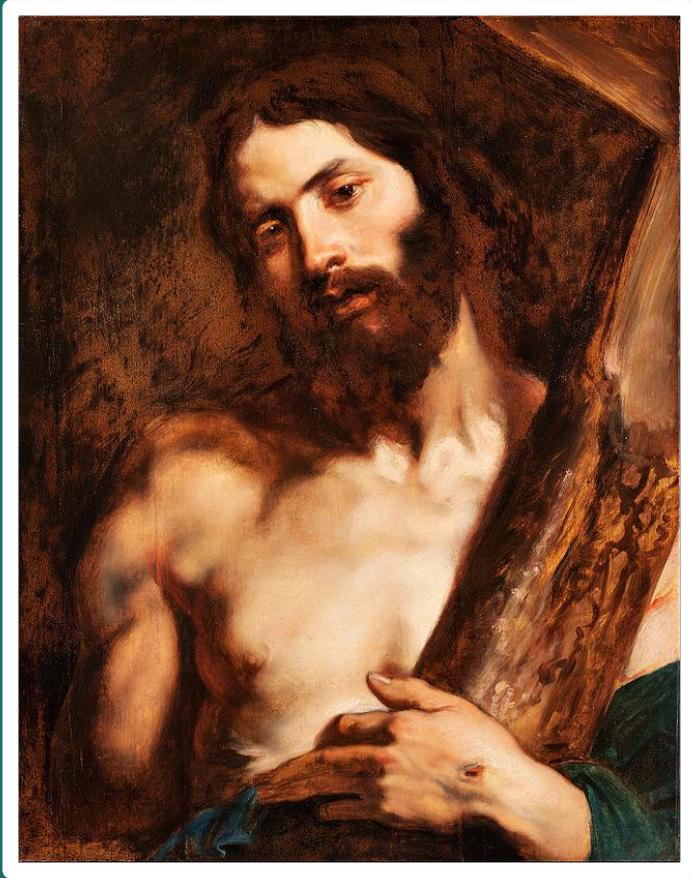


Sorrowful Rosary



Prayed in the Sorrowful Rounds of the Divine Will,
with Excerpts from “The Hours of the Passion” by

Luisa Piccarreta



***“What is needed is a Christian Life
distinguished above all by the Art of Prayer.”***

Apostolic Letter Novo Millennio Inuente – John Paul II – para 9

As these meditations are in depth, they are to be prayed slowly and reverently allowing time for the lesson to sink into the soul. There is no need to be concerned with praying all 5 or more mysteries all at once. The intention of Divine Will is to embody all that It does in every act. In one mystery alone for example ALL possible lessons are there - for Jesus is All in all - and the Cross of His Passion was in Him from Conception. The following words of Our Lady to Saint Dominic should suffice to help us understand Her Will in regard to praying Her Rosary - as well as the recommendations of our Holy Father, Pope John Paul II in this regard in his wonderful letter on the Rosary of the Virgin Mary - 2002.

*"The Christian people sit at the school of Mary and are led to contemplate the beauty on the Face of Christ and to experience the depths of His Love. Through the Rosary the faithful receive abundant grace, as though from the very hands of the Mother of the Redeemer. (The Mysteries) put us in living communion with Jesus through - we might say - the Heart of his Mother ... But the most important reason for strongly encouraging the practice of the Rosary is that it represents a most effective means of fostering among the faithful that commitment to the contemplation of the Christian Mystery, which I have proposed in the Apostolic Letter Novo Millennio Inuente as a genuine "training in holiness": **"What is needed is a Christian Life distinguished above all in the Art of Prayer"**. (9) Inasmuch as contemporary culture, even amid so many indications to the contrary, has witnessed the flowering of a new call for spirituality, due also to the influence of other religions, **it is more urgent than ever that our Christian communities should become "genuine schools of prayer"**. (10) **The Rosary belongs among the finest and most praiseworthy traditions of Christian contemplation. ... Without this contemplative dimension the Rosary would lose its meaning ... as Pope Paul VI clearly pointed out: "without contemplation, the Rosary is a body without a soul and its recitation runs the risk of becoming a***

mechanical repetition of formulas, in violation of the admonition of Christ:

'In praying do not heap up empty phrases as the Gentiles do - for they think they will be heard for their many words' (Matt 6:7) ...

"By its nature, the recitation of the Rosary calls for a quiet rhythm and a lingering pace, helping the individual to mediate on the mysteries of the Lord's Life as seen through the eyes of Her who was closest to the Lord. In this way the unfathomable riches of these Mysteries are disclosed (14) ... The Rosary mystically transports us to Mary's side as She is busy watching over the human growth of Christ in the home of Nazareth. This enables Her to train us and to mold us with the same care, until Christ is 'fully formed' in us (cf. Gal 4:19)"

"The Secret of the Rosary"

by St Louis de Montfort

"Our Lady spoke this to Blessed Alan de la Roche in a vision,

'When people pray 150 angelic salutations, this prayer is very helpful to them and a very pleasing tribute to Me. But they will do better still and will please Me even more, if they say these salutations while meditating on the Life, Death and Passion of Jesus Christ. For this meditation is the Soul of this prayer'"

Indeed, in the *"New and Divine holiness"* which we are learning from the exemplars of this Era, above all Luisa, we enter the Mysteries in an even more profound manner than simple meditation. We ask to enter the very Heart of Jesus and live His Acts in Him, with Him and through Him for the *salvation and sanctification of many*. There are four books embracing the Joyful, Luminous, Sorrowful and Glorious Mysteries so that each book can contain meditations as recommended by our Holy Father Pope John Paul II and by Jesus to Luisa Who asks us to *'masticate'* these Truths in order to possess them in our soul and gift them to all humanity.

Fiat Mihi Secundum

Verbum Tuum

Consecration to Jesus King of Heaven and Earth

Oh Jesus! King of kings, God of Goodness, God of Love, God of Mercy, I adore, love, thank and glorify Your most Holy Will, emanating from Your Omnipotence, guided by Your Wisdom, accompanied by Your Goodness and Love. Everywhere and in every time, be it either in joy or in pain, may Your most Holy Will, Your Divine Love, be the star that I gaze at, the Law that governs me, the Air that I breathe, the Heartbeat of my heart, the substance or better, the Life of my life. To such an end, I unite all my prayers and actions to Yours, all my life to Yours, as well as to that of our Virgin Mother, of Abba Joseph, Luisa, Saints Annibale, Padre Pio, Francis, Clare, Therese and all the Elect that have been, are now and shall ever be, with all good, past, present and future which is real and possible in Heaven and on earth. I consecrate and give all myself, what I have, who I am, what pertains to me, what is dear to me, my life, my death, my eternity, all that You have created and will create by Your Supreme Will and Your Infinite Love. And I pray You, oh Infinite Wisdom, to inscribe me with indelible characters in Your adorable Heart as the ardent and zealous child of Your Divine Will, of Your Pure Love. I make this offering and donation in the Power of the Father, in the Wisdom of the Son, in the Virtue of the Holy Spirit, in my name, and in the name of all creatures to obtain the advent and the expansion of the Kingdom of the Divine Will, of Your Divine Love upon the earth. For pity's sake, oh my Lord, grant that from every lip and from every heart there may continually be raised, as from a Sacred Altar, the prayer that You Yourself, as the first addressed to the Father, "Your Kingdom come! Your Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." So be it! Fiat!

Act of Contrition

Forgive me, my God, I dared to offend You and to turn against You in the same instant in which You loved me! I repent and am sorry with all my heart for having offended You. I pray You, I supplicate You to grant me your affliction, so that, I might be sorry with the same Sorrow with which You were sorry for my sins - Sorrow which was so great and intense as to make You sweat Blood. Heavenly Mother, obtain for me from your Jesus and mine the longed-for forgiveness. I resolve and promise in the most energetic and absolute way to never sin again. I bring with me every human being from Adam to the last and immerse them all in the Sorrowful Anguish of Jesus to repair for all our sins. Amen. Fiat!

Prayer to our Celestial Mother

Immaculate Queen, my celestial Mother, I come upon your maternal knees as your dear child to abandon myself in your arms to beg of You with my most ardent sighs the greatest grace of all – that You will admit me to live in the Kingdom of the Divine Will. Holy Mother, You who are the Queen of this Kingdom, admit me as your child to live in It, so that It no longer be deserted but populated with your children. I entrust myself to You, my Sovereign Queen, so that You may guide my steps into the Kingdom of the Divine Will. And, held tightly by your maternal hands, You will guide all my being so that I may live perennial Life in the Divine Will. You will be a Mother to me and because of this I shall consign my will to You so that You may exchange it for me with the Divine Will. This way I can be sure of never going out of Its Kingdom. Therefore, I beg You to illuminate me to make me understand what 'Will of God' means.

For those who Pray the Hours of the Passion

✠ *“I was praying with certain fear and anxiety for a dying soul. And then my amiable Jesus said to me, “my Daughter why are you afraid? Do you not know that for each word on my Passion, thought, compassion, reparation, memory of my pains, so many communications as in electricity spring up between Me and the soul. And, therefore, the soul is adorned with so many varieties of beauty? She did the Hours of my Passion, and I will receive her like a daughter of my Passion, dressed with my Blood and adorned with my wounds. This flower has grown in your heart, and I bless it and receive it into Mine as a predilected flower.”*

V12: July 12, 1918

✠ *“There is no soul which enters into Purgatory ... or that flies into Paradise which is not accompanied by these Hours of the Passion. These Hours make rain from Heaven continuous dew upon the earth, in Purgatory and even in Heaven ... These Hours are the Order of the universe and put Heaven and earth into harmony, and they keep Me from making the world come apart. I feel put into circulation my Blood, my Wounds, my Love and all*

that I did. And, they flow upon all to save all. And as souls do these Hours of the Passion, I feel my Blood, my Wounds and my anxieties to save souls come alive. And if I feel my Life repeated, how can creatures obtain any good, if not by means of these Hours? Why do you doubt it? The thing is not yours but Mine. You have been the weak, constrained instrument.” VI2: May 16, 1917.

