Jesus in the Womb of Mary

The Nine Excesses of Love

Most Holy Trinity, I plunge myself in your Divine Will and make myself present in Paradise; within the Eternal Love that flows between You, the Three Divine Persons.

I keep you company in the moment of the Incarnation, in which the Father sends the Son upon Earth to suffer and die, the Son promptly obeys the Will of the Father, and the Holy Spirit consents.

I profoundly adore you Most Holy Trinity, within this mystery so great, within this love so reciprocal, so equal, so strong amongst yourselves and overflowing toward men…

I contemplate the ingratitude of men in the face of your great love.

To repair for this ingratitude, I love and adore you on behalf of all. I thank you with your own thanksgiving, Most Holy Trinity, for the immeasurable generosity you have shown mankind in the mystery of the Incarnation.

I keep you company my Jesus, in the moment of your Conception, in which you did not consider the Heavens, your infinite joys and pleasures or your own greatness and power something to be grasped at, but instead took the form of a little baby, an embryo.

In the instant of your conception, you feel yourself annihilated, restricted, constrained, unable to move and almost even to breathe.

From within the maternal womb you say to me, *"Do you see how much I have loved you? O please, make Me a little space in your heart; remove everything which is not Mine, so you will give Me more freedom to move and to breathe."*

I give you my heart as a home, my Jesus. I remove from it everything which does not belong to you. Please *help* me to give you full space and freedom to move within my soul… In this moment, please reveal to me anything within my soul that is oppressing you.

My little Jesus, I place my heart close to yours as the fires, the oceans, the immense seas of love of your Divinity devour you, inundate you and burn you to ashes.

These flames of love of your Divinity are set so high as to reach everywhere – from the first to the last man.

With these flames you consume souls in your love. You devour them all and conceive each one of them within you, excluding no one. Your love would have given you no peace if you had excluded any of them.

My Jesus, as you conceive all souls in your Heart, your love commands you to take on the burden of each one of them. So you conceive not only all souls, but the pains of each one, as well as the satisfaction which each one of them was to give to your Celestial Father. So your Passion is conceived together with you.

I keep you loving company in the womb of your Heavenly Mother. Oh how tortured is your little humanity!

I behold your head crowned with the thorns of our evil thoughts, which prick you more sharply than thorns that sprout from the earth. These thorns press tightly around your temples and make rivers of tears pour out from your eyes…

But you are unable to move your hands to dry them, for you are immobile in the womb of your Mother. What a long crucifixion of nine months! You cannot move your finger or a hand or a foot. You cannot even blink your eyes. Your immobility is such that you seem to be dead.

And all the evil works of all souls past present and future, assume the form of nails and continuously pierce your hands and your feet.

From within your Heart Jesus, I love you and I embrace you with all the tenderness of my heart.

I want to make rivers of sweetness flow within each one of your pains.

I profoundly adore you on behalf of all the souls you have conceived within yourself.

I love you for those who do not love you and I thank you on behalf of all for having conceived us in your Divine Heart, and for having taken upon yourself all of our pains.

My tender little Jesus, as all souls are conceived together with you, you ardently desire their loving company. You want to tell them how much you love them. You want to speak of your joys and sorrows – that you have come into their midst to make them happy and to console them; that you will remain in their midst as a little brother, giving your goods, your kingdom, to each one of them at the cost of your life!

You desire so fervently to give them your kisses and caresses, to amuse yourself with them, but – ah, how many sorrows they give you… Some run away from you. Some play deaf and force you into silence. Some despise your goods and do not care about your Kingdom, returning your kisses and caresses with indifference and obliviousness of you. So they convert your amusement into bitter crying.

Oh Jesus, how lonely you are; lonely, though in the midst of many.

And this loneliness weighs heavily upon you.

You have no one to whom to say a word, with whom to pour yourself out, not even in love. You are always sad and taciturn, because if you speak you are not listened to.

Here I am oh Jesus. I abandon myself in your arms so that you may amuse yourself with me, and may pour out with me the ardent flames of your love.

I intend to keep you loving company in every instant of your life, and I give you my attentive ear, to listen to your sweet and Divine words.

My tender little Jesus, I place myself near you in the womb of your Heavenly Mother, and I behold the painful state in which you find yourself.

You are Eternal Light. The sun is but a shadow of your light… But into what a dark prison your love has led you.

There is not a glimmer of light within the maternal womb. It is always night for you, my God – but a night without stars, without rest. And you are always awake… what pain! The narrowness of the prison – without being able to make the slightest movement; the thick darkness… even your breathing is labored as you breath through the breathing of your Mama…

But this darkness is nothing compared to the darkness of the sins of all creatures.

You have conceived them all within yourself. Each sin is a night for you, and combined together, all our sins form an abyss of darkness with no boundaries, and you moan from the pain!

