

It was the vigil of the Annunciation, and the members of our group had gone to the Sacrament of Reconciliation. Some of the ladies of the prayer group had not been able to do it, and so they left their reconciliation for the next day before the Mass.

When I arrived at church the next day, a little bit late, the Archbishop and priests were already coming out of the sacristy. The Virgin Mary said with Her soft and feminine voice that sweetens one's soul:

*“Today is a day of learning for you, and I want you to pay close attention because of what you will witness today. Everything that you will experience today, you will have to share with all of humanity.”*

I was deeply moved without understanding why, but I tried to be very attentive. The first thing I noticed was a choir of very beautiful voices that was singing as if it was far away. For moments the music came closer and, then, it went further away like the sound of the wind.

The Archbishop started Mass and, when he reached the **Penitential Rite**, the Blessed Virgin said:

*“From the bottom of your heart, ask the Lord to forgive your faults that have offended Him. In this way, you will be able to participate worthily in this privilege of assisting at the Holy Mass.”*

I thought for a fraction of a second: "Surely I am in a state of grace of God; I went to confession last night."

She answered:

*"Do you think that since last night you have not offended the Lord? Let Me remind you of a few things. When you left to come here, the girl who helps you approached to ask you for something and, as you were late and in a hurry, you did not answer her in a very nice way. There was a lack of charity on your part, and you say, you have not offended God...?"*

*"While on the way here, a bus crossed over your lane and almost hit you. You expressed yourself in a very non-advisable way against that poor man, instead of saying your prayers and preparing yourself for Mass. You have failed in charity and lost your peace and patience. And you say you have not hurt the Lord?"*

*"You arrive at the last minute when the procession of the celebrants is already coming out to celebrate the Mass...and you are going to participate without previous preparation..."*

I replied, "All right, my Mother, say no more to me. You do not have to remind me of more things because I am going to die of grief and shame."

*"Why must you all arrive at the last moment? You should have arrived earlier to be able to pray and ask the Lord to send His Holy Spirit that He may grant you a spirit of peace and cleanse you of the spirit of the*

*world, your worries, your problems, and your distractions so as to enable you to live this so sacred a moment. However, you arrive almost when the celebration is about to commence, and you participate as if it is an ordinary event, without any spiritual preparation. Why? This is the greatest of Miracles. You are going to live the moment when the Most High God gives His greatest gift, and you do not know how to appreciate it.”*

This was enough. I felt so bad that I had more than enough to ask for forgiveness from God. It was not only for the offenses of that day, but also for all the times that, like so many other people, I had waited for the priest to finish his homily before entering the Church. It was also for the times that I did not know or refused to understand what it meant to be there, and for the times that perhaps my soul was full of more serious sins, and I had dared to participate in the Holy Mass.

It was a feast day, and the **Gloria** was to be recited. Our Lady said: *“Glorify and bless with all your love the Holy Trinity, in your acknowledgement of being one of Its creatures.”*

How different was that Gloria! Suddenly I saw myself in a far off place full of light, before the

Majestic Presence of the Throne of God. With so much love I went on thanking Him, as I repeated: "For your immense Glory we praise You, we bless You, we adore You, we give You glory, we give You thanks, Lord, God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty." And I recalled the paternal face of the Father, full of kindness. "Lord Jesus Christ, only Son of the Father, Lord God, Lamb of God, You take away the sins of the world..." And Jesus was in front of me, with that face full of tenderness and Mercy... "For You alone are the Holy One, You alone are the Lord, You alone are the most High Jesus Christ, with the Holy Spirit...", the God of beautiful Love. He, Who at that moment, caused my whole being to tremble...

And I asked: "Lord, deliver me from all evil spirits. My heart belongs to You. My Lord, send me Your peace so that I can gain the finest benefits from the Eucharist and that my life may produce the best fruits. Holy Spirit of God, transform me, act within me, guide me. Oh God, give me the gifts that I need to serve you better!"

