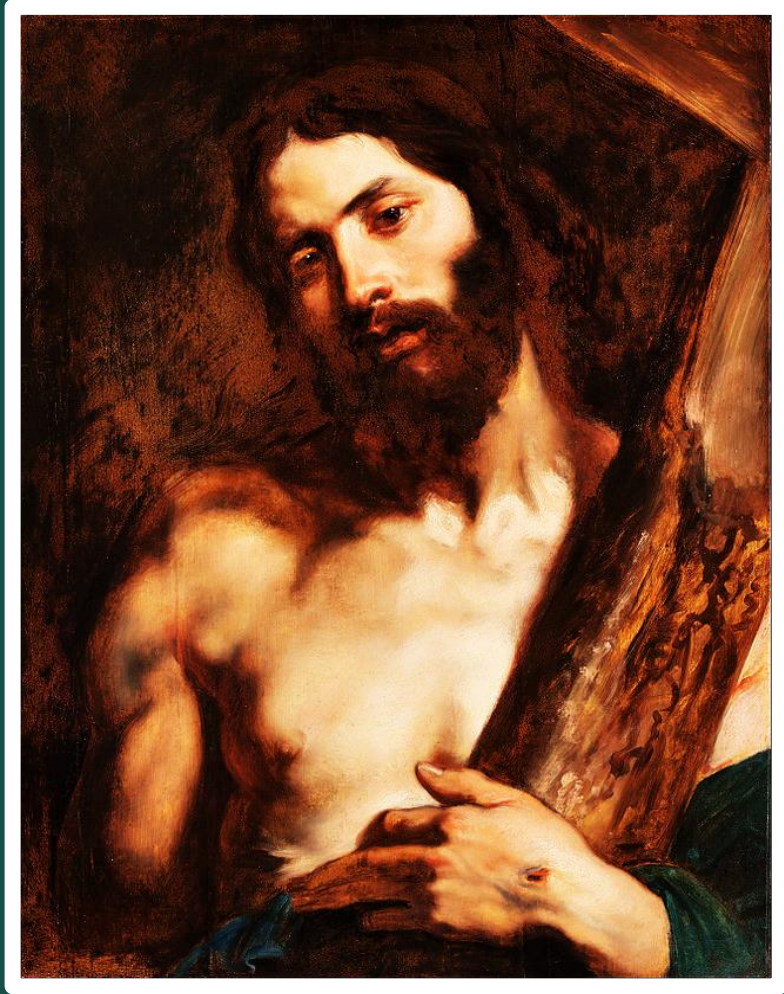


COMPENDIUM

About the Hours of the Passion

From *The Book of Heaven* – Part III



By Luisa Piccarreta

PART III
SELECTIONS OF CHAPTERS
ABOUT THE PASSION OF OUR LORD
FROM THE WRITINGS OF LUISA PICCARRETA
The Divine Passion of Jesus

Introductory Note: The Divine Passion of Our Lord, as Jesus teaches us in these Writings, is the Passion which the Divinity Itself inflicted on the Humanity of Jesus. This Passion, which is beyond human comprehension, is revealed by Jesus to Luisa and opens a new and immense horizon for the understanding, contemplation and meditation of the unheard-of sufferings of the Incarnate Word for the Redemption of mankind, which go far beyond His corporal Passion on the last day of His life, and His moral Passion due the ingratitude and rejection of man. The Divine Passion of Jesus began at the moment of His Incarnation and lasted His whole life. Mary Most Holy, who lived from that very Divine Will which, out of love for man, inflicted these pains on the Incarnated Word, was fully aware of it and took part in it.

***The Interior Passion the Divinity made the
Humanity of Jesus suffer His whole Life.***

February 4, 1919: Volume 12

Continuing in my usual state, for about three days I felt I was dissolved in God. Many times good Jesus drew Me inside His Most Holy Humanity, and I swam in the immense sea of the Divinity. Oh, how many things one could see! How clearly one could see all that the Divinity operated in His Humanity! Very often my Jesus interrupted my surprises, telling me:

“Do you see, my daughter, with what excess of love I loved the creature? My Divinity was too jealous to entrust to the creature the task of Redemption, and so It made Me suffer the Passion. The creature had no power to make Me die as many times for as many creatures which had come, and were to come to the

*light of Creation, and for as many mortal sins as they would have the disgrace to commit. The Divinity wanted life for each life of creature, and life for each death which she gave herself through mortal sin. **Who could be so powerful over Me as to give Me so many deaths, if not my own Divinity? Who would have had the strength, the love, the constancy to watch Me dying so many times, if not my own Divinity? The creature would have grown tired and would have given up.***

*And do not think that this crafting of my Divinity started late, but as soon as my Conception was accomplished, even in the womb of my Mama, who many times was aware of my pains, and was martyred, feeling death along with Me. Therefore, even from the maternal womb, my Divinity took on the commitment of loving executioner – but, because loving, more demanding and inflexible; so much so, that not a thorn was spared to my groaning Humanity - not a nail.... But not like the thorns, the nails, the scourges I suffered in the Passion which creatures gave Me, and which did not multiply - as many as they inflicted, so many remained. Rather, those of my Divinity multiplied at each offense - as many thorns for as many evil thoughts; as many nails for as many unworthy works; as many blows for as many pleasures; as many pains for as many different offenses. They were seas of pains, thorns, nails, and innumerable blows. **In the face of the Passion which my Divinity gave Me, the Passion which the creatures gave Me on the last of my days was nothing but the shadow - the image of what my Divinity made Me suffer during the course of my Life. This is why I love souls so much: they are lives that they cost Me - they are pains inconceivable to created mind. Therefore, enter into my Divinity, and see and touch with your own hand all that I suffered.**”*

I don't know how - I found myself inside the Divine Immensity, which was raising thrones of Justice for each creature, to which sweet Jesus had to respond for each one of their acts - suffering their pains and death, paying the penalty for everything. And Jesus, like a sweet little lamb, was killed by divine hands, to rise again and to suffer more deaths.... Oh God! Oh God, what

harrowing pains! Dying to rise again - and rising again to suffer a yet more excruciating death!

I felt I was dying in seeing my sweet Jesus being killed. Many times I would have wanted to spare just one death for the One who loves me so much. Oh, how well I understood that only the Divinity could make my sweet Jesus suffer so much and could claim the merit of having loved men to folly and excess, with unheard-of pains and with infinite love. Neither Angel nor man had this power in hand: being able to love us with such heroism of sacrifice - like a God. But who can tell everything? My poor mind was swimming in that immense sea of Light, of Love and of pains; and I remained as though drowned, unable to come out. If my lovable Jesus had not drawn me into the little sea of His Most Holy Humanity, in which the mind is not so submerged - unable to see any boundary, I could have said nothing. Then, after this, my sweet Jesus added:

“Beloved daughter, newborn of my Life, come into my Will - come and see how much there is to substitute for, for my many acts, still suspended, not yet substituted for by creatures. My Will must be within you as the primary gear of a clock: if it moves, all the other gears move, and the clock signals the hours and the minutes. So, all the accord is in the motion of this primary wheel; and if this first wheel has no motion, the clock is stopped. In the same way, the first wheel within you must be my Will, which must give motion to your thoughts, to your heart, to your desires - to everything.

And since my Will is the central wheel of my Being, of Creation and of all things, your motion, coming out from that center, will come to substitute for as many acts of creatures. Multiplying in the motions of all as central motion, it will come to place before my Throne, on their behalf, the acts of the creatures, and will substitute for everything. Therefore, be attentive - your mission is great and fully Divine.”

Pains Jesus suffered from His Incarnation, conceiving all souls in Himself

March 18, 1919: Volume 12

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus, making Himself seen, drew me into the immensity of His Most Holy Will, in which He was showing, as though in act, His Conception in the womb of the Celestial Mama. Oh God, what an abyss of love! My sweet Jesus told me: *“Daughter of my Will, come to take part in the first deaths and pains that my little Humanity received from my Divinity in the act of my Conception.*

As I was conceived, I conceived all souls with Me, past, present and future, as my own Life, and I also conceived all the pains and deaths which I had to suffer for each one of them. I had to incorporate everything within Me – souls, pains and deaths, that each one was to suffer, in order to say to the Father: ‘My Father, look no longer at the creature, but only at Me. In Me You will find everyone, and I will satisfy for all. As many pains as You want, I will give them to You. Do You want Me to suffer death for each one? I will suffer it. I accept everything, provided You give life to all.’ This is why a Divine Power and Will were needed in order to give Me so many deaths and pains, and a Divine Power and Will to make Me suffer. And since in my Will all souls and all things are in act – not in an abstract way, or by intention, as some might think; rather, I kept all of them identified with Me, in reality, and with Me they formed my very Life – in reality, I died for each one, and suffered the pains of all. It is true that it took a miracle of my Omnipotence, the prodigy of my immense Will – without my Will, my Humanity could not have found and embraced all souls, nor could It die so many times.

So, as my little Humanity was conceived, It began to suffer alternating pains and deaths; all souls were swimming in Me as if inside an immense sea, forming the members of my members, the blood of my Blood, the heart of my Heart. How many times did my

Mama, taking the first place in my Humanity, feel my pains and my deaths, and She died together with Me! How sweet it was for Me to find the echo of my Love in the love of my Mama! These are profound mysteries, in which the human intellect, not able to understand well, seems to get lost. Therefore, come into my Will, and take part in the deaths and in the pains that I suffered from the moment of my Conception. From this, you will be able to better understand what I tell you.”

I am unable to say how, but I found myself in the womb of my Queen Mama, where I could see the tiny little Infant Jesus. But, though tiny, He contained everything. A dart of light flashed from His Heart into mine, and as it penetrated into me, I felt it giving me death; and as it came out, life came back to me. Each touch of that dart produced a most sharp pain, such that I felt undone, and dying, in reality. Then, through the same touch, I felt I was receiving life again. But I don't have the right words to express myself, therefore I stop here.

The deaths and the pains which the Divinity made the Humanity of Jesus suffer for each soul, were not just an intention, but they were real. Luisa takes part in them.

March 20, 1919: Volume 12

I felt my poor mind immersed in the pains of my lovable Jesus; and since I had been told that it seemed impossible that Jesus could suffer so many deaths and so many pains for each one, as is said above, my Jesus told me: “*My daughter, my Will contains the power of everything. It was enough that my Will wanted it, for it to happen. And if it were not so, my Will would have had a limit in Its power, while I am without limits and infinite in all my things. Therefore, whatever I want, I do. Ah, how little I am understood by creatures, and therefore I am not loved! Come into my*

Humanity, and I will let you see and touch with your hand what I have told you.”

In that moment I found myself in Jesus, who was inseparable from the Divinity and from the Eternal Volition. **By just wanting it, this Volition created repeated deaths, innumerable pains, blows without scourges, the sharpest pricks without thorns, with such an ease, just as when, with one “Fiat”, It created billions of stars ...** It did not take as many “Fiats” for as many created stars - one was enough. Yet, not just one star came out to the light, while the others remained in the Divine Mind or in Its intention - rather, all of them, in reality, came out, and each one had its own light to adorn our atmosphere. In the same way, it seemed that, in the Heaven of the Most Holy Humanity of our Lord, with Its creative “Fiat”, the Divine Volition created life and death as many times as It wanted.

So, being in Jesus, I found myself at that point when Jesus suffered the scourging from the Divine hands. It was enough for the Eternal Will to want it and, without blows, without lashes, the flesh of the Humanity of Jesus fell off in pieces; deep furrows were formed, but in a harrowing manner, and in His deepest interior. **The obedience of Jesus to that Divine Volition was such that His Humanity melted by Itself, but in such a painful way that one can say that the scourging which He received from the Jews was the image and the shadow of that which He suffered from the Eternal Volition.** Then, at the will of the Divine Volition, His Humanity recomposed Itself. This happened when He suffered deaths for each creature, and all the rest. I took part in these pains of Jesus, and - oh, how vividly did I understand that the Divine Volition can make us die as many times as It wants, and then give us life again. Oh God, these are unutterable things, excesses of love, profound mysteries, almost inconceivable to created mind.... I felt unable to return to life, to the use of senses, to motion, after I suffered those pains; and my blessed Jesus told me:

“Daughter of my Will, my Volition gave you those pains, and my Volition gives back to you life, motion, and everything. I will call you often in my Divinity to take part in the many deaths and pains which in reality, I suffered for each soul. It is not, as some believe, that it was only in my Will, or that I just had the intention of giving life to each one. False, false! They do not know the prodigy, the Love and the Power of my Will. You, who have somehow known the reality of the many deaths suffered for all, do not put it in doubt, but love Me, be grateful for all, and be ready when my Will calls you.”

***Cause and necessity of the pains that the
Divinity gave to the Humanity of Jesus.
Why He has delayed in revealing them!***

May 8, 1919: Volume 12

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking of the pains of my adorable Jesus, especially those which His Divinity inflicted upon the Most Holy Humanity of Our Lord. Meanwhile, I felt myself being drawn into the Heart of my Jesus, and I took part in the pains of His Most Holy Heart, which His Divinity made Him suffer during the course of His Life on earth. **These pains are very different from those which blessed Jesus suffered in the course His Passion from the hands of the Jews. They are pains which almost cannot be described.** From the little I shared in them, I can say that I felt a sharp, bitter pain, accompanied by a rip to the heart itself, such that I felt I was dying in reality; and then Jesus would give me life again with a prodigy of His Love. Then, after I suffered, my sweet Jesus told me:

“Daughter of my pains, know that the pains which the Jews gave Me were the shadow of those which the Divinity gave to Me. And this was just, in order to receive full satisfaction. In sinning, man offends the Supreme Majesty not only externally, but also internally, and he disfigures in his interior the divine part which

was infused in him when he was created. Therefore, sin is formed in the interior of man first, and then comes outside; even more, many times what comes outside is the minimum part, while the greater part remains in his interior. Now, creatures were incapable of penetrating into my interior and of making Me satisfy, by means of pains, the Glory of the Father which they had denied to Him with so many interior offenses.

More so, since these offenses wounded the most noble part of the creature – that is, the intellect, the memory and the will - in which the Divine Image is imprinted. Who, then, was to take on this charge if the creature was incapable? Therefore, it was almost necessary that the Divinity Itself take on this commitment, becoming my loving executioner - but more demanding, though loving - in order to receive full satisfaction for all the sins committed in the interior of man.

The Divinity wanted the complete work and the full satisfaction of the creature, both internally and externally. Therefore, in the Passion which the Jews gave to Me I satisfied the external Glory of the Father, which creatures had taken away from Him; in the Passion which my Divinity gave to Me during the course of my whole Life, I satisfied the Father for all the sins of the interior of man. **From this you can understand how the pains which I suffered from the hand of the Divinity surpassed by far the pains which creatures gave Me - even more, they almost cannot be compared, and they are less accessible to created mind.** Just as there is great difference between the interior and the exterior of man, much greater is the difference between the pains which my Divinity inflicted upon Me and those which creatures gave Me on the last day of my Life. **The first ones were cruel, painful, superhuman tearings, capable of giving Me death – and repeated deaths in my inmost parts, of both soul and body. Not even a fiber was spared Me.** The second were bitter pains, but not tearings capable of giving Me death at each pain. But the Divinity had the Power and the Will to do so.

Ah, how much man costs Me! But man, ungrateful, does not care about Me; he does not try to comprehend how much I loved him and how much I suffered for him, to the extent that he has not even come to understand all that I suffered in the Passion which creatures gave Me. And if they do not understand the least, how can they understand the greatest, which I suffered for them? This is why I delay in revealing the innumerable and unheard-of pains which the Divinity gave Me because of them.

But my Love wants to pour Itself out, and to receive love in return. Therefore I call you in the immensity and height of my Will, where all these pains are in act. And not only do you take part in them, but in the name of the entire human family you honor them and give love in return; and together with Me, You substitute for all that creatures owe, but - to my highest pain and great harm to themselves - they don't give it a thought."

In order for Redemption to be complete, Jesus was to suffer injustice, hatred, mockeries; and since the Divinity was incapable of giving Him these pains, this is why He suffered the Passion from the hands of creatures on the last of His mortal days.

June 4, 1919: Volume 12

I was thinking about the Passion of my always lovable Jesus, especially when He found Himself under the storm of the scourges, and I thought to myself: *'When did Jesus suffer more – in the pains which the Divinity made Him suffer during the whole course of His Life, or on the last day from the hands of the Jews?'* And my sweet Jesus, with a light which He sent to my intellect, told me:

"My daughter, the pains which the Divinity gave Me surpass by far those which creatures gave Me, both in power and in intensity, multiplicity and length of time. However, there was no injustice or hatred, but highest love and accord on the part of

all Three Divine Persons in the commitment which I had taken upon Myself to save souls at the cost of suffering as many deaths for as many creatures as would come out to the light of Creation, and which the Father had granted to Me with highest love.

Injustice and hatred do not exist in the Divinity, nor can they exist. Therefore, It was unable to make Me suffer these pains. But man, with sin, had committed highest injustice, hatred, etc., and in order to glorify the Father completely, I was to suffer injustice, hatred, mockeries, etc. This is why, on the last of my mortal days, I suffered the Passion on the part of creatures, in which the injustices, the hatred, the mockeries, the revenges and the humiliations that they used against Me were so many as to render my poor Humanity the opprobrium of all, to the point that I did not look like a man. They disfigured Me so much that they themselves were horrified in looking at Me. I was the abject and the refuse of all. Therefore, I could call them two distinct Passions.

Creatures could not give Me as many deaths or pains, for as many creatures, and as many sins as they would commit. They were incapable of it. Therefore, the Divinity took on this commitment, but with highest love and accord on both sides. Besides, the Divinity was incapable of injustice, etc.; so, creatures took over, and I completed the Work of Redemption in everything. How much souls cost Me - this is why I love them so much!"

Another day I was thinking to myself: 'My beloved Jesus has told me so many things; and I - have I been attentive in doing all that He taught me? Oh, how meager I am in pleasing Him! How incapable I feel of everything! So, His many teachings will be my condemnation.' And my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "My daughter, why do you afflict yourself? The teachings of your Jesus will never serve to condemn you. Even if you did only once what I have taught you, you would still place a star in the heaven of your soul. In fact, just as I extended a heaven over the human nature and my "Fiat" studded it with stars, in the same way, I extended a heaven in the depth of the soul, and the "Fiat"

of the good which she does - because any good is a fruit of my Will - comes to embellish this heaven with stars. Therefore, if she does ten goods, she places ten stars in it; if a thousand, one thousand stars ... So, think rather of repeating my teachings as much as you can, in order to stud the heaven of your soul with stars, so that it will not be inferior to the heaven that shines upon your horizon; and each star will carry the mark of the teaching of your Jesus. How much honor you will give Me!"

The pains which the Divinity inflicted on Jesus in His interior. The pains of the Passion were shadows and similes of the interior pains.

August 19, 1922: Volume 14

As I was in my usual state, sweet Jesus made me suffer part of His pains and of His deaths, which He suffered for each creature. From my little pains I could comprehend how atrocious and mortal the pains of Jesus had been. Then He told me: "*My daughter, my pains are incomprehensible to human nature, and the very pains of my Passion were shadows or similes of my interior pains. My interior pains were inflicted on Me by an Omnipotent God, and not one fiber could dodge His blow; those of my Passion were inflicted on Me by men who, having neither Omnipotence nor All-seeingness, were not able to do what they wanted, nor to penetrate into every single fiber of mine.*

My interior pains were incarnate, and my very Humanity was transformed into nails, into thorns, into scourges, into wounds, into martyrdom, so cruel as to give Me continuous deaths; and these were inseparable from Me - they formed my very Life. On the other hand, those of my Passion were extraneous to Me; they were thorns and nails which could be driven inside, and eventually, they could also be removed; and the mere thought that a pain can be removed is a relief. But my interior pains, which were formed of my own flesh - there was no hope that they might

be removed, or that the sharpness of a thorn or the piercing of the nails might be lessened.

My interior pains were so great and so many that I could call the pains of my Passion reliefs and kisses given to my interior pains; and uniting together, they gave the last proof of my great and excessive love for the salvation of souls. My external pains were voices which called everyone to enter into the ocean of my interior pains, to make them comprehend how much their salvation cost Me. And then, from your own interior pains, communicated by Me, you can somehow comprehend the continuous intensity of mine. Therefore, pluck up courage - it is love that pushes Me to this."

The Cross which the Divine Will gave to Our Lord. In order to operate the perfect and complete Redemption, Jesus had to do It in the Sphere of Eternity.

February 16, 1923: Volume 15

I was doing my usual adoration to the Crucified One and abandoning all of myself in His lovable Will; but as I was doing this, I felt my beloved Jesus move in my interior, saying: *"My daughter, hurry, hurry, quickly, hasten - do your course in my Volition, keep going through all that my Humanity did in the Supreme Will, so that you may unite your acts to mine and to those of my Mama. It has been decreed that if a creature does not enter into the Eternal Volition to render all our acts triple, this Supreme Volition will not descend upon earth to carry out Its life in the human generations. It wants the cortege of the triple acts in order to make Itself known. Therefore, hasten."*

Jesus kept silent, and I felt myself as though flung into the Holy Eternal Volition, but I am unable to say what I was doing; I can only say that I found all the acts of Jesus, and I placed my own. Then He continued to speak, saying: *"My daughter, how many things will my Will make known of what my Humanity operated in*

this Divine Will! In order to operate the perfect and complete Redemption, my Humanity had to do It in the sphere of Eternity. Here is the necessity of an Eternal Will. If my human will did not have an Eternal Will with itself, all my acts would be limited and finite acts; but with It, they are endless and infinite.

Therefore, my pains, my Cross, had to be endless and infinite, and the Divine Will made my Humanity find all these pains and crosses; so much so, that It laid Me over the whole human family, from the first to the last man, and I absorbed all kinds of pains within Myself, and each creature formed my Cross. So, my Cross was as long as all centuries are and will be, and as wide as the human generations. It was not just the little cross of Calvary on which the Jews crucified Me; that one was nothing but a simile of the long Cross on which the Supreme Will kept Me crucified. So, each creature formed the length and the width of the Cross, and as they formed it, they remained grafted in that same Cross; and the Divine Will, laying Me over It and crucifying Me, made the Cross not only my own, but of all those who formed that Cross. This is why I needed the sphere of Eternity to keep this Cross - the terrestrial space would not be enough to contain It.

Oh! how much will creatures love Me, when they come to know what my Humanity did in the Divine Will, and what It made Me suffer for love of them. My Cross was not of wood – no; It was made of souls.

It was them that I felt palpitating in the Cross on which the Divine Will laid Me - and It let none of them escape Me, It gave a place to each one, and in order to give a place to all, It stretched Me in such a harrowing way, and with pains so atrocious, that I could call the pains of my Passion little, and reliefs. Therefore, hasten, so that my Will may make known all that this Eternal Volition operated in my Humanity. This knowledge will win so much love, that creatures will bend to let It reign in their midst.”

Now, as He was saying this, He showed so much tenderness and so much love that, amazed, I said to Him: *‘My Love, why do You show so much love when You speak about your Will - such that it seems as if You wanted to release another You from within Yourself because of the great love that You feel; while if You speak about something else, this excess of love does not show in You?’* And He: *“My daughter, do you want to know? When I speak about my Will to make It known to the creature, I want to infuse in her my own Divinity, and therefore another Me; so, my whole love enters the field in order to do this, and I love her as I love Myself. This is why you see that while I speak about my Will, my love seems to overflow out of Its boundaries in order to form the dwelling of my Will in the heart of the creature. On the other hand, when I speak about something else, it is my virtues that I infuse, and according to the virtues that I keep manifesting to her, I love her now as Creator, now as Father, now as Redeemer, now as Teacher, now as Doctor, etc. Therefore, there is not that exuberance of love as when I want to form another Me.”*

God is always the first to Operate in the Soul.

May 29, 1923: Volume 15

I was accompanying my sweet Jesus in His pains, especially in what He suffered in the Garden of Gethsemane; and while I compassionated Him, moving in my interior, He told me:

“My daughter, the first one to form the crafting of my pains in my Humanity was my Celestial Father, because He alone had the strength and the power to create pain and to place in it as many degrees of pain as were needed in order to be satisfied for the debt of creatures. Creatures were secondary, because they had no power over Me, nor the ability to create pain as intense as they wanted.

The same happens in all creatures: in creating man, the first crafting, both in the soul and in the body, was done by my Divine Father. How much harmony, how much happiness did He not form with His own hands in the human nature? Everything is

harmony and happiness in man. The mere external part - how many harmonies and happinesses does it not contain? The eyes can see, the mouth can express, the feet can walk, the hands can operate and take things where the feet have reached. But if the eyes could see, but man did not have the mouth to express himself; or if he had feet to walk but no hands to operate – would there not be unhappiness and disharmony in the human nature?

And then, the harmonies and happinesses of the human soul - the will, the intellect, the memory – how many harmonies and happinesses do they not contain? It is enough to say that they are part of the happiness and harmony of the Eternal One. God created His true personal Eden in the soul and in the body of man – an Eden all celestial; and then He gave him the terrestrial Eden as residence. Everything was harmony and happiness in the human nature, and even though sin upset this harmony and happiness, it did not completely destroy all the good which God had created in man.

So, just as God created with His own hands all the happiness and harmony in the creature, He created all possible pains in Me, to be repaid for the human ingratitude, and to make the lost Happiness come out from the Sea of My Pains

And this happens to all creatures: when I must choose them for a distinct sanctity or for my special designs, it is my own hands that work in the soul, and I create in it now suffering, now love, now the knowledge of celestial truths. My jealousy is such that I want no one to touch her; and if I allow creatures to do something to her, it is always in the secondary order; but I Myself have primacy, and I keep forming her according to my design.”

***The pain of death was the first pain which
Jesus suffered at His Conception, and which
lasted for His whole life.***

December 24, 1924: Volume 17

My days are ever more sorrowful. I am under the hard press of the hard privation of my sweet Jesus, which is upon me like a deadly iron, to kill me continuously. But as it is about to arm the last blow in order to finish it, it leaves it suspended above my head; and I await this last blow like a relief, to go to my Jesus – but I wait in vain! And I feel my poor soul, and also my nature, being consumed and melted. Ah! my great sins do not make me deserve to die! What pain! What a long agony! O please! my Jesus, have pity on me! You who are the only one who knows my harrowing state - do not abandon me, do not leave me at the mercy of myself.

