

*The Kingdom of the
Divine Fiat
in the Midst of Creatures*



The Servant of God

**Luisa
Piccarreta**

*Little Daughter of the
Divine Will*

*Book of
Heaven*

* * *

**The Call of the Creature
to Return to the Order,
to the Place, and to the Purpose
for Which It was Created by God**

Volume 11

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VOLUME 11

J.M.J.

Viva Gesù, Viva Maria

Good-bye in the Evening to Jesus in the Sacrament

O my Jesus, celestial Prisoner, the sun is now setting, the darkness invades the earth, and You remain alone in the Tabernacle of love. I seem to see You with an air of sadness because of the loneliness of the night, not having around You the crown of your sons and of your tender spouses, who may at least keep You company in your voluntary imprisonment.

O my Divine Prisoner, I too feel my heart catch for having to leave You, and I am forced to say good-bye to You. But, what am I saying? O Jesus - never again good-bye. I don't have the courage to leave You alone. Good-bye with my lips, but not with my heart; rather, I leave my heart with You in the Tabernacle. I will count your heartbeats and I will correspond to them with my heartbeat of love; I will number your panting sighs and, to cheer You, I will make You rest in my arms. I will be your vigilant sentry; I will be attentive to see if anything comes to trouble You or to sadden You, not only so as to never leave You alone, but also to take part in all your pains.

O Heart of my heart! O Love of my love! Leave this air of sadness and be consoled; I don't have the heart to see You afflicted. While with my lips I say good-bye, I leave with You my breaths, my affections, my thoughts, my desires and all my movements, which, forming a chain of continuous acts of love, united to Yours, will surround You like a crown, and will love You for all. Aren't You happy, O Jesus? It seems You say Yes, don't You?

Good-bye, O loving Prisoner - but, I have not finished yet. Before I depart, I also want to leave my body before You; I intend to make of my flesh and of my bones many tiny little pieces in order to form as many lamps for as many Tabernacles as exist in the world; and of my blood, many little flames to light those lamps. And in every Tabernacle I intend to put my lamp which, uniting with the lamp of the Tabernacle that gives You light at night, will say to You: 'I love You, I adore You, I bless You, I repair You and I thank You for me and for all.'

Good-bye, O Jesus - but, listen to one more word: let us make a pact, and the pact be that we will love each other more. You will give me more love, will enclose me in your love, will make me live of love, and will bury me in your love. Let us tighten our bond of love more strongly; I will be content only if You give me your love to be able to really love You.

Good-bye, O Jesus, bless me - bless all. Clasp me to your Heart, imprison me in your love; and I leave You, placing a kiss upon your Heart. Good-bye, good-bye....

Good Morning to Jesus

O my Jesus, sweet Prisoner of love, here I am before You again. I left You saying good-bye, and now I come back saying good morning. I was anxiously burning to see You again in this prison of

love, to give You my yearning obsequies, my affectionate heartbeats, my ardent desires and all of myself in order to transfuse myself completely in You, and to abandon all of myself in You in perpetual memory and pledge of my love toward You.

O my always lovable Sacramental Love, You know? While I have come to give You all of myself, I have also come to receive from You all of Yourself. I cannot live without a life, therefore I want yours. All is given to one who gives all; isn't it true, O Jesus? Therefore, today I will love with your heartbeat of a passionate lover; I will breathe with your panting breath in search for souls; I will desire your glory and the good of souls with your immeasurable desires. All the heartbeats of creatures will flow within your divine heartbeat; we will grasp them all, we will save them, we will let no one escape, at the cost of any sacrifice - even if I should bear all the pain. If You should push me away, I will fling myself deeper inside; I will cry out louder in order to plead together with You the salvation of your children and my brothers.

O my Jesus, my Life and my All, how many things does your voluntary imprisonment tell me! But the emblem with which I see You all studded, is the emblem of the souls; and the chains which bind You completely, so very tightly, are love. It seems that the words souls and love make You smile, debilitate You and force You to surrender in everything; and I, pondering well these excesses of your love, will be always around You and together with You, with my usual refrains: 'Souls and love'.

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

O dear Prisoner of love, bind me with your chains, seal me with your love. O please! show me your beautiful face. O Jesus, how beautiful You are! Your blond hair braids and sanctifies all my thoughts; your forehead, calm and serene in the midst of so many offenses, gives me peace and puts me in the most perfect calm - even in the midst of the greatest storms, of your very privations, of your whims, which cost me my life. Ah, You know it, but I move on; it is my heart that tells You this, for it knows how to say it better than I do. O Love, your beautiful cerulean eyes, sparkling with divine light, abduct me to Heaven and make me forget the earth; but, alas, to my greatest sorrow my exile yet continues. Hurry, hurry, O Jesus! Yes, You are beautiful, O Jesus; I seem to see You in that Tabernacle of love. The beauty and the majesty of your face enamors me and makes me see Heaven; your gracious mouth kisses me softly in every instant. Your gentle voice calls me and invites me to love every moment; your knees sustain me; your arms clasp me with indissoluble bond; and I will impress my burning kisses, thousands upon thousands, on your adorable face.

Jesus, Jesus, may our will be one; one our love, one our contentment. Never leave me alone, for I am a nothing, and the nothing cannot be without the All. Do You promise me, O Jesus? It seems that You say Yes. And now bless me - bless all; and in the company of the Angels, of the Saints, of the sweet Mama and of all creatures, I say to You: 'Good morning, O Jesus, good morning....'

Now, after I wrote these prayers, written above under the influence of Jesus, as He came at nighttime, Jesus showed me that He was keeping this 'good-bye' and 'good morning' inside His Heart, and He told me: "My daughter, they really came out of my Heart. Whoever will recite them with the intention of being with Me, as it is expressed in these prayers, I will keep him with Me and in Me, to do what I do. I will not only warm him with my love, but each time I will increase my love toward that soul, admitting him to union with the Divine Life and with my own desires to save all souls."

I would want Jesus in my mind, Jesus in my lips, Jesus in my heart; I would want to look only at Jesus, hear only Jesus, be clasped only with Jesus. I want to do everything together with Jesus - love with Jesus, suffer with Jesus, joke with Jesus, cry with Jesus, write with Jesus. Without Jesus I don't even want to draw a breath. I will stay here like a fussy little girl, doing nothing, so that Jesus will come to do everything with me, content to be his amusement, abandoning myself to his love, to his lashes, to his worries and to his loving whims, as long as I do everything with Jesus.

See, O my Jesus? This is my will, and You will not move me - did You hear? So, now come and write with me.

+++

February 14, 1912

Jesus looks at everything in the will. In the Divine Will all things acquire the same value.

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came, and I was saying to Him: 'Tell me, O Jesus, how is it that after You have disposed the soul to suffering, and knowing the goodness contained in it, she loves suffering, she suffers almost with passion, and while she believes that suffering is her inheritance, all of a sudden You take this treasure away from her?' And Jesus: "My daughter, my love is great, my rule is insuperable, my teachings are sublime, my instructions divine, creative and inimitable. Therefore, so that all things - be they great or small, painful or enjoyable, natural or spiritual - may acquire one single color and have one single value, once the soul has practiced suffering and reaches the point of loving it, I let this suffering pass into her will as her own property. So, every time I send her suffering, having the property and the dispositions within her will, she will always be disposed to suffer it and to love it. I look at things in the will, and it is as if the soul were always suffering, even if she does not suffer. And so that pleasure may have the same value as suffering, as well as praying, working, eating, sleeping... - in sum, everything, because everything is in whether things are from my Will - so that all things may have one same value, I allow the soul to practice all things in my Will with holy indifference. So, it seems to the soul that I give her something, and then I take it away from her; but it is not true. Rather, it happens that at the beginning, when the soul is not yet well trained, she feels sensitivity in suffering, in praying, in loving; but when, through practice, these things pass into her will as her own property, her sensitivity ceases. And when the need arises for her to use these divine properties which I made her acquire, with firm step and imperturbable heart she begins to exercise them, as the opportunity comes. For example: does suffering come? She finds within herself the strength and the life of suffering. Must she pray? She finds within herself the life of prayer; and so with all the rest."

According to what Jesus says, it seems to me this way: let us suppose that I have received a gift; until

I make up my mind on where I should keep that gift, I look at it, I appreciate it, and I feel a certain sensitivity in loving that gift; but if I keep it under lock and key, no longer watching it, that sensitivity ceases. However, with this I cannot say that the gift is no longer mine; on the contrary it is more certainly mine, because I keep it under lock and key, while before it was in danger, and someone might have stolen it from me.

Jesus continues: “In my Will all things hold each other’s hands, all look alike and all are in accord. Therefore, suffering gives its place to pleasure and says: ‘I have done my part in the Will of God; now you do yours, and only if Jesus wants it I will enter the field again.’ Fervor says to coldness: ‘You will be more ardent than me if you content yourself with staying in the Will of my Eternal Love.’ Prayer to work, sleep to vigil, illness to health... everything - all things among themselves, it seems that each one leaves its place to the other to be present in the field, though each one has its own distinct place. So, it is not necessary for one who lives in my Will to move in order to place herself in the act of doing what I want; she is already in Me, like an electric wire, doing whatever I want.”

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February, 1912
Offering of a victim.

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen crucified, with a soul near Him, who was offering herself to Jesus as victim. And Jesus said to her: “My daughter, I accept you as victim of pain. Everything you may suffer, you will suffer as if you were with Me on the Cross, and with your sufferings you will relieve Me. Many times, this relieving of Me with your sufferings escapes you; know, however, that I was a peaceful Victim and Host. You too - I don’t want you an oppressed victim, but peaceful and joyful. You will be like a docile little lamb, and your bleating - that is, your prayers, sufferings and works - will serve to soothe my embittered wounds.”

* * *

February 18, 1912
How the soul who lives of the life of Jesus can say that her life is ended.

Finding myself in my usual state, my always and all lovable Jesus came and told me: “My daughter, everything you do for Me, even a breath, enters into Me as a pledge of your love for Me; and I, in exchange, give you my pledges of love. Therefore, the soul can say: ‘I live of the pledges that my beloved Jesus gives me’.” Then He added: “My beloved daughter, since you live of my life, it can be said that your life is ended - you no longer live. So, since it is no longer you who lives, but I, anything they do to you, pleasing or displeasing, I receive as if it were done directly to Me. And you can comprehend this from the fact that, whatever they do to you, whether pleasing or displeasing, you do not feel anything. This means that there must be someone else who feels that pleasure or displeasure; and who else could feel it if not Myself, who lives in you and loves you very, very much?”

* * *

February 24, 1912

The soul who lives in the Divine Will loses her temperament and acquires that of Jesus. The smile of Jesus.

After I saw various souls around Jesus, especially one who was more sensitive, Jesus told me: “My daughter, if the souls with sensitive temperament start doing good, they make more progress than the others, because their sensitivity leads them to arduous and great enterprises.” I prayed that He would take what was left of her human sensitivity away from that soul, and that He would clasp her more closely to Himself and tell her that He loved her, for He would conquer her completely, as she would hear that He loved her. ‘You will see that You will succeed. Have You not conquered me in this way, telling me that You loved me very, very much?’ And Jesus: “Yes, yes, I will do it, but I want her cooperation - that she escape as much as she can from the people who excite her sensitivity.”

So I added: ‘My Love, tell me, what about my temperament – what is it?’ And Jesus: “One who lives in my Will loses her temperament and acquires mine. So, in the soul who lives in my Will one finds a pleasant, attractive, penetrating, dignified temperament, and simple at the same time – of a child-like simplicity; in sum, she looks like Me in everything. Even more, she keeps her temperament within her power as she wants and as is needed. Since she lives in my Will, she takes part in my power, so she has all things, and herself, at her disposal, and according to the circumstances and the people she deals with, she takes my temperament and applies it.”

And I: ‘Tell me, will You give me a first place in your Will?’ Jesus smiled: “Yes, yes, I promise you. I will never let you go out of my Will, and you will take and do whatever you want.”

And I: ‘Jesus, I want to be poor poor, little little; I want nothing, even of your very things; it is better if You keep them. I want only You, and as I need things You will give them to me; isn’t it true, O Jesus?’