The moment of the **Liturgy of the Word** arrived, and the Virgin Mary made me repeat: *"Lord, today I want to listen to Your Word and produce abundant fruit. May Your Holy Spirit clean the interior of my heart so that*

*Your Word grows and develops in it, purifying my heart so that it may be well disposed.”*

Our Lady said: *“I want you to be attentive to the **readings** and to all of the homily of the priest. Remember that the Bible says that the Word of God does not return without bearing fruit. If you are attentive, something from all that you heard will remain in you. You should try to recall, all day long, those Words that left an impression on you. Sometimes it may be two verses, other times the reading of the entire Gospel, or perhaps only one word. Savour them for the rest of the day, and it will then become part of you, because that is the way to change one’s life, by allowing the Word of God to transform you. And now, tell the Lord that you are here to listen, that you want Him to speak to your heart today.”*

Once again I thanked God for giving me the opportunity to hear His Word. And I asked Him for forgiveness for having had such a hard heart for so many years, and for having taught my children that they had to go to Mass on Sundays because it is commanded by the Church, and not for love and the need to be filled with God.

I had attended so many Eucharistic Celebrations mostly out of obligation and, because of this, I believed I was saved. But I did not live it and, much

less, did I pay attention to the readings or to the priest's homily!

How much pain I felt for so many years of needless loss because of my ignorance! How superficial is our attendance at the Mass when we go only because someone is getting married, or for a funeral Mass, or because we have to be seen by society! How much ignorance about our Church and the Sacraments! How much waste in trying to instruct and enlighten ourselves about the things of the world, which in a moment can disappear, leaving us with nothing and, at the end of our life, not serve to extend a minute to our existence! However, we know nothing of that which will give us a little of heaven on earth and, afterwards, eternal life. And we call ourselves cultured men and women!

A moment later the **Offertory** arrived, and the Holy Virgin said: *“Pray like this: (and I repeated after Her) “Lord, I offer all that I am, all that I have, all that I can. I put everything into Your Hands. Build it up, Lord, with the little thing that I am. By the merits of Your Son, transform me, God Almighty. I petition You for my family, for my benefactors, for each member of our Apostolate, for all the people who fight against us, for those who commend themselves to my poor prayers. Teach me to lay down my heart as if on the ground*

*before them so that their walk may be less severe. This is how the saints prayed; this is how I want all of you to do it.*

*Thus, this is how Jesus asks us to pray, that we put our hearts as if on the ground so that they do not feel its severity, but rather that we alleviate the pain of their steps.”*

Suddenly some characters, whom I had not seen before, began to stand up. It was as if from the side of each person present in the Cathedral, another person emerged, and soon the Cathedral became full of young, beautiful people. They were dressed in very white robes, and they started to move into the central aisle and, then, went towards the Altar.

Our Mother said: “*Observe. They are the Guardian Angels of each one of the persons who are here. This is the moment in which your guardian angel carries your offerings and petitions before the Altar of the Lord.*”

At that moment, I was completely astonished, because these beings had such beautiful faces, so radiant as one is unable to imagine. Their countenance was very beautiful with almost feminine faces; however, the structure of their body, their hands, their height were masculine. Their naked feet did not touch the floor, but rather they went as if gliding. That procession was

very beautiful. Some of them were carrying something like a golden bowl with something that shone a great deal with a golden-white light.

The Virgin Mary said: *“They are the Guardian Angels of the people who are offering this Holy Mass for many intentions, those who are conscious of what this celebration means. They have something to offer the Lord. Offer yourselves at this moment; offer your sorrows, your pains, your hopes, your sadness, your joys, your petitions. Remember that the Mass has infinite value. Therefore, be generous in offering and in asking.”*

Behind the first Angels came others who had nothing in their hands; they were coming empty handed.