✠ *“My daughter (Luisa) in recompense for having written the Hours of the Passion, for every word that you have written I will give you a soul, a kiss.” And Luisa, “My Love, this is for me. And, what will You give to the others who will do them?” Jesus, “I will also give them a soul for every word which they will recite if they will do them together with Me and with my same Will, because all the greater or lesser efficacy of these Hours of my Passion is in the greater or lesser union which they have with me. And, by doing them with my Will, the creature hides itself in my Will. And, with my Will in act, I can do all the good that I want, even with a single word. And this I will do every time that they will do them.”* VI1: Oct 1914

✠ *“According to how your will is identified with my Will in wanting to do good to all, thus will you be recompensed. All the evil is for those who, being able, do not do them. These Hours are the most precious of all because they are none other than the repetition of that which I did in the course of my mortal Life and of that which I continue to do in the Most Holy Sacrament. When I hear these Hours of my Passion, I hear my own voice and my own prayers. I see my Will in that soul that desires the good of all and that makes reparation for all, and I feel Myself transported to dwell in her in order to be able to do in her that which she herself does. Oh, how greatly would I be pleased if even one were to do these Hours of my Passion for each town! I would feel Myself in each town, and my Justice, greatly disdained in these times, would be placated in part.”*

✠ *I add that one day I was doing the Hour when our Heavenly Mother gave burial to Jesus, and I followed Her closely to keep Her company in Her bitter desolation to compassionate Her. It was not my custom to do this always but only sometimes. Now, I*

was undecided as to whether I should do it or not. And blessed Jesus, all love and as if beseeching me, said to me: “My daughter, I do not want you to omit it. You will do it for my Love in honour of my Mother. Know that every time you do it, my Mother feels as if She were on earth in person and as if She repeated her life, and therefore, She receives that glory and love which She gave to me upon the earth. And I feel as if my Mother were upon the earth again, with her maternal tenderesses, her love and all the glory which She gave Me. Therefore, I will regard you as a Mother.” V 11: Oct 1914

✠ *“My daughter, I will not regard these Hours as things of theirs, but as things done by Me. And, I will give them my same merits as if I were in the act of suffering my Passion and, in this way, I will make them obtain the same, effects, according to the dispositions of their souls. This I will do upon the earth, and I could not give more. Then, in Heaven, I will place these souls before Me, darting them with darts of love and of contentments for as many times as they have done the Hours of my Passion. And they will dart Me. What a sweet enchantment this will be for all the Blessed!” V11: April 10, 1913*

✠ *“This prayer is most powerful on the Heart of my Son and that which softens Him the most is the creature’s clothing itself with all that He Himself did and suffered, having given all of it to the creature as a gift. Therefore, my daughter, crown your head with Jesus’ thorns. Bead your eyes with his tears. Impregnate your tongue with his bitterness. Dress your soul with His Blood. Adorn yourself with his wounds. Pierce your hands and feet with his nails and, as another Christ, present yourself before his Divine Majesty. This spectacle will move Him so that He will not know how to refuse anything to the soul dressed with his own garment. But oh, how little do creatures know how to use the gifts, which my Son has given them! These were my prayers upon the earth and these are my prayers in Heaven.” Our Blessed Mother to Luisa: June 15, 1916 – Bearing this in mind the following mysteries may be added to for as many sufferings and pains as Jesus brings to your mind and heart.*

Agony in the Garden



“Remove from us the mock crown with which the human will has crowned us. Remove from us its purple robe and take out of our hands the reed of so many empty works. Give us the crown of your Divine Will. Grant us its royal purple, which makes us your true children, and let the commanding sceptre of your Fiat rule and dominate our souls.”

(“Pious Pilgrimage of the Soul” – 21st Hour)

PRAYER BEFORE THE MYSTERY

Oh, Divine Will of the Eternal Love, I immerse myself in You as You live this Mystery. I bring with me the entire order of Creation to participate in and glorify You in these Acts of Love *that not one is lost* but all may make their home in You as You have made Your home in us. Amen. Fiat!

Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come! Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily Bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Amen.

✠ Jesus welcomes Luisa (and us) as she follows him into the Garden of Gethsemane saying, *“My child are you here? I was awaiting you. For this was the sadness which most oppressed Me – the total abandonment of everyone. I was waiting for you to make you a spectator of My Pains, and to have you drink together with Me the chalice of the bitterness which My Heavenly Father will shortly send to Me by means of an Angel. We will sip it together, for I feel the need for some loving soul to drink at least some drops of it, because it will not be a chalice of comfort but of intense bitterness. Therefore, I have called you to accept it and to share My Pains with Me and to assure Me that you will not leave Me alone in total abandonment.”* Mother help me keep Jesus company. Amen. Fiat! **Hail Mary**

✠ *“Oh, my Life, I feel a fire flow in your veins. And, I feel that your Blood boils and that it wants to burst your veins to go out. Tell me, oh my Love, what is it? I see neither whips, nor thorns, nor nails, nor cross, and yet, resting my head upon your Heart, I feel that cruel thorns pierce your Head, that ruthless whips spare no particle, neither inside nor outside, of your Divine Person, and that your hands are contracted and contorted more than if they were nailed. Tell me, my gentle Lord, who is it that has such power to torment You even in your interior and to make You undergo so many deaths for as many torments that he gives You?* **Hail Mary**

✠ *“My Child ... It is Eternal Love which, wanting the primacy in everything, makes Me suffer all at once and in the most intimate parts, that which the executioners will make Me suffer little by little. Ah, my child, that which totally prevails over Me and in Me is Love. Love is nail for Me, Love is whip for Me, Love is crown of thorns for Me, Love is everything for Me. Love is my perennial Passion. That which men give Me is only temporal. Ah, my child, enter into My Heart! Come to lose yourself in My Love. Only in My Love will you understand how much I have suffered and how much I have Loved you. And you will learn to love Me and to suffer only for Love.”*

✠ Oh, dear Jesus, if Love can torture Your Heart and all Your interior in this way; if Divine Love is the only thing that can purify the interior of my being and that of all humanity – fuse into me and all this Divine Love. Exchange our poor human love for It, that living in Your Divine Love we may know what true love is. Jesus I beg of You with all the Ardours of the Divine Will to grant this through all the fibres of Your Divine Heart, through every one of Its heartbeats and every one of Its tortures. Jesus in Your own Heart I say, *“I love You, I praise You, I adore You”* to repair for every one of Your wounds. Amen. Fiat! **Hail Mary**

✠ On seeing Jesus admonish the sleeping apostles and recommending wakefulness in prayer to them Luisa prays and we pray in her, *“How I compassionate You, oh passionate Lover. And, I make reparation to You for all the ingratitude of your most faithful ones. These are the offences which most sadden your adorable Heart, and their bitterness to You is such and so much that they make You become delirious. But, oh Love without end, your Love which already boils in your veins, overcomes and forgets everything. I see You prostrate on the ground. You pray, offer Yourself and make reparation. And, in everything, You seek to glorify the Father for the offences committed against Him by creatures. I, too, oh my Jesus, prostrate myself with You and together with You, I intend to do that which You do.”*

✠ I exchange all our lethargy for Your vigour, our sleep for Your wakefulness, our indulgence for Your fasting and prayer. Jesus possess us! **Hail Mary**

✠ *“Let your Will be my Breath, my Life. Let your Will be my heartbeat, my heart, my thought, my Life and my death ... Let it never happen that even for one instant I be separated from You. Rather, let me soothe You, make reparation to You and compassionate You for everyone, because I see that all the sins of all kinds burden You. Therefore, my Love, I kiss your most Holy Head ...I see all the evil thoughts and You feel their horror. Each evil thought is a thorn in your most Sacred Head that pierces it sharply ... your Blood streams everywhere, from your forehead and from beneath your hair. Jesus, I compassionate You. I would place on You as many crowns of glory. To soothe and compassionate You and to make reparation for everyone, I offer You all the angelic intelligences and your own Intelligence. **Hail Mary.**”*

✠ *“Oh Jesus, I kiss your pitiful eyes. I see in them all the evil gazes of creatures, which make tears of Blood trickle down your Face. I compassionate You and I would soothe your sight by placing before You all the pleasures that can be found in Heaven and on earth. I place before You Jesus the most beautiful face of Your holy Mother, Abba, Luisa, Saint Annibale and Padre Pio to console You. Jesus, my Lord, I kiss your most sacred ears. I hear in them the echo of horrendous blasphemies, the cries of vengeance and of slander. There is not a voice, which does not resound in your most chaste ears. Oh, unquenchable Love, I compassionate You. I want to console You by making resound in them all the harmonies of Heaven, the most gentle voice of our dear Mother and the inflamed words of Mary Magdalene of Luisa and of all loving souls.” **Hail Mary***

✠ *“Jesus, my Life, I want to impress a more fervent kiss upon your incomparably beautiful Face. Ah, this is the Face upon which the Angels do not dare to rest their gazes, for the extreme Beauty that enraptures them. Nevertheless, creatures defile it with spit. They strike it with blows, and they trample it*

*under their feet. My Love, what audacity! I would cry out so much to put them to flight! I compassionate You. And to make reparation for these insults I go to the most Holy Trinity to ask the kiss of the Father and of the Holy Spirit, and the inimitable caresses of their creative hands. I go as well to the Heavenly Mother so that She may give me Her kisses, the caresses of Her maternal hands and Her profound adorations. I go to dearest Abba Joseph and to Luisa to ask for their adorations of Your adorable Person and Face. Then I go to all the souls consecrated to You, and I offer You everything to make reparation for the offences committed against your most Holy Countenance. **Hail Mary***

✠ *“My sweet Jesus, I kiss your most sweet mouth embittered by horrible blasphemies, by the nausea of drunkenness and gluttony, by obscene conversations, by badly prayed prayers, by evil teachings and by all the evil man does with the tongue. Jesus, I compassionate You, I want to sweeten your mouth by offering You the sweet prayers of holy Mother and Abba Joseph, Luisa, St Annibale and Padre Pio, St John the Baptist and all the prophets - all the angelic praises and the good use of the tongue by so many Christians especially those who have defended your sublime doctrine against heresies. I surround You with all the sweet songs ever sung in praise of You dear Jesus that You may be consoled for the evil use of the tongue.*

✠ *My oppressed Love, I kiss your neck and see it laden with ropes and chains for the attachments and sins of creatures. I compassionate You and, to alleviate You, I offer You the indissoluble Union of the Divine Persons and of Your Holy Family. And fusing myself in this Union, I hold out my arms to You. And, forming a sweet chain of love about your neck, I want to remove the ropes of attachments that almost suffocate You. And to soothe You I press You tightly to my heart. **Hail Mary***

✠ *“Divine Fortress, I kiss your most holy back. I see it lacerated and the flesh torn to bits by the scandals and evil examples of creatures. I compassionate You; and to relieve You, I offer You, your most holy examples - those of the Queen Mother,*

dear Abba Joseph, Luisa, St Anniable, Padre Pio, St Maximilian Kolbe *and those of all the Saints. Oh my Jesus, I make my kisses flow upon each one of these wounds – and, I want to enclose the souls in them that were torn from your Heart through scandal, and thus heal the flesh torn from your most Holy Humanity.*

✠ *My anguished Jesus, I kiss your breast which I see wounded by the coldness, tepidness, lack of correspondence and ingratitude of creatures. I compassionate You and to soothe You, I offer You the reciprocal Love of the Father and of the Holy Spirit and the perfect correspondence of the three Divine Persons. Immersing myself in your Love, I want to form a shield to be able to ward off these wounds that creatures send You with their sins. Taking your Love, I want to wound them with it so they dare not offend You more. I want to pour it upon your breast to soothe You and heal You. Amen. Fiat! **Hail Mary***

✠ *“My Jesus, I kiss your Heart. You continue to agonize - not for what the Jews will make You suffer but for the pain caused You by all the sins of creatures. In these hours in the garden You want to give the primacy to Love, the second place to all sins for which You expiate, make reparation, glorify the Father and placate the Divine Justice, the third place to the Jews. With this you make us understand that the Passion the Jews will make You suffer is but the representation of the most bitter double Passion that Love and sin make You suffer. And it is for this that I see all gathered up in your Heart: the lance of Love, the lance of sin, and the lance of the Jews which You are awaiting. Jesus, I kiss every fibre of Your Heart that willingly embraces all these lacerations for love of us. Amen. Fiat! **Hail Mary***

And in all the Acts of the Divine Will found in this Mystery we pray,

✠ *Glory be to the Father, Son and the Holy Spirit as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*

✠ *0 my Jesus forgive us our sins. Save us from the fire of Hell and lead all souls to Heaven especially those who have most need of Thy Mercy.*

✠ *St Joseph, Virgin Father of the Divine Will! Generate His life in us!*

PRAYER AFTER THE MYSTERY

Supreme Majesty! As Your little children we come upon Your Paternal Knees, to offer You all the Acts of the Divine Will found in this Mystery, together with our acts of reciprocal love, which, in the name of all creatures embrace these Acts. With this offering we implore Mercy, Salvation and Sanctification for every creature, the quick and complete Triumph of the Divine Will on earth, and Its quick and complete triumph in us. Amen.

PRAYER OF LUISA

“Jesus! Your Heart, suffocated by Love, suffers violent impulses, impatient affections of Love, desires that consume You and inflamed heartbeats that would give Life to every heart. It is precisely here in your Heart that You feel all the pain creatures cause You. Instead of wanting your Love, with their evil desires, disordinate affections, and debased heartbeats, they seek other loves.

Jesus, how You suffer! I see You faint away for the waves of our iniquities. I compassionate you, and I want to sweeten the bitterness of your triply transfixed Heart by offering you the eternal sweetness and the most sweet Love of your dear Mother. And now, my Jesus, grant that my poor heart may take life from this Heart of yours so that it may no longer live but with your Heart. And in every offence You receive, let my heart be always ready to offer You a relief, a comfort and a never interrupted act of Love.”

The Scourging at the Pillar



PRAYER BEFORE THE MYSTERY

Oh, Divine Will of the Eternal Love, I immerse myself in You as You live this Mystery. I bring with me the entire order of Creation to participate in and glorify You in these Acts of Love *that not one is lost* but all may make their home in You as You have made Your home in us. Amen. Fiat.

Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come! Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily Bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Amen.

✠ *My most pure Jesus, now You are by the column. The furious soldiers loose you to tie You to the column. But this is not enough, for they strip You of Your garments to make a cruel carnage of Your most Holy Body. My Love, my Life, I feel myself faint for the pain of seeing you nude. You tremble from head to foot, and Your most Holy Countenance reddens with virginal blush.*

✠ *Your confusion and exhaustion is such, that unable to stand on your feet, You are about to fall at the foot of this column. But the soldiers, holding you, not to help You but to be able to tie You, do not let You fall. Now they take the ropes and bind Your arms, but so tightly that immediately they swell; and, from the tips of your fingers, Blood issues. Then from the iron ring on the column, they pass the ropes and chains around to your most Holy Person, to your feet – and they bind You to the column so tightly that You cannot make even one movement, so that they will be able to freely unbridle themselves upon You. ... You Who dress all created things – the sun with light, the sky with stars, the plants with leaves, the birds with feathers ... You are stripped? What boldness!*

✠ O my dearest Love, I fuse myself into your nakedness and the divine blush of on your Face, as you are stripped by the ‘ravenous wolves’ who eagerly pursue their lustful malice in their desire to scourge You. My God! How is it, that such malice has taken hold in the hearts of your children, who have now become children of the devil? This I think wounds You more than the scourging itself. I want to help You, so I take all the ‘*Divine Lives*’ You have created and surround each particle of Your Pure Flesh with them, so that as the lashes whip You, You will not feel the depth of their painful blows, but rather You will hear the voices of these ‘*Divine Lives*’ caressing Your Soul telling You how much they love You and will accompany You in Your Passion. Jesus in every one of these blows, I want to strike a blow against the human will, by welcoming every suffering You send Me with the same patient and forgiving Love You welcome Your own sufferings. I turn to my Mother to help me to know how to

help You, Jesus. In everything You strip from me I say, “*Bless You and thank You, Jesus, for letting me share a little in Your stripping. Amen. Fiat!*” **Hail Mary**

✠ *My loving Jesus with the Light that comes forth from His eyes says to me. “Be silent, oh child. It was necessary that I be stripped to make reparation for so many who strip themselves of every modesty, purity and innocence – who divest themselves of every good and virtue and of My Grace, and dress themselves with every bestiality, living after the manner of beasts. In my virginal blush, I want to make reparation for the innumerable obscenities, luxuries and bestial pleasures. Therefore, be attentive to what I do and pray and make reparation together with Me and calm down.”* Jesus, in You, I want to weep and blush with shame for all my sins and those of humanity against the perfect beauty, integrity and purity of Your Holy Body, Mind, Heart and Will causing You such afflictions. But I need Your Tears and Your pains to be able to feel the depth of the degradation these sins have brought You too. Only You can help me Jesus to enter into Your Passion. Fiat! **Hail Mary.**

✠ *Scourged Jesus, Your Love goes from excess to excess. I see that the scourgers take up the whips and beat You so mercilessly to make all Your most Holy Body grow livid. The ferocity and fury in beating You is such that they are already tired, but two others take their place. They take up thorny rods and beat You so much that the blood immediately begins to flow in streams from your most Sacred Body. Then they pound it all over, forming furrows, and they lay it bare. But still it is not enough. Two others take their place, and, with chains of hooked iron, they continue the dolorous carnage. At their first blows, that Flesh, beaten and wounded, tears to shreds even more and falls to the ground, leaving the bones bare. And the Blood pours in such abundance as to form a lake about the column.*

✠ I fuse myself into Your Body Jesus and Its Blood and in each drop of Your Blood I want to place there my “*I love You*” and repair for all the sins of the flesh we have committed. In Your Holy Will, I want to infuse Your Purity into all creatures from

Adam to the last, so that this horrible scourging will not be in vain. I take each drop of Your Pure Blood and place it on every piece of human flesh and pray *“Flesh of Man, become pure and holy as Your Creator is pure and holy. I release you from your slavery to the devil, the world and the flesh and give you back to God, your Father. Fiat!”* I particularly pray for the bodies, minds, hearts and souls of children to be released from every form of evil captor of their innocence. In Your Purity I pray Jesus! **Hail Mary**

✠ *My Jesus, my Love laid bare, while You are under this storm of blows, I embrace Your feet, so that I may share in Your pains and be entirely covered with Your most Precious Blood. Every lash that You receive is a wound to my heart, above all, because, as I prick up my ears, I hear Your moans, unheard by the others, because the storm of the blows deafens the air around You. And, in those moans, You say “All you who love Me, come to learn the heroism of True Love! Come to extinguish in My Blood the thirst of your passions, the thirst of so many ambitions, of so many vanities and pleasures, of so many sensualities! In this Blood of mine you will find the remedy for all your evils.”*

✠ Most precious Blood of my Jesus, let every drop become a holy flame of Love that will pursue every soul and with its warmth and light seduce them away from the world back to God. Precious Blood of my Jesus scourged for my sins invest in me His Purity, His Life and His Holiness. **Hail Mary**

✠ *Your moans continue to say, “Look at Me, oh Father, all wounded under this storm of blows. But this is not everything. I want to form so many wounds in My Body so as to make sufficient dwellings for all souls in the Heaven of My Humanity, in such a way as to form their salvation in Myself and then make them pass into the Heaven of My Divinity. My Father, let every lash of these scourgings make reparation before You, one by one, for every kind of sin and as they hit Me, forgive those who commit them. Let these blows strike the hearts of creatures and speak to them of My Love, such as to constrain them to surrender to Me.”*

✠ O Jesus, You use Your Sacred Body as if it were a farm and the furrows the place to grow new ‘souls’ for the Kingdom of God. Your Body is the ‘holy land’ of the Divine Will. Only in Your Body can we find our redemption. Jesus, I love Your sacred Body, Its Mind, Heart and Soul and fused in Your Will which gives life to all, I take each molecule of flesh, which is more holy than the whole universe put together; and in each cell I want to create a ‘*Divine Life*’ that will love, praise and thank You in all the ardours of the Divine Will. I want to infuse into each cell of Your Body all the most sacred love songs, all the most beautiful music and words that have ever been spoken, especially the words the Eternal Father speaks to You in Eternity; so that, reverberating in Your scourged flesh, You will not feel so much the excruciating pain they are inflicting upon You – even to bringing You to the threshold of death. May all evil be quenched in the pains of Your scourging Jesus. Amen. Fiat! **Hail Mary**

✠ *And as you say this, Your Love is such that you almost incite the torturers to beat You more. My Jesus, your precious flesh mangled mercilessly, Your Love overwhelms me. I feel myself go crazy in the face of such brutality. And, although Your Love is not tired, the executioners have no more strength to continue the painful carnage. Now they cut the ropes, and, almost dead, You fall in Your own Blood. And, upon seeing the shreds of Your Flesh, You feel Yourself die for the pain of seeing the condemned souls in those bits of flesh torn from you. And, the pain is such that you are gasping in Your own Blood. My Jesus, let me take You into my arms to restore You some with my love. I kiss You – and with my kiss I enclose all souls in you so that no others will be lost. And, You bless me.*

✠ Bless me too Jesus that when the time comes for me to be stripped of everything and even my very life, You will be my love, my caress, my angel of compassion to sustain me against the assaults of the devil. **Hail Mary**

✠ *My Jesus, infinite Love, the more I look at You the more I understand how much you suffer. You are now completely lacerated. There is no sound part in You. Your torturers become*

enraged upon seeing that in so many pains you look at them with so much Love. Your Loving gaze, forming a sweet enchantment, as it were, like so many voices, prays and supplicates more pains and new pains. And, although the scourgers act inhumanly, yet compelled by the force of Your Love, they put You on Your feet. But You fall again in Your own Blood since you are unable to stand. They are angered by this and, with kicks and shoves, they make You reach the place in which they will crown You with thorns.

✠ What is the Love that allowed You to give Yourself to such barbarity Jesus? I see in Your Heart You have wanted to form within You those Divine Acts that would sustain all who would have to suffer horrible tortures down through the generations. In this You are with St Maximilian and his companions as they are being starved to death in the bunker of Auschwitz. You are with all the prisoners of hate to strengthen them in their ordeals; and not only them – but You prepare the graces for the perpetrators of such evil, that should they want they could convert to You. I immerse all in those infinitely compassionate gazes that you give your torturers, so that Your Love may convert them all. Amen. Fiat! **Hail Mary**

✠ *Delirious Jesus, Your every moan and sigh is a wound in my heart that does not give me peace. So I make mine Your Blood, Your Will, Your burning zeal, Your Love, and, travelling throughout heaven and earth, I want to go to all souls to give them Your Blood as a pledge of their salvation, and bring them to You to calm Your raving and delirium and to sweeten the bitterness of Your agony. And, as I do this, You accompany me with Your Gaze. **Hail Mary***

✠ *My Mother, I come to You, because Jesus wants souls. He wants comfort. Therefore, give me your maternal hand and let us go round the whole world together in search of souls. Let us enclose in His Blood the affections, desires, thoughts, deeds and steps of all creatures; and let us cast into their souls the flames of His Heart so that they may surrender themselves. And thus enclosed in His Blood and transformed in His Flames, we will*

place them around Jesus in order to sweeten the pains of His most bitter agony. **Hail Mary**

✠ *My guardian angel, precede us, and go about disposing the souls who are to receive this Blood so that no drop may remain without its bountiful effect. Hurry, my Mother, let us get under way. I see Jesus' gazes that follow us, and I hear His repeated sobs which press us to hurry our task. **Hail Mary***

And in all the Acts of the Divine Will found in this Mystery we pray,

✠ *Glory be to the Father, Son and the Holy Spirit as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*

✠ *O my Jesus forgive us our sins. Save us from the fire of Hell and lead all souls to Heaven especially those who have most need of Thy Mercy.*

✠ *St Joseph, Virgin Father of the Divine Will! Generate His life in us!*

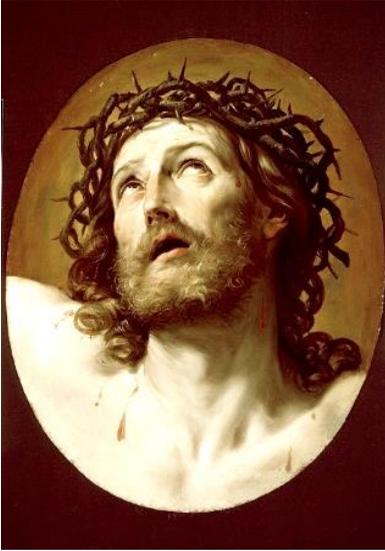
PRAYER AFTER THE MYSTERY

Supreme Majesty! As Your little children we come upon Your Paternal Knees, to offer You all the Acts of the Divine Will found in this Mystery, together with our acts of reciprocal love, which, in the name of all creatures, embrace these Acts. With this offering we implore Mercy, Salvation and Sanctification for every creature, the quick and complete Triumph of the Divine Will on earth, and Its quick and complete triumph in us. Amen.

"...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,
Blessed Annibale M. di Francia)

The Crowning with Thorns



Oh, Divine Will of the Eternal Love, we immerse ourselves in You as You live this Mystery. We bring with us the entire order of Creation to participate in and glorify You in these Acts of Love *that not one is lost* but all may make their home in You as You have made Your home in us. Amen. Fiat.

Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come! Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily Bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Amen.

✠ *Jesus says to me, “My child, take courage. Do not lose anything of what I have suffered. Be attentive to My teachings. I must completely re-make Man. Sin has taken away his crown and has crowned him with such disgrace and confusion that He cannot come before My Majesty. Sin has dishonoured him, making him lose all rights to honour and glory. Therefore, I want to be crowned with thorns in order to place the crown on the forehead of Man and to give back to him all rights to every honour and glory. Before my Father, my thorns will be reparations and voices of forgiveness for so many sins of thought, especially of pride, and voices of light to every created mind and of supplication that they not offend Me. Therefore, join with Me and pray and make reparation together with Me.*

✠ In every thorn and pain, I crown everyone with the holy Crown of Your Divine Will and impregnate into all Your Divine Thoughts. Amen. Fiat! **Hail Mary**

✠ *Crowned Jesus, your enemies, pitiless towards You, make You sit down. They put a purple rag on You. They take the crown of thorns and with infernal fury put it on Your adorable Head. With the blows of a stick, they make the thorns penetrate into Your Forehead – and part of them enter into Your eyes, Your ears, Your Head and even into the back of Your neck.*

✠ Oh, Beautiful Head of Jesus, government of the universe, chamber of divine thoughts – those holy inspirations which concurred with the Father and the Holy Spirit to create Man (male and female) in Your own image and likeness, forgive us for debasing our minds, for rejecting your government, your holy inspirations and may we be filled with the Purity of Your own Mind and that of Your beloved Mother in the Divine Will Integrity so that “*the thoughts of many may be revealed*”. **Hail Mary**

✠ *My Love, what agony! What unspeakable pains! How many cruel deaths you suffer! Blood is already flowing down your Face such that one sees only Blood. But, beneath those thorns and Blood is seen Your most Sacred Countenance which is radiant with Gentleness, Peace and Love. And the torturers, wanting to complete the tragedy, blindfold you, put a reed in your hand as a sceptre and begin their jest. They greet You ‘King of the Jews’. They hit the crown. They slap You and say, ‘Guess who struck You!’ My Jesus, my Life, let my ‘I love You’ impearl every thorn that pierces Your head and soothe your atrocious agony. And You, for Your part, remove from us the mock crown with which the human will has crowned us. Remove from us its purple robe and take out of our hands the reed of so many empty works. Give us the crown of your Divine Will. Grant us its royal purple, which makes us your true children, and let the commanding sceptre of your Fiat rule and dominate our souls.*

Hail Mary

✠ *You remain silent and respond by making reparation for the ambition of those who aspire to kingdoms, dignities and honours and for those who, finding themselves in such places and, not conducting themselves well, form the ruin of the peoples*

and of the souls that are entrusted to them, and whose bad examples are the cause of leading others into evil and of the loss of souls. With this reed You hold in your hand, You make reparation for the so many good works, empty of interior spirit and done even with evil intentions. In the insults and with the blindfold, you make reparation for those who ridicule the most holy things, discrediting them and profaning them. And You make reparation for those who blindfold the eyes of their intelligence in order to not see the light of the Truth. With this blindfold you obtain for us the grace to take off the blindfold of passions, of riches and of pleasures.

✠ Jesus, I thank You and in every one of these mockeries of Your Divine Authority, I want to place my *“I Love You, I honour You, I genuflect before You in all humility and Love as my King”*. I do this in all the ardours of the Divine Will for I am nothing and have nothing to give other than what You give Yourself. In the Heart of the Immaculate and Luisa’s heart I do all, so that all will be pleasing to You Jesus and a bulwark against the obscenities and humiliations given to You. **Hail Mary**

✠ *My Jesus, your enemies continue their insults. The Blood that flows from Your most Holy Head is such that, as it enters even into Your Mouth, it keeps you from making me hear clearly Your most gentle Voice. And I cannot do what You do. Therefore, I come into Your arms. I want to hold Your Head, pierced and grieved. I want to place my head under those thorns to feel their punctures.*

✠ Jesus! Love only wants to share the pains of her Beloved! And yet I remain here without Your pains! So I fuse myself and all humanity into the Ardours of the Divine Will, to give You all the Love of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit and *the Immaculate Conception* and Luisa in all the Fiats, that You will see before You all Creation kneeling and adoring You, their King and God. Amen. Fiat! **Hail Mary**

✠ *Jesus says to me: “My child, these thorns say that I want to be constituted King of every heart. All dominion is mine by right. Take these thorns, pierce your heart and make go out of it*

all that does not pertain to me. Leave a thorn in your heart as a seal to show that I am your King and to impede anything else from entering into you. Then go around to all hearts and pierce them to drain them of all the smoke of pride and putridity that they contain and to constitute me as King of everyone.” Jesus I do ask You to take the thorns of pride, prejudice, domination and heretical beliefs, and demolish them with the piercings of Your Sacred Head and the torrents of Blood that flowed from them. In every aperture of Your Sacred Head I want to create a throne of Love and Mercy, a “*Mercy Seat*”, wherein even the most hardened sinner can come and learn contrition and penance, if only he will give but a small sign of allegiance to His King. Amen. Fiat! **Hail Mary**

✠ *I want to unite myself to Your Divinity, so I disperse this nothingness of mine into It, in this way, give You all that You are. I give You Your Love to restore You from your bitternesses. I give You your Heart to restore You from our coldness, lack of correspondence and ingratitude and for the lack of love of creatures. I give You your harmonies to reinvigorate your ears from the deafening blasphemies that you receive. I give You your beauty to reinvigorate You from the ugliness of our souls when we taint ourselves with sin. I give You your purity to reinvigorate You from the lack of right intention and from the mud and rottenness that You see in so many souls. I give You your immensity to reinvigorate you from the voluntary difficulties into which souls put themselves. I give You your ardour to burn all the sins of all hearts so that everyone may love You and that no one may offend You again. **Hail Mary***

✠ *With you Sorrowful Mother we pray : “Adorable Son, how disfigured you are! Ah, if Love did not indicate to Me that You are my Son, my Life, my All, I would no longer recognize You, for your unrecognisable state ... Your natural beauty has been transformed into deformity. Your crimson cheeks have become livid. Oh, beloved Son, your fair Countenance that irradiated Light and Grace (for, to see You and remain enchanted was one and the same thing) has converted into death-pallor.*

Son, how You are reduced! What ugly work sin has wreaked upon your most holy members! Oh, how your inseparable Mother would return your prime beauty to You! I want to fuse my face in Yours and take yours for mine, along with the blows, the spittle, the scorns and all that You suffered in your most Holy Countenance. Ah, Son, if You want Me alive, give Me your pains – otherwise, I will die.” **Hail Mary**

✠ Jesus: *“Holy Father, look at your Son clothed as a madman. This makes reparation to you for the folly of so many creatures fallen into sin. Let this white garment (which Herod placed on Jesus in mockery) be before You, as it were, the release of so many souls who clothe themselves in the gloomy garment of sin. Oh Father, see the hatred, the fury, the rage that they have against Me, and their thirst for my Blood, which makes them almost lose the light of reason. I want to make reparation to You for all hate and vengeance, wrath and homicides. I also want to obtain the light of reason for everyone.* **Hail Mary**

✠ *My Father! Look at Me again. Could there be a greater insult than to prefer the greatest criminal to Me? I want to make reparation to You for all the preferences committed. Ah, the whole world is full of preferences. Some people prefer a vile self-interest to Us – others, honours, vanities, pleasures, attachments, dignities, orgies and even sin itself. All creatures unanimously reject Us, even in the face of every little trifle. I am ready to accept Barabbas’ being preferred to Me to make reparation for the preferences of creatures.”*

✠ Such self annihilation Jesus, I pray annihilate me to my self-interests even in spiritual matters. Jesus teach me Your doctrine of self annihilation to repair for the sin of pride. When I contemplate the greatness of Your self-abasement Jesus, I cannot conceive of Its Beauty in my nothingness. Only You Jesus can make me forget myself totally. Jesus please exchange all that I am for all who You are and live in Me totally so that I may die in You of pure love of You. Amen. Fiat! **Hail Mary.**

And in all the Acts of the Divine Will found in this Mystery we pray,

- ◆ *Glory be to the Father, Son and the Holy Spirit as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*
- ◆ *O my Jesus forgive us our sins. Save us from the fire of Hell and lead all souls to Heaven especially those who have most need of Thy Mercy.*
- ◆ *St Joseph, Virgin Father of the Divine Will! Generate His life in us!*

PRAYER AFTER THE MYSTERY

Supreme Majesty! As Your little children we come upon Your Paternal Knees, to offer You all the Acts of the Divine Will found in this Mystery, together with our acts of reciprocal love, which, in the name of all creatures embrace these Acts. With this offering we implore Mercy, Salvation and Sanctification for every creature, the quick and complete Triumph of the Divine Will on earth, and Its quick and complete triumph in us. Amen.

Precious to Jesus is the Soul who welcomes Suffering

“My daughter, the sorrows of my Heart are indescribable and incomprehensible to human creatures. You must know that every beat of my Heart was a distinct pain. Every heartbeat brought Me a new pain, one different from the other.

Human life is a continuous palpitating. If the heartbeat ceases, life ceases. And so now imagine what torrents of pain each beat of my Heart brought Me. Up to the last moment of my dying, from my Conception to my last heartbeat, it did not spare Me from bringing Me new pains and bitter sorrows.

However, you must also know that my Divinity, which was inseparable from Me, watching over my Heart, while letting a new sorrow enter at each heartbeat, in the same way, at each heartbeat, It let enter new joys, new contentments, new harmonies and celestial secrets.

If I was rich in sorrow and my Heart enclosed immense seas of pain, I was also rich of happiness, of infinite joys and of unreachable sweetness. I would have died at the first heartbeat of pain, if the Divinity, loving this Heart with infinite Love, had not let each heartbeat resound in two within my Heart: sorrow

and joy, bitterness and sweetness, pains and contentments, death and life, humiliation and glory, human abandonments and divine comforts.

Oh, if you could see my Heart, you would see all possible imaginable sorrows centralized in Me from which creatures rise again to new life, and all contentments and divine riches, flowing in my Heart like many seas, as I diffuse them for the good of the whole human family. But, who shares more in these immense treasures of my Heart? For those who suffer more, for each pain or sorrow suffered by the creature. Pain renders her more dignified, more lovable, more dear, more worthy of sympathy.

And, since my Heart drew upon Itself all divine sympathies by virtue of the pains suffered, in seeing pain in the creature, which is a special characteristic of my Heart, watching over this pain, with all my Love I pour upon her the joys and contentments which my Heart contains.

But to my highest sorrow, while my Heart would want to let my joys follow the pain I send to the creatures, not finding in them the love of suffering and the true resignation which My Heart possessed, my joys still follow pain, but in seeing that the pain has not been received with love and honour and with highest submission, my joys do not find the way to enter that sorrowful heart and, grieving, they return to my Heart.

Therefore, when I find a soul who is resigned, who loves suffering, I feel her as though regenerated within my Heart; and, oh, how sorrows and joys, bitterness and sweetness, alternate. I hold nothing back of all the goods which I can pour upon her. “

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“Now, for the soul who lives in my Will and is not completely abandoned in It, self reflections, cares for herself, fears, disturbances, are nothing other than windows, balconies and main doors that she forms in my Will; and by going out very often, she is forced to see and feel the miseries of human life. And since the miseries are her own property, while the riches of my Will are mine, she becomes more attached to the miseries than to

the riches, and so she will not come to love, nor will she enjoy what it means to live in my Will. And having formed the main door, one day or another she will go away to live in the miserable hovel of her own will. See, then, how complete abandonment in Me is necessary in order to live in my Will. My Will does not need the miseries of the human will; It wants the creature to live together with It - beautiful, just as It delivered her from Its womb, without the miserable provision that she has formed for herself in the exile of life. Otherwise, there would be disparity, which would bring sorrow to my Will and unhappiness to the human will."

V 16: February 10, 1924

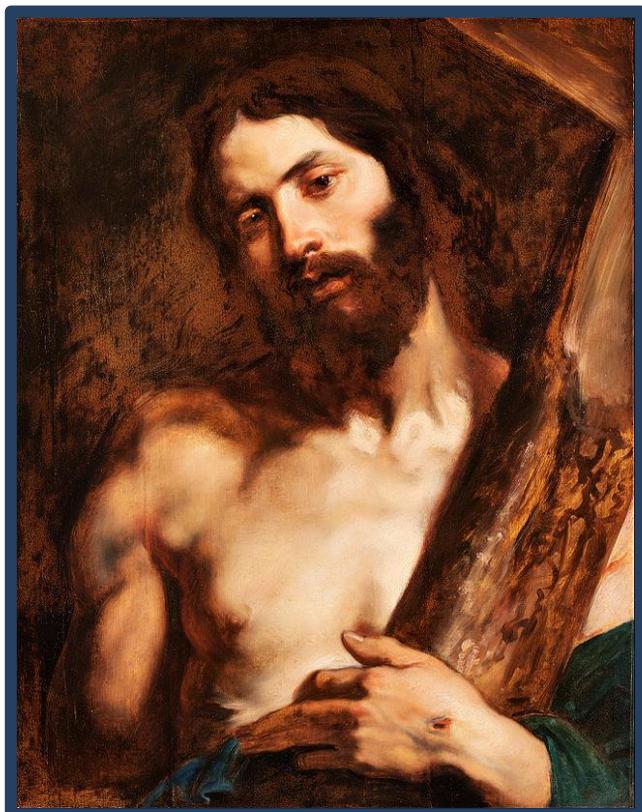
Our Sorrowful Mother's Mediation



"Listen! God has sent me great sorrow. I have seen my sons and daughters taken into captivity, to which they have been sentenced by the Eternal. I had reared them joyfully. In tears, in sorrow, I watched them go away ... I suffer loneliness because of the sins of my own children, who turned away from the Law of God ... Go my children, go your way! I must stay bereft and lonely. I have taken off the clothes of peacetime and put on the sackcloth of entreaty. I will cry to the Eternal all my life. Take courage, my children, call on God. He will deliver you from tyranny, from the hands of your enemies. For I look to the Eternal for your rescue and joy has come to Me from the Holy One at the Mercy soon to reach you from Your Saviour, the Eternal. In sorrow and tears I watched you go away, but God will give you back to Me in joy and gladness forever."

Baruch 4:9

The Carrying of the Cross



PRAYER BEFORE THE MYSTERY

Oh, Divine Will of the Eternal Love, I immerse myself in You as You live this Mystery. I bring with me the entire order of Creation to participate in and glorify You in these Acts of Love *that not one is lost* but all may make their home in You as You have made Your home in us. Amen. Fiat.

Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come! Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily Bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Amen. Fiat.

✠ *My tortured Jesus, I make reparation and suffer with You. I see that your enemies shove You down the steps, while the mob awaits You with fury and eagerness. They have You find the Cross already prepared, which you seek with great longing. You look at it with Love, and You go straight toward it to embrace it. First, You kiss it – and, as a shiver of joy surges through your most Holy Humanity, You look at it with utmost satisfaction and measure its length and its width. You now establish the portion in it for all creatures. You endow them with sufficient cross in order to bind them to the Divinity with a nuptial bond and render them heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. Oh Jesus I kiss every splinter of the Cross with Your kisses and ask You to bind me to it with the same nuptial bond of Love with which You first kissed it. Open the ‘eyes’ of my heart to see the great glory in the cross and with Your Love may I embrace it always. **Hail Mary***

✠ *Then unable to contain the Love with which you Love them You kiss the Cross again and say to it: “Adorable Cross, I embrace you at last! You were the longing of my Heart, the martyrdom of my Love. You, oh Cross, lingered until now while my steps were always directed toward you. Holy Cross, you were the goal of my desires, the purpose of my existence here below. In you I concentrate my whole Being. In you I place all my children. You will be their Life and their Light, their defence, their guard and their strength. You will come to their aid in everything and will conduct them gloriously to Me in Heaven. Oh Cross, cathedra (seat) of Wisdom, you alone will teach true sanctity – you alone will form heroes, athletes, martyrs and Saints. Beautiful Cross, you are my throne – and, since I must depart from the earth, you will remain in my place. I give you as dowry all souls. Keep them for Me. Save them for Me. I entrust them to you.” **Hail Mary***

✠ *As You thus speak, You anxiously receive it on your most holy shoulders. Ah, my Jesus, for your Love the Cross is too light – but, to the weight of the Cross, there is added that of our sins, as enormous and immense as the expanse of the Heavens. My overwhelmed Jesus, you feel Yourself crushed under the weight of*

*so many sins. Your soul is horrified by their sight and you feel the pain of each sin. Your Sanctity is shaken in the face of so much ugliness. Therefore, as You take the Cross upon your shoulders, You stagger, You gasp, and, from your most Sacred Humanity, trickles a mortal sweat. **Hail Mary***

✠ *My most patient Jesus, I see that You take your first steps under the enormous weight of the Cross. I unite my steps to yours. When You are weak, bleeding, wavering and about to fall, I will be by your side to bear You up. I will lend my shoulders under it to bear its weight with You. Do not disdain me, but accept me for your faithful companion. **Hail Mary***

✠ *Oh Jesus, You look at me and I see that You make reparation for those who do not carry their own cross with resignation. On the contrary, they curse, become angered and commit suicide and homicide. And You obtain love and resignation for everyone toward one's own cross. But the pain is such that you feel Yourself crushed, so to say, under the Cross. You have taken but the first steps, and already You fall under it. As You fall, You hit against the rocks. The thorns are driven deeper into your Head, while the pains of your wounds become more intense and give forth more Blood. And, since You do not have the strength to rise, your enemies grow angry and try to put You on your feet with kicks and shoves. Jesus, I fuse myself into You to suffer together with You all the pains of being prodded mercilessly to go on despite Your intense suffering; and with the arms of the Divine Will, I lift you from all your falls. **Hail Mary***

✠ *My fallen Love permit me to help You to your feet, to kiss you, to clean your Blood and, together with You, to make reparation for those who sin out of ignorance, frailty and weakness. I pray You to give help to these souls. My Life, Jesus, your enemies, with unspeakable torments succeed in bringing You to your feet. As You stagger on, I hear your panting breath. Your Heart pounds harder, and new, intense pains transfix it. Now You shake your Head to free your eyes of the Blood that fills them, and anxiously look. Ah my Jesus, now I understand. It is your*

Mother who goes in search of You as a mournful dove. She wants to say a last word to you and receive one last gaze of yours.

✠ Oh, Heavenly Mother let me put my footsteps in yours, my heart in yours that I may wander the earth in search of my Jesus suffering in almost every place, in every heart, soul, body, mind and will because of the “*sign of contradiction*” placed there. Mother in all the crosses given or borne may you find me there together with you Mother to caress, to compassionate and to give the balm of your healing words and your maternal encouragement. Mother only you can plant in me Your compassionate Heart. Amen. Fiat! **Hail Mary**

✠ *You feel her pains and her Heart lacerated in yours, and You feel moved to compassion and wounded by her love and yours. Now, You perceive Her making her way through the mob. At any cost She wants to see You, embrace You and give You her last goodbye. But You are more transfixed upon seeing her mortal pallidness and all your pains reproduced in her by force of Love. If She lives, it is only by a miracle of your omnipotence. Now, You direct your steps toward Her – but only with difficulty can You exchange your gazes! Oh, heavenly Mother, I want to console you as well as Jesus in this moment of transfixed Sorrow when all the prophecies reach their peak and the words of the prophets become a living reality in your maternal Heart. “The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even to the head, there is no soundness in it, but bruises and sores and bleeding wounds - they are not pressed out, or bound up, or softened with oil.” (Isaiah 1:6)*

✠ Jesus into this Nuptial Gaze of Love for the Cross which You share with Your Sorrowful Mother, I place all souls from Adam and Eve to the last, that we may exchange our repugnance for the cross with Your Divine Ardours and that all souls when gifted with the Cross may embrace It with the fullness of Your Love especially Your consecrated ones. Amen. Fiat! **Hail Mary**

✠ *Oh, rending of the Hearts of both! The soldiers become aware and, with knocks and shoves, impede Mother and Son from saying good-bye. The anguish of both is so great that your*

Mother is petrified by the sorrow and is about to succumb, while You fall again under the Cross. Faithful John and the pious women hold Her up. Then what your sorrowful Mother does not do corporally, because She is impeded, She does with her soul. She enters into You, makes the Will of the Eternal One hers and, associating Herself with all of your pains, She performs her office of Mother toward You. She kisses You, makes reparation to You, alleviates You and pours the balm of her dolorous love into all of your wounds.

✠ Mother I fuse myself into Your Sorrowful Heart to learn how to live within the sorrows Jesus sends me. I want to transform all from the human will into the Divine Will. I want most of all to Love with the Ardours of Your Love, our sweet Jesus in all His Pains and share them with You, in the manner You share them. Mother, You are my teacher in the Way of the Cross. Help me please. Amen. Fiat! **Hail Mary**

✠ *My suffering Jesus, I, too, unite with the transfixed Mother. I make all of your pains mine, and, in every drop of your Blood and in every wound, I want to perform the office of mother toward You. And, together with You and with Her, I make reparation for all the dangerous encounters and for those who expose themselves to the occasions of sin, or who, constrained by the necessity to expose themselves, become entangled in sin. Meanwhile, fallen under the Cross, You moan. The soldiers fear that You may die under the weight of so many martyrdoms and for the shedding of so much Blood. So, resorting to lashings and kicks, with difficulty, they succeed in bringing you to your feet. Thus You make reparation for the repeated falls into sin and for the grave sins committed by every class of person. And You pray for obstinate sinners and weep tears of Blood for their conversion.*

✠ Jesus, I immerse myself in Your Love which enfolds the courage of all the martyrs and more than they, Your own Divine Strength. I take that Divine Strength and give it to all who are falling for want of encouragement, or for human weakness, or for lack of Faith in You, or because they have never been shown how

to pray, how to trust or how to embrace the Cross. In Your falls and in Your rising I place all these and say to each in all the Ardours of the Divine Will, *“Rise with Your Jesus to new life! Thank Him for the grace of your cross and love Him in it. It is the means for your salvation. See beyond the ‘veil’ of its hardness to the merciful centre which is within. Rise my dear brothers and sisters, rise!”* **Hail Mary**

✠ *My exhausted Love, while I follow You in your reparations, I see that You can no longer support the enormous weight of the Cross. You now tremble from head to foot. With the continual knocks that You receive, the thorns penetrate ever more into your most Sacred Head. The Cross, by its heavy weight, penetrates into your shoulder, so much so as to form a wound so deep that the bones are laid bare. And, at every step it seems to me that You die. Thus, it is impossible for you to go on. But your Love, which can do everything, gives You strength. And, as You feel the Cross penetrate your shoulder You make reparation for hidden sins which, not having been satisfied for, increase the bitterness of your torments. My Jesus, permit me to put my shoulder under the Cross to relieve You and to make reparations with You for all hidden sins.*

✠ Together with Luisa and Holy Mother, Jesus, I too want to shoulder the weight of Your Cross. I bring with me all Your ‘brides’ and in the ardours of the Divine Will, we lift that heavy weight of the generations of denial of God from Your shoulders and we cry out with all the Love of the Divine Will and with Your Faith, *“Most Holy Trinity, who dwells in us, suffering and carrying our pains, we love You, we praise You and we thank You for all Your labours of Love in the Body of Jesus and also in our Mother Mary, Abba Joseph, Luisa, Padre Pio, St Francis, St Maximilian, St Therese, Louis and Zelig Martin and all your victims of Love’s Ardour. In these holy ones who helped You to carry Your Cross we offer ourselves to You to ease Its burdens as You climb to the summit of Your Love. Amen. Fiat!* **Hail Mary**

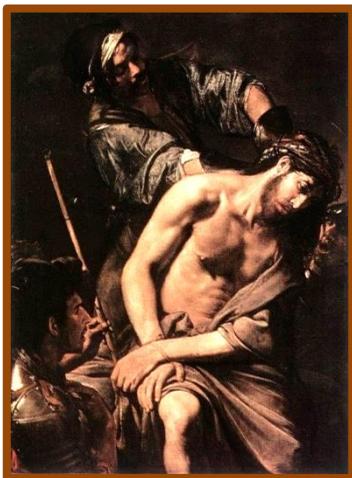
And in all the Acts of the Divine Will found in this Mystery we pray,

- ✠ *Glory be to the Father, Son and the Holy Spirit as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*
- ✠ *O my Jesus forgive us our sins. Save us from the fire of Hell and lead all souls to Heaven especially those who have most need of Thy Mercy.*
- ✠ *St Joseph, Virgin Father of the Divine Will! Generate His life in us!*

PRAYER AFTER THE MYSTERY

Supreme Majesty! As Your little children we come upon Your Paternal Knees, to offer You all the Acts of the Divine Will found in this Mystery, together with our acts of reciprocal love, which, in the name of all creatures embrace these Acts. With this offering we implore Mercy, Salvation and Sanctification for every creature, the quick and complete Triumph of the Divine Will on earth, and Its quick and complete triumph in us. Amen.

The Public Stripping of Jesus And the Third Crowning with Thorns



“My child, how much souls cost Me! Here is the place at which I await everyone in order to save them, where I want to make reparation for the sins of those who go so far as to degrade themselves below the beasts and who persist so much in offending Me that they reach the point of not being able to live without committing sins. Their reason is blinded and they sin madly. This is why they crown Me with thorns for the third time. And, by being stripped, I make

reparation for those who wear luxurious or indecent dress, for the sins committed against modesty, and for those who are so bound to riches, honours and pleasure that they make a god of them for their hearts. Ah, yes each of these offences is a death that I feel. And, if I do not die, it is because the Will of my Eternal Father has not yet decreed the moment of my death!

My stripped Jesus, I make reparation with You and I pray You to take your most holy hands and strip me of everything. Do not permit any evil thing to enter my heart. Watch over it for me. Surround it with your sorrows and fill it with you Love until it burns and no longer partakes of earthly things. Let my life be only a repetition of your Life and confirm my being stripped of everything with your blessing. Bless me with your Heart and give me the strength to be present at your sorrowful crucifixion - to be crucified with You.” 10 am Hour of the Passion

The Crucifixion

PRAYER BEFORE THE MYSTERY



Oh, Divine Will of the Eternal Love, I immerse myself in You as You live this Mystery. I bring with me the entire order of Creation to participate in and glorify You in these Acts of Love *that not one is lost* but all may make their home in You as You have made Your home in us. Amen. Fiat.

Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come! Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily Bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Fiat

LOVING JESUS IN HIS AFFIXATION TO THE CROSS

✠ *My Love, before You extend Yourself upon the Cross permit me to press You closer to my heart and to give You a kiss and receive one from You as well ... I want to come to You and*

extend myself upon the cross and remain nailed together with You. True Love knows no separation of any kind ... Jesus, "My child, you have guessed my Love. This is my Will: that all who love Me be crucified with Me. Ah, yes, come by all means to extend yourself with Me upon the Cross. I will make you become life of my Life – I will keep you as the beloved of my Heart."

Hail Mary

COMPASSIONATING THE RIGHT HAND OF JESUS

✠ *And behold, tender Love, now You extend Yourself upon the Cross ... the pain that You suffer, my Jesus, is so great and intense that You tremble. The Light of your fair eyes is obscured and your most Holy Face grows pale and colourless. O blessed right hand, I kiss you, I compassionate you, I adore you, and I thank you for myself and for everyone. For as many blows, Jesus as You received, so many souls do I ask You to free from condemnation to hell in this moment. For as many drops of Blood as You shed, so many souls do I pray You to wash in this most precious Blood of yours. And, for the bitter pain that you suffered, especially when they nailed You to the Cross in such a way as to pull the nerves in your arms, I pray You to open Heaven to everyone and to bless everyone. May your blessing call sinners to conversion, and heretics and infidels to the light of the Faith. Hail Mary*

COMPASSIONATING THE LEFT HAND OF JESUS

✠ *Oh, left hand of my Jesus, I kiss you, I compassionate you, I adore you, and I thank you. For those blows and pains that You, Jesus, suffered when they drove in the nail, I pray You to grant me in this moment the flight of many souls from purgatory to Heaven. And for the Blood that You shed, I pray You to extinguish the flames that burn those souls. May it be for all of them a refreshment and a beneficial bath to purify them of all their stains and dispose them for the Beatific Vision. My Love, You who are everything to me, for the acute pain that You suffered when they drove the nail through your left hand, I pray You to close Hell to all souls and hold back the thundering wrath*

of the Divine Justice, which has been unfortunately irritated by our sins.

✠ *For goodness sake, Jesus, let this nail in your Blessed left hand be the key that closes the Divine Justice to not let chastisements rain upon the earth and open the treasures of the Divine Mercy in favour of everyone. There, I pray You to press us in your arms. You now seem to be immobile to everything, and we are free to be able to do everything for You. Therefore, I put the world and all generations into your arms. My Love, with the voices of your own Blood, I pray You to deny no one forgiveness, and, by the merits of this most precious Blood of yours, I ask You to give everyone salvation and grace. Do not exclude anyone, oh my Jesus. **Hail Mary***

COMPASSIONATING THE WOUNDED FEET OF JESUS

✠ *My Love Jesus, your enemies are not yet satisfied. With diabolical fury, they take hold of your most holy feet, which were always untiring in seeking souls and are now contracted on account of the pain in your hands, and, they pull them so much that your knees, your ribs, and all the bones in your breast are dislocated. My heart cannot bear it, oh my Jesus! Eclipsed and veiled in Blood, your fair eyes roll because of the pain, and, I see your lips contort, all colourless and swollen by the blows. Your cheeks grow hollow, your teeth chatter, your breast heaves and, because of the stretching of your hands and feet, **YOUR HEART IS ENTIRELY SHATTERED.***

✠ *My Love, how willingly would I take your place to spare You so much pain. I want to extend myself upon all of your members to give You relief, a kiss, and a comfort for everyone and a reparation for everything. Permit me to place all Priests in your right foot, especially those who do not live good and holy lives, so that they may be light for all peoples. And, in your left foot all peoples, so that they may receive Light from Priests and respect and obey them ... O Blessed feet of my Jesus, I kiss you, I compassionate you, I adore you, and I thank you. For the most bitter pains that You suffered, Jesus, for the racking that dislocated all your bones, and for the Blood that You shed, I pray*

You to enclose all souls in your wounds. Do not look down upon anyone, oh Jesus. Let your nails pierce our powers so that they may not separate from you, and our hearts so that they may fix themselves always and only in You. May all of our sentiments be nailed by your nails so that they may not find any pleasure that does not come from You. Hail Mary

**COMPASSIONATING THE INFLAMED HEART OF
JESUS INVOKING IN IT THE INCREASE OF 'VICTIM
SOULS' OF HIS LOVE WHO CO-REDEEM WITH HIM**

✠ *My crucified Jesus, I see that You are entirely bathed in Blood. You are now swimming in a Bath of Blood, and these drops of Blood say nothing to You but souls. Indeed, I see that the souls of all ages abound in each of these drops of Blood. And so, You contained us all in Yourself, oh Jesus. By the power of this Blood, I ask You to let no one else flee from You. Oh my Jesus, I draw near to your Heart while the executioners finish nailing your feet. I see that you can no longer go on, but Love cries out louder, "Still more pains!" My Jesus, I embrace your Heart, I kiss You, I compassionate You, I adore You and thank You for myself and for everyone.*

✠ *Oh Jesus, I want to rest my head on your Heart to hear what You suffer in this painful crucifixion. Oh, I hear that every blow of the hammer echoes in your Heart! This Heart is the Centre of everything: and from It the pains begin, and in It they end. Ah, if it were not awaiting to be rent with a lance, the flames of your Love and the Blood that boils around It would have escaped and rent your Heart.*

✠ *This Blood and these flames call the souls that love You to make a happy abode in your Heart. For the Love of this Heart and for your most precious Blood, I pray You, I ask of You, oh Jesus, the sanctity of the souls of those who love You. Oh Jesus, never permit them to go out of your Heart! And, with your Grace, multiply the vocations of victim souls so that they may continue your Life on earth. You wanted to give a special place in your heart to the souls that love You. Grant that they never lose this place. Oh Jesus, may the flames of your Heart burn me*

and consume me. May your Blood embellish me, and your Love keep me always nailed to Love with pain and with reparation.

Hail Mary

COMPASSIONATING JESUS' SACRED FACE PRESSED INTO THE MUD AS THE CROSS IS INVERTED

✠ *My Jesus, the executioners have already nailed your hands and your feet to the cross. And, turning it over to bend the protruding points of the nails over, they constrain your adorable Face to touch the ground bathed in your own Blood. You kiss it with your Divine Mouth. With this kiss, oh my tender Love, You intend to kiss all souls and bind them to your Love to seal their salvation. Oh, Jesus, let me take your place. And, while the executioners bend the nails over, let these blows wound me as well and nail me entirely to your Love. My Jesus, as the thorns sink ever deeper into your Head, I want to offer You, oh my gentle Love, all my thoughts as affectionate kisses to console You and mitigate the bitterness of your thorns. Oh Jesus, I see that your enemies have not yet had their fill of insulting and deriding You. So, I want to comfort your Divine Gazes with my gazes of love.*

Hail Mary

COMPASSIONATING JESUS IN HIS CRUCIFIXION

✠ *“Your tongue is almost stuck to the roof of your mouth for the bitterness of the gall and for your burning thirst. To quench your thirst, oh my Jesus, You would have all the hearts of creatures overflowing with Love. And, not having them, You burn ever more for them. My tender Love, I intend to send You rivers of Love to mitigate in some way the bitterness of the gall and your burning thirst. Oh Jesus, at every movement that You make, the wounds of your hands tear all the more, and the pain becomes sharper and more intense. My dear Jesus, to relieve and to soothe this pain, I offer You the holy works of all creatures.*

✠ *Oh Jesus how You suffer in your most holy feet! It seems that all the movements of your most Sacred Body reflect in them. And, no one is near You to sustain You or to give You some relief from the bitterness of your pains! My most sweet Life, I would*

*gather together the steps of all of the creatures of all generations – past, present and future, and direct them all to You to come to console You in your intense pains. Oh my Jesus, ah, how your poor Heart is rent! How can I comfort so much pain? I will diffuse myself in You. I will put my heart in yours, and in your ardent desires, my own desires, so that every evil desire may be destroyed. I will diffuse my love in yours so that the hearts of all creatures may be burned with your Fire and profane loves destroyed. Your most Sacred Heart will be comforted. And, from this moment, I promise You, oh Jesus, to keep myself always nailed to this most loving Heart with the nails of your desires, of your Love and of your Will. **Hail Mary***

✠ *My good Jesus, I see that your enemies raise the heavy wood of the Cross and let it fall into the hole prepared by them. And You, my sweet Love, are suspended between Heaven and earth. In this solemn moment You turn to the Father, and, with your weak and feeble voice, You say to Him: “Holy Father here I am burdened with all the sins of the world. There is no sin which does not lay upon Me. Therefore, no longer pour out the chastisements of your Divine Justice upon men, but upon Me, your Son. Oh Father, permit Me to bind all souls to this Cross and implore forgiveness for them with the voices of my Blood and of my wounds. Oh Father, do You not see how I am reduced? By this Cross and in virtue of these pains, grant true conversion, peace, pardon and sanctity to everyone.” Oh Jesus, while You are transfixed on the Cross, your soul is no longer on earth, but in the Heavens with your Divine Father to defend and plead the cause of our souls. **Hail Mary***

✠ *My crucified Love, I too want to follow You before the Throne of the Eternal One. Together with You, I want to disarm the Divine Justice. I make my own your most Holy Humanity united to your Will, and, together with You, I want to do what You do. What is more, my Life, permit me to make my thoughts, my love, my will and my desires flow in yours. My heartbeat in your Heart and my whole being in You so that nothing may escape me and so that I may repeat act for act and word for word all that*

You do. But I see that You, my crucified Jesus, seeing the Divine Father exceedingly angered against creatures, prostrate Yourself before Him and hide all creatures in your most Holy Humanity. In this way You put us into safety so that the Father, looking at us, in You, for love of You, may not cast the creature away from Himself! And if he looks at it with indignation, it is because so many souls have disfigured the beautiful image created by Him and think only of offending Him. And, of the intelligence which should be used to know Him, they have formed instead, the den in which they hide all sins.” **Hail Mary**