Now, while I was in this state, I felt I was outside of myself, within a most pure light; and in this light I could see the Queen Mama and the little Baby Jesus inside Her virginal womb. Oh! God, in what a sorrowful state was my lovable little Baby! His little Humanity was immobilized; His little feet and hands were immobile, without the slightest motion; there was no room, either to open His eyes, or to breathe freely. His immobility was such that He seemed to be dead, while He was alive. I thought to myself: *'Who knows how much my Jesus suffers in this state! And how much His beloved Mama suffers, in seeing Baby Jesus so immobilized within Her very womb!'* Now, while I was thinking of this, my tiny little Baby, sobbing, said to me:

“My daughter, the pains I suffered in this virginal womb of my Mama are incalculable to the human mind. But do you know what the first pain was, which I suffered in the first act of my Conception, and which lasted for my whole my life? The pain of death. My Divinity descended from Heaven as fully happy, untouchable by any pain and by any death.

When I saw my little Humanity being subject to death and to pains for love of creatures, I felt the pain of death so vividly, that I really would have died of sheer pain, if the power of my Divinity had not sustained Me with a prodigy, making Me feel the pain of death and the continuation of life.



So, for Me it was always death: I felt the death of sin, the death of good in the creatures, and also their natural death. What a cruel torment this was for Me, during my whole life! I, who contained life and was the absolute Lord of life itself, was to subject Myself to the pain of death. Don't you see my little Humanity immobile and dying in the womb of my dear Mama? And don't you yourself feel, within yourself, how hard and

excruciating is the pain of feeling oneself dying, without dying? My daughter, it is your living in my Will that makes you share in the continuous death of my Humanity.”

So, I spent almost the whole morning close to my Jesus, inside the womb of my Mama; and I saw that, as He was in the act of dying, He would regain life, to then abandon Himself to dying again. What pain, to see Baby Jesus in that state!



The Sorrows and Sufferings of Mary Most Holy

October 3, 1922: Volume 14

Necessity that the Virgin be aware of the Interior Pains of Jesus

Continuing in my usual state, I felt oppressed because blessed Jesus often allows that I suffer while the confessor is present; and I lamented to Him, telling Him: *‘My Love, I pray You, I implore You, do not again allow that I suffer in the presence of anyone. Let everything pass between You and me, and that You alone be aware of my pains. O please! make me content, give Me your word that You will not do it anymore. Even more, make me suffer twice as much; I am happy, as long as everything is hidden between You and me.’* And Jesus, interrupting my speaking, told me: *“My daughter, do not lose heart; when my Will wants it, you too must surrender. Besides, this is nothing other than a step of my Life.*

My very hidden Life, my interior pains and everything I did, always had at least one or two spectators; and this, with reason, out of necessity, and in order to obtain the purpose of my pains themselves. The first spectator was my Celestial Father, from whom nothing could escape; since He Himself was the One who inflicted those pains upon Me, He was actor and spectator. If my Father had seen and known nothing, how could I satisfy Him, give Him glory, and bend Him to mercy for mankind at the sight of my pains? Their purpose would have failed.

Secondly, my Mama was spectator of all my pains of my hidden Life, and this was necessary. Having come from Heaven to earth to suffer, not for Myself, but for the good of others, I had to have at least one creature in whom I was to place that good which my pains contained, and therefore move my dear Mama to thank Me, to praise Me, to love Me and to bless Me, letting Her admire the excess of my Goodness; so much so that, captured, enraptured and moved at the sight of my pains, She prayed Me that in the face of the great good which my pains brought to Her, I would

not exempt Her from being identified with my own pains in order to suffer them, to repay Me, and to be my perfect imitator. If my Mama had seen nothing, I would not have had my first imitator - not a 'thank you', no praise. My pains and the good they contained would have remained without effect because, since no one would have known them, I could not have made the first prop, and the purpose of the great good which the creature was to receive would have been lost. See how necessary it was that at least one creature be aware of my pains?

If for Me it was so, I want it to be so also for you. Even more, I tell you that I want the confessor acting together with Me, as spectator and depository of the pains I make you suffer, so that he too may share in their good; and having him with Me, I may excite him more in the faith and infuse in him light and love, to make him comprehend the truths I keep manifesting to you.” ...

The Sorrows of the Celestial Mama, and how the Divine Fiat acted in them.

March 23, 1923: Volume 15

I was thinking of the sorrows of my Celestial Mama, and my lovable Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: *“My daughter, I was the first King of sorrows, and being Man and God, I had to centralize everything within Me in order to have primacy over everything, even over sorrows.*

Those of my Mama were nothing other than the reverberations of mine which, being reflected in Her, made Her share in all my sorrows which, piercing Her, filled Her with such bitterness and pain that She felt Herself dying at each reverberation of my sorrows. But love sustained Her and gave Her life again. Therefore, not only for honor, but also by right of justice, She was the first Queen of the immense sea of Her sorrows.”

While He was saying this, I seemed to see my Mama in front of Jesus, and everything that Jesus contained, the sorrows and the piercings of that Most Holy Heart, were reflected in the Heart of the sorrowful Queen. At those reflections, many swords formed in the Heart of the pierced Mama; and these swords were marked by a Fiat of light, in which She was circumfused, in the midst of so many Fiats of most refulgent light which gave Her so much glory that there are no words to narrate it. Then, Jesus continued, saying:

“It was not the sorrows that constituted my Mama as Queen and made Her shine with so much glory, but it was my omnipotent Fiat, which was braided to Her every act and sorrow, and constituted Itself life of each of Her sorrows. So, my Fiat was the first act that formed the sword, giving Her the intensity of pain It wanted. My Fiat could place all the sorrows It wanted in that pierced Heart, adding piercings upon piercings, pains upon pains, without a shadow of the slightest resistance.

On the contrary, She felt honored that my Fiat would constitute Itself life of even a heartbeat of Hers; and my Fiat gave Her complete glory and constituted Her true and legitimate Queen.

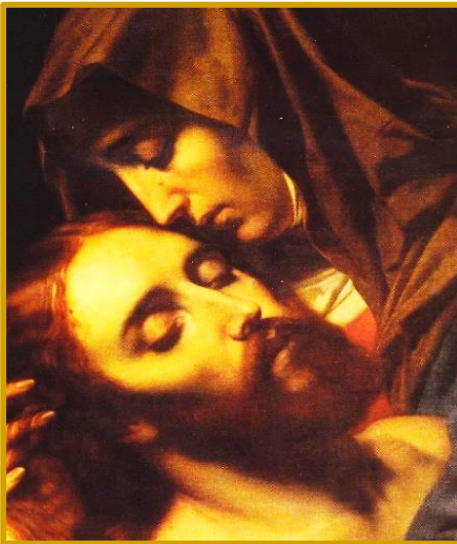
Now, who will be the souls in whom I can reflect the reverberations of my sorrows and of my very Life? Those who will have my Fiat as life. This Fiat will make them absorb my reflections, and I will be generous in sharing with them that which my Will operates in Me. Therefore, in my Will do I await souls, to give them the true dominion and the complete glory of each act and pain that they may suffer.

The operating and suffering outside of my Will I do not recognize; I could say: ‘I have nothing to give you; what is the will that animated you in doing and suffering this? Get your reward from that one.’ Many times, doing good or suffering, if my Will is not present in them, can be miserable slaveries which degenerate into passions, while it is my Will alone that gives true dominion, true virtues, true glory, such as to transform the human into divine.”

How the Virgin surpassed everyone in Suffering

April 28, 1926: Volume 19

Afterwards, I was thinking to myself: *'It is true that my Queen Mama made the greatest of sacrifices, which no one else has made - that is, not even wanting to know Her own will, but only that of God; and through this She embraced all sorrows, all pains, up to the heroism of sacrifice, sacrificing Her own Son in order to do the Supreme Will - but once She made this sacrifice, everything She suffered afterwards was the effect of Her first act. Nor did She have to struggle as we do, in different circumstances, in unforeseen encounters, in unexpected losses... It is a constant struggle, to the point of making our hearts bleed for fear that we might surrender to our own belligerent human wills. How much attention one must have, so that the Supreme Will may always keep Its place of honor and Its supremacy over everything; and many times this struggle is harsher than the pain itself.'* But while I was thinking of this, my lovable Jesus moved in my interior, telling me:



“My daughter, you are wrong. The maximum sacrifice of my Mama was not only one, but they were so great and so many - for as many as were the sorrows, the pains, the circumstances and the encounters to which Her existence and Mine were exposed. Pains were always doubled in Her, because my pains were Hers - more than Her own pains.

Besides, my wisdom did not change direction with my Mama; in each pain She was to receive, I always asked Her whether She wanted to accept it, in order to hear that 'Fiat' being repeated to Me in each pain, in each circumstance, and even in each heartbeat of Hers.

That 'Fiat' resounded so sweet, gentle and harmonious to Me, that I wanted to hear It being repeated in every instant of Her life. This is why I would always ask Her: 'Mama, do you want to do this? Do you want to suffer this pain?' And my Fiat would bring Her the seas of the goods It contains and would make Her understand the intensity of the pain She was accepting. This understanding, through divine light, of that which, step by step, She was to suffer, gave Her such martyrdom as to infinitely surpass the struggle which creatures suffer. In fact, since the seed of sin was missing in Her, the seed of the struggle was missing, and so my Will had to find another device, that She might not be inferior to the other creatures in suffering, because, having to acquire by justice the right of Queen of Sorrows, She was to surpass in suffering all creatures together.

How many times have you yourself not experienced this – that while you felt no struggle within you, as my Will would make you understand the pains It inflicted upon you, you would remain petrified by the intensity of the pain; and while you were undone in that pain, you were the tiny little lamb in my arms, ready to accept yet more pains to which my Will would want you to be submitted. Ah, did you not suffer more than in the struggle itself?

The struggle is a sign of vehement passions, while my Will, if It brings suffering, gives intrepidity; and with the knowledge of the intensity of the pain, It gives one such merit that only a Divine Will can give. Therefore, just as I act with you – that in everything I want from you, first I ask you whether you want it, whether you accept it – so I did with my Mama. This, so that the sacrifice may be always new, and may give Me the opportunity to converse with

the creature, to be with her, and my Volition may have Its field of divine action in the human will.”

Now, as I was writing what is written above, I could not continue on, because my mind was estranged from my senses by a beautiful and harmonious chant, accompanied by a sound never before heard. This chant called the attention of everyone and harmonized with the whole of Creation and with the Celestial Fatherland. I write all this to obey. As I was hearing that chant, my Jesus told me: *“My daughter, hear how beautiful it is! This sound and chant is a new canticle, formed by the Angels as homage, glory and honor to the union of the Divine Will with your human will. The joy of all Heaven and of all Creation is so great that, unable to contain it, they play and sing.”* After He said this, I found myself inside myself.

***Just as it was necessary to make known who
They were who suffered more than anyone to
form the Kingdom of Redemption, so it is
necessary to make known she who has suffered
for the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat.***

July 11, 1926: Volume 19

For quite a few days my sweet Jesus had not told me anything about His Most Holy Will; rather, He would make Himself seen sad, in the act of striking the creatures. Today, as though wanting to go out of His sadness – because when He speaks about His Will it seems He puts Himself in feast, coming out from within my interior, He told me: *“My daughter, I want to cheer Myself up – let Me speak of the Kingdom of my Supreme Will.”* And I: *‘My Love and my Life, Jesus, if You do not tell me all the secrets that are in It, not knowing everything, I will not enjoy the fullness of the goods that this Kingdom possesses, nor will I be able to give You the requital of love for the goods that You hide; and I would feel unhappy in the midst of so much happiness, because my*

“I Love You” would not be flowing in everything that You possess in It. It may be small, but it is the “I love You” of your little daughter, whom You love so much.’

And Jesus, taking my own words, told me: *“My little daughter, you yourself are saying how necessary knowledge is. If it is necessary for you, much more so for others. Now, you must know that in order to form the Kingdom of Redemption, those who distinguished themselves the most in suffering were my Mama and I. And even though apparently She suffered none of the pains that the other creatures knew, except for my death which was known by all, and which was the fatal and harrowing blow for Her maternal Heart, more than any most sorrowful death, however, since She possessed the unity of the light of my Will, this light brought to Her pierced Heart, not only the seven swords told by the Church, but all swords, spears and pricks of all sins and pains of creatures, which martyred Her maternal Heart in a harrowing way. But this is nothing. This light brought Her all my pains, my humiliations, my torments, my thorns, my nails, the most intimate pains of my Heart. The Heart of my Mama was the true Sun: though one can see nothing but light, this light contains all the goods and effects that the earth receives and possesses; so, one can say that the earth is enclosed in the Sun. The same for the Sovereign Queen: one could only see Her person, but the light of my Supreme Will enclosed in Her all possible and imaginable pains; and the more intimate and unknown these pains were, the more valuable and powerful they were over the Divine Heart, to impetrate the longed for Redeemer; and more than solar light, they descended into the hearts of creatures, to conquer them and bind them in the Kingdom of Redemption.*

So, the Church knows so very little of the pains of the Celestial Sovereign Queen, that one can say that She knows only the visible pains, and this is why She gives the number of the seven swords. But if She knew that Her maternal Heart was the refuge, the deposit of all pains, and that the light of my Will

brought everything to Her, sparing Her nothing, the Church would not speak of seven swords, but of millions of swords. More so, since they were intimate pains, and therefore God alone knows the intensity of the sorrow. This is why, by right, She was constituted Queen of martyrs and of all sorrows. Creatures can give a weight, a value to exterior pains, but they do not know enough of the interior ones to be able to attribute to them the right price.

Now, in order to form in my Mama, first the Kingdom of my Will, and then that of Redemption, so many pains were not necessary because, since She had no sin, the inheritance of pains was not for Her – Her inheritance was the Kingdom of my Will. But in order to give the Kingdom of Redemption to creatures, She had to submit Herself to so many pains. So, the fruits of Redemption were matured in the Kingdom of my Will possessed by Me and by my Mama. There is nothing beautiful, good or useful, which does not come from my Will.

Now, united to the Sovereign Queen came my Humanity. She remained hidden in Me, in my sorrows, in my pains, therefore little was known about Her; but as for my Humanity, it was necessary that what I did, how much I suffered and how much I loved be known. If nothing were known, I could not form the Kingdom of Redemption.

The knowledge of my pains and of my love is magnet and spur, incitement and light to draw souls to taking the remedies, the goods contained in It. Knowing how much their sins and their salvation cost Me is chain that binds them to Me and prevents new sins. If, on the other hand, they had known nothing of my pains and of my death, not knowing how much their salvation cost Me, no one would have given a thought to loving Me and saving his soul. See then, how necessary it is to make known how much he or she who has formed within him or herself a universal good to give it to others, has done and suffered.

Now, my daughter, just as it was necessary to make known to creatures who He and She were, and how much it cost Them to form the Kingdom of Redemption, so it is necessary to make known she whom my paternal goodness has chosen, first, to form the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat within her, and then, to give rise to Its transmission to others.

Just as it was for Redemption, which was formed between Me and my Celestial Mama first, and then became known to creatures, so it will be for the Supreme Fiat. Therefore, it is necessary to make known how much this Kingdom of my Will costs Me; that I had to sacrifice the littlest of all creatures - so that man might enter once again into the Kingdom he had lost - keeping her nailed to a bed for forty years and more, without air, without the fullness of the light of the sun that everyone enjoys; how her little heart has been the refuge of my pains and of those of creatures; how she has loved all, prayed for all, defended all; how many times she has exposed herself to the blows of Divine Justice to defend all of her brothers; and then, her intimate pains, and the very privations of Me that martyred her little heart, giving her continuous death.

In fact, since she has known no other life but mine, no other Will but mine, all of these pains laid the foundations of the Kingdom of my Will, and, like solar rays, matured the fruits of the Supreme Fiat.

So, it is necessary to make known how much this Kingdom cost you and Me, so that, from Its cost, they may know how much I yearn for them to acquire It; and from Its cost they may appreciate It, love It and aspire to enter, to live in the Kingdom of my Supreme Will.”

I wrote this to obey, but the effort has been so great, that I could just barely mention my poor existence, since, because of the great reluctance, I feel my blood freeze in my veins. However, I can but repeat always: ‘Fiat! Fiat! Fiat!...’

What Privation of God means, and how the Sovereign Queen suffered this Privation.

August 22, 1926: Volume 19

... After this, I was thinking to myself: *'How hard is the privation of my sweet Jesus... One feels the true death of the soul, and it happens as when the soul departs from the body: while it possesses the same members, they are emptied of life, they are inert, without motion, and have no more value. So does my little soul appear to me without Jesus: it possesses the same faculties, but emptied of life; once Jesus has departed, life, motion, warmth, are ended. This is why this pain is harrowing and indescribable, and cannot be compared to any other pain. Ah! the Celestial Mama did not suffer this pain, because Her sanctity rendered Her inseparable from Jesus, and therefore She never remained without Him.'* But while I was thinking of this, my beloved Jesus moved in my interior, telling me:

"My daughter, you are wrong - the privation of Me is not separation, but pain. You are right in saying that it is more than mortal, but this pain has the virtue, not of separating, but of joining with stronger and more stable bonds the inseparable union with Me. Not only this, but each time the soul remains as though without Me, with no guilt on her part, I rise again for her to new life of knowledges, allowing Myself to be comprehended more with more love, loving her more, and with new grace, to enrich her and embellish her more. And she rises again to new Divine Life, to new love and to new beauty; because it is justice that, since the soul suffers mortal pains, she be substituted with new Divine Life. If it were not so, I would let Myself be surpassed by the love of the creature, which cannot be.

And besides, it is not true that the Sovereign Queen was never without Me; separated – never; but without Me - yes. But this did not prejudice the height of Her sanctity; on the contrary, it increased it.

How many times I left Her in the state of pure faith, because, having to be the Queen of sorrows and the Mother of all the living, She could not lack the most beautiful adornment, the most refulgent gem, which gave Her the characteristic of Queen of martyrs and Sovereign Mother of all sorrows. This pain of being left in pure faith prepared Her to receive the deposit of my doctrines, the treasure of the Sacraments and all the goods of my Redemption.

In fact, since the privation of Me is the greatest pain, it places the soul in the condition of deserving to be the depository of the greatest gifts of her Creator, of His highest knowledges, and of His secrets. How many times have I not done this for you? After a privation of Me, I would manifest to you the highest knowledges about my Will; and with this, I would make you the depository, not only of Its knowledges, but of my Will Itself.

Moreover, the Sovereign Queen, as Mother, had to possess all of the interior states, therefore also the state of pure faith, to be able to give to Her children that unshakeable faith that makes one lay down one's blood and life to defend and prove one's faith. Had She not possessed this gift of faith, how could She give it to Her children?"

Chapters relating to each Hour of the Passion

Introductory Note: The Writings of Luisa contain several chapters in which Our Lord expands and enriches the meaning and the teaching of the different Hours of the Passion. Some of them have been gathered here below and grouped under the corresponding Hour. It can be very helpful to read and meditate on these chapters often, in order to deepen our knowledge and understanding of the meaning of each Hour, so as to expand and to enliven ever more our participation in the interior acts of Our Lord, while doing the Hours of the Passion, and in each moment of our day.

First Hour From 5 to 6 PM

***Jesus takes leave of
His Most Holy Mother***

October 3, 1903: Volume 5

**Jesus continues His life in the world, not only in
the Most Holy Sacrament, but also in the souls
who are in His Grace.**

I was thinking about the Hour of the Passion in which Jesus took leave of His Mother to go to His death, and they blessed each other, and I was offering this Hour to repair for those who do not bless the Lord in everything, but rather, they offend Him, in order to impetrate all the blessings which are necessary for us to preserve ourselves in the grace of God, and to fill the void of the glory of God, as if all creatures were blessing Him. While doing this, I felt Him move in my interior, saying:

“My daughter, in the act of blessing my Mother I also intended to bless each creature individually, and all in general, in such a way that everything is blessed by Me: thoughts, words, heartbeats, steps and movements made for Me. Everything – everything has been given value by my blessing. Even more, I tell you that everything good that creatures do, was all done by my Humanity, so that all the works of creatures might first be divinized by Me.

Furthermore, my life, real and true, still continues in the world, not only in the Most Holy Sacrament, but in the souls who are in my Grace; and since the capacity of the creature is very limited, and one of them alone is unable to catch everything I did, I act in such a way as to continue my reparation in one soul, praise in another, thanksgiving in another; in some others my zeal for the salvation of souls, in another my sufferings, and so with all the rest. According to how they correspond to Me, I carry out my life within

them. Therefore, think of what constraints and pains they put Me into – while I want to operate in them, they do not pay attention to Me.” Having said this, He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

***When Jesus wants to give, He asks.
Effects of the blessing of Jesus.***

November 28, 1920: Volume 12

I was thinking of when my sweet Jesus, in order to begin His sorrowful Passion, wanted to go to His Mama and ask for Her blessing. And blessed Jesus told me:

“My daughter, how many things does this mystery reveal. I wanted to go to my dear Mama and ask for Her blessing, in order to give Her the opportunity to ask for my blessing Herself. The pains which She was to bear were too many, and it was just that my blessing would strengthen Her. It is my usual way to ask, whenever I want to give, and my Mama understood Me immediately; so much so, that She did not bless Me before asking for my blessing, and only after I blessed Her, did She bless Me.

But this is not all. In order to create the Universe, I pronounced one “Fiat”, and by that one “Fiat” I reordered and embellished heaven and earth. In creating man, my omnipotent Breath infused life in him. Upon beginning my Passion, I wanted to bless my Mama with my omnipotent and creative Word. But I did not bless Her only; in my Mama I saw all creatures. She was the one who had primacy over all, and in Her I blessed all, and each one. Even more, I blessed each thought, word, act, etc.; I blessed each thing which had to serve the creature. Just as the sun, created by my omnipotent “Fiat”, is still following its course for all, and for each mortal, without ever decreasing in light or heat; in the same way, in blessing, my creative Word remained in the act of blessing continuously, without ever ceasing to bless – just as the sun will never cease to give its light to all creatures.

Yet, this is not all. With my blessing I wanted to renew the qualities of Creation. I wanted to call my Celestial Father to bless, in order to communicate Power to the creature; I wanted to bless her in My name and in the name of the Holy Spirit in order to communicate to her Wisdom and Love, and therefore renew the memory, the intellect and the will of the creature, restoring her as sovereign of all. However, know that, in giving, I want. My dear Mama understood, and She immediately blessed Me, not only for Herself but in the name of all.

Oh! If all could see this blessing of mine; they would feel it in the water they drink, in the fire that warms them, in the food they take, in the sorrow that afflicts them, in the moans of their prayer, in the remorse of guilt, in the abandonment of creatures. In everything they would hear my creative word saying to them - but, alas, it is not heard: 'I bless you in the name of the Father, of Myself, the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. I bless you to help you, I bless you to defend you, to forgive you, to console you - I bless you to make you a saint.' And the creature would echo my blessings, by blessing Me too, in everything. These are the effects of my blessing; and my Church, instructed by Me, echoes Me, and in almost all circumstances – the administration of the Sacraments and others – She gives Her blessing."

Blessing Jesus gave to His Mama before the Passion.

July 6, 1922: Volume 14

I was thinking of Jesus, and accompanying Him in the Hour of the Passion when He went to His Divine Mama to ask for Her holy blessing; and my most sweet Jesus in my interior told me: *"My daughter, before my Passion, I wanted to bless my Mama and be blessed by Her. However, I did not bless only my Mama, but all creatures, and not only those which are animate, but also the inanimate. I saw the creatures weak, covered with wounds, poor; my Heart had a throb of sorrow and of tender compassion, and I said:*

“Poor humanity, how decayed you are! I want to bless you, so that you may rise again from your decay. May my blessing impress in you the triple seal of the power, the wisdom and the love of the Three Divine Persons, and may it restore your strength, heal you and enrich you. And in order to surround you with defense, I bless all things created by Me, that you may receive them all blessed by Me. I bless for you the light, the air, the water, the fire, the food, so that you may remain as though immersed and covered by my blessings.

But since you did not deserve this blessing, I wanted to bless my Mama, using Her as channel through which my blessing might reach you. And just as my Mama requited Me with Her blessings, I want creatures to requite Me with their blessings; but – alas, instead of repaying Me with blessings, they repay Me with offenses and maledictions. Therefore, my daughter, enter into my Will, and rising upon the wings of all created things, seal all of them with the blessings that all should give Me, and bring the blessings of all to my sorrowful and tender Heart.” Then, after I did this, as though to repay me, He said to me: *“My beloved daughter, I bless you in a special way: I bless your heart, your mind, your motion, your word, your breath - I bless all of you, and everything in you.”*

Second Hour From 6 to 7 PM

Jesus departs from the His Most Holy Mother and sets out for the Cenacle

May 9, 1913: Volume 11

**Jesus and His Mama are inseparable.
How She carried out Her Office of Mother.**

While praying, I was thinking about that moment in which Jesus took leave of His Most Holy Mother to go and suffer His Passion; and I said to myself: *‘How is it possible that Jesus could*

separate from His dear Mama, and She from Jesus?’ And blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, surely there could not be separation between Me and my sweet Mama; the separation was only apparent. She and I were fused together, and the fusion was such and so great that I remained with Her, and She came with Me. So, it can be said that there was a sort of bilocation.

This happens also to souls when they are truly united with Me; and if, while praying, they let prayer enter into their souls as life, a sort of fusion and bilocation occurs: I bring them with Me, wherever I am, and I remain with them.

My daughter, you cannot comprehend well what my beloved Mama was for Me. In coming upon earth, I could not be without Heaven, and my Heaven was my Mama. There was such electricity running between Me and Her, that not one thought escaped Her which She would not draw from my mind. And this drawing from Me of word, will, desire, action, step - in sum, of everything - formed the sun, the stars, the moon in this Heaven, together with all possible delights that a creature can give Me, and that she herself can enjoy. Oh, how I delighted in this Heaven! Oh, how I felt cheered and repaid for everything!

Even the kisses that my Mama gave Me enclosed the kiss of all humanity, returning to Me the kiss of all creatures. I felt my sweet Mama everywhere. I felt Her in my breath; and if it was labored, She would relieve it. I felt Her in my Heart; and if It was embittered, She would sweeten It.