And Jesus: “Brava, brava, my daughter! Finally I have found someone who does not want anything. Everyone wants something from Me, but not the All - that is, Myself alone; but you, by wanting nothing, have wanted everything, and here is all the fineness and the astuteness of true love.” I smiled and Jesus disappeared.

* * *

February 26, 1912

The creature is a complex of love and moves only out of love. Jesus, beggar of love.

Returning, my all and always lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, I am love and I made the creatures all love. Their nerves, bones, flesh, are woven with love; and after I wove them with love, I made blood flow in all their particles, as though covering them with a garment, in order to give them the life of love. So, the creature is nothing other than a complex of love, and she does not move other than out of love. At the most, there can be varieties of love, but it is always out of love that she moves. There can be divine love, love of self, love of creatures, evil love - but always love; nor can she do otherwise, because her life is love, created by the Eternal Love, and therefore led to love by an irresistible force. So, after all, even in evil, in sin, there must be a love that pushed the creature to do that evil.

Ah, my daughter, what is not my sorrow in seeing in the creatures the property of my love, which I delivered, being profaned and contaminated by a different use! In order to guard this love which came out of Me, and which I gave to creatures, I remain around them like a poor beggar; and as the creature moves, palpitates, breathes, works, speaks, walks, I go begging for everything from her, and I beg her, I implore her - I beseech her to give everything to Me, saying to her: 'Daughter, I ask from you nothing other than what I gave you. It is for your own good; do not steal from Me what is mine. The breath is mine - breathe only for Me; the heartbeat and the movement are mine - palpitate and move only for Me'; and so with all the rest. But, to my greatest sorrow, I am forced to see the heartbeat taking one way, the breath another; and I, poor beggar, remain on an empty stomach, while the love of self, of creatures, and even of passions remain full. Can there be a greater wrong than this? My daughter, I want to pour out my love and my sorrow with you; only one who loves Me can compassionate Me."

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February 28, 1912

The sign in order to know whether one loves only Jesus. How one who loves Him is united with Him.

This morning, as my adorable Jesus came, I said to Him: 'O my Heart, my Life and my All, how can one know whether one loves You only or others also?'

"My daughter, if the soul is completely filled with Me up to the brim, to the point of overflowing outside - that is, if she thinks of, searches for, speaks about and loves nothing but Me - it seems that everything else does not exist for her; rather, it bores, it bothers her. At the most, she gives the scraps and the last place to that which is not God, as if it were her last thought, word or act for a necessary thing of the natural life. This is nothing but giving the scraps to one's nature; this is what saints do. I did it too, with Myself and with the Apostles, giving some dispositions on where to spend the night or what to eat. Giving this to one's nature does no harm either to love or to true sanctity, and it is a sign that the creature loves Me only.

But if the soul alternates among various things - now she thinks of Me, now of something else; now she speaks about Me, and then she speaks at length about something else, and so with the rest - it is a sign that she does not love Me only, and I am not content with it. Then, if only her last thought, her last word, her last act is for Me, it is a sign that she does not love Me, and if she gives Me anything at all, she gives Me nothing but scraps. Yet, this is what most creatures do.

Ah, my daughter, those who love Me are united with Me like the branches are united to the trunk of the tree. Can there ever be separation, oblivion or different nourishment between the branches and the trunk? One is their life, one the purpose, the fruits are the same; even more, the trunk is the life of the branches, and the branches are the glory of the trunk - they are all the same thing. This is how the souls who love Me are with Me."

* * *

March 3, 1912

The temperament of Jesus is formed by His Will, and the soul who does the Divine Will takes part

in all the qualities of His temperament.

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus came and told me: “My daughter, one who does my Will loses her temperament and acquires mine, and since in my temperament there are many melodies which form the paradise of the Blessed - such that music is my sweet temperament, music the goodness, music the sanctity, music the beauty, the power, the wisdom, the immensity, and so with all the rest of my Being - the soul, taking part in all the qualities of my temperament, receives within herself all the varieties of these melodies. As she goes along doing even the littlest actions, she makes a melody for Me, and as I hear it, I immediately recognize that it is music that the soul has taken from my Will – that is, from my temperament - and I run to listen to it, and I like it so much that I am amused and cheered of all the wrongs which the other creatures do to Me.

My daughter, what will happen when these melodies will pass into Heaven? I will put the soul in front of Me; I will play my music, and she will play her own - we will dart through each other; the sound of one will be the echo of the sound of the other; the harmonies will mix together. In clear notes it will be known to all the Blessed that this soul is nothing other than the fruit of my Will - the portent of my Will; and all Heaven will enjoy one more paradise.

These are the souls to whom I keep repeating: ‘Had I not created the heavens, for you alone I would create them.’ In them I lay the Heaven of my Will, and I make of them the true images of Myself; and within these Heavens I keep wandering about, amusing Myself and playing with them. To these Heavens I repeat: ‘Had I not left Myself in the Sacrament, for you alone I would have done it.’ In fact, they are my true hosts, and just as I could not live without a Will, in the same way I cannot live without these Heavens of my Will; rather, they are not only my true Hosts, but my Calvary and my very Life. These Heavens of my Will are more dear to Me and more privileged than the Tabernacles and the very consecrated Hosts, because in the Host my Life ends as the species is consumed, while in these Heavens of my Will my Life never ends; even more, they serve as my Hosts on earth and will be eternal Hosts in Heaven. To these Heavens of my Will I add: ‘Had I not incarnated Myself in the womb of my Mother, for these souls alone I would have incarnated Myself, and for them I would have suffered my Passion’, because in them I find the true fruit of my Incarnation and Passion.”

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March 8, 1912

The state of victim of Jesus during His hidden life. What being a victim means.

This morning Father G. offered himself as victim to Our Lord, and I was praying, offering him, that He would accept him. Then, my always lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, I accept him whole-heartedly. Tell him that his life will no longer be his, but mine, and that I chose him as victim of my hidden life. My hidden life was victim for the whole interior life of man; so it satisfied for the bad thoughts, desires, tendencies and affections.

Everything that man does externally is nothing other than the outpouring of his interior. If so much evil shows on the outside, what must the interior be like? Therefore, the redoing of the interior of man cost Me very much; it is enough to say that it took Me as long as thirty years. My thought, my heartbeat, breath and desire were always intent on running close to the thought, heartbeat, breath and

desire of man, in order to repair them, satisfy for them and sanctify them.

So I choose him as victim for this point of my hidden life, and I want all his interior united with Me, and offered to Me, to satisfy Me for the evil interior of other creatures. I choose him for this on purpose, because, being a priest, he knows better than others the interior of souls, the rot and the slime which is in them. From this, he can better know how much my state of victim cost Me, a state in which I want him to take part - and not only him, but also others whom he will approach.

My daughter, tell him that I am giving him a great grace by accepting him as victim, because becoming a victim is nothing other than a second baptism - or rather, more than baptism, because it is about rising again in my very life; and since the victim must live with Me and of Me, it is necessary for Me to wash him of every stain, giving him a new baptism and strengthening him in grace, to be able to admit him to live with Me. Therefore, from now on, in anything he does, he will no longer say that it is his own, but that it is mine. So, whether he prays, speaks or works, he will say that these are my things.”

After this, Jesus seemed to be looking around; and I: ‘What are you looking at, O Jesus? Aren’t we alone?’ And He said: “No, there are people. I draw them around you to have them closer to Me.” And I: ‘Do You love them?’ And He: “Yes, but I would like them to be more at ease, more trusting, more brave and more intimate with Me, with no thought about themselves. They must know that victims are no longer the masters of themselves, otherwise they would annul the state of victim.”

Then, having to cough a little, I said: ‘Jesus, let me come soon, let me die of consumption. Hurry, hurry, let me come - take me with You.’ And Jesus: “Don’t make Me see you are discontent, otherwise I suffer. Yes, you will die of consumption - just a little longer; and if you will not die of corporal consumption, you will die of the consumption of love. O please, do not go out of my Will, for my Will will be your paradise; or better still, the paradise of my Will. For as many days as you will be on earth, so many paradises will I give you in Heaven.”

* * *

March 13, 1912

The baptism of victim is baptism by fire, and has effects superior to the baptism by water.

Jesus continues to speak about the state of victim, telling me: “My daughter, the baptism at birth is by water, therefore it has the virtue of purifying, but not of removing tendencies and passions. On the other hand, the baptism of victim is baptism by fire, therefore it has not only the virtue of purifying, but of consuming any passion and evil tendency. Even more, I Myself baptize the soul, bit by bit: my thought baptizes the thought of the soul; my heartbeat baptizes her heartbeat; my desire her desire, and so on. However, this baptism is carried out between Myself and the soul, according to whether she gives herself to Me without ever taking back what she has given Me.

This is why, my daughter, you do not feel evil tendencies and the like. It comes from your state of victim, and I tell you this for your consolation. So, tell Father G. to be well attentive, for this is the mission of missions - the apostolate of apostolates. I want him always with Me, and all intent within Me.”

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March 15, 1912

The Divine Will is the Sanctity of sanctities. The souls who live in the Divine Will are true living hosts.

Continuing in my usual state, I felt a great desire to do the Most Holy Will of blessed Jesus; and He, on coming, told me: “My daughter, my Will is the Sanctity of sanctities. The soul who does my Will, however small, ignorant, unknown, leaves the other Saints behind in spite of their prodigies, sensational conversions and miracles. Rather, in comparison, the souls who do my Will are queens, and it is as if all the others were at their service.

It seems that the souls who do my Will do nothing, while they do everything, because, being in my Will, they act in a divine manner, in a hidden and surprising way. So, they are light that illuminates, they are winds that purify, they are fire that burns, they are miracles that make others do miracles. Those who do miracles are channels; but in these souls resides the power. Therefore, they are the foot of the missionary, the tongue of the preachers, the strength of the weak, the patience of the sick, the regime of the superiors, the obedience of the subjects, the tolerance of the slandered, the firmness in dangers, the heroism of the heroes, the courage of the martyrs, the sanctity in the saints, and so with all the rest. Being in my Will, they concur with all the good that can exist both in Heaven and on earth.

This is why I can surely say that they are my true hosts - but living hosts, not dead ones. In fact, the accidents that form the host are not full of life, nor do they influence my life; but the soul is full of life, and by doing my Will, she influences and concurs with all that I do. This is why these hosts consecrated by my Will are more dear to Me than the very sacramental hosts, and if I have reason to exist in the sacramental hosts, it is to form the sacramental hosts of my Will.

My daughter, I take such delight in my Will, that in simply hearing one speak about It, I feel overjoyed and I call the whole of Heaven to make feast. Imagine, yourself, what will become of those souls who do It: in them I find all the contentments, and to them I give all the contentments; their life is the life of the Blessed. Two things only do they cherish, desire and yearn: my Will and Love. They have little to do, while indeed they do everything. The virtues themselves remain absorbed in my Will and in Love, and so they have nothing to do with them any more, since my Will contains, possesses and absorbs everything - but in a way which is divine, immense and endless. This is the life of the Blessed.”

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March 20, 1912

Everything is in giving oneself to Jesus, and in doing His Will always and in everything.

Finding myself in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen all sorrowful, and said to me: “My daughter, they do not want to understand that everything is in giving oneself completely to Me, and in doing my Will always and in everything. Once I have obtained this, I Myself keep pushing the souls, saying to each one of them: ‘My daughter, take this enjoyment, this comfort, this relief, this refreshment...’ With this difference: if they had taken those things before giving

themselves completely to Me and doing my Will always and in everything, those would have been human things; but afterwards, they are divine. And since they are my things, I no longer feel jealous, and I say to Myself: 'If she takes a licit pleasure, she takes it because I want it; if she deals with people, if she converses licitly, it is because I want it. If I did not want it, she would be ready to stop everything; therefore I put things at her disposal, because everything she does is the effect of my Will, no longer of her own.

Tell me, oh! my daughter, what have you lacked since you gave yourself completely to Me? I have given you my tastes, my pleasures and all of Myself for your contentment. This, in the supernatural order; but in the natural order also, I have not allowed you to lack anything: confessors, Communions, and all the rest. Rather, since you wanted Me alone, you did not want the confessors so often; but wanting everything in abundance for one who wanted to deprive herself of everything for Me, I did not listen to you.

Daughter, what pain I feel in my Heart in seeing that souls do not want to understand this, even those who are said to be the most good."

