

## VOLUME 4

J.M.J.

Year 1900

**September 5, 1900**

### *Hope, the nourishment of Love.*

Since in the past days my adorable Jesus had not made Himself seen so much, I was feeling diffident about the hope of reacquiring Him again; even more, I believed that everything was over for me: visits of Our Lord and state of victim. However, this morning blessed Jesus came, wearing a horrible crown of thorns, and placed Himself near me, moaning, in the act of wanting a refreshment. So I removed it very gently, and to give Him more pleasure I put it on my head. Then He said to me: "My daughter, true Love is when It is sustained by Hope, and persevering Hope, because if today I hope and tomorrow I do not, Love becomes infirm. In fact, since Love is nourished by Hope, the more nourishment It administers to It, the stronger, more robust and more lively Love becomes. And if this is missing, poor Love becomes infirm first, and remaining alone, without support, It ends up dying completely. Therefore, as great as your difficulties may be, you must never, even for one instant, move away from Hope with the fear of losing Me. On the contrary, you must act in such a way that, overcoming everything, Hope may make you found always united with Me, and then Love will have perennial life." After this, He continued coming without telling Me anything else.

**September 6, 1900**

### *The state of victim.*

My most sweet Jesus continues to come. This morning, as soon as He came, He wanted to pour a little bit of His bitternesses into me, and then He told me: "My daughter, I want to sleep a little, and you – do my office of suffering, praying and placating Justice." So He fell asleep, and I began to pray near Jesus. Later, as He woke up, we went round a little in the midst of people, and He showed me several conspiracies that they are making in order to provoke a revolution. Especially, I noticed a sudden assault they were plotting so as to better achieve their intent, and so that no one might be able to defend and guard himself against the enemy. How many gloomy scenes! However, it seems that the Lord is not yet giving them the freedom to do this; and not knowing the reason, they are consumed with rage, because in spite of their perverse will, they see themselves powerless to do it. It takes nothing else but the Lord to concede this freedom to them, for everything is ready.

After this, we came back, and Jesus showed Himself all wounded, and said to me: "See how many wounds they have opened in Me, and the necessity of the continuous state of victim, of your sufferings, because there is not a moment in which they spare Me offenses. And since the offenses are continuous, continuous must be the sufferings and the prayers so that I may be spared; and if you see that your suffering is suspended, tremble and fear, because not seeing Myself relieved in my pains, may it not be that I concede to the enemies that freedom so yearned for by them." On hearing this, I began to pray that He would let me suffer, and in the meantime I saw the confessor who, with his intentions, pressed Jesus to make me suffer. Then blessed Jesus shared with me such and so many pains, that I myself do not know how I remained alive. However, the Lord did not leave me alone in my pains; on the contrary, it seemed He did not have the heart to leave me, and so I spent several days together with Jesus, and He communicated many graces to me, and made me comprehend many things. However, partly because of the suffering state, partly because I am unable to express myself, I move on and keep silent.

**September 9, 1900**

### *Jesus prepares the soul of Luisa for Communion. The necessity of shedding of blood.*

He continues to come; however, I spent most of the night without Jesus. Then, on coming, He told me: "My daughter, what do you want, that you are so anxiously waiting for Me? Do you perhaps need anything?" And since I knew I was to receive Communion, I said: 'Lord, I waited for You the whole night; more so, because having to receive Communion, I fear that my heart may not be well disposed to be able to receive You. Therefore I need that my soul be reviewed by You, so that it may be disposed to unite me with You sacramentally.' And Jesus, benignly, reviewed my soul to prepare me to receive Him. Then He transported me outside of myself, and together with Him I found our Queen Mama, who was saying to Jesus: "My Son, this

soul will always be ready to do and to suffer whatever We want, and this is like a bond that binds Our Justice. Therefore, spare so many slaughters and so much blood which is to be shed by the people." And Jesus said: "My Mother, the shedding of blood is necessary because I want this line of kings deposed from its throne, and this cannot be without blood; and this is also to purge my Church, which is very much infected. At the most, I can concede to spare them in part, out of regard for the sufferings." In the meantime I saw the majority of the deputies plotting how to make the king fall, and they were thinking of putting on the throne one of those deputies who were assembled. After this, I found myself inside myself. How many human miseries! Ah, Lord, have compassion on the blindness in which poor humanity is immersed!

Then, continuing to see the Lord and the Queen Mother, I saw the confessor with them, and the Most Holy Virgin said: "See, my Son, We have a third party, the confessor, who wants to unite with Us and offer his work by committing himself to concur in order to make her suffer, to satisfy divine Justice. This too, is like rendering the rope stronger, which binds You in order to placate You. Besides, when have You ever resisted the strength of the unions of one who suffers and prays, and one who concurs with You for the sole purpose of glorifying You and for the good of the peoples." Jesus was listening to His Mother; He had regard for the confessor, but He did not pronounce a sentence completely favorable; rather, He limited Himself to spare in part.

### **September 10, 1900**

#### ***Threats against the perverted world.***

This morning I found myself outside of myself and I saw the many evils and most enormous sins which are being committed – also against the Church and the Holy Father. Then, as I returned inside myself, my adorable Jesus came and told me: "What do you say about the world?" Not knowing what this question was driving at, impressed as I was by the things I had seen, I said: 'Blessed Lord, who can tell You the perversity, the hardness, the ugliness of the world? I have no words to tell You how *cattivo* [bad] it is!' And He, taking the occasion from my very words, added: "Have you seen how perverted it is? You yourself said it. There is no way to make it surrender; after I have almost taken bread away from it, it remains in the same stubbornness – and even worse; and for now it goes on procuring it by thefts and robberies, doing harm to one's neighbor. Therefore it is necessary that I touch its flesh, otherwise it will become even more perverted."

Who can say how speechless I remained at this speaking of Jesus; it seems to me that I myself have been the occasion of making Him become indignant against the world – instead of excusing it, I painted it black. I did as much as I could to excuse it afterwards, but He did not pay attention to me – the evil was already done. Ah, Lord, forgive me for this lack of charity, and use mercy!

### **September 12, 1900**

#### ***The 'sin' of Luisa. Plots of revolution against the Church.***

It continues almost in the same way. This morning, on coming, He poured His bitternesses, and I was left in so much suffering that I began to pray the Lord to give me strength and to relieve me a little bit, for I could not endure. In the meantime, a light came into my mind that I was committing sin in doing this. Besides, what would blessed Jesus say? While on other occasions I prayed Him to pour, this time when He had poured without waiting to be asked, I was looking for relief. It seems to me I am becoming more *cattiva* [bad], and my badness reaches such a point that even before Him I do not abstain from committing defects and sins.

So, not knowing what to do in order to repair, I resolved in my interior that for this time, to make a greater sacrifice and give myself a penance so that my nature would not dare to ask for relief again, I should renounce the coming of Our Lord; and if He came I should tell Him: "Do not come, Love - have compassion for me, and [do not] relieve me.' So I did, and I spent several hours in intense suffering and without Jesus. How bitter it was for me! But Jesus, having compassion for me, without my asking for Him, came, and immediately I said to Him: "Have patience, do not come, for I do not want relief.' And He: "My daughter, I am content with your sacrifice, but you need a refreshment, otherwise you faint." And I: 'No, Lord, I do not want relief.' But drawing near my mouth, almost by force He poured a few drops of a sweet milk from His mouth, which mitigated my suffering. Who can say the confusion, the blushing I felt before Him! I expected a reproach, but Jesus showed Himself more affable, more sweet, as if He had not perceived my fault. On seeing this, I said:

‘My adorable Jesus, once You have poured [your bitternesses] into me and I suffer, don’t You have to spare the world - don’t You?’ And He: "My daughter, do you think I have poured everything into you? Besides, how could you face all the chastisement I will pour over the world? You yourself have seen that you could not endure the little I poured, and had I not come to help you, you would have ended. Now, what would happen if I poured everything into you? My dear, I gave you my word – I will content you in part."

After this, He transported me outside of myself, into the midst of the people, and I continued to see the so many evils, especially the plots of revolution against the Church and within society, to kill the Holy Father and priests. I felt my soul being tortured at the sight of these things, and I thought to myself: ‘If – may it never be – they came to carry out these machinations, what will happen? How many evils will come?’ All afflicted, I looked at Jesus, and He told me: "And what about that revolt that happened here – what do you say about it?" And I: ‘Which revolt? Nothing has happened in my town.’ And He: "Don’t you remember the revolt of Andria?"

‘Yes, Lord.’

"Well then, it seems nothing, but it is not so. That was the whole occasion and an incitement for other towns to revolt and shed blood, giving affront to sacred people and to my temples; and since everyone wants to show how much better he is in provoking evil, they will compete to see who can do more." And I: ‘Ah, Lord! Give peace to the Church and do not allow so many troubles!’ And as I wanted to say more, He disappeared from me, leaving me all afflicted and concerned.

### **September 14, 1900**

#### ***Jesus pours His bitternesses in order to placate His Justice. The heroism of true virtue.***

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. Then, after much waiting, He made Himself seen within my interior, using my heart as support, and surrounding it with His arms while leaning His most sacred head upon it – all afflicted, serious, in such a way as to impose silence, and giving His back to the world. After remaining a little while in mute silence, because the appearance with which He showed Himself would not let one dare to say a word, He stirred Himself from that position and said to me: "I had resolved not to pour, but things have reached such a point that, if I did not pour, such uproars would break out as to start a revolution and cause bloody slaughters." And I: ‘Yes, Lord, pour; this is my only desire – that You give vent to your wrath upon me and spare the creatures.’ So He poured a little bit.

Then, afterwards, as if He had relieved Himself, He added: "My daughter, I allowed Myself to be brought to the slaughter like a lamb, and I remained mute before those who sacrificed Me. The same will be for those few good of these times; however, this is the heroism of true virtue." Again, He added: "I poured - but even though I did, do you want Me to pour a little more, so I relieve Myself more?" And I: ‘My Lord, don’t even ask me, I am at your disposal – You can do with me whatever You want.’ So He poured again and disappeared, leaving me in suffering and content, thinking that I had relieved the pains of my beloved Jesus.

### **September 16, 1900**

#### ***Turmoils in Andria.***

Continuing to come, my lovable Jesus shared with me various pains of His Passion, and then He transported me outside of myself, showing me the neighboring towns. In particular, it seemed to me it was Andria, and if the Lord does not make use of His omnipotence for their chastisement, the turmoils will get serious; more so, since it seemed that there was the incitement of some priests to these turmoils, which embittered Our Lord more. Then, after I visited various churches together with blessed Jesus, doing acts of reparation and adoration for the many profanations committed in the churches, Jesus told me: "My daughter, let Me pour a little bit, for the bitternesses are such and so many that I cannot swallow them alone, and my Heart cannot bear them." So He poured and He disappeared, returning other times without telling me anything else.

### **September 18, 1900**

#### ***Charity toward one’s neighbor. Luisa prays Jesus to take her to Heaven.***

This morning my adorable Jesus transported me outside of myself, and showed me the many evils committed against charity toward one’s neighbor. How much sorrow they caused to most patient Jesus! – it

seemed that He Himself was receiving them. Then, all afflicted, He told me: "My daughter, one who harms his neighbor harms himself, and by killing his neighbor he kills his soul; and since charity predisposes the soul for all virtues, because charity is missing, the soul is predisposed to commit all sorts of vices."

After this, we withdrew, and since for several days I had been suffering from an intense pain at my ribs, I felt exhausted in my strengths. Compassionating me, blessed Jesus told me: "My beloved, you would like to come, wouldn't you?" And I: 'Heavens willing, my Lord, that this pain be the cause of my coming to You. How grateful I would be to it, how dearly I would hold it – as one of my most faithful friends. But I think You want to tempt me like the other times, and by exciting me with your invitations, since I would then remain disillusioned, You would come to make my martyrdom more cruel and harrowing. But, O please! – have compassion for me, and do not leave me on earth any longer; absorb this miserable worm into Yourself, for I have the right to this, since it is from You that I came.' All moved in hearing me, lovable Jesus told me: "Poor daughter, do not fear, for your day in which you will be absorbed in Me will surely come. Know, however, that your continuous violences to come to Me, especially after my invitations, do great good to you and make you live in the atmosphere of the air, without a shadow of any human weight; so much so, that you are like those flowers which have not even their roots from the earth. By living in this way, suspended in the air, you come to amuse Heaven and earth, and in looking at Heaven, you are amused by It alone and you nourish yourself with all that is celestial; in looking at the earth, you feel compassion for it, and help it as much as you can on your part. However, at the comparison with the fragrance of Heaven, you immediately perceive the stench that emanates from the earth, and you abhor it. Could I perhaps place you in a position more dear to Me and to Heaven, and more beneficial for you and for the world?" And I: 'Yet, O my Lord, You should have compassion for me by not prolonging my residence down here, for the so many reasons I have; especially then, for the sad times that are preparing. Who would have the heart to see such a bloody slaughter? And also, for your continuous privations that cost me more than death.'

As I was saying this, I saw a multitude of Angels around Our Lord, saying: "Our Lord and God, do not let Yourself be importuned any longer – make her content; we are anxiously waiting for her. Wounded by her voice, we have come here to listen to her, and we are impatient to take her with us. And you, O chosen one, come to cheer us in our celestial dwelling!" Blessed Jesus, moved, seemed to want to condescend, and He disappeared. As I found myself inside myself, I felt my pain increased; so much so, that I was in a continuous spasm - but I could not understand myself for the contentment.

**September 19, 1900**

***The obedience to ask Jesus for relief in her pains.***

As the spasm of pain doubled more and more, I would have wanted to hide it so that no one would notice it, and I would have wanted to keep it secret, without opening up with the confessor about the things I have said above. But the spasm was so strong that it was impossible for me to do it, and the confessor, making use of his usual weapon of obedience, commanded me to manifest everything to him. Then, after I manifested everything to him, he told me that out of obedience I was to pray the Lord to free me, otherwise I would be committing sin. What a kind of obedience! – she is always the one who comes across my designs. So, unwillingly, I accepted this new obedience, but in spite of this I did not have the heart to pray the Lord to free me of a friend so dear, which is suffering; more so, since I was hoping to go out of the exile of this life.

Blessed Jesus tolerated me, and on coming, He said to me: "You suffer very much, do you want Me to free you?" And I, forgetting for a moment about the obedience, said: 'No Lord, no, do not free me – I want to come. Besides, You know that I don't know how to love You, I am cold, I don't do great things for You – at least I offer You this suffering to satisfy for what I am unable to do for love of You.' And He: 'And I, my daughter, will infuse so much love and so much grace in you, that no one may be able to love Me and desire Me as you do. Aren't you happy?'

'Yes, but I want to come.' Jesus disappeared, and as I returned inside myself I remembered about the obedience received, and I had to accuse myself before the confessor, who commanded that he absolutely did not want me to go, and that the Lord should free me. What pain I felt in receiving this obedience! It really seems that she wants to touch the extremes of my patience.

**September 20, 1900**

***Signs of the cross to heal her.***

I continued to suffer; even more, I felt a resentment in my interior more than ever, for I was being forbidden to die. So, on coming, my adorable Jesus reproached me for my delay in obeying, while up to that moment He had seemed to tolerate me. In the meantime I saw the confessor, and turning to him, He took his hand and said: "When you come, sign her at the place of the pain, for I will make her obey." And He disappeared.

As I remained alone, I felt the pain more intensely. Then the confessor came, and finding me in suffering, he too reproached me for I was not obeying, and as I told him what I had seen, and what Our Lord had said to the confessor, on hearing me, he signed the place where I was suffering, and in two minutes I was able to breathe and move, while before I could not do it without feeling atrocious spasms. It seems to me that obedience and those signs of the cross have bound my pain in such a way that I can no longer suffer – and here is how I have remained disillusioned in my designs. In fact, this lady obedience has taken so much power over me that she lets me do nothing of what I want; even in the suffering itself she wants to lord, and I have to remain entirely and completely under her empire.

**September 21, 1900**

***The power of obedience. Obedience must be everything for her.***

Who can tell my affliction in being deprived of my dearest friend, suffering? I admired, yes, the prodigious empire of holy obedience, as well as the virtue which the Lord had communicated to the confessor who, by obedience and by signing me, had freed me of a malady which I considered grave, and which was enough to undo my body. But in spite of this, I could not help feeling the pain of being deprived of a suffering so good, which moved blessed Jesus to pity and compassion, in such a way that I could make Him come almost continuously.

So, when Our Lord came I lamented to Him, saying: 'My beloved Good, what have You done to me? You had me freed by the confessor, and so I have lost the hope of leaving the earth for now. Besides, why make so many stratagems, putting father in the middle, when You could have freed me Yourself? Ah, maybe You did not want to grieve me directly, did You?' And He: "Ah, my daughter, how quickly you have forgotten that obedience was everything to Me, and I want obedience to be everything for you. Besides, I put father in the middle, so that you would have regard for him as for my very person." Having said this, He disappeared, leaving me all embittered.

How many things can lady obedience come up with! One has to know her and have to deal with her for a long time, not a short one, to truly be able to tell who she is. *Brava, brava*, lady obedience! The more one goes on, the more you make yourself known. As for myself, to tell the truth, I admire you, and I am even forced to love you; but I cannot help feeling huffy with you, especially when you come up with one of your big ones. Therefore I beg you, O dear obedience, to be more indulgent – more indulgent in letting me suffer.

**September 22, 1900**

***As many times as she disposes herself to make the sacrifice of death, so many times does Jesus give her the merit as if she were truly dying.***

As I was all oppressed and afflicted, upon coming, my adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, why do you remain all immersed in your affliction?" And I: 'Ah, my beloved, how can I not be afflicted since You do not want to take me with You yet, and You leave me on this earth still?' And He: "Ah, no, I do not want you to breathe this sad air of yours, because everything I have placed inside and outside of you is all holy; so much so, that if something or someone draws near you who is not upright and holy, you feel bother, immediately detecting the opposite stench of that which is not holy. Now, why would you want to shade what I have placed inside of you with this air of sadness? Know, however, that as many times as you dispose yourself to make the sacrifice of death, so many times do I give you the merit as if you were truly dying. This must be of great consolation for you; more so, since you conform to Me more, as my life was a continuous dying." And I: 'Ah,

Lord, it does not seem to me that death is a sacrifice; on the contrary, it seems to me that life is sacrifice.' And as I wanted to say more, He disappeared.

### **September 29, 1900**

#### ***The victim souls are supports and props for Jesus.***

I went through several days of silence between Jesus and me, and with scarce suffering; at the most, it seems He wanted to continue tempting me, to make me exercise a little bit more patience – and here is how:

On coming, He would say: "My beloved, I long for you from Heaven... In Heaven, in Heaven I wait for you." And He would escape like a flash. Then, coming back, He would repeat: "Cease your ardent sighs now, for you make Me languish continuously, to the point of fainting." Other times: "Your ardent love, your yearnings, are refreshment for my sad Heart." But who can say them all? It seemed to me that He was feeling like composing verses, and sometimes He would express these verses by singing them. However, without giving me the time to say a word, He would escape immediately. Then, this morning, as the confessor placed the intention of having me suffer the crucifixion, I saw the Queen Mama crying and almost contending with Jesus in order to spare the world so many scourges. But He showed Himself reluctant, and only to content Mama, He concurred in making me suffer. Then, afterwards, as if He had placated Himself a little, He said: "My daughter, it is true that I want to chastise the world – I have the lashes in my hands with which to beat it; but it is also true that if both you and the confessor interest yourself with praying Me and with suffering, that is always a support, and you would come to place as many props in order to spare the world, in part at least. Otherwise, not finding any support or props, I will pour Myself out with a free hand over the people." Having said this, He disappeared.

### **September 30, 1900**

#### ***Jesus asks her to console His afflicted Mama.***

This morning my most sweet Jesus was not coming, and I had to have much patience in waiting for Him; I even reached the point of trying to go out of my usual state, for I felt no more strength to continue it. He was not coming, suffering seemed to have fled from me, I felt my senses within myself – there was nothing left but to add an effort to go out. But while I was doing this, blessed Jesus came, and forming a circle with His arms, He took my head in the middle. At that touch, I no longer felt myself within myself, and I saw Our Lord very indignant with the world. As I wanted to placate Him, He said to me: "Do not want to occupy yourself with Me for now, but I pray you to occupy yourself with my Mama. Console Her, for She is very afflicted because of the heavier chastisements I am about to pour upon the earth." Who can say how afflicted I remained?

### **October 2, 1900**

#### ***State of victim for Italy and for Corato.***

Fearing that my state was no longer Will of God, as blessed Jesus came, I said: 'How I fear that my state is no longer your Will; because I see that I lack the two main things that kept me bound: suffering and your presence.' And He: "My daughter, it is not that I no longer want to keep you in this state, but since I want to chastise the world, this is why I am not coming and I make you lack suffering." And I: 'Why remain in this state then?'

And He: "Your position of victim and your continuous waiting for Me already break my arms. In fact, you do not see Me, but I see you very well, and I count all your sighs, your pains, your desires for Me; and your being all intent on Me is always an act of reparation for many who do not bother about Me, nor desire Me, but despise Me and are all intent on earthly things – covered with mud, amid the stench of vices. So, being the complete opposite of theirs, your state always comes to break Justice; so much so, that keeping you in this state and beginning the bloody wars in Italy is almost impossible for me." And I: 'Ah, Lord, to remain in this state without suffering is almost impossible for me; I feel my strengths fail me, because the strength to remain in this state comes to me from the sufferings. So, since these are lacking, some day, when You are not coming, I will try to go out. I am telling You this before, so You won't be displeased.' And He: "Ah, yes, yes, you will go out of this state when I begin the slaughter in Italy; then I will suspend it completely."

While saying this, He showed the fiercest wars which are to happen, both among the secular and against the Church. The blood inundated the towns like when there is a pouring rain. My poor heart writhed for the pain in seeing this, and remembering about my own town, I said: 'Ah, Lord, in saying that You will suspend me completely, You make me understand that not even for poor Corato will You have compassion - not even Corato will You spare? And He: "If sins reach a certain number, such that they will not deserve to have victim souls, and those who keep you as victim do not interest themselves, I will have no regard for her – that is, for Corato." Having said this, He disappeared, and I remained all oppressed and afflicted.

**October 4, 1900**

***Jesus suffers in chastising men, because they are His images.***

After going through a day of privation and of scarce suffering, I felt convinced that the Lord no longer wanted to keep me in this state. However, obedience does not want to yield to me, in this either, and she wants me to continue to stay, should I even croak and snuff out. May the Lord be always blessed, and may His holy and lovable Will be done in everything.

Then, this morning, on coming, blessed Jesus made Himself seen in a pitiful state; He seemed to be suffering within His members, and His body was being torn into so many pieces that it was impossible to count them. With plaintive voice, He was saying: "My daughter, what I feel! What I feel! These are unspeakable pains and incomprehensible to the human nature. It is the flesh of my children being lacerated, and the pain I feel is such that I feel my own flesh being lacerated." And while saying this, He moaned and grieved.

I felt moved in seeing Him in this state, and I did as much as I could to compassionate Him and pray Him to share His pains with me. He contented me in part, and I could just say to Him: 'Ah, Lord, did I not tell You: "Do not lay hand to chastisements, for what grieves me the most is that You Yourself will be struck in your own members!" Ah, this time there has been no way nor prayers to placate You.' But Jesus did not pay attention to my words; He seemed to have something serious in His Heart which pulled Him somewhere else, and in one instant He transported me outside of myself, taking me to the places where bloody slaughters were happening. Oh, how many sorrowful scenes could be seen in the world! How much human flesh tormented, torn to pieces, trampled upon as one tramples the earth, and left unburied. How many tragedies, how many miseries! And what is more, more terrible ones are to happen! Blessed Jesus looked and, all moved, began to cry bitterly. Unable to refrain, I cried with Him over the sad condition of the world; so much so, that my tears mixed with those of Jesus.

After crying for quite a while, I admired another trait of the goodness of Our Lord. In order to make me stop crying, He turned His face away from me, He dried His tears hiddenly, and then, turning back again, with a cheerful face said to me: "My beloved, do not cry – enough, enough; what you see serves to *Iustificare Iustitiam Meam* [Justify My Justice]." And I: 'Ah, Lord, then I am right to say that my state is no longer your Will! Why my state of victim, if it is not given to me to spare your so very dear members, and to exempt the world from so many chastisements?' And He: "It is not as you say. I too was victim, but even though I was victim, it was not given to Me to spare the world all chastisements. I opened Heaven for it, I released it from sin, yes; I carried its pains upon Myself, but it is Justice that man receive upon himself part of those chastisements which he himself draws upon himself by sinning. And if it were not for the victims, he would deserve not only the simple chastisement – that is, the destruction of his body – but also the loss of his soul. So, here is the necessity of the victims: whoever wants to avail himself of them – because man is always free in his will – can find the sparing of his pain and the port of his salvation." And I: 'Ah, Lord, how I would like to come before these chastisements advance more!' And He: "If the world reaches such wickedness as to deserve no victim, surely I will take you."

On hearing this, I said: 'Lord, do not permit that I remain here, present at such sorrowful scenes.' And Jesus, almost reproaching me, added: "Instead of praying Me to spare, you say you want to come. If I were to take with Me all of my own of the poor world, what would happen? Indeed I would have nothing to do with it any more, and I would no longer have any regard." After this, I prayed for various people; He disappeared from me, and I returned inside myself.

**October 10, 1900**

*These writings manifest in clear notes how Jesus loves souls. The soul can only go out of the body either by force of pain or by force of love.*

While writing, I was thinking to myself: 'Who knows how much nonsense in these writings – they deserve to be thrown into the fire. If obedience conceded it to me, I would do it, because I feel something like a hitch in my soul, especially if they reached the sight of some people. At certain points they show as if I loved and did something for God, while I do nothing and do not love Him, and I am the coldest soul that can be found in the world. So here is how they would consider me different from what I am, and this is a pain for me. But since it is obedience that wants me to write, and this is one of the greatest sacrifices for me, I commend myself completely to her, with the sure hope that she will make my excuses and will justify my cause before God and before men. But as I am saying this, blessed Jesus has moved in my interior and is reproaching me; He wants me to deny what I have said, or to stop writing if I do not do it. He is telling me that by saying this I moved away from the truth, while the most essential thing for a soul is never to go out of the circle of truth: "What is this – you do not love Me? With what courage are you saying it? Don't you want to suffer for Me?" And I, all blushing: 'Yes, Lord.' And He: "Well then, how can you think of going out of the truth?" Having said this, He withdrew in my interior, without letting Himself be heard any more, and I was left as if I had received a heavy blow. How many devices lady obedience comes up with! If it wasn't for her, I would not find myself in these vicissitudes with my beloved Jesus. How much patience it takes with this blessed obedience!

Now I resume what I was going to say, since the Lord distracted me a little bit from what I started. So, on coming, blessed Jesus answered my thought, telling me: "Surely these writings deserve to be burned up – but do you want to know in what fire? In the fire of my love, because there is not one page that does not manifest in clear notes how I love souls, both in the things which regard you, and in those which regard the world. And in these writings of yours, my love finds an outpouring for my concerned and loving languors."

After this, He transported me outside of myself, and finding myself alone without body, I said: 'My beloved and only Good, what a chastisement it is for me, having to return so many times into my body. Because certainly now I do not have one – it is my soul alone that is together with You; but then, I don't know how, I find myself imprisoned in my miserable body as though inside a dark prison, and there I lose that freedom which is given to me when I go out. Is this not a chastisement for me – the hardest that can be given?' And Jesus: "My daughter, what you say is not a chastisement, nor does this happen to you because of your fault. Rather, you must know that for two reasons alone can the soul go out of the body: by force of pain, which happens at natural death, or by force of the reciprocal love between the soul and Me. In fact, when this love is so strong, that neither could the soul last, nor could I endure for too long without enjoying her, I keep drawing her to Myself, and then I put her in her natural state again; and the soul, drawn more than by an electric wire, comes and goes as I please. And here is how what you think is a chastisement, is finest love." And I: 'Ah, Lord, if my love were enough, and strong, I believe I would have the strength to remain before You, and would not be subject to returning into my body. But since it is very weak, I am subject to these circumstances.' And He: "On the contrary, I tell you that this is greater love, extracted from the love of sacrifice, that for love of Me and for love of your brothers you deprive yourself and return to the miseries of life."

After this, blessed Jesus carried me to a city in which the sins committed were so many, that something like a fog was coming out, most dense and stinking, rising toward heaven; and another thick fog was coming down from heaven, with so many chastisements condensed within it, as to seem to be enough to exterminate this city. So I said: 'Lord, where are we? What places are these?' And He: "This is Rome, where the evils committed are so many, not only by secular but also by religious, that they deserve this fog to finish blinding them, deserving their own extermination."

In one instant I saw the disaster that was happening, and it seemed that the Vatican would receive part of the shakings. Not even priests were being spared; therefore, all consternated, I said: 'My Lord, spare your beloved city, so many ministers of Yours, the Pope... Oh, how gladly I offer You myself to suffer their torments, as long as You spare them.' And Jesus, moved, told me: "Come with Me and I will show you to what extent the human malice reaches." He transported me inside a palace, and in a secret room there were five or six deputies, saying among themselves: "Only then will we surrender when we have destroyed all Christians." And it seemed that they wanted to force the king to write in his own hand the decree of death against Christians, and

the promise of taking possession of their goods, saying that 'as long as he would permit this to them, it did not matter if they would not do it for now, for they would do it at the right time and circumstance'.

After this, He transported me somewhere else, and showed me how one of those who are said to be leaders was going to die, and this one seemed so united with the devil, that not even at that point would he detach himself from him. All of his strength he took from the demons, who courted him like a faithful friend of theirs. On seeing me, the demons were shaken, and some wanted to beat me, some wanted to do one thing to me, some another; however, paying no attention to their bothers – because the salvation of that soul cost me more – I tried hard and I arrived near that man. Oh God, what a frightening sight – more than the demons themselves! In what a heart-rending state he lay! He aroused more than pity. He was not at all moved by our presence; on the contrary, he seemed to make fun of it. Jesus immediately pulled me away from that place, and I began to plead before Him for the salvation of that soul.

### **October 12, 1900**

#### ***The most powerful enemies of man are the love of pleasures, of riches and of honors.***

My adorable Jesus continues to come. This morning He was wearing a thick crown of thorns; I removed it very gently, I put it on my head, and said: 'Lord, help me to drive it in.' And He: "This time I want you to drive it in yourself; I want to see what you can do and how you want to suffer for love of Me." I drove it well in; more so, since it was about showing Him how far my love of suffering for Jesus reached; so much so, that He Himself, all moved, clasping me, told me: "Enough, enough, for my Heart cannot bear seeing you suffer more." And as I remained very much in suffering, my beloved Jesus would do nothing but come and go.

After this, He assumed the appearance of the Crucified, He shared His pains with me, and said to me: "My daughter, the most powerful enemies of man are: the love of pleasures, of riches and of honors. These enemies render man unhappy, because they penetrate even into his heart and consume him continuously; they embitter him, they bring him down so much, as to make him lose all happiness. And I, on Calvary, defeated these three enemies, and obtained for man the grace to conquer them too, giving back to him the lost happiness. But man, always ungrateful and heedless, rejects my grace and loves these enemies fiercely, which put the human heart in a continuous torture." Having said this, He disappeared, and I comprehended with such clarity the truthfulness of these words, that I felt abhorrence and hate for these enemies. May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory.

### **October 14, 1900**

#### ***The dangerous scourge of the middle-class. Only innocence snatches God's mercy and mitigates His just indignation.***

This morning I felt so dazed that I could not understand myself, nor was I able to go in search of my highest Good as I usually do. Every now and then He would move within my interior and would make Himself seen; and completely embracing me, and compassionating me, He would say to me: "Poor daughter, you are right that you cannot be without Me; how could you live without your beloved?" And I, stirred by His words, said: 'Ah, my beloved, what a hard martyrdom life is, because of the intervals in which I am forced to be without You. You Yourself are saying that I am right, but then You leave me!' He hid furtively, as if He did not want me to hear what He was saying to me, and I was left in my dazedness again, unable to say anything else. When He saw me dazed again, He came out and said: 'You are all my contentment, in your heart I find true rest, and resting in it I experience the dearest delights.' And I, stirring myself again, said: 'For me also, You are all my contentment, so much so that all other things are nothing but bitternesses for me...' And since He withdrew again, I remained half way through my words, more dazed than before; and this is how the morning went on – it seemed He felt like joking a little bit.

After this, I felt myself outside of myself, and I saw unknown persons approaching, dressed as middle-class folk. On seeing them, the people were all horrified and screamed with fright and distress - especially the children; and they said: 'If these set upon us, it is over for us.' And they added: "Let the young girls hide! Poor youths, if they are caught in the hands of these!" So, turning to the Lord, I said: 'Pity – mercy! Move this scourge away, so dangerous for miserable humanity! Let the tears of innocence move You to compassion!' And

He: "Ah, my daughter! Only because of innocence do I have regard for others; it alone snatches my mercy and mitigates my just indignation."

