

The Prisons of Jesus



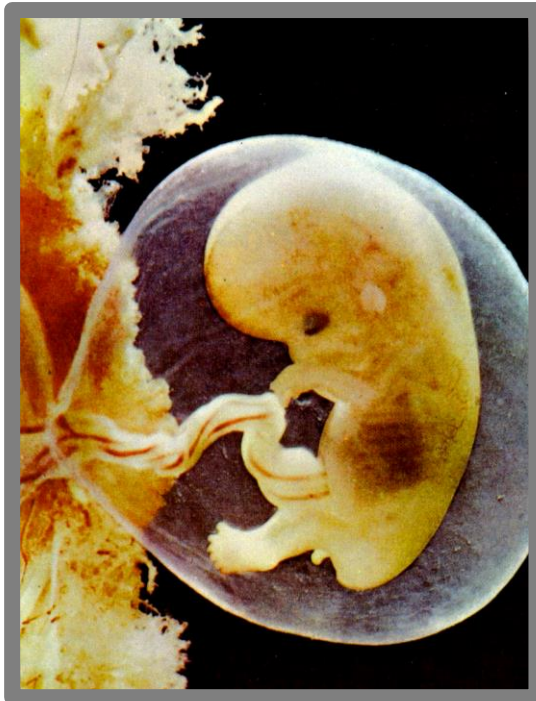
*Love, His Humanity, His Mother's
Womb, The Holy Eucharist and the
Souls who refuse to live in His Will*



From "The Book of Heaven" by Luisa Piccarreta
Compiled by Geraldine Ryan

The Prisons of Jesus

- ❖ **Divine Love**
- ❖ **His Mother's Womb**
- ❖ **His Humanity**
- ❖ **The Blessed Sacrament**
- ❖ **The human will divorced from His Divine Will**
- ❖ **The souls who are His Living Tabernacles**



“It is not the Will of your Father that One of these little ones should perish.”

Matthew 18: 14

Jesus, little Prisoner for Love of us in the darkness of His Mother's Womb



“My daughter, look at another excess of My Love. I am the Eternal Light; the sun is a shadow of My Light. But do you see where My Love led Me - in what a dark prison I am? There is not a glimmer of light; it is always night for Me – but a night without stars, without rest. I am always awake ... what pain! The narrowness of this prison - without being able to make the slightest movement; the thick

darkness ... even My breathing, as I breathe through the breathing of My Mama – oh, how labored it is! To this, add the darkness of the sins of creatures. Each sin was a night for Me, and combined together they formed an abyss of darkness, with no boundaries. What pain! Oh, excess of My Love - making Me pass from an immensity of Light and Space into an abyss of thick darkness, so narrow as to lose the freedom to breathe; and all this, for love of creatures.”

“Their bows will dash young men to pieces; they will have no mercy on the fruit of the womb; they will not look with pity on the children.”

Isaiah 13:18

The Suffering Love of Jesus as Infant in the Prison of the Womb of His Mama.

Each Word Jesus speaks He births a New Life to give to the creatures.

V 21: April 14, 1927

I was thinking about the Divine Will and the evils of the human volition, and my beloved Jesus, all afflicted, said to me:

*“My daughter, all that I suffered in My Humanity was nothing other than all the evil that the human will had produced for the poor creature. It formed the **prison** [and] took away his freedom to be able to move about in his God, in the heavens, wherever he wanted; it incapacitated him in doing good; it took away his light; and it encircled him with dense darkness. And I came to earth and enclosed myself in the prison of the Womb of My dear Mama, and even though she was holy, it cannot be denied that that prison was the most restrictive prison that could exist in the world. I could neither reach out with my hand, nor move a foot; I could not take a step. There was not even enough space to open my eyes.*

“The human will had done all that to the creature, and I, from the beginning of My Conception, came to suffer the pain which (the human will) had given, to break down the prison of the human will, and to restore to Man that which he had lost. I wanted to be born in a stall and suffer the most extreme poverty, (because) the human volition had formed more than a stall for the poor creature, while the passions had formed manure in their souls. (The human will), blowing, had left them - more than the wind - immobilized by an internal cold which influenced even their nature, taking away not only their earthly happiness, but making them experience hunger and poverty - not only in the soul, but also in their body. And I wanted to suffer the freezing cold, extreme poverty, the smell of manure which was in the stall.

Seeing the two animals close by gave Me the sorrow that the human will had almost converted into beasts Our most beautiful work, Our dear gem, Our dear image, which was poor Man. There was no pain which I suffered that did not have the human will as its beginning, and I subjected Myself to everything so as to rehabilitate it again in the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat.

In My Passion I wanted to suffer being stripped in the flagellation and placed nude on the cross, being torn apart in such a horrible way that My bones could even be counted - [I wanted to suffer] all amid the confusion, abandonment, and unspeakable bitternesses. All of that was nothing other than the fruit of the human volition which had stripped (the creature) of all goods, and with its poisonous breath had covered him with confusion and humiliations to the point of transforming him in a horrible way and making him the object of scorn for all his enemies. Daughter, if you want to know all the evils that the human will has done, study well My own Life. Count one by one all My pains, and you will read the black characters of all the evils, you will read the evil history of the human will, you will experience such horrors in reading it, that you would prefer to die rather than allow even one syllable of it to enter into you.”

After that Jesus became silent, and He was very meditative, full of thought and affliction. He looked about Him and then He looked off, as if He wanted to surmise the dispositions of creatures. Not seeing them disposed He continued His profound silence. Therefore I had to pass several days of privation as if He no longer lived in me. Then, as a rising sun, I began to feel that He was moving in my interior, and He said to me:

“My daughter, whenever I speak I put forth a Life, which is the greatest of gifts, and I must see if there is the disposition on the part of the creature to receive this Life of Mine; and if I don’t see it, I am constrained to keep silent, because there is no place to put this great gift. That is why many times I do not speak, because that which regards My Divine Fiat is not only for you, but will serve other creatures.

At the most It will form Its capital in you, so that It may be transmitted for the good of others. Thus while I am silent you pray that the Kingdom of My Will be known, and you suffer because you see yourself deprived of Me, your Life. To live without Life is the greatest martyrdom; these pains and these prayers mature the gift, and as they make Me open My mouth to put forth new life regarding My Divine Will, they dispose the creature to receive It. These pains are more than rays of sun that mature the fields, the fruit, the flowers; therefore all is necessary - silence, pain, prayer for the decorum of the manifestations of My Will.”

Our Heavenly Mother describes to Luisa what Jesus does in Her Womb

Day 20 “The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.”

My dear child, today I await you more than ever. My maternal Heart is swollen; I feel the need to pour out my ardent love with my child: I want to say to you that I am the Mother of Jesus. My joys are infinite; seas of happiness inundate Me. I can say: I am the Mother of Jesus; His creature, His handmaid, is Mother of Jesus - and I owe this only to the Fiat. It rendered Me full of grace, It prepared the worthy dwelling for my Creator. Therefore, always glory, honor and thanksgiving be to the Supreme Fiat.

Now listen to Me, child of my Heart: as soon as the little Humanity of Jesus was formed in My Womb by the power of the Divine Fiat, the Sun of the Eternal Word incarnated Himself in It. I had my Heaven, formed by the Fiat, all studded with most refulgent stars which glittered with joys, beatitudes, harmonies of divine beauty; and the Sun of the Eternal Word, blazing with inaccessible Light, came to take His place within this Heaven, hidden in His little Humanity. And since His little Humanity could not contain Him, the center of this Sun remained in It, but Its Light overflowed outside, and investing Heaven and earth, It reached every heart.

And with Its pounding of Light, It knocked at each creature, and with voices of penetrating Light, It said to them: “My children, open to Me; give Me a place in your hearts. I have descended from Heaven to earth in order to form My Life in each one of you. My Mother is the center in which I reside, and all my children will be the circumference, in which I want to form so many of My Lives for as many as are My children.” And the Light knocked and knocked again, without ever ceasing; and the little Humanity of Jesus moaned, cried, agonized, and within that Light which reached into the hearts, He made flow His tears, His moans and His pangs of Love and of sorrow.

Now, you must know that a New Life began for your Mama. I was aware of everything that my Son was doing. I saw Him devoured by seas of flames of Love; each one of His heartbeats, breaths and pains, were seas of Love that He unleashed, enveloping all creatures to make them His own by force of Love and of Sorrow.

In fact, you must know that as His little Humanity was conceived, He conceived all the pains He was to suffer, up to the last day of His Life. He enclosed all souls within Himself, because, as God, no one could escape Him. His immensity enclosed all creatures, His all-seeingness made them all present to Him. Therefore, my Jesus, my Son, felt the weight and the burden of all the sins of each creature. And I, your Mama, followed Him in everything, and felt within my Maternal Heart the new generation of the pains of my Jesus, and the new generation of all the souls whom, as Mother, together with Jesus I was to generate to Grace, to Light, to the new Life which my dear Son came to bring upon earth.

My child, you must know that from the moment I was conceived, I loved you as Mother, I felt you in my Heart, I burned with Love for you, but I did not understand why. The Divine Fiat made me do facts, but would keep the secret hidden from Me. But as He incarnated Himself, He revealed the secret to Me, and I comprehended the fecundity of my Maternity – that I was to be not only Mother of Jesus, but Mother of all; and this Maternity was to

be formed on the stake of Sorrow and of Love. My child, how much I have loved you, and I love you.

Now listen to Me, dear child – what extent one can reach, when the Divine Will takes operating life in the creature, and the human will lets It work without impeding Its step. This Fiat, which by nature possesses the Generative Virtue, generates all goods in the creature; It renders her fecund, giving her maternity over all, over all goods, and over the One who created her.



Maternity says and means True Love, heroic Love, Love that is content with dying to give life to the one it has generated. If this is not there, the word maternity is sterile, is empty, and is reduced to words, but does not exist with facts. Therefore, if you, my child, want the generation of all goods, let the Fiat take Operating Life in you, which will give you the Maternity, and you will love everyone with love of mother. And I, your Mama, will teach you

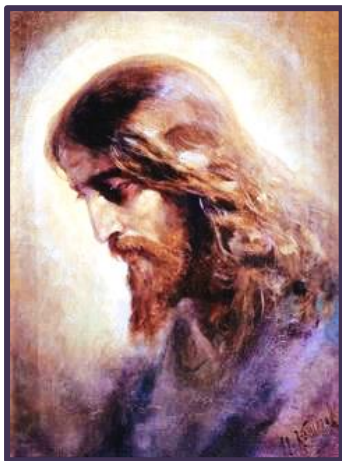
how to fecundate in you this Maternity, all holy and divine.”



Jesus, Prisoner of the Tabernacle

V 6: August 10, 1904

As I was in my usual state, I found myself wandering around churches, making a pilgrimage to Jesus in the Sacrament together with my guardian Angel. In one of the churches I said:



'Prisoner of Love, You are here abandoned and alone, and I have come to keep You company. And while keeping You company I intend to love You for those who offend You, praise You for those who despise You, thank You for those in whom You pour graces, but do not render You the tribute of thanksgiving; console You for those who afflict You, and repair for any offense against You. In a word, I intend to do for You all that creatures are obliged to do for You, for having remained in the Most Holy Sacrament. And I intend to repeat this for as many drops of water, for as many fish and grains of sand as are in the sea.'

While I was saying this, all the waters of the sea became present before my mind, and I said within myself: *'My sight cannot grasp the whole vastness of the sea, nor does it know the depth and the weight of those immense waters, but the Lord knows their number, weight and measure.'* And I stayed there, all marveling. At that moment blessed Jesus told me:

"Silly, silly that you are – why do you marvel so much? What is difficult and impossible for the creature, is easy and possible, and also natural, for the Creator. It happens in this as to someone who, looking at millions and millions of coins in the twinkling of an eye, says to himself: 'They are innumerable – who can count

them?’ But the one who put them in that place tells everything in one word: they are this many, they are worth this much, they weigh this much. My daughter, I know how many drops of water I Myself put in the sea, and no one can disperse even a single one of them. I numbered everything, I weighed everything, I evaluated everything; and so with all the other things. So, what is the wonder if I know everything?” On hearing this, every marvel ceased; or rather, I marveled at my silliness.

The Three Prisons of Jesus. The two Mamas.

V 25: December 22, 1929

My abandonment in the Divine Fiat continues, and my tender Jesus, making Himself seen as a tiny little Baby, either in my heart or in the Womb of the Celestial Mama, but so very tiny, with an enrapturing beauty, all love, with His Face wet with tears - and He cries because He wants to be loved - sighing, tells Me:

“Ah, ah! Why am I not loved? I want to renew in souls all the Love I had in incarnating Myself, but I find no one to whom to give it. In incarnating Myself I found My Queen Mama who gave Me the field to pour out My Love and to receive in Her Maternal Heart all the love that creatures rejected from Me. Ah! She was the depository of My rejected Love, the sweet company of My pains, Her ardent love that dried My tears. **The greatest works cannot be done on one’s own, but two or three at least are needed, as depositories and nourishment of the work itself.** Without nourishment works cannot have life - there is the danger that they might die at birth.

This is so true that, in Creation, there were the Three of Us, Divine Persons, in creating It; and then We made Man as the depository of Our Work. Not content, because works alone do not bring happiness, We gave him the company of the woman. In the Incarnation, the Three Divine Persons were concurring, and in My company - or rather, They were inseparable from Me, with the addition of **the Celestial Queen; and She Herself was the divine depository of all the goods of the Incarnation.**

See, then, how the company of the creature is necessary to Me in order to form My works - a creature who would place herself at My disposal in order to receive the great good I want to give her.

So, do you want to be My second Mama? Do you want to receive the great good of renewing My Incarnation, as the endowment of the Kingdom of My Divine Fiat? In this way I will have two Mamas - the first, who let Me form the Kingdom of Redemption; the second, who will let Me form the Kingdom of My Divine Will.” And placing His tiny little hands on my face, caressing me, told me: “My Mama! My Mama! Maternal love surpasses all loves; so, you will love Me with insuperable love of mother.” After this, He kept silent, wanting to be rocked in my arms; and then, He added:

“My daughter, now, you must know the excess of My Love - where it led Me. **In descending from Heaven to earth it led Me into a most narrow and dark prison which was the Womb of My Mama. But My Love was not content; within this very prison it formed for Me another jail, which was My Humanity, which jailed My Divinity.** The first prison lasted nine months for Me; the second prison of My Humanity lasted for Me as many as thirty-three years. But My Love did not stop; toward the end of the prison of My Humanity it formed for Me **the prison of the Eucharist, the smallest of prisons** - a little host in which it imprisoned Me, Humanity and Divinity; and I would have content Myself with being there as though dead, letting not one breath, not a movement, nor a heartbeat be heard - and not for a few years, but until the consummation of centuries.