The Virgin Mary said: *“Those are the angels of the people who are here but never offer anything. They have no interest in living each liturgical moment of the Mass, and they have no gifts to carry before the Altar of the Lord.”*

At the end of the procession came other angels who were rather sad, with their hands joined in prayer but with their eyes downcast. *“These are the Guardian Angels of the people who are here, but do not want to be, that is to say, of the people who have been forced to come here, who have come out of obligation, but without any desire to participate in the Holy Mass. The*



*angels go forth sadly because they have nothing to carry to the Altar, except for their own prayers.*

*Do not sadden your Guardian Angel. Ask for much, ask for the conversion of sinners, for peace in the world, for your families, your neighbours, for those who ask for your prayers. Ask, ask for much, but not only for yourselves, but for everyone else.*

*Remember that the offering which most pleases the Lord is when you offer yourselves as a holocaust so that Jesus, upon His descent, may transform you by His own merits. What do you have to offer the Father by yourselves? Nothingness and sin. But the offering of oneself united to the merits of Jesus, that offering is pleasing to the Father."*

That sight that procession was so beautiful that it would be difficult to compare it to another. All those celestial creatures bowing before the Altar, some leaving their offerings on the floor, others prostrating themselves on their knees with their foreheads almost touching the floor. And as soon as they arrived at the Alter, they would disappear from my sight.

The final moment of the **Preface** arrived, and when the assembly said, **"Holy, Holy, Holy"**, suddenly everything that was behind the celebrants disappeared. Behind the left side of the Archbishop, thousands of Angels appeared in a diagonal line, small

angels, big angels, angels with immense wings, angels with small wings, angels without wings. As the previous ones, all were dressed with tunics like the white robes of the priests or altar boys. Everyone knelt with their hands united in prayer, and bowed their heads in reverence. Beautiful music was heard as if there were many choirs with different voices, all singing in unison together with the people: “Holy, Holy, Holy...”

The moment of the **Consecration**, the moment of the most marvellous of Miracles had arrived. Behind the right side of the Archbishop appeared a multitude of people also in a diagonal line. They were dressed in the same tunic, but in pastel colours of: rose, green, light blue, lilac, yellow, in short, in different and very soft colours. Their faces were also brilliant, full of joy. They all seemed to be the same age. You could note (I can't say why) that they were people of different ages, but their faces looked the same, without wrinkles, happy.

They all knelt down as well at the singing of “Holy, Holy, Holy Lord...”

Our Lady said: *“These are all the Saints and the Blessed of Heaven, and among them are the souls of your relatives who already enjoy the Presence of God.”*

Then I saw Her, exactly to the right of the Archbishop, a step behind the celebrant. She was suspended a little off the floor, kneeling on some very fine, transparent but, at the same time, luminous fabric, as crystalline water. The Holy Virgin, with hands joined, was looking attentively and respectfully at the celebrant. She spoke to me from there, but silently, directly to the heart, without looking at me:

*“It surprises you to see Me standing a little behind Monsignor [the Archbishop], does it not? This is how it should be... With all the love that My Son gives Me, He has not given Me the dignity that He has given the priests of being able to perform the daily Miracle with My hands as they do with their priestly hands. Because of this, I feel a deep respect for priests and for the miracle that God carries out through them, which compels Me to kneel here behind them.”*

My God, how much dignity, how much grace the Lord pours over the priestly souls, and neither we, nor perhaps some of them, are conscious of this.

Before the Altar, there appeared some shadows of people in a grey colour with their hands raised.

The Holy Virgin said: *“These are the blessed souls of Purgatory, who await your prayers to be refreshed. Do not stop praying for them. They pray for you, but they*

cannot pray for themselves. It is you who have to pray for them, in order to help them depart so that they can be with God and enjoy Him eternally.

Now you now see it; I am here all the time. People go on pilgrimages, searching for the places where I have appeared. This is good, because of all the graces that they will receive there. But during no apparition, in no other place, am I more present than during the Holy Mass. You will always find Me at the foot of the Altar where the Eucharist is celebrated; at the foot of the Tabernacle, I remain with the angels because I am always with Him.”

To see that beautiful countenance of the Mother at that moment of the words “Holy, Holy, Holy...” as well as all the others with their radiant faces, with hands joined, awaiting that miracle which repeats itself continuously, was to be in Heaven itself. And to think there are people who can, at that moment, be distracted in conversation. It hurts me to tell you, many men, more than women, stand with their arms crossed, as if paying homage to the Lord as one equal to another.