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April 4, 1912

The Divine Will must be the center of everything.

This morning my always lovable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, my Will is the center, the other virtues are the circumference. Imagine a wheel in whose middle all the rays are centered. What would happen if one of these rays wanted to detach itself from the center? First, that ray would make a bad impression; second, it would remain inoperative, because, no longer being attached to the center, it would no longer receive life and would be dead; and the wheel, in moving, would get rid of it.

Such is my Will for the soul - my Will is the center. All the things which are not done in my Will, and only to fulfill my Volition, be they even holy things, virtues or good works, are like the rays detached from the center of the wheel; they are works and virtues without life. They could never please Me; rather, I do everything to get rid of them and to punish them."

* * *

April 10, 1912

Trusting souls are the outpouring and the amusement of the love of Jesus.

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, the souls who will shine the most, like bright gems in the crown of my mercy, are the souls who have more trust, because the more trust they have, the more they give space for the attribute of my Mercy to pour into them any grace they want. On the other hand, the soul who does not have true trust, herself closes the graces within Me, remaining always poor and unequipped, while my love remains constrained within Me, and I suffer very much. And in order not to suffer so much, and to be able to pour out my love more freely, I deal more with those souls who trust than with the others. With these I can pour out my love, I can play, I can cause loving contrasts, since there is no worry that they

might take offense or become fearful; on the contrary, they become more brave and take everything in order to love Me more. Therefore, trusting souls are the outpouring and the amusement of my love, the ones who receive more graces, and the richest.”

* * *

April 20, 1912

How nature tends toward happiness. Human tastes and divine tastes.

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little, and told me: “My daughter, nature tends toward happiness with an irresistible force - but with reason, because it was made to be happy, and of a divine and eternal happiness. But to their own great harm, some get attached to one taste, some to two, some to three, and others to four, and the rest of their nature remains either empty and without taste, or embittered, annoyed and nauseated. In fact, human tastes, even holy tastes, are mixed with a little bit of human, and do not have the strength to absorb the whole of one’s nature and to overwhelm it completely in the taste. More so, since I keep embittering these tastes so as to be able to give the creature all my tastes which, being innumerable, have the strength to absorb the whole of her nature in the taste. Can anyone give greater love than this - that in order to give the most I take away the little, and in order to give the All I take away the nothing? Yet, this operating of mine is taken badly by creatures.”

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April 23, 1912

How in all things Jesus proves His love for the creature. True sanctity is in doing the Divine Will, and in reordering all things in Jesus.

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for a little, and told me: “My daughter, sometimes I allow fault in a soul who loves me in order to clasp her more tightly to Myself, and to oblige her to do greater things for my glory. In fact, the more I give to her, permitting even fault in order to be moved to greater compassion for her miseries and to love her more, filling her with my charisms, the more I compel her to do great things for Me. These are the excesses of my love.

My daughter, my love for the creature is great. Do you see how the light of the sun invades the earth? If you could make many atoms out of that light, in those atoms of light you would hear my melodious voice and, one after the other, they would repeat to you: ‘I love you, I love you, I love you...’, in such a way as to give you no time to count them. You would remain drowned inside love. And indeed, I ‘I love you, I love you, I love you...’ in the light that fills your eyes; ‘I love you’ in the air that you breathe; ‘I love you’ in the whistling of the wind that touches your hearing; ‘I love you’ in the warmth and in the cold felt by your touch; ‘I love you’ in the blood that flows in your veins. My heartbeat says ‘I love you’ in the beating of your heart. I repeat to you ‘I love you’ in each thought of your mind; ‘I love you’ in each action of your hands; ‘I love you’ in each step of your feet; ‘I love you’ in each word... because nothing happens inside or outside of you without the concurrence of an act of my love toward you. So, one ‘I love you’ of mine does not wait for another. And your ‘I love you’s’? How many are for Me?”

I remained confused. I felt deafened inside and out, full chorus, by the ‘I love you’s’ of my sweet

Jesus, while my 'I love you's' were so scarce, so limited, that I said: 'Oh! my lover Jesus, who can ever match You?' But with what I have said, it seems that I have said nothing of all that Jesus made me understand.

Then He added: "True sanctity is in doing my Will, and in reordering all things in Me. Just as I keep everything in order for the creature, so should the creature order all things for Me and in Me. My Will keeps all things in order."

* * *

May 9, 1912

How we can consume ourselves in love.

This morning, finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about how we can consume ourselves in love; and blessed Jesus, on coming, told me: "My daughter, if the will wants nothing but Me, if the intellect occupies itself with nothing but knowing Me, if the memory remembers nothing other than Me; here they are - the three powers of the soul consumed in love. The same for the senses: if one speaks only about Me, if she hears only that which regards Me, if she enjoys only my things, if she works and walks only for Me, if her heart loves only Me, if her desires desire only Me; here it is - the consummation in love formed in her senses.

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

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May 22, 1912

True love is not subject to discontents.

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for a little, and since I was feeling a certain discontent in me, He told me: "My daughter, true love is not subject to discontents; rather, from the very discontents it takes the opportunity to change them into the most beautiful contentments by virtue of love. More so, since, being the contentment of contentments, I cannot tolerate any discontent in the soul who loves Me, as I Myself feel her discontent more than if it were my own rather than hers, and I am forced to give her whatever thing renders content in order to have her all conformed to Me. Otherwise, there would be some clashing and dissimilar fibers, heartbeats or thoughts which would make us lose the best of our harmony, and I cannot tolerate all this in one who truly loves Me.

Moreover, true love operates out of love, and out of love it does not operate; it asks out of love, and out of love it surrenders. So, true love ends all in love; out of love it dies, and out of love it rises again."

And I: 'Jesus, it seems that You want to escape me with this talking, but know that I am not giving

up. For now, You surrender to me out of love; do for me an act of love and surrender to that which is so necessary to me, and to which I am so bound. As for the rest, I surrender everything to You. Otherwise I will be discontent.” And Jesus: “You want to win by dint of discontents.” He smiled and He disappeared.

* * *

May 25, 1912

The soul who lives in the Divine Will is a soft object in the hands of Jesus.

This morning my always lovable Jesus, seeing me very oppressed, let me suckle from His Heart, and then He told me: “My daughter, if one wants to make a hole in a hard object or give it another shape, that object would be ruined or shattered. But if it is soft or made of a malleable paste, one can make the hole or give it the shape desired without fearing that it might break. And if one wanted to give it back the original shape, that object would be ready for everything with no difficulty.

Such is the soul who lives in my Will. She is a soft object, and I can make of her whatever I want. Now I wound her, now I embellish her, now I enlarge her; in one instant I remake her again, and the soul is ready for everything, she opposes nothing, and I always carry her in my hands, delighting in her continuously.”

* * *

May 30, 1912

For the soul who truly loves Jesus there cannot be separation from Him. Love forms their mutual rest.

Continuing in my usual state, I felt oppressed because of the privation of my always lovable Jesus; and He, on coming, told me: “My daughter, when you are without Me, make use of this very privation to double, to triple, to increase a hundredfold your acts of love toward Me, in such a way as to form an environment, all of love, inside and outside of you, in which you will find Me, more beautiful and as though reborn to new life. In fact, wherever love is, there I am; therefore, for the soul who truly loves Me there cannot be separation; rather, we form the same thing, because love seems to create Me, to give Me life, to nourish Me, to make Me grow. In love I find my center and I feel recreated, reborn, while I am eternal, with no beginning and with no end; but thanks to the soul who loves Me, I enjoy love so much that I feel as though remade.

Furthermore, in this love I find my true rest. My Intelligence rests in the intelligence of one who loves me; my Heart, my desire, my hands and my feet rest in the heart that loves me, in the desire that loves Me and desires only Me, in the hands that work for Me, and in the feet that walk only for Me. So, part by part, I go along resting in the soul who loves Me; and the soul, with her love, finds Me in everything and everywhere. She rests completely in Me, and in my love she is reborn, she is embellished, and she grows in an admirable way, in my own love.”

* * *

June 2, 1912

Only the things which are extraneous to Jesus can separate the soul from Him.

Continuing in my usual state, I was lamenting to Jesus about His privations, and Jesus told me: “My daughter, when there is nothing in the soul which is extraneous to Me, or which does not belong to Me, there cannot be separation between Myself and the soul. Even more, I tell you that if there is not a thought, affection, desire or heartbeat which is not mine, either I keep the soul with Me in Heaven, or I remain with her on earth. If there are things extraneous to Me – this only can separate Me from the soul; and if you do not perceive this within you, why do you fear that I might separate from you?”

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June 9, 1912

For the soul who does the Divine Will and lives in It there is no death and no judgment.

As I was feeling a little in suffering, I was saying to my always lovable Jesus: ‘When will You take me with You? O please! hurry, O Jesus; let death cut this life of mine and unite me with You in Heaven.’

And Jesus: “My daughter, for the soul who does my Will and lives of my Volition there is no death. Death is for one who does not do my Will, because she has to die to many things: to herself, to passions, to the earth. But one who does my Will has nothing to die to; she is already used to living in Heaven. For her, it is nothing other than laying down her remains, like one who would lay down the clothes of a poor one to wear the garments of a queen, in order to leave exile and take possession of the Fatherland. The soul who does my Will is not subject to death, she receives no judgment; her living is eternal. That which death was supposed to do, love has done in advance, and my Will has reordered her completely in Me, in such a way that I have nothing for which to judge her. Therefore, remain in my Will and, when you least expect it, you will find yourself in my Will in Heaven.”

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June 28, 1912

The soul who lives in the Divine Will is a heaven in which Jesus is the Sun and His virtues are the stars.

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for a little, and told me: “My daughter, the soul who does my Will is heaven, but heaven without sun and without stars, because I am the Sun, and the stars which embellish this heaven are my own virtues. How beautiful this heaven, such as to enamor whomever can know It; and much more am I enamored, as I place Myself like Sun in the center of this heaven, and I keep darting through it, continuously, with new light, with new love, with new graces.

How beautiful it is to see this heaven, if the Sun shines - that is, when I manifest Myself and caress the soul, filling her with my charisms. I embrace her, and touched by her love, I faint and I rest in her. All the Saints gather around Me while I rest; they are amazed in watching this heaven in which I am the Sun, and remain ecstatic at this prodigious portent, because neither on earth nor in Heaven can one find anything more beautiful and more delightful for Me and for all.

How beautiful this heaven, if the Sun hides - that is, when I deprive her of Me. Oh, how the harmony

of the stars can be admired! In fact, the air of this heaven is not subject to clouds, to showers, to storms, because the hidden Sun is hidden in the center of the soul, and Its heat is so burning as to destroy clouds, showers and storms. The air of this heaven is always calm, serene and sweet-smelling, and the stars which shine most brightly in it are perennial peace and endless love.

Whether the soul is hidden in the Sun and the stars disappear, or the Sun is hidden in her and the harmony of the stars appears – this heaven is beautiful in every way. This heaven is my contentment, my rest, my love - my Paradise.”

* * *

July 4, 1912

The Divine Will must be the sepulcher of the soul. By thinking about herself, the soul escapes from Divine Life.

This morning, after Communion, I was saying to my always lovable Jesus: ‘To what a state I have reduced myself! It seems that everything escapes me: suffering, virtues - everything!’ And Jesus: ‘My daughter, what is the matter? Do you want to waste time? Do you want to go out of your nothingness? Stay in your place - in your nothingness - so that the All may keep Its place in you. Know, however, that you must die completely in my Will: to suffering, to virtues - to everything. My Will must be the tomb of the soul; and just as in the tomb one’s nature is consumed to the point of disappearing completely, and through that very consummation it will rise again to new and more beautiful life - in the same way, the soul, buried in my Will as though inside a tomb, will die to suffering, to her virtues, to her spiritual goods, and will rise again in everything to Divine Life.

Ah, my daughter, it seems that you want to imitate the mundane, who tend to what is temporal and ends, while they take what is eternal into no consideration. My beloved, why do you not want to learn to live only of my Will? Why do you not want to live only the life of Heaven, even while being on earth? My Will is Love, the One that never dies; therefore my Will must be your sepulcher, and Love is the lid that must to lock you and seal you in, giving you no more hope to get out. And besides, every thought that regards oneself, even about virtues themselves, is always gaining for oneself and running away from Divine Life; while if the soul thinks only about Me and what regards Me, she takes Divine Life into herself, and by taking the Divine Life, she escapes the human, and takes all possible goods. Have we understood each other?”

