

...You stand up, sorrowful as You are, and You almost run to the altar where there is bread and wine ready for the Consecration.

I see You, my Heart, assuming a look wholly new and never seen before:  
***your Divine Person acquires a tender, loving, affectionate appearance.***

-your eyes blaze with light, more than if they were suns,  
-your rosy face is radiant,-your lips are smiling and burning with love,  
-your creative hands assume the attitude of creating.

I see You, my Love, all transformed: your Divinity seems to overflow from your Humanity.

***My Heart and my Life, Jesus, this appearance of yours, never before seen, draws the attention of all the Apostles.***

They are caught by a sweet enchantment and do not dare even to breathe.

Your sweet Mama runs in spirit to the foot of the altar, to admire the portents of your love.

**The Angels** descend from Heaven, asking themselves:

***“What is this? What is this? These are true follies, true excesses!  
A God who creates, not heaven or earth, but Himself. And where?  
In the most wretched matter of a little bread and a little wine.”***

But while they are all around You, Oh insatiable Love, I see that You take the bread in your hands. You offer it to the Father, and I hear **your most sweet voice say**:

***“Holy Father, thanks be to You,*** for always answering your Son.

Holy Father, concur with Me.

**One day, You sent Me from Heaven to earth** to be incarnated in the womb of my Mama, to come and save Our children. Now, allow Me to be incarnated in each Host, to continue their salvation and be life of each one of my children.

**Do You see, O Father?** Few hours of my life are left: who would have the heart to leave my children orphaned and alone? Many are their enemies - the obscurities, the passions, the weaknesses to which they are subject. Who will help them?

***O please, I supplicate You to let Me stay in each Host, to be life of each one,***  
and therefore - put to flight their enemies,- to be their light, strength and help in everything. Otherwise, where shall they go? Who will help them? Our works are eternal.  
My love is irresistible – ***I cannot leave my children, nor do I want to.***

***The Father*** is moved at the tender and affectionate voice of the Son. ***He descends from Heaven. He is already on the altar, and united with the Holy Spirit,*** concurs with the Son. ***And Jesus, with sonorous and moving voice, pronounces the words of the Consecration.*** And without leaving Himself, creates Himself in that bread and wine.

Then You communicate your Apostles, and I believe that our celestial Mama did not remain without receiving You. **Ah, Jesus, the heavens bow down.**

**And all send to You an act of adoration in your new state of profound annihilation.**