

I felt oppressed because of the privation of my sweet Jesus. And I did nothing but call Him, desire Him - but in vain. After much hardship, when I could take no more, He came.
Who knows how many things I wanted to tell Him. But He rose up high without giving me time.

And I looked at Him and called Him: ‘Jesus, Jesus, come!’
He too looked at me, and He let a dew rain upon me from His Person, which beaded all of me.
This dew drew Him toward me, in such a way that *He* lowered Himself toward me and **told me:**

“My daughter, the desire of the soul to see Me tears the veil which exists between time and eternity.
And her repeated desire makes her take flight to come close to Me.
My love is almost restless when I see that the soul yearns for Me and I do not make Myself seen.
And only then does she calm herself
-when I not only make Myself seen, but I give her new charisms and new pledges of love.

My Love is always in the act of wanting to give new pledges of love to the creature.
And as soon as It sees that my Will takes the operating and directing role of giving Itself to the creature, my Love makes feast, runs - flies toward her, and becomes the cradle of man.

And if It sees that she does not rest in Its cradle, It rocks her and sings for her, to make her rest and sleep on Its lap. And while she sleeps, It breathes into her mouth to give her new life of Love.
If It sees from her interrupted breath that her heart is not happy,
-by sending her Its breath, my Love forms the cradle for her within her heart
-so as to take bitternesses, hindrances and bothers away from her, and make her happy with Love.
And when she wakes up - oh, how my Love rejoices -in seeing her reborn, happy and full of life.

It says to her:

‘See, I rocked you on my lap to give you rest. I kept vigil at your side during your sleep, so that you might wake up strong, happy, and completely different from the one you were.

Now I want to be a cradle for your steps, for your works, for your words - for everything.
Think that you are being rocked by Me, and place your love in the cradle of my Love.
So that, identifying ourselves with each other, we may make each other happy.
Be careful not to put anything else. Otherwise you will sadden Me, and will make Me cry bitterly.

My Love is that which comes closest to man - even more, It is the cradle in which he was born.

...
Furthermore, that which is most necessary to man is Love. Love is like bread for the natural life.
One can do without science, power, wisdom, or at most, these are things which one wants in time and circumstance.

But what would one say if I had created man and did not love him?

Besides, why create him if I were not to love him?
It would be a dishonor for Me, and a work unworthy of Me, who can do no other thing but love.
And what would happen to man if he did not have an origin of Love and could not love?
He would be a brute, and unworthy even to be looked at.

Therefore, ***Love must run in everything.*** Love should run in all the human actions, just as the image of the king circulates in the currency of a kingdom.
And if the coins are not marked with the image of the king, they are not recognized as currency.

In the same way, ***if Love does not run in a work, it is not recognized as my work.***