

Jesus' Tenderness - Hardness of Human Heart

Gospel Reading for January 18, 2017

With Divine Will Truths

Saint Mark 3:1-6

Jesus entered the synagogue. There was a man there who had a withered hand. They watched him closely to see if he would cure him on the sabbath so that they might accuse him. He said to the man with the withered hand, "Come up here before us." Then he said to them, "Is it lawful to do good on the sabbath rather than to do evil, to save life rather than to destroy it?" But they remained silent.

Looking around at them with anger and grieved at their hardness of heart, he said to the man, "Stretch out your hand." He stretched it out and his hand was restored. The Pharisees went out and immediately took counsel with the Herodians against him to put him to death.

IV. The Gravity of Sin: Mortal and Venial Sin (CCC)

1859...Feigned ignorance and hardness of heart do not diminish, but rather increase, the voluntary character of a sin.

From the Book of Heaven

V29 – Mar. 30, 1931 – "...My Heart feels such Tenderness in seeing to what a state of desolation and of confusion the earth will be reduced; and this Tenderness of Mine, so Sensitive toward creatures, is offended by the hardness of the human heart. Oh! how intolerable to Me is the hardness of the human heart; much more so before Mine, which is All Loving Tenderness and Goodness toward them. A hard heart is capable of all evils and reaches such extent as to make a mockery of the pains of others, and it changes the Tendernesses of My Heart toward it into Sorrows and Deep Wounds. The most Beautiful Prerogative of My Heart is Tenderness; All the Fibers, the Affections, the Desires, the Love, the Heartbeats of My Heart have Tenderness as their Origin. So, My Fibers are Tender, My Affections and Desires are most Tender, My Love and Heartbeats are so Tender as to reach the point of Melting My Heart out of Tenderness; and this Tender Love makes Me arrive at Loving the creatures so much, that I AM content with suffering Myself rather than seeing them suffer. A Love, when it is not Tender, is like a food without condiment, like a beauty that is aged, incapable of attracting anyone to make itself loved; it is like a flower without fragrance, like a dry fruit without humor and sweetness. A love that is hard, without Tenderness, is unacceptable and would have no virtue of making itself loved by anyone. Therefore, My Heart Suffers so much in seeing the hardness of creatures, that they reach the point of changing My Graces into scourges."

FIAT!