* * *

July 19, 1912

Attentiveness to the teachings of Jesus makes the soul’s refrigerating breath reach Him also through others. Love must stand alone.

This morning, as I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little, and told me: “My daughter, I feel your breath and I feel refreshed by it. Your breath gives Me refreshment, not only when I am near you, but also when others speak of you and of the things said by you for their good. Through them I feel your breath and I delight; my refreshment is repeated, and I say: ‘My daughter sends Me her refreshment also through others, because if she had not been attentive in listening to Me, she could never have done good to others. Therefore, she is still the one who sends Me this

good.’ So, I love you more and I feel compelled to come and converse with you.”

Then He added: “True love must stand alone. When it leans on someone else - even a holy or a spiritual person - it nauseates Me, and instead of contentment, I feel bitterness and bother. In fact, only when love stands alone can I have lordship and do whatever I want with the soul; and this is the nature of true love. But when it does not stand alone, one thing can be done, something else cannot - it is a hindered lordship, which does not give full freedom, and therefore love feels uncomfortable and constrained.”

* * *

July 23, 1912

The heart must be empty of everything.

Finding myself with my always lovable Jesus, I was lamenting to Him because, in addition to His privations, I also felt my poor heart insensitive, cold, indifferent to everything, as if it no longer had life. What a pitiful state mine is! And even so, I myself am unable to cry over my misfortune. ‘Since I myself am unable to have compassion for myself - You, have compassion for this heart, which You have loved so much, and which You intended so firmly to receive.’

And Jesus: “My daughter, do not afflict yourself for something that deserves no affliction. Instead of having compassion for these laments and for your heart, I am pleased and I say to you: ‘Rejoice with Me, because I have made a complete purchase of your heart. And since you no longer feel anything of your very contentments and of the life of your heart, I alone come to enjoy your contentment and your very life.

You must know that when you do not feel anything from your heart, I draw your heart into my Heart and I keep at rest, in sweet sleep, while I enjoy it. If you do feel it, then the enjoyment is together. If you let Me do, after I have given you rest in my Heart and enjoyed from you, I will come to rest in you and I will make you enjoy the contentments of my Heart.

Ah, my daughter, this state is necessary for you, for Me and for the world. For you: if you had been awake, you would have suffered very much in seeing the chastisements which I am sending now, and the others which I will send. Therefore, it is necessary to put you to sleep so as not to make you suffer so much. It is necessary for Me: how much I would have suffered had I not made you content - had I not condescended to what you wanted, since you would not permit Me to send chastisements. So, it was necessary to put you to sleep. In certain sad times, with necessity of chastisements, it is necessary to choose ways in the middle in order to be less unhappy. It is necessary for the world: if I wanted to pour Myself out with you and make you suffer as I once used to do - and therefore making you content by sparing the world the chastisements - faith, religion, salvation, would be banished even more from the world, especially considering how souls are disposed in these times. Ah, my daughter, let Me do, whether I have to keep you awake or asleep. Did you not tell Me to do with you whatever I wanted? Do you perhaps want to withdraw your word?”

And I: ‘Never, O Jesus! Rather, I fear that I have become bad, and because of this I feel I am in this state.’ And Jesus: “Listen, my daughter, is it perhaps that some thought, affection or desire which

is not for Me has entered into you? If this were the case, you should fear; but if this is not, it is a sign that I keep your heart in Me and I make it sleep. The time will come - it will come - when I will have it wake up; then you will see that you will take the attitude of before, and since you will have been at rest, this attitude will be greater.” Then He added: “I make souls of all kinds: I make the ones sleepy with love, the ignorant of love, the crazy of love, the learned of love. But, of all this, do you know what interests me the most? That everything be love. Anything else which is not love is worth not even a glance.”

* * *

August 12, 1912

The love of God symbolized by the sun.

This morning my always lovable Jesus came for just a little, and told me: “My daughter, my love is symbolized by the sun. The sun rises majestically, but while it rises, it is always fixed and never rises. With its light it invades all the earth; with its heat it fecundates all plants; there is no eye which does not enjoy of it. One could say that there is almost no good on earth which does not come from its beneficial influence. How many things would not have life without it? And yet, it does everything without clamor, without saying even a word, without demanding anything. It gives no bother to anyone; on the contrary, it does not even take up any space on earth which, in turn, it invades with its light. Men can do whatever they want with it; even more, while they enjoy the good of the sun, they pay no attention to it, and they keep it in their midst, unobserved.

Such is my love, symbolized by the sun. Like majestic sun, it rises in the midst of all; there is no mind which is not irradiated by my light; there is no heart which does not feel my heat; there is no soul which is not embraced by my love. More than sun, I am in the midst of all, but - ah! how few pay attention to Me. I remain almost unobserved in their midst; I am not requited, and yet I continue to give light, heat and love. If some soul pays attention to Me, I go mad, but without clamor, because, being solid, fixed, truthful, my love is not subject to weaknesses.

Just so would I like your love for Me; and if it were so, you too would become sun for Me and for all, because true love possesses all the qualities of the sun. On the other hand, a love which is not solid, fixed, truthful, is symbolized by earthly fire, which is subject to variations. Its light is not capable of illuminating all; it is a very gloomy light, mixed with smoke. Its heat is limited, and if it is not fed with wood, it dies down and turns into ash; and if the wood is green, it sputters and smokes. Such are the souls who are not completely for Me, as my true lovers. If they do a little bit of good, it is more clamor and smoke that comes out of their actions than light. If they are not fed by some human bother - even under the aspect of sanctity, of conscience - they die down and become colder than ash. Their characteristic is inconstancy: now fire, now ash.”

* * *

August 14, 1912

In order to forget herself, she soul must do everything, not only because Jesus wants it, but because Jesus Himself wants to do it in her. If He redeemed us with His Passion, with His hidden life He sanctified and divinized all human actions.

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, in order to forget herself, the soul should make it in such a way that everything she does, and which is necessary to her, she does as if I Myself wanted to do it in her. If she prays, she should say: ‘It is Jesus who wants to pray’; and I pray together with her. If she has to work: ‘It is Jesus who wants to work’. ‘It is Jesus who wants to walk; it is Jesus who wants to take food, who wants to sleep, who wants to get up, who wants to enjoy Himself...’, and so with all the other things of life. Only in this way can the soul forget herself, because she will do everything, not only because I want it, but because I Myself want to do it – it is necessary precisely to Me.”

Now, one day I was working and I thought to myself: ‘How can it be that, while I am working, it is Jesus who works in me and He Himself wants to do this work?’ And Jesus: “I Myself – and my fingers, which are in yours, are working. My daughter, when I was on earth, did my hands not lower themselves to work the wood, to hammer the nails, and to help my foster father Joseph? While I was doing that, with those very hands, with those fingers, I created souls and called other souls back to the other life; I divinized all human actions; I sanctified them, giving a divine merit to each one of them. In the movements of my fingers I called in sequence all the movements of your fingers and those of others; and if I saw that they were doing them for Me, or because I wanted to do them within them, I continued my life of Nazareth in them, and I felt as though cheered by them for the sacrifices and the humiliations of my hidden life, giving them the merit of my very life.

Daughter, the hidden life that I conducted in Nazareth is not taken into consideration by men, when in fact, after my Passion, I could not have done a greater good for them. By lowering Myself to all those acts, little and lowly - those acts which men do in their daily lives, such as eating, sleeping, drinking, working, starting the fire, sweeping, etc. - all acts which no one can do without - I made a divine little coin of incalculable value flow in their hands. So, if my Passion redeemed them, my hidden life provided each human action, even the most insignificant one, with divine merit and with infinite value.

Do you see? While you work - working because I want to work - my fingers flow within yours, and while I work in you, in this very instant, how many am I bringing to the light of this world with my creative hands? How many others am I calling back? How many others do I sanctify, correct, chastise, etc.? Now, you are with Me, creating, calling, correcting and so forth; therefore, just as you are not alone, neither am I alone in my working. Could I give you a greater honor?”

But who can say what I comprehended, and the good that we can do to ourselves and to others by doing things because Jesus wants to do them in us? My mind gets lost, therefore I stop here.

* * *

August 16, 1912

Thinking of oneself blinds the mind; thinking only of Jesus is light for the mind.

This morning my always lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, the thought of yourselves blinds your minds; it forms a sort of human enchantment in them, and this human enchantment forms a net around man. This net is made of weaknesses, of oppressions, of melancholies, of fears and of everything evil contained in the human nature. And the more one thinks about oneself, even under the aspect of

good, the thicker the net becomes, and the blinder the soul.

On the other hand, not thinking of oneself, but thinking only of Me, and only of loving Me, whatever the circumstance, is light for the mind and forms a sweet divine enchantment. This divine enchantment also forms its net, but this net is all made of light, of fortitude, of joy, of trust; in sum, of all the goods which I Myself possess. And the less one thinks about oneself, the thicker that net becomes, to the point that one no longer recognizes oneself. How beautiful it is to see the soul wrapped in this net which the divine enchantment has woven! How delightful, gracious and dear to all Heaven! The opposite for the soul who thinks about herself.”

* * *

August 17, 1912

The thought of oneself makes the soul smaller.

While I was praying, blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, the thought of oneself makes the soul smaller, and from her smallness she measures my greatness, almost wanting to constrain Me. On the other hand, one who does not think of herself, by thinking of Me expands within my immensity and renders Me the honor due to Me.”

* * *

August 20, 1912

Jesus is close to the soul, waiting for her to call Him to do what she does together with her. Man proposes, God disposes.

Continuing, my always lovable Jesus made Himself heard for just a little, and told me: “My daughter, how sorry I feel in seeing the soul huddled within herself - in seeing her operating by herself. I am close to her and look at her, and seeing that many times she is unable to do well what she does, I wait for her to call Me and say: ‘I want to do this thing, but I am unable do it. Come and do it together with me, and I will do everything well.’ For example: ‘I want to love; come to love together with me. I want to pray; come and pray together with me. I want to make this sacrifice; come and give me your strength, for I feel weak...’, and so with everything else. Gladly and with greatest delight, I would offer Myself for everything.

I am like the teacher who, having assigned an essay to his pupil, remains close to his student to see what he does. Unable to do well, the pupil becomes worried, worked up, upset, and he may even cry, but he does not say: ‘Master, teach me how I should do this.’ What is not the mortification of the teacher, in seeing himself treated like a nothing by his student? Such is my condition.”

Then He added: “It is said: man proposes, God disposes. As soon as the soul proposes to do some good, to be holy, immediately I dispose around her the things which are needed: light, graces, knowledge of Me, stripping. And if I do not achieve the purpose with these, then by dint of mortifications I allow nothing to be lacking to her, in order to give her what she has proposed. But - oh, how many escape by force from amid this crafting that my love has woven around them! Few are those who persist and allow Me to accomplish my work.”

* * *

August 28, 1912

It is love that transforms the soul in God, but it wants to find her emptied of everything.

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came for just a little and told me: “My daughter, the other virtues, as high and sublime as they may be, always cause the creature to be distinguished from her Creator. Only love is what transforms the soul in God and makes her one with Him. So, love alone is what triumphs over all human imperfections, and consumes what prevents the soul from passing to take divine life in God. However, there cannot be true love if it does not receive life and nourishment from my Will. So, it is my Will that, united with love, forms the true transformation with Me. That soul is in continuous contact with my power, sanctity and all that I am; therefore she can say that she is another Me. Everything is precious, everything is sanctity for that soul; it can be said that even her breath or the contact with the ground that she treads is precious, is holy, because these are nothing other than effects of my Will.”

Then He added: “Oh! if all knew my love and my Will, they would stop leaning on themselves and, even more, on others - human supports would end. Oh, how insignificant, painful, uncomfortable, they would find them! All would lean only on my love, and since my love is most pure spirit and does not contain matter, they would feel so much at ease leaning within Me, and with the effects they want.

My daughter, love wants to find souls emptied of everything, otherwise it cannot clothe them with the garment of love. It would happen as to someone who wanted to wear a suit, but that suit is stuffed inside, so he is unable fit in it. He tries to put an arm in the sleeve, but he finds it blocked; so, that poor one has to either put it away or make a bad impression. The same with love: when it wants to clothe the soul with itself, if it does not find the soul completely emptied, it withdraws, embittered.”