The Virgin Mary said “Tell all people that *never is a man more manly than when he bends his knees before God.*”

The celebrant said the **words of the Consecration.** He

was a person of normal height, but suddenly, he began to grow, becoming filled with light, a supernatural light between white and gold that enveloped him and grew very strong around the face. And because of it, I could not see his features.

When he **raised the Host**, I saw his hands, and on the back of his hands, he had some marks from which emanated a great deal of light. It was Jesus! It was Him Who was wrapping His Body around the celebrant, as if He were lovingly surrounding the hands of the Archbishop. At that moment, the Host began to grow and became enormous, and upon it the marvellous face of Jesus appeared looking at His people.

By instinct, I wanted to bow my head, and Our Lady said: *“Do not look down. Look up to view and contemplate Him. Exchange your gaze with His, and repeat the prayer of Fatima: 'Lord, I believe, I adore, I trust, and I love You. I ask pardon for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not trust, and do not love You'. Forgiveness and Mercy... Now tell Him how much you love Him, and pay your homage to the King of Kings.”*

I told it to Him, and it seemed as if I was the only one He was looking at from the enormous Host. But I learned that this was the way He gazed at each person, with love to the fullest. Then I lowered my head until I

had my forehead on the floor, as did all the Angels and the Blessed from Heaven. Perhaps for a fraction of a second, I wondered how Jesus was taking on the body of the celebrant and, at the same time, He was inside the Host. And as he lowered the Host, it returned to its normal size. Tears ran down my cheeks; I was unable to let go of my astonishment.

Immediately, the Archbishop said the words of the Consecration of the wine and, **as the words were being said**, lightning appeared from the heavens and in the background. The walls and ceiling of the church had disappeared. All was dark, but for that brilliant light from the Altar.

Suddenly, suspended in the air, I saw Jesus crucified. I saw Him from the head to the lower part of the chest. The cross beam of the Cross was sustained by some large, strong hands. From within this resplendent light, a small light, like a very brilliant, very small dove, came forth and flew swiftly all over the Church. It came to rest on the left shoulder of the Archbishop, who continued to appear as Jesus because I could distinguish His long hair, His luminous wounds, and His large body, but I could not see His Face.

Above was Jesus crucified, His head fallen upon His

right shoulder. I was able to contemplate His face, beaten arms and torn flesh. On the right side of His chest, He had an injury, and blood was gushing out toward the left side, and toward the right side, what looked like water, but it was very brilliant. They were more like jets of light coming forth towards the faithful, and moving to the right and to the left. I was amazed at the amount of blood that was flowing out toward the Chalice. I thought it would overflow and stain the whole Altar, but not a single drop was spilled.

At that moment, the Virgin Mary said: *“This is the miracle of miracles. I have said to you before that the Lord is not constrained by time and space. At the moment of the Consecration, all the assembly is taken to the foot of Calvary, at the instant of the crucifixion of Jesus.*

*Can anyone imagine that? Our eyes cannot see it, but we are all there at the very moment that they are crucifying Jesus. And He is asking for forgiveness to the Father, not only for those who killed Him, but also for each one of our sins’.*”

From that day on, I do not care if the world thinks I am crazy, but I ask everybody to kneel and try to live, with their heart and with all their sensibility that they are capable of, this privilege that the Lord grants us.

When we were going to pray the **Our Father**, the Lord spoke for the first time during the celebration, and said: *“Wait, I want you to pray with the deepest profundity which you can summon. At this moment, bring to mind that person or persons which have done you the greatest harm during your life, so that you embrace them close to your bosom, and tell them with all your heart: ‘In the Name of Jesus, I forgive you and wish you peace. In the Name of Jesus, I ask for your forgiveness and wish my peace.’ If the person is worthy of that peace, then the person will receive it, and feel better for it. If that person is not capable of opening up to that peace, then peace will return to your heart. But I do not want you to receive nor offer peace when you are not capable of forgiving and feeling that peace in your heart first.”*

*“Be careful of what you do,” continued the Lord, “you repeat in the Our Father: forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. If you are capable of forgiving but not forgetting, as some people say, you are placing conditions upon the forgiveness of God. You are saying: You forgive me only as I am capable of forgiving, but no more.”*

I do not know how to explain my pain, at the realization of how much we can hurt the Lord. And also how much we can injure ourselves by holding so many



grudges, bad feelings and unflattering things that are born from our own prejudices and over-sensitivities. I forgave; I forgave from the heart, and asked for forgiveness from all the people whom I had hurt at one time or another, in order to feel the peace of the Lord. The celebrant said, "...give us peace and unity..." and, then, "**the peace of the Lord** be with all of you."

