

Now, while I was pouring out my pain with Jesus, He made Himself seen in my interior, and the sacramental veils formed as though a mirror, and Jesus was inside of it - alive and real.

And *my sweet Jesus told me*:

“My daughter, this mirror is the accidents of the bread which keep Me imprisoned within them. I form my Life in the host, but the host does not give Me anything - not one affection, not a heartbeat, not the slightest ‘I love you.’ It is as though dead for Me.

I remain alone, without a shadow of requital, and therefore my love is almost impatient to go out, to shatter this glass, descending into hearts in order to find in them that requital which the host does not know how to give Me, nor can it do so.

But do you know where I find my true requital? In the soul who lives in my Will.

As I descend into her heart, immediately I consume the accidents of the host, because I know that more noble accidents, more dear to Me, are ready to imprison Me, -so as not to let Me go out of *that heart, which will give Me, not only life within itself – but life for life.*

I will not be alone, but with my most faithful company.

We will be two hearts palpitating together, we will love united, our desires will be one.

So, I remain in her, and there I live Life, alive and real, just as I do in the Most Holy Sacrament.

But do you know what these accidents are, which I find in the soul who does my Will?

They are her acts done in my Volition which, more than accidents, lay themselves around Me and imprison Me, but inside a noble and divine prison, not a dark one.

Because her acts done in my Will, more than sun, illuminate her and warm her.

Oh! how happy I feel to form my real Life in her. Because I feel as if I were inside my Celestial Royal Palace. Look at Me inside your heart – how happy I am, how I delight and feel the purest joys.”

And I: ‘My beloved Jesus, isn’t what you are telling something new and singular - that in one who lives in your Will You form your real Life?’

Isn’t it rather the mystical Life which You form in the hearts which possess your Grace?’

And Jesus: “No, no, it is not mystical Life, as for those who possess my Grace but do not live with their acts identified within my Volition - they do not have sufficient material to form the accidents in order to imprison Me. It would be as if the priest did not have the host and wanted to pronounce the words of the consecration. He could say them, but would say them to the empty space - my Sacramental Life would certainly not have existence.

This is how I am in the hearts which, though they may possess my Grace, do not live completely in my Will. I am in them by Grace, but not in reality.”

***And I*: ‘My love, but how can it be that You can live really in the soul who lives in your Will?’**

And Jesus: “My daughter, do I perhaps not live in the sacramental host, alive and real, in Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity? And why do I live in the host in Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity? Because there is not a will that opposes Mine.

If I found in the host a will opposed to Mine, I would form neither real nor perennial Life in it.

This is also the reason why the sacramental accidents are consumed when creatures receive Me.

Because I do not find a human will united with Me in such a way as to want to lose its will in order to acquire Mine. But I find a will that wants to act, that wants to do things on its own.

So I make my little visit, and I leave.

On the other hand, ***for one who lives in my Will, my Volition and hers are one.***

And if I do this in the host, how much more can I do it in her.

More so, since I find a heartbeat, an affection, my return and my interest - which I do not find in the host. To the soul who lives in my Will, my real Life within her is necessary.

Otherwise, how could she live in my Volition?