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August 31, 1912

Love, symbolized by a dazzling sun, defends the loving soul and keeps her safe.

As I was praying for a person, blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, it happens with love, symbolized by the sun, just as to those people who can easily do their actions only as long as they keep their eyes low, for the light of the sun descends mildly into their eyes. But if they want to fix their eyes on the sun, especially if it is midday, their sight remains dazzled and they are forced to lower them, otherwise they would lose the attitude of their actions. They would have the worst of it, while they would cause no harm to the sun, which would continue its course with its majesty.

So it happens, my daughter, to one who truly loves Me. Love is more than a majestic, imposing sun for her. If people look at her from afar, the light of love descends mildly into their eyes, and therefore they can plot, lay snares, speak ill of her. But as they try to approach her, to fix on her, the light of love will flash into their eyes, and they will end up moving away and no longer thinking about it; and the loving soul will continue her course without even thinking about whether they are looking at her or not, because she knows that love will defend her in everything and will keep her safe.”

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September 2, 1912

The harm of self-reflections for a soul who loves Jesus. The souls who are united with the Divine Will and think only of loving Jesus, are united to Him like rays to the sun.

I was saying to my always lovable Jesus: 'My only fear is that You might leave me, withdrawing from me.' And Jesus: "My daughter, I cannot leave you because you do not reflect on yourself, nor do you have any concern for yourself. For one who truly loves Me, self-reflections, self-concerns, even in good, are many voids that she forms in love, therefore my life cannot fill the soul completely. I am as though put aside, in a corner, and they give Me the occasion to make my little withdrawals. On the other hand, if one is not prone to reflections on her own concerns but thinks only of loving Me, she takes care of Me, and I fill her completely. There is not one point in her life in which she does not find mine, and if I wanted to make my little withdrawals, I would have to destroy Myself, which can never be.

My daughter, if souls knew how harmful self-reflections are! They bend the soul, they lower her, they cause her to keep her face turned inward. And the more they look at themselves, the more human they become; the more they reflect, the more they feel their miseries and become miserable. On the other hand, thinking only of Me, of loving Me, of being all abandoned in Me, makes the soul straight; and by keeping their faces turned to look at Me alone, they rise and grow. The more they look at Me, the more divine they become; the more they reflect on Me, the richer, stronger and more courageous they feel."

Then He added: "My daughter, the souls who are united with my Will, who allow Me to carry out my life within them, and who think only of loving Me, are united to Me like rays to the sun. Who forms the rays? Who gives them life? The sun. If the sun were unable to form its rays, it could not extend its light and its heat. So, the rays help the sun to do its course, and they make it more beautiful. The same for Me; through these rays alone, which form one single thing with Me, I extend Myself over all regions, giving light, grace and heat, and I feel more embellished than if I had no rays.

Now, one could ask a sun's ray how many courses it has made, how much light and how much heat it has given. If it had reason it would answer: 'I don't want to bother with this - the sun knows and that's enough. Only, if I had more lands to which to give light and heat, I would do it, because the sun that gives me life can reach everything.' But if that ray wanted to reflect, to look back at what it did, it would lose its course and would become dark.

Such are the souls, my lovers - they are my living rays; they do not reflect on what they do. All their intent is to remain in the Divine Sun; and if they wanted to reflect, it would happen to them as to the sun's ray: they would lose much."

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September 6, 1912

The ones who experience the benefits of having Jesus close to themselves.

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: "My daughter, I am

with souls, inside and outside of them; but who experiences the effects of this? One who comes close to my Will with his will; one who calls Me, who prays, and knows my power and the good I can do to him. Otherwise, it happens as to that person who has water in his home, but does not go near it to take it and drink. Even if there is water, he does not enjoy the benefit of it and burns with thirst. In the same way, if he is cold, though the fire is there, he does not go near it to get warm; he will not enjoy the benefit of its heat; and so with all the rest. What is not my sorrow as I want to give, but there is no one who takes my benefits.”

* * *

September 29, 1912

The soul most favored by Jesus. Jesus is the One who disposes the intentions of the soul who lives in His Will. The use of natural goods in the Divine Will.

I am writing of past things. I was thinking to myself: ‘The Lord spoke to some about His Passion, to some about His Heart, to some about His Cross, and many other things. I would like to know who has been favored the most by Jesus.’ And my lovable Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, do you know who has been most favored by Me? The soul to whom I have manifested the prodigies and the power of my Most Holy Will. All other things are parts of Me, while my Will is the center, the life, the ruler of everything. My Will directed my Passion, gave life to my Heart, and exalted the Cross. My Will encompasses everything, captures everything and gives effect to everything; therefore my Will is more than anything. As a consequence, the one to whom I have spoken about my Will – she has been the most favored, among everyone and above everything. How much you should thank Me for having admitted you to the secrets of my Volition! Even more, one who is in my Will is my Passion, she is my Heart, she is my Cross, and she is my very Redemption. There is nothing dissimilar between Myself and her. Therefore, in my Will do I want the whole of you, if you want to take part in all my goods.”

Another time I was thinking about what would be the best way to offer our actions, prayers, etc. - whether as reparations, as adorations, etc. And my always benign Jesus told me: “My daughter, one who is in my Will and does her things because I want it, does not need to dispose her intentions herself. Since she is in my Will, as she operates, prays, suffers, I Myself dispose these things as I best please. Do I like reparation? I placed them as reparation. Do I like love? I take them as love. Being the owner, I do with them whatever I want. Not so for those who are not in my Will: they are the ones who dispose, and I comply with their will.”

Another day, having read in a book about a female saint who first had almost no need of food, and then needed to feed herself very often - her necessity being such that she reached the point of crying if they would not give her something - I remained concerned, thinking about my state, since once I used to take very little food and I was forced to bring it up, and now I take more and I do not bring it up. And I was saying to myself: ‘Blessed Jesus, what is this? I consider this as my lack of mortification; it is my badness that leads me to these miseries.’ And Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, do you want to know why? Here I am to make you content. At the beginning, in order to make the soul completely my own, to empty her of all that is sensible and to place in her all that is celestial and divine, I detach her even from the necessity of food, in such a way that she almost does not need it. So, finding herself in this condition, she touches with her own hand that Jesus alone

is enough, that nothing is necessary for her any more; and the soul rises high, she despises everything, she cares for nothing else - her life is celestial. After I have established her well, for years and years, no longer fearing that what is sensible might cause her even a shadow of an impression - because after the soul has tasted the heavenly it is almost impossible that she might appreciate dregs and dung - I give her back to ordinary life, because I want my children to take part in the things created by Me for love of them, according to my Will, not to their own. And it is only for love of these children that I am forced to feed the others. Not only this, but to see these celestial children take the necessary things with sacrifice, with detachment, and according to my Will, is for Me the most beautiful reparation for all those who use the natural things not according to my Will. How can you say that there is badness in you for this? Not at all. What's wrong with taking, in my Will, a little more or a little less of dregs? Nothing - nothing. In my Will there can be nothing evil, but always good, even in the most insignificant things."

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October 14, 1912

Everything that Jesus does in souls is eternal.

Finding myself in my usual state, I was lamenting to blessed Jesus about my poor state, saying: 'What good does it do to me that in the past You gave me so many graces, and You even reached the point of crucifying me with You, if now everything is over?' And Jesus: "My daughter, what are you saying? What? Nothing does you good? Everything is over? False - you are deceiving yourself. Nothing is over and everything does you good. You must know that everything I do to the soul is sealed with the seal of eternity, and there is no power that can take the work of my grace away from the soul. So, everything I have done to your soul - everything - exists and has life in you, and it gives you continuous nourishment. So, if I crucified you, the crucifixion exists, and it exists for as many times as I have crucified you. Many times I delight in operating in souls and putting my work in storage; and then I renew my work without taking away what I have done before. Therefore, how can you say that nothing does you good and that everything is over?"

Ah, my daughter, the times are so sad that my Justice reaches the point of rejecting the souls who take the lightnings upon themselves, preventing them from falling upon the world. These are the dearest victims of my Heart, and the world forces Me to keep them almost idle. But this is not their idleness because, being in my Will, while it seems that they do nothing, they do everything; even more, they embrace immensity and eternity; but the world, because of its wickedness, does not enjoy all the effects of this."

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October 18, 1912

Jesus and Luisa cry together.

This morning, my always lovable Jesus came for just a little, all afflicted and crying. I cried together with Him, and then He said: "My daughter, who is it that makes us cry and oppresses us so much? It is the cause of the world, isn't it?" And I: 'Yes.' And He: "For a cause so holy and so without personal interest do we cry; and yet, who considers this? On the contrary, they laugh at the affliction we suffer because of them. Ah! Things are still at the beginning; I will wash the face of the earth with

their very blood.” And I could see so much human blood being shed, that I said: ‘Ah! Jesus, what are You doing? Jesus, what are You doing?’

* * *

November 1, 1912

The soul who thinks about herself impoverishes herself and feels the need for everything. The soul who lives in the Divine Will does not think about herself; she lacks nothing and needs nothing.

Being very afflicted because of the privation of my adorable Jesus, I was praying and repairing for all. But at the extreme of my bitterness, I turned the thought to myself and I said: ‘Have mercy on me - forgive this soul! Your Blood, your pains – are they not mine too? Do they perhaps count less for me?’ While I was saying this, my lovable Jesus told me from within my interior: “Ah, my daughter, what are you doing, thinking about yourself? You are now going down, reducing yourself from owner to the miserable condition of one who asks! Poor daughter - by thinking of yourself you impoverish yourself, because in my Will you are the owner, and you can take anything you want on your own. If there is anything to do in my Will, it is to pray and to repair for others.”

And I: ‘Most sweet Jesus, You love so much that those who live in your Will do not think about themselves; and You, do You think of Yourself?’ (What an inappropriate question)

And Jesus: “No, I do not think about Myself. Those who need something think about themselves. I need nothing. I am sanctity itself, happiness itself, immensity, height and depth themselves. I lack nothing - nothing. My Being contains all possible imaginable goods within Itself. If any thought occupies Me, it is for mankind, which I released from Myself, and which I want to return into Myself. And in this same condition do I place the souls who truly want to do my Will – they are one with Me, and I render them the owners of my goods, because in my Will there is no slavery: what is mine is theirs, and whatever I want, they want as well. So, if one feels the need of something, it means that she is not really in my Will, or at the most, she makes some descents, just as you are doing right now - nothing less!

Does it not seem strange to you that one who has formed one single thing - one single Will - with Me, asks Me for mercy, pardon, blood, pains, when I made her the owner together with Me? I do not know what mercy, what pardon to give her, since I gave her everything. At the most, I should have mercy on Myself, or forgive Myself some fault, which can never be. Therefore, I recommend that you not leave my Will, and that you continue not to think about yourself, but about others; otherwise you would impoverish yourself and would feel the need for everything.”

* * *

November 2, 1912

How the soul must recognize herself only in God.

Continuing in my affliction, I was saying to myself: ‘I no longer recognize myself. Sweet Life of mine, where are You? What should I do to find You again? Without You, my Love, I cannot find the beauty that embellishes me, the strength that fortifies me, the life that vivifies me. I lack

everything - everything is death for me; and life itself, without You, is more harrowing than any death. Ah, it is a constant dying! Come, O Jesus, I can take no more! Oh, supreme light, come - don't make me wait any more! You let me feel the touch of your hands, but as I try to grab You, You escape me. You let me see your shadow, but as I try to look into the shadow at the majesty and the beauty of my Sun Jesus, I lose both shadow and Sun. O please, have pity! My heart is tortured, it is lacerated into pieces - I cannot live any more. Ah, if only I could die!

As I was saying this, my always lovable Jesus came for just a little and told me: "My daughter, I am here, inside of you. If you want to recognize yourself, come into Me, to recognize yourself inside of Me. If you come to recognize yourself in Me, you will put yourself in order, because in Me you will find your image, made by Me and similar to Me. You will find everything that is needed to preserve and embellish this image. As you come to recognize yourself in Me, you will also recognize your neighbor in Me; and in seeing how I love you, and how I love your neighbor, you will rise to the degree of true divine love, and everything, inside and outside of you, will take on the true order - which is the divine order.

