



Good Morning to Jesus

Good Morning to Jesus O my Jesus, sweet Prisoner of love, here I am before You again. I left You saying good-bye, and now I come back saying good morning. I was anxiously burning to see You again in this prison of love, to give You my yearning regards, my affectionate heartbeats, my ardent desires and all myself in order to transfuse all of myself in You, and to abandon myself in You in perpetual memory and pledge of my love toward You. Oh my always adorable Sacramental Love, do you know?

While I came to give You all of myself, I came also to receive from You all of Yourself. I cannot live without a life, therefore I want yours. All is given to the one who gives all, isn't it true, O Jesus? Therefore, today I will love with your heartbeat of a passionate lover; I will breathe with your panting breath in search for souls; I will desire your Glory and the good of souls with your immeasurable desires. All the heartbeats of creatures will flow within your divine heartbeat; we will grasp them all and will save them.

We won't let anybody escape, at the cost of any sacrifice, even if I should bear all the pain. If You should push me away I will fling myself more inside You, I will cry out louder in order to plead together with You for the salvation of your children and my brothers. Oh my Jesus, my Life and my All, how many things does your voluntary imprisonment tell me! But the emblem with which I see You all sealed is the emblem of the souls, while the chains which bind You completely - very strongly - are love. It seems that the words souls and love make You smile, debilitate You and force You to surrender in everything; and I, pondering well these excesses of your love, will be always before You and together with You, with my usual refrains: souls and love.

Therefore, today I want all of You; always together with me in the prayer, in the work, in the pleasures and displeasures, in the food, in the steps, in the sleep - in everything. I am certain that, being unable to obtain anything by myself, with You I will obtain everything; and everything we will do will serve to soothe each one of your pains, to sweeten every bitterness, to give You reparation for any offense, to compensate You for 2 everything, and to plead for any conversion, no matter how difficult and desperate. We will go begging a little love from every heart, to make You more content and happy - isn't it good this way, O Jesus?

Oh dear Prisoner of love, bind me with your chains, seal me with your love. Please, show me your beautiful face. Oh Jesus, how beautiful You are! Your blond hair braids and sanctifies all my thoughts; your calm forehead, even in the midst of many insults, gives me peace and puts me in perfect calm, even among the greatest storms, my privations of You, and your fusses, which cost me my life. Ah, You know it, but I move on; my heart will tell You this, for it knows how to say it better than I. Oh Love, your azure eyes, sparkling with divine light, sweep me to Heaven and make me forget the earth but, alas, with my greatest pain, my exile continues yet. Hurry, hurry, oh Jesus. Yes, You are beautiful, O Jesus; I seem to see You in that Tabernacle of love.

The beauty and the majesty of your face enamors me and makes me see Heaven; your gracious mouth lightly places its ardent kisses every instant. Your gentle voice calls me and invites me to love every moment; your knees sustain me; your arms clasp me with an indissoluble bond, and I will impress my burning kisses, thousands upon thousands, on your adorable face. Jesus, Jesus, may our will be one, one our love, one our happiness. Never leave me alone, because I am a nothing, and the nothing cannot be without the all. Will You promise me, oh Jesus? It seems that You say Yes.

And now, bless me, bless all; and together with the angels, the saints, the sweet Mama and all the creatures, I will say to You: 'Good morning, O Jesus, good morning.

(Prayer from beginning of Volume 11)