

“Warm my Son with your affections.”
“Do you promise Me always to be victim for love of Me?”

Finally, after long suffering, **my dear Queen Mama** came, carrying the celestial Baby on Her lap, wrapped in a little cloth, all shivering.

She placed Him in my arms, telling me:

“My daughter, warm Him with your affections.

Because my Son was born

- in extreme poverty,

- in the complete abandonment of men, and

- in highest mortification.”

Oh, how pretty He was, with His celestial Beauty!

I took Him in my arms and I clasped Him to myself to warm Him,

because He was almost numb with cold, since He had nothing else to cover Him but one little cloth.

After I warmed Him as much as I could,

my tender little Baby, moving His purple lips, told me:

“Do you promise Me always to be victim for love of Me,

- just as I am for love of you?”

And I: ‘Yes, my little Treasure, I promise You.’

And He: “I am not content with the word.

I want an oath, and also an underwriting with your blood.”

And I: ‘If obedience wants it, I will do it.’

He seemed to be all content, and He added:

“From the moment I was born, **I always kept my Heart offered in sacrifice,**

- to glorify the Father,

- for the conversion of sinners, and

- for the people who surrounded Me,

and who were my most faithful companions in my pains.

In the same way, *I want your heart to be in this continuous attitude,*

- offered in spirit of sacrifice for these three purposes.”