

Both in Jesus and in souls, the first crafting is done by Love.

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about *the Agony of Jesus in the Garden*.

And blessed *Jesus*, making Himself seen for just a moment, told me:

“My daughter,
men did nothing but work the skin of my Humanity,
while the eternal Love worked all of my interior.

So, *in my Agony*,
the eternal Love, the immense Love, the incalculable Love, the hidden Love - not men
-opened large wounds in Me,
-pierced Me with flaming nails,
-crowned Me with burning thorns,
-made Me drink boiling gall.

And my Humanity, unable to contain so many different martyrdoms at the same time,
poured out large streams of Blood.

It writhed, and reached the point of saying:

*‘Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me. Yet, not my will, but Yours be done’ -
which It did not say in the rest of the Passion.*

Everything I suffered during the course of the Passion, I suffered all together in the Agony
– but in a more intense, more painful, more intimate way.

Because Love penetrated deep into the marrow of my bones and into the most intimate fibers of
my Heart, which creatures could never reach.

But Love reaches everything. There is nothing that can resist It.

So, my first executioner was Love.

This is why in the course of my Passion there was not even a reproachful glance in Me
toward those who acted as my executioners.

Because I had a more cruel, more active executioner in Me: *Love.*

And where the external executioners could not reach, or a little part of Me was spared,
Love would continue Its work and spare Me nothing.

This happens in all souls: the first work is done by Love.

And once Love has worked her and filled her with Itself, what appears on the outside
is nothing but the outpouring of the crafting that Love has performed inside.”