So, I went from prison to prison - they are inseparable from Me; therefore I can be called the Divine Inmate, the Celestial Prisoner. **In the first two prisons**, in the intensity of My Love I matured the Kingdom of Redemption; **in the third prison** of the Eucharist I am maturing the Kingdom of My Divine Fiat. And this is why **I called you to the prison of your bed**, so that, together, both of us prisoners, in our solitude, bonding together, we may make the good of the Kingdom of My Will mature.

*If a Mama was necessary to Me for Redemption, so also do I need a Mama for the Kingdom of My Fiat, and **My demanding Love wanted this mother as imprisoned, so as to keep her at My disposal. Therefore, I will be your Prisoner,** not only in the little host, but also in your heart; and you will be **my dear prisoner,** all intent on listening to Me and on breaking the loneliness of My long imprisonment. And even though **we are prisoners,** we will be happy, because we will mature the Kingdom of the Divine Will to give It to creatures.”*

***Luisa, the prisoner in her bed beside
Jesus, Prisoner of the Tabernacle in the
House of the Divine Will in Corato, Italy,
formed by Saint Annibale di Francia***

V 25: October 7, 1928

‘My Jesus, Life of my poor heart, You who know in what bitternesses I find myself, come to my help! Overwhelm the little newborn of your Divine Volition into your flames, that You may give me, again, the strength to be able to begin another volume, and your Divine Fiat may eclipse my miserable will, that it may have life no more, and your Divine Will may take over, and It Itself may write, with the characters of Its light, that which You, my Love, want me to write. And so that I may make no mistake, act as my prompter; and only if You commit Yourself to accepting to be my word, thought and heartbeat, and to lead my hand with yours, can I make the sacrifice of returning to write what You want.

My Jesus, I am here, near the Tabernacle of Love. From that adored little door which I have the honor to gaze at, I feel your divine fibers, your Heart palpitating, emitting flames and rays of endless light at each heartbeat; and in those flames I hear your moans, your sighs, your incessant supplications and your repeated sobs, for You want to make your Will known, to give Its life to all; and I feel myself being consumed with You and

repeating what You do. Therefore I pray You, while You gaze at me from within the Tabernacle, and I gaze at You from within my bed, to strengthen my weakness, that I may make the sacrifice of continuing to write.'

Now, in order to be able to say what Jesus told me, I have to make a brief mention, that here in Corato a House has been founded, which was wanted and started by the venerable memory of father canonical Annibale Maria di Francia, and which his children, faithful to the will of their founder, have executed and given the name of House of the Divine Will, as the venerable father wanted. And he wanted me to enter this House; and on the first day of its opening, by their goodness, his sons and daughters, the reverend mothers, came to take me and brought me into a room which is such that, as the door of this room is opened, I can see the Tabernacle, I can listen to Holy Mass, I am just under the gazes of my Jesus in the Sacrament. Oh, how happy I feel, that from now on, if Jesus wants me to continue to write, I will write always keeping one eye on the Tabernacle and the other on the paper I write on. Therefore, I pray You, my Love, to assist me and to give me the strength to make the sacrifice that You Yourself want. So, as this House was about to be opened, one could see people, nuns, little girls - people coming and going, all in motion. I felt all impressed, and my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me:

“My daughter, this group of people whom you see all in motion for the opening of the House of my Divine Will is symbolic of that group of people when I wanted to be born in Bethlehem, and the shepherds were coming and going, to visit Me, a little Baby.

*This pointed out to all the certainty of My Birth. In the same way, this group of people, all in motion, points out **the rebirth of the Kingdom of My Divine Will.** Look at how all of Heaven echoes my birth, when the Angels, celebrating it, announced Me to the shepherds, and putting them in motion, made them keep coming to Me, and I recognized in them the first fruits of the Kingdom of my Redemption. So now, in this group of people, of little girls and nuns, I recognize the beginning of the Kingdom of my Divine Will.*

Oh! How my Heart exults and rejoices, and all of Heaven makes feast. Just as the Angels celebrated my birth, so do they celebrate the beginning of the rebirth of My Fiat in the midst of creatures. But, look at how my birth was more neglected, more poor - I had not even one priest near Me, but only poor shepherds. On the other hand, at the beginning of My Volition, there is not only a group of nuns and little girls from out of town, and a people rushing up to celebrate the opening, but there is an archbishop and priests representing My Church.

This is symbol and announcement to all, that the Kingdom of My Divine Volition will be formed with more magnificence, with greater pomp and splendor than the very Kingdom of My Redemption; and everyone, kings and princes, bishops and priests and peoples, will know the Kingdom of my Fiat and will possess It. Therefore, you too, celebrate this day in which My sighs and sacrifices, and yours, to make My Divine Will known see the first dawn and hope for the Sun of My Divine Fiat to soon rise.”

Then, the evening came of this day consecrated to the Queen of the Rosary, Queen of victories and of triumphs. And this is another beautiful sign that, just as, the Sovereign Lady conquered Her Creator, and bejeweling Him with Her chains of love, She drew Him from Heaven to earth, to make Him form the Kingdom of Redemption, so will the sweet and powerful beads of Her Rosary make Her victorious and triumphant again before the Divinity, conquering the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat, to make It come into the midst of creatures.

I had not at all thought that, on that very evening, I would move to the House of Divine Will, near **my Prisoner Jesus**; only, I prayed Him not to let me know when this would be, so as not to profane such an act with my human will, so that I might put nothing of my own, but do the Divine Will in everything. It was eight o'clock in the evening when, out of the ordinary, the confessor came, who, prayed by the reverend mothers superior, imposed out of obedience that I should surrender and make the

superior content. I resisted quite a bit, because I thought that if the Lord wanted so, it would be in the month of April, a warmer season, and so we would think about it then. But the confessor insisted so much that I had to surrender. So, around nine thirty in the evening, **I was brought to this House, near my Prisoner Jesus.** And this is the little story of why I find myself in the House of the Divine Will.

Now I resume my speaking. At night, I remained alone with my Jesus in the Sacrament; my eyes were fixed on the little door of the Tabernacle. It seemed to me that the lamp, with its continuous flickering, was about to go out, but then it would revive again; and my heart gave a jump, fearing that Jesus might remain in the dark. And my always lovable Jesus, moving in my interior, clasped me in His arms and told me:

*“My daughter, do not fear, for the lamp will not go out; and if it did go out, I have you, living lamp - a lamp which, with your flickering, more than with the flickering of the Eucharistic lamp, tells Me: ‘I love You, I love You, I love You ...’ Oh! How beautiful is the flickering of your ‘I love You’; your flickering says love to Me, and uniting with My Will, from two wills we form one alone. Oh! How beautiful is your lamp and the flickering of your ‘I love You’. It cannot be compared to the lamp that burns before my Tabernacle of Love. More so since, My Divine Will being in you, you form the flickering of your ‘I love You’ in the center of the Sun of My Fiat, and I see and hear, not a lamp, but a sun burning before Me. **My prisoner be welcomed. You have come to keep company with your Prisoner; we are both in prison - you, in bed, and I, in the Tabernacle.***

It is right that we be close to each other; more so, since one is the purpose that keeps us in prison – the Divine Will, Love, and Souls. How pleasing will the company of my prisoner be to Me; we will feel it together, to prepare the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat. But, know, my daughter, that my Love has anticipated you; I was first in putting Myself, prisoner in this cell, to wait for my prisoner and your sweet company.

See, then, how my love was first in running toward you; how I have loved you, and I love you, for in so many centuries of imprisonment in this Tabernacle I never had a prisoner who would keep Me company, who would remain so very close to Me; I have always been alone, or, at the most, in the company of souls who were not prisoners, in whom I did not see my same chains.

Now, finally, the time has come for Me to have a prisoner to keep her constantly near Me, under My sacramental gazes - one whom the chains of My Divine Will alone keep imprisoned. A sweeter and more pleasing company could not come to Me.



And so, while we are together in prison we will occupy ourselves with the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat, and will work together, and will sacrifice ourselves together, to make It known to creatures."



“The Number Forty has always been significant and preparatory to all great works.”



- ❖ ***Virtue and strength of a prolonged sacrifice.***
- ❖ ***Gathering of the materials, to order them.***
- ❖ ***Happiness of Jesus in blessing His little prisoner daughter.***
- ❖ ***Kisses in the Divine Will.***
- ❖ ***Priests to prepare the writings for printing.***
- ❖ ***Surprising graces that Jesus will give to priests.***

V 25: October 10, 1928

My life is carried out before my Jesus in the Sacrament, and - oh! how many thoughts crowd my mind. I was thinking to myself: *‘After forty years, and months, that I had not seen the Tabernacle, that I had not been given to be before His adorable sacramental presence - forty years, not only of prison, but of exile - finally, and after so long an exile, I have come back as though to my fatherland, though a prisoner, but no longer exiled, near my Jesus in the Sacrament; and not once a day, as I used to do before Jesus made me a prisoner, but always - always. My poor heart, if I have it at all in my chest, feels consumed at so much Love of Jesus.’* But while I was thinking of this and other things, my Highest Good, Jesus, moving in my interior, told me:

“My daughter, do you think that My keeping you imprisoned for forty years and more has been by chance, without a great design of Mine? No, no! The number forty has always been significant and preparatory to great works.

- ✧ ***For forty years the Jews walked in the desert without being able to reach the promised land, their fatherland; but after **forty years of sacrifices** they had the good of taking possession of it. But, how many miracles, how many graces, to the point of **nourishing them with the Celestial Manna during that time. A prolonged sacrifice has the virtue and strength to obtain great things from God.*****
- ✧ ***I Myself, during My Life down here, wanted to remain in the desert for forty days, away from all, even from My Mama,** to then go out in public to announce the Gospel which was to form the life of my Church that is, the Kingdom of Redemption.*
- ✧ ***For forty days I wanted to remain as risen,** to confirm my Resurrection and to place the seal upon all the goods of Redemption.*
- ✧ ***So I wanted for you, my daughter: in order to manifest the Kingdom of My Divine Will, I wanted forty years of sacrifices.***

But, how many graces have I not given you! How many manifestations! I can say that in this great length of time I placed in you all the capital of the Kingdom of My Will, and everything that is necessary in order to make creatures comprehend it. So, your long imprisonment has been the continual weapon, always in the act of fighting with your very Creator, to have you manifest My Kingdom.

Now, you must know that everything I have manifested to your soul, the graces I have given you, the many Truths you have written on My Divine Will, your pains, and everything you have done, has been nothing but a gathering of the materials in order to build; and now it is necessary to order them and to get everything settled. And just as I did not leave you alone in gathering the necessary things which must serve My Kingdom, but I have been always with you, so will I not leave you alone in putting them in order and in showing the great building which I

have been preparing together with you for many years. Therefore, our sacrifice and work is not finished. We must go forward until the work is accomplished.”

Then, as I am near my Jesus in the Sacrament, every morning there is benediction with the Most Holy One, and while I was praying my sweet Jesus to bless me, moving in my interior, He told me:

“My daughter, I bless you with my whole Heart; even more, I bless my very Will in you, I bless your thoughts, breaths and heartbeats, that you may think always about my Will, may breathe It continuously, and my Will alone may be your heartbeat.

*And for love of you I bless all human wills, that they may dispose themselves to receive the Life of my Eternal Volition. Dearest daughter of mine, if you knew how sweet it is, how happy I feel in blessing the little daughter of my Will My Heart rejoices in blessing she who possesses the Origin, the Life of Our Fiat, which will bring about the beginning, the Origin of the Kingdom of My Divine Will. And while I bless you, I pour in you the beneficial dew of the Light of My Divine Volition which, making you all shining, will make you appear more beautiful to my sacramental gazes; and **I will feel happier in this cell, gazing at my little prisoner daughter, invested and bound by the sweet chains of my Will.** And every time I bless you, I will make the Life of my Divine Volition grow in you. How beautiful is the company of one who does My Divine Will. My Will brings into the depth of the soul the echo of everything I do in this Holy Host, and I do not feel alone in My Acts - I feel that she is praying together with Me; and as our supplications, our sighs, unite together, we ask for one same thing - that the Divine Will be known and that Its Kingdom come soon.”*

So, as my life is carried out near my Prisoner Jesus, every time the door of the chapel is opened, which happens often, I send three kisses, or five, to my Jesus in the Sacrament, or a short little visit, and He, moving in my interior, tells me:



“My daughter, how pleasing to Me are your kisses. I feel I am being kissed by you with the kisses of My very Volition;

I feel My very divine kisses being impressed on My lips, on My face, in My hands and Heart. Everything is divine in the soul in whom My Divine Will reigns; and I feel, in your acts, My Love that refreshes Me, the freshness, the gentleness of My very Divine Will that embraces Me, kisses Me and loves Me. Oh! How pleasing to Me is My Divine Will operating in the creature. I feel that, bi-locating Me in her, It gives Me back and

unfolds before Me all the Beauty and Sanctity of My very Acts. This is why I so much yearn that My Will be known - to be able to find in creatures all of My Acts, divine and worthy of Me.”

Now I move on to say that my sweet Jesus seemed to be waiting for me here, in this House, near His Tabernacle of love, to give start to priests coming to a decision to prepare the writings for publication. And while they were consulting with one another on how to do it, they were reading the nine excesses of Jesus, which He had in the Incarnation, which are narrated in the first little volume of my writings. Now, while they were reading, Jesus, in my interior, pricked up His ears to listen, and it seemed to me that Jesus in the Tabernacle would do the same. At each word He would hear, His Heart beat more strongly; and at each excess of His Love, He gave a start, even stronger, as if the strength of His Love would make Him repeat all those excesses which He had in the Incarnation. And as though unable to contain His flames, He told me:

“My daughter, everything I have told you, both about My Incarnation and about My Divine Will, and on other things, has been nothing but outpourings of My contained Love. But after pouring itself out with you, My Love continued to remain repressed, because it wanted to raise its flames higher in order to invest all hearts and make known what I have done and want to do for creatures; but since everything I have told you lies in hiddenness, I feel a nightmare over My Heart, which compresses Me and prevents My flames from rising and making their way.

