

Day 26 - Painful Separation. Jesus in His Public and Apostolic Life.

When my beloved Jesus asked Me the permission to leave , because He did nothing without first telling Me, I felt a blow in my Heart.

But knowing that that was the Supreme Will, immediately I pronounced my Fiat
I did not hesitate one instant. And in my Fiat and the Fiat of my Son, We separated.

In the ardor of our love, He blessed Me, and He left Me.

I accompanied Him with my gaze as long as I could.

And then, withdrawing, I abandoned Myself in the Divine Will which was my life.

But – oh! power of the Divine Fiat !

This Holy Will never let Me loose sight of my Son, nor did He loose Me.

On the contrary, *I felt His heartbeat in mine, and Jesus felt mine in His.*

Dear child, I had received my Son from the Divine Will.

And whatever this Holy Will gives, is not subject either to ending or to separation

Its gifts are permanent and eternal. Therefore, my Son was mine.

No one could take Him away from Me - neither death, nor sorrow, nor separation.

Because the Divine Will had given Him to Me.

So, *our separation was only in appearance. In reality we were fused together.*

More so, ***since one was the Will that animated Us. How could We separate?***

Now, you must know that the Light of the Divine Will allowed Me to see how badly and with how much ingratitude they treated my Son. He directed His step towards Jerusalem His first visited the holy Temple, in which He began His teachings. But what a sorrow! His Word, full of life, bearer of peace, of love and of order, was misinterpreted and badly listened to - especially by the erudite and the learned of those times.

And when my Son said that He was the Son of God,

-the Word of the Father, the One who had come to save them,

they took such offense that they wanted to devour Him with their furious gazes.

Oh, how my beloved Good, Jesus, suffered!

His creative Word, rejected, made Him feel the death which they gave to His divine Word.

And I was all attention, all eyes, in looking at that Divine Heart, bleeding.

And I offered Him my maternal Heart to receive the same wounds,

- to console Him and give Him a support when He was about to succumb.

Oh! how many times, after imparting His Word,

I saw Him forgotten by all, without anyone who would offer Him a refreshment.

Alone - alone, outside of the city walls. Outside, under the vault of the starry heavens,

- leaning on a tree, crying and praying for the salvation of all.

And I, your Mama, cried with Him from in my little house. And in the Light of the Divine Fiat,

I sent Him my tears as refreshment, my chaste embraces and my kisses as comfort.

But in seeing Himself rejected by the great, the learned, my beloved Son did not stop, nor could He stop. ***His Love ran, because He wanted souls.***

So He surrounded Himself with the poor, the afflicted, the sick, the lame, the blind, the mute, *He became the Friend, the Father, the Doctor, the Teacher of the poor.*