

# *Jesus Dries the Tears of the Soul The Soul Dries the Tears of Jesus*

*July 26*



## ***XI. The Celebration of the Sacrament of Penance (CCC)***

**1481** *The Byzantine Liturgy recognizes several formulas of absolution, in the form of invocation, which admirably express the mystery of forgiveness: “May the same God, who through the Prophet Nathan forgave David when he confessed his sins, who forgave Peter when he wept bitterly, the prostitute when she washed his feet with her tears, the publican, and the prodigal son, through me, a sinner, forgive you both in this life and in the next and enable you to appear before his awe-inspiring tribunal without condemnation, he who is blessed for ever and ever. Amen.”*

### ***Psalms 83:7***

*[6] Blessed is the man whose help is from thee: in his heart he hath disposed to ascend by steps, [7] In the vale of tears, in the place which be hath set.*

### ***Psalms 125:5***

*They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.*

***From the Book of Heaven***

**V1** - *'Ah! my Good, is this the vigil we have kept last night - that after so much waiting and yearning I was to remain deprived of You? I know well that I must obey, but tell me something - can I be without You? Who will give me strength? And then, who will have the courage to depart from this church without bringing You along? I don't know what to do, but You can remedy everything.'* While pouring myself out in this way, I would feel a fire draw near me, and a flame enter my heart. I would feel Him within me, and immediately He would say to me: "Calm yourself, calm yourself; here I AM - inside your heart. What do you fear now? Do not afflict yourself any more, I Myself want to dry your tears. You are right, you could not be without Me, could you?"

**V1** - *I would lament to Him, telling Him: 'O please! oh! Holy Spouse, how could You make me wait so long - I could not resist any more, I felt I was dying without You.'* And while saying this, the pain I felt was such that I would cry. And He would compassionate all of me; He would dry my tears, He would kiss me, He would hug me, and say: "I do not want you to cry. See, now I AM with you - tell Me what you want." I would say to Him: 'I want nothing but You, and only then will I stop crying, when You promise me You will not make me wait for so long.' And He would say to me: "Yes, yes, I will make you content."

**V7 - Mar. 13, 1907** - *However, He would not give me a definitive answer. I would return to storm Him and would cry like a child, and praying Him and praying Him again, I kept offering what He suffered in His Passion, minute by minute, hour by hour, applying it to the soul of my mother, that she might be purged - purged and embellished, and I might obtain my intent. And He would add, drying my tears: "But, My dear beloved one, do not cry, you know that I Love you; can I not content you?..."*

**V16 - Feb. 5, 1924** - *"My daughter, tell Me, why are you so melancholic? See, I come from the midst of creatures with tears in My Eyes, My Heart pierced, betrayed by many, and so I said to Myself: 'Let Me go to My daughter, to My little newborn of My Will, that she may dry My Tears. With her acts that she has done in My Will, she will give Me the Love and everything that the others do not give Me; I will rest in her, and I will cheer her with My Presence.'* And you, instead, let yourself be found as so melancholic, that I have to put My Pains aside in order to relieve yours. Don't you know that cheerfulness for the soul is like fragrance for flowers,

*like condiment for foods, like the skin tone for people, like maturation for fruits, like the sun for plants? So, with this melancholy, you have not let Me found a fragrance that may cheer Me, nor a tasty food, nor a mature fruit; rather, you are all faded as to move Me to pity. Poor daughter, courage, cling to Me, do not fear.” I clung to Him; I would have wanted to burst into tears, I felt my voice being suffocated, but I plucked up strength, I repressed my tears, and I said to Him: ‘Jesus, my Love, my pains are nothing compared to Yours. So, let us think about Your Pains if You don’t want to add more bitternesses to mine. Let me dry Your Tears, and let me share in the Pains of Your Heart...’*

**V36 – May 15, 1938** - *“My daughter, the more one suffers, the more he feels the need to be Loved. I AM the One who suffered more than anybody else, and My Pains, My spilled Blood and My Tears turned into Loving Voices, imploring Love from those I Love So Much, and who made Me Suffer and Cry So Much. Those who Love Me bring the sweetest relief to My Pains; they dry My Tears while My Blood turns into a Bath of Love for them. But do you know who turns My Suffering and Tears into Joy and Gladness? Those who Live in My Will. They always find in It Love with which to Love Me, sustaining Me in My Suffering and giving Me continuous relief...”*

**FIAT!**