This is why, as I heard them read and take the decision to occupy themselves with the publication, I felt the nightmare being removed from Me, and the weight that compresses the flames of My Heart being lifted. *And so It beat more strongly, and It throbbed, and It made you hear the repetition of all those excesses of Love; more so, since what I do once, I repeat always. My constrained love is a pain for Me, of the greatest, which renders Me taciturn and sad, because, since my first flames have no life, I cannot release the others, which devour Me and consume Me.*

And therefore, to those priests who want to occupy themselves with removing this nightmare from Me by making known my many secrets, by publishing them, I will give so much surprising grace, strength in order to do it, and light in order to know, themselves first, what they will make known to others. I will be in their midst, and will guide everything.”

Now, it seems to me that every time the Reverend priests occupy themselves with reviewing the writings in order to prepare them, my sweet Jesus comes to attention, to see what they do and how they do it. I do nothing but admire the goodness, the Love of my beloved Jesus who, while coming to attention in my Heart, echoes in the Tabernacle, and from within it, inside that cell, does what He does inside my heart. I remain all confused in seeing this, and I thank Him with all my heart.

Each Truth of the Fiat enchants the human will and forms a fierce Army to triumph over the human will. Analogy between the Conception of Jesus and the Eucharist, and between the Prisoner Jesus and the prisoner Luisa.

V 25: October 17, 1928

My poor mind wandered in the Divine Volition; I felt all the Truths spoken to me by my Highest Good, Jesus, like many suns that invested my little human will, such that, enraptured by so much variety of Light, it no longer felt like acting. And my Highest Good, Jesus, moving in my interior, told me:

“My daughter, each Truth I have manifested on My Divine Will is not only a Divine Life that I have issued from Myself, but it possesses a sweet enchantment, to enchant the human will which, enchanted by Mine, will feel itself under the enchantment of an inactivity and will give free field of action to My Divine Will. So, each Truth on My Divine Will will be a fierce Army against the human will. But do you know what it will be fierce with? With light, with strength, with love, with beauty, with sanctity, to wage war on the human will by means of all these weapons. The human will, before all these weapons, will undergo a sweet enchantment and will let itself be conquered by the Divine Fiat.

Therefore, each additional knowledge on It is a greater enchantment that the human will will undergo. *It can be said that all the Truths I have told you about My Divine Will are as many paths in order for It to make Its way into the human will, which will first prepare, and then form My Kingdom in the midst of creatures.*

Now, just as each Truth possesses an enchantment, so each act done by the creature in My Will is an encounter that she has with My Volition, to receive all the strength of this divine enchantment. So, the more acts of My Will she does, the more human ground

she loses, acquiring the divine. And if she plunges all of herself into It, the only thing left to her will be to remember that she has a will, but that she keeps it at rest and enchanted by the Divine Will.”

After this, I continued my acts in the Divine Fiat, and following Its Acts, I was accompanying the Conception of Jesus in the Maternal Womb. And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me:

“My daughter, how much analogy exists between the Conception I did in the Maternal Womb and what I do in each consecrated host. *See, from Heaven I descended to conceive (Myself) in the Womb of My Celestial Mama; from Heaven I descend to be consecrated, hidden, within the veils of the species of bread. I remained in the maternal womb in the dark and immobile.; I remain in each host in the dark, immobile, and made even smaller. Look at Me, I am here, hidden in this tabernacle; I pray, I cry and I make not even My Breath heard; within the sacramental veils, My very Divine Will keeps Me as though dead, annihilated, restricted, compressed, while I am alive and give life to all. Oh, abyss of My Love, how immeasurable you are. In the Maternal Womb I was loaded down with the weight of all souls and of all sins; here, in each host, small as it is, I feel the enormous weight of the burden of the sins of each creature. And while I feel crushed under the enormity of so many sins, I do not tire, because True Love never tires, and wants to win with the greatest sacrifices; it wants to expose its life for the beloved. This is why I continue My Life, from the moment I was Conceived up to My death, in each sacramental host.*

Now I want to tell you of the pleasure I feel in having you near My Tabernacle, under My sacramental gazes, and the analogy that exists between Me and you. *See, I am here, hidden under the Empire of My Divine Will. Ah! It is My Will Itself, Its power, that contains the prodigy of hiding Me in each host with the Consecration. You are in your bed, only by the Empire of My Fiat. Ah! It is not corporal maladies that keep you hampered - no,*

but it is My Will alone that wants it so; and making a veil of you, It hides Me and forms for Me a Living Host, a Living Tabernacle.

Here, in this Tabernacle, I pray continuously; but do you know what My first prayer is? That My Will be known, that Its rule which keeps Me hidden may rule over all creatures, and may reign and dominate in them. *In fact, only when My Will is known and forms in them Its Kingdom - then will My sacramental life have its complete fruit, the fulfillment of the so many sacrifices, the restoration of My Life in creatures. And I am here hidden, making many sacrifices to wait for the triumph - the Kingdom of My Divine Will.*



You too pray, and as you echo my prayer, I hear your continuous speaking by putting all my acts and all created things in motion; and you ask Me, in the name of everyone and everything, that my Will be known and form in them Its Kingdom.

Your echo and mine are one, and we ask for one same thing - that everything may return into the Eternal Fiat, that Its just rights be given back to It. See, then, how much analogy there is between you and Me; but the most beautiful one is that what I want you want - we are both sacrificed for a cause so holy. Therefore, your company is sweet to Me, and in the midst of so many pains that I suffer, it renders Me happy.”

“I have used fetters and chains in order to make you prisoner only for Me.”



***The Virgin announcer, messenger, conductor of
the Kingdom of the Divine Will.***

***One who lives in the Divine Will forms the
Speaking Creation.***

V 30: March 13, 1932

My abandonment in the Fiat continues, but I feel my extreme poverty, my nothingness, the continuous sorrow of the privation of my sweet Jesus as alive. If it might not be for His Divine Volition that sustains me and that very often brings me together with Heaven in a way that infuses new life in me, I would not have been able to pull ahead without He who very often steals away, hides himself, and I remain on the Fire of Love to wait for Him, because it consumes me slowly, then [Jesus] repeats His brief little visit, when I arrive at the extremes. Whence I thought to myself: *“Jesus has impeded and tied me up with chains so that there is no peril that they can be broken, I am really the poor imprisoned one. Oh, how I would like my Celestial Mama in my company, so that under her guidance I might be able to live as is necessary in the Divine Will!”* But while I thought this, my sweet Jesus repeated His brief little visit and all tenderness said to me:

“My dear prisoner! How content I am that I have impeded and tied you up, because My fetters and My chains speak only of My Love, and in order to hold you at My disposition, I have used fetters and chains in order to make you prisoner only for Me.

But do you know? Love wants (its) pair. If I have made you imprisoned, first I made myself imprisoned for you in your own heart, and not wanting to be alone, I made you imprisoned, in a way as to be able to say: ‘We are two prisoners - the one doesn’t know how to be without the other.’ Thus we can prepare the Kingdom of My Divine Will.

Works done alone are not pleasant, but company makes them enjoyable, pushes one to work, sweetens the sacrifice and forms the most beautiful works. And in seeing you call our Celestial Mama as your guide, your Prisoner Jesus has exulted with joy in having her sweet company in our work. You should know that She was the true and celestial Prisoner of My Divine Will, hence she knows all the secrets, the ways, she possesses the keys of His Kingdom. Indeed [in] every act that the Prisoner Queen did, she prepared in her act the post in order to receive the acts of the creature done in the Divine Will.

And oh, how the Celestial Sovereign Lady remains in expectation and at attention in order to see if the creature works in My Fiat, in order to take with her maternal hands these acts and enclose in them her acts as pledges, as antidotes that she wants the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon the earth!

So that this Kingdom was already formed by Me and by the Celestial Lady - it already exists, only that it should be given to creatures. In order to give It, it is necessary to know It. And since she is the holiest creature, the greatest and doesn't know another kingdom than the Kingdom of My Divine Will alone, she occupies the first post in Him.

By right the Celestial Queen will be the Announcer, the Messenger, the Conductor of a Kingdom so Holy. Therefore pray to her, invoke her, and She will do for you as guide, as teacher, and with love all maternal she will receive all your acts and enclose them in hers and say to you:

'The acts of my daughter are like the acts of her Mama, hence they can remain with Mine in order to double the right to creatures to give the Kingdom of the Divine Will.'



Since this (is) Her Kingdom, God must give it and the creature must receive it, there is needed the acts on both parts in order to obtain the intent. Hence She who holds more ascendancy, more power, more empire over the Divine Heart is the Sovereign Lady of Heaven. Her acts will remain at (the)

head, with the succession of the other acts of creatures changed into divine in virtue of My Will, in order to give them the right in order to receive this Kingdom, and God in seeing these acts will feel moved to give It, for that Love that He had in the Creation, that He created everything in order to have His Will done as in Heaven so in earth, and that every creature might be a Kingdom of His Will who might have His total dominion. Therefore, always ahead in the work and living in the Supreme Fiat!” After this my mind was lost in the Divine Volition, and my sweet Jesus added:

“My daughter, the soul that enters in my Will is converted into light, and all her acts, without losing anything of their diversity, of their nature and of that which they are in themselves, they are vivified and animated by the light. So that every act, although distinct between themselves, have for life the Light of My Fiat; and He is delighted, now to form with His Life of Light, the thought, the word, the work, the step and so on. And the soul, as first sky animated by the Fiat, forms with her acts the sun, the stars, the sea that always murmurs, the wind that groans, that speaks, that howls, that whistles, that caress and that forms her refreshments, she gives Divine Light to her Creator, to herself, and it descends even in the depths of creatures, and since the Light is fecund and holds the virtue that by itself spreads out everywhere, it forms the most beautiful flowerings, but all invested with the Light.

And behold that My Divine Will repeats His dear Creation in the soul that lives in His Light, indeed more beautiful still, because if the Creation is mute, and if it speaks eloquently it is always in its mute language.

Instead the Creation that He forms in the soul is all speaking.
The sun of her works speak, the sea of her thoughts, the wind of her words, the stamping of her footsteps, that as she walks she leaves the virtues of her flowers, and all that she does speaks as bright stars, that with their twinkling pray, love, praise, bless, repair and thank continually, without ever ceasing, that Supreme Fiat that is pleased to form in them the beautiful Speaking Creation with so much Love, all animated with His Divine Light. Hence it is no wonder if your Jesus forms His continuous abode in the midst of this Speaking Creation (that) My Divine Will forms for Me.

It would be more wonder if I were not there, because the Master, the King would be lacking whom with so much Love has formed it. To what benefit to form it, if I should not reside there within and enjoy My pleasant Speaking Creation? More so that in this Speaking Creation there is always work to do, always to add on.

Every act of hers is one voice more that it acquires and that with all eloquence speaks to Me of mine and of her love and I must listen to her; not only, but I want to enjoy her tastes that she gives me. I like them so much that I long for them and hence I cannot put them aside. Then there is always to give and always to take.

Therefore I cannot leave her even one instant without Me, at the most now I speak and I now am silent; now I make myself felt and now I am hidden; but leave one who lives in My Divine Will I cannot.

Therefore be secure that even to such (that) you don't go out from Him, your Jesus doesn't leave you; I will always be with you and you will always be with me."



The more the soul has done the Divine Will on earth, the more paths she has formed for herself in order to receive suffrages in Purgatory.

The more the soul possesses of the Divine Will, the more value are her prayers, works and pains

V 20: November 3, 1926

I continue to live all abandoned in the adorable Will; and while I was praying, I thought to myself: ***‘How I would like to descend into the prisons of the purging souls to release them all, and in the light of the Eternal Will, bring them all to the Celestial Fatherland.’*** At that moment, my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me:

“My daughter, the more the souls who have passed to the next life have been submitted to My Will, and the more acts they have done in It, the more paths they have formed for themselves in order to receive suffrages from the earth. So, the more they have done my Will, forming for themselves the ways of communication of the goods which are present in the Church and which belong to Me, there is no path formed by them which does not bring, to some a relief, to some a prayer, to some a diminution of pains.

The suffrages walk within these royal paths of My Will, to bring to each one the merit, the fruit and the capital which one has formed for oneself in My Will. Therefore, without It, there are no paths and no means in order to receive suffrages. Even though the suffrages and everything that the Church does always descend into Purgatory, they go, however, to those who have formed paths for themselves. For the others, who have not done My Will, the paths are closed or do not exist at all; and if these were saved, it is because at least at the point of death they have recognized the Supreme Dominion of My Will, they have adored It, and have submitted themselves to It – and this last act has rescued them; otherwise, they could not even be saved. For one who has always done My Will, there are no paths to Purgatory - his path goes

straight to Heaven. And one who has recognized My Will and has submitted to It, not in everything and always, but in great part, has formed for himself so many paths and receives so much, that Purgatory sends him quickly to Heaven.

Now, just as the purging souls had to form their paths to be able to receive suffrages, in the same way, the living, in order to send suffrages, must do My Will in order to form their paths, so as to make their suffrages ascend into Purgatory. If they make suffrages, but they are far away from My Will, since the communication with My Will is missing, which alone unites and binds everyone, their suffrages will not find the way in order to ascend, the feet to be able to walk, the strength in order to give relief. They will be suffrages without life, because the True Life of My Will is missing, which alone has the virtue of giving life to all goods.



The more the soul possesses of My Will, the more value her prayers, her works, her pains, contain; and so she can bring more relief to those blessed souls. I measure and give value to everything that the soul can do, according to how much of My Will she possesses. If My Will runs in all of her acts, the measure I take is immense; even more, I never stop measuring, and I put so much value into it, that its weight

cannot be calculated. On the other hand, if one does not care much about My Will, the measure is scarce and the value of little importance.

And if one does not care at all, as much as the soul may do, I have nothing to measure, nor any value to give. Therefore, if they have no value, how can they bring relief to those souls who, in Purgatory, recognize nothing, nor can they receive anything, but what My Eternal Fiat produces.

But do you know who can bring all reliefs, the Light that purifies, the Love that transforms? One who possesses the Life of My Will in everything and in whom It dominates triumphantly. This soul has not even need of paths, because by possessing My Will, she has the right to all paths. She can go to all points, because she possesses within herself the royal path of My Will in order to go into that deep prison, to bring them all reliefs and liberations.

More so since, in creating Man, We gave him Our Will as his special inheritance, and We recognize everything he has done within the boundaries of Our inheritance, with which We endowed him.

Anything else is not recognized by Us – it is not Our thing, nor can We allow anything to enter Heaven which has not been done by creatures either in Our Will, or at least in order to do It.

