

Jesus is the Master of the soul



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Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself together with baby Jesus. This time it seemed He felt like playing. He would press Himself against my breast and in my arms, and while looking at me with great love, now He would clasp me, now He would push me and almost knock against me with His little head, now He would kiss me so strongly that it seemed He wanted to enclose me and identify me with Himself. While He would do this, I would feel great pain - so much so, as to feel faint. But even though He would see me suffer like that He would not pay attention to me; on the contrary, if He would see from my face that I was suffering, since I would not dare to tell Him anything, He would do it harder, and would make me suffer more. Now, after He well gave vent to Himself, He told me: "My daughter, I AM your Master, and I can do with you whatever I Want. Know that, since you are Mine, you are no longer the master of yourself; and if you arbitrate something, even just one thought, one desire, one heartbeat, know that you are making a theft from Me."

At that moment, I saw the confessor who, not feeling very well, wanted as though to unload his sufferings onto me; and all hurriedly, He pushed him away with His Hand, and said: "I have to unload My own Pains first, which are many, and then you can do it." And while saying this, He drew near my mouth and poured a most bitter Liqueur. Then I commended the confessor to Him, praying Him to Touch him with His little Hand, and to make him get well. He Touched him and said: "Yes, yes." And He disappeared.

FIAT!!!