But if you want to recognize yourself inside of yourself, first, you will not really recognize yourself because you will lack divine light; second, you will find all things in disorder and clashing among themselves: misery, weakness, darkness, passions, and all the rest. It is disorder that You will find inside and outside of yourself, for these things will wage war not only against you, but also among themselves, to see which one can hurt you the most; and imagine, yourself, in what order they will put you with your neighbor.

Not only do I want you to recognize yourself in Me, but if you want to remember yourself, you must come and do it in Me; otherwise, if you try to remember yourself without Me, you will do more harm than good."

* * *

November 25, 1912

The two stairways to Heaven: one of wood, for those who follow the path of human virtues; and one of gold, for those who live their lives in the Life of Jesus.

This morning it seemed that my always lovable Jesus came in the usual way as before; however, it seemed to me as if He was passing by, and was anxious to see me again and to be with me in a familiar way. On seeing Him so good, sweet, benign, I forgot about all His worries, and about the privations; and seeing Him with a crown of thorns, big and quite thick, I said to Him: 'My sweet Love and my Life, show me that You continue to love me - remove this crown that surrounds your head and put it on mine with your own hands.' And lovable Jesus quickly removed it from His head and with His own hands He pressed it on my head. Oh! how happy I felt with the thorns of Jesus - sharp, yes, but sweet. He looked at me with loving tenderness, and I, seeing myself gazed upon so tenderly, becoming brave, added: 'Jesus, my heart, the thorns are not enough for me to be certain that You love me as before - don't You have the nails with which to nail me? Hurry, O Jesus, don't keep me in doubt, for the mere doubt of not being ever more loved by You gives me continual death! Pierce me!'

And He: “My daughter, I do not have nails with Me, but to make you content I will pierce you with an iron.” So He took my hands and ripped them open, very far; and then my feet. I suffered, yes; I felt I was swimming in a sea of pain, but also of love and sweetness. It seemed that Jesus could not remove His tender and loving gaze from me; and placing His royal mantle on me, covering me completely with it, He told me: “My sweet daughter, cease now any doubt about my love for you. Even more, in order to give you courage I tell you that no matter what state you are in, or whether you see Me worried, or flashing by, or silent, remember that one single renewal of my thorns or nails to you will be enough to place us again in our loving closeness and intimacy - more than before. Therefore, be content, and I will continue with the scourges in the world.” He told me other things, but the intensity of the pain does not allow me to remember them well.

Then I remained alone again, without Jesus, and I poured myself out with my sweet Mama, crying and praying Her to make Jesus come back to me. My Mama told me: “My sweet daughter, do not cry. You must thank Jesus for the way He comports Himself with you and for the grace He gives you, not allowing that you move away from His Most Holy Will in these times of chastisements. Greater grace He could not give you.”

Afterwards, Jesus came back, and seeing that I had cried, He told me: “Why have you cried?” And I: ‘I cried with my Mama, I did not cry with anyone else; and I did it because You were not here.’ And Jesus, taking my hands in His, seemed to mitigate my pains, and then He showed me two high stairways, from earth up to Heaven. On one of them there were more people - very few on the other. The one on which there were only few people was of solid gold, and it seemed that those few who were going up were as many other Jesuses - each one of them was one Jesus. The other one, on which there were more people, seemed to be made of wood and one could distinguish who the people were - almost all of them short and not very developed.

Jesus told me: “My daughter, those who lived their lives in my Life ascend on the golden stairway; so I can say: ‘They are my feet, my hands, my Heart - the whole of Myself.’ As you can see, they are another Me - they are all for Me, and I am their life. Their actions are all of gold and of incalculable value, because they are divine. No one will ever be able to reach their height because they are my very Life. Almost without anyone knowing them, because they are hidden in Me, only in Heaven will they be perfectly known.

On the wooden stairway there are more souls; these are the souls who walk along the way of the virtues, yes, but not in union with my Life and with the continuous connection of my Will. Their actions are of wood, therefore their value is minimal. These souls are short, almost scrawny, because many human purposes are mixed in with their good actions, and human purposes produce no growth. They are known to everyone, because they are not hidden in Me, but in themselves, therefore no one covers them. They will not cause any surprise for Heaven, since they were known also on earth.

Therefore, my daughter, I want you completely in my Life, with nothing in yours, and I entrust to you the ones you know and see, that they may keep themselves strong and constant on the stairway of my Life.” He pointed to me someone whom I know, and disappeared. May everything be for His glory.

* * *

December 14, 1912

One who is in the Divine Will, embracing everything, praying and repairing for all, takes within herself alone the love that God has for all. One who is completely in the Divine Will is not subject to temptation.

This morning, when my always lovable Jesus came, He tied me with a golden thread and told me: “My daughter, I do not want to tie you with ropes and chains. Shackles and iron chains are used with rebels, but with the docile - with those who want no life other than my Will and take no food other than my love – just a thread is enough to keep them united with Me; and many times I do not even use this thread. They are so deeply into Me as to form one single thing with Me; and if I use the thread, it is almost to play around them.” While Jesus was tying me, I found myself in the endless sea of the Will of my sweet Jesus and, as a consequence, in all creatures; and I kept going in the mind of Jesus, in the eyes of Jesus, in His mouth, in His Heart, as well as in the minds, in the eyes and in everything else of the creatures, doing all that Jesus did. Oh, how with Jesus one embraces all – no one is excluded!

Then, Jesus added: “One who is in my Will, embracing everything, praying and repairing for all, takes within herself alone the love I have for all. The love I have for everyone she encloses in just herself, and for as much as I love her, she is equally dear to Me and beautiful. She leaves everyone behind.”

Then, having read that one who is not tempted is not dear to God, and since it seems to me that for a long time now I have not known what temptation is, I said this to Jesus, and He told me: “My daughter, one who is completely in my Will is not subject to temptation, because the devil does not have the power to enter my Will. Not only this, but he himself does not want to enter because my Will is light, and before this light the soul would recognize his tricks very easily and would therefore make fun of the enemy. The enemy does not like this mockery, which is more terrible for him than hell itself; so he does all he can to stay away from her. Try to get out of my Will, and you will see how many enemies will swoop down on you. One who is in my Will carries the flag of victory always high, and none of the enemies dares to confront this impregnable flag.”

* * *

December 20, 1912

Jesus gives everything He that is to one who does His Will. There are no judgments for the soul who does His Will. Difference between the Divine Will and love.

In these past days my always lovable Jesus seemed to feel like speaking about His Holy Will. He would come, say a few words, and escape. I remember that once He told me: “My daughter, with one who does my Will I feel as though the duty to give her my virtues, my beauty, my strength - in a word, everything that I am. If I did not give it to her, I would deny it to Myself.”

Another time, I was reading about how terrible the Judgment is, and as I was left very saddened, my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, why do you want to sadden Me?” And I: ‘I do not intend to sadden You, but myself.’ And He: “Ah, don’t you want to understand that displeasures, sadnesses and anything that one who does my Will may suffer, fall upon Me and I feel them as my own? I can

say to one who does my Will: 'Laws are not for you - for you there are no judgments'. And if I wanted to judge her, I would act like one who wants to go against himself. On the contrary, one who does my Will, instead of being judged, acquires the right to judge others." Then He added: "The good will of the soul in doing good is a power over my Heart; and this power exerts so much leverage on Me, that by dint of leveraging, she forces Me to give her what she wants."

Then I was thinking: 'What does Jesus like the most: love or His Will?' And Jesus: "My Will must prevail over everything. Look at it, yourself: you have a body and a soul; you are made of intelligence, of flesh, of bones, of nerves. But you are not of cold marble - you also contain heat. So, the intelligence, the body, the flesh, the bones, the nerves must be my Will, and the heat which the soul contains is love. Look at the flame, the fire: the flame, the fire, must be my Will, while the heat produced by the flame and fire is love. So, in all things, the substance must be my Will; the effects, love. Both of them are so connected together that one cannot be without the other. So, the more substance of my Will the soul contains, the more love she produces."

* * *

January 22, 1913

The triple Passion of Jesus: of love, of sin, and from the Jews. Jesus is thrown into the Cedron stream.

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

February 5, 1913

One who does not do the Divine Will steals from God. Difference between Divine Will and love.

This morning my always lovable Jesus came like shadow and flash, and told Me: “My daughter, one who does not do my Will has no reason to live on earth; her life becomes without purpose, without means and without an end. She is just like a tree that is unable to produce any fruit, or at the most it produces poisonous fruits with which it poisons itself more and more, as well as anyone who would imprudently eat them. This tree does nothing other than steal the poor toils of the farmer who, with hardships and sweats, is around it to hoe the soil. In the same way, the soul who does not do my Will is in a continuous attitude of stealing from Me, and the thefts she makes from Me she converts into poison. So, she is around Me to steal from Me; she steals from Me the work of Creation, of Redemption and of Sanctification with regard to herself. She steals from Me the light of the sun, the food she takes, the air she breathes, the water that quenches her thirst, the fire that warms her, and the ground she treads, because all this belongs to those who do my Will - all that is mine is theirs. On the other hand, one who does not do my Will has no rights, and therefore I feel I am being continuously robbed. So, one who does not do my Will must be held as a noxious and fraudulent stranger, and therefore it is necessary to chain him and cast him into the deepest prisons.” Having said this, He disappeared like a flash.

Another day He came and told me: “My daughter, do you want to know the difference between my Will and love? My Will is sun - love is fire. My Will, like sun, has no need of nourishment, nor does It grow or decrease in light and in heat - It remains always equal to Itself, and Its light is always most pure. On the other hand, the fire, which symbolizes love, needs wood in order to be fed, and if the wood is missing, it can even be extinguished. It grows and decreases according to the wood that is placed in it; therefore it is subject to instability, and its light is always gloomy, mixed with smoke, especially if love is not regulated by my Will.” Having said this, He disappeared, and a light remained in my mind, through which I comprehended that the Will of God is like a sun for the soul, because the actions that are done as wanted by God form one single thing with the Divine Will – and, there it is, the sun is formed. The wood that maintains this sun is the human action and one’s own entire being united to the action and to the Divine Being. So, the soul herself becomes the wood, provided by the Divine Will - and this wood cannot be missing. Therefore this sun has no need of nourishment; it neither grows nor decreases, it is always equal to itself, its light is most pure, because it takes part in everything, and the Divine Being and the divine wood are never depleted and are not subject to smoke.

I won’t explain further, because I think that the rest, regarding love, can be understood by itself.

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February 19, 1913

The Divine Will is opium that puts to sleep all that is human in the soul. Jesus desires to speak through the soul to do good to others.

Continuing in my usual state and having received Holy Communion, my always lovable Jesus told me: "My daughter, my Will is like opium to the body. The poor patients who have to undergo an operation - the severing of one leg or one arm - are put to sleep with the opium. With it, they will not feel the sharpness of the pain, and after they wake up, they will find themselves with the results of the accomplished operation. If they have not suffered too much, it is all by virtue of the opium.

Such is my Will: the opium of the soul, which puts to sleep the intelligence, the love of self, the self-esteem - all that is human. The opium of my Will does not allow displeasure, slander, suffering, or a state of interior pains of the soul to penetrate deeply into her, because it keeps her as though asleep. But with this, the soul still finds herself with the same effects and the same merits; even more - oh, how much she surpasses them, just as if she had thoroughly felt that suffering. But with this difference: the opium for the body has to be purchased and cannot be used often, or every day, and if a person wanted to over-use it, he would become dazed, especially if he is of weak constitution; on the other hand, the opium of my Will I give out for free; it can be taken at any moment, and the more often the soul takes it, the more light of reason she acquires; and if she is weak, she acquires divine strength."

After this, I seemed to see people around me, and I said to Jesus: "Who are they?" And Jesus: "They are the ones whom I entrusted to you some time ago. I commend them to you - watch over them. I want to form this bond of union between you and them so as to have them always around Me." And He pointed out to me one in particular. And I: "Ah, Jesus, have You forgotten about my misery and nothingness, and the extreme need I have? What shall I do?" And Jesus: "My daughter, you will do nothing, just as you have always done nothing; I alone will speak and operate within you, and I will speak through your mouth. If only you want it so, and if there is good disposition in them, I will offer Myself for everything; and even if I should keep you asleep in my Will, I will wake you up when necessary, and I will let you speak to them. I will delight more in hearing you speak about my Will both in vigil and in sleep."