I felt Her in my step; and if it was tired, She would give Me vigor and rest.... And who can tell you how I felt Her in my Passion? At each lash, at each thorn, at each wound, at each drop of my Blood - I felt Her everywhere, carrying out the office of my true Mother. Ah, if souls reciprocated Me, if they drew everything from Me - how many Heavens and how many Mothers would I have on earth!”

Third Hour From 7 to 8 PM

The Legal Supper

October 9, 1921: Volume 13

In the last Supper Jesus gave Luisa the place of honor between Himself and John. He gave Himself as food to all, in order to receive food from all. The will of man is that which makes him more like His Creator. The human will is the depository of all the works of man.

I was thinking about the act in which Jesus had the Last Supper with His disciples, and my lovable Jesus told me in my interior: *“My daughter, while I was having supper with my disciples, I was surrounded not only by them, but by the whole human family. I had all creatures near Me, one by one; I knew them all, and I called them by name. I also called you, and I gave you the place of honor between Me and John, constituting you the little secretary of my Will.*

And as I divided the lamb, in offering it to my Apostles, I gave it to all and to each one. That lamb, bled dry, roasted, cut to pieces, spoke of Me; it was the symbol of my Life and of how I was to reduce Myself for love of all. And I wanted to give it to all as delicious food, which represented my Passion, because everything I did, said and suffered was converted by my love into food for man.

But do you know why I called everyone and gave the lamb to all? Because I too wanted food from them. I wanted everything they would do to be food for Me. I wanted the food of their love, of their works, of their words - of everything.” And I: *‘My Love, how can it be that our works become food for You?’* And Jesus: *“It*

is not on bread alone that one can live, but on everything to which my Will gives the virtue of making one live. If bread nourishes man, it is because I want it so. Now, whatever the creature, with her will, disposes to make of her work – that is the form which it assumes. If with her work she wants to form food for Me, she forms food for Me; if love, she gives Me love; if reparation, she forms reparation. And if in her will she wants to offend Me, she makes of her work the knife to wound Me, and maybe even to kill Me.”

Then He added: *“The will of man is that which makes him more like His Creator. In the human will I placed part of my immensity and of my power, and giving it the place of honor, I constituted it queen of the whole of man and depository of all of his works. Just as creatures have chests in which they keep their things to maintain them secured, the soul has her will in which to keep and secure all that she thinks, says and does. Not even one thought will be lost.*

What she cannot do with her eyes, with her mouth, with her works, she can do with her will - in one instant she can will a thousand goods and a thousand evils. The will makes her thought fly up to Heaven, to the farthest places and deep into the abysses. She might be prevented from operating, from seeing, from speaking, but she can do all this in her will. Whatever she does and wants, forms an act which remains deposited in her own will. Oh, how the will can be expanded! How many goods and how many evils can it not contain? This is why, among all things, I want the will of man: because if I have this, I have everything - the fortress is conquered.”

Fourth Hour From 8 to 9 PM

The Eucharistic Supper

November 4, 1926: Volume 20

The washing of the feet. How the Divine Will descends even lower, placing Itself under the creatures' feet with a continuous act, in order to sustain them.

“... In the Gospel, one can read with wonder of when, prostrated at the feet of my Apostles, I washed their feet; and I did not skip even the perfidious Judas. This act, which the Church remembers, was certainly very humble and of unspeakable tenderness, but I did it only once. But my Will descends even lower; It places Itself under their feet with a continuous act, in order to sustain them, to render the earth firm, so that they may not fall into the abyss. Yet, no attention. This noble Queen is waiting with invincible patience, veiled for so many centuries in all created things, for Her Will to be known. And when It becomes known, She will tear the many veils that hide Her, and will make known what She has done for so many centuries, for love of man. She will say unheard-of things, excesses of love, which no one has ever thought of. This is why, in speaking to you about my Will, I often speak about Creation – because my Will is life of all created things, and through them It gives life to all; and this life wants to be known so that the Kingdom of the Eternal Fiat may come.

Everywhere is my Will veiled. It is veiled in the wind, and from within those veils, It brings man Its refrigerating freshness, as though caressing him, and Its regenerative breath in order to regenerate him continuously to new life ever growing in grace.

But the noble Queen, veiled in the wind, feels Her caresses being rejected into offenses, Her freshness into ardors of human passions, and Her regenerative breath being requited with a

deadly breath against Her grace. And She shakes Her veils, and the wind turns into fury; and with its might, it sweeps away peoples, cities and regions as if they were feathers, making known the power of the noble Queen hidden in the wind.

There is not one created thing in which my Will is not veiled, and therefore all of them are waiting for It to become known, and for the coming of the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat and of Its full triumph.”

Prodigies, Wonders, Excesses of Love of Our Lord in instituting the Most Holy Sacrament

June 18, 1923: Volume 15

I was feeling all absorbed in the Most Holy Will of God, and blessed Jesus made present to me, as though in act, all the acts of His Life on earth. And since I had received Him sacramentally in my poor heart, He made me see, as though in act in His Most Holy Will, the moment in which my sweet Jesus, in instituting the Most Holy Sacrament, communicated Himself. How many wonders, how many prodigies, how many excesses of love in this act of communicating Himself. My mind wandered amid so many divine prodigies, and my always lovable Jesus told me:

“Beloved daughter of my Supreme Volition, my Will contains everything, It preserves all of the divine works as though in act, and It lets nothing escape It; and to one who lives in It, It wants to make known the goods It contains. Therefore, I want to make known to you the reason why I wanted to receive Myself when I instituted the Most Holy Sacrament.

The prodigy was great and incomprehensible to the human mind. For the creature to receive a Man and God, to enclose the infinite in a finite being, and to give to this infinite Being divine honors, decorum and a dwelling worthy of Him – this mystery was so abstruse and incomprehensible, that the Apostles themselves, while they easily believed in the Incarnation and in many other mysteries, remained troubled before this one, and their intellects

were reluctant to believe. And it took my repeated saying for them to surrender. So, what to do? I, who instituted it, was to take care of everything, since, when the creature would receive Me, the Divinity was not to lack honors, divine decorum and a dwelling worthy of God.

Therefore, my daughter, as I instituted the Most Holy Sacrament, my Eternal Will, united to my human will, made present to Me all the hosts which were to receive the sacramental consecration until the end of centuries. And I looked at them, one by one; I consumed them, and I saw my Sacramental Life palpitating in each host, yearning to give Itself to creatures. In the name of the whole human family, my Humanity took on the commitment for all, and gave a dwelling within Itself to each host; and my Divinity, which was inseparable from Me, surrounded each sacramental host with divine honors, praises and blessings, to give worthy decorum to my Majesty.

So, each sacramental host was deposited in Me, and contains the dwelling of my Humanity and the cortege of the honors of my Divinity; otherwise, how could I descend into the creature? And it was only because of this that I tolerated sacrileges, coldness, irreverences, ingritudes, since, in receiving Myself, I secured my own decorum, the honors and the dwelling which befitted my very Person. Had I not received Myself, I could not have descended into creatures, and they would have lacked the way, the door, the means to receive Me.

This is my usual way in all my works: I do them once in order to give life to all the other times in which they are repeated, uniting them to the first act as if they were one single act.

So, the power, the immensity, the all-seeingness of my Will made Me embrace all centuries; It made present to Me the communicants and all sacramental hosts; and I received Myself as many times, so that, through Myself, I might pass into each creature. Who has ever thought of so much love of mine? That in order to descend into the hearts of creatures, I was to receive

Myself so as to secure the divine rights and be able to give them, not only Myself, but the very acts I did in receiving Myself, to dispose them and almost to give them the right to receive Me?"

I remained surprised, and as if I wanted to doubt, and Jesus added: *"Why do you doubt? Is this not perhaps to operate as God? And this one single act of forming as many acts for as many as want to enjoy it, while it remains one single act - was it not the same for the act of the Incarnation, of my Life and of my Passion?"*

I incarnated Myself only once, one was my Life, one my Passion; yet, this Incarnation, Life and Passion is for all and for each one, as if it were for one alone. So, they are still as though in act, and for each one, as if I were now incarnating Myself and now suffering my Passion. If it were not so, I would not be operating as God, but as creature, who, not containing a divine power, cannot let herself be possessed by all, or give herself to all.

Now, my daughter, I want to tell you of another excess of my love. One who does my Will and lives in It, comes to embrace the works of my Humanity, because I greatly yearn that the creature become similar to Me. And since my Will and hers are one, my Will takes pleasure in her, and, amusing Itself, It places all the good I contain into the creature, and I form in her the deposit of the very sacramental hosts.

My Will, which she contains, lends her and surrounds her with divine decorum, homages and honors; and I entrust everything to her, because I am certain to keep my works in a safe place, since my Will becomes actor, spectator and custodian of all my goods, of my works and of my very Life."

With their acts, the souls who live in the Divine Will substitute for the multiplication of the Sacramental Life of Jesus.

March 24, 1922: Volume 14

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus, on coming, told me: *“My daughter, as the soul emits her acts in my Will, she multiplies my Life. So, if she does ten acts in my Will, she multiplies Me ten times; if she does twenty, a hundred, a thousand and yet more, so many times am I multiplied. It happens as in the sacramental consecration: as many hosts as they place, so many times am I multiplied.*

The difference which exists is that in the sacramental consecration I need the hosts in order to multiply Myself, and the priest who consecrates Me; while in my Will, in order to be multiplied, I need the acts of the creature in which my Will consecrates Me and encloses Me, more than in a living host - not a dead one, like those hosts before my consecration; so I am multiplied at each one of her acts done in my Will. Therefore, my love has its complete outpouring with the souls who do my Will and live in my Volition. These are the ones who always compensate, not only for all the acts that creatures owe Me, but for my very Sacramental Life.

How many times my Sacramental Life remains obstructed in the few hosts in which I remain consecrated, because few are the communicants! Other times there are no priests to consecrate Me; and not only is my Sacramental Life not multiplied as much as I would like, but It remains without existence. Oh, how my love suffers! I would like to multiply my Life every day into as many hosts for as many existing creatures, and give Myself to them. But I wait in vain. My Will remains without effect. However, what I have decided will have its fulfillment. So I take another way, and I multiply Myself in every living act of creature done in my Will, to have them substitute for the multiplication of my Sacramental

Lives. Ah, yes, only the souls who live in my Will will substitute for all the Communions that creatures do not do; for all the consecrations that priests do not do. In them I will find everything - even the multiplication of my Sacramental Life.

Therefore, I repeat to you - your mission is great. I could not choose you for a higher, more noble, sublime and divine mission. There is nothing that I will not centralize in you - even the multiplication of my own Life. I will make new prodigies of grace, never done before. So, I pray you, be attentive - be faithful to Me. Let my Will always have life in you; and I will find in you, in my own Will, the work of Creation as fully completed, with my full rights, and everything I want."

***One who lives in the Divine Will is the
depository of the Sacramental Life of Jesus.***

July 6, 1922: Volume 14

...After this, I continued with the other *Hours of the Passion*, and while I was following the Eucharistic Supper, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior, and with the tip of His finger, He knocked strongly within my interior, so much so, that I heard Him with my ears, and I said to myself: *'What may Jesus want, that He is knocking?'* And He, calling me, told me:

"It was not enough to knock for you to hear Me, but also to call you so as to be listened to. Listen, my daughter: while I instituted the Eucharistic Supper, I called everyone around Me, I looked at all generations, from the first to the last man, in order to give my Sacramental Life to all - and not once, but as many times as they need corporal food.

I wanted to constitute Myself as food for the soul, and I felt very sad at seeing that my Sacramental Life would be surrounded by scorns, by indifferences, and even by ruthless death. I felt ill; I experienced all the grips of death of my Sacramental Life, so harrowing and repeated. Then I looked more closely; I made use

of the power of my Will, and I called around Me the souls who would live in my Will. Oh, how happy I felt! I felt surrounded by these souls, whom the power of my Will kept as though immersed, and for whom my Will was the center of their lives. I saw my immensity in them, and I found Myself well defended from all; and to them I entrusted my Sacramental Life. I deposited It in them, so that they would not only take care of It, but repay Me for each consecrated Host with one life of theirs.

And this happens naturally, because my Sacramental Life is animated by my Eternal Will, and the life of these souls has the life of my Will as its center. Therefore, when my Sacramental Life is formed, my Volition, acting in Me, acts also in them, and I feel their life in my Sacramental Life. They multiply with Me in each Host, and I feel I am given life for life.

Oh, how I rejoiced in seeing you as the first one - you, whom I called in a special way to form your life in my Will! I made in you the first deposit of all my Sacramental Lives, and I entrusted you to the power and the immensity of the Supreme Volition, that they might render you capable of receiving this deposit.

From that time you were present to Me, and I constituted you as depository of my Sacramental Life, and in you, all the other souls who would live in my Will. I gave you primacy over everything - and with reason, because my Will is subject to no one - even over the Apostles and the priests.

In fact, if they consecrate Me, they do not, however, remain as life together with Me - on the contrary, they leave Me alone and forgotten, not caring about Me, while these souls would be life within my own Life - inseparable from Me. This is why I love you so much - it is my very Will that I love in you.”

Participation of the Most Holy Virgin in the Institution of the Eucharist. How our Lord made the deposit of His Sacramental Life in Her Heart. Office of Mary Most Holy in this Sacrament.

April 16, 1927: Volume 21



I was doing the Hour in which Jesus instituted the Most Holy Eucharist, and Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, when I do an act, first I look to see whether there is at least one creature in whom to place the deposit of my act, so that she may take the good I do, and keep it safe and well defended. Now, when I instituted the Most Holy

Sacrament, I looked for this creature, and my Queen Mama offered Herself to receive my act and the deposit of this great gift, telling Me: ‘My Son, just as I offered You my womb and all of my being in your conception, to keep You safe and sheltered, I now offer You my maternal Heart, to receive this great deposit. I line up, around your Sacramental Life, my affections, my heartbeats, my love, my thoughts – all of myself, to keep You sheltered, courted, loved, protected. I myself take on the commitment to repay You for the gift You are giving. Trust your Mama, and I will take care of the defense of your Sacramental Life. And since You Yourself constituted me Queen of all Creation, I have the right to line up around You all the light of the sun as homage and adoration, the stars, the heavens, the sea, all the inhabitants of the air – I place everything around You, to give You love and glory.’

Now, being assured of a place in which to put this great deposit of my Sacramental Life, and trusting my Mama, who had given Me all the proofs of Her faithfulness, I instituted the Most Holy Sacrament. She was the only creature worthy to keep, defend and protect my act.

See, then, when creatures receive Me, I descend into them together with the acts of my inseparable Mama; and only because of this can I perpetuate my Sacramental Life. Therefore, whenever I want to do a great work worthy of Me, it is necessary that I first choose one creature – first, in order to have a place in which to put my gift; second, to be repaid for it.

They do this also in the natural order. If a farmer wants to sow a seed, he does not throw it in the middle of the street; but, rather, he looks for a little field. First, he works it; he forms the furrow, and then he sows the seed in it; and to keep it safe, he covers it with earth, anxiously waiting for the harvest to receive the return of his work, and of the seed which he had entrusted to the earth.

Someone else, who wants to form a beautiful object, first prepares the raw material, the place in which to put it, and then he forms it. So I have done for you. I chose you, I prepared you, and then I entrusted to you the great gift of the manifestations of my Will; and just as I entrusted the destiny of my Sacramental Life to my beloved Mother, in the same way I wanted to trust you, entrusting to you the destiny of the Kingdom of my Will.” ...

Fifth Hour From 9 to 10 PM
First Hour of Agony in the
Garden of Gethsemane

November 25, 1909: Volume 9

**Both in Jesus and in souls,
the first crafting is done by Love.**

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about the agony of Jesus in the Garden; and blessed Jesus, making Himself seen for just a little, told me: *“My daughter, men did nothing but work the skin of my Humanity, while the eternal Love worked all of my interior. So, in my agony, the eternal Love, the immense Love, the incalculable Love, the hidden Love - not men - opened large wounds in Me, pierced Me with flaming nails, crowned Me with burning thorns, made Me drink boiling gall.*

And my Humanity, unable to contain so many different martyrdoms at the same time, poured out large streams of Blood; It writhed, and reached the point of saying: ‘Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me; yet, not my will, but Yours be done’ - which It did not say in the rest of the Passion.

Everything I suffered during the course of the Passion, I suffered all together in the agony – but in a more intense, more painful, more intimate way, because Love penetrated deep into the marrow of my bones and into the most intimate fibers of my Heart, which creatures could never reach. But Love reaches everything; there is nothing that can resist It.

So, my first executioner was Love. This is why in the course of my Passion there was not even a reproachful glance in Me toward those who acted as my executioners – because I had a more cruel, more active executioner in Me: Love. And where the

external executioners could not reach, or a little part of Me was spared, Love would continue Its work and spare Me nothing.

This happens in all souls: the first work is done by Love, and once Love has worked her and filled her with Itself, what appears on the outside is nothing but the outpouring of the crafting that Love has performed inside.”

Currents of Love between God and Man

November 20, 1922: Volume 14

I was thinking of how my sweet Jesus suffered many pains when He was in the Garden, but not on the part of creatures, since He was alone, or rather, abandoned by all - but on the part of His Eternal Father. There were currents of love between Him and the Celestial Father, and in these currents all creatures were placed.

In these currents there was all the love of a God for each one of them, and all the love that each of them owed God. And since this was missing, He arrived at suffering such pains as to surpass all other pains, to the point of sweating living Blood. And my sweet Jesus, pressing me to His Heart to be relieved, told me:

“My daughter, the pains of love are the most excruciating. See, in these currents of love between my Father and Me there is all the love that all creatures owed Me, and therefore there is betrayed love, denied love, rejected love, unknown love, trampled love, etc. Oh, how piercingly it reaches my Heart, to the point that I feel I am dying!

You must know that in creating man I fixed many currents of love between him and Me. Having created him was not enough for Me, no; I was to place so many currents of love between him and Me that there was to be not one part of him in which these currents would not flow. So, in the intelligence of man ran the current of love of my wisdom; in his eyes ran the current of love of my light; in his mouth, the current of love of my word; in his hands, the current of love of the sanctity of my works; in his will, the

current of love of Mine - and so with all the rest. Man was made to be in continuous communications with His Creator, and how could he be in communication with Me if my currents would not run in his?

With sin he broke all these currents, and remained separated from Me. Do you know how this happened? Look at the sun: all of its light hits the surface of the earth and invests it so much as to make it feel its heat - so alive and real as to bring fecundity and life to everything which the earth produces. So, one can say that the sun and the earth are in communication with each other. Oh, how much tighter are the communications between man and Myself, true Eternal Sun! Now, if a creature could have the power to break, between the earth and the sun, the current of light that hits the surface of the earth, what harm would he not do? The sun would withdraw all the current of light into itself; the earth would remain in the dark, without fecundity and without life. What penalty would he not deserve? Man did all this in Creation, and I descended from Heaven to earth in order to reunite again all these currents of love, but – oh! how much it cost Me. And man continues with his ingratitude, and returns to break the currents repaired by Me!”

The Passion of unrequited Love

October 30, 1924: Volume 17

...After this, with my thought I placed myself near my Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane, and I prayed Him to let me penetrate into that love with which He so much loved me. And my Jesus, moving again in the depth of my interior, told me: “My daughter, enter into my love, and never go out of it; and run after it, or stop within my love itself, that you may comprehend well how much I have loved the creature. Everything in Me is love toward her. In creating this creature, the Divinity intended to love her always; so, in everything, inside and outside of her, It was to run toward her with a continuous and incessant new act of love. Therefore, I can say that in each thought, gaze, word, breath,

heartbeat, and in all the rest of the creature, runs an act of eternal love. But if the Divinity intended to love this creature always and in everything, it was because It wanted to receive, in everything, the requital of the new and incessant love of the creature; It wanted to give love in order to receive love - It wanted to love to be loved in return. But it was not so!

Not only did the creature not want to keep the rhythm of love and respond to the echo of the love of her Creator, but she rejected this love, she denied it, and offended it. At this affront, the Divinity did not stop, but continued Its new and incessant love toward the creature; and since the creature would not receive it, Heaven and earth remained filled with it, waiting for one who would take this love, so as to receive the requital of it.

In fact, when God decides, when He proposes, all adverse events do not change Him, but He remains immutable in His immutability. And this is why, moving on to another excess of love, I, Word of the Father, came upon earth; and taking on a Humanity, I gathered within Myself all this love which filled Heaven and earth, in order to requite the Divinity with as much love for as much as It had given and was to give to creatures; and I constituted Myself love of each thought, of each gaze, of each word, heartbeat, movement and step of each creature. Therefore, my Humanity, even in Its littlest fiber, was worked by the hands of the eternal love of my Celestial Father, in order to give Me the capacity to be able enclose all the love that the Divinity wanted to give to creatures, so as to give to It the love of all, and constitute Myself love of each act of creature. So, each one of your thoughts is encircled by my incessant acts of love; there is nothing, inside and outside of you, which is not surrounded by my repeated acts of love.

This is why, in this Garden, my Humanity moans, pants, agonizes, feels crushed under the weight of so much love – because I love and I am not loved in return. The pains of love are the most bitter, the most cruel; they are pains without pity, more painful than my very Passion! Oh! If they loved Me, the weight of so much

love would become light, because when love is loved in return, it remains quenched and satisfied in the very love of the beloved. But when it is not loved in return, it goes mad, it raves, and it feels the love which it had issued being repaid with an act of death.

See, then, how much more bitter and painful was the Passion of my love; because if in my Passion they gave Me only one death, in the Passion of love they made Me suffer as many deaths for as many acts of love as came out of Me, for which I was not requited. Therefore, you, my daughter, come to requite Me for so much love. In my Will you will find all this love as though in act; make it your own and, together with Me, constitute yourself love of each act of creature, to give Me the requital of the love of all.”

Sixth Hour From 10 to 11 PM
Second Hour of Agony in the
Garden of Gethsemane

July 28, 1922: Volume 14

**Likeness of the soul to Jesus, not only in the
deaths of pain, but also in those of Love.**

I felt all immersed in His Most Holy Will, and my sweet Jesus, on coming, told me: *“My daughter, identify your intelligence with mine, so that yours may circulate in all the intelligences of creatures, and receive the bond of each of their thoughts, in order to substitute them with as many other thoughts done in my Will, and so that I may receive the glory as if all thoughts were done in a divine manner. Expand your will in Mine - nothing must escape you which is not caught in the net of my Will and of yours. My Will in Me and my Will in you must fuse together and have the same endless boundaries; but I need that your will be disposed to extend within Mine, and that nothing escape it of the things created by Me, so that in all things I may hear the echo of the Divine Will in the human will, and generate my likeness in it.*

See, my daughter, I suffered double deaths for each creature - one of love and another of pain. In creating him, I created him as a complex, all of love, so that nothing but love was to come out of him, so much so, that my love and his were to be in continuous currents. However, not only did man not love Me, but ungrateful, he offended Me, and so I was to repay my Divine Father for this lack of love, accepting a death of love for each one, and another one of pain for the offenses.”

But while he was saying this, I saw my sweet Jesus all in one flame which consumed Him and gave Him death for each one; even more, I could see that each thought, word, motion, work, step, etc., were as many flames which consumed Jesus and vivified Him. Then Jesus added: “Would you not want my likeness?

Would you not accept the deaths of love, as you accepted the deaths of pain?” And I: ‘Ah, my Jesus, I don’t know what happened to me. I still feel great repugnance for having accepted those of pain; how could I accept those of love, which seem harder to me? I tremble at the mere thought of it; my poor nature is annihilated more – it is undone. Help me, give Me strength, for I feel I cannot go on any more.’

And Jesus, all goodness, but determined, added: “Poor daughter of mine, courage, do not fear, and do not want to trouble yourself because of the repugnance you feel. Rather, in order to reassure you, I tell you that this too is likeness to Me. You must know that also my Humanity, as holy as It was, and immensely eager to suffer, felt this repugnance. But it was not mine; it was all the repugnances that creatures would feel in doing good and in accepting the pains which they deserved.

And I had to suffer these pains which tortured Me not a little, in order to give them the inclination to good, and to render their pains sweeter; to the point that in the Garden I cried out to the Father: ‘If it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me!’ Do you think it was I? Ah, no! - you deceive yourself. I loved suffering to folly; I loved death to give life to my children. It was the cry of

the whole human family that echoed in my Humanity, and I, crying out together with them to give them strength, repeated as many as three times: 'If it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me!' I was speaking in the name of all, as if it were my own thing; but I felt crushed.

So, the repugnance that you feel is not yours - it is the echo of mine. If it were yours, I would have withdrawn. Therefore, my daughter, since I want to generate from Myself another image of Myself, I want you to accept; and I Myself want to mark these, my deaths of love in your will, expanded and consumed within Mine." And as He was saying this, He marked me with His holy hand, and disappeared. May everything be for the glory of God.

The words of Jesus in the Garden: "Not my will, but Yours be done." Through them He established with His Celestial Father the contract for the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth.

January 4, 1924: Volume 16

I was thinking about the words of Jesus in the Garden, when He said: "*Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me; yet, non mea voluntas, sed Tua Fiat*" ["not my will, but Yours be done"]. And my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "*My daughter, do you think it was because of the chalice of my Passion that I said to the Father: 'Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me'? Not at all; it was the chalice of the human will which contained such bitterness and fullness of vices, that my human will, united to the Divine, felt such repugnance, terror and fright, as to cry out: 'Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me.'*"

How ugly is the human will without the Divine Will which, almost as within a chalice, enclosed Itself in each creature. There is no evil in the generations, of which it is not the origin, the seed, the fount. And in seeing Myself covered with all these evils

produced by the human will, before the Sanctity of My Will I felt Myself dying - and indeed I would have died if the Divinity had not sustained Me. But do you know why I added, and as many as three times: 'Non mea voluntas, sed Tua Fiat' ['Not my will, but Yours be done']? I felt upon Myself all the wills of creatures united together, all of their evils, and in the name of all I cried out to the Father: 'May the human will be done on earth no more - but the Divine. May the human will be banished and may Yours reign.'

So, even from that time – and I wanted to do this at the very beginning of my Passion, because the calling upon earth of the 'Fiat Voluntas Tua on earth as It is in Heaven' was the thing that interested Me the most and the most important one – I Myself said in the name of all: 'Non mea voluntas, sed Tua Fiat.'

From that time I constituted the Era of the Fiat Voluntas Tua upon earth. And by saying it as many as three times, in the first one I impetrated It, in the second I made It descend, in the third I constituted It ruler and dominator. And in saying, 'Non mea voluntas, sed Tua Fiat', I intended to empty the creatures of their wills and to fill them with the Divine.

Before dying, since I had only a few hours left, I wanted to negotiate with my Celestial Father my primary purpose for which I came upon earth – that the Divine Will might take Its first place of honor in the creature. This had been the first act of Man – to withdraw from the Supreme Will - and therefore Our first offense; all his other evils are in the secondary order.

Therefore, first I had to accomplish the purpose of the 'Fiat Voluntas Tua on earth as It is in Heaven', to then form the Redemption with my pains. In fact, Redemption Itself is in the secondary order; it is always my Will that has primacy in all things. And even though it was the effects of the fruits of Redemption that could be seen, it was by virtue of this contract which I made with my Divine Father - that His Fiat was to come to reign upon earth, realizing the true purpose of the creation of Man and the primary purpose for which I came upon earth - that

Man could receive the fruits of Redemption. Otherwise, my Wisdom would have lacked order.

If the beginning of evil was his will, it was this will that I was to order and restore, reuniting Divine Will and human will. And even though the fruits of Redemption could be seen first, this says nothing. My Will is like a King who, though He is first among all, arrives last, being preceded, for his honor and decorum, by his peoples, armies, ministers, princes and the whole royal court. So, the fruits of Redemption were needed first, so that the height of the Majesty of my Will might find the royal court, the peoples, the armies, the ministers.

But do you know who was the first one to cry out together with Me: 'Non mea voluntas, sed Tua Fiat'? It was my little newborn of my Will, my little daughter, who felt such repugnance and fright at her will that, trembling, she clung to Me and cried out with Me: 'Father, if it be possible, let this chalice of my will pass from me.' And, crying, you added with Me: 'Non mea voluntas, sed Tua Fiat'.

Ah yes, you were together with Me in that first contract with my Celestial Father, because at least one creature was needed in order to validate this contract. Otherwise, to whom to give it? To whom to entrust it? And in order to render the custody of the contract more secure, I gave you all the fruits of my Passion as gift, lining them up around you like a formidable army which, while forming the royal cortege of my Will, wages a fierce war against your will. Therefore, courage in the state you are in. Dismiss the thought that I may leave you; it would be detrimental to my Will, since I keep the contract of my Will deposited in you.

So, remain at peace; it is my Will that tests you, wanting not only to purge you, but to destroy even the shadow of your will. So, in all peace, continue your flight in my Volition, and be concerned with nothing. Your Jesus will make it so that everything which may happen inside and outside of you will make my Will stand out even more and will expand within you the boundaries of

my Will in your human will. I Myself will keep the pace in your interior, that I may direct everything in you according to my Will.

I occupied Myself with nothing but the Will of my Father alone; and since all things are in It, I occupied Myself with everything. And if I taught one prayer, it was no other than this – that the Divine Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven; but it was the prayer which enclosed everything. So, I did not move if not around the Supreme Will; my words, my pains, my works, my heartbeats, were filled with Celestial Will.

So do I want you to do! You must go around in It so much as to let yourself be burned by the Eternal Breath of the Fire of my Will, in such a way as to lose any other knowledge, and to know nothing else but my Will, only and always.”

Seventh Hour From 11 PM to Midnight

Third Hour of Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane

November 19, 1921: Volume 13

The two props of Jesus in Gethsemane.

**In order to know the Truths, it is necessary to have
the will and the desire, to know them.**

I was keeping company with my Jesus who was agonizing in the Garden of Gethsemane, and as much as I could, I compassionated Him, I pressed Him tightly to my heart, trying to wipe His mortal sweats. And my sorrowful Jesus, with faint and expiring voice, told me:

“My daughter, my agony in the garden was hard and painful, maybe more painful than that of the Cross. In fact, if that was the fulfillment and the triumph over all, here in the garden it was the beginning, and sufferings are felt more at the beginning

than when they are ended. But in this agony the most harrowing pain was when all sins came before Me, one by one. My Humanity comprehended all their enormity, and each crime carried the mark, 'Death to a God', armed with sword to kill Me! Before the Divinity, sin appeared to Me as so very horrifying and more horrible than death itself. Just in comprehending what sin means, I felt I was dying - and I did really die. I cried out to the Father, but He was inexorable. Not even one was there to help Me, so as not to let Me die. I cried out to all creatures to have pity on Me - but in vain. So, my Humanity languished, and I was about to receive the last death-blow.

But do you know who prevented the execution and sustained my Humanity from dying? The first was my inseparable Mama. In hearing Me ask for help, She flew to my side and sustained Me; and I leaned my right arm on Her. Almost dying, I looked at Her, and I found in Her the immensity of my Will intact, without ever a break between my Will and hers. My Will is Life, and since the Will of the Father was immovable and death was coming to Me from creatures, another Creature, who enclosed the Life of my Will, gave Me Life. And here is my Mama who, in the portent of my Will, conceived Me and gave Me birth in time, now giving Me Life for the second time to let Me accomplish the work of Redemption.

Then I looked to my left, and I found the Little Daughter of my Will. I found you as the first, followed by the other daughters of my Will. Since I wanted my Mama with Me as the first link of Mercy, through which we were to open the doors to all creatures, I wanted to lean my right arm on Her. And I wanted you as the first link of Justice, to prevent It from unloading Itself upon all creatures as they deserve; therefore I wanted to lean my left arm on you, so that you might sustain It together with Me.

With these two props I felt life come back to Me, and as if I had not suffered anything, with firm step, I went to meet my enemies. In all the pains that I suffered during my Passion, many

of which were capable of giving Me death, these two props never left Me. And when they saw Me nearly dying, with my own Will which they contained, they sustained Me, as though giving Me many sips of life. Oh, prodigies of my Will! Who can ever count them and calculate their value? This is why I love so much one who lives in my Will: I recognize my portrait in her, my noble features; I feel my own breath, my voice; and if I did not love her I would defraud Myself.

I would be like a father without offspring, without the noble cortege of his court, and without the crown of his children. And if I did not have the offspring, the court and the crown, how could I call Myself a King? My Kingdom is formed by those who live in my Will, and from this Kingdom, I choose the Mother, the Queen, the children, the ministers, the army, the people. I am everything for them, and they are all for Me.”

Afterwards, I was thinking about what Jesus had told me, and I said to myself: ‘How can this be put into practice?’ And Jesus, returning, added: “My daughter, in order to know the truths, it is necessary to have the will, the desire, to know them. Imagine a room in which the shutters are closed: no matter how much sun there may be outside, the room remains always in the dark. Now, opening the shutters means wanting light. But this is not enough if one does not take advantage of the light to reorder the room, dust it, and put himself to work, so as not to kill the light which is given, and become ungrateful. In the same way, it is not enough to have the will to know the truths if, at the light of the truth which illuminates him, one does not try to dust himself of his own weaknesses, reorder himself according to the light of the truth he knows, and put himself to work together with the light of truth, making of it his own substance, in such a way that the light of the truth which he has absorbed may shine forth from his mouth, from his hands, from his bearing.

It would be as if he killed the truth; and by not putting it into practice, it would be like remaining in total disorder before

the light. Poor room full of light, but all messy, upside down, in total disorder, with a person in it who does not take the care of reordering it - how pitiful would it not be? Such is one who knows the truths, and does not put them into practice.

However, know that simplicity enters into all truths as the first nourishment. If the truths were not simple, they would not be light, and they could not penetrate into human minds to enlighten them; and where there is no light, objects cannot be distinguished. Simplicity is not only light, but it is like the air that one breathes which, though it cannot be seen, gives respiration to all; and if it wasn't for the air, the earth and everyone would remain without motion. Therefore, if the virtues, the truths, do not carry the mark of simplicity, they will be without light and without air."

***The Most Holy Trinity concurring in the
Creation of Man. Sorrow of Jesus in
seeing the will, the intelligence and the
memory of Man deformed.***

April 8, 1922: Volume 14

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about the sorrow that my sweet Jesus suffered in the Garden of Gethsemane, when all of our sins presented themselves before His Sanctity. And Jesus, all afflicted, told me in my interior: *"My daughter, my sorrow was great and incomprehensible to created mind, especially when I saw the human intelligence deformed - the beautiful image of Myself which I reproduced in it, no longer beautiful, but ugly and horrid.*

I endowed Man with will, intellect and memory. In the first shone my Celestial Father who, as primary act communicated His power, His sanctity and His height, through which He elevated the human will, investing it with His own sanctity, power and nobility, leaving all currents between Himself and the human will open, so

that it might be enriched more and more with the treasures of my Divinity. Between the human will and the Divine there was neither 'yours' nor 'mine', but everything was in common, with mutual accord.

Man was Our image - Our own thing; so, he veiled Us. Our Life was to be his; therefore, as primary act He constituted his will free and independent, just as the Will of my Celestial Father was, as primary act. But how much has this will disfigured itself! Free as it was, it became the slave of most vile passions. Ah, it is the will that is the beginning of all the evils of man! It can no longer be recognized. How it decayed from its nobility - it is disgusting to look at.

Now, as second act, I, Son of God, concurred by endowing man with intellect, communicating to him my wisdom and the knowledge of all things, so that by knowing them, he might enjoy them and delight in what is good. But, alas, what a bilge of vices is the intelligence of the creature! He has used knowledge to deny his Creator.

Then, as third act, the Holy Spirit concurred by endowing him with memory, so that in remembering so many benefits, he might be in continuous currents of love, in continuous relations. Love was to crown him, embrace him and permeate all of his life. But how saddened the Eternal Love remains!

This memory remembers pleasures, riches, and remembers even to sin, while the Sacrosanct Trinity is cast out of the gifts which It gave to Its creature. My sorrow was indescribable at seeing the deformity of the three powers of man. We had formed Our royal palace in him, and he had cast Us out."

Eighth Hour From Midnight to 1 AM

Jesus is arrested

November 16, 1921: Volume 13

Sin is the chain that binds Man, and Jesus wanted to be bound in order to break his chains.

This morning my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen all bound; bound were His hands, His feet, His waist; and a thick iron chain was coming down from His neck. He was bound so tightly that His Divine Person was deprived of motion. What a harsh position, such as to make even stones cry! And my Highest Good told me:

“My daughter, during the course of my Passion all the other pains competed with each other, but they would alternate - one would give place to another. Almost like sentries, they would mount guard to do the worst to Me, and to boast about having been better than the other. But the ropes were never taken away from Me - from the moment I was taken, up to mount Calvary I remained always bound; rather, they kept adding more and more ropes and chains for fear that I might escape, and to make more mockery of Me. But how many pains, confusions, humiliations and falls did these chains caused Me!

However, know that in these chains there was a great mystery and great expiation. As man begins to fall into sin, he remains bound with the chains of his own sin; if it is grave, they are iron chains; if venial, they are chains of rope. So, as he tries to walk in good, he feels the hindrance of the chains, and his step remains hindered. This hindrance he feels wears him out, debilitates him, and leads him to new falls.

If he works, he feels hindrance in his hands and remains almost as if he had no hands to do good. In seeing him bound like this, passions make feast and say: ‘The victory is ours’; and from the king he is, they render him slave of brutal passions.

How abominable man is in the state of sin! And I, in order to break his chains, wanted to be bound and never be without chains, so as to keep my chains ever ready to break his. And when the blows and the shoves would make Me fall, I would stretch my hands toward him to untie him and make him free again.” As He was saying this, I saw almost all peoples bound by chains, in such a way as to arouse pity; and I prayed Jesus to touch their chains with His chains, so that, at the touch of His chains, those of the creatures would all be shattered.

Sin chains the soul and hampers her in doing good. The rest which God and the creature give to each other.

March 18, 1922: Volume 14

I was accompanying my sweet Jesus in the pains of His Passion; and He, making Himself seen, told me: *“My daughter, sin chains the soul and hampers her in doing good. Her mind feels the chain of sin and is hindered from comprehending what is good. Her will feels the chain that wraps her, and feels numb; and instead of wanting good, it wants evil. Her desire, chained, feels its wings with which to fly to God being clipped. Oh, how I feel compassion at the sight of man chained by his own sins! This is why the first pain I wanted to suffer in my Passion was the chains. I wanted to be bound in order to release man from his own chains. Those chains which I suffered, as soon as they touched Me, turned into chains of love which, in touching man, burned up and snapped his chains, and bound him with my loving chains.*

My love is operative - it cannot be without operating. Therefore, I prepared for all and for each one that which is needed in order to rehabilitate them, heal them, and embellish them anew. I did everything so that, if the soul makes up her mind, she may find everything ready and at her disposal. So I keep my chains ready to burn up her own; the shreds of my Flesh to cover her wounds and adorn her with beauty; my Blood to give her life again

- I have everything ready. I keep all that is needed in store for each one. But my love wants to give itself - it wants to operate. I feel a restlessness, an irresistible force, which gives Me no peace if I do not give. And do you know what I do? When I see that no one takes, I concentrate my chains, the shreds of my Flesh, my Blood, in one who wants them and who loves Me, and I stud her with beauty, bejeweling her all over with the chains of my love. I increase a hundredfold the life of grace for her, so my love pours itself out and calms itself."

While He was saying this, I saw His chains, the shreds of His Flesh, His Blood, running onto me; and He amused Himself in applying them on me and in bejeweling me all over. How good is Jesus! May He be always blessed! Then, afterwards, He returned and added: *"My daughter, I feel the need that the creature rest in Me, and I in her.*

But do you know when the creature rests in Me, and I in her? When her intelligence thinks of Me and comprehends Me, she rests in the intelligence of her Creator, and that of the Creator finds rest in the created mind. When the human will unites with the Divine Will, the two wills embrace and rest together. If human love rises above all created things and loves only its God - what a beautiful rest do God and the creature find reciprocally! One who gives rest, finds it. I become her bed and keep her in the sweetest sleep, clasped in my arms. Therefore, come and rest in my bosom."

Ninth Hour From 1 to 2 AM

Thrown from a ledge, Jesus falls into the Kidron stream

December 31, 1902: Volume 4

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

Continuing to be with a fear that I might oppose the Will of my adorable Jesus, I felt all oppressed and distressed, and I was praying Him to free me, saying: *'Lord, have pity on me; don't You see the danger I am in? How is it possible that I, most wretched little worm, would dare so much as to feel myself opposed to your Holy Will? And besides, what good can I possibly find, and into what an abyss will I plunge myself if I am separated from your Will?'* While I was saying this, blessed Jesus moved in my interior, and through a light that He sent me, He seemed to say to me: *"You never understand anything – this state is state of victim. When they offered you as victim for Corato, you accepted.*

Now, what is the evil present in Corato? Is there perhaps not rebellion of the creature against the Creator, between priests and secular, and among parties? Now, your unwanted state of rebellion, your fear, your pains, are an expiatory state, and this state of expiation I Myself suffered in Gethsemani, as I reached the point of saying: 'If it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me; yet, not my will but Yours be done' - while I had so much yearned for it during the whole course of my life, to the point of feeling consumed."

On hearing this, it seemed I regained tranquility and strength, and I prayed Him to pour His bitternesses into me. I drew close to His mouth, but as much as I sucked up, nothing would come out; only a most bitter breath that embittered my whole interior. So, seeing that He was not pouring anything, I said: *'Lord, You don't love me any more; bitternesses You*

do not want to pour – pour your sweetnesses at least.' And He: *"Quite the opposite, I love you more; and if you could enter into my interior, you would see with clarity, in all of my parts, distinct love toward you. Sometimes I love you so much that I reach the point of loving you as much as I love Myself, although some other times I cannot look at you and you are nauseating to Me."*

What a thunderbolt these last words were for my poor heart! To think that I was not always loved by my loving Jesus, and that I reached the point of being an abominable soul... Had He not Himself run to explain to me the meaning of this, I could not have survived. So He added:

"Poor daughter, is this very hard for you? You have encountered my same lot. I was always Who I was, one with the Sacrosanct Trinity, and We loved One Another with eternal, indissoluble love. Yet, as victim, covered with all the iniquities of men, my exterior was abominable before the Divinity, so much so, that Divine Justice spared no part of Me, rendering Itself inexorable to the point of abandoning Me.

You are always who you are with Me, but since you occupy the state of victim, your exterior appears before Divine Justice as covered with the sins of others. This is why I spoke those words to you. You, however, calm yourself, because I love you always." Having said this, He disappeared. It seems that this time blessed Jesus wants to make me upset, though He immediately gives me peace. May He be always blessed and thanked.

The Triple Passion of Jesus: of Love, of Sin and from the Jews. Jesus is thrown into the Kidron stream.

January 22, 1913: Volume 11

I was thinking about the Passion of my always lovable Jesus, especially of what He suffered in the Garden. I found myself all immersed in Jesus, and He told me: *“My daughter, my first Passion was of love, because the first step with which man, in sinning, gives himself to evil is the lack of love; so, since love is missing, he falls into sin. In order to be repaid through Me for the lack of love of the creatures, love made Me suffer more than anyone; It almost crushed Me, more than if I were under a press. It gave Me as many deaths for as many creatures receiving life.*

The second step that occurs in sin is defrauding God of His glory. So, in order to be repaid for the glory taken away by the creatures, the Father made Me suffer the Passion of sin, such that each sin gave Me a special Passion. Although there was one Passion, I suffered for sin as many Passions as there would be sins committed until the end of the world. So, the glory of the Father was restored.

The third effect produced by sin is weakness in man. Therefore, I wanted to suffer the Passion from the hands of the Jews - my third Passion - to restore in man his lost strength.

Therefore, with the Passion of love, love was restored and placed at the right level; with the Passion of sin, the glory of the Father was restored and placed at its level; with the Passion of the Jews, the strength of the creatures was placed at its level and restored. I suffered all this in the Garden, and the pain was so much, so many the deaths - the atrocious spasms inflicted upon Me, that I really would have died if the Will of the Father for my death had arrived.”

Then I began to think of when my lovable Jesus was thrown into the Kidron stream by the enemies. Blessed Jesus made Himself seen in a state that aroused pity, all wet by those filthy waters. He told me: *“My daughter, in creating the soul I covered her with a mantle of light and of beauty. Sin removes this mantle of light and of beauty, placing a mantle of darkness and ugliness, rendering the soul disgusting and nauseating.*

And I, in order to remove this mantle, so filthy, which sin puts on the soul, allowed the Jews to throw Me into this stream, where I remained as though enwrapped, inside and out, because these putrid waters entered even into my ears, into my nostrils and into my mouth; so much so, that the Jews were disgusted to touch Me. Ah, how much the love of creatures cost Me – to the point of rendering Me nauseating even to Myself!”

How the human will is nauseating

January 31, 1928: Volume 23

...After this, I was thinking of how much evil the human will has done to the poor creatures, and therefore I abhor it, I do not want to know it ever again, and not even look at it, because it is too nauseating. But while I was thinking of this, my beloved Jesus moved in my interior and told me:

“My daughter, the human will on its own is nauseating, but united with Mine is the most beautiful thing I created. More so, since the Divinity could never issue anything created by Us which would be nauseating. United with Ours, the human will would have the continuous motion of good, of light, of sanctity, of beauty; and through Our continuous motion, which never ceases, it would have been the greatest prodigy of Creation.

Our motion would purify it from any shadow of stain. It would happen as to the sea: because it murmurs continuously and has its perennial motion, its waters are pure and crystal clear. Oh! if the waters of the sea were still, the waters would lose the purity

and would become so nauseating, that no one would look at the sea; the waters would be so dirty and filled with filth, that the ships would not be able to cross the sea, and no one would make the fish of waters so putrid, his food. So, the sea would be a burden for the earth, and would cause the contagion of all maladies to the human generations.

On the other hand, by its mere murmuring and having its continuous motion, how much good does it not do to creatures? And while it hides who knows how much dirt inside its bosom, by its murmuring it has the power to keep it buried at the bottom, and it masters the purity of its waters, pure and emptied of any dirt. Such is the human will – more than sea: if the divine motion murmurs in it, it is beautiful and pure, all evils remain buried and without life; but if my Will does not murmur in it and does not have its first motion, all evils arise again, and from the most beautiful it becomes the ugliest, such as to arouse pity.

Another image is the human nature. United with the soul, it is beautiful; it sees, it hears, it walks, it operates, it speaks, it does not stink; separated from the soul, it becomes putrid, it stinks in a horrible way, it is disgusting to look at; it can be said that it can no longer be recognized. Who caused such remarkable change from a body that is alive to a dead body?

The lack of the murmuring of the soul, of its continuous motion which had primacy in the human nature. As such was my Will placed for the human will – as soul, from which it was to receive life, its continuous murmuring. So, as long as it stays united with Mine, it is a prodigy of life, of beauty; separated from Mine, it loses legs, hands, word, sight, warmth, life, and, as a consequence, it becomes so horrid, more than a cadaver, as to deserve to be buried inside the deepest abyss, because its stench is unbearable.

So, one who does not stay united with my Will, loses the life of his soul, therefore he can do nothing good, and everything he does is without life.”

Tenth Hour From 2 to 3 AM
Jesus is presented to Annas

May 31, 1899: Volume 2

**Oppositions serve so that the Truth
may shine more in its own time.**

This morning, as I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus came, and at that very moment I saw the confessor. Jesus appeared a little disappointed with him, because it seemed that the confessor wanted everyone to approve that my situation was a work from God, and almost wanted to convince other priests by showing them something of my interior. Jesus turned to the confessor and said to him:

“This is impossible. Even I received oppositions, and from people among the most distinguished, and also from priests and other authorities. They found fault with my holy works, to the point of saying that I was possessed by the devil. But I allow these oppositions, even from religious people, so that the truth may shine more in its own time. If you want to consult with two or three priests among the most good and holy, and also learned, in order to receive enlightenment and also to do what I want in the things to be done, which is advice from the good and prayer - this, I allow. But the rest - no, no. It would be as though wanting to waste my works, making fun of them - which displeases Me very much.”

Then He said to me: *“All I want from you is an upright and simple operating. Do not bother about the pros and the cons of creatures; let them think what they want, without being the least troubled, since wanting that all be favorable is wanting to deviate from the imitation of my own Life.”*

Eleventh Hour From 3 to 4 AM

Jesus in the house of Caiphas

December 22, 1910: Volume 10

**In order to be able to operate great things for God,
it is necessary to destroy self-esteem,
human respect and one's own nature.**

Continuing in my usual state, I saw various priests before my mind; and blessed Jesus was saying: *“In order to be able to operate great things for God, it is necessary to destroy self-esteem, human respect and one's own nature, so as to live again of Divine Life, and take into consideration only the esteem of Our Lord and that which regards His honor and His glory.*

It is necessary to crush, to pulverize that which is human in order to be able to live of God. And here is how, not you, but God Himself will speak and operate in you, and the souls and the works entrusted to you will produce splendid effects, and you will receive the fruits which you and I longed for – like the works of the reunions of priests which I spoke to you about before.

One of these might be able to promote and also carry out this work, but a little bit of self-esteem, of useless fear, of human respect renders him incapable; and when grace finds the soul surrounded by this baseness, it flies and does not stop, and the priest remains a man and operates as a man, and his works have the effects which those of a man can have – not the effects which a priest animated by the spirit of Jesus Christ can have.”

The Church is agonizing but will not die

January 28, 1911: Volume 10

...I saw some priests, and Jesus continued: *“My daughter, the Church in these times is agonizing, but will not die – on the contrary, She will rise again more beautiful. The good priests strive for a life more stripped, more sacrificed, more pure; the bad priests strive for a life more interested, more comfortable, more sensual – all earthly. I speak - but not to them; I speak to the few good ones, be they even one per town. To these do I speak, and I command, I beg, I supplicate that they make these houses of reunion, saving for Me the priests who will come into these shelters, by rendering them completely free from any bond of family. And through these few good ones will my Church recover from Her agony.*

These are my support, my pillars, the continuation of the life of the Church. I do not speak to the others – that is, to those who do not feel like freeing themselves of any bond of family; because if I speak, I am certainly not listened to – even more, at the mere thought of breaking every bond, they become indignant. Ah! Unfortunately they are accustomed to drinking the cup of interest and the like, which, while being sweetness for the flesh, is poison for the soul. These will end up drinking the sewer of the world. I want to save them at any cost, but I am not listened to; therefore I speak, but for them it is as if I were not speaking.”

Laments of Jesus because of priests

September 4, 1918: Volume 12

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came for just a little, and told me: *“My daughter, creatures want to challenge my Justice. They do not want to surrender, and therefore my Justice takes Its course against them. And these are creatures from all classes, excepting not even those who are said to be my ministers - and maybe these more than others. What poison they*

have - and they poison those who approach them! Instead of placing Me in the souls, they want to put themselves. They want to be surrounded, be known - and I remain aside. Their poisonous contact, instead of rendering souls recollected, distracts them from Me; instead of rendering them reserved, it makes them more free, more faulty - to the extent that one can see souls who have no contact with them being more good and more recollected. So, I cannot trust anyone. I am forced to allow that people go far away from churches, from the Sacraments, in order to prevent their contact from poisoning them more, making them more evil. My sorrow is great. The wounds of my Heart are deep. Therefore, pray, and united with those few good who are still around, compassionate my bitter sorrow.”

Few good leaders will be enough to reform the world

April 7, 1919: Volume 12

...Afterwards, He transported me into the midst of creatures. But who can say what they were doing? I will just say that my Jesus, with sorrowful tone, added: *“What disorder in the world! But this disorder is because of the leaders, both civilian and ecclesiastical. Their self-interested and corrupted lives did not have the strength to correct their subjects; so they closed their eyes to the evils of the members, since they already showed their own evils; and if they did, it was all in a superficial way, because, not having the life of that good within themselves, how could they infuse it in others? How many times these perverted leaders have put the evil before the good, to the extent that the few good have been shaken by this behavior of the leaders. Therefore, I will have the leaders struck in a special way.”* And I: *‘Jesus, spare the leaders of the Church - they are already few. If You strike them, the rulers will be missing.’* And Jesus: *“Don’t you remember that I founded my Church with twelve Apostles? In the same way, those few who will remain, will be enough to reform the world. The*

enemy is already at their doors; revolutions are already in the field; nations will swim in blood and their leaders will be scattered.

Pray, pray and suffer, so that the enemy may not have the freedom to reduce everything to ruin.”

Twelfth Hour From 4 to 5 AM

Jesus at the mercy of the soldiers

March 19, 1901: Volume 4

Jesus' Way of Suffering.

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

***Just as in Jesus,
everything must be silent in souls***

January 2, 1919: Volume 12

This morning my lovable Jesus made Himself seen under a storm of blows; and with His sweet gaze He looked at me, asking for help and refuge. I flung myself toward Him to extract Him

from those blows and enclose Him inside my heart; and Jesus told me: *“My daughter, my Humanity remained silent under the blows of the scourges.*

Not only did my mouth remain silent, but everything was silent in Me. Esteem, glory, power and honor were silent; but in a mute language my patience, my humiliation, my wounds, my Blood, the annihilation of my Being, almost to dust, were eloquently speaking. And my ardent Love for the salvation of souls gave an echo to all my pains.

Here is, my daughter, the true portrait of loving souls. Everything must remain silent in them, and around them: esteem, glory, pleasures, honors, greatness, will, creatures. And if the soul had these things, she must remain as though deaf, and as if she did not see anything. On the other hand, my patience, my glory, my esteem, my pains, must take over within her; and everything she does, thinks and loves, will be nothing other than love, which will have one single echo with Mine, and will ask Me for souls.

My Love for souls is great, and since I want everyone to be saved, I go in search for souls who love Me and who, taken by the same follies of my Love, would suffer and ask Me for souls. But alas! how scarce is the number of those who listen to Me!”

Thirteenth Hour From 5 to 6 AM

Jesus in Prison

December 4, 1918: Volume 12

Effects of the imprisonment of Jesus in the Passion

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

October 29, 1921: Volume 13

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 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 staying in the prison 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."

The imprisonment of Jesus is symbol of the prison of the human will

December 3, 1926: Volume 20

...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.”

Difference between the grotto and the prison of the Passion

December 25, 1926: Volume 20

...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.”

Fourteenth Hour From 6 to 7 AM

Jesus before Caiphias again, who confirms His condemnation to death and sends Him to Pilate

September 21, 1921: Volume 13

Jesus before Caiphias.

The working of the Divine Will is daylight.

...Afterwards, I came back into myself, and it was the hour at which my beloved Jesus went out of prison and was brought again before Caiphias. I tried to accompany Him in this mystery, and

Jesus told me: *“My daughter, when I was presented to Caiphas it was full daylight, and my love toward creatures was so great that on this last day I went out before the Pontiff, all disfigured and wounded, to receive my condemnation to death. But how many pains this sentence would cost Me! And I converted these pains into eternal days with which I surrounded each creature so that, by dispelling the darkness from them, each one might find the necessary light in order to be saved - as well as my death sentence at her disposal to find her life in it.*

Therefore, each pain I suffered and each good I did, was one more day that I gave to the creature; and not only Me, but the good which creatures do is also always day that they form, just as evil is night. It happens as when a person has a light, and ten or twenty people are near him. Even though the light does not belong to all, but to one, the others enjoy the light.

They can work and read; and while they enjoy the use of that light, they cause no harm to the person who possesses it. The same with doing good. It is daylight not only for one soul, but who knows for how many others can she form daylight. Good is always communicative; and my love pushed not only Myself, but It also gave to the creatures who love Me the grace to form as many days for their brothers as good works that they do.”

Fifteenth Hour From 7 to 8 AM

Jesus before Pilate. Pilate sends Him to Herod

November 22, 1921: Volume 13

The pain that most pierced Jesus in His Passion was pretense.

...Then He came back and added: *“My daughter, the pain which pierced Me the most during my Passion was the affectation of the Pharisees. They feigned justice, but they were the most unjust. They feigned sanctity, regularity, order, and they were the most perverted, outside of any rule, and in full disorder. And while they pretended to honor God, they were honoring themselves, their self-interest, their own comfort. Therefore, light could not enter into them, because their affected manners were closing the doors to it, and pretense was the key which, closing them to death with double locks, blocked obstinately even a few glimmers of light, to the point that Pilate, idolatrous, found more light than the very Pharisees, because everything he did and said started not from pretense, but, at most, from fear.*

I feel more drawn toward the most perverted sinner, not false, than to those who are good but false. Oh, how disgusted I am by one who apparently does good, pretends to be good, prays, but nurses evil and self-interest inside; and while his lips are praying, his heart is far away from Me; and in the very act of doing good, he is thinking about how to satisfy his brutal passions. Then, a man who is false in the good which he apparently does and says is incapable of giving light to others, since he has closed the doors to it. So they act as incarnate devils, who many times attract men under the appearance of good. In seeing this good, men let themselves be drawn in; but when they feel most secure, they make them fall into graver sins. Oh, how much safer are the temptations under appearance of sin, than those under appearance of good! In

the same way, it is safer to deal with perverted people than with good people, but false. How much poison do they not hide? How many souls do they not poison? If it wasn't for pretenses, and all made themselves known for what they are, the root of evil would be removed from the face of the earth, and all would be stripped of illusion."

Jesus before Pilate. What the Truth is.

June 1, 1922: Volume 14

Finding myself in my usual state, I was following the *Hours of the Passion* of my sweet Jesus, especially when He was presented to Pilate, who asked Him what His Kingdom was. And my always lovable Jesus told me:

"My daughter, that was the first time in my terrestrial Life that I dealt with a gentile authority, who asked Me what my Kingdom was. And I answered him that my Kingdom is not of this world, for if it were of this world, thousands of legions of Angels would defend Me. But with this, I opened my Kingdom to the gentiles, and communicated my celestial doctrines to them; so much so, that Pilate asked me: 'What? You are a king?'

And immediately I answered him: 'I am King, and I have come into the world to teach the truth.' With this, I wanted to make my way into his mind in order to make Myself known; so much so that, touched, he asked Me: 'What is the Truth?'

But he did not wait for my answer; I did not have the good of making Myself understood. I would have said to him: 'I am the Truth; everything is truth in Me. Truth is my patience in the midst of so many insults; truth is my sweet gaze among so many derisions, slanders, contempts. Truths are my gentle and attractive manners in the midst of so many enemies, who hate Me while I love them, and who want to give Me death, while I want to embrace them and give them Life. Truths are my words, full of dignity and of celestial wisdom - everything is truth in Me. The Truth is more than majestic sun which, as much as one may want to trample upon

it, rises more beautiful and bright, to the point of shaming its very enemies, and of knocking them down at its feet.

Pilate asked Me with sincerity of heart, and I was ready to answer. Herod, rather, asked Me with malice and curiosity, and I did not answer. So, to those who want to know holy things with sincerity, I reveal Myself more than they expect; but with those who want to know them with malice and curiosity, I hide Myself, and while they want to make fun of Me, I confound them and make fun of them. However, since my Person carried the Truth with Itself, It performed Its office also in front of Herod. My silence at the stormy questions of Herod, my humble gaze, the air of my Person, all full of sweetness, of dignity and of nobility, were all truths - and operating truths."

Jesus did and suffered everything in the Divine Will. What true reigning is.

December 1, 1922: Volume 15

I was thinking about the Passion of my sweet Jesus, and I felt those pains so close to me, as if He were suffering them at that very moment; and looking at me, He told me: "My daughter, I suffered all pains in my Will, and as I suffered them, they opened many ways in my Will to reach each creature. Had I not suffered in my Will, which envelops everything, my pains would not have reached you and everyone; they would have remained with my Humanity. Even more, because I suffered them in my Will, not only did they open many ways in order to reach creatures, but they opened as many other ways in order to let creatures enter into Me, unite themselves with those pains, and give Me, each one of them, the pains which, with their offenses, they would give Me throughout the course of all centuries.

And while I was under the storm of the blows, my Will brought Me each creature to strike Me. So, it was not just the ones who scourged Me, but the creatures from all times would concur

in my barbarous scourging with their offenses. The same with all other pains: My Will brought Me everyone; no one was absent from roll call, everyone was present to Me - no one escaped Me. This is why my pains were – oh! how much harder, how much more numerous than those which could be seen. Therefore, if you want your offerings of my pains, your compassion and reparation, your little pains not only to reach Me, but to follow the same ways as mine, let everything enter into my Will, and all generations will receive their effects.

And this, not only with my pains, but also with my words, because, being spoken in my Will, they reached everyone; as for example, when Pilate asked Me whether I was a king, and I answered: ‘My Kingdom is not of this world, for if It were of this world, millions of legions of Angels would defend Me’.

And Pilate, on seeing Me so poor, humiliated, despised, was surprised, and said with greater emphasis: ‘What? You are a king?’ And I, with firmness, answered him and all those who are in his position: ‘I am King, and I have come into the world to teach the Truth. And the truth is that it is not positions, nor kingdoms, nor dignities, nor the right of command that make man reign, that ennoble him, that raise him above all. On the contrary, these things are slaveries, miseries, which make him serve vile passions and unjust men, making him also commit many unjust acts which disable him, cast him into mud, and draw the hatred of his subordinates upon him. So, riches are slaveries, positions are swords, by which many are killed or wounded.

True reigning is virtue, to be stripped of everything, to sacrifice oneself for all, to submit oneself to all. This is true reigning, which binds all, and makes one loved by all. Therefore, my Kingdom will have no end, while yours is near to perishing.’ And, in my Will, I made these words reach the ear of all those who are in positions of authority, to let them know the great danger they are in, and to put on guard those who aspire to positions, to dignities, to command.”

***Jesus is presented to Pilate by the Jews.
What His Kingdom is. Everything that
Jesus did and said contains profound
mysteries and sublime teachings.***

July 5, 1923: Volume 15

I was accompanying my suffering Jesus in the hours of the His most bitter Passion, especially when Jesus was presented to Pilate by the Jews, and was accused; and Pilate, not satisfied with the simple accusations they were making against Him, returned to question Him in order to find a reason sufficient to condemn Him or to release Him. And Jesus, beginning to speak in my interior, told me: *“My daughter, everything in my Life is profound mystery and sublime teachings in which man must reflect himself in order to imitate Me. You must know that the pride of the Jews was so great - especially in the false sanctity they professed, because of which they were held as upright and conscientious men - that they believed that by just presenting Me themselves, and by saying that they had found Me at fault and guilty to death, Pilate would have to believe them and condemn Me without making them undergo any interrogation; more so, since they were dealing with a gentile judge, who had no knowledge of God, nor a conscience.*

But God disposed things differently in order to confound them and to teach superiors that, as good and holy as the people who charge a poor accused one may appear, they should not believe them easily, but should almost overwhelm them with many interrogations, to see whether there is truth, or rather, under that appearance of goodness, there is some jealousy, rancor, or the intention to snatch some aspired position or dignity from their superiors by making their way into their hearts. Scrutiny makes one know people, it confounds them, and shows that one does not trust them. And in seeing themselves not appreciated, they dismiss their thought of aspiring to positions or of accusing others.

How much harm superiors do when, keeping their eyes closed, trusting in false goodness and not in proven virtue, they assign a position or pay heed to someone who is accusing someone else of some fault. How humiliated the Jews were left in not being easily believed by Pilate, in going through many interrogations. And if he surrendered to condemning Me, it was not because he believed them, but because he was forced to, and so as not to lose his position. This confounded them so much that their extreme confusion and profound humiliation remained impressed on their foreheads like a mark; more so, since they noticed more rectitude and more conscience in a gentile judge than in themselves. How necessary and just scrutiny is - it casts light and calm into the true good, and confusion into the evil.

And when, wanting to scrutinize Me also, Pilate asked Me: "Are you a king? And where is your kingdom?", I wanted to give another sublime lesson by saying: "I am King". And I wanted to say: "But do you know what my Kingdom is? My Kingdom is my pains, my Blood, my virtues. This is the true Kingdom which I possess, not outside of Me, but within Me. What one possesses on the outside is not a true kingdom, nor a safe dominion, because that which is not inside of man can be taken away, usurped, and he will be forced to leave it. But that which he has inside, no one will be able to take away from him - its dominion will be eternal within him. The characteristics of my Kingdom are my wounds, the thorns, the Cross. I do not act like the other kings who make their peoples live outside of them, unsafe, and eventually, even starving. Not Me - I call my peoples to dwell inside the rooms of my wounds, fortified and sheltered by my pains, their thirst quenched by my Blood, their hunger satisfied by my Flesh. This alone is true reigning; all other reigns are reigns of slavery, of dangers and of death, while in my Reign there is true life."

How many sublime teachings, how many profound mysteries in my words. Each soul should say to herself, in pains and in sufferings, in humiliations and in abandonments by all, and in practicing true virtues: 'This is my kingdom, which is not subject

to perishing. No one can take it away from me or touch it. On the contrary, my kingdom is eternal and divine, similar to that of my sweet Jesus. My sufferings and pains certify it for me and render my kingdom more fortified and fierce, in such a way that, in the face of my great strength, no one will be able to wage battle against me.' This is the Kingdom of peace, to which all my children should aspire."

Jesus mocked by Herod. How these pains are renewed by creatures. Through His Acts, Jesus molded our acts in His Will.

September 16, 1921: Volume 13

I was doing the hour of the Passion in which my sweet Jesus was in the palace of Herod, clothed as a madman and mocked. And my always lovable Jesus, making Himself seen, told me: *"My daughter, not only then was I clothed like a madman, sneered at and mocked, but creatures continue to give Me these pains; even more, I am amid continuous mockeries, and by all kinds of people. If a person goes to Confession and does not maintain his resolutions not to offend Me - this is a mockery that he makes of Me. If a priest confesses, preaches, administers the Sacraments, and his life does not correspond to the words he says and to the dignity of the Sacraments he administers - he mocks Me as many times for as many words as he says, and for as many Sacraments as he administers.*

While I gave them new life in the Sacraments, they give Me scorns and mockeries; and by profaning them, they prepare for Me the garment to clothe Me as a madman. If superiors command sacrifice, virtue, prayer and disinterest to their subjects, while they conduct a life of comfort, of vice and of interest - these are as many mockeries that they make of Me. If civilian and ecclesiastical leaders want the observance of the laws, and they are the first transgressors - these are mockeries that they make of Me.

Oh, how many mockeries they make of Me! They are so many that I am tired of them, especially when they put the poison of evil under good. Oh, how they make fun of Me, as if I were their amusement and their pastime! But sooner or later Justice will make fun of them, by punishing them severely. You - pray and repair for these mockeries which grieve Me so much, and are the cause for which I do not make Myself known for Who I am."

Afterwards, coming back again, as I was fusing all of myself in the Divine Will, He told me: "*Dearest daughter of my Will, I anxiously await your fusions in my Will. You must know that as I thought in my Will, I kept molding your thoughts in my Will, preparing the place for them; as I worked, I molded your works in my Will; and so with all the rest. Now, whatever I did, I did not do for Myself since I did not need it - but for you. This is why I await you in my Will, that you may come and take the places which my Humanity prepared for you. And over my moldings - come and do yours. Only then am I content and receive complete glory, when I see you do what I did."*

Jesus before Herod. Effects of the Word and of the Gaze of Jesus.

November 24, 1922: Volume 14

I was thinking of when my sweet Jesus was presented to Herod, and I said to myself: '*How is it possible that Jesus, who is so good, did not deign to say a word to him, or to give him a glance? Who knows whether that perfidious heart would have converted at the power of His gaze?*' And Jesus, making Himself seen, told me: "*My daughter, his perversity and the lack of disposition of his soul were such that he did not deserve that I look at him or say a word to him. And if I had done it, he would have rendered himself more guilty, because each word or gaze of mine are additional bonds which are formed between Me and the creature. Each word is one more union, one more closeness, and as the soul feels looked upon, grace begins its crafting. If the gaze*

or word was sweet and benign, she says: ‘How beautiful, penetrating, gentle, melodious it was! How not to love Him?’ If then it was a majestic gaze or word, blazing with light, she says: ‘What majesty, what greatness, what penetrating light! How small I feel; how miserable I am; how much darkness in me before that light so blazing!’ If I wanted to tell you of the power, the grace, the good which my word or gaze brings, how many books would I make you write....”

***How one who wants to hear the Truth
but does not want to execute it
remains burned.***

January 4, 1927: Volume 20

...After this, I was following my passionate Jesus in the Passion, and as I arrived at the point when Herod stormed Him with questions and He remained silent, I thought to myself: ‘*If Jesus had spoken, maybe he would have converted.*’ And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: “*My daughter, Herod did not question Me in order to know the truth, but out of curiosity and to make a fool of Me; and if I had answered, I would have made a fool of him, because when the will to know the truth and to execute it is missing, the humor in order to receive the heat which the light of my truths brings with itself, is missing in the soul. Not finding the humidity in order to make the truths germinate and fecundate, this heat burns even more, and makes the good it can produce wither. It happens as to the sun: when it does not find humidity on the plants, its heat serves to wither and burn away the life of the plants; but if it finds humidity, it makes prodigies. So, the truth is beautiful, it is lovable, it is the reviver and the fecundator of souls; with its light and heat it forms prodigies of growth, of graces and of sanctity – but for those who love to know it in order to execute it. On the other hand, with those who do not love to execute it, it is the truth that mocks them, rather than being mocked itself.*” ...

Sixteenth Hour From 8 to 9 AM

Jesus is brought back to Pilate and placed after Barabbas. Jesus is scourged.

April 1, 1922: Volume 14

The most humiliating step of the Passion of Jesus was that of being clothed and treated as a madman. Each pain that Jesus suffered was nothing other than the echo of the pains which creatures deserved.

...Afterwards, I followed the *Hours of the Passion*, and I followed my sweet Jesus in the act in which He was clothed and treated as a madman. My mind was wandering in this mystery, and Jesus told me: *“My daughter, the most humiliating step of my Passion was precisely this: being clothed and treated as a madman. I became the amusement of the Jews - their rag. Greater humiliation my infinite wisdom could not bear.*

Yet, it was necessary that I, Son of God, suffer this pain. By sinning, man becomes mad - greater madness there cannot be. And from the king he is, he becomes the slave and the amusement of most vile passions which tyrannize him and, more than madman, chain him as they please, casting him into mud, and covering him with the most filthy things. Oh, what great madness sin is! In this state, man could never be admitted before the Supreme Majesty.

Therefore, I Myself wanted to bear this pain, so humiliating, in order to plead for man that he might leave this state of madness, offering Myself to my Celestial Father to bear the pains which the madness of man deserved. Each pain I suffered in my Passion was nothing other than the echo of the pains which creatures deserved. That echo boomed over Me, and subjected Me to pains, to scorns, to derisions, to mockeries, and to all torments.”

***The tortured Body of Jesus
is the true portrait of the man who commits sin.
In the scourging, Jesus let His Flesh be torn to
shreds, and reduced all of Himself to a wound
in order to give Life back to Man once again.***

February 9, 1922: Volume 14

Finding myself in my usual state, I was following the *Hours of the Passion*; and while I was accompanying my sweet Jesus in the mystery of His painful scourging, He made Himself seen with His flesh all torn up. His Body was stripped, not only of His garments, but also of His flesh; His bones could be counted one by one. The sight of Him was not only harrowing, but horrible to look at, such as to strike fear, fright, reverence, and love at the same time. I felt mute before such a harrowing scene. I would have wanted to do, who knows what, to relieve my Jesus, but I could do nothing - the sight of His pains gave me death; and Jesus, all goodness, told me:

“My beloved daughter, look well at Me, that you may know my pains in depth. My Body is the true portrait of the man who commits sin. Sin strips him of the garments of my grace; and I let Myself be stripped of my garments so as to give grace back to him once again.

Sin deforms him, and while he is the most beautiful creature that came out of my hands, he becomes the ugliest one - disgusting and repugnant. I was the most beautiful of men, and I can say that, in order to give beauty back to man, my Humanity took on the ugliest form. Look at Me - how horrid I am. I let my skin be torn off by dint of lashes, to the point that I could no longer recognize Myself. Not only does sin take beauty away, but it forms deep wounds, rotten and gangrenous, which corrode the most interior parts; they consume his vital humors, so everything he does are

dead - skeletal works. They snatch from him the nobility of his origin, the light of his reason - and he becomes blind.

And I, in order to fill the depth of his wounds, let my Flesh be torn to shreds; I reduced all of Myself to a wound, and by shedding my Blood in rivers, I made the vital humors flow in his soul, so as to give life back to him once again. Ah! Had I not had the fount of the life of my Divinity within Me, which, since my Humanity died at each pain they gave Me, substituted for my life - I would have died from the very beginning of my Passion.

Now, my pains, my Blood, my Flesh which fell off in shreds, are always in the act of giving life to man; but man rejects my Blood so as not to receive life; he tramples upon my Flesh so as to remain wounded. Oh, how I feel the weight of ingratitude!" And throwing Himself into my arms, Jesus burst into tears. I clasped Him to my heart, but He was crying strongly. What torment, to see Jesus crying! I would have wanted to suffer any pain so that He would not cry.

So I compassionated Him, I kissed His wounds, I dried His tears; and He, as though cheered, added: "Do you know how I act? I act like a father who loves his son very much. This son is blind, deformed, crippled; and his father who loves him to folly - what does he do? He plucks out his own eyes; he tears off his own legs, tears his own skin off, and gives everything to his son, saying: 'I am happier to remain blind, crippled, deformed myself, as long as I see that you, my son, can see, can walk, and are beautiful.'

Oh! how happy is that father, in seeing his son look with his eyes, walk with his legs, and covered with his beauty. But what would the sorrow of the father be, if he saw his son, ungrateful, throwing away his eyes, legs and skin, contenting himself with remaining ugly as he is? So I am: I took care of everything, but men, ungrateful, form my most bitter sorrow."

***The Divine Will was everything for Man, and
with It he needed nothing. Before being
scourged, Jesus wanted to be stripped in order
to give back to the creature the royal garment of
the Divine Will.***

January 14, 1924: Volume 16

I was accompanying the mystery of the scourging, compassionating my sweet Jesus when He saw Himself so confused in the midst of enemies - stripped of His garments, under a storm of blows. And my lovable Jesus, coming out of my interior in the state He was in when He was scourged, told me:

“My daughter, do you want to know why I was stripped when I was scourged? In each mystery of my Passion, first I occupied Myself with joining the split between the human will and the Divine, and then with the offenses which this split produced. When man, in Eden, broke the bonds of the union between the Supreme Will and his will, he stripped himself of the royal garments of my Will, and clothed himself with the miserable rags of his will – weak, inconstant, impotent to doing anything good. My Will was a sweet enchantment for him, which kept him absorbed within a most pure light, which made him know nothing but His God, from whom he had come, and who gave him nothing but innumerable happinesses.

And he was so absorbed within the so much giving of his God to him, that he would give not a thought to himself. Oh! how happy man was, and how the Divinity delighted in giving him so many particles of His Being for as many as the creature can receive, in order to make him similar to Himself. So, as soon as he broke the union of Our Will with his, he lost the royal garment, he lost the enchantment, the light, the happiness. He looked at himself without the light of my Will, and in looking at himself without the enchantment which kept him absorbed, he came to know himself,

he felt ashamed, he became afraid of God; so much so, that his very nature felt the sad effects of this: he felt the cold and his nakedness, and felt the vital need to cover himself. Just as Our Will kept him within the port of immense happinesses, so did his will put him in the port of miseries.

Our Will was everything for Man, and in It he found everything. It was right that, having come out of Us and living in Our Will as Our tender child, he would live of It; and this Will was to make up for everything he needed. Therefore, as he wanted to live of his own will, he became needy of everything, because the human will does not have the power to make up for all needs, nor does it contain the fount of good within itself. So, he was forced to procure for himself, with hardship, the necessary things of life. Do you see, then, what it means not to be united with my Will?

Oh, if all knew It, they would have one yearning alone: that my Will come to reign upon earth. So, had Adam not withdrawn from the Divine Will, his nature also would have had no need of clothing; he would not have felt ashamed of his nakedness, nor would he have been subject to suffering cold, heat, hunger, weakness. But these natural things were almost nothing; rather, they were symbols of the great good which his soul had lost.

Therefore, my daughter, before being tied to the pillar to be scourged, I wanted to be stripped in order to suffer and repair for the nakedness of man when he stripped himself of the royal garment of my Will. I felt such confusion and pain within Me in seeing Myself stripped in the midst of enemies who were mocking Me, that I cried over the nakedness of Man and I offered my nakedness to my Celestial Father, so that man might be clothed once again with the royal garment of my Will. And as ransom, so that this would not be denied to Me, I offered my blood, my flesh torn to shreds, and I let Myself be stripped not only of my garments, but also of my skin, to be able to pay the price and satisfy for the crime of this nakedness of man. I poured out so much blood in this mystery, that in no other did I pour so much – so much as to be

enough to cover him with a second garment, a garment of blood, so as to cover him again, and then warm him and wash him, to dispose him to receive the royal garment of my Will."

On hearing this, surprised, I said: *'My beloved Jesus, how can it be possible that, because he withdrew from your Will, man felt the need to clothe himself, was ashamed, was afraid; but then, You always did the Will of the Celestial Father, You were One with Him, your Mama never knew Her own will - yet, the two of You had need of clothing and food, and You felt the cold and the heat?'* And Jesus added:

"Yet, my daughter, it is precisely so. If man felt ashamed of his nakedness and was subject to many natural miseries, it was precisely because he lost the sweet enchantment of my Will; and even though it was his soul that did evil, not his body, the body, however, indirectly was as though accomplice with the wicked will of man, and so his nature remained as though profaned by the bad volition of Man.

Therefore, both the soul and the body had to feel the pain of the evil committed. As for Me, indeed I always did the Supreme Will, but I did not come to find an innocent man, a man before sin; rather, I came to find a sinful man and with all his miseries. And so I had to associate Myself with men, taking upon Myself all of their evils, and subjecting Myself to all the necessities of life, as if I were one of them. However, in Me there was this prodigy: if I wanted, I would need nothing, either clothing, or food or anything else. But I did not want to make use of it out of love for Man.

I wanted to sacrifice Myself in everything, even in the most innocent things created by Me, in order to prove my ardent love to him. Even more, this served to impetrate from my Divine Father that out of regard for Me and for my will completely sacrificed to Him, He would give back to man the noble royal garment of Our Will."

The Blood of Jesus is the defense of creatures before the rights of Divine Justice. One who gives himself to God loses his rights and acquires the divine right to happiness.

July 1, 1924: Volume 17

I felt very oppressed because of the privation of my adorable Jesus. Oh! how my heart bleeds and I feel subjected to suffer continuous deaths. I felt I could take no more without Him, and that my martyrdom could not be harder. And while I was trying to follow Jesus in the different mysteries of His Passion, I came to accompany Him in the mystery of His painful scourging. At that moment, He moved in my interior, filling me all with His adorable Person. On seeing Him, I wanted to tell Him of my hard state, but Jesus, imposing silence on me, told me:

“My daughter, let us pray together. There are certain sad times in which my justice, unable to contain itself because of the evils of creatures, would want to flood the earth with new scourges; and so the prayer in my Will is necessary, which, extending over all, places itself as defense of creatures, and with its power it prevents my justice from getting close to the creature in order to strike her.”

How beautiful and touching it was to hear Jesus pray! And since I was accompanying Him in the sorrowful mystery of His scourging, He made Himself seen deluging Blood, and I heard Him say: *“My Father, I offer You this Blood of Mine. O please! let It cover all the intelligences of creatures, rendering all their evil thoughts vain, dampening the fire of their passions, and making holy intelligences rise again. May this Blood cover their eyes and be a veil to their sight, so that the taste for evil pleasures may not enter into them, and they may not dirty themselves with the mud of the earth. May this Blood of Mine cover and fill their mouths, and render their lips dead to blasphemies, to imprecations, to all of*

their bad words. My Father, may this Blood of Mine cover their hands, and strike in them terror for so many wicked actions. May this Blood circulate in Our Eternal Will to cover all, to defend and be a defending weapon for creatures before the rights of Our Justice.” But who can say how Jesus prayed, and everything He said?

Then, afterwards, He kept silent, and in my interior I felt Jesus taking my little and poor soul in His hands, squeezing it, touching it up, looking at it; and I said to Him: ‘*My Love, what are You doing? Is there anything in me that displeases You?*’ And He: “*I am operating and expanding your soul in my Will. And besides, I do not have to give you an account of what I do, because, having given yourself completely to Me, you have lost your rights - all rights are mine. Do you know what your only right is? That my Will be yours, and that It administer to you everything that can make you happy in time and eternity.*”

Seventeenth Hour From 9 to 10 AM

Jesus is crowned with thorns!

Presented to the people: “Ecce Homo!”

Jesus is condemned to death!

October 12, 1903: Volume 5

Meaning of the Crowning with Thorns

This morning I saw my adorable Jesus in my interior, crowned with thorns, and in seeing Him in that state I said to Him: ‘*My sweet Lord, why did your head envy your scourged body which had suffered so much and had shed so much blood; and as your head did not want to be outdone by your body, which had been honored with the frieze of suffering, You Yourself incite your enemies to crown You with such a painful and tormenting crown of thorns?*’ And Jesus: “*My daughter, this crowning of thorns contains many meanings, and as much as I may speak, there is always much left to be said. In fact, the reason why my head*

wanted to be honored by having, not a general share, but its distinct and special portion of suffering, and its own shedding of blood, almost competing with the body - is almost incomprehensible to the created mind.

The reason is that it is the head that unites the whole body and all of the soul, in such a way that, without the head, the body is nothing; so much so, that one can live without the other members, but it is impossible to live without the head, because it is the essential part of the whole of man. In fact, if the body sins or does good, it is the head that directs it, since the body is nothing other than an instrument.

Therefore, since my head was to give back regimen and dominion to men, and earn for them that new heavens of graces and new worlds of truths might enter the human minds, rejecting the new hells of sins because of which men reach the point of rendering themselves vile slaves of vile passions; wanting to crown the whole human family with glory, with honor and with decorum, I wanted to crown and honor my Humanity first, though with a most painful crown of thorns, symbol of the immortal crown which I was giving back to creatures, taken away by sin.

In addition, the crown of thorns means that there is no glory and honor without thorns; that there can never be dominion over passions and acquisition of virtues without feeling oneself being pricked deep in one's flesh and spirit, and that true reigning is in mastering oneself by the pricks of mortification and of sacrifice.

Moreover, these thorns signified that I am the true and only King, and only one who constitutes Me King of her heart enjoys peace and happiness, and I constitute her queen of my own Kingdom. So, all those rivulets of blood which poured from my head were many little streams which bound the human intelligence to the knowledge of my sovereignty over them."

But who can say all that I feel in my interior? I do not have the words to express it. Even more, the little I have said, it seems to me I have said without connection; and I believe that it must be so in speaking about the things of God – as high and sublime as is the way in which one speaks, since He is uncreated and we are created, one cannot speak about God but in stammering.

What Jesus suffered in the crowning of thorns is incomprehensible to the created mind. Much more painfully than by those thorns, His Mind was pierced by all the evil thoughts of creatures.

April 24, 1915: Volume 11

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking of how much blessed Jesus suffered in being crowned with thorns, and, making Himself seen, Jesus told me: *“My daughter, the pains which I suffered were incomprehensible to the created mind. Much more painfully than by those thorns, my mind was pierced by all the evil thoughts of creatures, in such a way that none of these thoughts could escape Me - I felt them all inside Me. So, I felt not only the thorns, but also the disgust of the sins which those thorns inflicted on Me.”* I looked at my lovable Jesus and I could see His most holy head surrounded by spokes of thorns which came out from inside Him. All the thoughts of the creatures were in Jesus; they went from Jesus into them, and from them to Jesus, remaining as though linked together. Oh, how Jesus suffered! Then He added:

“My daughter, only the souls who live in my Will can give Me true reparations and soothe Me from thorns so sharp.

In fact, since they live in my Will, and since my Will is everywhere, they find themselves in Me and in everyone, they descend into creatures and rise up to Me, they bring Me all reparations, they soothe Me - and in creatures' minds they turn darkness into light.”

The Pains of the Passion were shadows and similes of Jesus' Interior Pains.

August 19, 1922: Volume 14

As I was in my usual state, sweet Jesus made me suffer part of His pains and of His deaths, which He suffered for each creature. From my little pains I could comprehend how atrocious and mortal the pains of Jesus had been. Then He told me: *“My daughter, my pains are incomprehensible to human nature, and the very pains of my Passion were shadows or similes of my interior pains. My interior pains were inflicted on Me by an Omnipotent God, and not one fiber could dodge His blow; those of my Passion were inflicted on Me by men who, having neither Omnipotence nor All-seeingness, were not able to do what they wanted, nor to penetrate into every single fiber of mine.*

My interior pains were incarnate, and my very Humanity was transformed into nails, into thorns, into scourges, into wounds, into martyrdom, so cruel as to give Me continuous deaths; and these were inseparable from Me - they formed my very Life. On the other hand, those of my Passion were extraneous to Me; they were thorns and nails which could be driven inside, and eventually, they could also be removed; and the mere thought that a pain can be removed is a relief.

But my interior pains, which were formed of my own flesh - there was no hope that they might be removed, or that the sharpness of a thorn or the piercing of the nails might be lessened. My interior pains were so great and so many that I could call the pains of my Passion reliefs and kisses given to my interior pains; and uniting together, they gave the last proof of my great and excessive love for the salvation of souls. My external pains were voices which called everyone to enter into the ocean of my interior pains, to make them comprehend how much their salvation cost Me. And then, from your own interior pains, communicated by Me,

you can somehow comprehend the continuous intensity of mine. Therefore, pluck up courage - it is love that pushes Me to this."

The meaning of the words: 'Ecce Homo'.

March 6, 1903: Volume 4

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

So, the Lord said to everyone: "*Ecce Homo!*" As He said it, a murmuring - a confusion arose. Some were saying: "*I do not want Him as my King - I want riches*"; another, "*pleasure*"; another, "*honor*"; some, "*dignities*"; and some, many other things. I listened to those voices with horror, and the Lord told me: "*Have you seen how no one wants Me? Yet, this is nothing; let us turn to the religious class, and let us see whether they want Me.*" So, I found myself in the midst of priests, bishops, religious women and devout ones, and with sonorous voice, Jesus repeated: "*Ecce Homo!*" And they said: "*We want Him, but we also want our comfort.*" Others, "*We want Him, but together with our own interest.*" Others answered: "*We want Him, but together with esteem and honor.*" ... What does a religious do with esteem? Others replied: "*We want Him, but together with some satisfaction*

from creatures – how can one live alone and without anyone that satisfies us?” Some wanted satisfaction at least in the Sacrament of Confession, but almost no one wanted Him alone, nor was someone lacking who did not care about Jesus Christ at all. So, all afflicted, He told me: *“My daughter, let us withdraw; have you seen how no one wants Me? Or at the most, they want Me together with something that pleases them. I am not content with this, because true reigning is when one reigns alone.”* As He was saying this, I found myself inside myself.

***“Ecce Homo!” Jesus felt as many deaths
for as many as were those who cried out,
“Crucify Him!”***

June 20, 1926: Volume 19

After going through most bitter days because of the privation of my sweet Jesus, I felt I could take no more; I moaned under a press that crushed my soul and body, and I longed for my Celestial Fatherland, in which not even for one instant would I be without the One who is all my life and my highest and only Good. Then, when I reduced myself to the extremes without Jesus, I felt myself being filled completely with Him, in such a way that I remained like a veil that covered Him. And since I was thinking about the pains of His Passion and accompanying Him, especially in the act in which Pilate showed Him to the people, saying, *‘Ecce Homo!’*, my sweet Jesus told me:

“My daughter, as Pilate said, ‘Ecce Homo’, all cried out: ‘Crucify Him, crucify Him – we want Him dead!’ And so did my very Celestial Father and my inseparable and pierced Mama, and not only those who were present, but all the absent and all generations, past and future. And if someone did not say it with words, he said it with facts, because there was not a single one who said he wanted Me alive, and to keep silent is confirmation of what others want.

This cry of death from all was so very painful for Me; I felt as many deaths for as many as were the people who cried out: ‘Crucify Him!’ I felt as though drowned with pains and with death; more so, since I could see that each death of mine would not bring life to each one, and those who received life because of my death would not receive all the complete fruit of my Passion and Death. My sorrow was so great, that my moaning Humanity was about to succumb and breathe Its last; but while I was dying, with Its all-seeingness my Supreme Will made present to my dying Humanity all those who would let the Eternal Volition reign in them with absolute dominion, who would take the complete fruit of my Passion and Death.

Among them there was my dear Mother, as their head. She took all the deposit of all my goods and of the fruits contained in my Life, Passion and Death – not even one breath of mine did She allow to be lost, nor did She fail to keep its precious fruit in Her custody. And from Her they were to be transmitted to the little newborn of my Will and to all those in whom the Supreme Volition would have Its Life and Its Kingdom ...”

Exchange between Jerusalem and Rome. In creating man, God placed as many seeds of happiness in him for as many things as He created.

October 3, 1928: Volume 24

My poor mind was thinking about many things regarding the Divine Will – especially about how Its Kingdom could come, how It could spread... and many other things which it is not necessary to write on paper. And my beloved Jesus, moving in my interior, told me:

“My daughter, if Rome has the primacy of my Church, she owes it to Jerusalem, because the beginning of Redemption was precisely in Jerusalem. In that homeland, from the little town of Nazareth I chose my Virgin Mother; I Myself was born in the little town of Bethlehem, and all of my Apostles were from that

homeland. And even though, ungrateful, she did not want to recognize Me and rejected the goods of my Redemption, it cannot be denied that the origin, the beginning, the first people who received the good of It, were from this city. The first criers of the Gospel, those who established Catholicism in Rome, were my Apostles, all from Jerusalem – that is, from this homeland.

Now there will be an exchange: if Jerusalem gave to Rome the life of religion and therefore of Redemption, Rome will give to Jerusalem the Kingdom of the Divine Will. This is so true, that just as I chose a Virgin from the little town of Nazareth for the Redemption, so I have chosen another virgin in a little town of Italy belonging to Rome, to whom the mission of the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat has been entrusted.

And since this must be known in Rome just as my coming upon earth was known in Jerusalem, Rome will have the great honor of requiting Jerusalem for the great gift received from her, which is Redemption, by making known to her the Kingdom of my Will. Then will Jerusalem repent of her ingratitude and will embrace the life of the religion which she gave to Rome; and grateful, she will receive from Rome the Life and the great gift of the Kingdom of my Divine Will. And not only Jerusalem, but all of the other nations will receive from Rome the great gift of the Kingdom of my Fiat, the first criers of It, Its gospel - all full of peace, of happiness and of restoration of the creation of Man. And not only will my manifestations bring sanctity, joys, peace and happiness, but the whole of Creation, competing with them, will unleash from each created thing each of the happinesses It contains, and will pour them upon the creatures. In fact, in creating Man, We placed in his being all the seeds of the happinesses which each created thing possessed, disposing the interior of man like a field which contained all the seeds of happinesses; so much so, that he has within himself all the tastes to be able to savor and receive into himself all the happinesses of created things. If Man did not possess these seeds, he would lack

the senses of taste and of smell to be able to enjoy what God had put out of Himself in the whole Creation.

Now, by sinning, man caused all of these seeds of happiness which God had infused in him in creating him to fall ill, and therefore he lost the taste to be able to enjoy all the happinesses contained in Creation. It happened as to a poor ill one, who cannot enjoy all the flavors contained in foods; on the contrary, he feels heaviness; food itself converts into pain; everything gives him nausea; and if he takes it, it is not because he enjoys it, but in order not to die. On the other hand, one who is healthy feels flavor, strength, warmth, because his stomach has the strength to assimilate the goods contained in foods, and he enjoys them.

The same happened in Man: by sinning, he caused the seeds and the very strength to be able to enjoy all the happinesses contained in Creation to fall ill; and many times they convert into pain. Now, with the return of man into my Divine Fiat, the seeds will acquire health, and he will acquire the strength to assimilate and to enjoy all the happinesses present in the order of Creation. So, a contest of happiness will start for him; everything will smile at him, and man will return to be happy, as God had created him.”

Eighteenth Hour From 10 to 11 AM
***Jesus takes up His Cross and walks
toward Calvary, where He is stripped***

July 27, 1906: Volume 7

**In the Cross, Jesus dowered souls
and espoused them to Himself.**

This morning, as my adorable Jesus made Himself seen embracing the Cross, I thought in my interior: *‘What were His thoughts in receiving the Cross?’* And He said to me: *“My daughter, when I received the Cross, I embraced It as my dearest treasure, because in the Cross I dowered souls and espoused them*

to Myself. Now, upon looking at the Cross – at Its length and breadth – I rejoiced, because I saw in It sufficient dowries for all my spouses, and none of them could fear not being able to marry Me, because I held in my own hands – in the Cross – the price of their dowry.

But with this condition alone: that if the soul accepts the little gifts I send to her - which are the crosses - as the pledge of her acceptance of Me as her Spouse, the marriage is formed and I give her the gift of the dowry. If then she does not accept the gifts – that is, if she is not resigned to my Will – everything is undone, and even if I want to dower her, I cannot, because in order to form a marriage, it always takes the will of both sides; and since the soul does not accept my gifts, it means that she does not want to accept the marriage.”

The Cross of one who Lives in the Divine Will becomes similar to the Cross of Jesus.

February 24, 1922: Volume 14

As I was in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus made Himself seen in the act of taking up His Cross and placing It on His most holy shoulders; and He told me: “My daughter, when I received the Cross, I looked at It from top to bottom, to see the place that each soul would take in my Cross. Among so many of them, I looked with more love and I paid a more special attention to those who would be resigned, and would live life in my Will. I looked at them, and I saw their cross, long and large just as Mine, because my Will made up for all that their cross lacked, making it longer and larger like Mine.

Oh! how your long cross stood out; so very long because of many years of bed - and suffered only to fulfill my Will. My Cross existed only to fulfill the Will of my Celestial Father; and yours, to fulfill my Will. One gave honor to the other, and since both of them had the same measure, they blended together. Now, my Will has the virtue of softening hardness, of sweetening

bitterness, of extending and enlarging short things. So, when I felt the Cross upon my shoulders, I felt the softness and the sweetness of the cross of the souls who would suffer in my Will.

Ah! My Heart heaved a sigh of relief, and the softness of the crosses of these souls made my Cross adapt to my shoulders, sinking so much into it as to cause Me a deep wound; and although it gave Me a sharp pain, I also felt the softness and the sweetness of the souls who would suffer in my Will. And since my Will is eternal, their suffering, their reparations, their acts, ran within each drop of my Blood, in each wound, in each offense. My Will made them be as though present at the offenses of the past, from the moment the first man sinned, at the present and at the future offenses. They were the ones who returned the rights of my Will to Me; and for love of them, I decreed Redemption. And if others enter into It, it is because of these souls that they partake in It. There is no good I concede, either in Heaven or on earth, which is not because of them.”

The adoration of the Most Holy Virgin when She encountered Jesus carrying the Cross

December 17, 1903: Volume 6

Continuing in my usual state, for a few instants I saw blessed Jesus with the Cross on His shoulders, in the act of encountering His Most Holy Mother; and I said to Him: ‘*Lord, what did your Mother do in this most sorrowful encounter?*’ And He: “*My daughter, She did nothing but a most profound and simple act of adoration. And since the simpler the act, the more easily it unites with God, Most Simple Spirit, in this act She infused Herself in Me and continued what I Myself was doing in my interior. This was immensely pleasing to Me, more than if She had done any other greater thing. In fact, the true spirit of adoration consists of this: the creature dissolves herself and finds herself in the divine sphere; she adores all that God does, and she unites with Him. Do you think that when the mouth adores but the mind is somewhere else, it is true adoration? That is, the mind adores but the will is*

far away from Me? Or, one power adores Me, and the others are all disordered? No, I want everything for Me, and everything I have given her, in Me. This is the greatest act of worship, of adoration, that the creature can do for Me.”

Continuous Encounter of Jesus with the Soul

March 28, 1905: Volume 6

...Then I continued my usual interior work on the Passion, and as I reached the point of the encounter of Jesus and Mary on the Way of the Cross, He made Himself seen again and told me: *“My daughter, the soul also I encounter continuously, and if in the encounter I make with the soul I find her in the act of exercising virtues, and united with Me, she repays Me for the sorrow I suffered when I encountered my Mother, so sorrowful because of Me.”*

As many as are the ways in which the soul gives herself to God, so many are the ways in which He gives Himself to the soul.

November 12, 1910: Volume 10

I was thinking about blessed Jesus when He was carrying the Cross to Calvary, especially when He met with Veronica, who offered Him a piece of cloth so that He might dry His Face, all dripping with blood. And I said to my lovable Jesus: *‘My Love, Jesus, heart of my heart, if Veronica offered You a cloth, I don’t want to offer You little cloths to dry your Blood, but I offer You my heart, my continuous heartbeat, all my love, my little intelligence, my breath, the circulation of my blood, my movements – all of my being to dry your Blood; and not only from your Face, but from all of your Most Holy Humanity. I intend to tear myself into as many pieces for as many as are your wounds, your sorrows, your bitternesses, the drops of the Blood You shed, so as to place on all of your sufferings, on some my love, on some a relief, on some a kiss, on some a reparation, on some an act of compassion, on some*

a thanksgiving, etc. I do not want any little particle of my being, any drop of my blood, to be left without occupying itself with You. And do You know, O Jesus, what I want as recompense? That in all of the tiniest particles of my being You impress and seal your image, so that, in finding You in everything and everywhere, I may multiply my love... ’ and so forth with all the other nonsense I said.

Now, having received Communion, and looking into myself, I could see, in each particle of my being, the whole of Jesus within a flame; and this flame spoke of love. And Jesus said to me: “*Here is my daughter made content – as many as are the ways in which she has given herself to Me, so many, and tripled, are the ways in which I have given Myself to her.*”

One should pay attention to what he must do, not to chatter

September 2, 1910: Volume 9

I was thinking about Jesus carrying the Cross to Calvary, especially when He met with the women, and He forgot about His pains and occupied Himself with consoling, answering and also instructing those poor women. How everything was love in Jesus! He was the one who needed to be consoled, yet He was consoling – and in what a state He was consoling! He was all covered with wounds, His head pierced with most pricking thorns, panting and almost dying under the Cross – and He was consoling others! What an example, what a humiliation for us – a little cross is enough to make us forget the duty to console others!

So I remembered the many times in which, finding myself oppressed by sufferings or by the privations of Jesus that pierced and lacerated my interior through, and being surrounded by people, Jesus would spur me on to imitate Him in this step of His Passion; and I, though embittered down to the marrow of my bones, would strive to forget about myself in order to console and instruct others. And now, finding myself free and without having to deal with people, because of and thanks to obedience, I was thanking Jesus

for I no longer found myself in those circumstances... I feel I can breathe a freer air, to be able to occupy myself only with myself. And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me:

“My daughter, yet for Me it was a relief, and I felt as though refreshed, especially in those who were truly coming to do good. In these times, truly, there is a lack of those who cast true interior spirit into souls, because not having it themselves they cannot infuse it in others; so they teach souls to be touchy, scrupulous, light, without a true foundation of detachment from everything and from everyone, and this produces sterile virtues, which go about blooming, and they die. And some think they make progress with souls, because they reach minuteness and scrupulousness; but instead of progress, these are true hindrances which ruin the souls, and my love remains on an empty stomach with them.

Therefore, since I have given you much light about the interior ways, and I have made you comprehend the truth about true virtues and true love, since you are in the truth, through your mouth I could make others comprehend the truth about the true path of virtues, and I felt contentment because of this.”

And I: *‘But, blessed Jesus, after the sacrifice I would make, they would then go around talking, and so obedience, justly, has prohibited the coming of people.’* And Jesus: *“This is the error – that one pays attention to chatter, rather than to the good one is supposed to do. About Me also they chattered, and if I wanted to pay attention to this, I would not have accomplished the Redemption of Man. Therefore, one must pay attention to what one must do, and not to what people say; and chatter remains with those who make it.”*

Meaning of the tearing off of the Crown of Thorns from the Head of Jesus.

April 10, 1914: Volume 11

This morning my always lovable Jesus came as crucified and shared His pains with me. He drew me so much to Himself, into the sea of His Passion, that I could almost follow It step by step. But who can say all that I could comprehend? There are so many things that I don't know where to begin. I will only say that in seeing the crown of thorns being torn off of Him, since the thorns were keeping the Blood from coming all out, as the crown of thorns was torn off, that Blood poured outside through those little holes, flowing over His face, over His hair, in large rivulets, and descending over the whole person of Jesus. And Jesus: *“Daughter, these thorns which prick my head will prick the pride, the conceit, the most hidden wounds of man, so as to make the pus which they contain come out. And the thorns dipped in my Blood will heal him, and will return to him the crown which sin had taken away from him.”*

Nineteenth Hour From 11AM to 12 PM

Jesus is Crucified

November 18, 1913: Volume 11

**When the human will and the Divine Will are
opposed, one forms the cross of the other. The
cross can do as much good insofar as it is
connected with the Will of God.**

I was thinking about my poor state, and how even the cross has been banished from me; and in my interior Jesus told me: *“My daughter, when two wills are opposed to each other, one forms the cross of the other. So it is between Me and the creatures: when*

their wills are opposed to Mine, I form their cross and they form Mine; I am the long beam of the cross, while they are the short one, and crossing each other, they form the cross. Now, when the will of the soul unites with Mine, the beams are no longer crossed, but united, and therefore the cross is no longer a cross. Have you understood?

And besides, I sanctified the cross; it was not the cross that sanctified Me. It is not the cross that sanctifies - it is the resignation to my Will that sanctifies the cross; therefore, even the cross can do as much good insofar as it is connected with my Will. Not only this; the cross sanctifies and crucifies part of the person, while my Will does not spare anything; it sanctifies everything, and crucifies thoughts, desires, will, affections, heart - everything. And since my Will is light, It shows to the soul the necessity of this sanctification and complete crucifixion, in such a way that she herself incites Me to accomplish the crafting of my Will upon her.

Therefore, the cross and the other virtues are content as long as they get something; and if they can pierce the creature with three nails, they boast of their triumph. On the other hand, my Will, which does not know how to do incomplete works, is not content with just three nails, but with as many nails for as many acts of my Will which I dispose for the creature.”

The Divine Will forms the complete crucifixion in the soul.

May 15, 1920: Volume 12

I was lamenting to my sweet Jesus, telling Him: ‘*Where are your promises? No more cross, no more likeness to You. Everything has vanished - there is nothing left for me but to cry over my painful end.*’ And Jesus, moving, told me in my interior: “*My daughter, my crucifixion was complete, and do you know why? Because It was done in the Eternal Will of my Father. In this Will, the Cross became so long and so wide as to embrace all centuries, and penetrate into every heart, past, present and future,*

in such a way that I remained crucified in the heart of each creature. This Divine Will put nails through all of my interior – into my desires, into my affections and into my heartbeats. I can say that I did not have a life of my own, but the Life of the Eternal Will, which enclosed all the creatures within Me, and which wanted Me to answer for all. My crucifixion could never have been complete and so extensive as to embrace all, if the Eternal Volition had not been the Actor.

I want that in you also the crucifixion be complete and extended to all. This is the reason for the continuous call into my Will, for pushing you to bring the whole human family before the Supreme Majesty, and to emit, in the name of all, the acts which they do not do. Oblivion of yourself and lack of self-reflections are nothing other than the nails put by my Will. My Will does not know how to do small or incomplete things. Placing Itself around the soul like a crown, It wants her within Itself; and spreading her within the whole sphere of Its Eternal Volition, It puts the seal of Its completion upon her. My Will empties the interior of the creature of all that is human, and places in her all that is Divine. And in order to be more sure, It keeps on sealing all of her interior with as many nails for as many human acts as can have life in the creature, substituting them with as many divine acts. In this way, It forms the true crucifixion in her - not for a time, but for her entire life.”

By Living in the Divine Will, Cross and Sanctity become similar to those of Jesus.

June 6, 1922: Volume 14

I was thinking to myself: ‘How is it that my good Jesus has changed with me? Before, He would be all delighted in letting me suffer; everything was participation in nails and cross. Now, everything has vanished. He no longer delights in letting me suffer; and if sometimes I suffer, He looks at me with such indifference; He no longer shows that taste of the past.’ Now, while I was

thinking of this, my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, sighing, told me:

“My daughter, when there are superior tastes, minor tastes lose their delight, their attractiveness, and therefore one looks at them with indifference. The cross binds grace; but who nourishes it? Who makes it grow to the proper stature? My Will. My Will alone completes everything and allows my highest designs to be accomplished in the soul. If it wasn't for my Will, even the cross, as much power and greatness as it contains, can cause souls to remain half of the way. Oh, how many suffer, but since the continuous nourishment of my Will is missing, they do not reach the destination - the undoing of the human will. And the Divine Will cannot give the last blow, the final brush stroke of Divine Sanctity.

See, you say that nails and cross have vanished. False, my daughter - false. Before, your cross was small and incomplete; now my Will, raising you into my Will, makes your cross become large, and each act you do in my Volition is a nail that your will receives. And as you live in my Will, yours extends so much as to diffuse you in each creature, and for each one of them it gives Me that life which I gave them, so as to render Me the honor, the glory and the purpose for which I created her. See, your cross extends not only for you, but for each creature; therefore I see your cross everywhere. Before, I saw it only in you, now I see it everywhere. Your fusing yourself in my Will, with no personal interest, but only to give Me that which all should give Me, and to give all the good that my Will contains to everyone, is only of the Divine Life, not of the human.

So, my Will alone is that which forms this Divine Sanctity in the soul. On the other hand, your previous crosses were human sanctity, and that which is human, as holy as it may be, cannot do great things, but small ones; and even less can it elevate the soul to the sanctity and to the fusion with the working of her Creator; she remains always within the limitedness of creature.

But my Will, destroying all human barriers, flings the creature into the divine immensity, and everything becomes immense in her: cross, nails, sanctity, love, reparation - everything.

My goal in you was not human sanctity, although it was necessary to first do the small things in you, and this is why I delighted so much. Now, as I made you go beyond, and having to make you live in my Volition, in seeing your littleness, your atom, embrace immensity in order to give Me love and glory for all and for each one, to render Me all the rights of the whole Creation, I am so delighted that all other things give Me no taste any more.

Therefore, your cross, your nails, will be my Will which, keeping yours crucified, will complete the true crucifixion in you - not at intervals, but perpetually, fully similar to Mine, as I was conceived crucified and died crucified.

My Cross was nourished by the Eternal Will alone, and therefore I was crucified for all and for each one. My Cross marked everyone with Its emblem."

***Love rejected, turns into fire of chastisement.
The soul in the Divine Will participates in the
pains of rejected Love. The Pain of Jesus of
feeling suffocated on the Cross.***

September 1, 1922: Volume 14

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen all panting and oppressed; but what oppressed Him the most were the flames of His love which, while coming out of Him to be released, were forced by human ingratitude to be imprisoned again. Oh! how His Most Holy Heart was suffocated by Its own flames, and asked for refreshment. Then He told me: *"My daughter, relieve Me, I cannot take any more; my flames devour Me. Let Me enlarge your heart so as to place in it my*

rejected love, and the sorrow of my own love. Ah, the pains of my Love surpass all of my pains together.”

Now, as He was saying this, He put His mouth at the place of my heart and breathed hard into it, in such a way that I felt it swell. Then He touched it with His hands, as if He wanted to make it larger, and He breathed into it again. I felt as if I were about to die, but not paying attention to me, He would continue to breathe into it. After He breathed into it thoroughly, He closed it with His hands, as if He were placing a seal, in such a way there was no hope that I could receive relief; and He said to me:

“Daughter of my Heart, I wanted to close, with my seal, my love and my pain which I have placed in you, so as to let you feel how terrible is the pain of constrained love, of rejected love. My daughter, patience. You will suffer very much - this is the hardest pain; but it is your Jesus, your Life, who wants this relief from you.” Only Jesus knows what I felt and suffered; therefore I believe it is better to do without putting it on paper. After I spent a day feeling I was dying continuously, at night, as my sweet Jesus came back, He wanted, again, to inflate more the place of my heart, and I said to Him: *‘Jesus, I can take no more; I cannot contain what I have, and You want to add more?’* And He, taking me in His arms to give me strength, told me:

“My daughter, courage, let Me do it. It is necessary, otherwise I would not give you so much pain. Evils have reached such a point that there is all the necessity that you suffer my pains - vividly, as if I were living on earth again. The earth is about to unleash flames to chastise the creatures. My love which runs toward them to cover them with graces, being rejected, turns into fire to strike them. Therefore, humanity finds itself in between two fires - fire from Heaven and fire from the earth. There are so many evils that these fires are about to join, while the pains I make you suffer flow in between these two fires and prevent them from uniting. If I did not do so, everything would be over for poor

humanity. Therefore, let Me do it; I will give you strength and I will be with you.”

Now, while He was saying this, He breathed into me again, and I, unable to take any more, prayed Him to touch Me with His hands in order to sustain me and give me strength. And Jesus touched me, yes, taking my heart in His hands and squeezing it so tightly that He alone knows what He made me feel. But, not content with this, He clasped my throat strongly with His hands, to the point that I felt the bones and the nerves of my throat snap, so much so, as to feel suffocated. Then, after He left me in that position for some time, all tenderness, He told me:

“Courage, such is the state in which the present generation finds itself – and in all classes. The passions that dominate it are such and so many that the creatures are drowned by their own passions and by the ugliest vices. The rot, the mud, is so much that it is about to submerge them. This is why I wanted to make you suffer the pain of choking your throat: this is the pain of the extreme excesses; and no longer able to bear the sight of humanity suffocated by its own evils, I wanted a reparation from you. However, know that I too suffered this pain. When they crucified Me, they stretched Me on the Cross so much as to tear all my nerves, to the point that I felt them snap and twist. And those of my throat suffered a greater pain and tearing, which was such that I felt suffocated. It was the cry of humanity submerged by passions which, clasp my throat, drowned Me with pains.

This pain of mine was terrible and horrible – how I felt the nerves and the bones of my throat being stretched, to the point of feeling all the nerves of my head, of my mouth, and even of my eyes, being snapped. The tension was such that every small movement made Me feel mortal pains - now I would become motionless, now I would writhe so much as to batter against the Cross in a horrible way, to the extent that even the enemies were terrorized. Therefore, I repeat to you – courage, my Will will give you strength for everything.”

Twentieth Hour From 12 to 1 PM
First Hour of Agony on the Cross.
The first Word of Jesus

“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they are doing!”

Effects of the Absolution in the Divine Will.

November 16, 1922: Volume 14

... Afterwards, I was receiving absolution, and I said to myself: *‘My Jesus, I want to receive it in your Will.’* And immediately, without giving Me time, Jesus added: *“And I absolve you in my Will; and as I absolve you, my Will puts the words of absolution on the way, to absolve whoever wants to be absolved, and to forgive whoever wants forgiveness. My Will takes all, not one alone; but those who are disposed take more than anyone.”*

The Sorrow of Jesus is suspended in It,
waiting for the sinner.

October 21, 1925: Volume 18

... Then, I was continuing the fusing of myself in the Divine Will, feeling sorrow for each offense which has ever been given to my Jesus, from the first to the last man who will come upon earth. And while feeling sorrow, I asked for forgiveness. But while I was doing this, I said to myself: *‘My Jesus, my Love, it is not enough for me to feel sorrow and to ask for forgiveness, but I would like to annihilate any sin, so that You may never – never again be offended.’* And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: *“My daughter, I had a special sorrow for each sin, and upon my sorrow hung the pardon for the sinner. Now, this sorrow of mine is suspended in my Will, waiting for the sinner when he offends Me, so that, as he feels sorrow for having offended Me, my sorrow may descend to feel sorrow together with his, and immediately grant him forgiveness. But, how many offend Me and do not feel sorrow?”*

So, my sorrow and forgiveness are suspended in my Will, and as though isolated. Thank you, my daughter, for coming into my Will to keep company with my sorrow and with my forgiveness.

Please continue to go around in my Will; and making My Sorrow your own, cry out for each offense: ‘Sorrow! Forgiveness!’, so that I may not be the only One who feels Sorrow and impetrates forgiveness, but I may have the company of the little daughter of My Will, who feels Sorrow together with Me.”



Twenty-first Hour From 1 to 2 PM

***Second Hour of Agony on the Cross.
Second, third and fourth word of Jesus
“Today you will be with Me in Paradise!”***

November 21, 1926: Volume 20

Tenderness of Jesus at the moment of death

I felt all afflicted because of the sudden death of one of my sisters. The fear that my lovable Jesus might not have her with Himself tormented my soul, and as my Highest Good, Jesus, came, I told Him of my pain, and He, all goodness, said to me: “*My daughter, do not fear, is there perhaps not my Will that makes up for everything, for the very Sacraments and for all the helps that can be given to a poor dying one? Much more so, when there is not the will of the person of not wanting to receive the Sacraments and all the helps of the Church, which She gives, like a mother, at*

that extreme moment. You know, in kidnapping her suddenly from the earth, my Will made Me surround her with the tenderness of my Humanity. My Heart, human and Divine, placed my most tender fibers into the field of action, in such a way that her defects, her weaknesses, her passions, have been looked upon and weighed with such finesse of tenderness - infinite and Divine.

And when I place my tenderness into the field, I cannot help having compassion and letting her pass into a safe harbor, as triumph of the tenderness of your Jesus. And then, don't you know that where human helps are lacking, divine helps abound? You fear that there was no one around her, and that if she wanted help, she had no one from whom to ask for it. Ah! my daughter, at that point the human helps cease; they have no value, nor effect, because the dying enter into the sole and prime act with their Creator, and to no one is it given to enter this act. And then, for one who is not perverted, a sudden death serves in order to prevent the diabolical action from entering the field - his temptations, and the fears which he strikes into the dying with so much art, because he feels them being snatched from him, without being able to tempt them or follow them. Therefore, what men consider to be a disgrace, many times is more than grace."

The last sign of Love at the point of death

March 22, 1938: Volume 35

"... Our Goodness and Our Love are such that We use all ways and all means to snatch the creature from sin - to save her; and if We do not succeed during her life, We make the last surprise of love at the moment of her death. You must know that, in that moment, We give the last sign of love to the creature, providing her with Our graces, love and goodness, and placing so many tendernesses of love as to soften and win the hardest hearts. And when the creature finds herself between life and death - between time which is about to end, and Eternity which is about to begin - almost in the act of leaving her body, I, your Jesus, make Myself seen, with a loveliness that enraptures, with a sweetness that

chains and sweetens the bitternesses of life, especially in that extreme moment. Then, my gaze.... I look at her, but with so much love as to snatch from her an act of contrition - one act of love, one adhesion to my Will.

In that moment of the loss of illusion, in seeing - in touching with their own hands how much We have loved them, and do love them, creatures feel so much pain that they repent for not having loved Us; they recognize Our Will as the origin and completion of their lives and, as satisfaction, they accept death, to fulfill one act of Our Will. In fact, you must know that if the creature did not do even one act of the Will of God, the doors of Heaven would not be opened; she would not be recognized as heiress of the Celestial Fatherland, and the Angels and the Saints could not admit her into their midst - nor would she want to enter, being aware that it does not belong to her. Without Our Will there is no true Sanctity and no salvation. How many are saved by virtue of this sign of Ours, all love, with the exception of the most perverted and obstinate; although even following the long path of Purgatory would be more convenient for them. The moment of death is Our daily catch - the finding of the lost man.” Then, He added:

“My daughter, the moment of death is the time of the loss of illusion. In that point, all things present themselves, one after the other, to say: ‘Good-bye, the earth is over for you; now eternity begins for you...’. It happens to the creature just as when she is locked inside a room and someone says to her: ‘Behind this room there is another room, in which there is God, Heaven, Purgatory, Hell; in sum - Eternity. But she cannot see anything of these things. She hears them being asserted by others; but those who speak about them cannot see them either, so they speak in a way which is almost not credible, not giving great importance to making all their words believed as reality - as something certain.

So, one day the walls fall down, and she can see with her own eyes what they had told her before. She sees her God and Father, who has loved her with great love; the benefits which He has given to her, one by one; and all the broken rights of love which

she owed Him. She sees how her life belonged to God, not to herself. Everything passes before her: Eternity, Paradise, Purgatory, and Hell. The earth runs away from her; pleasures turn their back on her - everything disappears; the only thing which remains present to her is in that room with fallen walls: Eternity. What a change for the poor creature!

My Goodness is such, wanting everyone to be saved, that I allow the falling of these walls when the creatures find themselves between life and death - at the moment in which the soul exits the body to enter eternity - so that they may make at least one act of contrition and of love for Me, recognizing my adorable Will over them. I can say that I give them one hour of truth, in order to rescue them. Oh, if all knew my industries of love, which I perform in the last moment of their lives, so that they might not escape from my more than paternal hands - they would not wait for that moment, but they would love Me all their lives."

***“Woman, behold your son.
Son, behold your Mother!”***

December 18, 1920: Volume 12

Requital of love and thanksgiving for all that God operated in the Celestial Mama.

... After this, I felt I was outside of myself, and I found myself together with my sweet Jesus, but clinging so tightly to Him, and He to me, that I almost could not see His Divine Person. I don't know how, I said: *'My Jesus, while I am clinging to You, I want to prove to You my love, my gratitude, and everything which the creature has the duty to do, because You have created our Immaculate Queen Mama - the most beautiful one, the holiest, a portent of Grace, enriching Her with all gifts, and making Her also our Mother. And I do this in the name of creatures, past, present and future; I want to seize each act of creature - each word, thought, heartbeat and step - and tell You, in each one of them, that*

I love You, I thank You, I bless You, I adore You, for all that You have done in your Celestial Mama and mine.” Jesus enjoyed my act – but so much that He said to me:

“My daughter, I was anxiously awaiting this act of yours in the name of all generations. My Justice and my Love felt the need of this requital, because great are the graces which descend upon all, for having enriched my Mama so much. Yet, they never have a word, a ‘thank You’, to say to Me.”...

The Most Holy Virgin repeats for the soul who lives in the Divine Will all that She did for Her Son.

October 10, 1925: Volume 18

.... Afterwards, I saw my Celestial Mama with Baby Jesus in Her arms, as She kissed Him and placed Him to Her breast to give Him Her most pure milk; and I said to Her: *‘My Mama, and what about me - don’t You give anything to me? O please! allow me at least to place my ‘I love You’ between your mouth and that of Jesus while You kiss, so that my little ‘I love You’ may run within everything You do.’* And She said to me:

“My daughter, please do, place your little ‘I love You’, not only in the mouth, but in all the acts that pass between Me and my Son. You must know that everything I did toward my Son, I intended to do toward those souls who were to live in the Divine Will, because, being in It, they would be disposed to receive all the acts I did toward Jesus, and I would find sufficient space in which to place them. So, if I kissed my Son, I kissed them, because I found them together with Him in His Supreme Will. They were the first to be as though lined up within Him, and my maternal love pushed Me to let them partake in everything I did to my Son.

Great graces were needed for those who were to live in this Holy Will, and I placed all my goods, my graces, my sorrows, at

their disposal, as their help, as defense, as strength, as support and as light; and I felt happy and honored with the greatest honors, to have, as my children, the children of the Will of the Celestial Father, which I too possessed; and therefore I looked at them also as births from Me.

Even more, it can be said of them what is said about my Son: that the first generations found salvation in the merits of the future Redeemer. In the same way, these souls, these future daughters, by virtue of the Divine Will operating in them, are the ones who incessantly implore salvation and graces for the future generations. They are with Jesus, and Jesus is in them; and they repeat together with Jesus that which Jesus contains. Therefore, if you want Me to repeat for you what I did for my Son, let Me always find you in His Will, and I will be generous with my favors toward you.”

“My God, my God, why have You abandoned Me?”

January 4, 1919: Volume 12

Effects of the pains suffered in the Will of God.

Continuing in my usual state, I was all afflicted because of the privation of my sweet Jesus. However, I tried to remain united with Him doing the *Hours of the Passion*. I was just at the hour of Jesus on the Cross when, at the summit, I felt Him in my interior, joining His hands and saying with articulate voice: “*My Father, accept the sacrifice of this daughter of mine - the pain that she feels because of my privation. Do You not see how she suffers? Pain makes her almost lifeless, deprived of Me, to the extent that, although hidden, I am forced to suffer together with her in order to give her strength - otherwise she would succumb. O please, Father, accept it, united to the pain which I suffered on the Cross, when I was abandoned even by You; and concede that the privation*

she feels of Me, be light, knowledge, Divine Life in other souls, and all that I Myself pleaded with my abandonment.”

After He said this, He hid again. I felt as if petrified for the pain, and although crying I said: *‘My life, Jesus – ah!, yes, give me souls. May the strongest bond that forces You to give them to me be the tormenting pain of your privation. May this pain run within your Will, so that all may feel the touch of my pain, my incessant cry, and may surrender.’* Then, around evening, blessed Jesus came for just a little, and added:

“Daughter and refuge of mine, what sweet harmony did your pain form today in my Will! My Will is in Heaven, and since your pain was in my Will, it harmonized in Heaven, and with its cry it asked the Sacrosanct Trinity for ‘Souls!’. And as my Will was flowing in all the Angels and Saints, your pain asked them for ‘Souls!’ - to the extent that all remained struck by your harmony, and together with your pain they all cried out before my Majesty: ‘Souls, souls!’ My Will flew in all creatures, and your pain touched all hearts, and cried out to all of them, ‘Be saved, be saved!’ My Will centralized Itself in you, and like a refulgent sun, It placed Itself on guard for all, in order to convert them. See what great good - yet, who takes the care to know the value, the incalculable price of my Volition?”

Likeness to Jesus in His greatest Pain: The Abandonment of the Divinity in His Sufferings.

August 2, 1922: Volume 14

Finding myself in my usual state, I saw myself as all confused and as though separated from my sweet Jesus, to the point that, as He came, I said to Him: *‘My Love, how things have changed for me. Before, I used to feel so identified with You that I felt no division between You and me, and in the very pains I suffered You were with me. Now, the complete opposite: if I suffer, I feel separated from You, and if I see You before me or inside of*

me, it is in the appearance of a judge who condemns me to the penalty - to death; and You no longer take part in the pains that You Yourself give me. Yet, You tell me: "Rise more and more" - while I am descending.' And Jesus, interrupting my speaking, told me: "My daughter, how you are deceiving yourself. This is happening because you accepted, and I marked in you the deaths and the pains which I suffered for each creature.

My Humanity too found Itself in these painful conditions. It was inseparable from my Divinity; yet, since my Divinity was untouchable by the pains, nor capable of suffering any shadow of pain, my Humanity found Itself alone in suffering, while my Divinity was only the spectator of the pains and deaths which I suffered.

Even more, It was my inexorable judge, who wanted to be paid the penalty of each pain of each creature. Oh! how my Humanity trembled. I remained crushed before that Supreme Light and Majesty, in seeing Myself covered with the sins of all, and with the pains and deaths that each one deserved!

It was the greatest pain of my Life – that while I was One with the Divinity and inseparable from It, in the pains I remained alone, and as though apart. So, since I have called you to my likeness, what is the wonder if, while you feel Me within you, you see Me as the spectator of your pains which I Myself inflict upon you, and you feel as though separated from Me?

Yet, your pain is nothing but the shadow of mine; and just as my Humanity was never separated from the Divinity, so I assure you that you are never separated from Me. These are the effects that you feel; but then, more than ever do I form one single thing with you. Therefore, courage, faithfulness, and do not fear."

The Privation of Jesus and the effect it produces. How Jesus suffered the Privation of the Divinity.

March 12, 1923: Volume 15

I felt I was dying of pain because of the privation of my sweet Jesus. If He comes at all, it is like flash that escapes. Then, as I could not take any more, having compassion for me, He came out from within my interior, and as soon as I saw Him, I said to Him: *'My Love, what pain, I feel I am dying without You - but dying without dying, which is the hardest of deaths. I don't know how the goodness of your Heart can bear seeing me in a state of continuous death only because of You.'* And Jesus:

"My daughter, courage, don't lose heart too much - you are not alone in suffering this pain. I too suffered it, as well as my dear Mama - oh, how much harder than yours! How many times in my moaning Humanity, although It was inseparable from the Divinity, in order to give place to expiation, to pains, since these were incapable of touching It, I remained alone, and the Divinity was as though apart from Me. Oh! how I felt this privation - but it was necessary.

You must know that when the Divinity issued the work of Creation, It also issued all the glory, all the goods and happiness that each creature was to receive, not only in this life, but also in the Celestial Fatherland. Now, the whole part which was destined for souls who are lost remained suspended, having no one to whom to give itself.

Therefore, having to complete everything and absorb everything into Myself, I offered Myself to suffer the privation which the very damned suffer in hell. Oh! how much did this pain cost Me - it cost Me pain of hell and ruthless death. But it was necessary. Having to absorb everything into Myself - everything that came out of Us in Creation, all the glory, all the goods and happiness, so as to let them come out of Me and enter the field

again for all those who wanted to enjoy them, I had to absorb all pains and the very privation of my Divinity.

Now, having absorbed into Myself all these goods of the whole work of Creation, being the Head from which every good descends upon all generations, I keep searching for souls who are like Me in pains and in works, so as to let them partake in so much glory and happiness which my Humanity contains.

And since not all souls want to enjoy them, nor are all of them empty of themselves and of the things of down here, I keep searching for souls to whom I may make Myself known and then withdraw, forming this pain of my privation in these voids of themselves and of their acquired knowledge of Me.

In the privation she suffers, the soul comes to absorb into herself this glory of my Humanity which others reject. Had I not been almost always with you, you would not have known Me nor loved Me, and would not feel this pain of my privation, nor could it form in you - the seed and the nourishment of this pain would be missing in you.

Oh! how many souls are without Me, and maybe they are even dead; they grieve if they are deprived of some little pleasure, of whatever trifle, but they have no pain, and not even a thought, if they are deprived of Me.

So, this pain should console you, because it brings you the sure sign that I have come to you, that you have known Me, and that your Jesus wants to place in you the glory, the goods and the happiness which others reject.”

Twenty-second Hour From 2 to 3 PM
Third Hour of Agony on the Cross.
Fifth, sixth and seventh Word of Jesus.
The Death of Jesus

“I thirst!”

The agony in the Garden was, in a special way, for the help of the dying; the agony on the Cross was for help at the last moment, at the very last breath.

Continuing in my usual state full of privations and of bitterness, I was thinking about the agony of Our Lord, and the Lord told me: *“My daughter, in a special way I wanted to suffer the agony in the Garden, in order to help all of the dying to die well. Look well at how my agony is combined with the agony of Christians: tediums, sadnesses, anguishes, the sweat of blood – I felt the death of all and of each one, as if I were really dying for each one in particular; so I felt the tediums, the sadnesses, the anguishes of each one within Me, and with my own I offered help, comfort and hope to all, so that, as I felt their deaths in Me, they all might receive the grace to die in Me, as though in one single breath - with my breath, and to be beatified immediately by my Divinity.*

If the agony in the Garden was in a special way for the dying, the agony on the Cross was for help at the last moment, at the very last breath. They are both agonies, but one is different from the other: the agony in the Garden, full of sadnesses, of fears, of anxieties, of frights; the agony on the Cross, full of peace, of imperturbable calm. And if I cried out ‘I thirst!’, it was the insatiable thirst that all might breathe their last in my last breath; and in seeing that many would go out of my last breath, out of grief I cried out ‘Sitio!’ [‘I thirst!’], and this ‘sitio’ still continues to cry

out to all and to each one like a bell at the door of each heart: 'I thirst for you, oh soul! O please, never go out of Me, but enter into Me and breathe your last in Me!...' "

Jesus on the Cross still cries to every heart: "I thirst!"

April 20, 1938: Volume 36

My flight in the Divine Will continues, and I feel the need to make all that It has done my own, placing there my little love, my affectionate kisses, my profound adorations, and my 'thank you' for everything It did and suffered, for me and for all. As I reached the point at which my dear Jesus was crucified and lifted on the Cross amid atrocious agonies and unspeakable pains, with heartbreaking tenderness and compassion, He told me:

"My good daughter, the pain that most pierced Me on the Cross was my ardent thirst. I felt I was burning alive; all the vital humors had gone out through my wounds which, like many mouths, were burning and wanted to quench their ardent thirst; so much so, that unable to contain Myself, I cried out: 'I thirst!' This 'I thirst' remained and is always in the act of saying: 'I thirst'. I never stop saying it; with my open wounds, with my parched lips, I am always repeating: 'I am burning, I thirst! O please, give Me a little drop of your love to give a little refreshment to my ardent thirst.'

So, in everything the creature does, I keep repeating with my mouth opened and burned: 'Let Me drink, I am burning of thirst.' My dislocated and wounded Humanity had only one cry: 'I thirst!'; therefore, as the creature walks, I cry out to her steps with my parched mouth : 'Give Me your steps, done for love of Me, to quench my thirst.' If she works, I ask for her works, done only for love of Me, as refreshment for my ardent thirst; if she speaks, I ask for her words; if she thinks, I ask for her thoughts - like many little drops of love to refresh my ardent thirst. It was not just my mouth that was burning, but all of my Most Holy Humanity

felt the extreme need of a refreshing bath for the ardent fire of love that burned Me; and since it was for the creatures that I was burning in excruciating pains, only creatures, with their love, could quench my ardent thirst and give a refreshing bath to my Humanity.

Now, I left this cry - 'I thirst!' - inside my Will, and I made the commitment to make creatures hear it in every instant, to move them to compassion for my ardent thirst; to give them my bath of love and receive theirs, be it even just little drops, as refreshment for the thirst that devours Me. But who listens to Me? Who has compassion for Me? Only one who lives in my Will. All the others play deaf, and maybe increase my thirst with their ingratitude, making Me restless and with no hope of refreshment. And not only my 'I thirst', but all that I did and said in my Will, is always in the act of saying to my sorrowful Mother:

'Mother, behold your children'; and I place Her at their side as help and guide, to be loved by Her children. Every instant She feels She is being placed at the side of Her children by Her Son, and - oh! how She loves them as Mother, and gives them Her Maternity, to make Me loved as She loves Me.

Not only this, but by giving Her Maternity, She places perfect love among the creatures, so that they may love one another with maternal love, which is sacrificing, unselfish and constant love. But who receives all this good? Only one who lives in Our Fiat feels the Maternity of the Queen. One can say that She places Her maternal Heart into Her children's mouths, that they may suckle and receive the Maternity of Her love, the sweetnesses, and all the qualities with which Her maternal Heart is enriched.

My daughter, one who wants to find Us, one who wants to receive all Our goods and my very Mother, must enter Our Will and remain in It. Our Will is not only Our life, but with Its immensity It forms Our residence around Us, in which It keeps all Our acts, words, and all that We are, always in act. Our things do not go out of Our Will; one who wants them must be content with

carrying out her life together with It, and then everything is her own - nothing is denied to her. If We want to give Our things to her, but she does not live in Our Will, she will not appreciate them, nor love them; she will not feel the right to make them her own, and when things are not made one's own, love does not arise - it dies."

