passion, or the grotto of Bethlehem?'

And my sweet Baby added: "My daughter, the unhappiness of the prison of my Passion cannot be compared with the grotto of Bethlehem.

In the grotto I had my Mama near Me, soul and body.

She was with Me. Therefore I had all the joys of my dear Mama
And She had all the joys of Myself, Her Son, which formed our Paradise.

The joys of a mother who possesses her child are great.
The joys of possessing a mother are even greater.
I found everything in Her, and She found everything in Me.

***Then there was my dear father Saint Joseph who acted as father to Me
And I felt all of his joys which he felt because of Me.***

On the other hand, in my Passion, our joys were all interrupted
Because we were to give place to sorrow.
And between Mother and Son, We felt the great sorrow of the nearing separation, sensible at least, which was to occur with my death.

In the grotto, animals recognized Me, and honoring Me, they tried to warm Me with their breath. In the prison, not even men recognized Me, and in order to insult Me, they covered Me with spit and opprobrium.

So, there is no comparison between the two of them."