Suddenly, I saw that among some (not all) of the people who were embracing each other, a very intense light placed itself between them. I knew it was Jesus, and I practically threw myself to embrace the person next to me. I could truly feel the embrace of the Lord in that light. It was Him Who embraced me giving me His peace, because in that moment, I had been able to forgive and remove from my heart all grief against other people. That is what Jesus wants, to share that moment of joy, hugging us and wishing us His peace.

The moment of the celebrants' **Communion** arrived. There I once again noticed the presence of all the priests next to the Archbishop. When he took Communion, the Virgin Mary said:

*"This is the moment to pray for the celebrant and the priests who accompany him. Repeat together with Me: 'Lord, bless them, sanctify them, help them, purify*

*them, love them, take care of them, and support them with Your Love. Remember all the priests of the world, pray for all the consecrated souls... ”*

Dear brothers and sisters, that is the moment in which we should pray for them, because they are the Church as we, the laity, are also. Many times we, the laity, demand so much from the priests, but we are unable to pray for them, to understand that they are human, and to comprehend and appreciate the solitude that many times can surround a priest.

We should understand that the priests are people like ourselves and that they need to be understood, to be cared for. They need affection and attention from us because they are giving their life to each one of us, as Jesus did, by being consecrated to Him.

The Lord wants the people of the flock that God has entrusted to the priest to pray and help in his sanctification. Someday, when we are on the other side, we will understand the marvels that the Lord has done, giving us priests who help us to save our souls.

The people began to leave their pews on their way to **Communion. The great moment** of the encounter had arrived. The Lord said to me: “*Wait a moment; I want you to observe something...*” An interior impulse made me raise my eyes towards the person who was going

to receive Communion on the tongue from the hands of the priest.

I should clarify that this person was one of the ladies from our group who the previous night was unable to go to confession, but this morning was able to do so before the Holy Mass. When the Priest placed the Sacred Host on her tongue, a flash of light, like a very golden white light, went right through this person, first through her back, then surrounding her from the back, around her shoulders, and then her head.

The Lord said: *“This is how I Myself rejoice in embracing a soul who comes with a clean heart to receive Me.”* The tone of voice of Jesus was that of a happy person.

I was astonished to see my friend return to her pew surrounded by light, embraced by the Lord. I thought of the marvel that we miss so many times by going to receive Jesus with our small or large offences, when it should be a feast.

Many times we say that there are no priests to whom to go to confess at any given moment. But the problem is not about confessing at each moment, but the problem resides in our ease of falling into evil again. On the other hand, in the same way that we make an effort to search for a beauty parlour, or men search for

a barber when we have a party, we have to also make an effort to seek a priest when we need to remove all that dirt from ourselves. We must not have the audacity to receive Jesus at any moment with our hearts full of ugly things.

When I went to **receive communion**, Jesus told me: *“The Last Supper was the moment of the greatest intimacy with My own. During that hour of love, I established what could be thought of as the greatest act of lunacy in the eyes of men, that of making Myself a prisoner of Love. I established the Eucharist. I wanted to remain with you until the end of the centuries because My Love could not bear that you remained orphans, you whom I loved more than My life.”*

I received that Host which had a different flavour. It was a mixture of blood and incense that inundated me entirely. I felt so much love that the tears ran down my cheeks without me being able to stop them.

When I returned to my seat, while kneeling down, the Lord said: *“Listen...”* A moment later, I began to hear the prayers of the lady who was seated in front of me and who had just received communion.