**October 15, 1900**

***Fight between the confessor and Jesus for the crucifixion of Luisa.***

This morning, after I received Communion, blessed Jesus let me hear His voice saying: "My daughter, this morning I feel all the necessity to be refreshed. O please! Take my pains upon yourself a little bit, and let Me take some rest in your heart." And I: 'Yes, my Good, let me feel your pains, and while I suffer in your place, You will have all the ease to be able to refresh Yourself and take some sweet rest. I only ask of You to wait a little longer until I remain alone, so that no one may see me suffer, because it seems to me that the confessor is still here.' And He: "What does it matter if father is present; wouldn't it be better if, instead of one, I had two refreshing Me? - that is, you, suffering, and he, concurring with Me with my same intention?"

At that moment, I saw the confessor placing the intention of the crucifixion, and immediately, without the slightest hesitation, the Lord shared with me the pains of the cross. Then, after I was in those sufferings for a little while, the confessor called me to obedience, Jesus withdrew, and I tried to submit to the one who commanded me; when, in one instant, my sweet Jesus came back again, wanting to subject me to the pains of the crucifixion for a second time, but father did not want it. When I would conform to Jesus - that is, to suffering - Jesus would come; when the confessor would see that I would begin to suffer, he would stop the suffering with the obedience, and Jesus would withdraw. I would suffer a great pain indeed on seeing Him withdraw, but I would do as much as I could to obey; and at times, seeing the confessor present, I would let Them deal with it, waiting to see who would win - whether obedience or Our Lord. Ah, I seemed to see obedience and Jesus fighting - both powerful and capable of facing a fight. After they fought well, as I tried to see who was winning, the Queen Mama came who, drawing near father, said: "My son, this morning in which He Himself wants her to suffer, let Him do, otherwise none will be spared the chastisements, not even in part." At that moment, it was as if father was distracted in going on with the fight, and Jesus, the winner, subjected me to the pains again, but with such vehemence and bitter spasms, that I myself do not know how I remained alive. When I thought I was dying, obedience called me again, and I just barely found myself inside myself. Blessed Jesus, being refreshed but not yet content, upon coming back, wanted to repeat it for the third time; however, arming herself with strength, this time obedience won, and my beloved Jesus was defeated.

In spite of this, every now and then He would try - who knows, He might win again; so much so, that He gave me no respite, and I had to say: 'But, my Lord, keep still a little bit and leave me alone - don't You see that obedience has armed herself and does not want to yield to You? So, have patience, and if You want to repeat it the third time, promise me that You will let me die.' And Jesus: "Yes, come." I told this to father and, also in this obedience was inexorable, even though my sweet Good was calling me, saying: "Luisa, come." I said He was calling me, but the answer was a curt "no". What a nice obedience this is; since she wants to act in everything and over everything like a *Signora* [Lady], she wants to meddle in things which do not belong to her, like dying. Besides, how nice - exposing a poor unhappy one to the dangers of dying, letting her touch the harbor of eternal happiness with her own hand; and then, to show that she can act like a *Signora* in everything, by dint of the strength she possesses she holds her back and makes her lie in the miserable prison of her body. And if one asks: "Why all this?" - first, she does not answer; and then, in her mute language she tells you: "Why? Because I am a *Signora* and I have empire over everything." It seems that if one wants to be at peace with this blessed obedience, it takes the patience of a saint - not only that, but the patience of Our Lord Himself; otherwise one would be in continuous frictions with her, because this is about her wanting to touch the extremes.

So, seeing that He could win nothing, the blessed Lord calmed down at the obedience and left me alone. He mitigated the pains I was suffering, and said to me: "My beloved, in the pains you have suffered I wanted to have you experience the fury of my Justice by pouring it upon you a little bit. If you could see with clarity what point men have made It reach, and how the fury of my Justice has armed itself against them, you would tremble like a leaf, and would do nothing but pray Me to pour the pains upon yourself." Then He seemed to sustain me in my sufferings, and to cheer me, He said: "I feel better, and you?" And I: 'Ah, Lord, who can tell You what I feel! It seems to me as if I had been crushed inside a machine. I feel such exhaustion of strengths, that if You do

not infuse vigor in me, I cannot come round.’ And He: "My beloved, it is necessary that you feel the pains with intensity, at least once in a while – first, for yourself, because as good as a piece of iron may be, if it is left for a long time without putting it in the fire, it always comes to contract a little bit of rust; second, for Me, because if I did not unload Myself upon you for too long, my fury would become so ignited that I would have no regard for the world, nor would I spare it in the least. And if you did not take my pains upon yourself, how could I maintain my word of sparing the world the chastisements in part?" After this, the confessor came to call me to obedience, and so I returned inside myself.

### **October 17, 1900**

***A suffering soul and a most humble prayer make Jesus lose all His strength, and render Him so weak as to let Himself be bound by that soul. The appearance of Justice.***

As my adorable Jesus continued to come, I seemed to see Him in such great suffering as to arouse compassion. Throwing Himself into my arms, He said to me: "My daughter, break the fury of my Justice, otherwise...." At that moment, I seemed to see divine Justice, armed with swords, with darts of fire, such as to strike terror; and also the fortitude with which She can act. All frightened, I said: 'How can I break your fury if I see You so strong as to be able to annihilate heaven and earth in one simple instant?' And He: "Yet, a suffering soul and a most humble prayer make Me lose all my strength, and render Me so weak as to let Myself be bound by that soul as she pleases." And I: 'Ah, Lord, in what an ugly appearance is Justice showing Herself!' And Jesus added: "She is not ugly; if you see Her armed like this, it is because of men, but in Herself She is good and holy, like my other attributes, because there can not be even a shadow of evil in Me. It is true that Her appearance seems harsh, piercing, bitter, but Her fruits are sweet and delicious." Having said this, He disappeared.

### **October 20, 1900**

***Just as Justice wants satisfaction for what is unjust, so does Love want the outpouring of Its loving and being loved.***

This morning, on coming, my adorable Jesus made me see His attributes, and He said to me: "My daughter, all of my attributes are in continuous attitude for men, and all of them demand their tribute." Then He added: "Just as Justice wants satisfaction for what is unjust, so does my Love want the outpouring of Its loving and being loved. You, place yourself inside Justice, and pray – repair; and when you receive some blow, have the patience to bear it. Then move into my Love, and give Me the outpouring of Love, otherwise I would remain defrauded in Love. As for example, this time I feel all the necessity to pour out my constrained Love, and if I were not allowed to do it, I would languish and faint." As He was saying this, He began to kiss me, caress me and make me so many tendernesses of Love, that I have no words to manifest them; and He wanted me to requite Him, saying: "Just as I feel the need to pour Myself out with you in Love, so do you have the need to pour yourself out in Love for Me. Isn't it true?" After we poured ourselves out in love with each other, He disappeared.

### **October 22, 1900**

***Doubts of Luisa about the things that happen to her; she wants to know whether they are from God or from the devil. Obedience does not have human reason; her reason is Divine.***

This morning I was all oppressed and with a fear that it might not be blessed Jesus who operates in me, but the devil; but in spite of this I could not refrain from looking for Him and desiring Him. However, as soon as He deigned to come, He told me: "What is it that gives one the assurance that the sun is rising, if not the light which puts to flight the darkness of the night, and the heat which spreads within that light? If anyone said that the sun is risen, but in spite of this the darkness of the night appeared even thicker and no heat could be felt – what would you say? That it was not a true sun that rose, but a false one, because the effects of the sun cannot be seen. Now, if the sight of Me dispels darkness from you, and shows you the light of the truth, making you feel the heat of my grace, why do you want to rack your brains that I am not the One who operates in you?"

I add - because so obedience wants – that the other day I was thinking: 'If the many chastisements about which I wrote in these books should really occur, who would have the heart to be spectator of them?' And the

blessed Lord made me understand with clarity that some of them will occur while I am still on this earth, some after my death, and some will be spared in part. So I was a little relieved thinking that I will not have to see them all.

So, here is Lady Obedience made satisfied now, after she had begun to frown at me, and to send out laments and reprimands. It seems that this blessed young lady in no way wants to adapt herself to the human reason. She does not want to get involved in any circumstance; on the contrary, it seems that she has no reason at all, and it is quite a pain in the neck having to deal with someone who does not have reason. In order to get along a little, it is necessary to lose one's own reason, because the young lady keeps boasting: "I have no human reason, therefore I do not know how to adapt myself to the human way. My reason is Divine, and for one who wants to live in peace with Me, it is absolutely necessary that she lose hers in order to acquire mine." This is how well this young lady reasons. What can one say? It is better to keep silent, because, in one way or another, she always wants to be right, and she glories in giving you all the wrong.

### **October 23, 1900**

#### ***True love never remains alone.***

This morning, after I received Communion, my adorable Jesus made me see the confessor who was placing the intention of having me suffer the crucifixion. I felt my poor nature as reluctant, not because I did not want to suffer, but for other reasons which it is not necessary to describe here. But Jesus, as though lamenting about me, said to father: "She does not want to submit herself." I was moved at His lament, father renewed the command, and I submitted myself. After I suffered a little, since I saw father present, the Lord said: "My beloved, here is the symbol of the Sacrosanct Trinity: Myself, father, and you. From eternity my love has never been alone, but always united in perfect and reciprocal union with the Divine Persons, because true love never remains alone, but produces other loves, and delights in being loved back by the loves which it itself has produced. And if it is alone, either it is not of the nature of divine love, or it is only apparent. If you knew how much I delight in, and enjoy, being able to continue that love in the creatures which reigned from eternity, and reigns still now, in the Most Holy Trinity. This is also why I say to you that I want the consensus of the intention of the confessor united with Me – to be able to continue this love more perfectly, symbolic of the Sacrosanct Trinity."

### **October 29, 1900**

#### ***The most essential and necessary thing in a soul is charity.***

After going through a few days of privation and of silence, this morning, as blessed Jesus came, I said: 'It shows that my state is no longer your Will.' And He: "Yes, yes... rise and come into my arms." At these words, I forgot about the painful state of the past days and I ran into His arms, and since I could see His Side open, I said: 'My beloved, You have not admitted me to suckle from your Side for some time. I pray You to admit me today.' And Jesus: "My beloved, please drink as much as you like, and satiate yourself." Who can say my contentment, and with what avidity I placed my mouth to drink at that divine fount? After I drank to my fill, to the point of having no more room to contain even just one more drop, I detached myself, and Jesus told me: "Have you satiated yourself? If you haven't, feel free to keep drinking." And I: 'Satiated, no, because the more one drinks at this fount, the more one's thirst increases; but since I am very limited, I am incapable of containing more.'

After this, I saw other people with Jesus, and He said: "The most essential and necessary thing in a soul is charity. If there is no charity, it happens as to those families or kingdoms which have no rulers: everything is upset, the most beautiful things remain obscured, one can see no harmony - some want to do one thing, some another. The same happens in the soul in which charity does not reign: everything is in disorder, the most beautiful virtues do not harmonize among themselves. This is why charity is called queen – because she has regime and order, and she disposes everything."

### **October 31, 1900**

#### ***The Celestial Mother helps Luisa to disarm Justice. The most salutary and efficacious medicine in the saddest encounters of life is resignation.***

As I was in my usual state, I felt myself outside of myself and I found the Queen Mama. As She saw me, She began to speak about Justice, and how It is about to clash with all Its fury against the people. She said many things about this, but I don't have the words to express them. In the meantime I could see the whole of heaven filled with points of swords against the world. Then She added: "My daughter, you have disarmed divine Justice many times, contenting yourself with receiving Its blows upon yourself. Now that you see It at the summit of Its fury, do not lose heart, but be courageous; with heart full of holy fortitude, enter into this Justice and disarm It. Do not be afraid of the swords, of the fire, or of anything you may encounter; in order to obtain the intent, if you see yourself wounded, beaten, burned, rejected, do not draw back, but rather, let this be a spur for you to move on. See, so that you may do this, I Myself have come to your help by bringing you a garment; as your soul wears it, you will acquire courage and fortitude so as to fear nothing." Having said this, from within Her mantle She pulled out a garment woven with gold, streaked with various colors, and She clothed my soul. Then She gave me Her Son, telling me: "And now, as a pledge of my love, I place my dearest Son in your custody, that you may keep Him, love Him and content Him in everything. Try to act in my stead, so that, as He finds all His contentment in you, the discontent that all the others give Him may not cause Him too much pain."

Who can say how happy and strengthened I was, clothed with that garment and with the loving pledge in my arms? Greater happiness I could certainly not desire. Then the Queen Mama disappeared, and I remained with my sweet Jesus. We went round the earth a little bit, and among the many encounters, we met a soul who was prey to despair. Having compassion for her, we drew near her, and Jesus wanted me to speak to her, to make her comprehend the evil she was doing. Through a light which Jesus Himself infused in me, I said to her: 'The most salutary and efficacious medicine in the saddest encounters of life is resignation. By despairing, instead of taking the medicine, you are taking the poison with which to kill your soul. Don't you know that the most appropriate remedy for all evils, the main thing that renders us noble, divinizes us, makes us similar to Our Lord, and has the virtue of converting the very bitternesses into sweetness, is resignation? What was the life of Jesus upon earth if not continuing the Will of the Father? And while He was on earth, He was united with the Father in Heaven. The same for a resigned soul: while living on earth, her heart and will are united with God in Heaven. Can there be anything more dear and desirable than this?' As though stirred, that soul began to calm herself, and Jesus and I, together, withdrew. May everything be for the glory of God, and may He be always blessed.

**November 2, 1900**

***One who dwells in Jesus swims in the sea of all contentments.***

This morning I felt all oppressed and afflicted, with the addition that blessed Jesus was not making Himself seen. Then, after much waiting, He came out from within my interior, and opening His Heart to me, He placed me inside of It, telling me: "Remain inside of Me - only there will you find true peace and stable contentment, because nothing penetrates into Me which does not belong to peace and contentment. One who dwells in Me does nothing but swim in the sea of all contentments; while, by going outside of Me, even if the soul did not bother about anything, at the mere sight of the offenses they give Me and of how they grieve Me, she already comes to participate in those afflictions and remains troubled. Therefore, every once in a while, forget everything, enter into Me, and come to enjoy my peace and happiness. Then go out, and do for Me the office of my repairer." Having said this, He disappeared.

**November 8, 1900**

***Obedience gives back to the soul her original state.***

Continuing with His usual delays in coming, I was feeling all the weight of His privation, when, all of a sudden, He came and, I don't know why, He posed me this interrogative: "Would you be able to tell Me why obedience is so glorified, and receives such honor as to imprint the divine Image in the soul?" All confused, I did not know what to answer, but through an intellectual light which He sent to me, blessed Jesus answered Himself; but since it was through light, not words, I don't have the terms to express it. However, obedience wants me to try if I can manage to write it. I believe I will say big nonsense, and will write things which do not go together, but I place all my faith in obedience, especially since these are things that regard her directly, and I begin to try:

It seemed He was saying to me: "Obedience is so glorified because she has the virtue of unveiling the human passions from their very roots. She destroys in the soul everything which is earthly and material, and to her great honor she gives back to the soul her original state – that is, the way she was created by God in her original justice, before being cast out of the terrestrial Eden. And in this sublime state, the soul feels strongly drawn to everything that is good; she feels all that is good, holy and perfect as inborn within herself, and greatest horror at even the shadow of evil. With this happy nature, received from the most experienced hand of obedience, the soul no longer finds difficulty in executing the commands received; more so, since the one who commands must always command what is good. And here is how obedience knows how to imprint well the divine Image; not only this, but she changes the human nature into divine, because just as God is good, holy and most perfect, and tends to all that is good and greatly hates evil, so does obedience have the virtue of divinizing the human nature, and of making it acquire the divine qualities. And the more the soul lets herself be handled by this most experienced hand, the more of the divine she acquires, destroying her own being. This is why she is so glorified and honored; so much so, that I Myself submitted to her and was honored and glorified by this; and through her I gave back honor and glory to all my children, which they had lost because of disobedience."

This is more or less what I have been able to manifest; the rest I feel within my mind, but I lack the words, because the height of the concept of this virtue is such, that my poor human language is unable to adapt itself with words...

**November 10, 1900**

***The most perfect love is in true trust in the beloved.***

As He continued not to come, I felt immersed in the greatest bitterness; my soul was tortured in a thousand ways. Then I felt as though a shadow near me, and I heard the voice of my adorable Jesus, though I could not see Him, saying to me: "The most perfect love is in the true trust that one must have in the loved object, and even if it should appear that the object one loves is lost - then more than ever is the time to prove this living trust. This is the easiest means to take possession of that which one ardently loves." Having said this, both shadow and voice disappeared. Who can say the pain I feel for not having seen my beloved Good?

**November 11, 1900**

***By going out of the Divine Will, one loses the knowledge of God and of self.***

It seems that the blessed Lord wants to exercise me in patience; He has no compassion, either for my tears or for my most sorrowful state. Without Him, I see myself immersed in the greatest miseries; I believe that there is no soul more wicked than mine. Even though when I am with Jesus I see myself *cattiva* [bad] more than ever, however, since I am with Him who possesses all goods, my soul finds the remedy for all evils. But when I do not have Him, everything is over for me - there is no more remedy for my great miseries; and what is more, I am oppressed by the thought that my state is no longer His Will, and not being in His Will, I seem to be outside of the center, and many times I think of how to go out of It.

Now, being with these dispositions, I felt Him behind my shoulders, saying to me: "You are tired, aren't you?" And I: 'Yes Lord, I feel quite tired.' And He continued: "Ah, my daughter, do not go out of my Will, because by going out of my Will, you come to lose the knowledge of Me, and not knowing Me, you come to lose the knowledge of yourself. In fact, only in the reflections of the light can one distinguish with clarity whether there is gold or mud; if everything is darkness objects can easily be confused. Now, the light is my Will, which gives you the knowledge of Me, and in the reflections of this light you come to know who you are; and in seeing your weakness, your pure nothingness, you cling to my arms and, united with my Will, you live with Me in Heaven. But if you want to go out of my Will, first you would come to lose true humility, and then you would come to live on the earth and would be forced to feel the earthly weight, to moan and sigh like all the other unfortunate who live outside of my Will." Having said this, He withdrew without even letting Himself be seen. Who can say the torment of my soul?

**November 13, 1900**

***She sees the many human miseries, the degradation and stripping of the Church, and the very degrading of priests.***

After going through several days of most bitter privation, having received Holy Communion, I saw three Children within my interior. Their beauty and equality was such that all three of Them seemed to be born of the same labor. My soul was surprised and stupefied in seeing so much beauty enclosed in the circle of my so miserable interior; and my stupefaction increased even more as I saw that these three Children seemed to have many ropes of gold in their hands, and with these They bound themselves completely to me, and my heart completely to Them. Then, afterwards, as if each one was taking His place, They began to discuss among Themselves; but I could not understand, and I cannot find the words to repeat their most high language. I can only say that in a twinkling of an eye I saw the many human miseries, the degradation and stripping of the Church, and the very degrading of priests who, instead of being light for the peoples, are darkness. All embittered by this sight, I said: 'Most Holy God, give peace to the Church, let Her be given back what they have taken away from Her; do not allow the evil to laugh behind the back of the good.' And as I was saying this, They said: "These are incomprehensible mysteries of God." Having said this, They disappeared, and I returned inside myself.

**November 14, 1900**

***The Queen Mama refreshes Jesus. Jesus takes Luisa to Purgatory.***

This morning, on coming, my adorable Jesus transported me outside of myself and asked me for a refreshment for His pains. Having nothing, I said: "My most sweet love, if the Queen Mama was here, She could refresh You with Her milk, but as for myself I have nothing but miseries.' At that moment the Most Holy Queen came, and immediately I said to Her: 'Jesus feels the necessity of a refreshment, give Him your most sweet milk for He will be refreshed.' So our dearest Mama gave Him Her milk, and my beloved Jesus was all refreshed. Then, turning to me, He said: "I feel cheered. You too, draw close to my lips and drink part of that milk which I received from my Mother, so that we both may be refreshed."

So I did. But who can tell the virtue of that milk that came out, boiling hot, from Jesus? And He contained so much of it that it seemed an immense fount, such that even if all men should drink of it, it would not decrease a bit. After this, we went round the earth a little, and at some place there seemed to be people sitting at a little table, saying: "There will be a war in Europe, and what is more sorrowful, it will be caused by relatives." Jesus was listening, but He did not say anything on that regard, therefore I do not know for sure whether there will be or not, since human judgments are mutable, and what they say today, they deny tomorrow. Then He transported me inside a garden in which rose an immense building, like a monastery, populated by so many people that it was difficult to count them. At the sight of those people, my adorable Jesus turned His back to them, He clung against me with all of Himself, leaning His head on my shoulder, close to my neck, and He said to me: "My beloved, do not let Me see them, otherwise I would suffer greatly."

I too clasped Him, and drawing near one of those souls, I said: 'Tell me at least: who are you?' And she answered: "We are all purging souls, and our liberation is bound to the satisfaction of those pious legacies which we have left to our successors; and since they are not satisfied, we are forced to stay here, away from our God. What pain this is for us, because God becomes for us a necessary Being, whom we cannot do without. We experience a continuous death, which martyrs us in the most ruthless way; and if we do not die it is because our soul is not subject to this. So, sorrowful as we are, being without an object that forms our whole life, we implore God to make mortals experience a minimum part of our pains by depriving them of what is necessary for the preservation of corporal life, that they may learn at their own expense how painful it is to be without what is absolutely necessary."

After this, the Lord carried me somewhere else, and I, feeling compassion for those souls, said: 'How come, O my good Jesus, You turned your face away from those blessed souls who so much longed for You, while it would have been enough that You just let Yourself be seen for those souls to be freed of the pains and beatified?' And He: "Oh! my daughter, had I shown Myself to them, since they are not completely purged, they could not have stood in my presence, and instead of flinging themselves into my arms, confused, they would have drawn back, and I would have done nothing but increase their martyrdom and Mine. This is why I did so." Having said this, He disappeared.

**November 16, 1900**

***Jesus removes her heart and gives her His love as heart.***

This morning, after I received Communion, my adorable Jesus made me see my interior all strewn with flowers, in the shape of a hut, and He was inside of it, amusing and delighting Himself completely. Seeing Him in that attitude, I said: 'My most sweet Jesus, when will it be that You take this heart of mine to conform it completely to Yours, in such a way that I may live from the life of your Heart?' While I was saying this, my highest and only Good took a lance and opened me at the place corresponding to my heart; then He pulled it out with His hands, and He looked at it thoroughly to see whether it was stripped and possessed those qualities to be able to be inside His Most Holy Heart. I too looked at it, and to my surprise I saw, impressed on one side of it, the cross, the sponge and the crown of thorns. But as I wanted to see the other side and the inside, for it seemed swollen as if it could be opened, my beloved Jesus prevented me, saying to me: "I want to mortify you by not letting you see all that I have poured into this heart. Ah, yes! Here inside this heart there are all the treasures of my graces that human nature can arrive at containing." At that moment He enclosed it inside His Most Holy Heart, adding: "Your heart has taken possession within my Heart, and I will give you my love as heart, which will give you life." And drawing near that part, He sent three breaths containing light which took the place of my heart. Then He closed the wound, telling me: "Now more than ever is it appropriate for you to fix yourself in the center of my Will, having my love alone as heart. You must not go out of It even for one instant, for my love will find its true nourishment in you only if it finds my Will in you, entirely and completely. In It will my love find its contentment and true and faithful correspondence."

Then, drawing near my mouth, He sent me three more breaths, and He also poured a most sweet liqueur which inebriated me completely. Then, as though taken by enthusiasm, He said: "See, your heart is in Mine, therefore it is no longer yours." And He kissed me over and over again, and made many finesses of love to me. But who can say them all? It is impossible for me to manifest them. Who can say what I felt when I found myself inside myself? I can only say that I felt as if I were no longer myself: with no passion, with no inclination, with no desire – completely immersed in God. At the place of my heart I could feel a sensible icy cold compared to the other parts.

**November 18, 1900**

***The union of one's heart with that of Jesus makes one pass on to the state of perfect consummation.***

He continues to keep my heart inside His Heart, and every now and then He deigns to let me see it, making feast as if He had made a great gain. In these days, when I find myself outside of myself, at the place that corresponds to the heart, instead of the heart I see the light that blessed Jesus sent me in those three breaths. Then, this morning, on coming, showing me His Heart, He told me: "My beloved, which one would you like: my Heart or yours? If you want Mine, you will have to suffer more. Know, however, that I have done this to make you pass on to another state, because when one reaches union, one passes to another state, which is that of consummation, and in order to pass to this state of perfect consummation, the soul needs either my Heart in order to live, or her own completely transformed into Mine. Otherwise, she cannot pass on to this state of consummation." And I, all fearful, answered: 'My sweet love, my will is no longer mine, but Yours – do whatever You want, and I will be more than happy.'

After this, I remembered about some difficulties of the confessor, and Jesus, seeing my thought, showed me as if I were inside a crystal, and this prevented others from seeing what the Lord was operating in me. Then He added: "Only in the reflections of light can one know the crystal and what it contains. The same with you: one who carries the light of faith will touch what I operate in you with his own hand; if then he does not, he will see things in a natural way."

**November 20, 1900**

***Since Luisa must live from the Heart of Jesus, He gives her rules in order to undertake a more perfect way of living.***

While I am outside of myself, my adorable Jesus continues to show me my heart inside of His - but so transformed, that I can no longer recognize which one is mine and which one is Jesus's. He has conformed it

perfectly to His own; He has impressed on it all the insignia of the Passion, making me understand that, from the moment of His conception His Heart was conceived with these insignia of the Passion; so much so, that what He suffered at the end of His life was an outpouring of that which His Heart had suffered continuously. I seemed to see one just like the other. I seemed to see my beloved Jesus occupied with preparing the place in which He was to put the heart, perfuming it and bejeweling it with many different flowers. And while He was doing this, He told me: "My beloved, since you must live from my Heart, it is appropriate for you to undertake a more perfect way of living. Therefore, from you I want:

1. Perfect conformity to my Will, because you will only be able to love Me perfectly if you love Me with my own Will. Even more, I tell you that by loving Me with my own Will, you will arrive at loving Me, and your neighbor, with my same way of loving.

2. Profound humility, placing yourself, in front of Me and of creatures, as the last among all.

3. Purity in everything, because any slightest fault against purity, both in loving and in operating, is reflected all in the heart, and it remains stained. Therefore I want purity to be like dew upon the flowers at the rising of the sun, which, its rays reflecting upon them, transmutes those little drops into as many precious pearls, such as to enchant the people. In the same way, if all your works, thoughts and words, heartbeats and affections, desires and inclinations, are adorned with the celestial dew of purity, you will weave a sweet enchantment, not only for the human eye, but for the whole of Heaven.

4. Obedience, which must be connected with my Will, because if this virtue regards the superiors I have given you on earth, my Will is obedience which regards Me directly; so much so, that it can be said that both one and the other are virtues of obedience - with this difference alone: one regards God, and the other regards men. However, both of them have the same value, and one cannot be without the other; therefore you must love both one and the other in the same way."

Then He added: "Know that from now on you will live with my Heart, and you must see things the way my Heart does, that I may find my satisfactions in you. Therefore be careful, for this is no longer your heart, but Mine."

### **November 22, 1900**

#### ***Jesus puts Himself in the place of the heart, and tells her what food He wants from her.***

My adorable Jesus continues to make Himself seen. This morning, having received Communion, I saw Him in my interior, as well as our two hearts so identified with each other as to seem to be one. My most sweet Jesus told me: "Today I have decided to give you back, not your heart, but Myself in its place." At that moment I saw Jesus placing Himself in that point where the heart is, and from within Jesus I received respiration and I felt the beating of His Heart. How happy I felt, living in this position!

After this, He added: "Since I Myself have taken the place of the heart, it is appropriate for you to have food always ready to nourish Me. This food will be my Will, and everything through which you will mortify yourself and of which you will deprive yourself for love of Me." But who can say all that passed between Jesus and me in my interior? I believe it is better to keep silent, otherwise I feel as if I would ruin it, since my tongue is not well refined to be able to speak of graces so great which the Lord has given to my soul. There is nothing left for me but to thank the Lord who has looked upon a soul so miserable and sinful.

### **November 23, 1900**

#### ***How all souls are in Jesus.***

As I was in my usual state, my loving Jesus transported me outside of myself, and coming out from within my interior, He showed Himself so big as to absorb the whole earth within Himself, and He spread His magnitude so much that my soul could not find the end of it. I felt dissolved in God – and not only myself, but all creatures were dissolved in Him. Oh, how unseemly it appeared, what an affront is given to Our Lord, when we, little worms, though living in Him, dare to offend Him! Oh, if all could see how we are in God! Oh, how careful they would be not to cause Him even a shadow of displeasure! Then He became so tall as to absorb the whole of Heaven in Himself; so, in God Himself I could see everyone – Angels and Saints; I could hear their singing, I could understand many things about eternal happiness.

After this, I saw many rivulets of milk flowing from Jesus; I drank at those rivulets, but since I was very limited and Jesus was so big and tall as to have no end, either in magnitude or in height, I could not manage to absorb them all in me. Many of them would flow outside, though remaining in God Himself. I felt displeasure, and I would have wanted everyone to run and drink at these rivulets, but so very scarce was the number of the pilgrim souls who would drink. Our Lord too was displeased by this, and He said to me: "What you see is constrained Mercy, and this irritates Justice more. How can I not make Justice, when they themselves constrain my Mercy within Me?" And I, taking His hands, clasped them together, saying: 'No, Lord, You cannot make Justice - I do not want it, and since I do not want it, neither do You want it, because my will is no longer mine, but Yours; and since it is Yours, whatever I do not want, You do not want either. Have You not told me Yourself that I must live of your Will, entirely and completely?' My sweet Jesus was disarmed by my words, He became small again, and enclosed Himself in my interior; and I found myself inside myself.

### **November 25, 1900**

*The nature of true love is to transmute pains into joys, and bitternesses into sweetnesses.*

Since my most sweet Jesus delayed in coming, I was almost afraid He would not come; but then, to my surprise, all of a sudden He came and told me: "My beloved, do you want to know when it is that a work is done for one's beloved? When, encountering sacrifices, bitternesses and pains, it has the virtue of changing them into sweetnesses and delights. In fact, this is the nature of true love: to transmute pains into joys, and bitternesses into sweetnesses. If one experiences the opposite, it is a sign that it is not true love that is acting. Oh, in how many works they say: 'I do this for God'; but then, at some encounters, they draw back. With this they show that it was not for God, but for their own interest and for the pleasure they felt."

Then He added: "Generally it is said that one's own will ruins everything and infects the holiest works. Yet, if it is connected with the Will of God, there is no other virtue that can surpass this one's own will, because where there is a will there is life in operating good, but where there is no will, there is death in operating, or one operates with difficulty, as though agonizing."

### **December 3, 1900**

*The nature of the Most Holy Trinity is formed of most pure, most simple, communicative Love.*

This morning, as I was outside of myself, I found myself with Baby Jesus in my arms; and while I delighted in looking at Him, I don't know how, from the same Baby a second came out, and after a few instants, a third Baby, both of Them similar to the first, though distinct among Themselves. Stupefied in looking at this, I said: "Oh, how one can touch with hand the sacrosanct mystery of the Most Holy Trinity, that while You are One, You are also Three.' It seemed to me that all Three of Them spoke to me, but as the word came out, it became one single voice: "Our nature is formed of most pure, most simple, communicative Love, and the nature of true Love has this of its own: it produces from itself images fully similar to itself in power, in goodness, in beauty and in everything it contains; and only to give more sublime prominence to Our Omnipotence it places the mark of distinction, in such a way that, melting in love, this nature of Ours - which is simple, with no matter at all which might prevent Our union - forms Three [Persons]; and returning to melt, it forms One. It is so true that the nature of true Love has this prerogative of producing images fully similar to itself, or of assuming the image of the beloved, that the Second Person, in redeeming mankind, assumed the nature and the image of man, and communicated the Divinity to man."

While They were saying this, I could distinguish my beloved Jesus very well, recognizing the image of the human nature in Him, and only because of Him I had the confidence to remain in Their presence; otherwise, who would have dared? Ah, yes! It seemed to me that the humanity assumed by Jesus had opened commerce for the creature, so as to let her ascend up to the throne of the Divinity to be admitted to converse with Them, and to obtain deeds of graces. Oh, what happy moments I enjoyed! How many things I understood; but in order to describe something, I would have to describe it when my soul is with my dear Jesus, as she seems to be set free from the body. But as I find myself imprisoned again, the darkness of the imprisonment, the distance of my mystical Sun, the pain of not seeing Him, render me incapable of describing it, and make me live dying. Yet, I am forced to live, fastened, imprisoned in this miserable body. Ah, Lord, have compassion for a miserable

sinner who lives infirm and imprisoned! Break soon the wall of this prison, that I may fly to You and come back no more.

**December 23, 1900**

***Before the Sanctity of the Divine Will, passions do not dare to come forward, and lose life by themselves.***

After going through long days of silence between blessed Jesus and me, I felt a void in my interior. This morning, on coming, He told me: "My beloved, what do you want to tell Me that you so much yearn to speak with Me?" And I, feeling all ashamed, said; 'My sweet Jesus, I want to tell You that I ardently yearn for You and for your Holy Volition, and if You concede this to me You will make me fully content and happy.' And He added: "In one word you have grasped everything by asking Me for what is greatest in Heaven and on earth; and I, in this Holy Volition, yearn and want to conform you more to It. And so that my Volition may be more sweet and enjoyable for you, place yourself in the circle of my Will, and admire Its different qualities, by pausing now in the sanctity of my Volition, now in the goodness, now in the humility, now in the beauty, and now in the peaceful dwelling that my Volition produces. In these pausings you will make, you will acquire ever more new and unheard-of news about my Holy Volition, and you will become so bound to and enamored of It, that you will never go out again. This will bring you a highest advantage, because being in my Will, you will have no need to fight against your passions and to be always at arms with them, for while they seem to be dying, they are born again more strong and alive. But rather, without fighting, without clamor, smoothly they die, because before the Sanctity of my Will, passions do not dare to come forward, and lose life by themselves. And if the soul feels the movement of her passions, it is a sign that she does not make a continuous dwelling in the boundaries of my Volition; she makes some exits, some little escapes into her own volition, and is forced to smell the stench of a corrupted nature. On the other hand, if you remain fixed in my Will, you will be completely trouble free, and your only occupation will be loving and being loved by Me in return."

After this, as I looked at blessed Jesus, I saw He had the crown of thorns; I removed it very gently, and I placed it upon my head. He drove it onto me and disappeared, and I found myself inside myself with an ardent desire to remain in His Most Holy Will.

**December 25, 1900**

***The birth of Jesus.***

As I was in my usual state, I felt I was outside of myself; after wandering around, I found myself inside a cave, and I saw the Queen Mama in the act of giving birth to Little Baby Jesus. What a wonderful prodigy! It seemed that both Mother and Son were transmuted into most pure light. But in that light one could see very well the human nature of Jesus containing the Divinity within Itself, and serving as a veil to cover the Divinity; in such a way that, in tearing the veil of human nature, He was God, while covered by that veil, He was Man. Here is the prodigy of prodigies: God and Man, Man and God! Without leaving the Father and the Holy Spirit - because true love never separates - He comes to dwell in our midst, taking on human flesh. Now, it seemed to me that Mother and Son, in that most happy instant, remained as though spiritualized, and without the slightest difficulty Jesus came out of the Maternal womb, while both of them overflowed with excess of Love. In other words, those Most Pure Bodies were transformed into Light, and without the slightest impediment, Light Jesus came out of the Light of the Mother, while both One and the Other remained whole and intact, returning, then, to their natural state.

Who can tell the beauty of the Little Baby who, at the moment of His birth, transfused, also externally, the rays of the Divinity? Who can tell the beauty of the Mother, who remained all absorbed in those Divine rays? And Saint Joseph? It seemed to me that he was not present at the act of the birth, but remained in another corner of the cave, all engrossed in that profound Mystery. And if he did not see with the eyes of the body, he saw very well with the eyes of the soul, because he remained enraptured in sublime ecstasy.

Now, in the act in which the Little Baby came out to the light, I had wanted to fly and take Him in my arms, but the Angels prevented me, saying that the honor of holding Him first belonged to the Mother. Then, the Most Holy Virgin, as though stirred, returned into Herself and from the hands of an Angel received Her Son in Her arms. In Her ardor of love, She squeezed Him so tightly that it seemed that She wanted to draw Him into Her womb again. Then, wanting to let Her ardent love pour out, She placed Him at Her breast to suckle. In the

meantime, I was completely annihilated, waiting to be called so as not to be scolded again by the Angels. Then the Queen said to me: "Come, come and take your Beloved, and you too, enjoy Him - pour out your love with Him." As She was saying this, I drew near Mama, and She gave Him to me, into my arms. Who can say my contentment, the kisses, the squeezes, the tendernesses? After I poured myself out a little, I said to Him: 'My beloved, You have suckled the milk of our Mama, share it with me.' And He, all condescending, poured part of that milk from His mouth into mine, and then He told me: "My beloved, I was conceived united to suffering, I was born to suffering, and I died in suffering. And with the three nails with which they crucified Me, I nailed the three powers - intellect, memory and will - of those souls who yearn to love Me, keeping them all drawn to Myself, because sin had rendered them infirm and dispersed from their Creator - without any restraint." As He was saying this, He gazed at the world and began to cry over its miseries. On seeing Him cry, I said: 'Lovable Baby, do not sadden with your tears a night so happy for one who loves you. Instead of pouring ourselves out in crying, let us pour ourselves out in singing'; and as I said this, I began to sing. Jesus was amused at hearing me sing, and He stopped crying; and completing my verse, He sang His own, with a voice so powerful and harmonious that all other voices disappeared at the sound of His most sweet voice. After this, I prayed to Baby Jesus for my confessor, for those who belong to me, and lastly, for everyone, and He seemed all condescending. At that moment He disappeared from me, and I returned into myself.

**December 26, 1900**

***She is still in the grotto.***

As I continued to see the Holy Baby, I saw the Queen Mother on one side and Saint Joseph on the other, adoring the Divine Infant profoundly. Being all intent on Him, it seemed to me that the continuous presence of the Little Baby kept them engrossed in continuous ecstasy; and if they could work, it was a prodigy that the Lord operated in them; otherwise they would have remained motionless, unable to attend to their external duties. I too did my adoration, and then I found myself inside myself.

**December 27, 1900**

***God is not subject to changing, while the devil and the human nature change very often.***

This morning I was with a fear about my state, that it was not the Lord who operated in me; with the addition that He was not deigning to come. Then, after much waiting, I saw Him for just a little; I expressed my fear to Him, and He said to me: "My daughter, first of all, in order to put you in this state there is a concurring of my power; and then, who would have given you the strength and the patience to remain in this state, in a bed, for such a long time? Perseverance alone is a sign that the work is Mine, because God alone is not subject to changing, while the devil and the human nature change very often - what they love today, they abhor tomorrow, and what they abhor today, they love tomorrow and find their satisfaction in it."

**January 4, 1901**

***The unhappy state of a soul without God.***

After going through most bitter days of privation and of disturbance, I felt a mystical hell within me. Without Jesus, all my passions came out to the light and, each one casting its own darkness, obscured me in such a way that I no longer knew where I was. How unhappy is the state of a soul without God! It is enough to say that, without God, the soul, while still living, feels hell within her. Such was my state; I felt my soul tortured by infernal pains. Who can say what I went through? So as not to make it too long, I move on.

Then, this morning, having received Communion, as I was at the summit of my affliction, I felt Our Lord move within me. In seeing His image, I wanted to look to see whether it was of wood or alive in flesh. I looked, and I saw it was the Crucified alive in flesh, who, looking at me, told me: "If my image within you were made of wood, the love would be only apparent, because only true and sincere love, united to mortification, makes Me be reborn alive, crucified in the heart of one who loves Me." On seeing the Lord, I would have wanted to withdraw from His presence, so *cattiva* [bad] did I see myself, but He continued, saying: "Where do you want to go? I am light, and wherever you go, my light invests you everywhere." At the presence of Jesus, at His light, at His voice, my passions disappeared – I myself don't know where they went. I remained like a little

girl, and I returned inside myself, completely changed. May everything be for the glory of God and for the good of my soul.

**January 5, 1901**

***The Humanity of Jesus was made on purpose to obey, and to destroy disobedience. Luisa refreshes Jesus.***

As I was outside of myself, I saw the confessor placing the intention of the crucifixion. I was afraid to submit myself, but Jesus told me: "What can I do? I cannot help obeying, because my Humanity was made on purpose to obey, and to destroy disobedience. This virtue is so grafted within Me, that it can be said that obedience is nature in Me, and the distinction dearest and most glorious to Me; so much so, that if my Humanity did not have this of Its own, I would abhor It, and would never have united Myself to It. You, then, want to disobey? You can do it, but you will do it yourself – I won't." All confused in seeing a God so obedient, I said: 'I too want to obey'; and I submitted myself, and Jesus shared with me the pains of the cross.

After this, He transported me outside of myself, and blessed Jesus gave me a kiss. As He was doing this, a bitter breath came out, and He was in the act of wanting to pour His bitternesses; but He did not do it, because He wanted to be told by me to do it. Immediately I said: 'Do You want some reparation? Let us do it together; in this way my reparations, united to Yours, will have the effects of Yours, for if I do them on my own I believe they will disgust You more.' So I took His hand, dripping with blood, and kissing it, I recited the *Laudate Dominum* [Praise the Lord] with the *Gloria Patri* [Glory Be] – Jesus one part, I the other – to repair for the many evil works that are committed, placing the intention of praising Him as many times for as many offenses as He receives because of evil works. How moving it was to see Jesus praying! Then I continued to do the same to the other hand, placing the intention of praising Him as many times for as many offenses as He receives because of sins of causes. Then, His feet, with the intention of praising Him as many times for as many evil steps and as many wrong paths which are covered, even under the appearance of piety and sanctity. Lastly, His Heart, with the intention of praising Him for as many times as the human heart does not palpitate, does not love, and does not desire God. My beloved Jesus seemed all refreshed by these reparations done together with Him, but He was not yet content. It seemed He wanted to pour; so I said to Him: 'Lord, if You want to pour, I pray You to do it.' So He poured His bitternesses, and then He added: "My daughter, how much men offend Me - but the time will come when I will chastise them in such a way that many little worms will come out, which will produce clouds of mosquitoes that will render them greatly oppressed. Then, afterwards, the Pope will come out." And I: 'And why will the Pope come out?' And He: "He will come out to console the peoples, because, oppressed, tired, crushed, betrayed by so many lies, they themselves will look for the harbor of truth, and all humiliated, they will ask the Holy Father to come into their midst to free them from so many evils and place them in the harbor of safety." And I: 'Lord, will this perhaps happen after the wars You have spoken about the other times?' And He: "Yes." And I: 'How I wish I could come before these things happen.' And He: "And where would I go to stay then?"

'Ah, Lord, there are so many good souls in whom You can stay, such that in comparing myself to them – oh, how *cattiva* [bad] I see myself!' But not paying attention to me, Jesus disappeared, and I returned inside myself.

**January 6, 1901**

***Jesus communicates Himself to the three Magi through love, through beauty and through power.***

As I was outside of myself, I seemed to see the moment when the holy Magi arrived at the grotto of Bethlehem. As they arrived in the presence of the Baby, He pleased to let the rays of His Divinity shine externally, communicating Himself to the Magi in three ways - through love, through beauty and through power – in such a way that they remained enraptured and engrossed in the presence of Little Baby Jesus; so much so, that if the Lord had not withdrawn the rays of His Divinity internally again, they would have remained there forever, unable to move any more. Then, as the Baby withdrew His Divinity, the holy Magi returned into themselves; they stirred themselves, stupefied, in seeing an excess of love so great, because through that light the Lord had let them understand the mystery of the Incarnation. Then they stood up and offered their gifts to the Queen Mother, and She spoke at length with them, but I am unable to say everything She said. I can only

remember that She inculcated into them, strongly, not only their own salvation, but also taking to heart the salvation of their peoples, having no fear even to lay down their lives to obtain the intent.

After this, I withdrew inside myself and I found myself together with Jesus. He wanted me to tell Him something, but I saw myself so *cattiva* [bad] and confused that I would not dare to tell Him anything. Seeing that I was not saying anything, He Himself continued to speak about the holy Magi, telling me: "By having communicated Myself to the Magi in three ways, I obtained three effects for them, because I never communicate Myself to souls uselessly; rather, they always receive some profit for themselves. So, as I communicated Myself through love, they obtained detachment from themselves; through beauty, they obtained contempt for earthly things; and through power, their hearts remained all bound to Me, and they obtained the bravery to lay down their blood and lives for Me."

Then He added: "And you, what do you want? Tell Me - do you love Me? How would you want to love Me?" Not knowing what to say, as my confusion increased, I said: 'Lord, I would want nothing but You, and if You say to me, 'do you love Me?', I have no words to be able to manifest it. I can only say that I feel this passion that no one may be able to prevail over me in loving You, and that I should be the first in loving You, above everyone, and no one may be able to surpass me. But this does not content me yet; in order to be content, I would want to love You with your own love, so that I may be able to love You as You love Yourself. Ah, yes! Only then would my concerns about loving You cease.' Content, one could say, with my nonsense, Jesus clasped me so tightly to Himself, that I could see myself transmuted in Him, inside and out, and He communicated part of His love to me. After this, I returned inside myself, and it seemed to me that for as much love as I am given, so much do I possess my Good; and if I love Him little, I possess Him little.

### **January 9, 1901**

***Jesus wants her united with Him, like a Sun's ray which receives from It life, heat and splendor.***

This morning I felt all oppressed and crushed, so much so, that I went in search of relief. My only Good made me wait a long time for His coming. Then, on coming, He told me: "My daughter, did I not take your passions, miseries and weaknesses upon Myself for love of you? Would you not want to take those of others upon yourself for love of Me?"

Then He added: "What I want is that you be always united with Me, like a Sun's ray which remains always fixed in the center of the Sun, and which receives from It life, heat and splendor. Suppose that a ray could depart from the center of the Sun – what would become of it? Immediately after leaving, it would lose life, light and heat, and would return to darkness, reducing itself to nothing. Such is the soul: as long as she remains united with Me, in my center, it can be said that she is like a Sun's ray which lives, receives life from the Sun, and goes wherever the Sun wants. In sum, it remains at the complete disposal and at the will of the Sun; if then she distracts herself and disunites from Me, there she is - all darkness, cold, and without feeling within herself that supernal spur of divine life." Having said this, He disappeared.

### **January 15, 1901**

***Jesus tells her that she forms His greatest martyrdom.***

Since in the past days my beloved Jesus made Himself seen as somehow indignant with the world, this morning, not seeing Him come, I kept thinking to myself: 'Who knows whether He is not coming because He wants to send some chastisement? And what have I done wrong? Because He wants to send chastisements, He does not deign to come to Me. How nice - that while He wants to punish others, He has me get the greatest of chastisements, which is the privation of Him.' Now, while I was saying this and other nonsense, my lovable Jesus made Himself seen for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, you form the greatest martyrdom for Me, because when I have to send some chastisement I cannot show Myself to you, since you bind Me everywhere and do not want Me to do anything. And as I do not come, you deafen Me with your complaints, with your laments and expectations; so much so, that while I am occupied with chastising, I am forced to think about you, to hear you, and my Heart is lacerated in seeing you in your painful state of my privation. In fact, the most painful martyrdom is the martyrdom of love, and the more two persons love each other, the more painful those pains become, which arise, not from others, but from between themselves. Therefore be quiet, be calm, and do not want to increase my pains through your pains." He disappeared, and I was left all mortified, thinking that I

form the martyrdom of my dear Jesus, and that in order not to make Him suffer too much, when He does not come I must remain quiet. But who can make this sacrifice? It seems impossible to me, and I will be forced to continue martyring each other.

**January 16, 1901**

***Jesus Christ explains to her the order of charity.***

As I continued to see Him a little indignant with the world, I wanted to occupy myself with placating Him, but He distracted me by saying to me: "The charity most acceptable to Me is toward those who are closest to Me, and those who are closest to Me are the purging souls, because they are confirmed in my grace and there is no opposition between my Will and theirs. They live continuously in Me, they ardently love Me, and I am forced to see them suffer within Myself, impotent to give themselves the slightest relief on their own. Oh, how tortured my Heart is by the position of these souls, because they are not far away, but close to Me – not only close, but inside of Me! And how pleasing to my Heart one who interests himself with them. Suppose you had a mother or a sister who lived with you in a state of sorrow, incapable of helping themselves on their own, and then someone else, foreign, who lived outside of your house, also in a state of sorrows, but capable of helping himself by himself. Would you not be more pleased if someone occupied himself with relieving your mother or your sister, rather than the foreign one who can help himself on his own?" And I: 'Certainly, O Lord!'

Then He added: "The second charity most acceptable to my Heart is for those who, though living on this earth, are almost like the purging souls – that is, they love Me, they always do my Will, they interest themselves with my things as if they were their own. Now, if these are oppressed, in need, in a state of sufferings, and someone occupies himself with relieving them and helping them, this is more pleasing to my Heart than if it were done to others."

Then Jesus disappeared, and as I found myself inside myself, it seemed to me that those things did not go according to the truth. So, on coming back, my adorable Jesus made me understand that what He had told me was according to the truth. There was only something left to say about the members separated from Him, which are the sinners - that if one occupied himself with reuniting these members, this would be very acceptable to His Heart. The difference that exists is this: that if a sinner were oppressed, in the midst of a misfortune, and one occupied himself, not to convert him, but to relieve him and help him materially, the Lord would be more pleased if this were done for those who are in the order of grace. In fact, if these suffer, it is always a product, either of the love of God for them, or of their love for God; while if sinners suffer, the Lord sees in them the mark of guilt and of their obstinate will. This is how I seemed to understand; after all, I leave the judgment to those who have the right to judge me, whether this goes according to the truth or not.

**January 24, 1901**

***Luisa asks Jesus the reason for His privation. Jesus explains it.***

Having spent the past days in silence and sometimes also without my adorable Jesus, this morning, as He came, I lamented to Him saying: 'Lord, how is it that You do not come! How things have changed! It shows that it is either for the chastisement of my sins that You deprive me of your lovable presence, or because You no longer want me in this state of victim. O please! I beg You – let me know your Will. If I could not be opposed when You wanted the sacrifice from me, much less can I do it now that, finding me no longer worthy of being victim, You want to take me out of it.'

Interrupting my speaking, Jesus told me: "My daughter, by having made Myself victim for mankind, taking upon Myself all weaknesses, miseries and everything that man deserved before the Divinity, I represent the head of all; and since I am the head before the Divinity, the human nature finds in Me a most powerful shield that defends it, protects it, excuses it and intercedes for it. Now, since you are in the state of victim, you come to represent for Me the head of the present generation. Therefore, having to send some chastisement for the good of the peoples and to call them back to Me, if I came to you as usual, by just showing Myself to you, I already feel relieved, my pains are mitigated, and it happens to Me as to someone who feels a strong pain and screams because of the spasm: if his pain ceased, he would no longer feel like screaming and sending out laments. The same happens to Me: as my pains are mitigated, naturally I no longer feel like sending that chastisement. You then, also naturally, in seeing Me, try to spare Me and to take the pains of others upon

yourself; you cannot help doing your office of victim before my presence, and if you did not do so, which can never be, I would be displeased with you. Here is the cause of my privation. It is not because I want to punish your sins – I have other ways to purge you. However, I will repay you; on the days I come, I will double my visits - aren't you happy?" And I: 'No Lord, I want You always; whatever the cause might be, I do not give way to remaining a single day without You.' While I was saying this, Jesus disappeared, and I returned inside myself.

### **January 27, 1901**

#### ***The establishment of Faith is in the establishment of Charity.***

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen for a little while and, I don't know why, He said to me: "My daughter, the whole establishment of the Catholic Faith is in the establishment of Charity, which unites the hearts and makes them live in Me." Then, throwing Himself into my arms, He wanted me to refresh Him. After I did as much as I could, He gave me tit for tat, and He disappeared.

### **January 30, 1901**

#### ***The poison of interest. The virtues and the merits of Jesus are as many towers of fortitude on which everyone can lean along the journey on the way to Eternity.***

This morning, on coming, blessed Jesus transported me outside of myself, in the midst of many people of different conditions – priests, nuns, secular; and beginning His sorrowful lament, Jesus said: "My daughter, the poison of interest has entered into all hearts, and they have become soaked with this poison like sponges. This pestilent poison has penetrated into monasteries, into priests, into secular. My daughter, that which does not surrender to the light of truth and to the power of virtue, surrenders before a most wretched interest; and before this poison, the most sublime and excelling virtues fall shattered like fragile glass." And while saying this, He cried bitterly. Who can say the torment of my soul in seeing my most loving Jesus cry! Not knowing what to do to make Him stop crying, I spoke some nonsense: 'My dear, O please! - do not cry. If the others do not love You, offend You and have their eyes dazzled by the poison of interest, in such a way as to remain all soaked with it, there is I who love you, praise You, look at all that is earthly as rubbish, and aspire to nothing, but in You. Therefore You should be content in my love and stop crying; and if You feel embittered, pour it upon me, for I am more content with it than seeing You cry.'

On hearing me, He stopped crying and poured a little bit. Then He shared with me the pains of the cross, and then He added: "My virtues and the merits I acquired for man in my Passion, are as many towers of fortitude on which everyone can lean along the journey on the way to Eternity. But man, ungrateful, running away from these towers of fortitude, leans on mud and conducts himself along the way of perdition." Then Jesus disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

### **January 31, 1901**

#### ***Jesus explains the greatness of the virtue of patience.***

As I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus was not coming. Then, after much waiting, I saw Him for just a little, and He told me: "My daughter, patience is superior to purity, because without patience the soul easily unbridles, and it is difficult for her to remain pure; and when a virtue needs another virtue in order to have life, the second one is called superior to the first. Even more, it can be said that patience is custody of purity; not only this, but it is staircase to ascend to the mountain of fortitude, in such a way that if one went up without the staircase of patience, he would immediately fall from the highest point to the lowest. In addition to this, patience is seed of perseverance, and this seed produces branches called firmness. Oh, how firm and stable in the good she has started is the patient soul! She pays no attention either to rain, or to frost, or to ice, or to fire, but all her attention is on bringing to completion the good she has started. In fact, there is no greater foolishness than that of one who today does some good because he likes it, and tomorrow he neglects it because he finds no more pleasure in it. What would one say of an eye which at one hour possesses sight, and at another is blind? Or of a tongue which now speaks, and now is mute? Ah! yes, my daughter, patience alone is the secret key to open the treasure of virtues; without the secret of this key, the other virtues do not come out to give life to the soul and to ennoble her."

**February 5, 1901**

***She encounters two maidens who serve Justice: tolerance and dissimulation.***

This morning blessed Jesus transported me outside of myself, but He made Himself seen in a state that moved even the stones to pity. Oh, how He suffered! It seemed that, unable to endure any more, He wanted to unload Himself a little, almost asking for help. I felt my poor heart split with tenderness, and immediately I pulled the crown of thorns from Him, putting it on myself so as to give Him relief. Then I said to Him: 'My sweet Good, You have not renewed in me the pains of the cross for some time; I pray You to renew them today, so You will be more relieved.' And He: "My beloved, it is necessary to ask Justice in order to do this, because things have reached such a point that It can no longer permit that you suffer."

I did not know what to do in order to ask Justice, when two maidens came up to me, who seemed to be serving Justice; one had the name of 'tolerance', the other 'dissimulation'. As I asked them to crucify me, tolerance took one of my hands and nailed it, but without wanting to finish; so I said: 'Oh holy dissimulation, complete my crucifixion - don't you see that tolerance has left me? Show yourself, how much better you are in dissimulating.' So she completed my crucifixion, but with such spasm, that if the Lord had not sustained me in His arms, I would certainly have died for the pain. After this, blessed Jesus added: "Daughter, it is necessary that you suffer these pains at least sometimes; and if it were not so, woe to the world! – what would become of it?" Then I prayed to Him for various people, and I found myself inside myself.

**February 6, 1901**

***The perfect satisfaction of Jesus is finding Himself in the soul.***

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus, on coming, told me: "My daughter, when my grace is in possession of more people, it celebrates more. It happens as to queens: the more maidens that hang upon their wishes and surround them like a crown, the more they enjoy and make feast. You, fix yourself in Me, look at Me, and you will be so taken by Me that everything material will drop dead for you. You must fix yourself in Me so much as to draw Me completely into yourself, in such a way that, finding Myself in you, I may find in you my perfect satisfaction. So, as I find in you all possible pleasures I could find in a human creature, what the others do to Me cannot grieve Me so much." And while saying this, He closed Himself up inside of Me, and was all pleased. How fortunate I would consider myself if I arrived at drawing my beloved Jesus completely into myself.

**February 10, 1901**

***Obedience has an extremely long sight, while love of self is very much shortsighted.***

As my adorable Jesus continued to come, He made Himself seen with eyes refulgent with most vivid and most pure light. I was enchanted and surprised before that dazzling light, and Jesus, on seeing me so enchanted and speechless, said to me: "My beloved, obedience has an extremely long sight and surpasses the very light of the sun in beauty and in sharpness. In the same way, love of self is very much shortsighted, so much so, that it cannot take a step without tripping. And do not believe that this extremely long sight is possessed by those souls who go on always disturbed and in scrupulousness. Rather, this is a net that love of self weaves around them, which, being very shortsighted, makes them fall first, and then provokes in them a thousand disturbances and scruples, and what they have detested today with so many scruples and fears, they fall into again tomorrow, to the point that their living is reduced to being always immersed in this artificial net which love of self knows well how to weave around them. This, unlike the extremely long sight of obedience, which is killer of the love of self. Her sight is so very long and clear, that immediately she foresees where she might slip, and with generous heart she abstains from it and enjoys the holy freedom of the children of God. And just as darkness draws more darkness, so does light draw more light, and this light arrives at drawing to itself the light of the Word, and uniting together, they weave the light of all virtues."

Surprised on hearing this, I said: 'Lord, what are You saying? To me it seems that that scrupulous way of living is sanctity.' And He, with a more serious tone, added: "On the contrary, I tell you that this is the true mark of obedience, while that is the true mark of love of self, and that way of living moves Me more to indignation than to love. In fact, when it is the light of truth that allows one to see one's fault, be it even the

slightest, there should be some emendation; but since it is the short sight of the love of self, it does nothing but keep them oppressed, having no development on the path of true sanctity."

**February 17, 1901**

***Man comes from God and must return to God.***

This morning, as I was all oppressed and in suffering, I saw my beloved Jesus for just a little, as well as many people immersed in many miseries. Then, breaking the silence He had kept for many days, He said: "My daughter, man is born in Me first, receiving the imprint of the Divinity; then, as he goes out of Me to be reborn from the maternal womb, I give him the command to walk a little stretch of the way; and at the end of that way, letting Myself be found by him, I receive him again into Myself, making him live eternally with Me. See now, how noble man is, where he comes from and where he goes, and what his destiny is. Now, what should the sanctity of this man be, coming out of a God so Holy? But in covering the way to come to Me again, man destroys that of the divine which he has received; he corrupts himself in such way that at the encounter I have with him to receive him into Myself, I no longer recognize him, I no longer see the divine imprint in him, I find nothing of my own in him; and no longer recognizing him, my Justice condemns him to go wandering on the way of perdition."

How tender it was to hear Jesus Christ speak about this – how many things He made me comprehend! But my state of sufferings does not permit me to write any further.

**March 8, 1901**

***It was the Cross that made Jesus recognized as God. The cross of pain and the cross of love.***

Continuing in my poor state, and with the silence of blessed Jesus, this morning, as I was oppressed more than ever, on coming, He told me: "My daughter, it was not my works, nor my preaching, nor the very power of my miracles that made Me recognized with clarity as the God I am, but when I was put on the Cross and lifted up on It as though on my own throne – then was I recognized as God. So, the Cross alone revealed Me to the world and to the whole of hell for Who I really was. All were shaken and recognized their Creator. Therefore, it is the Cross that reveals God to the soul, and makes known whether the soul is truly of God. It can be said that the Cross uncovers all the intimate parts of the soul and reveals to God and to men who she is."

Then He added: "Upon two crosses do I consume souls – one is of pain, the other is of love. And just as in Heaven all nine choirs of Angels love Me, though each one has its distinct office – as for example, the special office of the Seraphim is love and their choir is positioned more in the front in order to receive the reverberations of my love; so much so, that my love and theirs, darting through each other, correspond continuously – in the same way, I give to souls on earth their distinct offices: some I render martyrs of pain, and some of love, as both of them are skillful masters in sacrificing souls and in rendering them worthy of my satisfactions."

**March 19, 1901**

***Jesus explains the easiest and most profitable way to suffer.***

This morning, as I was all oppressed and in suffering, much more so, because of the privation of my sweet Jesus, after much waiting, I saw Him for just a little and He told me: "My daughter, the true way of suffering is in not looking at whom the sufferings come from, or at that which one suffers, but at the good that must come from those sufferings. This was my way of suffering. I looked neither at the executioners, nor at the suffering, but at the good I intended to do by means of my suffering, also for the very ones who gave Me suffering. And looking at the good that was to come to men, I disregarded everything else, and with intrepidity I followed the course of my suffering. My daughter, this is the easiest and most profitable way to suffer - not only with patience, but with unconquered and courageous heart."

**March 22, 1901**

***She sees Rome and great sins. Jesus wants to chastise, but Luisa is opposed.***

As I continued in my usual state of privation, and therefore of unspeakable bitternesses, this morning, my adorable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself. It seemed to me that it was Rome. How many

spectacles one could see from all classes of people! Even in the Vatican one could see things that were repugnant. What to say, then, about the enemies of the Church? How consumed with rage they are against Her, how many slaughters they are plotting – but they cannot carry them out because Our Lord holds them bound still. But that which frightened me the most was to see my loving Jesus almost in the act of giving them freedom. Who can say how consternated I remained? Then, seeing my consternation, Jesus told me: "Daughter, the chastisements are absolutely necessary. Rot and gangrene have entered all classes, therefore fire and sword are necessary so that not everyone may perish. So, this is the last time I tell you to conform to my Will, and I promise you to spare in part."

And I: 'My dear Good, I don't have the heart to conform to You in chastising people.' And He: "If you do not conform, since it is of absolute necessity to do this, I will not come as usual, and I will not manifest to you when I send the chastisements; and since you would not know it and I would not find anyone who would somehow break my just indignation, I will give free vent to my fury, and you will not even have the good of sparing the chastisement in part. In addition to this, not coming and not pouring in you those graces which I should pour, is also a bitterness for Me; just like in these past days in which I have not come so much – I have the grace constrained within Me." And while saying this, He showed that He wanted to unload Himself, and drawing near my mouth, He poured a most sweet milk, and He disappeared.

### **March 30, 1901**

#### ***Jesus speaks about the Divine Will and about perseverance.***

As my state of privation continued, I felt as though a tedium and a tiredness of my poor situation, and my poor nature wanted to free itself of this state. Having compassion for me, my adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, as you withdraw from my Volition, you begin to live of yourself; while if you remain fixed in my Will, you will always live of Me, dying completely to yourself."

Then He added: "My daughter, have patience, resign yourself to my Will in everything, and not for a short time, but always – always, because only perseverance in good is that which reveals whether a soul is truly virtuous; it alone is what unites all virtues together. It can be said that perseverance alone unites perpetually God and the soul, virtues and graces, and places itself around them like a chain; and binding everything together, it forms the most safe knot of salvation. But where there is no perseverance, there is a lot to fear." Having said this, He disappeared.

### **March 31, 1901**

#### ***Inconstancy and volubility.***

This morning, feeling all embittered, I saw myself still so *cattiva* [bad], that I almost did not dare to go in search of my highest and only Good. But the Lord, looking not at my miseries, still deigned to come, telling me: "My daughter, is it Me that you want? Well then, I have come to cheer you – let us be together, but let us remain in silence."

After staying for some time, He transported me outside of myself, and I saw that the Church was celebrating the Day of the Palms; and Jesus, breaking the silence, told me: "How much volubility, how much inconstancy! Just as today they cried out '*Hosanna!*', proclaiming Me as their King, on another day they cried out '*Crucify Him! Crucify Him!*' My daughter, the thing that displeases Me the most is inconstancy and volubility, because this is the sign that the truth has not taken possession of these souls. Even in things of religion, it may be that they find their satisfaction, their own convenience and interest, or that they just find themselves in that party; but tomorrow these things may be missing, or they may find themselves involved in other parties - and here is how they deviate from religion, and with no regret they give themselves to other sects. Indeed, when the true light of Truth enters a soul and takes possession of a heart, she is not subject to inconstancy. On the contrary, she sacrifices everything for love of It and to let herself be mastered by It alone; and with unconquered heart she despises everything else which does not belong to the Truth." And while saying this, He cried over the condition of the present generation, worse than in those times, subject to inconstancy according to wherever the winds blow.

### **April 5, 1901**

***In compassionating the Mother, one compassionates Jesus. On Calvary, at the crucifixion, Luisa sees all generations in Jesus.***

As the state of privation continued, this morning I seemed to see Him for a little while, together with the Queen Mother; and since adorable Jesus had the crown of thorns, I removed it from Him and I compassionated Him thoroughly. While I was doing this, He told me: "Compassionate also my Mother, because since the reason of Her sorrows is my suffering, in compassionating Her, you come to compassionate Me."

After this, I seemed to find myself on mount Calvary, in the act of the crucifixion of Our Lord, and while He suffered the crucifixion, I could see – I don't know how – all generations, past, present and future, in Jesus. And since Jesus had everyone within Himself, He felt all the offenses that each of us would give Him, and He suffered for all in general, and for each individual in particular, in such a way that I could see also my sins, and the pains that He suffered for me individually; and I could also see the remedy that He administered to us, with the exception of no one, for our evils and for our eternal salvation. Now, who can say all that I saw in blessed Jesus?: from the first to the last man. As I was outside of myself, I could see things clearly and distinctly; but finding myself inside myself, I see them all confused. So, in order to avoid nonsense, I stop here.

**April 7, 1901**

***She sees the Resurrection of Jesus. Jesus speaks about obedience.***

As my adorable Jesus continues to deprive me of His presence, I feel a bitterness, and as though a knife were stuck in my heart, which gives me such pain as to make me cry and scream like a child. Ah, truly, I seem to have become like a child who, when his mother departs from him even for just a little, cries and screams so much as to turn the whole house upside down, and there is no other remedy to make him stop crying than for him to see himself in the arms of his mother again. So I am - a true little girl in virtue, for if it were possible for me I would turn Heaven and earth upside down in order to find my highest and only Good, and only when I find myself in possession of Jesus, then do I calm down. Poor little girl that I am, I still feel the swaddling clothes of infancy that clasp me; I am unable to walk by myself, I am very weak, I do not have the capacity of the adults, who let themselves be guided by reason. So here is the highest necessity I have to be with Jesus; right or wrong, I don't want to hear anything – what I want to hear is that I want Jesus. I hope that the Lord may want to forgive this poor little girl, who sometimes commits some excesses.

So, finding myself in this position, I saw my adorable Jesus for a little, in the act of His Resurrection, with His face so refulgent as to not be comparable to any other splendor. It seemed to me that the Most Holy Humanity of Our Lord, though It was living flesh, was so bright and transparent that one could see with clarity the Divinity united to the Humanity. Now, while I was seeing Him so glorious, a light that came from Him seemed to tell me: "My Humanity received so much glory by means of perfect obedience which, destroying the ancient nature completely, gave Me back the new nature, glorious and immortal. In the same way, by means of obedience, the soul can form within her the perfect resurrection to virtues. For example: if the soul is afflicted, obedience will make her rise again to joy; if restless, obedience will make her rise again to peace; if tempted, obedience will administer to her the strongest chain with which to bind the enemy, and will make her rise again victorious over the diabolical snares; if she is besieged by passions and vices, by killing them, obedience will make her rise again to virtues. This, to the soul, and in due time, it will also form the resurrection of the body."

After this, the light withdrew, Jesus disappeared, and I am left with such sorrow, seeing myself without Him again, that I feel as if I had a burning fever that makes me fidget and rave. Ah! Lord, give me the strength to bear with You in these delays, for I feel faint.

**April 9, 1901**

***If fervors and virtues are not well rooted in the Humanity of Jesus, as tribulations or unfavorable circumstances arise, immediately they wither.***

As I was in the fullness of delirium, I was speaking nonsense, and I believe I also mixed some defects with it. My poor nature felt all the weight of my state; the bed seemed worse to it than the state of those who are condemned to prison. It would have wanted to free itself of this state, with the addition of my refrain that 'it is no longer Will of God, and this is why Jesus does not come'. And I kept thinking of what I should do. While I was doing this, my patient Jesus came out from within my interior, but with a grave and serious appearance,

such as to strike fear in me; and He said to me: "What do you think I would have done had I been in your position?" In my interior I said: 'Certainly the Will of God.' And He, again: "Well then, that is what you are doing." And He disappeared.

The gravity of Our Lord was such that in those words He spoke to me I felt all the power of His word – not only creative, but also destroying. My interior was so shaken by those words, it was so oppressed, embittered, that I did nothing but cry. I remembered especially the gravity with which Jesus had spoken to me, so much so, that I did not dare to say: 'Come'. Now, being in this position, in the afternoon I did my meditation without asking for Him, when, all of a sudden, He came, and with a sweet appearance, all changed compared to the morning, He told me: "My daughter, what a disaster, what a disaster is about to happen." And as He was saying this, I felt all of my interior changed – that He was not coming for no other reason but the chastisements. At that moment I saw four venerable persons who were crying at the words which Jesus had spoken; but blessed Jesus, wanting to cheer Himself, said a few words about virtues, and then He added: "There are certain fervors and certain virtues which seem like those saplings that grow around certain trees: since they are not well rooted in its trunk, as a strong wind comes, or a cold a little more intense, they wither; and even though after some time it may be that they become green again, being subject to the intemperance of the air, and therefore to changing, they never become grown up trees. Such are those fervors and those virtues which are not well rooted in the trunk of the tree of obedience – that is, in the trunk of the tree of my Humanity, which was all obedience: as tribulations or unfavorable circumstances arise, immediately they wither, and they never come to producing fruits for eternal life."

**April 19, 1901**

***The whole being of Luisa suffers the privation of Jesus. Jesus consoles her and explains to her something about Grace.***

As I continue to pass my days without my adorable Jesus – at the most, He comes like shadow and flashes – my poor heart is extremely embittered. I feel His privation so much, that all of my fibers, my nerves, my bones, and even the drops of my blood, writhe continuously, and say to me: "Where is Jesus? How is it – you have lost Him? What have you done that He is no longer coming? How can we be without Him? Who else will console us, since we have lost the fount of all consolation? Who will fortify us in weakness? Who will correct us and uncover our defects, since we have been deprived of that light which, more than electric filament, penetrated into the most intimate hiding places, and with the most ineffable sweetness corrected and healed our wounds? Everything is misery, everything is squalor, everything is gloom without Him! How shall we go on?' And even though in the depth of my will I feel resigned, and I keep offering His very privation as the greatest sacrifice for love of Him, everything else wages a continuous war against me, and puts me in a torture. Ah, Lord, how much it costs me to have known You, and at how high a price You make me pay for your past visits!

Now, while I was in this state, He made Himself seen for short instants, and He told me: "Since Grace is part of Me, as you possess It, with reason and by strict necessity everything that forms your being cannot be without Me. This is the reason why everything asks you for Me and you are tortured continuously. Since you are soaked with Me and filled with part of Me, only when they possess Me, not only in part, but completely - then do they find peace and remain content." And as I lamented about my hard position, He added: "I too experienced extreme abandonment in the course of my Passion, even though my Will was always united with the Father and with the Holy Spirit. And I wanted to suffer this in order to divinize the cross completely; so much so, that in looking at Me and in looking at the cross, you will find the same splendor, the same lessons, and the same mirror in which you can reflect yourself continuously, with no difference between the two."

**April 21, 1901**

***Necessity of the chastisements so as not to let man corrupt himself more.***

Continuing in my usual state, I saw my sweet Jesus for just a little, with a cross in His hand, in the act of pouring it upon the people; and He told me: "My daughter, the world is always corrupted, but there are certain times in which it reaches such corruption, that if I did not pour part of my cross upon the people, they would all perish in corruption. So it happened at the time when I came upon earth: my cross alone saved many from the corruption in which they were immersed. The same in these times: corruption has reached such a point, that if I

did not pour scourges, thorns, crosses, causing men even to shed blood, they would remain immersed in the waves of corruption." And while saying this, He seemed to throw that cross over the people, and chastisements would occur.

**April 22, 1901**

***Lessons about the imitation of His life.***

While I was all afflicted and confused, and almost without hope of seeing my adorable Jesus again, all of a sudden He came and told me: "Do you know what I want from you? I want you similar to Me in everything, both in operating and in the intention. I want you to be respectful with everyone, because respecting everyone gives peace to oneself and peace to others; and that you consider yourself the least of all; that you meditate constantly on my teachings within your mind, and keep them in your heart, so that, on the occasion, you may find them always ready to be used and put into practice. In sum, I want your life to be an outpouring of Mine." And while He was saying this, I saw behind the Lord an intense cold and a fire coming down upon earth, which caused damage to crops. I said: 'Lord, what are You doing? Poor people!' But not paying attention to me, He disappeared.

**June 13, 1901**

***Crosses and tribulations are the bread of eternal beatitude.***

After a long silence on the part of my adorable Jesus – at the most, a few things about the scourges He wants to pour – this morning, as I was oppressed and tired because of my hard position, especially because of the continuous privations to which I am often subjected, I saw Him for short instants, and He told me: "My daughter, crosses and tribulations are the bread of eternal beatitude." I comprehended that as we suffer more, more abundant and more enjoyable will be the bread that will nourish us in the celestial dwelling; that is, the more we suffer, the greater the deposit we receive of the future glory.

**June 18, 1901**

***Jesus demands His glory from every particle of our beings. From the state of union to that of consummation.***

As I was in my usual state, I saw my sweet Jesus for a little, and I began my laments about my poor state of His privations, and about a sort of tiredness, physical and moral, as if I felt my poor nature being crushed and failing me in all its parts. Then, after I said all this to my Jesus, He told me; "My daughter, do not be concerned about your feeling faint in all parts; don't you know that everything must be sacrificed for Me, not only in the soul but also in the body? And that from the tiniest little particles of your being I demand my glory? And then, don't you know that from the state of union one passes on to another one, which is that of consummation? It is true that I am not coming as usual so as to chastise the people, but I use this also for your own profit, which is not only that of keeping you united with Me, but of consuming you for love of Me. In fact, as I do not come and you feel faint because of my absence, don't you come to be consumed for Me? After all, you do not have great reason to afflict yourself - first, because when you see Me, it is always from your interior that you see Me come out, and this is a sure sign that I am with you; and also, because not one day has yet come in which you can say that you have not seen Me perfectly."

After this, His voice assuming a sweeter and more benign tone, He added: "My daughter, I recommend to you, very, very much, that you let not even the slightest act which is not patience, resignation, sweetness, sameness, tranquillity in everything, come out of yourself. Otherwise you would dishonor Me, and it would happen as to that king who lived in a palace which was well adorned inside, but on the outside it could be seen as full of cracks, stained, and about to collapse. Would people not say: 'What? A king lives in this palace, and yet, such an ugly configuration can be seen outside as to make one fear even to draw near it? Who knows what a king he must be!' Would this not be a dishonor for that king? Now think that if anything which is not virtue comes out of you, they would say the same about Me, and I, who live inside of you, would remained dishonored."

**June 30, 1901**

***Signs to know whether the soul possesses Grace.***

As I was in my usual state, my most sweet Jesus made Himself seen for a short time, all transfused in Me; and He told me: "My daughter, do you want to know what the signs are to know whether the soul possesses my Grace?" And I: 'Lord, as your most holy goodness pleases.'

So He replied: "The first sign to see whether the soul possesses my Grace is that in anything that belongs to God which she may hear or see externally, she feels a sweetness, a gentleness fully divine in her interior, which is not comparable to anything human and terrestrial. It happens as to that mother who recognizes the fruit of her womb in the person of a son even from his breath, from his voice, and she delights with joy. Or as to two intimate female friends who, in conversing together, manifest the same sentiments, inclinations, joys, afflictions to each other; and since each one finds her own things engraved in the other, they feel such pleasure in them, such joy, and take them to heart so much that they cannot detach themselves. In the same way, the interior Grace which resides in the soul, on seeing externally the fruit of Her very womb – that is, on recognizing Herself in those things which form Her very essence – corresponds with them, and makes the soul experience such joy and sweetness that one is unable to express it.

The second sign is that the speaking of the soul who possesses Grace is peaceful and has the virtue of casting peace into others; so much so, that the same things said by one who does not possess grace make no impression and bring no peace, while if they are said by one who possesses Grace, they operate in a marvelous way, and bring peace back to the hearts.

Moreover, my daughter, Grace strips the soul of everything, and makes of her humanity a veil with which to remain covered, in such a way that, as the veil is torn, one finds paradise in the soul who possesses Her. So, it is no wonder that true humility, obedience and the like are found in that soul, because there is nothing left of her but a simple veil, and one can see with clarity how it is all Grace that acts within her, that keeps all virtues in order for her, and makes her remain in continuous attitude toward God.

**July 5, 1901**

***Jesus is the beginning, the means and the end of all desires.***

As I was concerned about the state of my soul, all of a sudden my adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, do not be concerned, for I alone am the beginning, the means and the end of all your desires." With these words I calmed myself in Jesus. May everything be for the glory of God, and may His Holy Name be blessed.

**July 16, 1901**

***The beginning of evil in man. Distance between the love of Jesus and the human love. In order to enter into Heaven, the soul must be completely transformed in Jesus.***

After various days of privation, this morning He deigned to come, transporting me outside of myself. Now, as I was before blessed Jesus, I could see many people, and the evil of the present generation. My adorable Jesus looked at them with compassion, and turning to me, told me: "My daughter, do you want to know where the evil of man began? The beginning of it is that as soon as he knows himself - that is, as soon as he begins to acquire reason – man says to himself: 'I am something.' And believing themselves to be something, they move away from Me, they do not trust Me, who am the All, and they draw all their confidence and strength from themselves. From this it happens that they even lose every good beginning, and by losing the good beginning, what will the end be? Imagine, yourself, my daughter. Moreover, by moving away from Me, who contain every good, what good can man hope for, since he is a sea of evil? Without Me everything is corruption, misery, and without a shadow of true good. This is the present society."

On hearing this, I felt such affliction that I am unable to express it; but Jesus, wanting to cheer me, transported me somewhere else, and as I found myself alone with my beloved Jesus, I said to Him: 'Tell me, do You love me?' And He: "Yes." And I: 'I am not content with "yes" alone, but I would like it to be explained better how much You love me.' And He: "My love for you is so great that not only has it no beginning, but it will have no end. In these few words you can comprehend how great, strong, constant, is my love for you." I considered all this for a little, and I could see an abyss of distance between my love and His. All confused, I said: 'Lord, what a difference between my love and Yours. Not only does mine have a beginning, but as for the past, I see some voids in my soul of not having loved You.' And Jesus, all compassion for me, told me: "My

beloved, there cannot be conformity between the love of the Creator and that of the creature; however, today I want to tell you something which will be of great consolation for you and which you have never understood: know that each soul, during the whole course of her life, is obliged to love Me constantly, with no interval; and if she does not love Me always, she leaves as many voids in her soul for as many days, hours or minutes in which she has neglected to love Me. But no one will be able to enter Heaven if he has not filled these voids; and one will only be able to fill them by loving Me twice as much for the rest of his life; and if he does not arrive at doing this, he will fill them by dint of fire in Purgatory. Now, when you are deprived of Me, the privation of the beloved makes love double, and by this, you come to fill the voids that there are present in your soul."

After this, I said to Him: 'My sweet Good, let me come with You to Heaven, and if You do not want it forever, at least for a little while. O please, I pray You, make me content!' And He told me: "Don't you know that in order to enter that blessed dwelling the soul must be completely transformed in Me, in such a way that she must appear as another Christ? Otherwise, what impression would you make in the midst of the other Blessed? You yourself would be ashamed of being with them." And I: 'It is true that I am very dissimilar to You, but if You want You can render me similar.' So, to content me, He enclosed me completely within Himself, in such a way that I could no longer see myself, but Jesus Christ; and in this way we rose toward Heaven. As we reached a certain point, we found ourselves before an indescribable light. Before that light one experienced new life, unusual joy, never before felt. How happy I felt! Even more, it seemed to me that I was in the fullness of all happinesses. Now, as we advanced before that light, I felt such concern; I would have liked to praise Him, to thank Him, but not knowing what to say, I recited three Glory Be's, and Jesus responded along. But as soon as I finished, like a flash I found myself in the miserable prison of my body. Ah, Lord, how come - so little has my happiness lasted? It seems that the clay of this body of mine is too hard, as it takes so much to be shattered, and it prevents my soul from moving out of this miserable earth. But I hope that some vehement blow may cause it to be not only shattered, but pulverized. Then, since I would no longer have a home to be able to stay here, You will have compassion for me, and will receive me forever in the celestial dwelling.

**July 20, 1901**

***How sweet the voice of the soul is for Jesus.***

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus was not coming. Then, after struggling and almost losing the hope of seeing Him again, all of a sudden He came and told me: "My daughter, your voice is sweet to Me as the voice of the mother is sweet to the little bird: after she has left him to go in search of food with which to nourish him, as she comes back - what does the little bird do? On hearing her voice, he feels sweetness and makes feast; and after the mother has fed him, he huddles all up and hides under the maternal wing to warm himself, to be freed from the intemperances of the air, and to take safe rest. Oh, how dear and pleasing it is for the little bird - this remaining under the maternal wing! So you are for Me; you are the wing that warms Me, shelters Me, defends Me, and allows Me to take safe rest. Oh, how dear and pleasing it is for Me to remain under this wing!"

Having said this, He disappeared, and I remained all confused and full of shame, knowing myself as so *cattiva* [bad]; but obedience wanted to increase my confusion, wanting me to write this. May the Most Holy Will of God be always done.

**July 23, 1901**

***Jesus speaks about His Will and about charity.***

As I was with many doubts about my state, on coming, my adorable Jesus told me: "Daughter, do not fear, what I recommend to you is that you remain always conformed to my Will, because when the Divine Will is in the soul, neither the diabolical nor the human will have the strength to enter the soul to make fun of her."

After this, I seemed to see Him crucified, and since the Lord had shared with me, not only His pains, but some sufferings of another person, He added: "This is true charity: to destroy oneself in order to give life to others, to take upon oneself the evils of others, and to give Me one's own goods."

**July 27, 1901**

***Doubts of the confessor. The answer of Jesus.***

Since the confessor had raised some doubts, as blessed Jesus came, I saw the confessor with Him, and He was saying to him: "My operating is always leaning on the truth, and even though many times it appears obscure, under enigmas, however, one cannot help saying that it is the truth. And even though the creature does not understand my operating with clarity, this does not destroy the truth; on the contrary, it makes one comprehend much better that it is a Divine way of operating. In fact, since the creature is finite, she cannot embrace and comprehend the infinite; at the most, she can comprehend and embrace a few glimmers. As for example, the many things said by Me in Scripture, and my way of operating in the Saints – has this perhaps been understood with all clarity? Oh, how many things are left obscured and amidst enigma! And yet, how many minds of the erudite and learned have tired themselves in interpreting them? And what have they yet understood? One can say absolutely nothing, compared to what is left to be known. But does this perhaps prejudice the truth? Not at all – on the contrary, it makes it shine more. Therefore, your eye must be kept on whether there is true virtue, and whether, in everything, it can be felt that the truth is present, though sometimes obscured; as for the rest, one must remain tranquil and in holy peace." Having said this, He disappeared, and I returned inside myself.

**July 30, 1901**

***Pride has ruined the world. The virtue of humility.***

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus transported me outside of myself into the midst of many people. What blindness! Almost all were blind, and a few, of short sight. Only very few appeared like the sun in the midst of the stars, with extremely sharp sight, all intent on the Divine Sun; and this sight was conceded to them because it was fixed in the light of the Humanate Word. All compassion, Jesus told me: "My daughter, how pride has ruined the world – it has reached the point of destroying that small light of reason which all carry with them at birth. Know, however, that the virtue which most exalts God is humility, and the virtue which most exalts the creature before God and men, is humility." Having said this, He disappeared.

Later He came back all panting and afflicted, and He added: "My daughter, three terrible chastisements are about to happen." And He disappeared like a flash, without giving me the time to tell Him one word.

**August 3, 1901**

***The soul who possesses Grace has authority over hell, over men and over God Himself.***

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. Then, after much waiting, the Virgin Mama came, bringing Him almost by force; but Jesus would escape. Then the Most Holy Virgin told me: "My daughter, do not become tired of asking for Him – rather, be importunate, because this escaping of His is a sign that He wants to send some chastisement, and therefore He escapes the sight of His beloved ones. You, however, do not stop, because the soul who possesses Grace has authority over hell, over men and over God Himself. In fact, since Grace is part of God Himself, as the soul possesses It, does she perhaps not have power over that which she possesses?"

Then, after much resistance, forced by the Queen Mama and importuned by me, He came, but with an imposing, serious appearance, such that one would not dare to speak. I did not know what to do to make Him break that appearance so imposing. I thought I would come out speaking nonsense, saying to Him: 'My sweet Good, let us love each other; if we ourselves do not love each other, who else can love us? And if You are not content with my love, who will ever be able to content You? O please! give me a sure sign that You are content with my love, otherwise I faint – I die.' But who can say all the nonsense I spoke? I believe it is better to move on. However, it seemed that with this I was able to break that imposing air He had, and He told me: "Only when your love will surpass the river of the iniquities of men – then will I be content with your love. So, think of increasing your love, for I will be more content with you." Having said this, He disappeared.

**August 5, 1901**

***Mortification is the sight of the soul.***

As I was in my usual state, my blessed Jesus was delaying in coming. I felt I was dying for the pain of His privation, when, all of a sudden, He came and told me: "My daughter, just as the eyes are the sight of the

body, so mortification is the sight of the soul. Therefore, mortification can be called 'eyes of the soul'." And He disappeared.

**August 6, 1901**

***The love of the Blessed is a property of God, while the love of the pilgrim souls is like a property which He is in the act of acquiring.***

This morning, after I received Communion, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen all in suffering and offended, such as to arouse compassion. I clasped Him all to myself, and I said to Him: 'My sweet Good, how lovable and desirable You are! How can men not love You? Even worse, they offend You! By loving You one finds everything, and the loving of You contains all goods, while by not loving You every good escapes from us. Yet, who loves You? But, O please! my dearest treasure, put aside the offenses of men, and let us pour ourselves out in loving each other for a little.' Then Jesus called the whole Celestial Court to be spectator of our love, and He said: "The love of the whole of Heaven would not render Me satisfied and content if yours were not there united with it; more so, since that love is my property which no one can take away from Me, while the love of the pilgrim souls is like a property which I am in the act of acquiring. And since my Grace is part of Me, and my Being is most active, as It enters into hearts the pilgrim souls can make traffic of love, and this traffic expands the properties of my love, and I feel such taste and pleasure, that if it were missing, I would remain embittered. This is why, without your love, the love of all Heaven would not render Me fully content. And you – know how to traffic well in my love, for by loving Me in everything, you will render Me happy and content."

Who can say how amazed I was left on hearing this, and how many things I comprehended about this love? But my tongue begins stammering, therefore I stop here.

**August 21, 1901**

***The Celestial Mama teaches the secret of true happiness.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself. After going round and round in search of Jesus, I found the Queen Mama instead, and oppressed and tired as I was, I said to Her: 'My most sweet Mama, I lost the way to find Jesus; I don't know where else to go, nor what to do in order to find Him again.'

While saying this, I was crying, and She said to me: "My daughter, follow Me and you will find the way, and Jesus. Even more, I want to teach you the secret of how you can always be with Jesus, and live always content and happy, even on this earth: fix in your interior that there is only Jesus and you in the world, and no one else; and that Him alone must you please, satisfy and love, and from Him alone must you expect to be loved in return and contented in everything. If you are in this way with Jesus, you will no longer be affected, whether you are surrounded by scorns or praises, by relatives or strangers, by friends or enemies. Jesus alone will be all your contentment, and Jesus alone will be enough for you in the place of all. My daughter, until everything that exists down here disappears completely in the soul, one cannot find true and perpetual contentment."

Now, while She was saying this, Jesus came into our midst as though from within a flash. I took Him and brought Him with me, and I found myself inside myself.

**September 2, 1901**

***Only through the Cross will the Church reacquire Her full vigor. Condition of the present society.***

This morning my adorable Jesus made Himself seen united with the Holy Father, and He seemed to say to him: "The things suffered up to now are nothing other than everything I went through from the beginning of my Passion until I was condemned to death. My son, there is nothing left for you but to carry the Cross to Calvary." As He was saying this, it seemed that blessed Jesus took the Cross and placed it upon the shoulders of the Holy Father, helping him to carry it Himself. While doing this, He added: "My Church seems to be dying, especially with regard to the social conditions, which anxiously wait for the cry of death. But, courage, my son; after you have reached the top of the mountain, as the Cross is lifted up, all will be shaken, and the Church will lay down Her aspect of a dying one, and will reacquire Her full vigor. The Cross alone is the means for it. Just as the Cross alone was the only means to fill the void which sin had made, and to unite the abyss of infinite distance that existed between God and man; in the same way, in these times the Cross alone will make my

Church's forehead rise, with courage and splendor, so as to confuse and put to flight the enemies." Having said this, He disappeared.

After a little while, my beloved Jesus came back all afflicted, and continued: "My daughter, how much I grieve for the present society! They are my members, and I cannot help loving them. It happens to Me as to one who had one arm or one hand infected and wounded. Does he perhaps hate it? Does he abhor it? Ah, not at all! On the contrary, he lavishes all his care upon it, and who knows how much he spends to see himself healed; and it causes his whole body to ache and be oppressed, until he manages to obtain the intent of seeing himself healed. Such is my condition: I see my members infected and wounded, I feel pain and sorrow, and because of this I feel more drawn to love them. Oh, how very different is my love from that of creatures! I am forced to love them because they are my own, but they do not love Me as their own; and if they love Me at all, they love Me for their own good." After this He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

#### **September 4, 1901**

***Gratitude is the key to open the treasures of God. Ardors of the Heart of Jesus for the glory of the Divine Majesty and the good of souls. What the soul can do to fill the voids of His glory on the part of creatures.***

As my adorable Jesus continued to come, this morning, as I saw Him, I felt such a yearning to ask Him whether He had forgiven my sins; so I said to Him: 'My sweet Love, how I yearn to hear from your lips whether You have forgiven my many sins.' Jesus drew close to my ear, and with His gaze He seemed to scrutinize all of my interior; and He told me: "Everything is forgiven, and I remit them. There is nothing left in you but a few defects committed by you in passing, without realizing it – and I remit those as well."

After this, it seemed that Jesus placed Himself behind my shoulders, and touching my back with His hand, He fortified it thoroughly. Who can say what I felt at that touch? I can only say that I felt a refreshing fire, a purity united to a fortitude. Then, after He touched my back, I prayed Him to do the same to my heart, and Jesus, to content me, condescended. Afterwards, it seemed to me as if blessed Jesus was tired because of me, and I said to Him: 'My sweet Life, You are tired because of me, aren't You?' And He: "Yes, at least be grateful for the graces I am giving you, because gratitude is the key to be able to open as one pleases the treasures that God contains. Know, however, that what I did to you will serve to preserve you from corruption, to strengthen you, and to dispose your soul and body for the eternal glory."

After this, He seemed to transport me outside of myself, and He made me see the multitude of the peoples, and the good which they can do, but do not, and therefore the glory which God must receive, but does not. All afflicted, Jesus added: "My beloved, my Heart burns for the honor of my glory and the good of souls. For each good they omit, my glory and their souls receive a void. Even if they do no evil, by not doing the good they could do, they are like those empty rooms which, though beautiful, contain nothing to be admired, nothing which strikes one's gaze, and therefore their owner receives no glory. If then they do one good and neglect another, they are like those rooms all vacated, in which one can see just a few objects, with no order. My beloved, come and take part in these pains, in the ardors which my Heart feels for the glory of the Divine Majesty and the good of souls, and try to fill these voids of my glory. You can do this by letting not a single moment of your life pass without being united to my Life; that is, in all your actions, be they prayer or suffering, rest or work, silence or conversation, sadness or joy, and even in the food you take – in sum, in everything that may happen to you, you will place the intention of giving Me all the glory which others should give Me in that action, and of making up for the good they should do, but do not, intending to repeat this intention for as much glory as I do not receive, and for as much good as they omit. If you do this, you will somehow fill the void of the glory which I must receive from creatures, and my Heart will feel a refreshment in my ardors; and from this refreshment rivulets of grace will flow for the good of mortals, which will infuse in them more fortitude to do good." After this, I found myself inside myself.

#### **September 5, 1901**

***True love makes up for everything.***

As my beloved Jesus came back, I felt almost a fear of not corresponding to the graces that the Lord gives me, as those words which He has said to me before – "At least be grateful" – had remained impressed in me. Seeing me with this fear, He told me: "My daughter, courage, do not fear; love will make up for everything."

Besides, since you have set your will of truly doing what I want, even if sometimes you should fail, I will make up for you - therefore, do not fear. Know, however, that true love is ingenious, and true ingenuity reaches everything; more so, when in the soul there is a love that loves, a love that grieves for the pains of the beloved as if they were its own, and a love that reaches the point of taking upon itself the sufferings which the beloved should suffer - which is the most heroic love, and which resembles my own love, as it is very difficult to find one who lays down his own flesh. So, if in all of yourself there is nothing but love, if you do not satisfy Me in one way you will do it in another. Even more, if you are in possession of these three loves, it will happen to Me as to that person who is insulted, offended with all sorts of outrages by everyone, but among many, there is one who loves him, compassionates him, repays him for all. What does he do? He fixes his eyes on his beloved, and finding his recompense, he forgets all the offenses, and gives favors and graces to the very offenders."

### **September 9, 1901**

#### ***Effectiveness of the intentions.***

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. Then, while my mind was occupied with considering the mystery of the crowning of thorns, I remembered that, other times, as I was occupied with this mystery, the Lord had pleased to remove the crown of thorns from His head and to drive it onto mine. So I said in my interior: 'Ah, Lord, I am no longer worthy of suffering your thorns.' And all of a sudden He came, for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, when you suffer my own thorns, You relieve Me, and in suffering them yourself, I feel completely free of those pains. When you humble yourself and believe yourself unworthy of suffering them, you repair for the sins of pride which are committed in the world." And I added: 'Ah, Lord, for as many drops as You shed, for as many thorns as You suffered, for as many wounds, so much glory do I intend to give You for as much glory as all creatures should give You if the sin of pride did not exist; and so many graces do I intend to ask of You for all creatures, so that this sin be destroyed.'

While saying this, I saw that Jesus contained the whole world within Himself, like a machine containing objects in itself. All creatures moved within Him, and Jesus moved toward them, and it seemed that Jesus would receive the glory of my intention and that creatures had returned to Him in order to receive the good impetrated by me for them. I remained stupefied, and He, seeing my stupefaction, said: "All this seems surprising, doesn't it? What you have done seems a trivial thing, yet, it is not so. How much good could be done by repeating this intention, but is not?" Having said this, He disappeared.

### **September 10, 1901**

#### ***To unite our actions with Jesus is to continue His life on earth.***

I continue to do what blessed Jesus taught me on the 4<sup>th</sup> of this month, even though sometimes I get distracted. But when sometimes I forget, it seems that Jesus places Himself on guard in my interior and does it Himself for me. On seeing this, I blush and immediately I unite myself with Him, and I make the offering of what I am doing at that moment. Be it even a gaze, or a word, I keep saying: 'Lord, all the glory which creatures should give You with their mouths, but do not, I intend to give You myself with my mouth, and I impetrate for them to make good and holy use of the mouth, by uniting myself always with the very mouth of Jesus.' Now, while I was doing this in all my things, He came and told me: "This is the continuation of my life, which was the glory of the Father and the good of souls. If you persevere in this, you will form my life, and I yours; you will be my breath, and I yours."

After this, Jesus placed Himself in order to rest upon my heart, and I upon His Heart, and it seemed that Jesus would draw His breath from me, and I would draw mine through Jesus. What happiness, what joy, what celestial life I experienced in that position! May the Lord be always thanked and blessed, who uses so many mercies with this sinner.

### **September 14, 1901**

#### ***The beginning and the end of our actions must be the love of God.***

After going through various days of privation, today, as I was about to do my meditation, my mind was distracted in something else, and by means of light I comprehended that in going out of the body, the soul enters into God; but since God is most pure love, only when the soul is a complex of love - then does she enter into

God. In fact, God receives no one into Himself if she is not completely similar to Him, and on finding her similar, He receives her and shares all of His qualities with her. So, we shall be in God beyond the Heavens, just as we are inside our rooms here. Now, it seemed to me that this could be done also during the course of our lives, so as to spare the fire of Purgatory the toil, and ourselves the pain, and therefore be introduced immediately, with no interruption, into our highest Good, God. It seemed to me that the nourishment of fire is wood, and the sign to be sure that the wood is reduced to fire is that it no longer produces smoke. Now, the beginning and the end of all our actions must be the fire of the love of God; the wood which must nourish this fire is the crosses, the mortifications; the smoke that rises in the midst of wood and fire is the passions, the inclinations which often peep out. So, the sign that everything is consumed into fire within us is that our passions remain in their place, and we no longer feel inclination toward all that does not regard God. It seems that, with this, we will pass freely, with no obstacle, to dwell inside our God, and we will come to enjoy, even here below, paradise in advance.

### **September 15, 1901**

#### ***By shunning the cross one remains in the dark.***

This morning my adorable Jesus came all glorious, with His wounds more refulgent than suns, and with a cross in His hand. In the meantime I also saw a wheel with four sections of it leaning out, while it seemed that another section shunned the light and remained in the dark. In this darkening the people remained as though abandoned by God, and bloody wars would happen against the Church and against themselves. Ah, it seemed that the things said by blessed Jesus in the past are approaching at a fast pace! Now, on seeing all this, moved to compassion, Our Lord drew near the dark part, and He cast the cross He had in His hand upon it, saying with sonorous voice: "Glory to the cross!" And it seemed that that cross would call back the light, and the peoples, stirring themselves, would implore help and aid. Jesus repeated: "All the glory and triumph will be of the cross, otherwise the remedies will make the very evils worse. Therefore, the cross, the cross!" Who can say how afflicted I was left, and concerned for what might happen?

### **October 2, 1901**

#### ***Jesus takes her to Heaven, and the Angels ask Him to show her to the peoples. She swims in God and tries to comprehend the interior of God.***

This morning my adorable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself, in the midst of the peoples. Who can tell the evils - the horrors that could be seen? Then, all afflicted, He told me: "My daughter, what a stench emanates from the earth! It was supposed to be one with Heaven, and since in Heaven they do nothing but love Me, praise Me and thank Me, the echo of Heaven was to absorb the earth and form one only; but the earth has rendered itself unbearable. Therefore come, and unite yourself with Heaven, and in the name of all come to give Me a satisfaction for them." In one instant I found myself amidst Angels and Saints. I am unable to say how, but I felt an infusion in me of what the Angels and Saints were singing and saying; and I, like them, did my part in the name of the whole earth. After this, all content, my sweet Jesus said, addressing everyone: "Behold an angelic note from the earth! How satisfied I feel!" And while saying this, almost to repay me, He took me in His arms, He kissed me and kissed me over and over again, showing me to the whole Celestial Court as an object of His dearest satisfactions. On seeing this, the Angels said: "Lord, we pray You, show to the peoples what You have operated in this soul with a prodigious sign of your omnipotence, for your glory and for the good of souls. No longer keep the treasures poured in her hidden, so that, as they themselves would see and touch your omnipotence in another creature, this might be cause of emendation for those who are evil, and of greater spur for those who want to be good."

On hearing this, I felt myself caught by a fear, and annihilating myself completely, to the point that I saw myself like a tiny little fish, I threw myself into the Heart of Jesus, saying: 'Lord, I want nothing but You and to be hidden in You - this is what I have always asked of You, and this is what I pray You to confirm in me.' Having said this, I enclosed myself in the interior of Jesus, as though swimming in the most extensive seas of the interior of God. Then Jesus said to all: "Have you heard that? She wants nothing but Me and to be hidden in Me; this is her greatest contentment. And I, on seeing an intention so pure, feel more drawn to her; and seeing her displeasure if I were to show my work to the peoples with a prodigious sign, so as not to sadden her, will

not concede what You have asked Me for." It seemed that the Angels were insisting, but I did not pay attention to anyone any more; I did nothing but swim in God to comprehend the Divine interior. But, no - I seemed to be like a little child who wants to clasp in his little hand an object of immeasurable magnitude, such that, as he grabs it, it escapes from him, and he can barely manage to touch it. So, he is unable to tell either how much it weighs, or how large that object is. Or like another child who, not knowing all the depth of studies, says with yearning that he must learn everything in a short time, but he can barely manage to learn the first letters of the alphabet. In the same way, the creature can say nothing but this: "I have touched It, It is beautiful, It is great, there is no good It does not possess. But, how beautiful is It? How much greatness does It contain? How many goods does It possess? This I am unable to tell." That is, of God she can tell the first letters of the alphabet, leaving the whole depth of studies behind.

So, even in Heaven, my dearest brothers, Angels and Saints, being creatures, do not have the capacity of comprehending their Creator in everything. They are like many containers filled with God, which, if one wants to fill them more, overflow outside. I believe I am speaking much nonsense, therefore I stop here.

**October 3, 1901**

***Luisa offers herself in a special way. There is no greater obstacle to the union with God than the human will.***

Having received Communion, I was thinking of how to offer something more special to Jesus – how to prove my love and give Him more pleasure; so I said to Him: ‘My most beloved Jesus, I offer You my heart for your satisfaction and in eternal praise of You; and I offer You all of myself, even the tiniest particles of my body like as many walls to be placed before You in order to block any offense which might be given to You, accepting them all upon myself if it were possible, and for your pleasure, until the day of judgment. And since I want my offering to be complete and to satisfy You for all, I intend for all the pains which I will bear by receiving upon myself the offenses given to You, to repay You with all the glory which the Saints who are in Heaven were supposed to give You when they were on earth; that which the souls in Purgatory were supposed to give You, and that glory which all men, past, present and future, owe You. I offer them to You for all in general, and for each one in particular.’ As I finished speaking, all moved by this offering, blessed Jesus told me: "My beloved, you yourself cannot understand the great contentment you have given Me by offering yourself in this way. You have soothed all my wounds, and have given Me a satisfaction for all offenses, past, present and future. And I will take it into account for all eternity like a most precious gem which will glorify Me eternally; and every time I will look at it, I will give you new and greater eternal glory. My daughter, there is no greater obstacle which prevents the union between creatures and Myself, and which is opposed to my Grace, than one’s own will. You, by offering me your heart for my satisfaction, have emptied yourself of yourself; and because of your emptying yourself of yourself, I will pour all of Myself into you, and from your heart a praise will come to Me which will carry the same notes as the praise that my Heart gives to my Father continuously, to satisfy for the glory that men do not give Him."

While He was saying this, I saw that by means of my offering, many rivulets were coming out of every part of me, which poured over blessed Jesus, who then, with impetus and greater abundance, pour them over the whole Celestial Court, over Purgatory and over all peoples. Oh, goodness of my Jesus, in accepting such a meager offering, and requiting it with so much grace! Oh, prodigy of the holy and pious intentions! If in all our works, even trivial, we made use of them, what traffic would we not produce? How many eternal properties would we not acquire? How much more glory would we not give to the Lord?

**October 8, 1901**

***When the soul operates united with Jesus, her acts have the same effects as His operating. Value of the intention.***

This morning, I struggled very much in waiting for my adorable Jesus; however, while waiting for Him, I did as much as I could to unite everything I was doing in my interior with the interior of our Lord, intending to give Him all the glory and reparation which His Most Holy Humanity gave Him. Now, while I was doing this, blessed Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, when a soul makes use of my Humanity as the means to operate, be it even a thought, a breath, or just any act, they are like as many gems that come out of my Humanity and present themselves before the Divinity. And since they come out through my Humanity, they

have the same effects as my operating when I was on earth." And I: 'Ah, Lord, I feel as though a doubt: how can it be that with the simple intention in operating - be it even in the smallest things which, considered in themselves, are trivial, empty - it seems that the mere intention of union with You and of pleasing You alone fills them, and You elevate them in that supreme way, making them appear as a most great thing?'

"Ah, my daughter, the operating of the creature is empty, be it even a great work; rather, it is the union with Me and the simple aim at pleasing Me that fills it. And since my operating, be it even a breath, accesses all the works of creatures together in an infinite way, this is why it renders it so great. Besides, don't you know that one who makes use of my Humanity as the means to do his actions comes to nourish himself of the fruits of my own Humanity, and to feed himself from my own food? Furthermore, is it perhaps not the good intention that makes a man holy, and the evil intention that makes him perverted? One does not always do different things, but with the same actions one is sanctified and another becomes perverted."

Now, while He was saying this, I saw a flourishing tree inside Our Lord, filled with beautiful fruits, and I saw that those souls who operated to please God alone and through His Humanity were inside of Him, upon that tree, and His Humanity served as dwelling of these souls. But how so very scarce was their number.

**October 11, 1901**

***Silence of Jesus. The most necessary nourishment is peace.***

After various days of privation and of silence, this morning, as He came, He continued to be silent, and even though I kept Him almost always with me, as much as I tried, I could not manage to have Him speak a single word. He seemed to have something in His interior that embittered Him, so much so, as to render Him taciturn; something which He did not want me to know. Now, while Jesus was with me, I seemed to see the Queen Mama; and upon seeing Jesus with me, She told me: "It is you who keeps Him? Thank goodness He is with you, for if He has to pour out His just fury, if He is with you, you hold Him back. My daughter, pray that He would hold back the scourges, for the evil ones are all ready to come out, but they see themselves bound by a supreme power that prevents them; and even if Divine Justice will permit it, since they would not be able to do it when they please to, there will be this good: they will recognize the Divine authority over them, and will say: 'We did this because we were given the power from above.' My daughter, what a war is being nourished in the moral world - it is horrifying to see it! Yet, the first nourishment that should be sought in society, in families and by each soul, should be that of peace. All other nourishments become unhealthy without it - be they even virtues themselves, charity, repentance; without peace, they bring neither health nor true sanctity. Yet, this nourishment so necessary and salutary has been discarded by today's world, and they want nothing but turbulence and wars. My daughter, pray, pray."

**October 14, 1901**

***Jesus shows Himself like a flash and makes her comprehend something about the divine attributes.***

Blessed Jesus comes in passing, almost like a flash, and in that flash He releases from His interior, now a special distinction of one of His attributes, now another. How many things He makes me comprehend in that flash! But once the flash has withdrawn, my mind remains in the dark, and is unable to adapt itself to repeating what it has comprehended in that flash of light; more so, since it is about things that touch on the Divinity, and the human tongue struggles in trying to repeat them, and the more it tries, the more mute it remains. Even more, in these things it is always a newborn little girl. But obedience wants me to try to say the little I can; and here it is:

It seemed to me that God contains all goods within Himself, in such a way that, finding all goods which God contains within Him, one does not need to go anywhere else to see the vastness of His boundaries - no; but He alone is enough to find everything that is His. Now, in one flash He showed a special distinction of His beauty - but who can say how beautiful He is? I can only say that all the angelic and human beauties, the beauties of the variety of flowers and fruits, the splendid azure and starry heavens which seem to enchant us and speak to us of a supreme beauty as we look at them, compared to His beauty, are shadows, or a breath that God has sent forth from His beauty which He contains within Himself. That is, they are little drops of dew compared to the immense waters of the sea. I move on for my mind begins to get lost. In another flash He showed a special distinction of the attribute of charity - but how can I, miserable one, open my mouth about this attribute,

Trice Holy, which is the fount from which all other attributes derive? I will only say what I understood with regard to the human nature.

So, I understood that as God creates us, this attribute of charity pours into us and fills us completely of itself, in such a way that if the soul corresponded, being filled with the breath of the charity of God, her very nature should be transmuted into charity toward God. But as the soul keeps diffusing herself in the love of creatures, or of pleasures, or of interests, or of any other thing, that divine breath keeps going out of the soul; and if the soul arrives at diffusing herself in everything, she becomes empty of divine charity. But since the soul cannot enter into Heaven if she is not a complex of most pure charity, fully divine, if the soul is saved, this breath which she received in being created, she will acquire again by dint of fire in the purging flames, and only when she comes to the point of overflowing with it, then will she go out. So, who knows what an extremely long stop she has to make in that expiatory place! Now, if the creature should be so, what must God be? I believe I am speaking much nonsense, but I am not surprised, because I am not at all some learned one – I am always an ignorant one, and if there is anything of truth in these writings, it is not mine, but God's, while I remain always the little ignorant one that I am.

**October 21, 1901**

***The upright intention. Everything which is not done for God is dispersed like dust by a mighty wind.***

This morning, on coming, blessed Jesus seemed to be making a circle with His arms almost to enclose me inside of it; and while clasping me, He told me: "My daughter, when the soul does everything for Me, everything remains enclosed in this circle – nothing goes out, be it even a sigh, a heartbeat, or just any movement. Everything enters into Me, and in Me everything is numbered. And I, as recompense, pour them back into the soul, but all doubled with grace, in such a way that, as the soul pours them once again into Me, and I into her, she comes to acquire a surprising capital of grace. All this is my way of delighting - that is, to give to the creature what she has given Me as if it were her own, always adding from my own. One who, with his ingratitude, prevents Me from giving what I want, prevents my innocent delights. If then one does not operate for Me, everything goes out of my circle, dispersed, like dust by a mighty wind.

**October 25, 1901**

***Privation makes one know where things come from, and the preciousness of the object lost.***

I went through various days of fear and doubts about my state, believing that it is all a crafting of my fantasy; and sometimes my mind would become so fixated on this, that I reached the point of lamenting and regretting with Our Lord, saying: 'What pain, what a disgrace mine has been – to be the victim of my fantasy! I believed I was seeing You, but instead, it was all the hallucination of my fantasy. I believed I was fulfilling your Will by remaining in this bed for such a long time, but who knows whether this also has been a fruit of my fantasy. Lord, the mere thought of this gives pain – it frightens. Your Will used to sweeten everything, but this embitters me down to the marrow of my bones. O please! give me the strength to get out of this imaginary state.' And I would get so fixated as to be unable to distract myself; so much so, that I reached the point of thinking that this fantasy would prepare for me a place in hell, though I tried to snap out of it by saying: 'Well then, I will make use of my fantasy to be able to love Him in hell.'

Now, while I was in this fixation, blessed Jesus wanted to increase the pain of my position by moving within my interior, saying: "Do not pay attention to this, otherwise I will leave you, and will show you whether it is I who comes, or it is your fantasy that hallucinates." In spite of this, I did not then get concerned, saying: 'Ah, yes, He will not have the courage to do it – He is so good. Yet, He actually did it.'

It is needless to say what I went through for several days without Jesus – I would be too long; the mere remembering freezes the blood in my veins, therefore I move on. Now, after I said all this to the confessor, it seemed that he became my mediator. As we began to pray together that He would deign to come, I felt I was losing consciousness, and He made Himself seen from very far, almost scowling at me for He did not want to come. I would not dare, but the confessor insisted, uniting the intention that He would share the crucifixion with me. So, to content the confessor, He drew near and shared with me the pains of the cross. Then, as if He had made peace with me, He told me: "It was necessary that I deprive you of Me, otherwise you would not have

convinced yourself whether it is I or your fantasy. Privation is beneficial to make one know where things come from, and the preciousness of the object lost; and to hold it in greater esteem when it is reacquired."

**November 22, 1901**

***The self carries the mark of all ruin, while without the self everything is safety.***

After going through most bitter days of tears, of privation and of silence, my poor heart can bear no more. The torment of being outside of my center, God, is so great, that I am continuously battered amid dense waves of a fierce storm in a state of strong violence, such that I suffer death at each moment, and what's more, I cannot die.

As I was in this position, He made Himself seen for a little while and told me: "My daughter, when the soul does the will of someone else in everything, it is said that she has trust in that person, therefore she lives from someone else's volition, and not from her own. In the same way, when the soul does my Will in everything, I say that she has faith. So, Divine Will and faith are branches produced by the same trunk; and since faith is simple, faith and Divine Will produce a third branch, that of simplicity. And here is how the soul comes to reacquire the characteristics of a dove in everything. Don't you want, then, to be my dove?"

On another occasion, another day He told me: "My daughter, pearls, gold, gems, the most precious things, are kept in good custody inside some casket, and with double locks. What do you fear, then, if I keep you in good custody inside the casket of holy obedience - most safe custody, in which, not one, but two keys keep the door well closed so as to preclude the entrance of any thief, and even of a shadow of any defect? Only the self carries the mark of all ruin, but without the self everything is safety."

**December 27, 1901**

***Jesus, the administer of the Most Holy Trinity to creatures. Division among priests.***

It is needless to talk about my poor state - about how I have reduced myself; it would be wanting to embitter and deepen the wounds of my soul. Therefore I let everything pass in silence, making an offering to the Lord.

This morning, while I was crying over the loss of my adorable Jesus, the confessor came and gave me the obedience to pray the Lord to deign to come. It seems He came, and since the confessor had placed the intention of the crucifixion, He shared with me the pains of the cross, and while doing this, He said to the confessor: "I was the administer of the Most Holy Trinity - that is, I administered to people the power, the wisdom and the charity of the Divine Persons. You, being my representative, must do nothing but continue my same work with souls; and if you do not interest yourself, you come to break the work which I started, and I feel defrauded in the execution of my designs, and I am forced to withdraw the power, the wisdom and the charity which I would have administered to you had you carried out the work I entrusted to you."

After this, it seemed He transported me outside of myself, and a multitude of people could be seen from afar, from whom an unbearable stench came. Jesus said: "My daughter, what a division priests will cause among themselves - this will be the last blow to foment parties and revolution among the peoples." And He said this so embittered as to arouse compassion. Then, after this, remembering about my state, I said to Him: 'Tell me, my Lord, do You want me to have the obedience given to me to stop being in this state; more so, since no longer suffering as before, I see myself as useless?' And He answered me: "That's right!" But He was so very afflicted, and my heart was restless, as if I had not wanted Him to tell me that. So I replied: 'But, Lord, it is not that I want to go out of it, but I want to know your Holy Will, because my state was that You would come to me and share your sufferings with me; but since this has ceased, I fear that You don't even want me to continue to stay in bed.' And Jesus: "You are right, you are right."

But, no - I felt my heart crack because of the answers given to me by blessed Jesus, and I added: 'But, my Lord, tell me at least, what is your greater glory: for me to continue to stay even if I should die, or to have the obedience to stop given to me?' And Jesus, seeing that I would not quit, changed the subject Himself by saying to me: "My daughter, I feel offended by everyone. See, even devout souls have their eyes on scrutinizing whether something is sin or not; but as for amending themselves, rooting sin out - no; a sign that there is neither sorrow nor love, because sorrow and love are two most efficacious ointments which, applied to the soul, render her perfectly healed, each strengthening and fortifying the other more." But I was thinking about my poor

position, and I wanted to repeat it again in order to know the Will of the Lord with clarity. But Jesus disappeared from me, and I, returning inside myself, saw myself all confused as to what to do. So, in order to be sure, I exposed everything to obedience, which wants me to continue to stay. May the Will of the Lord be always done.

**December 29, 1901**

***Tribulations are necessary for one who lives in the shadow of Jesus.***

As I was all oppressed, I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, and looking at me, He told me: "My daughter, for one who lives in my shadow it is necessary that the winds of tribulations blow, so that the infectious air around her may not be able to penetrate into her, even under my shadow. So, by always agitating this unhealthy air, the continuous winds keep it always far away, and make flow a most pure and salutary air." Having said this, He disappeared, and I comprehended many things about this, but it is not necessary to explain myself because I believe it is easy to comprehend the meaning.

**January 6, 1902**

***Portentous effects of uniting our lives with that of Jesus. A few words about death.***

As I was in my usual state, after much waiting, my most loving Jesus came for a little while, and placing Himself near me, told me: "My daughter, one who tries to conform to my life in everything, does nothing other than add one more and distinct fragrance to everything I did in my life, in such a way as to perfume Heaven and the whole Church; and even the evil themselves feel this celestial fragrance flow. This is so true, that all the Saints are nothing other than many fragrances, and are that which most cheers the Church and Heaven, because they are distinct among themselves. Not only this, but if one tries to continue my life by doing what I did wherever he can – and where he cannot, at least with the desire and the intention – I keep it in my hands as if I were continuing my whole life in that soul, not as something past, but as if I were now living. This is a treasure in my hands, because as I double the treasure of everything I operated, I dispose it for the good of the whole of mankind. So, would you not want to be one of these?"

I saw myself all confused and did not know what to answer, and Jesus disappeared from me. But a little later He came back, and I also saw many people who greatly feared death. On seeing this, I said: 'My lovable Jesus, it must be a defect in me, this not fearing death. I see that others fear it so much, while to me, instead, thinking only that death will unite me with You forever and will put an end to the martyrdom of my hard separation, the thought of death not only gives no fear, but is of relief; it gives me peace and I make feast, disregarding all the other consequences which death brings with itself.' And Jesus: "Daughter, in truth, that extravagant fear of dying is foolishness, when one has all my merits, virtues and works as passport in order to enter Heaven, since I made a donation of it to everyone. Those who have added from their own, then, profit even more from this donation of Mine; and with all this substance, what fear can one have of death? Rather, with this most safe passport the soul can enter wherever she wants, and out of regard for her passport, everyone respects her and lets her pass. As for you, then, your not fearing death at all comes from your having dealt with Me, and having experienced how sweet and dear is the union with the highest Good. Know, however, that the most pleasing homage that can be offered to Me, is desiring to die in order to be united with Me. This is the most beautiful disposition in order for the soul to be purged and to pass straight on, with no interval, through the way of Heaven." Having said this, He disappeared.

**January 11, 1902**

***In order to be perfect, love must be triple. The law of divorce.***

This morning, having received Holy Communion, I saw my adorable Jesus for a little while, and as soon as I saw Him, I said to Him: 'My sweet Good, tell me, do You continue to love me?' And He: "Yes, but I am loving and jealous, jealous and loving. Even more, I tell you that in order to be perfect, love must be triple, and in Me there are these triple conditions of love: first, I love you as Creator, as Redeemer and as Lover. Second, I love you in my omnipotence which I used in creating you, and in creating everything for love of you, in such a way that air, water, fire, and everything else, tell you that I love you and that I made them for love of you; I love you as my image, and I love you out of regard for you individually. Third, I love you *ab aeterno* [from eternity],

I love you in time, and I love you for all eternity. And this is nothing but a breath that came out of my love; imagine, yourself, what must be the love I contain within Myself. Now, you are obliged to return to Me this triple love, loving Me as your God in whom you must fix all of yourself, and let nothing come out of you which is not love for Me; loving me out of regard for yourself and for the good that comes to you; and loving Me for all, and in all."

After this, He transported me outside of myself, and I found myself in the midst of many people who were saying: "If this law is confirmed, poor woman, everything will turn out bad for her." All were anxiously waiting to hear the pros and the cons, and in another separate place many people could be seen who were discussing among themselves. One of them took the floor and reduced everyone to silence; then after much struggling, he went out the door and said: "Yes indeed, in favor of the woman." On hearing this, all those who were outside made feast, and those who were inside remained all confused, so much so, that they did not have the courage even to go out. I believe that this is the law of divorce which they are talking about, and I understood that they did not confirm it.

**January 12, 1902**

***The blindness of men. Jesus speaks about divorce. Contradictions are precious pearls.***

It seems that my adorable Jesus continues to come a little bit. This morning, then, transporting me outside of myself, He showed me the great evils of society, and His great bitternesses; and He poured into me, abundantly, part of what embittered Him. Then He said to me: "My daughter, see now where the blindness of men has reached – to the point of wanting to make laws which are iniquitous and go against themselves and their own social welfare. My daughter, this is why I am calling you to sufferings again – so that, as you offer yourself with Me to Divine Justice, those who must fight this law of divorce may obtain light and efficacious grace in order to be victorious. My daughter, I tolerate that they make wars and revolutions, and that the blood of the new martyrs inundate the world – this is an honor for Me and for my Church; but this brutal law is an affront to my Church, and it is abominable and intolerable to Me."

Now, while He was saying this, I saw a man who was fighting against this law - tired and exhausted in his strengths, in the act of wanting to withdraw from the enterprise. So, together with the Lord, we encouraged Him, and he answered: "I see myself almost fighting alone, and unable to obtain the intent." And I said to him: 'Courage, for contradictions are as many pearls which the Lord will use to adorn you in Heaven.' And he took heart and continued the enterprise. After this, I saw someone else, all weary and concerned, not knowing what to decide, and someone saying to him: "Do you know what you should do? Get out - get out of Rome." And he: "No, I cannot, this is the word given to my father; I will lay down my life, but as for getting out – never." Afterwards, we withdrew; Jesus disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**January 14, 1902**

***One is not worthy of Jesus if he does not empty himself of everything. What true exaltation consists of.***

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, only one who has emptied himself of everything and has filled himself completely with Me can be truly worthy of Me, in such a way as to make of himself an object of divine love alone; to the point that my love must come to form his life, and he must love Me, not with his love, but with my own love." Then He added: "What do these words mean: *He has cast down the mighty from their thrones and has lifted up the lowly?* That the soul, destroying herself completely, fills all of herself with God, and as she loves God with God Himself, God exalts the soul to an eternal love. This is the true and greatest exaltation, and also true humility." Then He continued: "The true sign to know whether one possesses this love is that the soul cares about nothing but loving God, making Him known, and making everyone love Him." Then, as He withdrew in my interior, I heard Him pray, saying: "Ever Holy and indivisible Trinity, I adore You profoundly, I love You intensely, I thank You perpetually, for all and in the hearts of all." And I went on in this way, hearing Him pray almost continuously inside of me, and I with Him.

**January 25, 1902**

***The fever of love makes the soul take flight toward Heaven. Sweet reproach of Jesus.***

This morning, after I went through much hardship, my adorable Jesus came, and as soon as I saw Him, I said to Him: 'My beloved Good, I can bear no more, take me with You to Heaven once and for all, or remain forever with me on this earth.' And He: "Let me observe a little bit where the fever of your love has reached. In fact, just as the natural fever, when it reaches a high degree, has the virtue of consuming the body and of making it die, in the same way, the fever of love, if it reaches an extremely high degree, has the virtue of melting the body and of making the soul take flight even unto Heaven." And while saying this, He took my heart in His hands as though to visit it, and He continued: "My daughter, the intensity of the fever of love has not reached that point; it takes a little more." Then He made the act of wanting to pour [His bitternesses into Me], but I did not say anything to Him; and He, almost reproaching me, added sweetly: "Don't you know your duty – that the first thing you should do on seeing Me is to check whether there is something in Me that afflicts Me and embitters Me, and to pray Me to pour it upon you? This is true love – to suffer the pains of the beloved, so as to be able to see the loved one fully content." Feeling ashamed, I said: 'Lord, pour.' And He poured and disappeared.

**January 26, 1902**

***The Queen Mama is enriched with the three prerogatives of the Most Holy Trinity.***

This morning, while I was in my usual state, I saw an endless light before me, and I comprehended that in that light dwelled the Most Holy Trinity. I also saw the Queen Mama before that light; She was all absorbed in the Most Holy Trinity, and She absorbed all Three Divine Persons within Herself, in such a way as to be enriched with the three prerogatives of the Sacrosanct Trinity - which are Power, Wisdom and Charity. And just as God loves mankind as part of Himself, and as a particle that came out of Him, and He ardently desires that this part of Himself return into Himself, so does the Queen Mama, by participating in this, love mankind with passionate love.

Now, while comprehending this, I saw the confessor, and I prayed the Most Holy Virgin to intercede with the Most Holy Trinity for him. She bowed, taking my prayer to the Throne of God, and I saw that from the Divine Throne a flow of light came out, which covered the confessor completely, and I found myself inside myself.

**February 3, 1902**

***Luisa offers her life so that the law of divorce may not be confirmed.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself with my adorable Baby Jesus in my arms. First He poured a little bit of what embittered Him, and then He made the act of wanting to go; and I, clasping Him in my arms, said to Him: 'My pretty little one, life of my life, what are You doing? You want to go? And what shall I do? Don't You see that when I am without You it is a continuous dying for me? Besides, your Heart, which is goodness itself, will not have the courage to do it, and I will never let You depart.' And I clasped Him tightly, as if my arms had become chains. Unable to free Himself, He remained with me, taciturn, and I, seeing the evils of society rage more, said to Him: 'My sweet Good, tell me, what will happen with this divorce that they talk about? Will they come to make this evil law or not?' And He told me: "My daughter, the interior of man contains a gangrenous tumor, filled with rot, as if it had reached the point of suppuration; and unable to contain it within himself any longer, he wants to cut this tumor – but not to be cured; rather, to let part of this rot out so as to contaminate and infect the whole society. But the Divine Sun, almost swimming in the midst of society, cries out continuously, saying: "Oh, man, don't you remember from what fount of purity you came? With what aura of light I called you back to your path? How can this be? You have not only contaminated yourself, but you want to reach the point of acting against your nature, almost wanting to give another form to the nature I gave you, and to the way established by Me?"

Then He said many other things, which I am unable to say, and He spoke with such bitterness, that unable to endure seeing Him in that way, I said: 'Lord, let us withdraw, don't You see how men embitter You and almost give You no peace?' So we withdrew inside my bed, and wanting to cheer my good Jesus, I said to Him: 'Since You would be so afflicted if men should do this, I offer You my life to suffer any pain in order to obtain that they do not come to this. And so that my offering may not be rejected in any way, I unite it to your sacrifice in order to obtain the deed of grace with certainty.' While I was saying this, it seemed that the Lord

was using my offering to present it to Divine Justice. He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself. It seems that, at any cost, men want to confirm at least a few articles of this law, since they are unable to confirm it completely as they want and please.

### **February 8, 1902**

#### ***Meanings of the Passion of Jesus.***

This morning, on coming, my adorable Jesus shared with me part of His Passion. Now, while I was in suffering, in order to cheer me the Lord told me: "My daughter, the first meaning of the Passion contains glory, praise, honor, thanksgiving, reparation for the Divinity. The second is the salvation of souls and all the graces which are needed to obtain this purpose. So, if one participates in the pains of my Passion, her life contains these very meanings within itself. Not only this, but she takes the same form as my Humanity; and since my Humanity is united with the Divinity, the soul who participates in my pains is also in contact with the Divinity and can obtain whatever she wants. Even more, her pains are like keys to open the divine treasures. This, for as long as she lives down here; and then a distinct glory is also reserved for her above the Heavens, which is given to her by my Humanity and Divinity, in such a way as to resemble my very light and glory; as well as a more special glory for the whole celestial Court, which will be given to It through this soul by means of that which I have communicated to her. In fact, the more the souls have become like Me in the pains, the more light and glory will come out from within the Divinity; and here is how the whole Celestial Court participates in this glory." May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory and honor.

### **February 9, 1902**

#### ***Jesus places Himself at the soul's disposal. Luisa asks for the miracle of not allowing divorce to be confirmed.***

This morning, on coming, my most sweet Jesus shared His pains with me in abundance; so much so, that I felt as if I were about to die. Now, while I was feeling myself in this state, blessed Jesus, moved and touched in seeing me suffer, placed Himself in my interior, and folding His arms, said to me: "My daughter, just as you have been at my disposal in suffering, so do I place Myself at your disposal to repay you. Tell Me, what do you want Me to do? I am ready to do what you want.' And I, remembering how grieved He would be if men should confirm the law of divorce, as well as the evils that would come upon society, said to Him: "My sweet Good, since You deign to place Yourself at my disposal, I want You to operate a prodigy with your omnipotence – that the will of creatures be chained so that they may not be able to confirm this law.' The Lord seemed to accept my proposal, telling me: "Almost all the victims who have been on earth and who are now in Heaven, have some most refulgent stars on their crowns, which allow them to be distinguished well for the place they occupy. These stars are nothing other than some great glory which they have procured for God, as well as a great good for humanity through them. You want Me to operate a prodigy so that this divorce may not be confirmed, otherwise this may not happen. Well then, for love of you, I will make this prodigy, and this will be the most refulgent star that will shine on your crown – that is, having prevented my Justice, through your sufferings, and after the so many wicked deeds they commit, from also permitting this evil in these sad times, which they themselves have wanted. So, greater glory can be given to God, and greater good to men."

### **February 17, 1902**

#### ***Jesus explains what death is.***

This morning, after much waiting, finally I found my most sweet Jesus, and lamenting to Him, I said: 'My beloved Good, how can You make me wait so long? Do You perhaps not know that without You I cannot live, and my soul experiences a continuous dying?' And He: "My beloved, every time you look for Me, you dispose yourself to dying, because, in truth, what is death if not stable and permanent union with Me? Such was my life – a continuous dying for love of you, and this continuous death was the preparation for the great sacrifice of dying on the cross for you. Know that one who lives in my Humanity and nourishes himself from the works of my Humanity, forms of himself a great tree, filled with abundant flowers and fruits which form the nourishment of God and of the soul. For one who lives outside of my Humanity, then, his works are odious to God and unfruitful for himself."

After this, the Lord poured abundantly into me - mixed, both bitternesses and sweetnesses; then we went round a little in the midst of people, but I could not remove my gaze from the face of my beloved Jesus. On seeing this, He told me: "My daughter, one who lets himself be enticed by the works of his Creator, leaves the works of creatures suspended." He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**February 19, 1902**

***The soul is like a canvas which receives the portrait of the Divine Image.***

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen in my interior, sleeping, spreading many rays of golden light from Himself. I was content to see Him, but also discontent for not being able to hear the sweetness and gentleness of His creative voice. Then, after much waiting, He returned to let Himself be seen, and seeing my discontent, He told me: "My daughter, in my public ministry the use of my voice is necessary so as to make Myself understood, but in my private ministry my presence alone is enough for everything. In fact, seeing Me and understanding the harmony of my virtues in order to copy them within oneself is all the same. So, the attention of the soul must be on seeing Me and on conforming to the interior operations of the Word in everything; because when I draw the soul to Myself, it can be said that at least for the time in which I keep her in my presence, she lives divine life. My light is like the brush with which to paint; my virtues provide the different colors, and the soul is like a canvas, receiving the portrait of the Divine Image within herself. It happens as to those high bridges: the higher they are, the deeper beneath them does a pouring rain fall. In the same way, before my presence, the soul puts herself in the place befitting to her – that is, at the bottom, in her nothingness, so much so, as to feel herself being destroyed; and the Divinity pours grace in torrents upon her, and reaches the point of submerging her within Itself. Therefore, she must be content with everything – content if I speak, content if I do not speak." While He was saying this, I felt myself as though being submerged in God, and then I found myself inside myself.

**February 21, 1902**

***The speaking of Jesus was simple, so much so, that both the learned and the most ignorant could comprehend it. The preachers of these times mix so many loops and quibbles with it, that the peoples remain starved and bored.***

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen in my interior almost in the act of resting. But while He seemed to be resting, it seemed as though He received an offense which He could not bear, and as though waking up, He told me: "My daughter, have patience – let Me pour this bitterness into you for it gives Me no rest." And while saying this, He poured what embittered Him into me, and assumed His sweet aspect so as to be able to rest. Then He continued to remain in my interior, spreading many rays of light, in such a way as to form a net of light that caught all men in it. However, some would receive more of that light, some less. Now, while I was seeing this, Our Lord told me: "My beloved, when I keep silent it is a sign that I want rest – that is, your rest in Me, and Mine in you. When I speak it is a sign that I want active life – that is, your help in the work of the salvation of souls, because since they are my images, whatever is done for them, I consider as though being done for Me." As He was saying this, I saw several priests, and Jesus, as though lamenting to them, added: "My speaking was simple, so much so, that both the learned and the most ignorant could comprehend it, as appears clearly in the Holy Gospel. But the preachers of these times mix so many loops and quibbles with it, that the peoples remain starved and bored. It shows that they do not draw it from the fount of my spring."

**February 24, 1902**

***The Queen Mother: Star of the Sea on earth, Star of Light in Heaven. More about the law of divorce.***

As I was in my usual state, the Queen Mother came and told me: "My daughter, my sorrows, as the prophets say, were a sea of sorrows, and in Heaven they have turned into a sea of glory, and each of my sorrows has borne the fruit of as many treasures of grace. And just as on earth they call Me 'Star of the Sea', because I guide them to the harbor with certainty, in Heaven they call Me 'Star of Light' for all the Blessed, because they are delighted by this light that my sorrows produced." In the meantime my adorable Jesus came, saying to me: "My beloved, there is nothing more dear and pleasing to Me than an upright heart which loves Me and, on

seeing Me suffer, prays Me to let it suffer what I suffer. This binds Me so much and has so much power over my Heart that, as recompense, I give it all of Myself, and I concede to it the greatest graces and whatever it wants; and if I did not do so, since I gave Myself as gift, I feel that, for as many things as I do not give to it, so many thefts do I make from it – that is, so many debts do I contract with it."

Afterwards He transported me outside of myself, and Jesus added: "My daughter, there are certain offenses which surpass by far the very offenses I suffered in my Passion. Today I have received several of these, to the point that if I did not pour part of them out, my Justice would force Me to send fierce scourges upon earth; therefore, let Me pour into you." After He poured them, I don't know how, hearing Him speak about offenses I said to Him: "Lord, what about this law of divorce that they talk about – is it certain that they will not confirm it?" And He: "For now it is certain. As for five, ten or twenty years from now, if I suspend your state of victim or call you to Heaven, they may be able to do it; but the prodigy of chaining their will and of confusing them I have done for now. If you knew the rage of the demons and of those who wanted this law, who were certain to obtain it – it is so great, that if they could, they would destroy any authority and would make a slaughter everywhere. So, in order to mitigate this rage and to prevent these slaughters in part, do you want to expose yourself to their fury a little bit?" And I: 'Yes, as long as You come with me.' So we went to a place in which there were demons and people who seemed to be furious, enraged, mad. As soon as they saw me, they ran over me like many wolves, and some would beat me, some would tear my flesh; they would have wanted to destroy me, but did not have the power to do it. As for me, however, though I suffered very much, I did not fear them, because I had Jesus with me. After this, I found myself inside myself, as though filled with various pains. May the Lord be always blessed.

**March 2, 1902**

*The effects of faith.*

This morning I felt all concerned, as if the Lord wanted to deprive me again of His presence, and therefore take sufferings away from me; and I also felt a little bit of discouragement. Then, after much waiting, He came for just a little and told me: "My daughter, one who nourishes himself with faith acquires divine life, and by acquiring divine life he destroys the human – that is, he destroys within himself the germs which original sin produced, reacquiring the perfect nature, as came out of my hands, similar to Me. And by this, he comes to surpass the very angelic nature in nobility." Having said this, He disappeared.

**March 3, 1902**

*Chastisements are necessary.*

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus was not coming, and I felt I was dying from His absence. Then, around the last hour, moved to compassion for me, He came, and kissing me, told me: "My daughter, it is necessary that sometimes I do not come, otherwise how would I give vent to my Justice? And men, seeing that I do not chastise them, would do nothing but grow ever bolder. Therefore, wars, slaughters, are necessary. The beginning and the means will be most painful, but the end will be most cheerful. Besides, you know that the first thing is resignation to my Will."

**March 5, 1902**

*The bad example of the leaders.*

This morning I found myself outside of myself, and after going around in search of my adorable Jesus, I found Him; but, to my surprise, I saw that He had many thorns stuck inside His feet, under His soles, which gave Him pain and prevented Him from walking. All afflicted, He threw Himself into my arms, almost wanting to find rest and to have those thorns taken out by me. I clasped Him to myself and said to Him: 'My sweet Love, had You come in the past days, You would not have so many thorns stuck inside of You; at the most, as some would stick, I would have pulled them out at once. This is what You have done by not coming.' And while saying this, I kept pulling all those thorns out, while blood gushed from the feet of blessed Jesus, and He agonized for the strong pain. After this, as though cheered, He also wanted to pour, and then He told me: "My daughter, what corruption among the peoples – how crooked the paths they follow! But it is the bad example of the leaders that has influenced this, when for one who possesses any slightest authority, a spirit of disinterest

must be his light so as to be distinguished as a leader, and the justice exercised by him must be like a thunderbolt striking the eyes of bystanders, in such a way that they may not be able to move away from him and from his examples." Having said this, he disappeared.

**March 6, 1902**

***Jesus is stripped of every principality, of every regime, of every sovereignty.***

This morning my adorable Jesus, on coming, made Himself seen all naked, as though trying to cover Himself in my interior, telling me: "My daughter, they have stripped Me of every principality, of every regime, of every sovereignty, and in order to reacquire these rights of Mine over creatures, it is necessary that I strip them and almost destroy them. Through this they will recognize that where God is not present as principle, as regime and as sovereign, everything leads to their own destruction, and therefore to the fount of all evils."

**March 7, 1902**

***Before the Divine presence, the soul acquires and copies within herself the ways of divine operating.***

As I was in my usual state, I saw my loving Jesus for just a little, and He told me: "My daughter, when I draw the soul before my presence, she receives the good of acquiring and copying within herself the ways of divine operating, in such a way that, as she later deals with creatures, they feel within themselves the strength of the divine operating which this soul possesses."

After this, I felt a fear about whether the things I do in my interior were pleasing to the Lord or not; and He added: "Why do you fear when your life is grafted with Mine? Besides, everything you do in your interior has been infused by Me, and many times I Myself have done it together with you, suggesting to you how to do it, and the way it would be pleasing to Me. Other times I have called the Angels and, united together, they have done what you were doing in your interior. This means that I am pleased with what you do, and that I Myself have taught it to you; therefore, continue and do not fear." So I was reassured.

**March 10, 1902**

***The pain of love is more terrible than hell.***

As I was in my usual state, I felt myself outside of myself, going in search of my adorable Jesus. But I could not find Him; I would repeat my searches, my crying, but it was all in vain. Not knowing what else to do, my poor heart agonized and absorbed a pain so sharp that I am unable to explain it. I can only say that I do not know how I was left alive. While I was in this painful situation, though always searching for Him, unable to abstain for one moment from making new searches, finally I found Him and said to Him: 'How can You make Yourself so cruel with me, Lord? Look a little bit Yourself, whether these are pains which I can tolerate.' And completely exhausted I abandoned myself into His arms. All compassion for me, and looking at me, Jesus told me: "My beloved daughter, you are right; calm yourself for I am with you and I will not leave you. Poor daughter, how you suffer. The pain of love is more terrible than hell. What is it that tyrannizes one the most – hell or an opposed love, a hated love? What can tyrannize a soul more than hell? A loved love. If you knew how much I suffer in seeing you tyrannized by this love because of Me... So as not to make Me suffer so much, you should be more calm when I deprive you of my presence. Imagine, yourself – if I suffer so much in seeing one suffer who does not love Me and offends Me, how much more do I suffer in seeing one who loves Me suffer?"

On hearing this, moved, I said: 'Lord, tell me at least whether you want me to try to go out of this state without waiting for the confessor when You do not come.' And He added: "No, I do not want you to go out of this state before the confessor comes. Leave every fear; I place Myself in your interior holding your hands in Mine, and at the contact of my hands you will know that I am with you." So, when the yearning for Him comes to me, I feel my hands being clasped by those of Jesus, and in feeling that divine contact I calm down, and I say: 'It is true, He is with me.' Other times, as the desire to see Him comes more strongly, I feel my hands being clasped more tightly by His, and He says to me: "Luisa, my daughter, I am here, I am here – do not look for Me elsewhere." And so it seems that I am more calm.

**March 12, 1902**

***Threats of chastisements.***

I continued to see my adorable Jesus in the same way – that is, in my interior – but I would see Him inside of me giving His back to the world, with a scourge in His hand, in the act of casting it over the creatures; and with this, it seemed that chastisements would occur over crops, as well as mortality of people. In the act of sending that scourge He spoke words of threat, among which I can only remember: "I did not want this, but you yourselves have provoked Me to exterminate you. Well then, I will exterminate you." Having said this, He disappeared.

### **March 16, 1902**

***One should not seek his own comfort, or the esteem and the pleasure of someone else, but the sole and only pleasure of God.***

Oh, how hard it is to have Him come for a little! It is a continuous heartbreak and fear that He may come no more. Oh, God, what pain! I don't know how I live, though I live dying.

Then He made Himself seen for a little, in a pitiful state, with one arm severed, and all afflicted He told me: "My daughter, see what creatures do to Me – how can you want Me not to chastise them?" And while saying this, He seemed to take a tall cross, the arms of which were hanging over six or seven cities; and various chastisements would occur. On seeing this, I suffered very much, and He, wanting to distract me from that pain, added: "My daughter, you suffer very much when I deprive you of my presence. This must happen to you by necessity, because since you have been close to the Divinity for a long time, identified with It through Its contact, you have enjoyed as you pleased all the pleasure of divine light; and the more one has enjoyed the light, the more he feels the privation of that light, and the bothers, the annoyances and the pains which darkness brings with itself." Then He repeated: "However, the most important thing for everyone, is that in each thought, word and work, one should not seek his own comfort, or the esteem and the pleasure of someone else, but the sole and only pleasure of God."

### **March 18, 1902**

***Restlessness makes Jesus suffer.***

This morning I felt restless because of the absence of my adorable Jesus; so, having received Communion, as soon as He came into my heart, I began to speak much nonsense: 'My sweet Good, it is not for me to remain calm when You do not come. In seeing me calm, You take advantage and do not give a thought to coming; so, it is necessary to take some steps, otherwise one cannot not manage.' On hearing me, He moved in my interior and made Himself seen in the act of smiling, for He heard my nonsense; and He told me: "You, then, want Me to suffer. In fact, knowing that if you are restless I suffer more, and not trying to be calm, is the same as wanting Me to suffer more." And I, insane as I was, said: 'It is better that You suffer, because from your very suffering you can have more compassion for my suffering. Besides, the suffering that comes to You from sin – that one is ugly. It is enough that it's not that one.' And Jesus: "But if I come, you force Me not to chastise, when chastisements are so very necessary. In that case, then, you would have to conform to Me in wanting what I want." And I, remembering what I had seen in the past days, said: 'What chastisements? Do You want to make people die? Let them die; they must come to You and to their fatherland anyway – as long as You save them. What I want is that You free them of contagious diseases.' The Lord did not pay attention to me, and He disappeared. As He came back, He made Himself seen always with His back to the world, and as much as I tried, I could not manage to have Him look at it; and when I wanted to induce Him by force, He said: "Do not force Me, otherwise you force Me to deprive you of my presence." So I was left with a remorse, and I feel I have committed many defects.

### **March 19, 1902**

***Creatures have corrupted themselves of their own will.***

I continued to have remorse, yet the Lord kept coming, and wanting to repair for what I had done the day before, I told Him: 'Lord, let's go see what creatures are doing. They are your images – don't You want to have compassion for them?' And He: "No, I do not want to go. They have corrupted themselves of their own will, and I will permit that what serves as their nourishment will serve them as infection. Do you want to go to help, to comfort, to do something? Go ahead – I won't." So I left my beloved Jesus and I went into the midst of

creatures; I helped someone to die well; then I saw where the infected air was coming from and did various penances in order to move it away; and then I came back. Blessed Jesus continued to let Himself be seen, but in silence.

**March 23, 1902**

***The support of true sanctity is in the knowledge of self.***

After I struggled very much, my most sweet Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, the support of true sanctity in the knowledge of self." And I: 'Really?' And He: "Certainly, because with the knowledge of self one undoes himself and leans completely on the knowledge he acquires of God, in such a way that his operating is the very divine operating, since nothing is left of his own being." Then He added: "When one's interior imbues and occupies itself with God alone and with all that belongs to Him, God communicates all of Himself to the soul. When her interior, then, occupies itself now with God, now with other things, God communicates Himself to the soul in part."

**March 27, 1902**

***Teachings of Jesus about Justice.***

Finding myself outside of myself, I went in search of my most sweet Jesus, and while going around, I saw Him in the arms of the Queen Mother. Tired as I was, all daring, I almost snatched Him, and I took Him in my arms, telling Him: 'My Love, is this your promise that You would not leave me, when in the past days You have barely come, if at all?' And He: "My daughter, I was with you; only, you have not seen Me with clarity. Had your desires been so ardent as to burn the veil that prevented you from seeing Me, you would certainly have seen Me." Then, as though wanting to give me an exhortation, He added: "You must be not only upright, but just. Into Justice enters loving Me, praising Me, glorifying Me, thanking Me, blessing Me, repairing Me, adoring Me, not only for oneself, but for all other creatures. These are rights of Justice which I demand from each creature, and which are due to Me as Creator, and one who denies to Me even one of these rights, can never be called just. Therefore, think about fulfilling your duty of justice, for in Justice you will find the beginning, the means and the end of sanctity."

**March 30, 1902**

***The garment of light of the risen Humanity of Jesus.***

This morning, finding myself outside of myself, for a little while I saw my adorable Jesus in the act of His Resurrection - all clothed with refulgent light, so much so, that the sun remained obscured before that light. I was enchanted, and I said: 'Lord, if I am not worthy to touch your glorified Humanity, let me at least touch your garments.' And He told me: "My beloved, what are You saying? After I rose again I had no more need for material garments; rather, my garments are of sun, of most pure light which covers my Humanity, and which will shine eternally, giving unspeakable joy to all the senses of the Blessed. This has been conceded to my Humanity because there was no part of It which was not covered with opprobrium, with pains, with wounds." Having said this, He disappeared, and I could find neither His Humanity nor His garments; or rather, as I would take His sacred garments between my hands, they would escape me and I would not be able to find them.

**April 4, 1902**

***By destroying moral goods, physical and temporal goods are also destroyed. The power of reason and of humility.***

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus keeps coming, but almost always in silence; or rather, He says to me something pertaining to the truth, but it happens that as long as the Lord is present I comprehend it and it seems I will be able to repeat it, but as He disappears, I feel that light of truth which had been infused in me being drawn from me, and I am unable to repeat anything. This morning, then, I had to struggle very much in waiting for Him, and as He came, He transported me outside of myself, showing Himself as very indignant. So, in order to placate Him, I made various acts of repentance, but Jesus seemed to like none of them. I would do my utmost in varying the acts of repentance – who knows, He might like one of them. At the end I said to Him: 'Lord, I repent of the offenses given by me and by all creatures of the earth, and I repent and I am sorry

for the sole reason that we have offended You, highest Good, who deserve love, while we have dared to give You offenses.' With this last one the Lord seemed pleased and appeased.

After this, He transported me into the middle of a road on which there were two men in the shape of beasts, all intent on destroying every kind of moral good. They seemed to be strong like lions and drunken with passion; at the mere sight of them they struck terror and fright. Blessed Jesus told me: "If you want to placate Me a little bit, go and pass through those men, to convince them of the evil they do, facing their fury." Though a little timid, yet I went. As soon as they saw me, they wanted to swallow me, but I said to them: 'Let me speak, and then do to me whatever you want. You must know that if you reach your intent of destroying every moral good pertaining to religion, virtue, dependency and social welfare, without realizing your mistake, you would also destroy all corporal and temporal goods. In fact, as much as is taken away from moral goods, so much are physical evils doubled. So, without realizing it, you go against yourselves, destroying all those fleeting and passing goods which you so much love. Not only this, but you are looking for those who will destroy your very lives, and you will cause the survivors among you to shed bitter tears.' Then I made a most great act of humility, which I am not even able to repeat, and they remained like someone who recovers from a state of madness; and also so weak, that they did not have the strength even to touch me. So I passed through them freely, and I understood that there is no power that can resist the power of reason and of humility.

**April 16, 1902**

***How to deal with passions. Everything is in repressing the first motions.***

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. So, not seeing Him come, I said: 'What am I still doing in this state, if the object that held me captured does not come any more? It is better if I finish it once and for all.' As I was saying this, my sweet Jesus came for a little while, and told me: "My daughter, everything is in repressing the first motions; if the soul is attentive in this, everything will go well; but if she is not, at the first motions which are not repressed, passions will come out and break the divine fortress which surrounds the soul like a hedge in order to keep her well guarded, and to move away from her the enemies which always try to lay traps for her, and to harm the poor soul. However, if as soon as she perceives it, she enters into herself, humiliates herself, repents, and remedies it with courage, the divine fortress closes again around the soul; if on the other hand she does not remedy it, the divine fortress, broken as it is, will let all vices rush in. Therefore, if you want the fortress not to leave you alone even for one instant, be attentive to the first motions, thoughts and words which are not upright and holy, because once the first ones have escaped you, it is no longer the soul that reigns, but rather, passions dominate."

**April 25, 1902**

***The Cross is Sacrament.***

This morning I found myself outside of myself, and after going in search of my sweet Jesus, I found Him - but in such a pitiful state as to break my heart. He had His hands wounded, contracted because of the sharpness of the pain, to the point that they could not be touched. I tried to touch them in order to extend His fingers and heal His wounds, but I could not, because blessed Jesus was crying for the strong pain. Then, not knowing what to do, I squeezed Him to myself and said to Him: 'My loving Good, it has been a while since You shared with me the pains of your wounds; maybe this is why they are so embittered. I pray You to let me share in your pains, so that, as I suffer myself, your sufferings might be lessened.'

As I was saying this, an Angel came out with a nail in his hand, and he pierced my hands and feet through. As he was driving the nail into my hands, the fingers of my dear Jesus loosened up, and His wounds were healed. And while I was suffering, the Lord told me: "My daughter, the Cross is Sacrament. Each one of the Sacraments contains Its special effects – one removes sin, another confers grace, another unites one with God, another gives strength, and many other effects. But the Cross alone unites all these effects together, producing them in the soul with such effectiveness as to render her, in a very short time, similar to the original from which she came." After this, as though wanting to take some rest, He withdrew into my interior.

**April 29, 1902**

***One who wants everything from God must give all of himself to God.***

This morning my adorable Jesus came for a little, telling me: "My daughter, one who wants everything from God must give all of himself to God." And He stopped, without telling me anything else for the time being. Seeing Him close to me, I said to Him: 'Lord, have compassion on me; don't You see how everything is dry and withered? It seems to me that I have become so dry, as if I had never received a drop of rain.' And He: "So much the better. Don't you know that the drier the wood, the more easily the fire devours it and converts it into fire? One spark alone is enough to ignite it. But if it is full of humors and not well dried, it takes a big fire to ignite it, and much time to convert it into fire. The same in the soul: when everything is dry, one spark alone is enough to convert her completely into fire of divine love." And I: 'Lord, You are making fun of me. How ugly, then, everything is; and besides, what do You have to burn if everything is dry?' And He: "I am not making fun of you; you yourself cannot comprehend that when not everything is dry in the soul, complacency is a humor, satisfaction is a humor, one's own taste is a humor, self-esteem is a humor. On the other hand, when everything is dry and the soul operates, these humors have no place from which to arise, and the Divine Fire, finding only the soul naked, as dry as she was created by It, with no other extraneous humors, since it is something that belongs to It, it is extremely easy for It to convert her into Its very Divine Fire. And after this, I infuse in her a garment of peace, and this peace is preserved by interior obedience, and kept by external obedience. This peace gives birth to the whole of God within the soul – that is, to all the works, the virtues and the ways of the Humanate Word – in such a way that one can see in her His simplicity, His humility, the dependency of His infantile life, the perfection of His adult virtues, the mortification and the crucifixion of His dying. But it always begins from this: one who wants the whole of Christ must give everything to Christ."

**May 16, 1902**

***Two sublime states.***

This morning, after I struggled very much, my most sweet Jesus came, and as soon as I saw Him, I clasped Him tightly to myself, and I said to Him: 'My dear Good, this time I will clasp You so much as not to let You escape any more.' At that moment I felt myself completely filled with God as if I were inundated, in such a way that the powers of my soul remained as though chained and inoperative; they just watched. After I remained in this inoperative yet sweet and pleasant position for some time, my adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, sometimes I fill the soul with Myself so much, that dissolving in Me, the soul remains as though idle. Other times I leave a few parts empty within her, and then the soul, before my presence, traffics in an admirable way, bursting into acts of praise, of thanksgiving, of love, of reparation and the like, in such a way as to fill these voids which I leave in her. However, these two states are both sublime and hold each other's hand."

**May 22, 1902**

***The Most Holy Virgin incites Jesus to make Luisa suffer.***

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus was not coming. Oh, how much I had to suffer, and how much nonsense I spoke! – it is useless to say it. Then, after I tired myself well, I felt someone near me, but I could not see his face; I stretched out my hand to find him, and I found him, faint, with his head leaning on my shoulder. I looked at him and I recognized my sweet Jesus. It seemed to me that He had fainted because of the so much nonsense I had spoken. Then, as soon as I saw Him come round, I don't know how much more nonsense I wanted to tell Him, but Jesus said to me: "Keep quiet, keep quiet, do not say anything else, otherwise you cause Me to faint. Your silence will make Me gain vigor, and so I will at least be able to kiss you, embrace you and make you content." So I remained in silence, and we kissed each other many times, and Jesus made me many shows of love; but I am unable to explain it.

After this, I found myself outside of myself, and I kept looking for the beloved of my soul. Not finding Him, I raised my eyes to the heavens – who knows, I might find Him again – and I saw the Queen Mother and Jesus Christ with His back turned to Her, contending with each other. He did not want to listen to His Mother - this is why He was giving His back, all full of fury; and it seemed that the fire of His indignation was coming out of His mouth. I only understood that on that day Our Lord wanted to destroy everything which served as nourishment of man with the fire of His indignation. But the Most Holy Virgin did not want it, and Jesus was saying: "But, on whom can I give vent to this burning fire of my indignation?" And the Mother said: "There is someone on whom You can give vent to it (pointing at me). Don't You see how she is always ready for our

volitions?" On hearing this, Jesus turned to His Mother, as if they had concorded together. They called the Angels, giving to each of them a spark of that fire which was coming out of Jesus Christ, and the Angels brought them to me, placing one in my mouth, and the others on my hands, on my feet and on my heart. I suffered, I felt myself being devoured, embittered, by that fire, but I felt resigned to suffering anything. Blessed Jesus and His Mother were spectators of my sufferings, and Jesus seemed to be somehow pacified. At that moment, I found myself inside myself and the confessor was about to call me to obedience as usual, when, all of a sudden, instead of calling me to obedience, he placed the intention of having me suffer the crucifixion. Jesus concurred by sharing His pains with me. It seemed that the confessor completed the work started by the Queen Mother. May everything be for the glory of God, and may He be always blessed.

**June 2, 1902**

***The Throne of Jesus is composed of virtues. The soul who possesses virtues makes Him reign in her heart.***

This morning, after I struggled very much, blessed Jesus moved in my interior, and I saw that He was inside of me as though embraced and sustained by someone else. I was surprised at seeing this, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, the interior of the soul is a filling of passions, and as the soul keeps knocking passions down, so does each virtue take its place, accompanied by degrees of grace; and according to how the virtue keeps being perfected, so does grace administer its degrees to it. And since my Throne is composed of virtues, the soul who possesses virtues provides Me with arms and with the Throne to be able to reign in her heart, keeping Me continuously embraced and courted, until I delight with her. However, the soul can stain herself, while the virtue remains always intact; so, as long as the soul knows how to keep it, the virtue remains with her; but when she does not, the virtue returns to Me – to the place from which it came. Therefore, do not be surprised if you saw Me like this in your interior."

**June 15, 1902**

***Love is not an attribute of God, but His very Nature. The soul who truly loves Jesus cannot become lost.***

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus transported me outside of myself, and told me; "My daughter, all virtues can be said to be my qualities and my attributes, but Love cannot be called an attribute of Mine, but rather, my very Nature. So, all virtues form my Throne and my qualities, but Love forms my very Self." On hearing this, I remembered that the day before I had told a person who feared about the uncertainty of salvation, that one who truly loves Jesus Christ can be sure of being saved. To me, I believe it is impossible that Our Lord would move away from Himself a soul who loves Him with all her heart; therefore, let us think of loving Him, and we will have our salvation in hand. So I asked loving Jesus whether by saying this I had spoken incorrectly, and He added: "My beloved, you said that with reason, because love has this of its own: it forms one object out of two, one will out of two. So, the soul who loves Me forms one single thing with Me, one single will; how can she then be separated from Me? More so, since my Nature is Love, and wherever It finds a few sparks of love in the human nature, immediately It unites them to the eternal Love. Therefore, just as it is impossible to form two souls out of one soul, or two bodies out of one body, so is it impossible for one who truly loves Me to become lost."

**June 17, 1902**

***Mortification produces glory.***

This morning, I saw my beloved Jesus for just a little, and He seemed to be holding a written paper in His hand, on which one could read: "Mortification produces glory. One who wants to find the fount of all pleasures, must move away from all that may displease God." Having said this, He disappeared.

**June 29, 1902**

***Jesus speaks about France.***

This morning, I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, and, I don't know why, I heard Him say: "Poor France, poor France, you have raised up and have broken and split the most sacred laws, denying Me as your God. You have made of yourself an example for other nations to draw them toward evil, and your example has

so much power, that the other nations are about to be ruined. Know, however, that as chastisement for this, you will be conquered."

After this, He withdrew into my interior, and I heard Him ask for help, pity, compassion in His many pains. It was something harrowing to hear blessed Jesus ask for help from His creatures.

**July 1, 1902**

***True victims must expose themselves to the pains of Jesus. Machinations against the Church and against the Pope.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, kneeling on an altar together with two more people. In the meantime Jesus Christ appeared over this altar, and He said: "True victims must have communication with my very life; they must avail themselves of my very self, and expose themselves to my very pains." While saying this, He took a pyx in His hand and gave Communion to all three of us. After this, behind that altar there seemed to be a door which led into a street filled with people and jam-packed with demons, in such a way that one could not walk without being squeezed by them; and since it was full of thorns, extremely sharp, one could not make a movement without feeling one's flesh being pricked deep inside. At any cost I would have wanted to escape those diabolical furies, and I almost tried to do it, but someone, I don't know who, prevented me by saying to me: "Everything you see are machinations against the Church and against the Pope. They would want the Pope to get out of Rome by invading the Vatican and seizing it, and if you want to avoid these bothers, men and demons will acquire strength and will make these thorns come out which will prick the Church bitterly. But if you content yourself with suffering them, both the one and the other will be weakened." On hearing this I stopped, but who can say what I went through and suffered. I thought I would never again get out from the midst of those diabolical spirits; however, after staying there almost one whole night, divine protection freed me.

**July 3, 1902**

***Jesus speaks about His Eucharistic Life.***

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, inside a Church, and since I could not find my adorable Jesus I went to knock at a Tabernacle to have Him open it for me. Since He would not open, made brave, I myself opened it and I found my sole and only Good. Who can say my contentment? I remained as though ecstatic in looking at an unspeakable beauty. On seeing me, Jesus flung Himself into my arms and told me: "My daughter, each period of my life receives from man distinct and special acts and degrees of imitation, of love, of reparation and other things. But the period of my Eucharistic Life is all life of hiddenness, of transformation and of continuous consummation; so much so, that I can say that after my love reached the excess and was even consumed, in my infinite wisdom I could not find any other external sign to prove my love for man. And just as my Incarnation, Life and Passion on the cross receive love, praise, thanksgiving, imitation - my Sacramental Life receives from man an ecstatic love, a love of dissolving oneself in Me, a love of perfect consummation; and as the soul is consumed in my very Sacramental Life, she can say that she performs, before the Divinity, the same offices that I perform continuously before God for love of men. And this consummation will make the soul overflow into eternal life."

**July 7, 1902**

***Continuous humiliation with Christ will give rise to everlasting exaltation with Christ.***

This morning, since blessed Jesus was not coming, I felt all confused and humiliated. Then, after I struggled very much, He made Himself seen for just a little, telling me: "Luisa, always humiliated with Christ."

And I, pleased and yearning to be humiliated with Christ, said: 'Always, Oh Lord!' And He repeated: "And the *always* of the humiliation with Christ, will give rise to the *always* of the exaltation with Christ."

So I understood that as many humiliations as the soul undergoes with Christ and for love of Christ, if they are continuous, so many times will the Lord exalt her; and He will make this exaltation continuously before the whole Celestial Court, before men, and finally, even before demons themselves.

**July 28, 1902**

***A spirit of continuous prayer.***

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I found my adorable Jesus who, not wanting to show me the troubles of the world, told me: "My daughter, withdraw - do not want to see the evils, most grave, which are in the world." And on saying this, He withdrew me Himself, and while carrying me He repeated: "What I recommend to you is a spirit of continuous prayer. The continuous effort of the soul to converse with Me, whether with her heart, or with her mind, with her mouth, or even with a simple intention - renders her so beautiful in my sight, that the notes of her heart harmonize with the notes of my Heart. I feel so drawn to converse with this soul, that I manifest to her not only the works *ad extra* [external] of my Humanity, but I keep manifesting to her something of the works *ad intra* [interior] which the Divinity did in my Humanity. Not only this, but the beauty that a spirit of continuous prayer makes her acquire is so great, that the devil is as though struck by lightning, and remains frustrated in the snares He lays in order to harm this soul." Having said this, He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**July 31, 1902**

***True charity must be disinterested.***

As I was in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus several times, but always in silence. I felt all confused and would not dare to ask Him anything, but it seemed that He wanted to tell me something which wounded His Sacred Heart. Finally, the last time He came, He told me: "My daughter, true charity must be disinterested on the part of one who does it, and on the part of one who receives it. If there is interest, that mud produces a smoke which blinds the mind, and prevents one from receiving the influence and the effects of divine charity. This is why in many works that are done, even holy, in many charitable cares that are performed, one feels as though a void, and they do not receive the fruit of the charity they do."

**August 2, 1902**

***During the whole course of His life, Jesus redid everything, for all in general and for each one individually.***

This morning, after letting me struggle very much, all of a sudden my adorable Jesus came, spreading rays of light. I was invested by that light and, I don't know how, I found myself inside of Jesus Christ. Who can say how many things I comprehended inside that Most Holy Humanity? I can only say that His Divinity directed His Humanity in everything; and since in one single instant the Divinity can do as many acts as each of us can do in the whole period of one's life, and as many acts as one wants to do, I comprehended with clarity that, because the Divinity operated in the Humanity of Jesus Christ, during the whole course of His life blessed Jesus redid for all in general and for each one individually everything that each one is obliged to do toward God, in such a way that He adored God for each one in particular, He thanked, repaired, glorified for each one, He praised, suffered, prayed for each one. And I comprehended that everything that each one must do has already been done before in the Heart of Jesus Christ.

**August 10, 1902**

***Privations, laments and necessity of chastisements.***

As I am greatly afflicted because of the loss of my highest Good, my poor heart is lacerated continuously and suffers a continuous death.

Now, as the confessor came, I was telling him of my poor state, and he began to call Him and to place his intention, but - no, my mind was left suspended; it would see as though a flash for a few instants, which would escape, and I would return inside myself without seeing Him. Oh, God, what pain! But these are pains that one does not even know how to express. Then, after much struggling, finally He came, and as I lamented to Him, He told me: "My daughter, if you did not know the reason for my absence, perhaps you would have some reason to lament about my absence; but since you do know that I am not coming because I want to chastise the world, wrongly do you lament." And I: "What does the world have to do with me?" And He: "Yes it does, because if I come you tell me: 'Lord, I myself want to satisfy You on their behalf, I want to suffer for them.'" And since I am most just, I cannot receive the satisfaction of a debt from both one and the other, and if I wanted

to take the satisfaction from you, the world would do nothing but grow ever bolder. Rather, in these times of rebellion, chastisements are so very necessary, and if I did not do so, darkness would become so thick that all would remain blinded." While He was saying this, I found myself outside of myself, and I saw the earth all full of darkness, with just barely a few trails of light. What will happen to the poor world? It causes one to think much about the most sad things that will happen.

### **September 3, 1902**

***Everything that Jesus deserved in His life He gave to all creatures, and in a special and superabundant way to one who is victim for love of Him.***

This morning, as I was in my usual state, I felt a natural malady come to me, but so strong, that I felt I was dying. I feared I might be about to pass from time to eternity; much more so, since blessed Jesus was hardly coming, or at the most, like a shadow. In fact, if He were coming as usual, I would not be fearing at all. Therefore, so that I might be in a good position, I prayed the Lord to give me the exercise of His holy mind to satisfy for the evils I might have committed with my thoughts; His eyes, His mouth, His hands, feet, Heart and all of His most sacred body, to satisfy for all the evils I might have committed, and for all the good I was supposed to do, but did not. While I was doing this, blessed Jesus came, all in festal clothing, in the act of receiving me into His arms; and He told me: "My daughter, everything I deserved I gave to all creatures, and in a special and superabundant way to one who is victim for love of Me. Behold, anything you want I give you - and not only you, but to whomever you want." And I, remembering the confessor, said to Him: 'Lord, if You take me, I pray You to content father.' And He: "Indeed He has received some recompense for the charity he has done for you; and since he has cooperated, as you come to Me into the sphere of eternity, I will give him yet more recompense." My malady was getting more and more vigorous, but I felt happy since I was at the harbor of Eternity. In the meantime the confessor came and called me to obedience. I would have wanted to keep everything quiet, but he forced me to say everything, and came out with the usual refrain that, out of obedience, I was not supposed to die; but in spite of this, my malady would not cease.

### **September 4, 1902**

***The confessor asks Jesus not to let her die.***

As I continued to feel ill, I also felt a certain restlessness because of this strange obedience, as if I could not take flight toward my highest and only Good; with the addition that, having to celebrate Holy Mass, the confessor did not want to give me Communion because of the continuous retching that bothered me. However, since the confessor had told me that out of obedience I should have Jesus Christ touch my stomach, as He came, He touched my stomach and the continuous retching ceased. But the malady would not cease, and Jesus, seeing me so restless, told me: "My daughter, what are you doing? Don't you know that if death surprises you, finding you restless, you would have to get Purgatory? In fact, if your mind is not united with Mine, if your will is not one with Mine, if your desires are not my same desires, by necessity you need a purge to be transformed completely in Me. Therefore, be attentive, think only of remaining united with Me, and I will think of the rest." Now, while He was saying this, I saw the Church and the Pope, and part of It was leaning on my shoulders; and I also saw the confessor who pressed Jesus not to take me for now. And the blessed Lord said: "Evils are most grave, and sins are about to reach such a point as no longer to deserve victim souls - that is, the ones who sustain and protect the world before Me. If this point touches Justice, indeed I will take her with Me." So I understood that things are conditional.

### **September 5, 1902**

***Jesus, the Angels and the Saints incite Luisa to go with them; the confessor is opposed.***

I continued to feel ill, and the confessor continued to be resolute - even more, to get upset because I was not obeying him with regard to not dying, and to praying the Lord to make my suffering cease. On the other hand, I felt incited by blessed Jesus, by the Saints and by the Angels to go with them, and I would find myself now with Jesus, now with the celestial citizens. In this state I felt tortured, not knowing, myself, what to do; however, I was calm, fearing that if He should take me, I might not be ready to go speedily with Him, so I abandoned myself completely in His hands. Now, while I was in this position, I saw the confessor and others

praying that I would not be allowed to die; and Jesus told me: "My daughter, I feel I am under a violence – don't you see how they do not want Me to take you?" And I: 'I too feel I am under a violence - truly they would deserve a penalty for putting a poor creature in this torture.' And Jesus: "What penalty do you want Me to give them?" And I, not knowing what to say before that inexhaustible fount of charity, said: 'My sweet Lord, since sanctity brings sacrifice with itself, make them saints, so that, if nothing else, they will obtain their intent of keeping me with them, and I will obtain the intent of seeing them saints, as they would have the patience to feel the pain which sanctity brings with itself.' On hearing me, Jesus was all pleased, and He kissed me telling me: "*Brava* my beloved, you were able to choose the optimum, for their good and for my glory. So, for now we must surrender, and I reserve for Myself another occasion to take you quickly, giving them no time to do violence to us." Then Jesus disappeared, and I found myself inside myself, with my suffering mitigated for the most part, and with new vigor, as if I was born again. But God alone knows the pain, the torment of my heart. I hope at least that He may want to accept the hardness of this sacrifice.

### **September 10, 1902**

#### ***The prerogatives of love.***

I thought that blessed Jesus had come back according to the usual way, but what was not my disillusion when, after deciding that He was not going to take me for now, He began to make me struggle for seeing Him, and most of the times, like shadow and flash. Then, this morning, as I was feeling very tired and exhausted in my strengths for the continuous longing and waiting, it seemed He came, and transporting me outside of myself He told me: "My daughter, if you are tired, come to my Heart - drink, and you will be refreshed." So I drew near that divine Heart and I drank in large gulps a milk mixed with a most sweet blood. After this, He told me: "The prerogatives of love are three: constant love without end, strong love, and love of God and neighbor bound together. If these prerogatives do not appear in the soul, one can say that hers is not the quality of true love."

### **October 22, 1902**

#### ***Threats against Italy.***

This morning my adorable Jesus came for a few instants, all indignant; and He said to me: "When Italy has drunk the most fetid filth to the bottom, to the point of being drowned, so much so, that they will say, 'She is dead, she is dead!' - then will she rise again." Then, becoming more calm, He added: "My daughter, when I want something from my creatures, I infuse in them the natural dispositions in such a way as to change their very nature into wanting what I want. Therefore, remain calm in the state you are in." Having said this, He disappeared, and I was left concerned about what He told me.

### **October 30, 1902**

#### ***Jesus Christ came to join God and man once again.***

This morning, as I was in a sea of worries and of tears because of the total abandonment of my highest Good, while feeling consumed by the pain, I felt my mind being estranged, and I saw blessed Jesus sustaining my forehead with His hand; and something like a light which contained many words of truths inside. I can barely remember this – that is: when our humanity untied the bond of obedience which God had placed between Himself and the creature, a bond which, alone, united God and man, it became dispersed; and Jesus Christ, taking on human nature and making Himself our head, came to reunite the dispersed humanity, and with His obedience to the Volition of the Father, He came to join God and man once again. But this indissoluble union is strengthened further according to our obedience to the Divine Volition." After this, I no longer saw my dear Jesus, and that light withdrew together with Him.

### **November 1, 1902**

#### ***True seriousness is found in religion, and true religion consists in looking at one's neighbor in God, and at God in one's neighbor.***

As I was in my usual state, I felt I was going outside of myself, and I found a child crying, and also several men; and one of them, more serious, took a most bitter drink and gave it to that crying child, who suffered so much in swallowing it, that his throat seemed to choke. Not knowing who he was, out of

compassion I took him in my arms, saying to him: 'Yet, he is a serious man, and did this to you. Poor little one, come to me, for I want to dry your tears.' And he said to me: "True seriousness is found in religion, and true religion consists in looking at one's neighbor in God, and at God in one's neighbor." Then, drawing close to my ear, so much so, that his lips touched me and his voice resounded in my interior, he added: "The word 'religion' is a ridiculous word for the world, and it seems to be worth nothing. Yet, before Me every word that pertains to religion is a virtue of infinite value; so much so, that I made use of the word in order to propagate the faith in the whole universe, and one who exercises himself in this serves Me as mouth to manifest my Will to creatures." As He was saying this, I understood very well that it was Jesus. On hearing His clear voice which I had not heard for so long I felt myself rise again from death to life. I was waiting for Him to finish speaking to tell Him of my extreme needs, but – no, as soon as I stopped hearing His voice, He disappeared, and I was left disconsolate and afflicted.

**November 5, 1902**

***The Tree of Life, rooted in the Heart of Jesus.***

This morning my adorable Jesus made Himself seen in my interior, and He seemed to have a tree planted in His Heart, and so rooted into It, that its roots arose from the center of His Heart. In sum, it seemed to be born together with It, with the same nature. I was amazed at seeing its beauty, strikingness and height, which seemed to touch the heavens; and its branches extended out to the farthest ends of the world. Now, on seeing me so amazed, blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, this Tree was conceived together with Me, in the center of my Heart, and from that moment I felt in my inmost Heart all the good and the evil that man would do with this Tree of Redemption, called 'Tree of Life'. In fact, all those souls who remain united to this Tree will receive the life of grace in time, and when the Tree has raised them well, It will administer to them the life of glory in eternity. Yet, what is not my sorrow? Even though they cannot root out the Tree, nor can they touch the trunk, many try to cut some branches so that souls may not receive life, and to take away from Me all the glory and the pleasure that this Tree of Life would have produced for Me." While saying this, He disappeared.

**November 9, 1902**

***Difference between the operating of Jesus and the operating of man.***

While I was longing for my adorable Jesus, He came in the appearance He had when His enemies were slapping Him, covering His face with spit, and blindfolding Him. With admirable patience He suffered everything; even more, it seemed He would not even look at them, so much was He intent in His interior on looking at the fruit which those sufferings would produce. I admired everything with amazement, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, in my operating and suffering I never looked outside, but always inside; and whatever it might be, in seeing its fruit, I would not just suffer it, but I would suffer everything with yearning and avidity. On the other hand, completely opposite, man, in operating good, does not look inside the work, and not seeing its fruit, he becomes easily bored, everything bothers him, and many times he neglects doing good. If he suffers, he easily loses his patience; and if he does evil, not looking inside that evil, he does it with ease." Then He added: "Creatures do not want to convince themselves that life must be accompanied by various circumstances, now of sufferings, now of consolation. Yet, even plants and flowers give them an example of this by remaining submitted to winds, snows, hail and heat."

**November 16, 1902**

***The word of God is joy. The command of Monsignor regarding the coming of the confessor.***

I spent last night in great distress; I saw the confessor in the act of giving me prohibitions and commands. Blessed Jesus came for a little, only telling me: "My daughter, the word of God is joy, and one who listens to it but does not let it bear fruit with his works, gives it a black shade and covers it with mud." Then, feeling much suffering, I tried not to pay attention to what I was seeing, when, all of a sudden, the confessor came, telling me that Monsignor commanded, in an absolute way, that the priest was not supposed to come any more to make me come out of my usual state, but that I should go out of it by myself - something which I had not been able to obtain for as many as eighteen years, in spite of tears and prayers, and the vows and promises I made to the Most High. In fact, I confess before God that all the sufferings I might have gone through have not

been true crosses for me, but delights and graces of God; but the sole and true cross for me has been the coming of the priest. So, knowing the impossibility of this outcome from many years of experience, my heart was lacerated by the fear that I might not be able to obey, and I would do nothing but shed most bitter tears, praying to that God who alone sees the depth of my heart, that He would have pity on the position I found myself in. While praying in tears, I saw a flash of light, and a voice saying: "My daughter, to make known that it is I, I will obey him, and after I have given him proofs of obedience, he will obey Me." And as I said, 'Lord, I fear very much that I may not be able to obey', He added: "Obedience releases and chains; and since it is chain, it binds the Divine Volition with the human, and makes them one, in such a way that the soul does not act with the power of her will, but with the power of the Divine Will. Besides, it is not you who will obey, but I will obey in you." Then, all afflicted, He added: "My daughter, did I not tell you that keeping you in this state of victim and starting the slaughter in Italy is almost impossible for Me?" So I became a little bit more calm, though I did not know how this obedience was to be carried out.

**November 17, 1902**

***Impossibility of losing consciousness. It is a decree of the Will of God to use the work of the priest to make Luisa come round from her state of sufferings.***

As the usual hour came for me to be surprised by my usual state, to my great bitterness – but such bitterness, that I had never experienced anything similar in my life – my mind was no longer able to lose consciousness. My life, my treasure, the One who formed all my delight, my all lovable Jesus, was not coming. I tried to recollect myself as much as I could, but I felt my mind so awake that I could neither lose consciousness nor sleep; so I would do nothing but break the brake to my tears. I did as much as I could to follow in my interior what I would do in the state of unconsciousness of my senses, and one by one I would recall His teachings, His words, and the way I was supposed to remain always united with Him. But these were all darts that wounded my heart bitterly, saying to me: "Ah, after you have seen Him every day for fifteen years, sometimes more, sometimes less, sometimes three or four times, sometimes once; sometimes He would speak to you, other times He would remain silent.... But, still, you would see Him. And now, you have lost Him? You don't see Him any more? You no longer hear His sweet and gentle voice? Everything is over for you." And my poor heart would become so filled with bitteresses and sorrow, that I can say that my bread was sorrow and my drink the tears; and I was so filled with them that not a drop of water could enter into my throat. To this, another thorn added on. Often times I had said to my adorable Jesus: 'How I fear about my state – that it is just me, that it is all my fantasy, that it is a pretense...'; and He would say to me: "Remove these fears, for you will see, then, that days will come in which, in spite of any effort and sacrifice you would make to lose consciousness, you will not be able to do it." But in spite of all this, I felt calmness in my interior, for at least I was obeying, though it cost me my life. So I thought that things would have to continue this way, convincing myself that since the Lord no longer wanted me in that state, He had used Monsignor to have him give me that obedience.

Then, after two days had passed, in the evening I was about to make my adoration to the crucifix, when a flash of light came before my mind. I felt my heart being opened, and a voice saying to me: "I will keep you suspended for a few days, and then I will make you fall again." And I: 'Lord, will You not make me come round Yourself if You make me fall?' And the voice: "No, it is a decree of my Will to use the work of the priest to make you come round from that state of sufferings, and if they want to know why, let them come to Me and ask Me. My Wisdom is incomprehensible, and has many unusual ways for the salvation of souls; but even though It is incomprehensible, if they want to find the reason, let them go deep, for they will find it - bright like sun. My Justice is like a cloud pregnant with hail, thunders and lightnings, and in you It found a dam so as not to unload Itself over the peoples. So, let them not want to advance the time of my wrath." And I: 'Only for me was this chastisement reserved, with no hope to be freed of it. You have given so many graces to other souls; they have suffered greatly for love of You, yet they had no need of the work of a priest.' And the voice continued: "You will be freed - not now, but when the slaughters begin in Italy." This was for me another reason for sorrows and most bitter tears; so much so, that my most lovable Jesus, having compassion for me, moved in my interior as though placing a veil before what He had told me, and without letting Himself be seen, He let me hear His voice saying to me: "My daughter, come to Me, do not want to afflict yourself. Let us move Justice away for a little while, and let us give room to Love, otherwise you succumb. Listen to Me – I have

many things to teach you. Do you think I have finished speaking to you? No." And since I was crying and my eyes had become two rivers of tears, He added: "Do not cry, my beloved, but rather, give Me audience; this morning I want to hear Mass together with you, teaching you the way you must hear It." And so He kept speaking and I would follow Him; but since I could not see Him, my heart was split by the pain continuously. From time to time, to stop my crying He would call me repeatedly, now teaching me something about His Passion, explaining the meaning to me, now teaching me how to do what He did in His interior during the course of His Passion – which I refrain from writing for now, reserving this for another time, if God pleases. This is how I went on for two more days.

**November 21, 1902**

***Jesus uses the nature of Luisa to continue the course of His sufferings within her.***

As I still could neither lose consciousness nor sleep, my poor nature could take no more. But then, when I felt convinced more than ever that I would not see Him any more, all of a sudden my dearest Jesus came and made me lose consciousness – I was as though struck by lightning. Who can say my fear? I had no more control over myself; it was no longer in my power to regain consciousness. Jesus told me: "My daughter, do not fear, I have come to strengthen you; don't you yourself see how you can take no more, and how your nature fails you without Me?" And I said to Him, crying: 'Ah, my life, without You I am dead, I feel no more vital strengths; You used to form my whole being, and if I do not have You, I lack everything. Indeed if You continue not coming, I will die of sorrow.' And He: "My beloved daughter, you say that I am your life, and I say to you that you are my living life. Just as I made use of my Humanity to suffer, so am I using your nature to continue the course of my sufferings within you. Therefore, you are all Mine – even more, you are my very life." As He was saying this, I remembered the obedience and I said to Him: 'My sweet Good, will You let me obey by allowing me to come round by myself?' And He: "My daughter, I, the Creator, have obeyed the creature by keeping you suspended in these days; it is only right now for the creature to obey his Creator by submitting to my Will, because before my Divine Will the human reason does not count, and the strongest reason before the Supreme Will resolves into smoke."

Who can say how embittered I was left? But I was resigned, making a vow to the Lord never to withdraw my will from His, not even for the blink of an eye; and since they had told me that if I was surprised by that state and would not come round by myself they would let me die, I was preparing myself for death, considering this a great fortune, and I prayed the Lord to take me in His arms. While I was doing this, the confessor came to make me come round, embittering me more; so much so, that seeing me so embittered, the Lord told me in my interior: "Tell him to concede to Me two more days of suspension, to give him the time to know what to do." Then the confessor left, leaving me all pierced and as though filled with bitterness, and Jesus, letting me hear His voice again, told me: "Poor daughter, how they embitter her; I feel my Heart being lacerated in seeing you like this. Courage, do not fear, my daughter; and then, remember that it is by the intervention of obedience that you were suspended from this state. If now they do not want it any more, I will also let you obey. Is this not the nail that pierces you the most – not being able to obey?" And I: 'Yes.'

"Well then, I have promised you I will let you obey, therefore I do not want you to embitter yourself any more. However, tell them: 'Do they want to play games with Me? Woe to those who want to play games with Me and fight against my Will'." And I: 'How can I go on without You? In fact, if I am not surprised by that state, I do not see You.' And He: "Since it is not your will to go out of this state of sacrifice, I will find other ways to make Myself seen and be with you. Aren't you happy?" So, the following morning, without my losing consciousness, He made Himself seen sensibly by giving me a few drops of milk to refresh me, since my weakness was extreme.

**November 22, 1902**

***Luisa is about to die, but obedience is opposed.***

On November 22, as I kept feeling ill again, blessed Jesus came and told me: "My beloved, do you want to come?" And I: 'Yes, don't leave me on this earth any longer.' And He: "Yes, I want to content you once and for all." As He was saying this, I felt my stomach and my throat close, in such a way that nothing could enter any more; I could barely pull in a breath, feeling suffocated. Then I saw that blessed Jesus called the Angels,

and said to them: "Now that the victim is coming, suspend the fortresses, so that the peoples may do what they want." And I: 'Lord, who are they?' And He: "They are the Angels that keep the cities. As long as the cities are assisted by the fortress of divine protection communicated to the Angels, they can do nothing; but once this protection is removed due to the grave sins they commit, and they are left on their own, they can make revolution and any sort of evil."

I felt placid, and seeing myself alone with my dear Jesus and abandoned by all creatures, I thanked the Lord from my heart, and I prayed Him to deign not to let anyone come to me to bother me. While I was in this position, my sister came, and seeing me ill, she sent for the confessor who managed, by force of obedience, to have me open my throat a little bit, and then he came out giving me the obedience not to die. Poor is the one who has to deal with creatures! Not knowing the depth of all the pains and torments of a poor soul, they add greater sorrows to her pains, and it is easier to obtain compassion, help and relief from God than from creatures - rather, it seems that they get more incited. But may the Lord be always blessed, who disposes everything for His glory and for the good of souls.

### **November 30, 1902**

***Fear that her state might be a work of the devil. Jesus teaches her how to recognize when it is He, and when the devil.***

As I was amid fears, doubts, agitations, that everything might be a work of the devil, on coming, my adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, I am Sun and I fill the world with light, and as I go to a soul another Sun is reproduced in her, in such a way that, by dint of rays of light, they dart through each other continuously. Now, between these two Suns clouds are formed, which are mortifications, humiliations, adversities, sufferings and other things. If they are true Suns, they have so much power that, by darting through each other continuously, they triumph over these clouds and convert them into light. If, though, they are only apparent and false suns, the clouds which form between them have the strength to convert these suns into darkness. This is the surest sign to know whether it is I or the devil; and after a person has received this sign, he can lay down his life to confess the truth, which is light, not darkness."

I have been ruminating within my mind on whether these signs are present in me, and I see myself so full of defects that I have no words to manifest my badness. However, I do not lose heart; on the contrary, I hope that the mercy of the Lord may want to have compassion on this poor creature.

### **December 3, 1902**

***Disturbances with regard to obedience. Jesus reassures her.***

This morning, as I was in my usual state and my fears continued, when blessed Jesus came I said to Him: 'Life of my life, how come You do not let me obey the order of the superiors?' And He: 'And you, my daughter, don't you see where the opposition comes from? It is the human will that does not unite with the Divine so that they may kiss and become one; and when there is opposition between these two wills, since the Divine Will is superior, the human will loses by necessity. Besides, what else do they want? I have told you that, if they want, I make you fall into that state; if they do not want, I let you obey. But as for the obedience that I should make you fall and I should make you come round without their coming, leaving this thing independent of them and all at my disposal - this is up to Me. Whether I want to keep you in this state for one minute or half an hour, whether I have to make you suffer or not - this remains all under my care; and if they want otherwise, it would be wanting to dictate to Me the laws of *how* and of *when*. I am the One who must do things, and this would be wanting to meddle too much in my judgments and acting as my master, while the creature is supposed to adore, not to investigate." I was left incapable of answering. Seeing that I was not answering, He added: "This not wanting to persuade themselves grieves Me very much. You, however, in contrasts and mortifications do not keep your gaze on them, but fix it on Me, who was the target of contradictions; and as you suffer them, you will become more similar to Me. In this way, your nature will not be able to move, and you will remain calm and tranquil. I want that, on your part, you do as much as you can to obey them; as for the rest, leave it to my care, without becoming disturbed."

**December 4, 1902**

***Jesus manifests the reasons of His operating.***

I was thinking in my mind about this obedience, saying: 'They are right in commanding me this way; besides, it is not such a great thing that the Lord would allow me to obey in the way wanted by them. So they say: either He should let you obey, or He should tell the reason why He wants the confessor to come to make you come round from that state.' While I was thinking of this, my adorable Jesus moved in my interior, telling me: "My daughter, I wanted them to find the reason of my operating by themselves, because in my life, from the moment I was born up to my death, everything can be found, since the life of the whole Church is enclosed in it. When compared to some step that can be conformed to my life, the most difficult matters are solved, the most tangled situations are unraveled, and in the most obscure and abstruse ones, such that the human mind almost becomes lost in that obscurity, one finds the clearest and brightest light. This means that they do not have my life as the rule of their operating, otherwise they would have found the reason. But since they have not found the reason themselves, it is necessary that I speak and manifest it."

After this, He stood up and with empire – but so much that I became fearful – He said: "What is the meaning of that '*ostende te sacerdoti*' ['show yourself to the priest']?" Then, becoming sweeter, He added: "My power extended everywhere, and from any place I was I could operate the most sensational miracles; yet, in almost all my miracles I wanted to be personally present. As for example, when I resurrected Lazarus, I went there, I had them remove the sepulchral stone, then I had him released, and then, with the empire of my voice I called him back to life. In resurrecting the young girl, I took her by the hand with my right hand, and I called her back to life; and in many other things which are recorded in the Gospel, and which are known to all, I wanted to be there with my presence. This teaches the way in which the priest must behave in his operating, since the future life of the Church was enclosed in mine. And these are things that pertain to you, though in general; but your specific circumstance they will find on Calvary. I, priest and victim, lifted up on the wood of the cross, wanted a priest to be present, to assist Me in that state of victim – and he was Saint John, who represented the nascent Church. In him I saw everyone - Popes, bishops, priests and all the faithful together; and while assisting Me, He offered Me as victim for the glory of the Father and for the good outgrowth of the nascent Church. The fact that a priest assisted Me in that state of victim did not happen by chance, but everything was a profound mystery predisposed *ab aeterno* [from eternity] in the divine mind, intending that when I choose a soul as victim for the grave needs present in the Church, a priest must offer her to Me, assist her for Me, help her and encourage her to suffer. If these things are understood – fine, they themselves will receive the fruit of the work they offer; just like Saint John: how many goods did he not receive for having assisted Me on Mount Calvary? If then they are not understood, they do nothing but put my work amid continuous contrasts, diverting my most beautiful designs.

In addition to this, my Wisdom is infinite, and when It sends some cross to a soul for her sanctification, It does not take that soul alone, but five, ten... as many as I please, so that not one alone, but all others together may be sanctified. In fact, on Calvary I was not alone; in addition to having a priest, I had a Mother, I had friends and also enemies, and on seeing the prodigy of my patience, many of them believed in Me as the God I was, and were converted. Had I been alone, would they have received these great goods? Certainly not."

But who can say everything He told me, or explain the most minute meanings? I said this the best I could – the way I was able to say it in my roughness. I hope that the Lord will do the rest, by illuminating them so that they may comprehend what I have not been able to manifest well.

**December 5, 1902**

***Luisa sees a woman crying over the state of the peoples, who asks her not to move from her state of victim.***

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus shared His pains with me, and as I was suffering I saw a woman crying her heart out, and saying: "The kings have joined together, and the peoples perish; and not seeing themselves being helped, protected, but rather, stripped, they get lost, and kings without peoples cannot exist. But what makes me cry the most is to see that the fortresses of Justice are missing, which are the victims - the only and sole support that holds Justice back in these times most sad. You at least - do you give me your word that you will not move from this state of victim?" I don't know why, but I felt so resolute that I answered: "This

word I cannot give – no. I will stay as long as the Lord wants it; but as soon as He tells me that the time for this penance is ended, I will not stay even for one minute more.’ On hearing my unshakable will, she cried more, almost wanting to move me to say yes with her crying. But, more than ever resolute, I said: ‘No, no.’ And, crying, she said: "So, there will be justice, chastisements, slaughters, with no sparing." However, as I related this to the confessor, he told me that out of obedience I should withdraw my no.

### **December 7, 1902**

***France and Italy no longer recognize Jesus. Jesus suspends her from her state of victim, but she does not accept, and fights so that the law of divorce may not be formed.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself amid most thick darkness. In it there were thousands of people whom that darkness rendered blind, to the point that they themselves could not understand what they were doing. It seemed it was part of Italy and part of France. Oh, how many errors could be seen in France – worse than those of Italy! It seemed that they had lost their human reason, the primary endowment of man, which distinguishes him from the beasts. But he has become worse than the beasts themselves. Near this darkness one could see a lamp; I approached it and I found my loving Jesus, but so afflicted and indignant with those people that I trembled like a leaf, and I only said: ‘Lord, placate Yourself and let me suffer by pouring your indignation upon me.’ And He told me: "How can I placate Myself if they want to exclude Me from them, as if they were not a work created by Me? Don’t you see how France has driven Me away from herself, considering herself honored in no longer recognizing Me? And how Italy wants to follow France, as there are some who would give their souls to the devil in order to win that point of forming the law of divorce - after they tried so many times and were left crushed and confused? Instead of placating Myself and pouring my indignation upon you, I suspend you from the state of victim, because after my Justice has tried several times, using all of Its power so as not to give that chastisement wanted by man himself – and in spite of this, he still wants it – it is necessary for Justice to suspend one who holds It back, and to let the chastisement fall." And I: ‘Lord, if You wanted to suspend me for other chastisements, I would easily have accepted, because it is right that the creature conform to your Holy Will in everything; but to accept it for this evil most grave... my soul cannot digest this suspension. Rather, invest me with your power and allow me to go into the midst of those people who want this.’ While saying this, I found myself with them; they seemed to be invested with diabolical forces, especially one of them, who seemed enraged. As though wanting to turn everything upside down, I spoke and spoke, but I could barely manage to cast a few glimmers of reason into him, making known to him the error they were committing. After this, I found myself inside myself, with sufferings extremely scarce.

### **December 8, 1902**

***The confessor uses the authority of the Church to keep Jesus crucified in Luisa and to crucify her with Him so as to prevent the law of divorce.***

This morning my adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, today I want to keep you suspended without letting you suffer." I began to fear and to lament to Him, and He added: "Do not fear, I will be with you. Rather, when you occupy the state of victim you are exposed to Justice, and in addition to the other sufferings, many times you have to suffer my very privation and obscurity – in sum, everything that man deserves because of his sins. But as I suspend your office of victim, everything I will show toward you will be mercy and love."

I felt released [from my state], even though I could see my beloved Jesus, and I understood very well that it was not His coming that rendered the coming of the confessor necessary to make me come round, but rather, the sufferings that Jesus would send me. So, I am unable to say why, my soul felt a pain, while my nature felt great satisfaction, saying: ‘If nothing else, I will spare the confessor the sacrifice of having to come.’ But while I was thinking of this, I saw a priest clothed in white together with Our Lord; it seemed to me that he was the Pope, and the confessor was with him. They were praying Him to make me suffer so as to prevent the formation of this law of divorce, but Jesus would not pay attention to them. So, the confessor, heedless of the fact that he was not being given audience, with extraordinary impetus, to the point that it seemed it was not him, took Jesus Christ in his arms and, by force, cast Him inside of me, saying: "You will remain crucified within her, crucifying her, but this law of divorce we do not want." Jesus remained as though bound inside of me,

crucified by such command, and I felt, bitterly, the pains of the cross. Then He said: "Daughter, it is the Church that wants it, and her authority, united to the power of prayer, binds Me."

**December 9, 1902**

***Luisa is crucified with Jesus. The danger of the law of divorce.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself together with Jesus Christ, as though nailed with Him; and since I suffered, I was silent. In the meantime I saw the confessor with my guardian Angel, and the confessor said to him: "This poor one is in great suffering, to the point that she cannot speak. Give her a little bit of respite, for when two lovers pour out together what they have in their interior, they end up conceding what they want to each other." So I felt my sufferings being mitigated, and first I told Jesus about certain needs of father, praying Him to make him all of God, because when one becomes so, God can find no difficulty in conceding to him what he wants, because he will not be able to seek anything but what pleases God. Then I said: "Lord, what about this law of divorce - will men come to make it in Italy? And He: "My daughter, the danger exists, unless some Chinese thunderbolt comes to prevent their intent." And I: 'Lord, what? Is this perhaps someone from China who, maybe, when they are about to do it, will take some thunderbolt and will cast it into their midst to kill them, in such a way that, frightened, they will flee?' And Jesus: "When you do not understand, it is better if you keep silent." I was left confused and did not dare to speak any more, without understanding the meaning. However, my guardian Angel was saying to the confessor, in addition to the intention of the cross, united to that of having Him pour: "If you obtain this, you will win this point, and they will not be able to do it."

**December 15, 1902**

***Luisa remains crucified with Jesus. Man is about to be crushed by the weight of Divine Justice.***

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I found my adorable Jesus, cast to the ground, crucified, everyone trampling upon Him. In order to prevent them from doing this, I laid myself upon Him so as to receive upon myself what they were doing to Our Lord; and while I was in that position, I said: 'Lord, what is it to You to allow those very nails that pierce You to pierce me as well?' At that moment I found myself nailed with the very nails that pierced blessed Jesus – He underneath, and I on top. In that position we found ourselves in the midst of those men who want divorce, and Jesus was sending them many rays of light produced by the sufferings that He and I were suffering, and they remained dazzled and confused. I also understood that if the Lord will please to let me continue to suffer, when they come to do that, they will be humiliated and will not be able to conclude anything. After this, He disappeared, and I remained alone, suffering. Then He came back again, but He was not crucified; He threw Himself into my arms, but He was so heavy that my poor arms could not hold Him, and I was about to let Him fall to the ground. Seeing that, as much as I did and tried, I could not hold that weight, my pain was such that I felt myself crying my heart out; and He, seeing the certain danger of falling, and also my crying - cried along. What a harrowing scene!

Then, forcing myself up, I kissed Him on His face; He too kissed me, and I said to Him: 'My life and strength, by myself I am weak and can do nothing, but with You I can do everything. Therefore, strengthen my weakness by infusing your very strength in me, and I will be able to carry the weight of your person - the only way to be able to spare each other this sorrow; for me, of letting You fall, and for You, of suffering the fall.'

On hearing this, Jesus told me: "My daughter, don't you comprehend the meaning of my heaviness? Know that it is the enormous weight of Justice which I can bear no more, nor can you hold; and man is about to be crushed by the weight of Divine Justice." On hearing this, I cried, and He, almost to distract me, since before He came I had a strong fear that I might not be able to obey with regard to certain things, He added: "And you, my beloved, why do you so much fear that I may not let you obey? Don't you know that when I draw, unite and identify a soul with Me, communicating my secrets to her, the first key I place, which produces the most beautiful sound and communicates the sound to all other keys, is the key of obedience? So much so, that if the other keys are not in communication with the first key, they will sound in a discordant way, which can never be pleasant to my hearing. Therefore, do not fear; besides, it will not be you, but I Myself will obey in you, and since it will be up to Me to obey, let Me do it, without being concerned, for I alone know well what must be

done and how to make Myself known." Having said this, He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself. May the Lord be always blessed.

### **December 17, 1902**

#### ***In order to be a victim, permanent union with Jesus is necessary.***

This morning, when my adorable Jesus came, I was praying Him to placate Himself, saying to Him: 'Lord, if I cannot sustain the weight of your Justice by myself, there are so many good souls among whom it can be divided, a little bit each, so that it might be easier to bear the weight, and people might be spared.' And He: "And you, my daughter, don't know that so that my Justice may unload the weight of someone else's chastisement upon some soul, she must be in possession of permanent union with Me, in such a way that everything she does, suffers, intercedes for and obtains, is given to her by virtue of the union with Me established within her, as the soul does nothing but lay down her will, unifying it with Mine? Nor could my Justice do this without first giving the soul the necessary graces to be able to suffer for the sake of someone else." And I: 'But how can union with You be permanent in me? I see myself so *cattiva* [bad]!' And He, interrupting me, added: "Silly one, what are you saying? Don't you feel Me continuously within yourself? Don't you perceive the sensible movements I make in your interior, and the continuous prayer that rises within your interior, as you cannot do otherwise? Is this perhaps you, or I who dwell within you? At the most, sometimes you do not see Me, but in no way does this mean that union with Me is not permanent in you." I remained confused and did not know what to answer.

### **December 18, 1902**

#### ***Jesus again takes her to suffer with Him in order to conquer those who want divorce.***

As soon as I found myself in my usual state, blessed Jesus came, but in so much suffering as to arouse compassion. Then, all afflicted, He told me: "My daughter, come again to suffer with Me in order to conquer the obstinacy of those who want divorce. Let us try once more. You will always be ready to suffer what I want, won't you? Do you give Me your consent?" And I: 'Yes, Lord, do whatever You want.'" As soon as I said yes, blessed Jesus laid Himself within me as crucified, and since my nature was smaller than His, He stretched me so much as to make me reach His very person. Then He poured – very little, yes, but so bitter and full of sufferings, that not only did I feel the nails at the places of the crucifixion, but I felt my whole body as pierced by many nails, in such a way that I felt all of myself being crushed. He left me in that position for a little while, and I found myself in the midst of demons who, on seeing me suffer like that, said: "In the end this damn one is going to win again, so that we don't make the law of divorce. Curse your existence – you try to harm us and to disperse our businesses by ruining our many toils, rendering them vain. But we'll make you pay for this – we will move bishops, priests and people against you, so that next time we'll make you drop this whim of accepting sufferings." And while saying this, they sent me whirls of flames and smoke. I felt myself in so much suffering that I could not understand myself. Blessed Jesus came back; at the sight of Him the demons fled, and, again, He renewed in me the same sufferings – but more intense than before. He repeated this two more times, but even though I was almost constantly with Jesus, I would not say anything to Him because I was as though compressed by strong sufferings. Only He would say to me from time to time: "My daughter, it is necessary that you suffer for now. Have patience – do you not want to take care of my interests as if they were your own?" And He would sustain me in His arms, for my nature could not bear alone the weight of those sufferings.

Then He said to me: "Beloved, do you want to see the evil that occurred during those days in which I kept you suspended from this state?" At that moment, I don't know how, I saw Justice. I could see It as full of light, of grace, of chastisements and of darkness, and as many days as I had been suspended, so many were the streams of darkness that descended upon earth. Those who want to do evil and speak evil had become even more blind and had acquired strength to carry it out, turning against the Church and against sacred people. I was surprised, and Jesus told me: "You thought it was nothing, so much so, that you would not bother about it – but it was not so. Have you seen how much evil came about, and how much strength the enemies acquired, to the point of managing to do what they had not been able to do during the time in which I had continuously kept you in this state?" After this, He disappeared.

**December 24, 1902**

***Effects of sufferings. The value of pride.***

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I found Our Lord, who had a cross near Him, which was all braided with thorns. He took it and placed it upon my shoulders, commanding me to carry it into the midst of a multitude of people, to give proof of His Mercy and to placate Divine Justice. It was so heavy that I carried it bent over and almost dragging myself. While I was carrying it, Jesus disappeared, and as I reached a certain place, the one who was guiding me told me: "Leave the cross and remove your clothes, for Our Lord is coming back and He must find you ready for the crucifixion." I removed my clothes but I kept them in my hands because of the embarrassment my nature felt; and I said to myself: 'I will drop them as soon as He comes.' At that moment He came back, and finding me with my clothes in my hands, told me: "You have not even let yourself be found completely stripped so that I might crucify you immediately. Well then, we will leave it for another time." I remained confused and afflicted, unable to articulate a word, and Jesus, to console me, took me by the hand and told me: "Tell Me, what do you want Me to give you?" And I: 'Lord, suffering.' And He: "And what else?" And I: 'I can ask of You nothing but suffering.' And Jesus: "And what about love – don't you want some?" And I: 'No, suffering, because in giving me suffering you will give me more love. I know this out of experience – that in order to obtain graces, the strongest love and all of You, these cannot be obtained but through suffering; and in order to earn all your sympathies, delights and satisfactions, the only and sole means is to suffer for love of You.' And He: "My beloved, I wanted to test you so as to ignite in you more the desire to suffer for love of Me."

After this, I saw people who believed themselves to be something greater than others; and blessed Jesus said: "My daughter, one who believes himself to be something before Me and before men, is worth nothing. One who believes himself to be nothing is worth everything – first, before Me, because if he does something, he does not think he does it because he can do it, having the strength and the capacity, but rather, because he receives from God the grace, the helps and the lights; therefore it can be said that he does it by virtue of divine power, and one who has divine power with him is already worth everything. Second, before men, because this acting by virtue of divine power makes him operate in a completely different way, and he does nothing but send forth the light of the divine power he contains within himself, in such a way that the most perverted ones, without wanting it, feel the strength of this light and submit to his volition; and here is how he is worth everything also before men. On the contrary, one who believes himself to be something, in addition to being worth nothing, is abominable to my presence, and because of his ostentatious and particular manners - for he believes he is something and makes fun of others - men keep him pointed out as an object of derision and of persecution."

**December 26, 1902**

***Calumnies, persecutions and contrasts serve to justify man.***

As I was in my usual state, I felt all oppressed and with a fear of receiving persecutions, contrasts, calumnies – not only to myself, for I do not care about myself because I am a poor creature who is worth nothing, but to the confessor and other priests. So I felt my heart crushed by this weight, unable to find respite. In the meantime my adorable Jesus came, telling me: "My daughter, why be disturbed and restless, and waste time with this? As for your things, there is nothing there, and besides, everything is divine providence that allows calumnies, persecutions and contrasts in order to justify man and to make him come back to union with his Creator, one on one, without human support, just as he came out when he was created. As good and holy as a man may be, he always keeps something of the human spirit in his interior; and also in his exterior he is not perfectly free, he always keeps something human for which he hopes, on which he relies and leans, and through which he wants to obtain esteem and respect. But, let the wind of calumnies, persecutions and contrasts come about a little bit... Oh, what a devastating hail the human spirit receives! In fact, seeing himself opposed, unpopular, despised by creatures, man no longer finds satisfaction among them. On the contrary, helps, supports, trust and esteem fail him all together, and if before he used to go in search of them, afterwards he himself shuns them, because wherever he turns he finds nothing but bitternesses and thorns. So, reduced to this state, he remains alone. But man cannot be, nor is he made to be alone. What will the poor little one do? He will

turn to his center, God, completely and without the slightest hindrance; God will give Himself completely to him, and man will give himself completely to God, applying his intellect to knowing Him, his memory to remembering God and His benefits, his will to loving Him. And so, my daughter, here is man justified, sanctified, and the purpose for which he was created restored within his soul. And even if later on he has to deal with creatures and he sees helps, supports and esteem being offered to him, he receives them with indifference, knowing what they are from his experience; and if he makes use of them, he does it only when he sees the honor and the glory of God - but what remains is always God and himself alone.

**December 30, 1902**

***One act contrary to the Divine Will is sufficient to destroy the work of Jesus in the soul***

As I was in my usual state, I seemed to see the Most Holy Trinity, as if They wanted to resolve what They should do with the world, and I was in Their midst. It seemed that They were saying: "If most fierce scourges are not sent to the world, everything is over for it concerning religion, and they will become worse than barbarians themselves." And while They were saying this, it seemed that wars of every kind, earthquakes destroying entire cities and diseases were coming down upon earth. On seeing this, all trembling, I said: 'Supreme Majesty, forgive the human ingratitude; now more than ever the heart of man has rebelled, but if man sees himself being mortified he will rebel even more, adding outrages upon outrages against your Majesty.' And a voice coming from Their midst said: "Man can rebel when he is merely mortified, but when he is destroyed his rebellion ceases. Here We speak not of mortification, but of destruction."

After this, They disappeared, but who can say how I was left? More so, since I felt as though a disposition for wanting to go out of this state of suffering, and a will not perfectly conformed to the Divine Volition. I could see with clarity that the ugliest offense that the creature can give to the Creator is to oppose His Most Holy Will. I felt pain for this, and I greatly feared I might be doing an act contrary to His Will; but in spite of this I could not quiet myself. Then, after I struggled very much, my adorable Jesus came back and told me: "My daughter, many times I delight in choosing souls, surrounding them with divine fortitude in such a way that no enemy may enter into them. I establish in them my perpetual dwelling, and in this residence of Mine I lower Myself, one could say, to the most minute services; I clean her up, I pull out all thorns from her, I destroy all the evil that the human nature has produced in her, and I plant in her all the beautiful and good things that can be found in Me, to the extent of forming the most beautiful garden of my delights, to be used at my pleasure and according to the circumstances of my glory and of the good of others; so much so, that it can be said that she no longer has anything of her own, but serves only as my dwelling. Now, do you know what it takes to destroy all this? One act contrary to my Will; and if you oppose my Will you will do all this." And I: 'Lord, I fear that my superiors may give me the obedience of the other time.' And He: "This is not your business; I Myself will deal with them, but your will is not present here." In spite of this I could not calm down, and I kept repeating in my interior: "What a dismal change has taken place in me! Who has separated my will from the Will of my God, which seemed to be one?"

**December 31, 1902**

***The victim soul is greatly loved by Jesus, but sometimes is nauseating to Him, because her exterior appears before Divine Justice as covered with the sins of others.***

Continuing to be with a fear that I might oppose the Will of my adorable Jesus, I was feeling all oppressed and distressed, and I prayed Him to free me, saying: 'Lord, have pity on me; don't You see the danger I am in? How is it possible that I, most wretched little worm, dare so much as to feel myself opposed to your Holy Will? And besides, what good can I possibly find, and into what abyss will I plunge myself if I am separated from your Will?' While I was saying this, blessed Jesus moved in my interior, and through a light that He sent me, He seemed to say to me: "You never understand anything – this state is state of victim. When they offered you as victim for Corato, you accepted. Now, what is the evil present in Corato? Is there perhaps not rebellion of the creature against the Creator, between priests and secular, and among parties? Now, your unwanted state of rebellion, your fear, your pains, are an expiatory state, and this state of expiation I Myself suffered in Gethsemani, as I reached the point of saying: 'If it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me; yet, not

my will but Yours be done' - while I had so much yearned for it during the whole course of my life, to the point of feeling consumed."

On hearing this, it seemed I regained tranquillity and strength, and I prayed Him to pour His bitternesses into me. I drew close to His mouth, but as much as I sucked up, nothing would come out; only a most bitter breath that embittered my whole interior. So, seeing that He was not pouring anything, I said: 'Lord, You don't love me any more; bitternesses You do not want to pour – pour your sweetnesses at least.' And He: "Quite the opposite, I love you more; and if you were able to enter into my interior, you would see with clarity, in all of my parts, distinct love toward you. Sometimes I love you so much that I reach the point of loving you as much as I love Myself, although some other times I cannot look at you and you are nauseating to Me." What a thunderbolt these last words were for my poor heart! To think that I was not always loved by my loving Jesus, and that I reached the point of being an abominable soul... Had He not Himself run to explain to me the meaning of this, I could not have survived. So He added: "Poor daughter, is this very hard for you? You have encountered my same lot. I was always Who I was, one with the Sacrosanct Trinity, and We loved One Another with eternal, indissoluble love. Yet, as victim, covered with all the iniquities of men, my exterior was abominable before the Divinity, so much so, that Divine Justice spared no part of Me, rendering Itself inexorable to the point of abandoning Me. You are always who you are with Me, but since you occupy the state of victim, your exterior appears before Divine Justice as covered with the sins of others. This is why I spoke those words to you. You, however, calm yourself, because I love you always." Having said this, He disappeared. It seems that this time blessed Jesus wants to make me upset, though He immediately gives me peace. May He be always blessed and thanked.

**January 5, 1903**

***Freedom is necessary in order to recognize the good and the evil.***

This morning I felt almost free of sufferings. I myself did not know what to do, when I felt I was outside of myself and I saw people from our country who, in addition to the words and the calumnies they had spoken, were plotting to come to deeds. In the meantime I saw blessed Jesus and I said: 'Lord, You give too much liberty to these infernal men. Up until now it has been about infernal words, but now they want to reach the point of laying hands on your ministers. Bind them, and have compassion on them, and, at the same time, defend those who belong to You.' And He: "Daughter, this freedom is necessary in order to recognize the good and the evil. Know, however, that I am tired of man – so tired that I share it with you. In fact, when you feel that tiredness of this state of victim, and almost the will to go out of it, this comes to you from Me; and I warn you to be attentive not to put your will in, for I am looking for the will of the creature to lean on it and chastise the rebels. But, let us try – again I will make you suffer, and they will be left without strength and will not be able to do anything of what they want." Who can say what I suffered and how many times He renewed my crucifixion! And while doing this, raising His hand toward Heaven, He told me: "My daughter, I did not make man for the earth, but for Heaven; his mind, his heart, and everything that his interior contains were to exist in Heaven. Had he done this, he would have received the influence of the Most Holy Trinity within his three powers, and It would have been copied within himself; but since he occupies himself with earth, he receives mud, rot and the whole bilge of vices that the earth contains."

**January 7, 1903**

***Jesus reproduces in Luisa the very sufferings He suffered in His Humanity, and with the same power and effects.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was thinking: 'How is it possible, how can it be true, that because of a few sufferings of mine the Lord would suspend chastisements and debilitate the human strengths so that they may not start revolutions and form iniquitous laws? Besides, who am I to earn all this with a few sufferings? While I was thinking of this, blessed Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, neither you nor the one who directs you have comprehended your state. Indeed, in your state of sufferings you disappear completely, and I alone, not mystically, but in living flesh, reproduce the very sufferings which my Humanity suffered. Was it perhaps not my sufferings that debilitated demons, enlightened blinded minds, and, in a word, formed the Redemption of man? And if they could do this at that time in my Humanity, can they perhaps not do it now in

yours? If a king went to live in a little hovel, and from there he dispensed graces, help and coins, he would continue his office of king. If anyone would not believe this, one would say that he is foolish. If that is a king, he can do good in the little hovel as much as in the palace; or rather, one admires his goodness more, because, king as he is, he does not disdain to live in little hovels and miserable huts. Such is your case." I comprehended all this with clarity, and I said: 'My Lord, everything You say is fine, but the whole difficulty of my state is in the coming of the priest.' And He: "My daughter, even if a king lived in little hovels, because of circumstances, necessity and his very status of king it is appropriate for his ministers never to leave him alone, but to keep him company, serving him and obeying him in whatever he wants." I was left so convinced that I did not know what else to say.

**January 9, 1903**

***Everything is written in the hearts of those who believe, hope and love.***

This morning I was feeling all oppressed, and since Monsignor had come to visit me, saying that he was not sure that it was Jesus Christ who operated in me, when blessed Jesus came, He told me: "My daughter, in order to comprehend a subject well it takes belief, because without belief everything is dark in the human intellect. On the other hand, the mere believing turns on a light in the mind, and by means of this light one can recognize with clarity truth and falsehood, when it is grace that operates, when it is nature, and when the devil. See, the Gospel is known to all, but who comprehends the meaning of my words, and the truths contained in It? Who keeps them in his heart and makes of them a treasure with which to purchase the eternal kingdom? One who believes. As for all others, not only do they not understand a thing, but they use my words to mock them and to make fun of the holiest things. So, it can be said that everything is written in the hearts of those who believe, hope and love, while nothing is written for everyone else. The same with you: one who has a little bit of belief sees things with clarity and finds the truth; one who does not, sees things as all confused."

**January 10, 1903**

***The most pleasing and consoling words for the sweet Mama: 'Dominus Tecum'.***

This morning, after I struggled very much, the Queen Mother came with the Baby in Her arms, and She gave Him to me, telling me to keep Him courted with continuous acts of love. I did as much as I could, and while I was doing this, Jesus told me: "My beloved, the most pleasing and most consoling words for my Mother are: 'Dominus Tecum' ['The Lord is with Thee']. In fact, as soon as they were pronounced by the Archangel, She felt the whole of the Divine Being being communicated to Her, and therefore She felt invested with divine Power, in such a way that, in the face of the divine Power, Her own dissolved; and so my Mother remained with the divine Power in Her hands."

**January 11, 1903**

***She sees Monsignor fighting for the sake of religion.***

As the confessor had told me to pray according to the intention of Monsignor, finding myself outside of myself, I could see that it did not regard Monsignor, but other people. Among them I could see a very good lady, but all consternated and crying; and Monsignor, beneath the arms of a Cross with Christ crucified on It, defending It. He was going to have the occasion to fight for the sake of religion. And I saw blessed Jesus saying: "I will confuse them."

**January 13, 1903**

***Luisa sees the Most Holy Trinity. The evil of adulations.***

As I was in my usual state, I seemed to see the Most Holy Trinity. They were looking at One Another, and in those gazes Their beauty was so great that They would remain ecstatic at the mere gazing upon One Another. In this state They overflowed with love, and were as though stirred by that love, to then become more intensely ecstatic. So, all of Their good and delight was comprised within Themselves, and the whole of Their eternal life, beatitude and exercise, was enclosed in this word alone: 'Love'. And the whole beatitude of the Saints was formed by this perfect operating of the Most Holy Trinity. While I was seeing this, the Son assumed the form of the Crucified, and coming out from Their midst, He came to me, sharing with me the pains of the

crucifixion. And while remaining with Me, He brought Himself once again into Their midst, and offered His sufferings and mine, satisfying for the love that all creatures owed Them. Who can say Their delight, and how satisfied They were by the offering of the Son! It seemed that, since in creating the creatures nothing had come out of Their interior but contained flames of love; so much so, that in order to give vent to this love They began to create many other images of Themselves - only when They receive what They have given, are They then satisfied - that is, love They gave, love They want. So, the most awful affront is to not love Them. Yet, Oh God, three times holy, who is there that loves You?

After this, They disappeared; but who can say what I understood? My mind got lost, and my tongue is unable to articulate a word. Then, after a little while, blessed Jesus came back with His face covered with spit and with mud, and He said to me: "My daughter, praises, adulations, are spit and mud that dirty and smear the soul, and blind her mind, so as to prevent her from knowing who she really is, especially if they do not start from the truth. In fact, if they start from the truth and the person is worthy of praises, knowing the truth she will give the glory to Me; but if they start from falsehood, they drive the soul to such excess that she will confirm herself more in evil."

**January 31, 1903**

***Effects of the crown of thorns of Jesus.***

After much struggling, I saw blessed Jesus in my interior for just a little, wearing a crown of thorns. I began to look at Him and to compassionate Him, and He told me: "My daughter, I wanted to suffer these thorns in my head not only to expiate all the sins of thought, but to unite the divine intelligence to the human. In fact, the divine intelligence was as though dispersed in the human minds, and my thorns called it from Heaven and grafted it once again. Not only this, but for those who were to manifest divine things I obtained help, strength and elucidation so that they might make them known to others."

**February 1, 1903**

***A Protestant Church is opened in Corato. The Queen Mother reproaches Luisa.***

As I was in my usual state, I was feeling very afflicted, especially because my confessor had told me that this morning a Protestant Church would be opened in Corato, and that I should pray the Lord to make something happen that would confuse them, at the cost of any suffering of mine. But, seeing that the Lord was not coming and therefore I did not feel great sufferings - the only means to obtain these kinds of graces - I felt a most great affliction. Then, after I struggled a lot, blessed Jesus came, and I saw the confessor insisting very much, and praying that I might suffer. So it seemed that He shared with me the pains of the cross, and then He told me: "My daughter, I have made you suffer, forced by the priestly authority, and I will permit that those who go there, instead of being convinced by what the Protestants say, will make fun of them. However, since the chastisement swooped down on Corato in those days in which I kept you suspended from the state of victim, it must now have its course; and if you continue to suffer, I will dispose the hearts in such a way that, at the appropriate time, I will make use of some occasion to have them remain completely confused and destroyed."

Then, afterwards, the Queen Mother came, as if She wanted to use a trait of Justice with me; She reproached me bitterly for any thought or word especially when, seeing myself with very few sufferings, I say that it is no longer Will of God, and therefore I want to go out of this state. Who can say with what rigor She reproached me, telling me: "If the Lord permits that you be suspended for a few days, this can be; but the fact that you yourself dispose yourself to do it, this is intolerable before God, as you almost come to dictate the laws on how He should keep you." I felt the strength of rigor so much, that I was about to faint, to the point that blessed Jesus, having compassion for me, sustained me in His arms.

**February 9, 1903**

***The goods that the Catholic Church possesses, and what is lacking to the Protestants.***

This morning, finding myself in my usual state, I saw the confessor with another holy priest, who was saying: "Banish any thought that your position might not be Will of God." Then he began to speak about these Protestants of Corato whom they talk about; and he said: "They will do little or nothing, because the Protestants do not have the bait of truth in order to catch the hearts, as does the Catholic Church. They lack the boat of true

virtue to be able to place them in safety; they are without sails, oars, anchor, which are the examples and teachings of Jesus Christ. They reach the point of having neither a bread to satisfy their hunger, nor water to quench their thirst and wash themselves, which are the Sacraments; and what's more, they even lack the sea of grace to be able to go in search of souls to be caught. So, since all this is lacking, what progress can they possibly make?" And he said many other things which I don't know how to repeat well.

After this, my lovable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, one who loves Me fixes himself before the Divine center, but one who is resigned and does my Divine Will in everything, possesses the center of the Divinity within himself." And He disappeared like a flash. A little later He came back; I was thanking Him for Creation, for Redemption and for so many other benefits, and He added: "In Creation I formed the material world, and in Redemption I formed the spiritual world."

**February 22, 1903**

***Sin is poison; sorrow is counterpoison.***

As I was in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, and He told me: "My daughter, sin offends God and wounds man, and since it was committed by man, and God was offended, in order for Him to receive full satisfaction, a Man and a God was needed to satisfy for it. The thirty years or so of my mortal life satisfied for the three ages of the world, for the three different states of law: natural, written, and of grace - and for the three different ages of each man: adolescence, youth and old age. I satisfied, earned and impetrated for all, and my Humanity serves as the staircase in order to ascend to Heaven. But if man does not go up this staircase through the exercise of his own virtues, in vain does he try to ascend, and he will render my works useless for himself."

On hearing sin being mentioned, I said: 'Lord, tell me a little bit: why are You so pleased when a soul feels sorrow for having offended You?' And He: "Sin is a poison that poisons the soul completely and renders her so disfigured as to make my image disappear from within her; sorrow destroys this poison and restores my image in her. True sorrow is a counterpoison, and since sorrow destroys the poison, it forms a void in the soul, and this void is filled by my grace. This is why I am pleased - I see the work of my Redemption risen again by means of sorrow."

**February 23, 1903**

***Men do not want Jesus Christ as their head. The Church will always be Church.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself near a garden which seemed to be the Church. Near it there seemed to be people plotting an attack against the Church and the Pope, and in their midst there was Our Lord, crucified, but without a head. Who can say how painful, how horrifying it was to see His Most Holy Body in that state! I comprehended how men do not want Jesus Christ as their head, and since the Church represents Him on this earth, they try to destroy what stands in His place.

Then I found myself in another place in which I found other people who were asking me: "What do you say about the Church?" And I, feeling a light within my mind, said: 'The Church will always be Church. At the most, She might be washed in Her own blood, but this bath will render Her more beautiful and glorious.' On hearing this, they said: "This is false - let us call our god and let us see what he says." So a man came out who surpassed everyone in height, with a crown on his head, and he said: "The Church will be destroyed, there will be no more public services - at the most, some hidden ones; and the Madonna will no longer be recognized." On hearing this, I said: 'And who are you to dare to say this? Aren't you perhaps that serpent condemned by God to crawl on the earth? And now you are so daring as to make yourself believed a king, deceiving people? I command you to let yourself be known for what you are.' While I was saying this, from tall he became very, very short; he assumed the shape of a serpent, and making a flash, he plunged himself down deep. Then I found myself inside myself.

**March 5, 1903**

***The crosses of disillusion.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself together with blessed Jesus, who was carrying a bundle of crosses and of thorns in His arms, all tired and weary. On seeing Him in that state, I said: 'Lord, why weary

Yourself so much with this bundle in your arms?' And He: "My daughter, these are the crosses of disillusion, which I keep always ready to disillusion the creatures." As He was saying this, we found ourselves in the midst of people, and as soon as blessed Jesus would see that someone would become attached to creatures, He would take the cross of persecution from that bundle and would give it to him; and that person, seeing himself persecuted, unpopular, would be disillusioned and would comprehend that those were the creatures, and that God alone deserves to be loved. If someone would become attached to riches, He would take from that bundle the cross of poverty and would give it to him; and that person, seeing that riches had vanished away from him and he was now poor, would comprehend that everything down here is smoke, and that true riches are eternal, and so he would attach his heart to everything that is eternal. If someone else would become bound to his self-esteem, to knowledge, blessed Jesus, with all sweetness, would take the cross of slanders and of confusions and would give it to him; and that person, confused and slandered, would remove as though a mask from himself and comprehend his own nothingness, his being, and would order his whole interior in the order of God, and no longer of himself. And so on with all the other crosses.

After this, my adorable Jesus told me: "Have you seen the reason why I have this bundle of crosses in my arms? It is my love for creatures that forces Me to keep it, remaining in continuous attitude for them. In fact, the cross is the primary disillusion and the first thing that judges the works of creatures, in such a way that if the creature surrenders, the cross will make him avoid the judgment of God, as I am satisfied when one submits to the judgment of the cross during his life. If then he does not surrender, he will find himself in the sphere of the second judgment at his death, and will be judged with much more severe rigor by God; more so, since he has shunned the judgment of the cross, which is a judgment all of love." After this He disappeared, and I also comprehended that it is true that Jesus loves the cross, but many times it is man himself that incites and provokes Jesus to give him the cross. In fact, if man were ordered in the order of God, of himself and of creatures, not seeing any disorder in him, the Lord would remain at peace and would give him peace.

**March 6, 1903**

***The meaning of the words: 'Ecce Homo'.***

After I had struggled very much, blessed Jesus made Himself seen within my interior, telling me: "Shall we go see whether creatures want Me?" And I: 'Surely they must want You, because You are the most lovable Being. Who would have the daring of not wanting You?' And He: "Let us go, and then you will see what they do." So we went, and as we arrived at a place in which there were many people, His head came out from within my interior and He said those words which Pilate spoke when he showed Him to the people: '*Ecce Homo*' ['Here is the Man']. I understood that the meaning of those words was to ask them whether they wanted the Lord to reign as their King, and to have dominion in their hearts, minds and works. And they answered: "Take Him away, we do not want Him; or rather, crucify Him, so that every memory of Him may be destroyed." Oh, how many times these scenes are repeated!

So the Lord said to everyone: "Ecce Homo". As He said it, a murmuring - a confusion arose. Some were saying: "I do not want Him as my King - I want riches"; another, "pleasure"; another, "honor"; some, "dignities"; and some, many other things. I listened to those voices with horror, and the Lord told me: "Have you seen how no one wants Me? Yet, this is nothing; let us turn to the religious class, and let us see whether they want Me." So I found myself in the midst of priests, bishops, religious women and devout ones, and with sonorous voice, Jesus repeated: "Ecce Homo". And they said: "We want Him, but we also want our comfort." Others: "We want Him, but together with our own interest." Others answered: "We want Him, but together with esteem and honor." ...What does a religious do with esteem? Others replied: "We want Him, but together with some satisfaction from creatures - how can one live alone and without anyone that satisfies us?" Some wanted satisfaction at least in the Sacrament of Confession, but almost no one wanted Him alone, nor was someone lacking who did not care about Jesus Christ at all. So, all afflicted, He told me: "My daughter, let us withdraw; have you seen how no one wants Me? Or at the most, they want Me together with something that pleases them. I am not content with this, because true reigning is when one reigns alone." As He was saying this, I found myself inside myself.

**March 9, 1903**

***Jesus speaks about humility and about correspondence to grace.***

Continuing in my usual state, I could hear blessed Jesus praying in my interior, saying: "Holy Father, glorify your Name; confuse the proud and hide Yourself from them, and manifest Yourself to the humble, because only one who is humble recognizes You as his Creator, and recognizes himself as your creature." Having said this, He no longer let Himself be heard, though I comprehended the power of humility before God. It seemed to me that God has no restraint in entrusting the most precious treasures to the humble; on the contrary, everything is open for them, nothing is under lock and key. All the opposite for the proud; even more, it seems that He puts a cord around their feet to confuse them at each step.

Then, a little later, He made Himself seen again, and told me: "My daughter, one can know whether a body is alive from its continuous internal heat. It can also be warmed through some external heat, but since this heat does not come from true life, the body quickly cools down again. The same with the soul: it can be known whether she is alive to grace, whether her internal life is alive in operating, in loving Me, if she feels the strength of my very life within hers. If then it is because of some external cause that she warms up, does some good and then cools down again, returning to vices and committing the usual weaknesses, there is great certainty that she is dead to grace, or is at the last extremes of life. In this way one can know whether it is truly I who go to the soul: if she feels my grace in her interior, and all of her good is founded within her interior. If then it is all external and she perceives nothing good in her interior, it can be the work of the devil." While saying this, He disappeared; but after a little while He came back and added: "My daughter, how terrible it can be for those souls who have been much fecundated by my grace, but have not corresponded to it. The Jewish nation was the favorite one, the most fecundated, and yet, the most sterile; and the whole of my Person could not obtain that fruit which Paul obtained in other nations, less fecundated, but more corresponding. In fact, lack of correspondence to grace blinds the soul, it makes her deceive herself, and disposes her to obstinacy, even in the face of any miracle."

**March 12, 1903**

***The sacrifice of Jesus continues in His Eucharist Life in which He exercises continuous pressure on the Father for the sake of mankind. A soul who is victim with Him must also put this continuous pressure on Him.***

As I was in my usual state, I saw myself as all alone and abandoned. Then, after I struggled very much, He made Himself seen in my interior, and I said to Him: 'My sweet life, how is it that You have left me alone? When You put me in this state everything was union, we arranged everything together, and with sweet force You drew me completely to Yourself. Oh, how the scene has changed! Not only have You abandoned me, not only do You not put any pressure on me to keep me in this state, but I myself am forced to put continuous pressure on You so as not to go out of this position, and this pressing You is a continuous dying for me.' And He told me: "My daughter, the same happened when in the consistory of the Sacrosanct Trinity the mystery of the Incarnation was decreed in order to save mankind, and I, united with Their Will, accepted and offered Myself as victim for man: everything was union among Them, and We arranged everything together, but when I set to work, a point came – especially when I found Myself in the sphere of pains, of opprobrium, loaded down with all the wicked deeds of creatures – in which I remained alone and abandoned by all, even by my dear Father. Not only this, but loaded down as I was with all pains, I had to press the Omnipotent One to accept and to let Me continue my sacrifice for the salvation of the whole of mankind, present and future. And I obtained this; and the sacrifice is still lasting, the pressure is continuous, though it is all a pressure of love – do you want to know where and how? In the Sacrament of the Eucharist. In It the sacrifice is continuous; perpetual is the pressure I put on the Father to use mercy upon creatures; and on souls, in order to obtain their love; and I find Myself in a continuous contrast, dying continuously - though all deaths of love. So, aren't you happy that I let you participate in the periods of my very life?"

**March 18, 1903**

***One who does the Will of God chooses the optimum.***

This morning, as the confessor asked me whether I felt the desire to suffer, I answered him: 'Yes'. But I felt more tranquil and enjoyed more peace and contentment when I wanted nothing but what God wants - therefore I wanted to stop in It. Then, afterwards, when blessed Jesus came, He told me: "My daughter, you have chosen the optimum, because one who is always in my Will binds Me in such a way as to make a continuous virtue come out of Me which keeps her in continuous attitude toward Me; so much so, that she forms my food, and I hers. On the other hand, even if the soul did great, holy and good things, since it is not virtue that came out of Me, it cannot be an enjoyable food for Me, because I do not recognize it as a work of my Will."

**Deo gratias.**