

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen all surrounded with light, which came out from within His Most Holy Humanity, and embellished Him in such a way as to form an enchanting and enrapturing sight.

I remained surprised, and He told me: "My daughter, each pain I suffered, each drop of Blood, each wound, prayer, word, action, step, etc., produced a light within my Humanity, which embellished Me in such a way as to keep all the Blessed enraptured.

Now, at each thought that the soul has about my Passion, at each act of compassion, reparation, etc., she does nothing other than draw light from my Humanity, and be embellished in my likeness.

So, each additional thought about my Passion will be one more light which will bring her eternal joy."

I was doing the Hours of the Passion, and blessed Jesus told me:

"My daughter,
in the course of my mortal life, thousands and thousands of Angels were the cortege of my Humanity, gathering everything I did
– my steps, my works, my words,
- and even my sighs, my pains, the drops of my Blood – in sum, everything.

They were the Angels in charge of my custody, and of paying Me honor. Obedient to my every wish, they would rise to and descend from Heaven, to bring to the Father what I was doing.

Now these Angels have a special office. And as the soul remembers my Life, my Passion, my Blood, my wounds, my prayers, they come around this soul and gather her words, her prayers, her acts of compassion for Me, her tears and her offerings.

They unite them to mine, and they bring them before my Majesty to renew for Me the glory of my own Life. The delight of the Angels is so great that, reverent, they listen to what the soul says, and pray together with her.

So, with what attention and respect must the soul do these Hours, thinking that the Angels hang upon her lips to repeat after her what she says."

Then He added: "
After the so many bitternesses that creatures give Me, these Hours are sweet little sips that souls give Me.

But for the many bitter sips I receive, the sweet ones are too few. Therefore, more diffusion, more diffusion!"