What she said, without opening her mouth, was more or less like this: *“Lord, remember that we are at the end of the month, and I do not have the money to pay the*

*rent, the car payments, nor the children's school. You have to do something to help me... Please, make my husband stop drinking so much. I cannot bear any more his being intoxicated so often, and my youngest son is going to repeat the year again, if you do not help him. He has exams this week... And do not forget our neighbour who must move. Let her do it right away. I cannot stand her anymore, etc., etc."*

Then the Archbishop said: "Let us pray," and obviously all the congregation stood up for the **final prayer**.

Jesus said in a sad tone: "*Did you take note of her prayer? Not a single time did she tell Me that she loves Me. Not a single time did she thank Me for the gift that I have given her by bringing down My Divinity to her poor humanity, in order to elevate her to Me. Not a single time has she said: thank You, Lord. It has been a litany of requests, and so are almost all of those who come to receive Me.*

*I have died for love, and I am risen. For love I await each one of you, and for love I remain with you... But you do not realize that I need your love. Remember that I am the Beggar of Love in this sublime hour for the soul."*

Do you all realize that He, Love, is begging for our love, and we do not give it to Him? Moreover, we avoid

going to that encounter with the Love of Loves, with the only love who gives of itself in a permanent oblation.

When the celebrant was going to give **the blessing**, the Holy Virgin said: *“Be attentive, take care... You do any old sign instead of the Sign of the Cross. Remember that this blessing could be the last one that you will receive from hands of a priest. You do not know when, leaving here, if you will die or not. You do not know if you will have the opportunity to receive a blessing from another priest. Those consecrated hands are giving you the blessing in the Name of the Holy Trinity. Therefore, make the Sign of the Cross with respect, as if it was the last one of your life.”*

How much we miss in not understanding and not participating every day at the Holy Mass! Why not make an effort to begin the day a half hour earlier and run to the Holy Mass and receive all the blessings that the Lord wants to pour over us?

I am aware that, because of their obligations, not everybody can attend daily Mass, but at least two or three times a week. So many avoid Mass on Sundays with the smallest excuse, that they have a child, or two, or ten, and, therefore, they cannot attend Mass. How do people manage when they have other

important types of commitments? They take all the children, or take turns and the husband goes at one hour and the wife another, but they carry out their duty to God.

We have time to study, to work, to entertain, to rest, but WE DO NOT HAVE TIME, AT LEAST ON SUNDAY, TO GO TO THE HOLY MASS.

Jesus asked me to **remain with Him a few minutes** more after Mass had finished.

He said: *“Do not leave in a hurry after Mass is over. Stay a moment in My company and enjoy it, and let Me enjoy yours...”*

As a child, I had heard someone say that the Lord remained with us for five or ten minutes, after Communion. I asked Him at this moment: *“Lord, truly, how much time do You stay with us after Communion?”*

I suppose that the Lord must have laughed at my silliness, because He answered: *“All the time that you want to have Me with you. If you speak to Me all day long, offering Me some words during your chores, I will listen to you. I am always with you. It is you who leaves Me. You leave the Mass, and the day of obligation ends. You kept the day of the Lord, and it is now finished for you. You do not think that I would like to share your family life with you, at least that day.*

*In your homes, you have a place for everything and a room for each activity: a room to sleep, another to cook, another to eat, etc. Which place have you made for Me? It should not be a place where you only have an image, which collects dust all the time, but a place where at least five minutes a day the family meets to give thanks for the day and for the gift of life, to ask for their needs of the day, to ask for blessings, protection, health. Everything has a place in your homes, except Me.*

*Men plan their day, their week, their semester, their vacations, etc. They know what day they are going to rest, what day they will go to the movies or to a party, or visit grandmother or the grandchildren, the children, their friends, and to their amusements. How many families say at least once a month: 'This is the day for our turn to go and visit Jesus in the Tabernacle,' and the whole family comes to talk to Me? How many sit down in front of Me and have a conversation with Me, telling Me how it has been since the last time, telling Me their problems, the difficulties they have, asking Me about what they need, making Me part of these things? How many times?*

