

**“I love you, I love you so much. And do you tell me that you love Me?”**  
**“I wait for your dear little refrain ‘I love You, I love Yo’”.**

My daughter,  
Heaven and earth are full and swollen with my Love  
There is no point where my Love doesn't feel the need to overflow,  
in order to go down and to race, and race in search of hearts in order to tell them his little word:  
**‘My child I love you, I love you so much, and do you tell me that you love me?’**

And He is all ears in order to hear if the creature says to Him that she loves Him.  
If this becomes affirmed He feels his love reassured in her, and He takes his sweet rest.

Instead if he does not become affirmed, he races, tours Heaven and earth nor does He stop,  
if he doesn't find one who says that she loves Him.

Now, **every ‘I love you’ of the creature is an outlet to my Love,**  
- which entering into Mine, incorporates itself in my same Love. (...)

**But this Love then is pure, when it is animated by my Will.**

Do you see therefore what is your long sing-song of your **‘I love You’**?  
They are so many vents that you give to your Jesus, and they call Me to rest in your soul.

**Therefore I want that you always tell me your ‘I love You’,**  
I want to see it in all the things that I have done for you,  
I love to hear it always, always and when you don't say it to me, I am longing for it **and I say:**

‘Alas! Not even the little daughter of my Volition gives me the continuous outlet  
- in order to be able to vent in her little love’.  
And I remain all afflicted and I wait for your dear little refrain **‘I love You, I love You’**.

*Love Me, my daughter, love Me, have pity on my wounded Heart that is racked with spasms.*

Restless, delirious and lover, *I ask love of you*  
And eagerly I embrace you, I clasp you strongly, strongly to my heart  
- in order to make you feel how I burn with love,  
so that feeling my flames, it moves you to pity Me and love Me.

Oh! **Make Me content, love Me**  
When I am not loved, I feel unfortunate in my Love, and therefore I arrive to deliriums  
And when a compassionate heart is moved to pity Me, and she loves Me,  
- I feel the misfortune change into happiness.