Since Creation came out of the Eternal Fiat, Our Will, jealous, allows no act to enter the Celestial Fatherland which has not passed through Its Fiat Itself.

Oh! If all knew what Will of God means, and how all works, even those which appear to be good, but are empty of It, are works empty of light, empty of value, empty of life; and works without light, without value and without life do not enter into Heaven - oh, how attentive they would be to do My Will in everything and forever.”

- ❖ *The Divine Will eclipses the Humanity of Jesus within the soul.*
- ❖ *The human will puts distance between God and the soul.*
- ❖ *We are Rays of light which came out from God.*
- ❖ *The imprisonment of Jesus is symbol of the prison of the human will.*

V 20: December 3, 1926

Continuing in my usual abandonment in my adorable Supreme Fiat, I anxiously longed for my highest Good, Jesus. In that endless light of the Eternal Volition, whose boundaries cannot be seen - either where they begin, or where they end - I was all eyes to see if I could catch sight of the One whom I so much longed for. And Jesus, to calm my restlessness, came out from within my interior, and, on seeing Him, I said to him: *'My Love, how You make me struggle and sigh for your return – You are really waiting for the moment when I can take no more. How clearly it shows that You no longer love me as before. Yet, You told me that You would love me more and more, and that You would never be without me; and now You leave me, maybe even for one entire day - prey to pain and under the press of your privation, abandoned and all alone.'* And Jesus, interrupting my speaking, said to me:

"My daughter, courage, do not lose heart – I do not leave you. And this is so true, that it is always from within your interior that I come out to spend time with you; and if you do not always see Me, I do this to give you the field in order to follow that single act of My Will, which contains all acts together. Do you not see that the Light of My Supreme Volition flows from within your heart, from your mouth, from your eyes, from your hands, from your feet - from all your being? And as It eclipses Me within you, you do not always see Me, because, being endless – which my very

Humanity is not – It has the strength to eclipse Me, and I enjoy this eclipse of My Supreme Volition, and from within you, I see your flight, your acts in the Divine Fiat. If I made Myself seen always, in order to spend time with Me and to enjoy my sweet and lovable presence, you would occupy yourself with My Humanity; you would pour out your love with Me, and I with you, and you would not have the heart to leave Me in order to follow the flight of My Will in the Creation and in the very acts which My Humanity did in Redemption. Therefore, in order to make you fulfill the mission entrusted to you, to render you more free, I remain within you, as though hidden, to follow your very acts in the Eternal Fiat.

Do you not remember that this was said to My very Apostles – that it was necessary for them to detach themselves from My Humanity, which they loved very much, and could not be without It? This is so true that, as long as I lived on earth, they did not depart from Me in order to go throughout the whole world to preach the Gospel and make My coming upon earth known.

But after my departure for Heaven, invested by the Divine Spirit, they received this strength to leave their region in order to make known the goods of Redemption, and to lay down even their lives for love of Me. So, My Humanity would have been a hindrance to the mission of My Apostles. I am not saying that happens to you, because between you and Me there isn't this hindrance. In fact, a hindrance occurs when two beings are separable; but when two beings have identified themselves with each other so much that one lives within the other, the hindrance ends, because wherever one goes, the other is as well. So, since they are together, no efforts are needed in order to go wherever one wants, because the beloved is within her, to follow her everywhere.

I am only saying that often the eclipse occurs, because of the strong Light of My Will which, dominating you and My very Humanity in you, eclipses us and makes us follow Its acts. This does not mean that I no longer love you as before, and that I can be without you – not at all. On the contrary, My Will gives you the

eternal and complete love of your Jesus and placing Itself around Me like a wall with Its Light, It does not allow that even for one instant I may move away from you.

Do you know what puts distance between God and the soul? The human will! *Each act of it is one step of distance between the Creator and the creature. The more the human will operates, the more Man moves away from the One who created him; he loses sight of Him; he decays from his origin; he breaks every bond with the Celestial Family. Suppose that a sun's ray could detach itself from the center of its sphere: as it moves away from the sun, it feels itself dispersing light; and if it moves so far away as to completely lose sight of the sun, this ray disperses all of its light and turns into darkness. This ray, converted into darkness, feels a motion, a life within itself, but it is no longer capable of giving light, because it possesses none; therefore its motion, its life, is only capable of spreading thick darkness.*

Such are the creatures – rays of light which came out from the sphere of the Sun of the Divinity: as they move away from My Will, they empty themselves of Light, because it was given to My Will to preserve the Light in these rays; and so they turn into darkness. Oh, if all knew what it means not to do My Will – oh! how attentive they would be not to let the poison of the human will, destroyer of every good, enter into them.”

After this, I was following my passionate Jesus in His sorrowful prison. Bound to a column, in the barbarous way in which they had bound Him, He could not stand firm, leaning against the column - but dangled, with His legs bent and bound to it; and so He oscillated now to the right, now to the left. And I, clinging to His knees to make Him stand firm, reordered His hair, all disheveled, which even covered His adorable Face - on which not even the spittle with which they had so dirtied Him, was missing. Oh, how I would have wanted to untie Him, to free Him from that position, so painful and humiliating. **And my Prisoner Jesus, all afflicted, said to me:**

“My daughter, do you know why I allowed Myself to be put in prison during the course of My Passion? To free Man from the prison of the human will. Look at how horrible is My prison. It was a narrow place, which served to contain the rubbish and the excrements of creatures; so, the stench was unbearable, the darkness was thick - they left Me not even a little lamp. My position was excruciating – dirtied with spit, my hair disheveled, suffering in all of my members, bound not even erect, but bent. I could help Myself in no way, not even to remove the hair from my eyes, which bothered Me.

This prison of mine is the true image of the prison formed by the human will of creatures. The stench that emanates from it is horrible; the darkness is thick; many times, not even the little lamp of reason is left to them. They are always restless, deranged, dirtied with most wretched passions.

Oh, how much should this prison of the human will be wept over. How vividly I felt, in this prison, the evil it had done to creatures. My sorrow was so great that I shed bitter tears, and I prayed My Celestial Father to free the creatures from this prison, so ignominious and painful. You too, pray together with Me, that creatures may release themselves from their will.”

The Acts done in the Divine Will form the new Citadel of the Soul, so she can live in the Celestial City of God built by the Divine Engineer and Insuperable Craftsman. The human will in its prison blocks the ways to this City.

V 33: March 4, 1934

My poor intelligence always turns in the Divine Fiat in order to meet me with His Acts, uniting myself with Them, to court them, love them, and to be able to say to Him: *I have the love of your*

acts in my power, therefore I love You, as You love me, and that which You do I do. Oh! How beautiful to be able to say, I have disappeared in the Divine Will and therefore his strength, his love, his sanctity, his work is mine - we make one step alone, we have one motion alone and one Love alone, and the Divine Will all in feast, it seems that He says, *How content I am, I am not alone anymore, I feel in myself one heartbeat, one motion, one will that races in me, and fused together, she never leaves me alone, and does that which I do.* Whence while my mind was lost in the Divine Volition I thought to myself: but what do these acts of mine do in the Divine Will, while I don't do anything, He does everything and since I am together, inside of Him, He tells me I do what He does, and says it with reason, because being in Him, and to not do what He does is impossible, because His power is so much, that He invests my nothing and does what the All does, nor can He do, nor does He know how to do otherwise. Hence my sweet Jesus surprising me with his brief little visit said to me:

“My little daughter of My Will, how beautiful it is, the creature cannot receive greater honor than to become admitted inside of Him, the instances, the littlest acts done in Him, they embrace centuries, and since they are Divine they are invested with such power, that whatever one wants to do with them, one can do everything, and obtain everything. The Divine Being remains tied in these acts, because they are His Acts, and He must give them the value that they merit. Beyond this you should know that the acts done in My Will, form the ways that must serve souls, in order to let them enter into Him, and they are so very necessary that if first heroic souls don't go forth who live in Him, in order to form the principal ways of His Kingdom, the generations not finding the ways, won't know how to do it, in order to enter into My Will.

*My daughter, in order to form a city first the ways are formed that form the order that must hold a city, and then the foundations are cast in order to construct it; if the ways are not formed, the exits, the communications, that it must hold, (there) passes (the) danger that instead of a city, the citizens could form a **prison**, because*

not being equipped with ways they don't know from where to go out. You see how very necessary are the ways.

Now the city without way(s) is the human will that in its prison has closed all the ways in order to enter into the Celestial City of My Divine Will. Now the soul that enters in Him, breaks the prison, knocks down the unhappy city without ways, without exits and united with the power of My Volition, the Divine Engineer forms the plan of the city, orders the ways, the communications, and doing as (an) Insuperable Craftsman, He forms the new citadel of the soul, with such mastery, as to form the ways of communication in order to make the other souls enter and to form so many citadels, in order to be able to form a Kingdom, the first one will be the model of the others.

You see, therefore what the acts done in My Will will serve (to do), they are so very necessary that without them, I would lack the way in order to make Him reign. Therefore I want you always in My Will, do not go out ever, if you want to make your Jesus content.”

Jesus is imprisoned by one who refuses to live off the Divine Will and says, “She forms the Purgatory to My Love ... I feel My Breath suffocated, My Life impeded, without the good of being able to communicate Myself to the creature.”

V 33: October 7, 1935

My poor mind, feels the need to flow in the Divine Volition as its center, in which flinging itself it feels the breath, the heartbeat, the love, the Divine life as its own. Who can say who can live without breath, without heartbeat - no one; thus the poor soul would form the most excruciating Purgatory without the Fiat and my human will would cast me in the abyss of all evils.

But while I thought this my beloved Jesus surprising me all tenderness said to me: *“Blessed daughter of My Volition, how happy I feel that you have understood that you cannot live without My Fiat, for the one who doesn’t live in Him, it not only forms her living Purgatory, but impedes all My prepared goods for her, she closes them for Me in My Heart and makes Me racked with spasms of pain, she forms the Purgatory to My Love, suppresses My flames without the relief of being able to communicate My Breath, My Life, hence I feel My Breath suffocated, My Life impeded, without the good of being able to communicate myself to the creature.*

Now you should know that there is nothing done by Me in which there is not My primary purpose of making her live off My Will. The Creation truly serves to this, to make the creature live off My Will and not living she suffocates this Life of Mine in created things and My coming upon the earth was the Life of Him that I came to give her. Rather you should know that no sooner than the soul decides to want to live in My Volition, My Most Holy Humanity takes post in her, My Blood as copious rain rains on her, My sufferings as impregnable wall surround her, strengthen her, embellish her in an admirable way as to enrapture this Divine Will of mine to live in her, My death itself forms the continuous resurrection of the soul to live in Him; so that the creature feels continually regenerated in My Blood, in My Sufferings, in My Love, even in My Breath, in which she finds sufficient Grace in order to live off My Divine Will, because I put all at her disposition, as My Most Holy Humanity held My Divine Volition at its disposition, thus I put Him inside and outside of the creature, in order to give Life to My Will in her.

Now, even to such that she doesn’t decide to live in Him, My Blood doesn’t rain, because it doesn’t have (the one to) whom to regenerate into Divine. My sufferings don’t form the wall of defense, because the human volition forms the continuous collapse to My works and renders My death as impotent, so that all might re- arise in My Volition.

Now, if the soul doesn't live in Him, My Life, My Sufferings, My Blood, remain at the door of the human volition, waiting with unconquered patience in order to enter, to assail her from all sides, in order to give her grace to live off My Volition, and everything not entering it remains as suffocated in Me - My Blood, My Sufferings, My Life, and oh, how I suffer in seeing that she does not give Me liberty to give her the good that I want.

My Love tortures Me, My Sufferings, My Wounds, My Blood, My Works, as so many compassionate voices say continually to Me: this creature impedes Us, renders Us useless and as without life for her, because she doesn't want to live off Divine Will. My daughter, how sorrowful it is to want to do good, to be able to do it and not do it."

After this I continued my abandonment in the Divine Volition, which had transported me outside of myself, and oh, how horrifying it was to look at the earth, I would have liked to withdraw into myself in order to not see anything, but my sweet Jesus, as if he wanted that I might see scenes so excruciating, stopped me and said to me:

"My daughter, how sorrowful it is to see so much human perfidy, one nation that deceives the other, and they drag by circumstances the poor people into the torment and into the fire, My poor children.

You should know that the tempest will be so very strong that it will happen as when an impetuous wind transports with its strength stones, earth, trees, in a way that it remains emptied by everyone, so much so that with more ease new plants can place themselves.

Thus this tempest will serve to purify the peoples and to make arise the serene day of peace and brotherly union. Pray so that all serves to My glory, to the triumph of My Will and to the good of everyone."

Jesus' Immense Sorrow for the abandonment of the apostles. The human will forms a prison for the creature in passions, fears, weaknesses.

V 29: June 5, 1931

I am always in the Sea of the Supreme Volition. Oh, how many beautiful things are found in It; there are all the Acts of Jesus as though in Act; there are those of the Sovereign Lady; there are those of our Celestial Father, that He has done and that He will do. It is a Sea, not divided, but one, interminable - It is everything. In this Sea there are no dangers, nor fears of falling, because the happy creature that enters into It lays down her guises and takes on the Divine Guises. So, while I was in this Sea, my sweet Jesus made present to me when, in His Passion, the Apostles dispersed themselves, they ran away from Him, leaving Him alone and abandoned in the midst of the enemies. And my Highest Good, Jesus, told me:

“My daughter, the greatest sorrow that I had in My Passion, the nail that most pierced My Heart was the abandonment and the dispersion of My Apostles. I had not a friendly eye in which I could reflect My gaze. The abandonment, the offenses, the indifference of friends, surpass - oh how much - all the sorrows, and even the death that enemies can give.

I knew that the Apostles were to give Me this nail, and would cravenly run away from Me; but I paid no attention to this, because, My daughter, one who wants to do a work must not pay attention to his own pains - on the contrary, he must make friends in the good times, when everything smiles around him, and he sows triumphs and prodigies at each step; not only this, but he communicates the miraculous power to those who become his friends and disciples. Then everyone boasts of being a friend of one who is surrounded with glory and honor; everyone hopes, and as many friends and disciples as one wants, so many one has, because the glory, the triumphs, the good times, are powerful magnets that draw the creatures to follow the triumpher.

Who wants to follow and be a friend or disciple of a poor one who is slandered, humiliated and despised? No one; on the contrary, they feel fear and horror to get close, and reach the point of denying he whom they were friends with before, as Saint Peter did with Me.

Therefore, it is useless to hope for friends when the poor creature finds herself under the nightmare of humiliations, scorns and calumnies. So, one must make friends when Heaven smiles at us and fortune would want to put us on a throne, if we want that the good, the works that are wanted, may have life and continuation in other creatures.

By My making friends when I was sowing miracles and triumphs—such that they reached the point of believing that I was to be their King on earth, and therefore, having been My disciples, they were to occupy the first places before Me - even though they abandoned Me in My Passion, when My Resurrection sounded My full triumph, the Apostles changed their mind, they reunited among themselves and, as triumphers, they followed My Doctrine, My Life, and formed the nascent Church.

Had I paid attention to the fact that they would run away from Me, not making them My disciples in the time of My triumphs, I would not have had anyone who would speak of Me after My death, who would make Me known. Therefore, the good times, the glory, are necessary, and it is also necessary to receive piercing nails and to have patience in suffering them, in order to have the materials in My greatest works, so that they may have life in the midst of creatures.

Now, has this not been a wholeness, a resemblance, of My Life, in your painful state of humiliation, of calumnies and scorns that you have gone through? I felt in you the nail of the abandonment and dispersion of My Apostles being repeated to Me, in seeing those who had been so keen to assist you disperse themselves from you, and with the will of abandoning you. And in seeing you abandoned, I saw you all alone in My arms, with the nail of the abandonment of those who were to sustain you; and in My sorrow

I said: 'Bad world, how well you know how to repeat the scenes of My Passion in My children.' And I offered your bitterness for the triumph of My Will and for the help of those who should make It known.

Therefore, courage in the painful circumstances of life! However, know that your Jesus will never abandon you - I don't know how to do these things; My Love is not voluble by nature, but firm and constant, and what I say with My mouth comes out from the life of My Heart. Creatures, instead - they say one thing and feel another in their hearts; they mix many human ends also in making friends, and this is why they change according to the circumstances.

So, the dispersion of those who seemed to want to lay down their lives in the good times, and who cravenly run away in the time of humiliations and scorns - they are all effects of the human will. The human will is the true prison of the creature, and is clever in the art of being able to form many little rooms - but all without windows, because it is not skilled at forming openings in order to receive the good of light.

Therefore, passions, weaknesses, fear, excessive worries, inconstancy, are as many dark rooms of its prison, and she remains now hampered in one, now in another; and fear makes her fear and move away from the one who is laying down his life for love of her. On the other hand, one in whom My Will reigns in My royal palace, in which there is so much light, that the pains, the humiliations, the calumnies, are nothing other than stairs of triumphs and of glory, and completion of great and Divine Works.

So, instead of running away from the poor martyr who has been cast into dust by the human perversity, she draws closer to him, waiting with patience for the hour of the new triumph. Oh if My Will had reigned fully in the Apostles, with certainty they would not have run away in an hour in which I felt the need of their presence, of their faithfulness in My so many pains.

In the midst of enemies who wanted to devour Me, I wanted My faithful ones close to Me, because there is no greater comfort

than having a friend close in time of bitteresses. I would have seen in My dear Apostles, close to Me, the fruits of My pains, and oh how many sweet memories would have arisen in My Heart, that would have been balm for Me in My intense bitteresses. My Divine Will, with Its Light, would have prevented their step from running away, and therefore they would have drawn closer around Me.

But since they lived in the dark prison of the human will, their mind was obscured, the heart became cold, fear invaded them - in one moment they forgot about all the good they had received from Me. And not only did they run away from Me, but they dispersed themselves from one another - all effects of the human will, that does not know how to maintain union, and knows only how to disperse in one day the good that one has done in many years, with many sacrifices. Therefore, may your only fear be that of not doing My Will."

True Love forms the Fire in which to consume oneself in order that He whom one loves may live again. Jesus' day in the Eucharist.

V 29: September 12, 1931

My abandonment in the Divine Volition continues, and while I did my acts I thought to myself: "*But will it be true that my sweet Jesus might enjoy the continuity of my little acts?*" And Jesus making himself felt said:

"My daughter, a broken love can never generate heroism, because by not being continuous it forms so many voids in the creature, which produce weakness, coldness and they are almost in the act of extinguishing the little ignited flame, and therefore it takes away from her the fortitude of Love, that with its Light makes her understand who it is whom she loves and with its heat it maintains ignited the Flame that produces the heroism of True Love, so much so that one feels happy to give one's life for He whom she loves. A continuous love has the virtue to generate in the soul of the creature He whom she always loves, and this

generation becomes formed in the center of her continuous love. Do you see therefore what an incessant love means - to form the Fire where to consume and burn oneself, in order to be able to form in that Fire the Life of your beloved Jesus. One can say: 'Consume my life in continuous Love in order to generate the Life of He whom I love incessantly.'

Oh, if I might not have always loved the creature and might not love her with a love that never says enough, I would never have descended from Heaven in earth in order to give My Life with so many sufferings and heroisms for her love! It was My continuous Love that as sweet chain drew me and made me make the heroic act to put forth My Life in order to acquire hers. A continuous Love can arrive to everything, can do everything, facilitates everything and knows how to convert everything into Love.

Instead a broken love can be called love of circumstances, (self) interested love, vile love, that can arrive, if the circumstances change, to disown and perhaps despise he whom she loved. More so that only continuous acts form life in the creature, as she forms her act, the light, the love, the sanctity, the grace rises in her act itself according to the act that she does. Therefore an interrupted love and good cannot be called either true love or true life or true good." Then he has added with a tender accent:

"My daughter, if you want that your Jesus completes in you His loving designs, make that your love and your acts are continuous in My Volition, because when He finds continuity He finds His way to act divinely and He remains arranged/promised in the perennial act of the creature, and he expedites doing that which he has established for her, finding in virtue of his incessant acts the space, the necessary preparations and the life itself where to be able to form his admirable designs and complete his most beautiful works, more so [that] every act done in my Will is one more retying that becomes formed between the Divine Will with the human, it is one step more that is made in the sea of the Fiat, it is one greater right that the soul acquires."

After this I followed to pray before the tabernacle of love, and in my interior I said to myself: "**What do you do, my Love, in this prison of love?**" And Jesus all goodness said to me:

"My daughter, do you want to know what I do? I make My Day. You should know that I enclosed all My Life passed down here inside of a day. My day begins with (my) Conception and being born, the veils of the sacramental accidents serve Me for bands for My infantile age; and when [for] human ingratitude they leave Me alone and seek to offend Me, I make My exile, leaving Me only the company of some loving soul, that as a second mother doesn't know how to detach herself from Me and keeps Me faithful company.

From the exile I pass to Nazareth making My hidden life in the company of those few good ones who surrounded me. And following My Day, as creatures approach to receive me, thus I make My public life, repeating My evangelical scenes, handing to each one my teachings, the helps, the comforts that are necessary to her: I do as Father, as teacher, as physician, and if needs be also as judge. Hence I spend my day waiting for everyone and doing good to everyone. And oh, how many times she touches me (only) to remain alone, without a heart that palpitates near me!

I feel a desert around me, and I remain alone, alone to pray; I feel the solitude of my days that passed in the desert down here, and oh, how very sorrowful it is to me! It is I that palpitate for everyone in every heart, jealous I am at watch of everyone, I feel isolated and abandoned! But My Day doesn't end with only the abandonment; there is no day in which ungrateful souls don't offend Me and receive Me sacrilegiously, and they make me perform My Day with My Passion and with My death on the cross. Ah, it is the sacrilege the most merciless death that I receive in this Sacrament of Love! So that in this tabernacle I make My Day with performing all that which I performed in the thirty-three years of My mortal Life. And since [in] all that which I did and I do, the first purpose, the first Act of Life is the Will of My Father, that He does as in Heaven thus in earth, thus in this

little host I don't do other than to implore that one be My Will with My children, and I call you in this Divine Will in which you find all My Life in act, and you following it, ruminating (over) it and offering it - you unite with Me in My Eucharistic Day, in order to obtain that My Will be known and reign upon the earth. And thus you also can say: 'I make my day together with Jesus.'"

The Dark Prison of Jesus' Privations and how Luisa wants to be freed from the prison of her body to enter the Celestial Fatherland.

The Greatness of the Gift of the Divine Will in Saint Annibale di Francia

V 22: June 1, 1927

The privations of my sweet Jesus are becoming longer; I feel I cannot go on any more. Oh, if it were conceded to me to take flight toward my Celestial Fatherland, in which there are no more separations from Jesus, **how happy I would be to get out of the hard and dark prison of my body. Jesus! Jesus! How can You not want to have pity on me - on this poor prisoner?** How can it be? You left me without even coming to visit me often in the dark prison I find myself in? **Oh Jesus, without You, how much more painful, more gloomy, more terrible my imprisonment becomes, in which You put me,** telling that I should remain in it for love of You and to do your Will, but that You would not leave me alone - You would keep me company. And now! And now everything is over! I do not have your smile that cheers me, I do not have your word that breaks my long silence, nor your company that interrupts my loneliness. **I am alone, imprisoned and bound by You in this prison;** and then, as the fulfillment You have left me. Jesus! Jesus! I did not expect this from you. But while I was pouring out my intense sorrow, He came out from within my interior, and embracing me in order to sustain me, for I had no more strength, He told me:

“My daughter, courage, I do not leave you. On the contrary, you must know that your Jesus knows how to make, and can make all miracles, except for the miracle of separating from My own Will. If My Divine Will is in you, how can I leave You? And if I did so, I would be Jesus without life. Rather, it is the endlessness of My Fiat that hides Me; and while you feel Its Life, you do not see your Jesus who is inside of It.”



Then, I was feeling very afflicted, not only because of the privations of my sweet Jesus, but also because I had received the unexpected news of the death of Reverend Father Di Francia. He was the only one left to me, to whom I could open my poor soul. How well he could understand me - it was to a saint that I would entrust myself, who had very much comprehended all the value of what Jesus had told me about the Divine Will. He had so much interest in it that, with insistence, he had taken all the writings with himself in order to publish them. So, I was thinking to myself: *‘After Jesus allowed that he would take the writings with himself, to my great sacrifice, because I did not want it, and only because he was a saint I had to surrender ... And now, Jesus has taken him to Heaven.’* I felt I myself being tortured because of the pain, but - *Fiat! Fiat! Fiat!* everything ends down here. I poured out in tears, commending to Jesus that blessed soul, who had so much suffered and worked for Him; and while I was doing this, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior, and told me:

“My daughter, courage, you must know that everything which that soul, so dear to Me, has done, all the knowledges he has known about My Will, have caused him to enclose as much Light within his soul.

So, each additional knowledge is a greater Light that he possesses, and each knowledge places a distinct Light in the soul, one more beautiful than the other, together with the seed of the distinct happiness which each light contains.

In fact, in anything good that the soul can know, with her will of putting it into practice within herself, she remains in possession of the good she knows. But if she does not have the will to put the knowledges she acquires into practice, it happens as when someone touches a flower or washes himself once with very fresh water: in that act, he will feel the fragrance of the flower, or the refreshment of the fresh water, but since he does not possess the flower nor the fount of fresh water, little by little the fragrance will vanish, as well as the good of the freshness of that water, and he will find himself empty of that fragrance, and without the freshness he had enjoyed.

Such are the knowledges when one has the good of knowing them but does not put them into practice. Now, that soul had all the will to practice them; so much so, that in seeing the great good he felt, he wanted to make them known to others by publishing them. So, as long as he remained on earth, his body, more than wall, walled up that Light; but as soon as his soul went out of the prison of his body, he found himself invested with the Light he possessed.

And as the many seeds of happiness he possessed developed, which are the effects of the knowledges about My Divine Will, he began to feel the beginning of the Life of true beatitudes. And diving into the Eternal Light of his Creator, he found himself in the Celestial Fatherland, in which he will continue his mission about My Will, assisting everything himself, from Heaven.

If you knew the great difference in glory, in beauty, in happiness, which exists between one who, upon dying, brings light from the earth, together with the seeds of many happinesses, and one who only receives it from his Creator ... There is such distance as to surpass the distance between Heaven and earth. Oh, if mortals knew the great good they acquire by knowing a true good, a truth,

and by making it their own blood in order to absorb it in their own lives, they would compete among themselves, they would forget about everything in order to know one truth - and would lay down their lives to put it into practice.”



While Jesus was saying this, I saw the blessed soul of father before me, near my bed, invested with light, suspended from the earth, fixing on me, but without telling me one word. I too felt mute before him, and Jesus added: “*Look at him, how transformed he is. My Will is light and has transformed that soul into light; It is beautiful and has given him all the shades of perfect beauty; It is holy, and he has been sanctified. My Will possesses all sciences, and his*

soul has been invested by divine science. There is nothing which My Will has not given to him. Oh, if all understood what Divine Will means, they would put everything aside, they would care about doing nothing else, and their whole commitment would be to do My Will alone.” After this, I was thinking to myself: ‘*But why did blessed Jesus not concur in making a miracle for Father Di Francia?*’ And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me:

“My daughter, in Redemption the Queen of Heaven did not make any miracle, because Her conditions did not permit that She would give life to the dead, or health to the sick. In fact, since Her Will was that of God Himself, whatever Her God wanted and did, She wanted and did as well. Nor did She possess another Will to ask God for miracles and healings, because She never gave life to Her human will, and in order to ask for miracles from this Divine Will She should have used her own - which She did not want to do, because it would have meant descending into the human order.

But the Sovereign Queen never wanted to take one step outside of the divine order, and one who is in it must want and do what his Creator does. More so since, with the Life and Light of this Divine Will, She could see that whatever Her Creator wanted and did was the best, the most perfect thing, the holiest, also for creatures. So, how could She descend from the height of the divine order? This is why She only made the great miracle which enclosed all miracles - Redemption - wanted by the same Will by which She was animated, which brought universal good, and to whomever wants it.

While in life She made no visible miracle, either of healings or of raising the dead, the great Celestial Mother made, and does make, miracles at each moment, at every hour and every day, because as souls dispose themselves and repent, giving Herself, the disposition for repentance, She bilocates Her Jesus, the fruit of Her Womb, and gives Him as whole to each one, as confirmation of Her great miracle, which God wanted this Celestial Creature to make. The miracles which God Himself wants to be made, without mixing of human will, are perennial miracles, because they start from the Divine Fount which is never exhausted, and it is enough to want them in order to receive them.

Now, your conditions hold hands with those of the incomparable Queen of Heaven. Having to form the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat, you must want only what My Divine Will wants and does, and your will must have no life, even if it seems to you that you might be doing some good to creatures.

And just as My Mama did not want to make any other miracle but the one of giving Her Jesus to creatures, the same for you: the miracle which the Divine Will wants you to make is that of giving my Will to creatures, and of making It known in order to let It reign. With this miracle you will do more than anything; you will place the salvation, the sanctity, the nobility of creatures in safety, and will also banish their corporal maladies, caused by the fact that My Divine Will does not reign.

Not only this, but you will place a Divine Will in safety in the midst of creatures, and will give back to It all the glory and the honor which human ingratitude has taken away from It.

This is why I did not allow that you would make the miracle of healing him; but you made for him the great miracle of letting him know my Will, and he left the earth with the possession of It. And now he enjoys, in the Sea of Light of the Divine Will - and this is more than anything.”

The Prisons of Love Jesus formed for Himself in every Consecrated Host and Living Host of His Will to satisfy His Rage of Love – most especially Luisa so His Love could have an Outlet for His Heart’s Passion

V 35: January 24, 1938

My flight in the Divine Volition continues, and while I was making the visit to Jesus in (the) sacrament, I wanted to embrace all the tabernacles and every single Sacramental Host, in order to have Life together with my Prisoner Jesus; and I thought to myself: “What sacrifice, that long imprisonment, not of days, but of centuries! Poor Jesus, was he at least reciprocated for it!” And my beloved Jesus, visiting my little soul, all immersed in his flames of love, said to me:

“My good daughter, My first Prison was Love. It imprisoned Me so much, that I didn’t have liberty neither to breathe, nor to palpitate, nor to work, if it was not imprisoned in My Love. So that it was My Love that imprisoned Me in the Tabernacle, but with reason and with highest and Divine Wisdom.

Now, you must know that the chains of My Love made Me depart from Heaven in My Incarnation. I departed in order to descend to earth in search of My children and brothers, in order to form for them with My Love so many Prisons of Love, to not be able to go out from them.

*But while I departed, I remained in Heaven, because My Love, making for Me (a) Prison, tied Me in the celestial regions. Now, having completed My career down here, I departed for Heaven, and **I remained imprisoned in every Sacramental Host;** but do you know why? My Love, making a sweet imprisonment for Me, said to me: ‘Your purpose why you descended from Heaven to earth is not completed. The Kingdom of Our Will, where is it - neither does it exist, nor is it known; hence you remain imprisoned in every Sacramental Host. Thus it won’t be one Jesus alone, as in Your Humanity but so many Jesus’s for however many Consecrated Hosts (that) will exist; so many (of) Your Lives will make a breach and a rage of Love before the Divinity, (and) a breach and a rage to every heart that will receive you. They will have a little word to say in order to make Our Volition known, because these lives are not mute, but speaking, and you will speak in the secret of their hearts of Our Fiat; You will be the carrier of Our Kingdom.’ Hence, I saw the just pretensions of My Love, and willingly I remained on earth, in order to form the Kingdom of My Will until (it is) a finished work.*

You see, if I departed for Heaven and I remained on earth, My Life scattered in so many Sacramental Hosts will not be useless down here. I will form with certainty the Kingdom of My Volition; nor would I have remained if (it was) known (I) should not obtain the intent, even more so that it brings Me more (of the) sacrifice of My own mortal life. How many secret tears, how many bitter sighs, in the midst of so many flames of Love that devour me! And I would like to devour all [souls] in My Love, in order to make re-arise to New Life the souls that must live in My Divine Volition.

From the center of My Love this Kingdom will come forth. He will burn the evils of the earth; He will make (an) account of Himself; He will arm His Omnipotence, and by His so many wins He will win Our Kingdom in the midst of creatures, in order to give it to them. Nor was I content to remain imprisoned, but My Love blazing more, made Me choose you, in order to make you imprisoned, with chains so strong as not to be able to escape me, as vent of My Love and company of My

imprisonment, in order to be able to speak at length of My Volition, of His anxieties and sighs, because He wants to reign, and as a pretext of My Love in order to say before the Supreme Majesty:

'A creature of the human race is already Our prisoner; with her we speak of Our Will, in order to make Him known and to extend there His Kingdom. This prisoner is as (a) deposit for the whole human family, that with right We must give Our Kingdom to.'

*I can say that each Sacramental Life of Mine are so many deposits that I give you, sufficient, in order to secure My Kingdom for My children; but to My so many deposits, **My Love wanted to add on the deposit of a simple creature that carries the signs of My imprisonment,** as to confirm the parts between creature and Creator, and thus come to conclusion and complete the Kingdom of Our Will in the midst of creatures.*

From every Tabernacle My prayers are incessant, so that creatures know My Will in order to let Him reign; and all that I suffer, the tears and sighs, I send them to Heaven, in order to move the Divinity to concede a grace so great. I send it to every heart, in order to move them to compassion for My Tears and Sufferings, in order to make them surrender to receive such a good." Jesus became silent, and I thought to myself: "My dear Jesus, by making himself imprisoned, has done an act of heroism so great that only a God can do; but while He is imprisoned He is also free, so very true is it that in Heaven He is free, He enjoys the fullness of His liberty; not only, but also on earth, how many times does he not come to My time without sacramental veils?

But with having rendered my poor existence imprisoned, He has made it really big, and He knows in what (a) tight prison he puts me, and how hard my chains are; nor can I do as he does, that while He is imprisoned He is free. My prison is continuous." But while I thought this, he resumed his speech by saying to me:

Jesus explains to Luisa why He has made her a prisoner of His Love is to have her company to speak to her and fuse into her the knowledges of His Divine Will forming His Kingdom

“My daughter, my poor daughter, you have suffered My same fate! When My Love wants to do a good, He doesn’t spare anything, neither sacrifices, nor sufferings; it seems as if He might not want to give (into) reason. All His intent is to make arise the good that He wants. It is then certain that (I had to) made it big. It didn’t concern (just) any good, but a Kingdom of Divine Will to establish upon the earth. This good will be so very great, that no other good can compare itself to this; all the other goods will be like so many little drops before the sea, like little lights before the sun. Therefore do not marvel if I have made it big, as you say.

Your continuous imprisonment entered as (a) necessity (of) My Love, in order to give Me company and to let Me speak of the knowledges of My Will, that was so much (important) to My Heart and I felt the need to make them known. *And you must know that as I speak to you of Him, My Love pays you and releases you from the fetters of your human will, and renders you free in the fields of the dominions of the Kingdom of My Volition. To this I have directed the knowledge of Him: to release the creature from his will, from his passions, from his miseries, therefore thank Me for what I have disposed for you. My Love will know how to pay you and will also hold account of one breath of yours, and of one instant of your imprisonment.”*

After this I followed to think of the prodigies of the Divine Volition, and my beloved Jesus added:

“Daughter of My Volition, as your Jesus said in the descent from heaven to earth: ‘I depart and remain’, thus when I rose to Heaven I said: ‘I remain and I depart’; My same word repeats in the sacramental descent into creatures: ‘I depart and I remain in

the tabernacles.’ Thus, one who lives in My Will, in all her acts can say My same word. As she begins her act, so her Jesus becomes formed in her act. My Life holds (the) virtue of multiplying itself to the infinite, how many times I want. Hence she can say with all truth: ‘I depart and remain; I depart for Heaven, in order to beatify it, in order to reach My seat and to make known to everyone My dear Jesus, that I have enclosed in My act, so that they enjoy and love Him; I remain on earth, my life as support and defense for all my brothers.’ How beautiful is an Act in My Will!’

God possesses in Nature the Creative Virtue. God as voluntary Prisoner of the creature, the Divine Fisherman who daily goes in search of His catch, the little acts the soul does in His Will with Love.

V 31: February 12, 1933

I was following my acts in the Divine Volition and I felt a powerful strength that swept me away, unified me, identified me in the same Divine Works. I could say that my being was so very diminished that it dispersed itself in the immense Sea, that I felt His Eternal Waves regurgitate inside and outside of me, which raised me and sunk me and I felt the Divine Life more than mine. And my always amiable Jesus who knocks down and raises up, who gives death and in the same instant re-arises to new life, visiting his little daughter, he said to me:

“Blessed daughter, Our Love is exuberant, and how much more We give, the more We want to give to creatures; indeed in giving Our Love overflows from Us from every part and would like to drown her with Love, with Sanctity, with Beauty, with Light, with Our Goodness - however much more We give, the passion grows more in Us to love her and to make her love Us.

You should know that Our Supreme Being possesses in nature creative strength, the redeeming virtue and the Life that revives and sanctifies all. Now in creating the Creation We did it as alone, without the creature, but after creating, Our Love is so much toward her that We wanted to continue and to develop the creative strength together with her; and while with the conservation the Creation is as if in the act (in which) We were creating it, this creative strength unifies and invests souls and it continues the Creation in the interior of each one.

And what do we create? New Heavens of Love, new suns of knowledge, new seas of grace, new air of sanctity, new winds of refreshment that embalm the creature, new life always growing with our Divine Will, new flowers of beauty, of holy desires.

In short, Our Creative Virtue makes echo in souls the echo of the Creation of all things, and with a Wisdom and goodness all Ours, We always create, without ever stopping. If We might ever stop, which cannot be, We should restrict this Creative Nature of Ours, that holds the Virtue of always creating. But with all this, Our Divine Heights abased Ourselves so much, We descended into the depth of creatures, and We develop there together Our Creative Virtue, as We don't want to do it alone.

Solitude would break Our arms, and it would put a limit to Our Creative Strength and Virtue. *We, in order to be able to love more, We form ourselves with laws of Love and We have created in Us the need to Love. So that to love in Us is necessity, but a wanted necessity not forced by anyone, and it is this necessity to love that makes Us do so many unheard of things, it makes Us give into excesses and into follies toward creatures. It would have been absurd and not ways of a Perfect Being that is Ours, to create things and beings to live and not to love them, rather first We love them, We make Our Love as first Act race and then We bring them forth to the Light as birth, outlet and triumph of Our Love. If this might not be the Creation would have been an unbearable weight and not of glory and of honor, things that don't love each other flee each other.*

Instead We love them so much that We enclose Ourselves in them, making ourselves voluntary Prisoners, in order to form Our Divine Life in the creature and fill her with Us, for how capable they are. And in order to make (it so) that We might love her more and in order to be more loved, We want that she know it and We want her in Our company, in order to make (it so) that she herself sees and touches with (her) hand what We are working, and how We want Our Divine Life in her soul.

Our Love does not give itself pause, and according to the dispositions and cooperation of the creature, now We develop the creative strength, now the redemptive, and now the sanctifying, according to her needs and the correspondence that she lends Us. But all this always together with her - never alone. We want to use the creative virtue, but We want that she knows and receives it. We want to use the redeeming virtue, if sin tyrannizes her; but We want that she feels the good that We want to make her, and she receive it with love and gratitude. We want to use the sanctifying virtue, but We want that she lends herself to receive the transformation of Our holy Acts in hers, in order to receive Our sanctifying virtue. If the soul doesn't remain together with Us and doesn't unite her little work, to Our great work, for Us it would be as if we might want to develop Our work of Love over inanimate things, that don't feel and don't know anything of the good that they receive and for them it would be as the distant God that they neither know, nor love.

You should know that Our Love is so much, that all creatures swim and are inside of this immense Sea of Our Love, it is as if We might not be content with so much immensity of this Love of Ours, Our Supreme Being makes Himself Fisherman and goes fishing the little drops of love of creatures, their little acts, their little sacrifices, the sufferings suffered for Our Love, an 'I love you' with heart that she has said to Us. We fish all from within Our same Sea in order to take the contentment, the happiness of the exchange of the love of the creature and We crave it so much that we make Our daily fishing and prepare Our Celestial Table.

True love has the virtue of transforming things, it puts forth the sweet enchantment to Our Divine pupils and makes the little loving acts of creatures beautiful, attractive, likable to Us, in a way that enraptures Us, wounds Us, felicitates Us. In (that) We make ourselves Enrapturers, making of her Our most pleasant conquest. Therefore if you want to make Us happy and be (the) bearer to your God of joys and happiness, love, love always, don't ever stop loving Us and in order to be more secure enclose all yourself in the Divine Fiat, which will let nothing escape of you that is not Love for your Creator."

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 love.

V 4: October 10, 1900

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.

When the Truths are not taken into consideration, their Life is aborted, along with the abortion of the Power, Wisdom, Beauty and Goodness of God.

The Love of the Sovereign Queen is spread throughout the whole Creation, because in Its infinite surge, the Fiat diffused it everywhere.

Jesus' Humanity feels the weight of death to all the Light, Sanctity and Beauty of His Will being given Him by creatures.

V 24: April 22, 1928

I continue with my abandonment in the Divine Will, with the almost continuous torment of the privation of my sweet Jesus. I felt the sea of light of the Fiat flow within my poor mind, which seemed to want to tell some truths that regarded It. But the pain I

felt from the privation of Jesus was so great that I would not pay attention to the light that wanted to speak to me. And my beloved Jesus, moving in my interior and clasping me in His arms, told me:

“My daughter, when the Light of My Fiat wants to manifest itself and the soul does not take it into consideration, the birth which It wants to deliver in order to communicate it to creatures is aborted, and they do not receive the Light of this birth of Light from Us and if you knew what it means to cause Our Light to be aborted ...!

You must know that when Our Fiat wants to manifest a Truth, It places all of Our Being in activity, and overflowing with Love, with Light, with Power, with Wisdom, with Beauty and Goodness, It forms the birth of the Truth It wants to deliver. And since all of Our qualities place themselves in the act of rising, We cannot contain it, and so We release this birth from Us to give it to the creature as gift. And if she does not take it into consideration, she causes Our Love and Our Light to be aborted; she causes Our Power, Wisdom, Beauty and Goodness to be aborted, making them die at birth. She loses this dear birth from Us, and does not receive Our Life, which We wanted to give her by means of that Truth; and We are left with the sorrow of having aborted, and feel the good which We wanted to give to the creatures enter into Us again.

In fact, if the creature aborts, she loses that birth, while We do not lose It; rather, it re-enters Us – (but) it is aborted for the creature. Therefore, be attentive when you feel that the Sea of Light of My Fiat forms its waves to overflow outside and deliver the birth of Its Truths.”

After this, I felt I was good at nothing, and I prayed the Sovereign Queen to come to my help - to lend me Her love, that I might love my sweet Jesus with Her love of Mother. And Jesus added:

“My daughter, the Love of the Celestial Sovereign is spread throughout the whole Creation, because that Fiat which, at

merely being pronounced, had unleashed into the whole universe the great variety of Our Works and had given them life, dwelled within Her.



She emitted Her Love and all of Her Acts in the Divine Fiat which, not knowing how to do small things, but only great and without limits, in Its infinite surge diffused the Love and all the Acts of the Celestial Mama in

*the heavens, in the stars, in the sun, in the wind, in the sea - everywhere and in everything. Her Love is spread everywhere, Her Acts can be found in every place, because My Fiat diffused them everywhere, and animated everything with Her Love and Acts. I would not be satisfied, nor would I feel loved and honored, if I did not find in all things, even under the earth, the Love and the Glory that My Mama gave Me. It would be a broken love and a divided glory if I did not find Her in all of Creation; more so, since I had loved Her in all things, and therefore it was right that I find Her Love diffused in everything, and always in the act of loving Me and glorifying Me. **Nor could a broken love that would not run after Me everywhere, have made its way into Me, and so She would not have been able to draw Me from Heaven onto earth within the narrow prison of Her maternal womb.***

Her chains of Love were as many as the things I created, in such a Way that I descended from Heaven like a King, all bejeweled and surrounded by the chains of Love of the Queen of Heaven. And if Her Love reached such extent, She owes it to My Divine Fiat which, reigning in Her as Sovereign, captured Her Love within My Will and expanded it everywhere and all of Her Acts received the shades of the Divine Acts.

Therefore, if you want the love of the Queen Mama, let My Flat dominate you, diffuse your love and all of yourself within It so that My Fiat, capturing your little love and everything you do, may expand it, and bringing it wherever It is present - that is, everywhere - It may find your love united to the Love of My Mama. In this way you will give Me the contentment that the little daughter of My Will does not give Me a broken and divided love, but Love in all things and everywhere.”

Afterwards, I was thinking to myself: ***‘But what harm does the creature do when she does her will?’*** And Jesus added: *“My daughter, the harm is great. My Will is Light, while the human will is darkness; My Will is Sanctity, while the human is sin; Mine is Beauty and contains every good, while the human is ugliness and contains every evil. Therefore, by not doing My Will, the soul makes the Light die, and gives death to Sanctity, to Beauty and to all goods; and by doing her will, she makes darkness rise, and gives life to sin, to ugliness and to all evils. Yet, doing their own will seems nothing to creatures, while they dig themselves an abyss of evils which leads them to the precipice. And then, does it seem trivial to you that while My Will brings them Its Light, Its Sanctity, Its Beauty and all of Its goods, and only because It loves these creatures - It receives the affront of seeing Its Light, Its Sanctity, Its Beauty and all of Its goods die in them?”*

My Humanity felt so much this death which the human will gave to the Light and Sanctity of Its Will within the creatures, that one can say that this was the true death It felt, because It felt the torment and the weight of a death of an Infinite Light and Sanctity, which creatures had dared to destroy within themselves.

And My Humanity moaned and felt crushed by as many deaths for as many times as they had dared to give death to the Light and Sanctity of My Divine Will within them. What harm would it not be for Nature if they made the light of the sun, the wind that purifies, the air that they breathe, die?

There would be such disorder that creatures would all die. Yet, the Light of My Will is more than sun for souls - more than wind that purifies and air that forms their breathing. So, from the disorder produced if they could make the light of the sun, the wind and the air die, you can comprehend the harm produced by not doing My Adorable Will, which is the Act of Primary Life and the center of all creatures.”

Difference between one who lives in the Unity of Light of the Divine Will and one who is only resigned and submitted.

V 19: May 31, 1926

The Light of the Divine Will continues to envelop me; and my little intelligence, while swimming in the immense Sea of this Light, can just barely take a few drops of light and a few little flames of the so many truths, knowledges and happinesses that this endless Sea of the Eternal Will contains. And many times I cannot find the right words in order to put on paper that little bit of Light; I say little compared to the much I leave out, because my little and poor intelligence takes as much as is enough to fill me – the rest I have to leave out. It happens as to a person who dives into the sea: he becomes all wet, water flows everywhere on him, and maybe even in his bowels; but as he goes out of the sea, how much of all the water of the sea does he carry with himself? Very little – indeed almost nothing compared to the water that remains in the sea. And by having been in the sea, can he perhaps say how much water, how many species of fish and quantities of them there are in the sea? Certainly not; but he will be able to speak of the little he has seen of the sea. Such is my poor soul. Then, while I was in this Light, my sweet Jesus came out from within my interior and told me:

“My daughter, this is the Unity of the Light of My Will, and so that you may love It more and more and be confirmed more in It, I want to make known to you the great difference which exists

between one who Lives in My Will, in the Unity of this Light, and one who resigns and submits himself to My Will. In order to make you comprehend this well, I will give you a simile from the sun which is there on the horizon. The sun, being in the vault of the heavens, spreads its rays over the surface of the earth. Look! Between the earth and the sun there is a sort of agreement – the sun touches the earth, and the earth receives the light and the caress of the sun. Now, by receiving the touch of the light, submitting to the sun, the earth receives the effects which the light contains, and these effects transmute the face of the earth; they make it turn green again, they make it flower - plants develop, fruits mature, and many other wonders which can be seen on the face of the earth, always produced by the effects contained in the solar light. But by giving its effects, the sun does not give its light; on the contrary, it jealously preserves its unity, and its effects are not lasting, and therefore one sees the poor earth, now all flowery, now all stripped – it changes almost at each season, and undergoes continuous mutations. If the sun gave to the earth effects and light, the earth would change into sun and would have no more need to beg for the effects, because, containing the light within itself, it would become the owner of the source of the effects which the sun contains.

Now, such is the soul who resigns and submits to My Will: she lives off the effects contained in It. Not possessing the Light, she does not possess the source of the effects contained in the Sun of the Eternal Volition, and therefore she looks almost like the earth – now rich in virtues, now poor; she changes at every circumstance. Even more, if she is not always resigned and submitted to My Will, she would be like an earth that does not want to let itself be touched by the light of the sun. In fact, if the earth receives its effects it is because it lets itself be touched by its light, otherwise it would remain squalid, unable to produce a single blade of grass. So remained Adam after sin; he lost the Unity of the Light, and therefore the source of the goods and effects which the Sun of My Will contains. He could no longer feel the fullness of the Divine Sun within himself; he could no longer

see within himself that Unity of Light which his Creator had fixed in the depth of his soul, and which, communicating His likeness to him, made of him His faithful copy. Before sinning, since he possessed the source of the Unity of Light with his Creator, each little act of his was a ray of light which, invading the whole Creation, went to fix itself in the center of his Creator, bringing Him the love and the return for all that had been made for him in the whole Creation.



He was the one who harmonized everything and formed the note of accord between Heaven and earth. But as soon as he withdrew from My Will, his acts no longer invaded Heaven and earth like rays, but they shrank, almost like plants and flowers, within the little circle of his field. So, losing the harmony with all Creation, he became the clashing note of all Creation. Oh, how low he descended, and cried bitterly over the lost Unity of Light, which, raising him above all created things, made of Adam the little god of the earth.

Now, my daughter, from what I have told you, you can comprehend that the Living in My Will is to possess the source of the Unity of the Light of My Will, with all the fullness of the effects contained in It. So, light, love, adoration ... arise in each act of the creature, which, constituting itself act for each act, love for each love, like solar light invades everything, harmonizes everything, centralizes everything within itself; and like a shining ray it brings to her Creator the return for all that He has made for all creatures and the true note of accord between Heaven and earth.

What a difference between one who possesses the source of the goods which the Sun of My Will contains, and one who lives off the effects of It! It is the difference that exists between the sun

and the earth. *The sun always possesses the fullness of its light and effects, it is always blazing and majestic in the vault of the heavens, nor does it need the earth. While it touches everything, it is untouchable, it does not let itself be touched by anyone; and if anyone dared even to fix on it, it would eclipse him, blind him and knock him down with its light.*

On the other hand, the earth is in need of everything, it lets itself be touched and stripped; and if it wasn't for the light of the sun and its effects, it would be a gloomy prison, full of squalid misery. Therefore, there is no comparison that holds between one who lives in My Will and one who submits to It.

So, before sinning, Adam did possess the Unity of Light, but he could no longer recover it during his life; it happened to him as to the earth that turns around the sun: not being fixed, in turning around, it opposes the sun and forms the night. Now, in order to render him firm again so that he might sustain the Unity of this Light, a repairer was needed, and this repairer was supposed to be superior to him; a divine strength was needed in order to straighten him up. Here is the necessity of Redemption.

My Celestial Mama also possessed the Unity of this Light, and this is why, more than sun, She can give Light to all. It was never nighttime, nor was there ever a shadow between Her and the Supreme Majesty, but always full daylight. Therefore, in each instant, this Unity of the Light of My Will made the whole of the Divine Life flow within Her,



which brought Her Seas of Light, of joys, of happinesses, of divine knowledges, seas of beauty, of glory, of love. And She, as though in triumph, brought all these seas to Her Creator as Her own, to

attest to Him Her love, Her adoration, and to charm Him with Her beauty; and the Divinity made flow yet more and new beautiful seas.

*She possessed so much love that, as though naturally, She could love all, adore and make up for all. Her littlest acts done in the Unity of this Light were superior to the greatest acts and to all the acts of all creatures together. Therefore, the sacrifices, the works, the love of all other creatures can be called little flames before the sun, little drops of water before the sea, compared to the acts of the Sovereign Queen; and this is why, **by virtue of the Unity of this Light of the Supreme Volition, She triumphed over everything and conquered Her very Creator, making Him a Prisoner in Her maternal womb.** Ah! Only the Unity of this Light of my Will, which She who ruled over everything possessed, was able to form this prodigy which had never before occurred, administering to Her acts worthy of this Divine Prisoner.*

By losing this Unity of Light, Adam turned himself upside down and formed night, weaknesses, passions, for himself and for the generations. By never doing Her own will, this excelling Virgin remained always straight, and facing the Eternal Sun; therefore it was always daylight for Her, and She made the Day of the Sun of Justice arise for all generations. If this Virgin Queen had done nothing else but preserve the Unity of the Light of the Eternal Volition in the depth of Her Immaculate Soul, this would have been enough to give Us back the glory of all, the acts of all, and the requital of love of all Creation. Through Her, by virtue of My Will, the Divinity felt returned to Itself, the joys and the happiness which It had established to receive through Creation. Therefore She can be called the Queen, the Mother, the Foundress, the Base and the Mirror of My Will, in which all can reflect themselves to receive Its Life from Her.”

After this, I felt as though soaked with this Light, and I comprehended the great prodigy of living in the unity of this light of the Supreme Volition; and my sweet Jesus, coming back, added: “My daughter, Adam in the state of innocence and My

Celestial Mama possessed the Unity of Light of My Will - not by their own virtue, but by virtue communicated by God. On the other hand, My Humanity possessed it by Its own Virtue, because in It there was not only the Unity of the Light of the Supreme Volition, but there was the Eternal Word; and since I am inseparable from the Father and the Holy Spirit, the true and perfect bi-location occurred – that while I remained in Heaven, I descended into the Womb of My Mama; and since the Father and the Holy Spirit are inseparable from Me, They too descended into it, and at the same time They remained in the heights of the Heavens.”

Now, while Jesus was saying this, the doubt came to me about whether the Three Divine Persons had suffered, all Three of Them, or the Word alone; and Jesus resumed His speaking, saying: *“My daughter, because They are inseparable from Me, the Father and the Holy Spirit descended with Me and I remained with Them in the Heavens; but the task of satisfying, of suffering, and of redeeming Man was taken by Me. I, Son of the Father, took on the role of reconciling God with Man. Our Divinity was untouchable by the suffering of the slightest pain; it was My Humanity that, united with the Three Divine Persons in an inseparable way, placing Itself at the Mercy of the Divinity, suffered unheard-of pains and satisfied in a divine manner.*

And since My Humanity possessed not only the fullness of My Will as Its own Virtue, but the Word Himself, as well as the Father and the Holy Spirit as a consequence of Our inseparability, It surpassed in a more perfect way both innocent Adam and My very Mama. In fact, in them it was Grace, in Me it was Nature; they had to draw light, grace, power, beauty from God; in Me there was the springing Fount of Light, Beauty, Grace So, the difference between Me, as Nature, and My very Mama, as Grace, was so great, that She remained eclipsed before My Humanity.

Therefore, my daughter, be attentive, your Jesus possesses the springing Fount, and has always something to give you, and you have always something to take. As much as I may tell you about

My Will, I have always something to tell you, and neither the short life of the exile nor the whole eternity will be enough to make known to you the long story of My Supreme Will, and to enumerate for you the great prodigies contained in It."

The soul who does the Will of God forms a Divine and Celestial Prison for Him

V 12: November 7, 1918

Finding myself in my usual state, I was saying to my sweet Jesus: 'If You wanted me to go out of my usual state, how is it possible that, after all this time, You don't make me content?' And He told me: **"Daughter, one who does My Will and lives in my Volition - and not for a short time, but for a period of her life - forms a prison for Me within her heart, completely and fully of My Will."**

*So, as she kept doing My Will and trying to live in My Volition, she raised the walls of this divine and celestial prison and to My highest contentment, I remained imprisoned within it. And as she kept absorbing Me, I absorbed her within Me, in such a way as to form her imprisonment in Me. **So, she has remained imprisoned in Me, and I in her. Then, when the soul wants something, I say to her: 'You have always done My Will; it is right that sometimes I do yours'**; more so, since this soul lives from My Will, and therefore what she wants can be a fruit, a desire, of My own Will which lives in her. Therefore, do not worry - when it is necessary, I will do your will."*

The Hours of the Passion

Thirteenth Hour from 5 to 6 AM

Jesus in Prison

My Prisoner Jesus, I have awakened and I do not find You. My heart beats very strongly; it fidgets with love. Tell me, where are You? My Angel, bring me to the house of Caiphas. But I go round and round, I search everywhere, and I do not find You. My Love, hurry, with your hands move the chains with which You keep my heart bound to Yours, and draw me to You, that I may

take flight and come to throw myself into your arms. And You, Jesus, my Love, wounded by my voice and wanting my company, draw me toward You; and I see that they have put You in prison My heart exults with joy in finding You, but I feel it wounded with sorrow in seeing the state to which they have reduced You.