*I know everything. I read even the deepest secrets of your hearts and minds. But I enjoy your telling Me about your life, your letting Me participate as a family member, as your most intimate friend. Oh, how many*



*graces does man lose by not giving Me a place in his life!"*

When I remained with Him that day and on many other days, He continued to give us teachings. Today I want to share with you this mission that He has entrusted to me. Jesus said: *"I wanted to save My creature, because the moment of opening the door to Heaven has been impregnated with too much pain...Remember that not even one mother has fed her child with her own flesh. I have gone to that extreme of Love to communicate My merits to all of you.*

*The Holy Mass is Myself prolonging My life and My Sacrifice on the Cross among you. Without the merits of My life and My Blood, what do you have with which to come before the Father? Nothing, misery and sin... You should exceed in virtue the angels and archangels, because they do not have the joy of receiving Me as nourishment like you do. They drink a drop from the spring, but you that have the grace of receiving Me, you have the whole ocean to drink."*

The other thing that the Lord spoke about with pain concerned people who encounter Him out of habit, of those who have lost their awe of each encounter with Him. That routine turns some people so lukewarm that they have nothing new to tell Jesus when they receive Him. He also said that there were so many consecrated

souls who lose their enthusiasm of falling in love with the Lord, and have made their vocation an occupation, a profession to which nothing more is given, except that which is demanded of one, but without feeling...

Then the Lord spoke to *me* about the fruits that must come from each Communion that we take. It does happen that there are people who receive the Lord daily but do not change their lives. They spend many hours in prayer and do many works, etc., but their life does not go on transforming, and a life that does not transform cannot bear true fruits for the Lord. The merits we receive in the Eucharist should bear the fruits of conversion in us and fruits of charity toward our brothers and sisters.

We the laity have a very important role in our Church. We do not have the right to be silent, because the Lord has sent us out, as all the baptized, to go forth and announce the Good News. We do not have the right to absorb all this knowledge and not share it with others, and to allow our brothers to die of hunger when we have so much bread in our hands.

We cannot watch our Church crumble as we stay comfortable in our parishes and homes, receiving and receiving so much from the Lord: His Word, the homilies of the priests, the pilgrimages, the Mercy of

God in the Sacrament of Reconciliation, the marvellous union with the nourishment of Communion, the talks of preachers.

In other words, we are receiving so much and we do not have the courage to leave our comfort zone and go to a jail, to a correctional institution, to speak to the neediest. To go and tell them not to give up, that they were born Catholic and that their Church needs them there, suffering, because their suffering will serve to redeem others, because that sacrifice will gain for them eternal life.

We are not capable of going where the terminally ill are in the hospitals, and by praying the Divine Mercy Chaplet, helping them with our prayers during that time of struggle between good and evil to free them from the snares and temptations of the devil. Every dying person has fear, and just taking their hand and talking to them about the love of God and the marvel that awaits them in Heaven next to Jesus and Mary, next to their departed ones, gives them comfort.

The hour in which we currently live does not allow us to be indifferent. We must be an extension of the hands of our priests and go where they cannot reach. But for this, we need courage. We must receive Jesus, live with Jesus, nourish ourselves with Jesus.

We are afraid to commit ourselves a little more, and when the Lord says, *“First seek the Kingdom of God, and the rest will be added onto you,”* He says it all, brothers and sisters. It means to seek the Kingdom of God, by all possible means and with all means, and to open your hands in order to receive EVERYTHING in addition! This is because He is the Master Who pays the best, the only One Who is attentive to your smallest needs.

Brothers, sisters, thank you for allowing me to carry out the mission that was entrusted to me, that of having these pages reach you. The next time you attend Holy Mass, live it. I know the Lord will fulfil for you His promise that “your Mass will never again be the same.” And when you receive Him, love Him!

Experience the sweetness of feeling yourself resting against the folds of His side, pierced for you in order to leave you His Church and His Mother, to open for you the doors to His Father’s House. Experience this so that you are able to feel for yourself His Merciful Love by means of this testimony, and try to reciprocate with your childlike love. May God bless you this Easter.  
Your sister in the Living Jesus,

***Catalina***

***Lay Missionary of the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus***