

*Love Your Enemies*  
*Gospel Reading for June 20, 2017*  
*With Divine Will Truths*  
*Matthew 5: 43-48*

*Jesus said to His disciples: "You have heard that it was said, You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy. But I say to you, love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you, that you may be children of your Heavenly Father, for He makes His sun rise on the bad and the good, and causes rain to fall on the just and the unjust. For if you love those who love you, what recompense will you have? Do not the tax collectors do the same? And if you greet your brothers only, what is unusual about that? Do not the pagans do the same? So be perfect, just as your Heavenly Father is Perfect."*

**III. Safeguarding Peace (CCC)**  
**Peace**

*2303 Deliberate hatred is contrary to charity. Hatred of the neighbor is a sin when one deliberately wishes him evil. Hatred of the neighbor is a grave sin when one deliberately desires him grave harm. "But I say to you, Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you, so that you may be sons of your Father who is in heaven."97*

**From the Book of Heaven**

*V1 - As I lost consciousness, Our Lord made Himself seen in the midst of many enemies who gave Him all sorts of insults; especially, they grabbed Him and trampled Him underfoot, they blasphemed against Him, they pulled His hair. It seemed to me that my good Jesus wanted to escape from under those fetid soles, and He kept looking - who knows, He might find a friendly hand who would free Him; but He found no one. While seeing this, I did nothing but cry over the pains of my Lord. I would have wanted to go into the midst of those enemies - who knows, maybe I could free Him; but I did not dare to. I said to Him: 'Lord, let me share in your pains. O please! if only I could relieve You and free You.' As I was saying this, those enemies, as if they had understood, came against me - but so enraged. And they began to beat me, to pull my hair, to trample me. I had so much fear; I suffered, yes, but within me I was content, because I could see that the Lord was given a little respite. Afterwards, those enemies disappeared, and I remained alone with my*

*Jesus. I tried to compassionate Him, but I did not dare to say anything. And He, breaking the silence, said to me: "All that you have seen is nothing compared to the offenses that they give Me continuously. Their blindness, their flooding themselves with the things of the earth is such that they reach the point of becoming not only my cruel enemies, but also enemies of themselves; and since their eyes are fixed on mud, they reach the point of despising the Eternal. Who will put a mend to so much ingratitude? Who will have compassion for so many people, who cost Me blood, and who live almost buried in the stench of earthly things? O please! come with Me, and pray and cry together with Me for so many blind who are all eyes for all that gives of earth, and then despise and trample my graces under their filthy feet, as if they were mud. O please! lift yourself above all that is earth – abhor and despise all that does not belong to Me. Do not be affected any more by the insults you receive from your family, after you have seen Me suffer so much; rather, take to heart only my honor, the offenses that they give Me continuously, the loss of so many souls. O please! do not leave Me alone in the midst of so many pains that torture my Heart. All that you are suffering now is little compared to the pains you will suffer. Have I not always told you that what I want from you is the imitation of my life? Take a look at how dissimilar you are from Me. Therefore, pluck up courage and do not fear."*

**V11 – Dec. 30, 1916 -** *"My daughter, my executioners were able to lacerate My Body, insult Me, trample upon Me..., but they could touch neither My Will nor My Love; these I wanted free, so that, like two currents they might run and run, without anyone being able to hinder them, pouring Myself out for the good of all, and also of My very enemies. Oh, how My Will and My Love Triumphed in the midst of My enemies! They would strike Me with scourges, and I would strike their hearts with My Love; and with My Will I would chain them. They would prick My head with thorns, and My Love would turn on the light in their minds to make Me Known. They would open wounds on Me, and My Love would heal the wounds of their souls. They gave Me death, and My Love gave Life back to them; so much so, that as I breathed My last on the Cross, the Flames of My Love, touching their hearts, forced them to prostrate themselves before Me and to confess Me as rue God. Never was I so Glorious and Triumphant as I was in My Pains during the course of My mortal life down here.*

*Now, My daughter, in My likeness, I made the soul free in her will and in her love. So, others might take possession of the external works of the creature, but no*

*one – no one can do so with her interior, with her will and her love. I Myself wanted her to be free in this, so that, freely, not being forced, this will and this love might run toward Me; and immersing herself in Me, she might offer Me the Noblest and Purest acts which a creature can give Me; and since I AM free, and so is she, we might pour ourselves into each other and run - run toward Heaven to Love and Glorify the Father, and to dwell together with the Sacrosanct Trinity; run toward the earth to do good to all; run into the hearts of all to strike them with our Love, to chain them with our Will, and make of them conquests. Greater dowry I could not give to the creature. But where can the creature make greater display of this free will and of this Love? In suffering. In it Love grows, the will is magnified, and, as queen, the creature rules over herself, she binds My Heart, and her pains surround Me like a Crown, they move Me to pity, and I let Myself be Dominated. I cannot resist the pains of a loving soul, and I keep her at My Side like a queen. In the pains, the dominion of this creature is so great, that they make her acquire Noble, Dignified, Ingratiating, Heroic, Disinterested Manners, similar to My Manners; and the other creatures compete to let themselves be Dominated by this soul. And the more the soul operates with Me, is United with Me, identifies herself with Me, the more I feel absorbed in the soul. So, as she thinks, I feel My Thought being absorbed in her mind; as she looks, as she speaks, as she breathes, I feel My Gaze, My Voice, My Breath, My Action, Step and Heartbeat being absorbed in hers. She absorbs all of Me, and while she absorbs Me, she keeps acquiring My Manners, My Likeness; I keep Gazing at Myself in her continuously, and I find Myself."*

**V14 – Jun. 1, 1922** – *"...Truth is My Patience in the midst of so many insults; Truth is My Sweet Gaze among so many derisions, slanders, contempts. Truths are My Gentle and Attractive Manners in the midst of so many enemies, who hate Me while I Love them, and who want to give Me death, while I want to Embrace them and give them Life."*

**FIAT!**