✠ *Your voice says: “My Father, it is true that the ungrateful creature defiles itself ever more with sins, such as to no longer merit your Paternal gaze. But, look at Me, oh Father. I want to weep so much before You, as to form a bath of Tears and of Blood to wash this filth with which creatures are covered. My Father, so You perhaps want to reject Me? No! You cannot do it. I am your Son, and while I am your Son, I am also the Head of all creatures. And they are my members. Let Us save them, oh Father! Let Us save them ... Mercy, Graces and Love for the poor creature? ... My Father! Look at Me again. Do not hear the voices of creatures, but listen to mine. It is I who satisfy for everyone. Therefore, I pray You to look at the creature, but to look at it in Me. If You look at it outside of Me, what will become of it? It is weak, ignorant and capable only of doing evil. It is full of all miseries. Mercy! Have Mercy on the poor creature! I will answer for them with this tongue of mine embittered by the gall, parched by the thirst, burnt and scorched by Love.”* **Hail Mary**

✠ And in all the Acts of the Divine Will found in this Mystery we pray,

✠ *Glory be to the Father, Son and the Holy Spirit as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*

✠ *O my Jesus forgive us our sins. Save us from the fire of Hell, lead all souls to heaven especially those in most need of Thy Mercy.*

✠ *St Joseph, Virgin Father of the Divine Will! Generate His life in us!*

PRAYER AFTER THE MYSTERY

Supreme Majesty! As Your little children we come upon Your Paternal Knees, to offer You all the Acts of the Divine Will found in this Mystery, together with our acts of reciprocal love, which, in the name of all creatures embrace these Acts. With this offering we implore Mercy, Salvation and Sanctification for every creature, the quick and complete Triumph of the Divine Will on earth, and Its quick and complete triumph in us. Amen

HAIL HOLY QUEEN! Mother of Mercy! Hail our Life, our Sweetness and our Hope. To Thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve. To Thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this vale of tears. Turn then, most gracious Advocate, Thine eyes of Mercy towards us and after this our exile, show unto us the blessed Fruit of Thy Womb, Jesus. O Clement, O Loving, O Sweet Virgin Mary. Pray for us, O Holy Mother of God, that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ

CLOSING PRAYER: O God! Whose only begotten Son, by His Life, Death and Resurrection has purchased for us the rewards of Eternal Life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating upon these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain, and obtain what they promise, through the same Christ our Lord, Amen.

SAINT MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL defend us in the hour of battle. Be our safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil. May God rebuke him, we humbly pray and do thou, O Prince of the Heavenly Host, by the Power of God, cast Satan down to hell and with him all the wicked spirits who wander through the world seeking the ruin of souls. Amen.

PRAYERS FOR THE HOLY FATHER

Lord Jesus, shelter our Holy Father, the Pope, under the protection of Thy Sacred Heart. Be Thou his Light, his Strength and his Consolation. Deliver him not up to the will of his enemies. (One Our Father, Hail Mary & Glory Be.)

Holy Spirit of God possess him!

Jesus speaking to Luisa of the generative virtue of one who lives in His Will tells her that she shares in the Divine Paternity and that all her Acts in His Will create Himself, Who is the Father of all Creation — so conceiving another Jesus, she creates the generations of Jesus' Divine Paternity — this is why He says all will act like a father towards her whom they recognize as their daughter in Spirit and in Truth. This is also why our good popes are more truly our fathers when they live in His Will and deserve our filial obedience more than our biological fathers if they do not live in His Will.

*“They (all creatures) are your fathers and you are a daughter to everyone. See how great is My Divine Paternity! How long is your line of children ... only whoever lives in My Will can have *the right to so great a Paternity and so long a line of children, of being loved by all with paternal love ... But do you know what it means to possess so great a Paternity and so long a line of children? It means to be bound with bonds of justice and all the riches, glory, honour, privileges that so great a Paternity possesses. Do you know who is not your father - only those who do not let My Will reign in them. They do not have rights over you, nor do you have any duty towards them. They are something that does not pertain to you.”* Vol 19: 5 Sept, 1926

These words clearly tell us we must obey only those who themselves are obeying the Law of Christ, the Holy Will of our heavenly Father reigning in Him. Those who are not doing so or worse are rebellious to it do not deserve our obedience. We love our enemies in the way Jesus loved them, through speaking the Truth in love, through praying and doing penance for them and assisting them in real need. But to obey them or give them allegiance is an obedience to the adversary of Christ. Saints have died rather than deny Christ by giving obedience to anti-Christ authorities.

PRAYER FOR THE BEATIFICATION OF LUISA



O Most Holy Trinity! Our Lord Jesus Christ taught us that, as we pray, we should ask that our Father's Name be always glorified, that His Will be done on earth and that His Kingdom come to reign among us. In our great desire to make known this Kingdom of Love, Justice and Peace we humbly ask that you glorify your servant, Luisa, the Little Daughter of the Divine Will, who, with her constant prayer and suffering deeply yearned for the salvation of souls and the coming of God's Kingdom in the

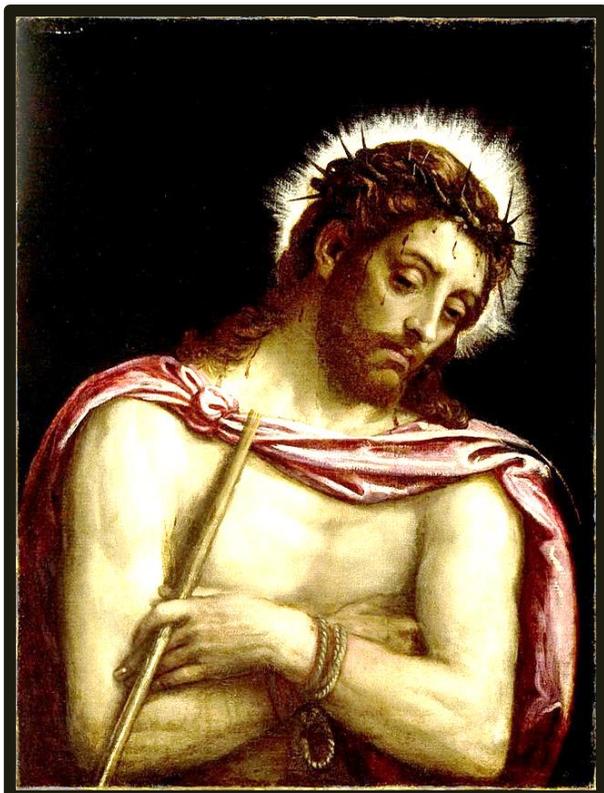
world. Following her example we pray to You, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, to help us joyously embrace the crosses of the world so that we may also glorify Your Name, and enter into the Kingdom of your Will. Amen.

Approved by the Curia of the Archdiocese of Trani, Italy. Carmelo Cassati — Archbishop

Litany of the Divine Mercy

"The Love of God is the Flower - Mercy is the Fruit"

Saint Faustina - 12 February, 1937 - DIARY - Notebook II



*"Let the doubting soul read these considerations on
the Divine Mercy and become trusting."*

Response is - "I trust in You"

Divine Mercy, Gushing forth from the Bosom of the Father

Divine Mercy, Greatest Attribute of God

Divine Mercy, Incomprehensible Mystery

Divine Mercy, Fount gushing forth from the Most Blessed Trinity

Divine Mercy, Creating 'The Immaculate Conception'
Divine Mercy, Fount gushing forth from the Unity of the Holy Family of Jesus, Mary and Joseph
Divine Mercy, Fount of Love from Their Nuptial Unity
Divine Mercy, Divine Order in the Four Unities of Man
Divine Mercy, Heart of the Three Fiats of God with Man
Divine Mercy, Beckoning us in The Child Jesus
Divine Mercy, Guardian of the Divine Innocence
Divine Mercy, Heart of Contemplation
Divine Mercy, Heart of all Acts of the Divine Will
Divine Mercy, Drawing all Mankind to reconcile with God
Divine Mercy, Initiator of all Good
Divine Mercy, Restorer of a merciful fatherhood and motherhood
Divine Mercy, Unfathomed by any intellect, human or angelic
Divine Mercy, From which wells forth all life and happiness
Divine Mercy, Better than the heavens
Divine Mercy, Source of miracles and wonders
Divine Mercy, Encompassing the whole universe
Divine Mercy, Which flowed out from Jesus' pierced Heart
Divine Mercy, Enclosed in the Heart of Jesus for us
Divine Mercy, Unfathomed in the institution of the Sacred Host
Divine Mercy, In the founding of Holy Church
Divine Mercy, In the Sacrament of Holy Baptism
Divine Mercy, In the Sacrament of Mercy (Penance)
Divine Mercy, In the Sacrament of Confirmation
Divine Mercy, In the Sacrament of Holy Eucharist
Divine Mercy, In the Sacrament of Holy Orders
Divine Mercy, In the Sacrament of Holy Matrimony
Divine Mercy, In the Sacrament of Anointing of the Sick
Divine Mercy, In all the Sacraments of our Holy Mother
Divine Mercy, In our justification through Jesus Christ

Divine Mercy, Accompanying us through our whole life
Divine Mercy, Embracing us especially at the hour of death
Divine Mercy, Endowing us with immortal life
Divine Mercy, Accompanying us every moment of our life
Divine Mercy, Shielding us from the fire of hell
Divine Mercy, In the conversion of hardened sinners
Divine Mercy, Astonishment for Angels,
Divine Mercy, Incomprehensible to the Saints
Divine Mercy, Unfathomed in all the mysteries of God
Divine Mercy, Lifting us out of every misery
Divine Mercy, Source of our happiness and joy
Divine Mercy, In calling us forth from nothingness to existence
Divine Mercy, Embracing all the works of His Hands
Divine Mercy, Crown of all of God's handiwork
Divine Mercy, In which we are all immersed
Divine Mercy, Sweet relief for anguished hearts,
Divine Mercy, Only hope of despairing souls
Divine Mercy, Repose of hearts, peace amidst fear
Divine Mercy, Delight and ecstasy of holy souls
Divine Mercy, Inspiring hope against all hope
Divine Mercy, Womb of salvation for the aborted babies
Divine Mercy, Welcoming breast for the murdered
Divine Mercy, Consolation for the grieving
Divine Mercy, Guardian Angel for the children of war
Divine Mercy, Only Hope for the victims of abuse
Divine Mercy, Eternal Food for the starving
Divine Mercy, Rescue for the despairing
Divine Mercy, Embrace of the dying

Jesus, I trust in You!