“All is consummated!”

May 9, 1912: Volume 11

How we can consume ourselves in Love.

This morning, finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about how we can consume ourselves in love; and blessed Jesus, on coming, told me:

“My daughter, if the will wants nothing but Me, if the intellect occupies itself with nothing but knowing Me, if the memory remembers nothing other than Me; here they are - the three powers of the soul consumed in love. The same for the senses: if one speaks only about Me, if she hears only that which regards Me, if she enjoys only my things, if she works and walks only for Me, if her heart loves only Me, if her desires desire only Me; here it is – the consummation in love formed in her senses.

My daughter, love has a sweet enchantment, and it renders the soul blind to all that is not love, making her all eyes for all that is love. Therefore, for one who loves, whatever her will may encounter, if it is love, she becomes all eyes; if not, she becomes blind, stupid and does not understand anything. The same for her tongue; if she has to speak about love, she feels many eyes of light flow within her word and becomes eloquent; if not, she begins to stammer and ends up dumb; and so with all the rest.”

How the True Consummation is Formed

May 21, 1913: Volume 11

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus told me: *“My daughter, I want the true consummation in you - not imaginary, but true; though in a simple and feasible way. Suppose that a thought came to you which is not for Me; you must destroy it and substitute it with the divine. In this way you will have formed the consummation of the human thought and acquired the life of the divine thought. In the same way, if the eye wants to look at something that displeases Me or does not refer to Me, and the soul mortifies herself, she has consumed the human eye, and acquired the eye of the divine life; and so with the rest of your being. Oh, how I feel these new divine lives flowing in Me, taking part in everything I do! I love these lives so much that I surrender everything for love of them. These souls are first before Me; and if I bless them, through them others are blessed. They are the first to be benefited and loved; and through them, others too are benefited and loved.”*

The Consummation of Jesus in the Soul

August 7, 1918: Volume 12

I was lamenting to Jesus about His privation, and I said to myself: *‘Everything is over. What bitter days. My Jesus has eclipsed Himself, He has withdrawn from me. How can I continue to live?’* As I was saying this and other nonsense, my always lovable Jesus, through an intellectual light which came to me from Him, told me: *“My daughter, my consummation on the Cross still continues in souls. When the soul is well disposed and gives Me life within herself, I live again in her as if within my Humanity. The flames of my Love burn Me, and I feel the yearnings to attest it to the creatures and say:*

‘Do you see how much I love you? I am not content with having consumed Myself on the Cross for love of you - I want to

consume Myself for love of you in this soul who gave Me life within herself.' So I make the soul feel the consummation of my Life within her. The soul finds herself as though in a tight corner; she suffers mortal agonies. No longer feeling the Life of her Jesus within herself, she feels consumed. Feeling that my Life in her - with which she was accustomed to living - is missing, she struggles and trembles, almost like my Humanity on the Cross when my Divinity let It die, withdrawing strength from It.

This consummation of the soul is not human, but fully divine; and I feel satisfaction as if another Divine Life of Mine had consumed Itself for love of Me. In fact, it was not her life that was consumed, but Mine, which she can no longer feel or see, and it seems to her that I am dead for her. And I renew the effects of my consummation for creatures, while I redouble grace and glory for this soul. I feel the sweet enchantment, the attractions of my Humanity, which allowed Me to do whatever I wanted. Therefore, you too, let Me do whatever I want within you – let Me be free, and I will carry out my Life.”

“Father, into your Hands I commend My Spirit!”

October 16, 1921: Volume 13

**Jesus made all creatures be reborn in Him, as He was conceived;
and He delivered them on the Cross, in the last breath of His Life.**

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen, showing all creatures coming out from His Most Holy Humanity; and all tenderness, He told me:

“My daughter, look at the great prodigy of the Incarnation. As I was conceived and my Humanity was formed, I made all creatures be reborn in Me. So, in my Humanity, as they were being reborn in Me, I felt each one of their distinct acts. In my mind I contained each thought of creature, good and evil. The good ones, I confirmed in good; I surrounded them with my grace, I invested

them with my light, so that, being reborn from the sanctity of my mind, they might be worthy parts of my Intelligence.

For the evil ones then, I repaired, I made penance, I multiplied my thoughts to infinity in order to give to the Father the glory of each thought of creatures. In my gazes, in my words, in my hands, in my feet, and even in my Heart, I contained the gazes, the words, the works, the steps and the hearts of each one; and being reborn in Me, everything remained confirmed in the sanctity of my Humanity. Everything was repaired for; and for each offense I suffered a special pain. Then, having made all of them be reborn in Me, I carried them within Me through the whole course of my Life.

And do you know when I delivered them? I delivered them on the Cross, on the bed of my bitter pains, among atrocious spasms, in the last breath of my Life. As I died, they were born again to new life, all sealed and marked with the whole work of my Humanity.

Not content with having given them new birth, I gave to each one everything I had done so as to keep them sheltered and safe. Do you see what sanctity man contains? The sanctity of my Humanity, which could never bring to light unworthy children, dissimilar from Me. This is why I love man so much: he is a birth from Me. But man is always ungrateful and reaches the point of not recognizing the Father who delivered him with so much love and pain.”

After this, He showed Himself all in flames. Jesus was burned and consumed in those flames, and could no longer be seen – I could see nothing but fire. But then I saw Him being reborn again, to remain once again consumed in fire. Then He added: *“My daughter, I am burning - love consumes Me. The love, the flames that burn Me are such that I die of love for each creature. It was not of pains alone that I died - but my deaths of love are continuous. Yet, there is no one who gives Me his love for refreshment.”*

Twenty-third Hour From 3 to 4 PM

Jesus pierced by the thrust of a lance.

The deposition of from the Cross

July 4, 1910: Volume 9

The greatness and sublimeness of death.

“...Six are the hours of my Passion which I gave to men in order to die well: the three in the Garden were for help in the agony; the three on the Cross for help at the very last sigh before death. After this, who could not look at death with a smile? More so for one who loves Me, for one who tries to sacrifice himself on my very cross. Do you see how beautiful death is, and how things are changed? In life I was despised; the very miracles did not produce the effects of my death; even up to the Cross there were insults.

But as soon as I breathed my last, death had the power to change things: all beat their breasts, confessing Me the true Son of God; my very disciples plucked up courage, and even those who were hidden became brave and asked for my body, giving Me honorable burial. Heaven and earth, in full voice, confessed Me the Son of God. Death is something great, something sublime; and this happens also for my own children: in life they are despised, oppressed; those very virtues which, like light, should make those who are around them start, remain half-veiled; their heroisms in suffering, their abnegations, their zeal for souls, cast lights and doubts in those who surround them; and I Myself permit these veils, so as to preserve with more safety the virtue of my dear children.

But as soon as they die, I withdraw these veils since they are no longer necessary, and the doubts become certainties, the light becomes clear, and this light makes others appreciate their heroism - they pay esteem to everything, even to the smallest

things. Therefore, what cannot be done in life, is made up for by death. This, as for what happens down here. That which happens up there, then, is truly surprising and enviable to all mortals.”

The three Mortal Wounds of the Heart of Jesus.

January 27, 1919: Volume 12

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus, on coming, showed me His adorable Heart, all full of wounds, from which rivers of blood gushed out. All sorrowful, He told me:

*“My daughter, among the many wounds that my Heart contains, there are three wounds which give Me mortal pains and such bitterness of sorrow as to surpass all the other wounds together. **These are the pains of my loving souls.** When I see a soul, all mine, suffering because of Me, tortured, crushed, ready to suffer for Me even the most painful death, I feel her pains as if they were mine - and maybe even more. Ah! Love can open the deepest gashes, to the extent of making one feel no other pains.*

***My dear Mama enters first into this first wound.** Oh, how Her Heart, pierced because of my pains, overflowed into Mine, and felt vividly all of Its piercings! In seeing Her dying, without dying, because of my death, I felt the torment, the cruelty of Her martyrdom in my Heart, and I felt the pains of my death which the Heart of my dear Mama felt, and my Heart died together with Hers.*

***Therefore, all my pains, united with the pains of my Mama, surpassed everything.** It was right that my Celestial Mama had the first place in my Heart, both in sorrow and in love, because each pain suffered for love of Me opened seas of graces and of love, which poured into her pierced Heart. **All the souls who suffer because of Me, and only out of love, enter into this wound.** You yourself enter into it; and even if all offended Me and nobody loved Me, I would find in you the love which can compensate Me for all.*

Therefore, when creatures drive Me away and force Me to run away from them, I very quickly come to take refuge in you as though in my hiding place; and finding my own love, not their own, and a love suffering only for Me, I say: 'I do not regret having created Heaven and earth and having suffered so much. A soul who loves Me and who suffers for Me is all my contentment, my happiness, my reward for everything I have done'. And as though putting all the rest aside, I delight and play with her.

However, while this wound of my Heart is the most painful, such as to surpass everything, it contains two effects at the same time: it gives Me intense pain and highest joy; unspeakable bitterness and indescribable sweetness; painful death and glorious life. These are the excesses of my Love - inconceivable to created mind. In fact, how many contentments did my Heart not find in the sorrows of my pierced Mama?

The second mortal wound of my Heart is ingratitude. *With ingratitude, the creature closes my Heart; even more, she herself turns the key with double locks. My Heart swells, wanting to pour out graces and love, but It cannot, because the creature has closed It, and has sealed It with her ingratitude. And I become delirious - I agonize, without hope that this wound of mine may be healed, because ingratitude keeps embittering it more and more, giving Me mortal pain.*

The third one is obstinacy. *What a mortal wound for my Heart! Obstinacy is the destruction of all the goods I have done for the creature; it is the signature that the creature puts on her declaration that she no longer recognizes Me – that she no longer belongs to Me. It is the key of hell into which the creature hurls herself. My Heart feels this tearing; It is torn to pieces - and I feel one of these pieces being taken away from Me. What a mortal wound obstinacy is! My daughter, enter my Heart and take part in these wounds of mine. Compassionate my tormented Heart. Let us suffer together and let us pray.” I entered into His Heart. How painful but beautiful it was to suffer and pray with Jesus.*

***There is no sanctity
if the soul does not die in Jesus.***

June 21, 1911: Volume 10

I was thinking of the Celestial Mama, when She was holding my always lovable Jesus, lifeless, in Her arms; of what She did, and of how She occupied Herself with Jesus. And a light accompanied by a voice in my interior, said: *“My daughter, Love acted powerfully in my Mother. Love consumed Her completely in Me, in my wounds, in my Blood, in my very death, and It made Her die in my Love. And my Love, consuming Her love and the whole of my Mother, made Her rise again to new Love – that is, all from my Love. So, Her love made Her die, and my Love made Her rise again to a Life all in Me, of a greater sanctity, and fully Divine. Therefore, there is no sanctity if the soul does not die in Me; there is no true Life if she does not consume all of herself in my Love.”*

***Jesus covered us with the Beauty of His
Pains to clothe us with Magnificence***

February 26, 1922: Volume 14

“To their wounds and deformities I attached the diamonds, the pearls, the jewels of my pains in order to hide all their evils and clothe them with such magnificence as to surpass their state of origin.”

I was thinking about the great good that blessed Jesus has done to us by redeeming us; and He, all goodness, told me: *“My daughter, I created the creature beautiful, noble, with eternal and divine origin, full of happiness and worthy of Me. Sin ruined him from top to bottom, it made him decay from his nobility, it deformed him, and rendered him the most unhappy creature,*

unable to grow, because sin stopped his growth and covered him with wounds, such as to be repugnant to the mere sight. Now, my Redemption ransomed the creature from sin, and my Humanity acted just like a tender mother with her newborn: since there is no other food with which she can give life to her baby, she opens her breast and attaches her baby to it; and from her own blood, converted into milk, she administers to him the nourishment to give him life.

More than mother, my Humanity let many holes be opened in Itself by blows of lash, which, almost like many breasts, sent out rivers of blood, so that my children, by attaching themselves to them, might suckle the food to receive life and develop their growth.

With my wounds I covered their deformities, rendering them more beautiful than before. And if, in creating them, I made them like clearest and noble heavens, in Redemption I adorned them, studding them with the most refulgent stars of my wounds so as to cover their ugliness and make them more beautiful.

To their wounds and deformities I attached the diamonds, the pearls, the jewels of my pains in order to hide all their evils and clothe them with such magnificence as to surpass their state of origin.

Therefore, it is with reason that the Church says, 'Happy fault', because with sin came Redemption; and my Humanity not only nourished them with Its Blood, but clothed them with Its own Person, and adorned them with Its own beauty.

But now my breasts are always full to feed my children. What will not be the condemnation for those who do not want to attach themselves to them to receive life, to grow and to have their deformities covered?"

Analogy between Eden and Calvary.
A kingdom cannot be formed with one act alone. Necessity of the Death and Resurrection of Our Lord.

April 12, 1928: Volume 24

I was doing my round in the Divine Fiat, and I accompanied my sweet Jesus in the pains of His Passion, following Him to Calvary. My poor mind paused to think about the harrowing pains of Jesus on the Cross; and He, moving in my interior, told me: *“My daughter, Calvary is the new Eden in which mankind was given back that which it lost by withdrawing from my Will. Analogy between Calvary and Eden: in Eden man lost grace, on Calvary he acquires it; in Eden, Heaven was closed to him, he lost his happiness and rendered himself the slave of the infernal enemy; here in the new Eden, Heaven was opened once again to him, he reacquires the lost peace and happiness, the devil is chained, while man is freed from his slavery.*

In Eden, the Sun of the Divine Fiat darkened and it became always nighttime for man – symbol of the sun which withdrew from the face of the earth during the three hours of my terrible agony on the Cross. Unable to sustain the torment of His Creator - caused by the human will which, with great perfidy, had reduced my Humanity to that state – horrified, the sun withdrew, and as I breathed my last, it reappeared once again and continued its course of light. In the same way, the Sun of my Fiat, my pains, my death, called back the Sun of my Will to reign in the midst of creatures.

Therefore, Calvary formed the dawn which called the Sun of my eternal Will to shine once again in the midst of creatures. Dawn means certainty that the sun will come out; in the same way, the dawn which I formed on Calvary assures, even though some

two thousand years have passed, that it will call the Sun of my Will to reign once again in the midst of creatures.

In Eden, my Love was defeated by them; here instead, It triumphs and conquers the creature. In the first Eden man receives the condemnation to death of soul and body; while in the second Eden he is released from his condemnation, and the resurrection of the body is reconfirmed through the resurrection of my Humanity. There are many relations between Eden and Calvary – that which man lost there, he reacquires here. In the kingdom of my pains everything is given back, and the honor and the glory of the poor creature is reconfirmed by means of my pains and of my death.

By withdrawing from my Will, man formed the kingdom of his evils, of his weaknesses, passions and miseries; and I wanted to come upon earth, I wanted to suffer greatly, I permitted that my Humanity be lacerated, Its flesh torn to pieces, all full of wounds. And I wanted even to die in order to form, by means of my many pains and of my death, the kingdom opposite to the many evils that the creature had formed for herself.

A kingdom cannot be formed with one act alone, but with many upon many acts; and the more the acts, the greater and more glorious the kingdom becomes. Therefore, my death was necessary to my Love; with my death I was to give the kiss of life to creatures, and from my many wounds I was to let all goods out, in order to form the kingdom of goods for creatures. So, my wounds are springs which gush with goods, and my death is spring from which life for all gushes forth.

And just as my death was necessary, so was my Resurrection necessary to my Love, because by doing his will, man lost the life of my Will, and I wanted to rise again to form not only the resurrection of the body, but the resurrection of the life of my Will in it. Had I not risen again, the creature could not have risen once again in my Fiat; she would have lacked the virtue - the bond of her resurrection in Mine, and my Love would have felt

incomplete. It would have felt It could do something more but It was not doing it, and so I would have remained with the harsh martyrdom of a love that is not complete. If then ungrateful man does not make use of all I have done, the evil is all his own, but my Love possesses and enjoys Its full triumph.”

Twenty-fourth Hour From 4 to 5 PM

The Burial of Jesus. Desolate Mary Most Holy

October 1914: Volume 11

...One day I was doing the Hour in which the Celestial Mama gave burial to Jesus, and I followed Her to keep Her company in Her bitter desolation, to compassionate Her. I did not usually do this Hour all the times - only sometimes. Now, I was undecided about whether I should do it or not, and blessed Jesus, all love, and as though praying me, told me:

“My daughter, I do not want you to omit it. You will do it for love of Me, in honor of my Mama. Know that every time you do it, my Mama feels as if She were on earth in person, repeating Her life, and therefore She receives that glory and love which She gave Me while on earth; and I feel as if my Mama were on earth again - Her maternal tenderness, Her love and all the glory that She gave Me.

So, I will consider you as a mother.” Then, as He embraced me, I heard Him say to me, very softly: *“My mama, mama”*;_and He whispered to me all that sweet Mama did and suffered in this Hour - and I followed Her. From that time on, helped by His grace, I have never omitted it again.

In Her sufferings the Virgin Mary found the secret of strength in the Divine Will.

April 16, 1927: Volume 21

...After this, I was thinking about the pain of my Mama, when, sorrowful and pierced in Her Heart, She departed from Jesus, leaving Him dead in the sepulcher; and I thought to myself: *'How could She possibly have so much strength, as to be able to leave Him? It is true that He was dead, but it was always the body of Jesus. How could Her maternal love not consume Her, rather than letting Her take one step alone away from that extinguished body? Ye, She left Him. What heroism - what strength!'*

But while I was thinking of this, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior and told me: *"My daughter, do you want to know how my Mama had the strength to leave Me? All the secret of Her strength was in my Will reigning in Her. She lived of a Will which was Divine - not human, and therefore She contained an immeasurable strength. Even more, you must know that when my pierced Mama left Me in the sepulcher, my Will kept Her immersed within two immense seas - one of sorrow, and another, more extensive, of joys and beatitudes; and while that of sorrow gave Her all the martyrdoms, that of joys gave Her all the contentments. Her beautiful soul followed Me into Limbo, and was present at the feast that all the Patriarchs, the Prophets, Her father, Her mother and our dear Saint Joseph made for Me.*

Through my presence, Limbo became Paradise; and I could not do without letting the One who had been inseparable from Me in my pains, participate in this first feast of the creatures. Her joy was so great, that She had the strength to depart from my body, withdrawing and waiting for the fulfillment of my Resurrection, as the fulfillment of Redemption. Joy sustained Her in sorrow, and sorrow sustained Her in joy.

To one who possesses my Will, neither strength, nor power, nor joy may be lacking; rather, she has everything at her disposal. Do you not experience this within yourself when you are deprived of Me and you feel consumed? The light of the Divine Fiat forms Its sea of happiness and gives you life.”

The story of the Divine Will. How the Most Holy Virgin, for the Work of Redemption, made all the Acts of the Divine Will Her own, and prepared the Food for Her children

This is why She is ‘Mother and Queen of the Divine Will’. Luisa must do the same for the work of the ‘Fiat Voluntas Tua’.

November 24, 1923: Volume 16

I was doing the Hour of the Passion in which my sorrowful Mama received Her Son, dead, into Her arms, and placed Him in the sepulcher; and in my interior I was saying: *‘My Mama, together with Jesus I place all souls into your arms, that You may recognize them all as your children, inscribe them one by one into your Heart, and place them inside the wounds of Jesus. They are the children of your immense sorrow, and this is enough for You to recognize them and love them. And I want to place all generations in the Supreme Will, so that no one may be missing, and in the name of all I give You comforts, compassions and divine reliefs.’* Now, while I was saying this, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior, and told me: *“My daughter, if you knew with what food my sorrowful Mama nourished all these children ...”* And I: *‘What was it, O my Jesus?’* And He, again:

“Since you are my little one, chosen by Me for the mission of my Will, and you live in that Fiat in which you were created, I want to make known to you the story of my Eternal Will, Its joys

and Its sorrows, Its effects, Its immense value, what It did, what It received, and the one who took to heart Its defense. The little ones are more attentive in listening to Me, because their minds are not filled with other things. They are as though empty of everything, and if one wants to give them a different food, they feel disgusted because, being little, they are used to taking only the milk of my Will which, more than loving mother, keeps them attached to Its divine breast to nourish them abundantly. And they remain with their little mouths opened, waiting for the milk of my teachings, and I amuse Myself very much. Oh! how beautiful it is to see them, now smiling, now rejoicing, now crying, in hearing Me narrate the story of my Will.

Well then, the origin of my Will is eternal. Never did sorrow enter into It; among the Divine Persons this Will was in highest concord - even more, It was one. In each act It emitted, both 'ad intra' and 'ad extra', It gave Us infinite joys, new contentments, immense happiness. And when We wanted to issue the machine of Creation - how much glory, how many harmonies and honor did It not give to Us?

As soon as the Fiat was released, this Fiat diffused Our beauty, Our Light, Our Power, Order, Harmony, Love, Aancity – everything; and We remained glorified by Our own Virtues, in seeing, by means of Our Fiat, the flowering of Our Divinity veiled in the whole universe.

Our Will did not stop; swollen with Love as It was, It wanted to create Man; and you know his story, therefore I move forward. Ah! It was he who caused the first sorrow to my Will. He tried to embitter the One who loved him so much, and who had made him happy. My Will wept more than a tender mother who weeps over her son, who is crippled and blind only because he withdrew from the Will of his mother.

My Will wanted to be the first actor in Man, for nothing else but to give him new surprises of love, of joys, of happiness, of light, of riches. It wanted to always give - this is why It wanted to

act. But Man wanted to do his will and broke it from the Divine. If only he had never done that ...! My Will withdrew, and he fell into the abyss of all evils. Now, in order to re-join these two wills, One was needed who would contain a Divine Will within Himself. Therefore, since I, Eternal Word, loved this man with an Eternal Love, We, the Divine Persons, decreed together that I was to take on human flesh in order to come and save him, and to re-join the two broken wills. But where to descend? Who would be the One who would lend Her flesh to Her Creator?

This is why We chose one creature, and by virtue of the foreseen merits of the future Redeemer, She was exempted from original sin. Her will and Ours were one. It was this Celestial Creature that understood the story of Our Will; We narrated everything to Her, as to a little one: the sorrow of Our Will, and how, by breaking his will from Ours, ungrateful man had constrained Our Will within the divine circle, almost hampering It in Its designs, preventing It from communicating to him Its goods and the purpose for which he had been created.

For Us, to give is to make Ourselves happy as well as the one who receives from Us; it is to enrich without being impoverished; it is to give what We are by nature, forming it in the creature by grace; it is to go out of Ourselves to give what We possess. By giving, Our love pours itself out, and Our Will makes feast. If We were not to give, why would We form the Creation?

So, the mere being unable to give to Our children, to Our dear images, was like a mourning for Our Supreme Will. Just in seeing man operate, speak, walk, without the connection of Our Will, because it had been broken by him, and that currents of graces, of light, of sanctity, of science, etc. would run to him, had he been with Us, but could not – Our Will took the attitude of sorrow. In each act of creature there was a sorrow for Us because We saw that act empty of divine value, without beauty and sanctity – completely dissimilar from Our acts. Oh! how the Celestial Little One understood this highest sorrow of Ours, and the great evil of

man in withdrawing from Our Will. Oh! How many times She cried hot tears because of Our Sorrow, and because of the great misfortune of Man. Therefore, fearing, She did not want to concede even one act of life to Her own will; this is why She remained little: because Her will had no life in Her – how could She become grown up? But that which She did not do, Our Will did: It raised Her all beautiful, holy, divine; It enriched Her so much as to make of Her the greatest of all.

She was a prodigy of Our Will – a prodigy of grace, of beauty, of sanctity. But She remained always little, so much so, that She would never descend from Our arms; and taking to heart Our defense, She repaid all the sorrowful acts of the Supreme Will. And not only was She completely in order with Our Will, but She made all the acts of creatures Her own; absorbing into Herself all Our Will rejected by them, She repaired It, She loved It; and keeping It as though deposited within Her virginal Heart, She prepared the food of Our Will for all creatures.

Do you see, then, with what Food this most loving Mother nourishes Her children? It cost Her all Her life, unheard-of pains, the very Life of Her Son, to form within Herself the abundant deposit of this food of my Will, and to keep It ready to nourish all Her children as tender and loving Mother. She could not love Her children more; by giving them this food, Her love had reached the ultimate degree. Therefore, among the many titles that She has, the most beautiful title that could be given to Her is that of 'Mother and Queen of the Divine Will'.

Now, my daughter, if my Mama did this for the work of Redemption, so must you for the work of the Fiat Voluntas Tua. Your will must have no life in you; and making all the acts of my Will for each creature your own, you will deposit them within yourself; and while repaying my Will in the name of all, you will form within yourself all the necessary food to nourish all generations with the food of my Will. Each saying, each effect, each additional knowledge about It, will be one more taste which

that they will find in this food, in such a way that they will eat it with avidity. Everything I tell you about my Volition will serve to whet their appetite and so that they may take no other food, at the cost of any sacrifice. If a food were said to be good, to restore one's strengths, to heal the sick, to contain all tastes; and even more, to give life, to embellish and make one happy – who would not make any sacrifice in order to take this food? So it will be for my Will. In order to make It loved and desired, knowledge is necessary. Therefore, be attentive - receive within yourself this deposit of my Will, so that, as a second Mother, you may prepare the food for our children. In doing so, you will imitate my Mama. It will cost you much as well, but in the face of my Will any sacrifice will seem nothing to you. Do it as a little one, never descend from my arms, and I will continue to narrate to you the story of my Will.



Luisa, we love you and your Life poured out in Divine Love for the Sufferings of the Divine Will!

Fiat Mihi!

“The satisfaction that blessed Jesus receives from the meditation of these Hours is so great, that He would want at least one copy of these meditations to be present and practiced in each city or town. In fact, it would happen, then, as if Jesus heard His own voice and His prayers being reproduced in those reparations, just as the ones He raised to His Father during the 24 hours of His Sorrowful Passion. And if this were done in each town or city at least, by as many souls, Jesus seems to make me understand that Divine Justice would be placated in part, and in these sad times of torments and bloodshed, Its scourges would be stopped in part, and as though dampened. I let you, Reverend Father, make appeal to all; may you complete, in this way, the little work that my lovable Jesus had me do ...”

(From a letter of Luisa to her extraordinary Confessor,
Saint Hannibal Mary Di Francia)