I see You with your hands tied behind You to a column, and with your feet bound and gripped. I see your most Holy Face bruised, swollen and bleeding from the horrible slaps received. Your most pure eyes are blackened; your pupils are tired and sad from the vigil; your hair is all disarranged; your Most Holy Person is all beaten up, and You cannot even help Yourself and clean Yourself, because You are bound. And I, O my Jesus, with a sob of crying, clinging to your feet, say: 'Alas, how

You have been reduced, O Jesus!'

And Jesus, looking at me, answers: "Come, oh my child, and be attentive to everything you see Me doing, in order to do it together with Me, that I may continue My Life in you."

To my amazement, I now see that instead of occupying Yourself with your pains, with an indescribable Love, You think about glorifying the Father, to compensate Him for all that we owe; and You call all souls around You, to take all of their evils upon Yourself and give to them all goods. And since the day is dawning, I hear your most sweet voice say:

“Holy Father, I give You thanks for all I have suffered and for all that is left for Me to suffer. And just as this dawn calls the day and the day makes the sun rise, so may the dawn of Grace arise in all hearts; and as daylight rises, may I, Divine Sun, rise in all hearts and reign over all. Do you see these souls, O Father? I want to answer You for all of them, for their thoughts, words, works and steps - at the cost of blood and death.”

My Jesus, Love with no boundaries, I unite myself to You, and I too thank You for all that You have made me suffer, and for all that is left for me to suffer. And I pray You to make the dawn of Grace arise within all hearts, so that You, Divine Sun, may rise again in all hearts and reign over them.

But I also see, my sweet Jesus, that You repair for all the very first thoughts, affections and words, which, at the rising of the day, are not offered to You to honor You; and that You call to Yourself, as though in custody, the thoughts, the affections and the words of the creatures, in order to repair for them and give to the Father the glory they owe Him.

My Jesus, Divine Master, since we have one hour free in this prison and we are alone, not only do I want to do what You are doing, but I want to clean You, fix your hair, and fuse myself completely in You. So I draw near your most Sacred Head, and in rearranging your hair, I want to repair for so many minds, distraught and full of earth, which have not one thought for You.

Fusing myself in your mind, I want to reunite all the thoughts of creatures within You and fuse them in your thoughts, in order to find sufficient reparation for all evil thoughts, and for so many suffocated enlightenments and inspirations. I would like to make all thoughts one with Yours, to give You true reparation and perfect glory.

My afflicted Jesus, I kiss your eyes, sad and filled with tears. Having your hands bound to the column, You cannot dry them, nor remove the spit with which they smeared You. And since the position in which they bound You is excruciating, You cannot close your tired eyes to take rest. My Love, how gladly would I offer You my arms as bed, to give You rest. I want to dry your eyes, ask for your forgiveness, and repair for all the times we have not had the aim of pleasing You, and of looking at You to see what You wanted from us, what we were supposed to do, and where You wanted us to go. I want to fuse my eyes in Yours, and also those of all creatures, to be able to repair with your own eyes for all the evil we have done with our sight.

My compassionate Jesus, I kiss your most holy ears, tired from the insults of the whole night, and much more so from the echo of all the offenses of creatures which resounds in your hearing. I ask for your forgiveness, and I repair for all the times You have called us and we have been deaf, or we have pretended not to hear You; and You, my weary Good, have repeated your calls – but in vain! I want to fuse my hearing in Yours, and also that of all creatures, to make a continuous and complete reparation.

Enamored Jesus, I adore and kiss your most holy Face, all bruised by the slapping. I ask for forgiveness and I repair for all the times You have called us to offer reparation, and we, uniting to your enemies, have given You slaps and spit. My Jesus, I want to fuse my face in Yours, to restore your natural beauty, giving You full reparation for all the contempt given to your adorable Majesty.

My embittered Good, I kiss your most sweet mouth, hurt by blows and parched by love. I want to fuse my tongue in Yours, and also the tongues of all creatures, in order to repair with your own tongue for all sins and evil discourses. And I want, my thirsty Jesus, to unite all voices into one with Yours, so that, when we are about to offend You, as your voice flows in those of all creatures, it may suffocate the voices of sin and turn them into voices of praise and of love.

Chained Jesus, I kiss your neck, oppressed by heavy chains and by ropes, which, going from your chest to the back of your shoulders and passing through your arms, keep You bound, very tightly, to the column. Your hands are already swollen and blackened from the tightness of the knots, and they spurt blood from several points. O please, allow me to release You, my bound Jesus; and if You love to be bound, allow me to bind You with the chains of love, which, being sweet, instead of making You suffer, will soothe You.

And as I release You, I want to fuse myself in your neck, in your chest, in your shoulders, in your hands, in your feet, to be able to repair together with You for all attachments, and therefore give to all the chains of your Love; to be able to repair with You for all the coldness, and so fill the breasts of all creatures with your fire, as I see that You have so much of it, that You are unable to contain it; and to be able to repair with You for all illicit pleasures and for love of comforts, to give to everyone the spirit of sacrifice and love of suffering. And I want to fuse myself in your hands to repair for all the evil works, for the good done badly and with presumptuousness, and give to all the fragrance of your works. I want to fuse myself in your feet, to block all the steps of creatures, and so repair for them and give your steps to all, to make them walk in a saintly way.

Finally, my sweet Life, as I fuse myself in your Heart, allow me to enclose all the affections, heartbeats and desires, to repair for them together with You, and to give to everyone your affections, heartbeats and desires, so that no one may ever again offend You.

But I hear the noise of the creaking of the key: your enemies are now coming to take You out of prison. And I tremble, Jesus; I feel my blood running cold. You will again be in the hands of your enemies. What will happen to You? I seem also to hear the creaking of the keys of the tabernacles. How many desecrating hands come to open them, and maybe to make You descend into sacrilegious hearts? Into how many unworthy hands You are forced to find Yourself! My Prisoner Jesus, I want to be in all of

your Prisons of Love, to be spectator when your ministers release You, and to keep You company and repair for the offenses You may receive.

I see that your enemies are near, while You greet the rising sun on the last of your days. As they untie You, in seeing that You are all majesty and that You look at them with so much Love, in return they unload onto your Face slaps so violent as to make It turn red with your most Precious Blood.

Jesus, My Love, before leaving the prison, in my sorrow I ask You to bless me, in order to receive the strength to follow You along the rest of your Passion.

Reflections and Practices

In prison, tied to a pillar and immobilized, Jesus is smeared with spittle and mud. He looks for our souls to keep Him company. And we - are we happy to be alone with Jesus, or do we look for the company of creatures? Is Jesus alone our only Breath and our only Heartbeat? In order to make us become like Him, loving Jesus binds our souls with aridity, with oppressions, with sufferings, and with any other kind of mortification. Are we happy to be bound by Jesus in that prison in which His Love places us - that is, obscurity, oppressions and the like?

Jesus is in prison. Do we feel the firmness and the promptness to imprison ourselves in Jesus for love of Him? Afflicted Jesus longed for our souls in order to be untied and sustained in the painful position in which He found Himself. Do we long for Jesus alone to come and keep us company, to free us from the chains of every passion, and to bind us with the stronger chains of His Heart?

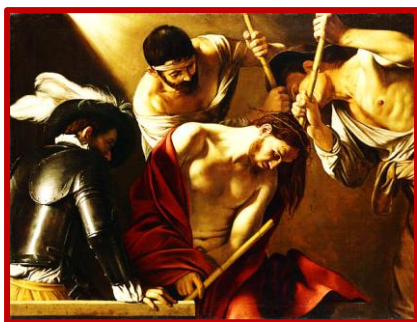
Do we place our pains as cortege around suffering Jesus in order to remove from Him the spit and the mud which sinners send to Him? Jesus prays in prison. Is our prayer constant with Jesus? My chained Jesus, You made Yourself a Prisoner for love of me, and I pray You to imprison my mind, my tongue, my heart and all of myself within You, that I may have no freedom, and You may have absolute lordship over me.

Jesus was imprisoned to release us from our slavery to sin and our passions.

The Soul who keeps Jesus company in His Prisons is a Living Tabernacle of Love for Him who warms Him from the coldness of the Tabernacles of Stone and the coldness of creatures, who make Him die of cold and starvation.

“Are you not the True Prison of Love for Me? Look for Me inside your heart and love Me!”

V 12: December 4, 1918



I spent last night in prison with Jesus. I compassionated Him, I clung to His knees to sustain Him; and Jesus told me: “*My daughter, during My Passion I also wanted to suffer imprisonment, in order to free the creature from the prison of sin. Oh, what a horrible prison sin is for Man! His passions chain him like a vile slave, while My imprisonment and My chains released him and unbound him.*

For loving souls, My imprisonment formed their prison of Love, in which to remain safe and sheltered from everyone and everything. And I released them to keep them as living prisons and tabernacles which were to warm Me from the coldness of the tabernacles of stone and, even more, from the coldness of the creatures who, imprisoning Me within themselves, make Me die of cold and starvation. This is why many times I leave the prisons of the tabernacles and I come into your heart, to be warmed and to refresh Myself with your love. And when I see you going in search of Me in the tabernacles of the churches, I say to you: “Are you not the true prison of love for Me? Look for Me inside your heart and love Me!”

Meaning and effects of the three hours of imprisonment of Jesus.

V 13: October 29, 1921

I spent last night in vigil, and my mind would often fly to my Jesus, who was bound in prison. I wanted to cling to those knees which staggered for the painful and cruel position in which the enemies had tied Him; I wanted to clean Him of the spit with which He was smeared.... But while I was thinking of this, my sweet Jesus, my Life, made Himself seen as though within thick darkness, through which I could barely see His adorable Person; and sobbing, He told me: *“Daughter, the enemies left Me alone in prison, horribly bound and in the dark. Everything around Me was thick darkness. Oh, how this darkness afflicted Me! My clothes were wet from the filthy waters of the stream. I could smell the stench of the prison and of the spit with which I was smeared. My hair was disheveled, without a pitying hand to remove it from My eyes and from My mouth. My hands were bound by chains, and the darkness did not allow Me to see My state - alas, too painful and humiliating. Oh, how many things did my state, so painful, tell of in this prison!*

I remained in prison for three hours. With this I wanted to rehabilitate the three ages of the world:

- ✧ *that of the Law of Nature,*
- ✧ *that of the written Law, and*
- ✧ *that of the Law of Grace.*

I wanted to release all, reuniting them all together, and to give them freedom as children of mine. By being there three hours I wanted to rehabilitate the three ages of Man:

- ✧ *Childhood,*
- ✧ *Youth and*
- ✧ *Old age*

I wanted to rehabilitate him when he sins

- ✧ *out of passion,*

- ✧ out of his will, and
- ✧ out of obstinacy.

Oh, how the obscurity I saw around Me made Me feel the thick darkness which sin produces in Man! Oh, how I cried over him, saying: 'Oh! Man, your sins have thrown Me into this thick darkness, and I suffer it to give you Light. It is your evils that have smeared Me like this, and their darkness is such as to prevent Me even from seeing them. Look at Me - I am the image of your sins. If you want to know them, look at them in Me!'

However, know that on the last hour I spent in prison the dawn broke, and a few glimmers of light entered through the fissures. Oh, how My Heart breathed in being able to see My painful state! This signified Man when, tired from the night of sin, he receives grace, which surrounds him like dawn, sending him glimmers of light to call him back.

So, My Heart heaved a sigh of relief; and in this dawn I saw you, my beloved prisoner, whom My Love was going to bind in this state, and you would not leave Me alone in the darkness of the prison. Waiting for the dawn at My feet, and following My sighs, you would cry with Me over the night of Man. This relieved Me, and I offered My imprisonment to give you the Grace to follow Me.

But this prison and this darkness contained another meaning. This was My long residence in the prisons of the Tabernacles; the loneliness in which I am left, such that many times I have no one to whom to say a word, or send a gaze of love.

Other times, I feel in the Holy Host the impressions of unworthy touches, the stench of rotten and muddy hands; and there is no one who touches Me with pure hands and perfumes Me with his love. And how many times human ingratitude leaves Me in darkness, without even the miserable light of a lamp.

Therefore, My imprisonment continues, and will still continue. And since both of us are prisoners - you, prisoner in bed, only for love of Me; I, Prisoner for you - with My Love I want to bind all creatures with the chains that keep Me bound. In this way, we will keep each other company, and you will help Me to extend the chains in order to bind all hearts to My Love.”

After this, I thought to myself: ‘How few are the things that are known about Jesus, while He has done so much! Why did they speak so little about all that My Jesus did and suffered?’ And Jesus, coming back, added:

“My daughter, everyone is stingy with Me, even the good. How much stinginess they have toward Me, how many restrictions; how many things they do not manifest, of that which I tell them and which they comprehend about Me! And you, how many times are you not stingy with Me? Each time you either do not write what I tell you, or do not manifest it, is an act of stinginess toward Me, because each additional knowledge that one acquires about Me is one more glory, one more love that I receive from creatures. Therefore, be attentive and more generous with Me, and I will be more generous with you.”

Difference between the grotto and the Prison of the Passion.

V 20: December 25, 1926

... Then, after this, I was thinking of how unhappy was that grotto in which little baby Jesus was born; how exposed it was to all winds and to cold, so much as to make one numb with cold. Instead of men, there were animals which kept Him company. So I thought: ‘Which prison was more unhappy and sorrowful – the prison of the night of His Passion, or the grotto of Bethlehem?’ And my sweet baby added:

“My daughter, the unhappiness of the prison of My Passion cannot be compared to the grotto of Bethlehem. In the grotto I had my Mama near Me, in body and soul. She was with Me, therefore I had all the joys of My dear Mama, and She had all the

joys of Myself, Her Son, which formed our Paradise. The joys of a Mother who possesses her child are great; the joys of possessing a Mother are even greater. I found everything in Her, and She found everything in Me. Then there was my dear father Saint Joseph who acted as a father to Me, and I felt all the joys which he felt because of Me.



In my Passion, instead, all of our joys were interrupted, because we were to give place to sorrow, and between Mother and Son, we felt the great pain of the nearing separation, sensible at least, which was to occur with My Death. In the grotto the animals recognized Me, and honoring Me, they tried to warm Me with their breath. In the prison, not even men recognized Me, and in order to insult Me, they covered Me with spit and opprobrium. So, there is no comparison between the two.”

Luisa, thank you for your long imprisonment in bed for Love of Jesus and Love of us to gift us with all the Acts of the Divine Will Jesus deposited in you. Fiat mihi!