Oh, excess of Divine love – making you pass from an immensity of light and space into an abyss of thick darkness, so narrow as to lose the freedom to breathe; and all this, for love of creatures.

Oh Jesus, I thank you on behalf of all. I love you and console you with the love of all the angels and saints!

I place myself close to you in this narrow prison, and I want to make for you a little light with my love.

My dear King Jesus, in the womb of your Celestial Father you were fully happy. There was no good which you did not possess; joy, happiness – everything was at your disposal! The angels adored you reverently, hanging upon your every wish.

Ah, excess of Divine Love! It restrained you within this gloomy prison; it stripped you of all your joys, happinesses and goods, to clothe you with all the unhappinesses of creatures – and all this in order to make an exchange, to give them your destiny, your joys and your eternal happiness.

…All this would have been nothing if you had not found in them highest ingratitude and obstinate perfidy.

Oh how your eternal love is surprised in the face of so much ingratitude, and it cries over the stubbornness and disloyalty of man.

I enter into your Sacred Heart, and I behold it bitterly wounded and pouring out blood, for it is pierced by ingratitude – the sharpest thorn to transfix your Heart.

Oh my Jesus, in that place where your Heart is pierced and most embittered, I pour the balm of my love to soothe you.

I promise to remain always close to you, and I give you the return of gratitude on behalf of the whole human family to repair you for your bitter sorrow over the ingratitude of man.

My Sweet Jesus, I place myself together with you in the womb of your Heavenly Mother, and together with her, I keep you loving company as I hear you moan and appeal to creatures.

…In seeing that neither your moans nor your supplications move souls to compassion for your love, you assume the attitude of the poorest of beggars; and stretching out your little hand, you ask – for pity's sake, and at least as alms – for their souls, for their affections and for their hearts.

Your love wants to win over the heart of man at any cost; and in seeing that after seven excesses of your love, he is still reluctant, plays deaf, does not care about you and does not want to give himself to you… your love wants to push itself further. It should have stopped; but no, it wants to overflow even more.

From within the womb of your Mama, you make your voice heard in the depth of every heart. Your love speaks to each soul in the most insinuating manners, with the most fervent prayers and with the most penetrating words saying, *"My child, give me your heart; I will give you everything you want, provided that you give Me your heart in exchange. I have descended from Heaven to make a prey of it. O please, do not deny it to Me! Do not delude my hopes!"*

…But in seeing souls still reluctant, and many of them turning their backs on you, you, my sweet Jesus, begin to moan. You join your little hands together and cry. With a voice suffocated by sobs you say, *"Ohh! Ohh! I am the little beggar; you don't want to give Me your heart – not even as alms? Is this not a greater*

excess of my love; that the Creator, in order to approach the creature, takes the form of a little baby so as not to strike fear in him; that He asks for the heart of the creature, at least as alms, and in seeing that he does not want to give it, He supplicates, moans and cries?"

Oh my Jesus, I join all the tears I have ever shed together with yours. May these tears melt the hearts of all souls that they may love you.

…But if they do not want to love you, I will love you on behalf of them all.

I give you my heart as bed and refuge.

I give you my heart and I will never take it back.

May every particle of my being tell you constantly that I love you, to give you compassion in your sorrow of being unloved by so many.

My passionate Jesus, after you have poured out eight excesses of love to man and he requited them so badly, your love does not give up, and wants to add the ninth excess of love to the eighth.

This ninth excess of your love is yearnings, sighs of fire, flames of desire, for you long to go out of the maternal womb to embrace man.

These yearnings reduce your little Humanity, not yet born, to such a state of agony as to reach the point of breathing your last.

But the Divinity, which is inseparable from you, gives you sips of life… So as you reach the point of dying, by a miracle of your omnipotence, you *regain* your life to continue your agony… and return again to the point of death… *Again and again and again.*

From the first instant of your conception, up to your last breath on the cross, your Sacred Humanity suffers the deaths of creatures conceived within you. You feel the death of their sin, the death of good within their souls and also their natural death.

What a cruel torment this is for you, and a cruel torment that lasts all your life!

You, who *contain* life and are the absolute Lord of life itself, have to subject yourself to the continuous pain of death.

How hard and excruciating is the pain of feeling death without dying.

…And this is the ninth excess of your love. To agonize and to die of love continuously for the creature.

Jesus, I love you. Consume me in the fire of your love so that I may love you to the point of death.

I place myself close to you, deep within your heart, and I participate in this work you are doing for souls.

I unite my sorrows, my sufferings and my death together with yours, that I may be the repetition of your life, and you may continue your crafting of love through me.

I take the fruitful effects of your agony and pour them out over the whole world, so that souls may be disposed to surrender to your love and to receive the great gift of living in your Will.

Supplemental Readings

Novena of Holy Christmas / The Nine Excesses of Love

The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will **(Day 20)**

Rounds of the Soul in the Divine Will **(Round 9)**

The Book of Heaven

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