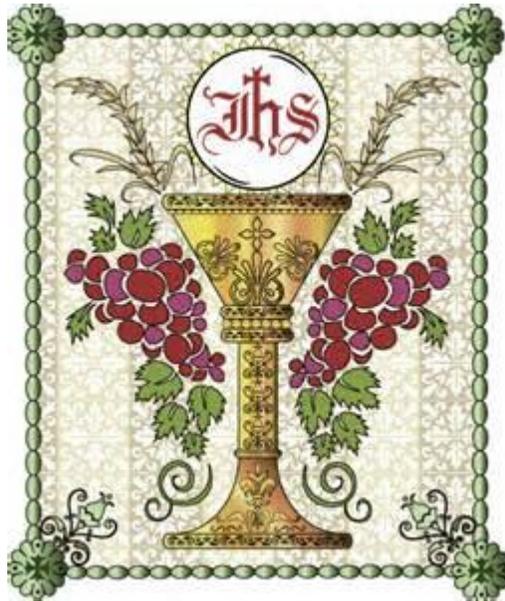


# CROSSES AND PAINS ARE LIKE A WINE-PRESS FOR THE SOUL



**Psalm 7:6 - [6]** Let the enemy pursue my soul, and take it, and tread down my life on the earth, and bring down my glory to the dust.

## FROM THE BOOK OF HEAVEN

**Volume 16** - "My daughter, Luisa, crosses, sorrows, pains, are like a Press for the soul. Just as the wine-press serves to crush and peel the grapes, in such a way that the wine remains on one side and the skin on the other; in the same way, Crosses and Pains, like a Press, Peel the soul of pride, love of self, passions, and of all that is human, leaving the Pure Wine of Virtues. And so My Virtues find the Way to Communicate and Lay Themselves within the soul, as on a Pure White Canvas, with Indelible Characters. Therefore, how can you fear, if every time I Manifested to you My Truths on My Divine Will, these Truths Have Always Been Preceded by Crosses, Sorrow and Pains – and every time, by More Intense and Stronger Pains? It was nothing other than the Pressure of the Press which I Exercised in you, in order to Peel you of all that is human. It was My Interest, more than yours, that these Truths would not mix with the skin of human passions."

And I: 'My Jesus, forgive me if I am telling You this, but You Yourself are the cause of my concerns. If You did not leave me, if you did not hide and did not deprive me of You, there would be no place in me in which to let these fears arise... Ah, Jesus, You make me die, but of a cruel death and of a double death, because I do not die. Ah, if I only could experience death and die, how sweet it would be for me! Ah, Jesus, I am

telling You – I cannot take it anymore; either You remain with me, or You take me with You.'

Now, while I was saying this, My adorable Jesus Clasped me in His Arms and with His Hands, as though Tying me with Ropes; and it was as if I were put, Pressed – Crushed, under a Press. I myself am unable to express the pain I felt within me; He alone Knows it, Who made me suffer.

Then, afterwards, He told me: "Beloved daughter of My Divine Will, look inside of Me, how My Supreme Will did not concede even one breath of life to the will of My Humanity; and even though It was Holy, not even that was Conceded to Me. I had to Remain under the Pressure - more than of a Press – of a Divine, Infinite, Unending Will, which Constituted the Life of each one of My Heartbeats, Words and Acts; and My little human will died in every Heartbeat, Breath, Act, Word, etc. But It died in reality – It actually felt death, because It never had life. I only had My human will to make Die Continuously, and even though this was a great Honor for My Humanity, it was the greatest of Portents: at every death of My human will, it was Substituted by a Life of Divine Will. However, this Continuous Dying was the Greatest, the Hardest, the most Bitter and Painful Martyrdom of My Humanity. Oh, how the Pains of My Passion shrink before this Continuous Dying of Mine! And only through this did I Complete the Perfect Glory of My Celestial Father, and I Loved Him with a Love which Surpasses every other Love for all creatures.

To die, to suffer, to do something great once in a while and at intervals, is not so great. Also the Saints, the Good and other creatures have worked, have suffered, have died. But since it was not a Continuous Suffering, working and dying, it constitutes neither a perfect Glory to the Father, nor a Redemption which can be extended to all. Therefore, My daughter, Newborn of My Eternal Volition, take a look at where your Jesus Calls you and Wants you: under the Press of My Divine Will, so that your will May Receive Continuous Death, just as My human will did. Otherwise, I could not make the New Era Arise, in which My Divine Will shall Come to Reign upon earth. It takes the Continuous Act, Pains, Deaths, in order to Snatch from Heaven the "*Fiat Voluntas Tua.*"

Pay Attention to this, My daughter; do not pay attention to others – either to My Saints, or to the Way I Behaved with them, which makes you be Surprised about the Way I Behave with you. With them I Wanted to do one thing; with you it is something else."

And as He was saying this, He took the Shape of a Crucifix and Placed His Forehead on mine, Laying Himself upon My whole person; and I Remained Under His Pressure and All Prey to His Will.