

My sweet Love, always insatiable in your love, I see that as You finish the legal supper together with your dear disciples. You stand up, and united with them, You raise the hymn of thanksgiving to the Father
-for having given you food, wanting to repair for all the lack of thanksgiving of creatures, and
-for all the means He gives us for the preservation of corporal life.

This is why, O Jesus, in anything You do, touch or see, You always have on your lips the words, "**Thanks be to You, O Father**".

I too, Jesus, united with You, take the words from your very lips, and I will say, always and in everything: "Thank You for myself and for all", in order to continue the reparations for the lack of thanksgiving.

O my Jesus, it seems that your love has no respite. I see that You make your beloved disciples sit down again. **You take a bucket of water**, wrap a white cloth around your waist and prostrate Yourself at the Apostles' feet, with a gesture so humble
-as to draw the attention of all Heaven, and to make It remain ecstatic.
The Apostles themselves stay almost motionless in seeing You prostrate at their feet.

But tell me, my Love, what do You want? What do You intend to do with this act so humble? Humility never before seen, and which will never be seen! "

Ah, my child, **I want all souls, and prostrate at their feet like a poor beggar**, I ask for them, I importune them and, crying, I plot love traps around them in order to obtain them!

Prostrate at their feet, with this bucket of water mixed with my tears, I want to wash them of any imperfection and prepare them to receive Me in the Sacrament.

I so much cherish this act of receiving Me in the Eucharist, that I do not want to entrust this office to the angels, and not even to my dear Mama. But I Myself want to purify them, down to the most intimate fibers, in order to dispose them to receive the fruit of the Sacrament;

And in the Apostles I intended to prepare all souls.

I intend to repair for all the holy works and for the administration of Sacraments, especially those made by priests with a spirit of pride, empty of divine spirit and of disinterest.

Ah, how many good works reach Me

-more to dishonor Me than to honor Me! More to embitter Me than to please Me!

-more to give Me death than to give Me life!

These are the offenses which sadden Me the most.

Ah, yes, my child, **count all the most intimate offenses which they give Me, and repair with my own reparations. Console my embittered Heart.**"

**Prostrated at the feet of my Apostles, I washed their feet
But my Will descends even lower.**

In the Gospel, one can read with wonder of when, prostrated at the feet of my Apostles, ***I washed their feet.*** And I did not skip even the ***perfidious Judas.***

This act, which the Church remembers, was certainly very humble and of unspeakable tenderness. But I did this act only once.

But my Will descends even lower.

*It places Itself under their feet with a continuous act, in order to sustain them, to render the earth firm, so that they may not fall into the abyss. **Yet, no attention.***

This noble Queen is waiting with invincible patience, veiled for so many centuries in all created things, for Her Will to be known.

And when It becomes known,

- She will tear the many veils that hide Her, and
- She will make known what She has done for so many centuries, for love of man.

She will say unheard of things, excesses of love, which no one has ever thought of. ...