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March 16, 1913

Prayer without fervor. In the Divine Will ice is more ardent than fire. The nourishment of souls who do God's Will.

I will write some little things that blessed Jesus told me in these past few days. I remember that, though feeling indifferent and cold, I was doing what I usually do; and I thought to myself: "Who knows how much more glory I gave to Our Lord when I felt the opposite of how I feel today?" And blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, when the soul prays with fervor, it is incense with smoke; on the other hand, when she prays feeling cold, but without having allowed anything extraneous to Me to enter herself, it is incense without smoke. Both of them are pleasing to Me, but the incense without smoke pleases Me more, because smoke always causes some bother to the eyes."

As I was feeling the same way, lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, ice in my Will is more ardent than fire. What would impress you the most: to see that ice has the virtue of burning and destroying anything that may touch it, or to see fire turning things into fire? Certainly the ice. Ah, my daughter, in my Will things change their nature. So, ice in my Will has the virtue of destroying anything that is not worthy of my Sanctity, and renders the soul pure, clear and holy, according to my liking, not according to her liking. This is the blindness of creatures - and also of those who are said to be good - in feeling cold, miserable, weak, oppressed, and so on. And the more they feel bad, the more they huddle within their will, weaving their own maze with which to wrap themselves even more within their evils, instead of making a jump into my Will, in which they would find the coldness-fire, the misery-wealth, the weakness-strength, the oppression-joy. I make them feel so bad on purpose, in order to give them, in my Will, the opposite of the evils they have. But creatures, not wanting to understand this once and for all, render vain my designs upon them. What blindness! What blindness!”

Another day Jesus told me: “My daughter, take a look at how one who does my Will nourishes herself.” At that moment I saw a sun spreading innumerable rays - it was so very bright that our sun seemed to be just a shadow; and a few souls, immersed in this light, suckling with their mouths from these rays, as if they were breasts. These souls were estranged to anything else, as if they were doing nothing; but while it seemed that they were doing nothing, from them came the whole of the divine operating. My always lovable Jesus added: “Have you seen the happiness of the ones who do my Will, and how from them only comes the repetition of my works? One who does my Will nourishes herself with light - that is, with Me; and while she does nothing, she does everything. So, she can be certain that whatever she thinks, does and says is the effect of the food which she takes - that is, everything is the fruit of my Will.”

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March 21, 1913

The abandonment of the soul in the Will of God is opium for Jesus. The air of souls.

Continuing in my usual state, I was telling sweet Jesus to condescend to let me share in His pains; and He told me: “My daughter, the opium of the soul is my Will; my opium is the will of the soul abandoned in my Will, united to pure love. This opium that the soul gives Me has the virtue of making the thorns lose in Me their capacity to prick, the nails to pierce, the wounds to cause pain; it soothes everything for Me and puts everything to sleep. So, if you have given Me opium, how can you want Me to let you share in my pains? If I do not have them for Myself, neither do I have them for you.” And I: ‘Ah, Jesus, how good You are at coming up with this! It seems that You want to make fun of me, coming up with these terms so as not to make me content.’ And He: “No, no, it is true - it is really like this. I need much opium, and I want you so abandoned in Me as to no longer feel yourself, in such a way that I will no longer recognize you as yourself, but I will only recognize Myself in you, and I will say to you that you are my soul, my flesh, my bones. During these times I need much opium, because if I wake up, I will pour down deluges of scourges.” And He disappeared.

After a little while, He came back and added: “My daughter, many times it happens to souls what happens in the air. Because of the stench that emanates from the earth the air becomes greasy, and one feels such a thick, heavy, oppressive and nauseating air, that winds are necessary in order to

remove that grease from the air. Then, after the air has been purified, the finest breeze blows, such that one would remain with one's mouth open in order to breathe that purified air. All this happens in souls. Many times complacency, self-esteem, ego, and all that is human, grease the air of the soul, and I am forced to send her the wind of coldness, the wind of temptation, of aridity, of slander, so that these winds may remove the grease from the air of the soul, may purify her, and bring her back to her nothingness. Then, nothingness opens the door to the All - to God, and the All makes many fragrant breezes blow, such that, with her mouth open, she swallows that air and remains all sanctified by it."

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March 24, 1913

Jesus is the contentment of contentments. The Celestial Mama was filled with Jesus through Her constant thinking of His Passion.

I was feeling a certain discontent because of the privations of my always lovable Jesus; and He, coming for just a little, told me: "My daughter, what are you doing? I am the contentment of contentments. Being in you, and feeling some discontents, I recognize that they come from you, and therefore I do not recognize Myself completely in you, because discontents are part of the human nature - not of the Divine; while it is my Will that what is human no longer exist in you - only my Divine Life."

I add that I was thinking to myself about the sweet Mama, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, the thought of my Passion never escaped my dear Mama, and by dint of repeating it, she filled all of Herself with Me, completely. The same happens to the soul: by dint of repeating what I suffered, she arrives at filling herself with Me."

* * *

April 2, 1913

The soul who does the Will of God is the breath of Jesus.

I was all afflicted because of the privations of my sweet Jesus, when Jesus came from behind my shoulders; He placed His hand on my mouth, moved the bed sheets away from me, which were so close as to prevent me from breathing freely, and then told me: "My daughter, one who does my Will is my breath; and since my breath contains all the breaths of creatures, I administer breath to all from within the soul who does my Will. This is why I moved the bed sheets away - I too felt my breathing hampered." And I: 'Ah, Jesus, what are you saying? Rather, I feel that You have left me and that You have forgotten everything - the many promises You made me....' And He: "My daughter, don't say this to Me for you offend Me, and force Me to make you really feel what it means to be left by Me."

Then He added with an air which was all sweetness: "One who does my Will represents, vividly, the period of my life upon earth: while on the outside I appeared as a Man, at the same time I was always the beloved Son of my dear Father. In the same way, the soul who does my Will has, externally, the skin of humanity; while inside there is my Person - inseparable, just like Me, in the love and in the Will of the Sacrosanct Trinity. So, the Divinity says: 'This is another daughter that We keep on earth.

For love of her do We sustain the earth, because, in everything, she stands in for Us'."

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April 10, 1913

Value and effects of the Hours of the Passion. The love of Jesus is fire that burns evil and gives life to good.

This morning my always lovable Jesus came, and hugging me to His Heart, told me: "My daughter, one who always thinks about my Passion forms a fount within her heart, and the more she thinks about It, the larger this fount becomes. And just as the waters that spring up are waters common to everyone, in the same way, this fount of my Passion which is formed in her heart serves for the good of the soul, for my glory, and for the good of all creatures." And I: "Tell me, my Good, what will You give as recompense to those who will do the Hours of the Passion the way You taught them to me?"

And He: "My daughter, I will look at these Hours, not as yours, but as done by Me. I will give you my same merits, as if I were in the act of suffering my Passion; and the same effects, according to the dispositions of the souls. This, while they are on earth - and I could not give them a greater reward. Then, in Heaven, I will place these souls in front of Me, darting through them with darts of love and of contentments for as many times as they did the Hours of my Passion; and they will dart through Me. What a sweet enchantment this will be for all the Blessed!"

Then He added: "My love is fire, but not like material fire which destroys things and reduces them to ashes. My fire vivifies and perfects; and if it burns and consumes anything, it is all that is not holy - desires, affections, thoughts which are not good. This is the virtue of my fire: to burn evil and to give life to good. So, if the soul feels no tendency to evil within her, she can be certain that my fire is in her. But if she feels fire mixed with evil within her, it is much to be doubted whether that be my real fire."

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May 9, 1913

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

While praying, I was thinking about that moment in which Jesus took leave of His Most Holy Mother to go and suffer His Passion; and I said to myself: "How is it possible that Jesus could separate from His dear Mama, and She from Jesus?" And blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, surely there could not be separation between Me and my sweet Mama; the separation was only apparent. She and I were fused together, and the fusion was such and so great that I remained with Her, and She came with Me. So, it can be said that there was a sort of bilocation. This happens also to souls when they are truly united with Me; and if, while praying, they let prayer enter into their souls as life, a sort of fusion and bilocation occurs: I bring them with Me, wherever I am, and I remain with them.

My daughter, you cannot comprehend well what my beloved Mama was for Me. In coming upon earth, I could not be without Heaven, and my Heaven was my Mama. There was such electricity running between Me and Her, that not one thought escaped Her which She would not draw from my

mind. And this drawing from Me of word, will, desire, action, step - in sum, of everything - formed the sun, the stars, the moon in this Heaven, together with all possible delights that a creature can give Me, and that she herself can enjoy. Oh, how I delighted in this Heaven! Oh, how I felt cheered and repaid for everything! Even the kisses that my Mama gave Me enclosed the kiss of all humanity, returning to Me the kiss of all creatures. I felt my sweet Mama everywhere. I felt Her in my breath; and if it was labored, She would relieve it. I felt Her in my Heart; and if It was embittered, She would sweeten It. I felt Her in my step; and if it was tired, She would give Me vigor and rest.... And who can tell you how I felt Her in my Passion? At each lash, at each thorn, at each wound, at each drop of my Blood - I felt Her everywhere, carrying out the office of my true Mother. Ah, if souls reciprocated Me, if they drew everything from Me - how many Heavens and how many Mothers would I have on earth!"

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May 21, 1913

How the true consummation is formed.

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

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June 12, 1913

The effects of fusing oneself in Jesus: the Most Holy Trinity is formed in the soul.

While praying, I was uniting my mind to the mind of Jesus, my eyes to those of Jesus, and so with all the rest, with the intention of doing what Jesus did with His mind, with His eyes, with His mouth, with His Heart, and so forth. And as it seemed that the mind of Jesus, His eyes, etc., diffused for the good of all, it seemed that I too would diffuse for the good of all, uniting and identifying myself with Jesus.

Now, I thought to myself: 'What kind of a meditation is this? What prayer? Ah, I am no longer good at anything - I am not even capable of reflecting on something!' While I was thinking of this, my always lovable Jesus told me: "My daughter, what? You are afflicting yourself with this? Instead of afflicting yourself you should rejoice, because when you used to meditate, and many beautiful reflections used to arise within your mind, you would do nothing but take from Me part of my qualities and of my virtues. Now, since the only thing left to you is being able to unite and identify yourself with Me, you take the whole of Me. Good at nothing as you are, with Me you are good at everything, because with Me you want the good of all, and the mere desiring and wanting good

produces a strength in the soul which makes her grow, and settles her in the Divine Life. Then, by uniting with Me and identifying with Me, she unites with my mind, producing many lives of holy thoughts in the minds of creatures; as she unites with my eyes, she produces many lives of holy gazes in creatures. In the same way, if she unites with my mouth, she will give life to the words; if she unites to my Heart, to my desires, to my hands, to my steps, at every heartbeat she will give a life - life to desires, to actions, to steps - but holy lives, because I contain the creative power within Me, and therefore, together with Me, the soul creates and does whatever I do.

Now, this union with Me - part to part, mind to mind, heart to heart, etc. - produces in you, in the highest degree, the life of my Will and of my love. In this Will, the Father is formed; and in this love, the Holy Spirit; and through the operating, the words, the works, the thoughts, and everything else that can come from this Will and from this love, the Son is formed - and here is the Trinity in souls. So, if We need to operate, it is indifferent whether We operate in the Trinity in Heaven, or in the Trinity within souls on earth. This is why I keep taking everything else away from you, be they even good and holy things: to be able to give you the best and the holiest - which is I; and to be able to make of you another Myself, as much as it is possible for a creature. I believe you won't lament any more, will you?" And I: 'Ah! Jesus, Jesus, I feel, rather, that I have become awful bad; and the worst is that I am unable to find this badness of mine, for at least I would do anything I can to cast it away.' And Jesus: "Enough, enough - you want to go too far into the thought of yourself. Think of Me, and I will take care of your badness too. Have you understood?"

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June 24, 1913

The soul who has no appetite for good.

The soul who has no appetite for good, feels a sort of nausea and repulsion for good itself. Therefore, these souls are the refuse of God.

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August 20, 1913

Trust, simplicity and disinterest for herself are necessary for the soul who lives in the Divine Will. This creature is the life, the blood, the bones of Jesus.

While I was praying, I saw my always lovable Jesus within me, and many souls around me, who were saying: 'Lord, You have placed everything in this soul!' And stretching out their hands toward me, they said to me: 'Since Jesus is in you, and with Him, all His goods - take them and give them to us.' I remained confused, and blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, in my Will there are all possible goods, and it is necessary for the soul who lives in It to be in It with trust, operating as the owner together with Me. Creatures expect everything from this soul, and if they do not receive, they feel defrauded. But how can she give if she does not operate together with Me with full trust? Therefore, trust in order to give, simplicity in order to communicate herself to all, disinterest for herself, to be able to live completely for Me and for her neighbor, are necessary for the soul who lives in my Will. So I am."

Then He added: "My daughter, it happens to one who truly does my Will as to a grafted tree: the

power of the graft has the virtue of destroying the life of the tree which receives the graft. So, one can no longer see the fruits and the leaves of the first tree, but those of the graft. And if the first tree said to the graft: 'I want to keep at least a little branch for myself, so that I too may be able to give some fruits, and make everybody know that I still exist,' the graft would say: 'You have no more reason to exist after you have submitted yourself to receiving my graft. Life will be all mine.' In the same way, the soul who does my Will can say: 'My life is ended. It is no longer my works, my thoughts, my words that will come out of me, but the works, the thoughts and the words of the One whose Will is my life.' So, to the one who does my Will I say: 'You are my life, my blood, my bones.' The true and real sacramental transformation takes place - not by virtue of the words of the priest, but by virtue of my Will. As soon as the soul decides to live of my Volition, my Will creates Myself in the soul; and as my Will flows in the will, in the works, in the steps of the soul, she undergoes as many of my creations. It happens just as to a pyx full of consecrated particles: there are as many Jesuses for as many particles - one for each particle. In the same way, by virtue of my Will, the soul contains Myself in her whole being, as well as in each part of it. One who does my Will fulfills the true eternal communion - and a communion with complete fruit."

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August 27, 1913

The enemy cannot approach the soul who lives in the Divine Will directly.

Finding myself in my usual state, I was lamenting to my always lovable Jesus about my poor current state, and with all the bitterness of my soul I said to Him: 'Life of my life, You don't want to have compassion on me any more. Why live? You don't want to use me any more - everything is over. My bitterness is such and so great that I feel petrified because of the pain. And what is more is that while I remain all abandoned in your arms, as if I gave not a thought to my great misfortune, others - and You know who they are - whisper in my ear: 'And how is this? And why? Maybe you have committed sins? You have become distracted!' And what is worse is that, while they say this to me, I feel that I don't want to hear them, as if they would interrupt the sleep You make me have in the arms of your Will. Ah! Jesus, maybe You did not pay attention to how hard this pain is for me, otherwise You would come to my aid.' And I told Him many more silly things.

Then blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, poor daughter of mine, they want to sadden you, don't they? Ah, my daughter, I do so much to keep you at peace, and they want to disturb you! No, no. Know that if you dared to offend Me, I would be the first to be saddened, and the first to tell you; and since I do not tell you anything - do not worry. But do you want to know who the cause of this really is? It is the devil. He is consumed with rage, and every time you speak about the effects of my Will to those who approach you, he blows up in fury, and unable to approach one who does my Will directly, he goes around, approaching those who can get close to you under the appearance of good, in order to obtain at least the miserable intent of disturbing the serene heaven of the soul in whom I delight to dwell. So, he thunders and lightnings from afar, thinking he is doing something; but - poor him! - the power of my Will breaks his legs, making those thunders and lightnings fall upon himself; and he is left more furious than before.

Furthermore, what you say is not true, 'What is the purpose of my state?' You must know that, for the soul who truly does my Will, the virtue of my Will is such and so great that if I get close to the

place where that soul is in order to send chastisements, finding there my Will and my own love, I do not feel like punishing Myself in that soul. Rather, I remain wounded and I faint, and instead of chastising, I go and throw Myself in the arms of that soul who contains my Will and my love; I rest and I remain all cheered. Ah! if you knew into what constraints of love you put Me, and how much I suffer when I see you the least bit saddened or disturbed because of Me, you would be more content, and others would abstain from causing you bother.” And I: ‘You see, O Jesus, how much evil I do, to the point of making You suffer so much!’ And Jesus, immediately: “My daughter, do not trouble yourself because of this. The sufferings that come to Me from the love of the soul contain great joys also, because true love, though it brings sufferings, is never separated from great joy and unspeakable contentments.”

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September 3, 1913

When Jesus places the soul in His Will and she takes up stable dwelling in It, just like Jesus, she feels the need to give to all.

While I was praying... (although I don't really know how to explain myself well. This might also be a subtle pride of mine: I never think about myself and my great miseries, but pray always to repair, to console Jesus, for sinners - for everyone. However, it is not that I think about it before - no; it is enough for me to start praying and I find myself at that point). Now, I was concerned about this, and my always lovable Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, what is this? Are you concerned about it? You must know that when I place the soul in my Will and she takes up stable dwelling in my Volition, since my Will contains all possible imaginable goods, the soul feels that she abounds with everything, and she places herself in my same conditions - that is, she feels the need to give rather than to receive; she feels that she needs nothing, and if she wants anything, she can take whatever she wants without asking. Since my Will contains an irresistible force of wanting to give, only when she gives - then is she happy; and as she gives she becomes more thirsty for giving. And in what constraints she finds herself when she wants to give and finds no one to whom to give!

My daughter, I place the soul who does my Will in my same conditions; I share with her my great joys and bitternesses, and everything she does is sealed with disinterest for herself. Ah! yes, the soul who does my Will is the true sun which gives light and heat to all, and feels the necessity to give this light and heat. And while it gives to all, the sun takes nothing from anyone because it is superior to everything and there is no one on earth who can match it in light and in the great fire it contains. Ah! if creatures could see a soul who does my Will, they would see her as more than a majestic sun in the act of doing good to all; and even more, they would recognize Myself in this sun. So, the sign that the soul has reached the point of doing my Will is that she feels in the condition of giving. Have you understood?”

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September 6, 1913

The Hours of the Passion are the very prayers of Jesus.

I was thinking about the Hours of the Passion, which have now been written, and how they are without any indulgence. So, those who do them gain nothing, while there are many prayers enriched

with many indulgences. While I was thinking of this, my always lovable Jesus, all kindness, told me: “My daughter, through the prayers with indulgences one gains something, but the Hours of my Passion, which are my very prayers, my reparations, and all love, have come out of the very depth of my Heart. Have you perhaps forgotten how many times I have united Myself with you to do them together, and I have changed chastisements into graces over the whole earth? So, my satisfaction is such and so great, that instead of the indulgence, I give the soul a handful of love, which contains incalculable prices of infinite value. And besides, when things are done out of pure love, my love finds its outpouring, and it is not insignificant that the creature gives relief and outpouring to the love of the Creator.”

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September 12, 1913

Jesus has been speaking to Luisa for about two years about His Will in a way which He has never manifested to anyone before. From that time He has substituted the ecstasy of His Most Holy Humanity, given to enamor her of His Person, with the ecstasy of His Divine Will.

I was thinking about how blessed Jesus has changed things. Even when He comes, I don't remain petrified as before, and as soon as He leaves I feel I am in my natural state. I don't know what has happened to me; and what is more, I feel bothered if the thought comes to me, or if the one who has authority over me wanted to know about my things.

But good Jesus, who watches over my every thought and wants not even one of them to be out of tune in my mind, on coming, told me: “My daughter, would you perhaps want me to use ropes and chains to keep you bound? Once they were necessary, and with all love I kept you bound, pretending to be deaf to some lament of yours - remember.... But now I no longer see them as necessary. For more than two years now, I have wanted to use more noble chains with you – which are my Will. This is why during this time I have always spoken to you of my Will and of the sublime and indescribable effects which this Will contains - which I have not manifested to anyone until now. Go through as many books as you want, and you will see that in none of them will you find what I have told you about my Will. This was necessary to dispose your soul to the present state you are in. After keeping you always with Me, I knew very well that you could not have endured suffering the continuous privation of my presence had I not substituted it with something - still my own – which, invading your soul completely, would keep you captured more than my presence itself. My Will took its place in keeping captured each one of your thoughts, affections, desires, words; so much so, that your tongue speaks about my Will with such eloquence and enthusiasm, because it is captured by my Volition. This is why you feel bothered when you are asked ‘how is it and why’ Jesus does not come as before: because you have been captured by my Will, and your soul suffers when they want to break the sweet enchantment of my Volition.”

And I: “Jesus, what are you saying? Go away, go away - it is my evils that have reduced me to such a state.’ Jesus smiled in hearing me say ‘go away’, and clasping me more closely to Himself, added: “I cannot go. Could I perhaps separate from my Will? If you have my Will, I must be always with you. My Will and I are one - not two. Rather, let's come to the facts: tell Me, what are your evils?” And I: ‘My Love, I don't know. You Yourself have said that your Will keeps me captured. How can I know them?’ And Jesus: “Ah, you don't know them?” And I: ‘I cannot know them, because

You keep me always up above, and You give me no time to think about myself; and at the moment I want to think about myself, You scold me – now severely, to the point of telling me that I should be ashamed of doing that; now lovingly, drawing me to Yourself with such strength as to make me forget about myself. How can I do it?’

And Jesus: “If you cannot do it, it means that I am more pleased if you don’t do it, since my Will keeps hold of you in place of everything, and It would see Itself being deprived of something that belongs to It. This is why It remains over you and prevents you from thinking about yourself, knowing that wherever my Volition holds the place of everything, there cannot be evils. So, jealous, I remain on guard.”

And I: ‘Jesus, are You making fun of me?’ And Jesus: “My daughter, you force Me to speak to make you understand how things are. Listen: in order to make you reach a point so noble and divine, I behaved with you like two lovers who love each other to folly. You would never have loved my Will so much had you not known Me. Therefore, first I gave you the ecstasy of my Humanity, so that knowing who I am, you would love Me; and in order to draw all your love I used with you many stratagems of love. You remember them - it is not necessary for Me to make you a list. Now, after I have drawn you well to love my Person, you have been caught by my Will - and you love It. And since you could not be without Me after so much time - as if we had lived together - it was necessary that the ecstasy of my Will would hold in you the place of my Humanity. Everything I have done before has been graces to dispose you to the ecstasy of my Will, because when I dispose a soul to live in a higher way in my Will, I have to manifest Myself in order to infuse graces so great.”

Surprised, I said: ‘What are you saying, O Jesus? What? Your Will is ecstasy?’

“Yes, my Volition is true and perfect ecstasy, and you break this ecstasy whenever you want to think about yourself. But I will not let you win - great chastisements will come in the near times, and even though you do not believe it, you and the one who directs you will believe when you hear them. This is why it is necessary that the ecstasy of my Humanity be interrupted, though not completely: because otherwise you would bind Me everywhere. So, I will let the sweet enchantment of my Will take the place of it, also so that you may suffer less when you see the chastisements.”

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September 20, 1913

Everything that happens around and inside the soul is nothing other than the continuous crafting of Jesus so that His Will may be fulfilled and carried out in her.

I was thinking about my present state - how little or nothing I suffer. And Jesus, immediately: “My daughter, everything that happens around and inside the soul - bitternesses, pleasures, contrasts, deaths, privations, contentments, and other things - is nothing other than my continuous crafting so that my Will may be fulfilled and carried out in her. When I obtain this, all is done, and therefore everything gives the soul peace. It seems that even suffering wants to stay away from her, in seeing that the Divine Volition is greater than it is, and that It holds in her the place of everything, surpassing everything. It seems that all pay reverence to her; and I Myself, when the soul reaches this point - of using everything in order to let Me accomplish the crafting of my Will - once this is done, I prepare

her for Heaven.”

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September 21, 1913

All the things that the soul does in the Divine Will and together with Jesus acquire His same qualities, the same life and the same value.

This morning my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen with indescribable sweetness and affability, as if He wanted to tell me something very dear to Him and of great surprise for me. So, embracing me completely and pressing me to His Heart, He told me: “My beloved daughter, all the things that the soul does in my Will and together with Me - prayers, actions, steps, etc. - acquire my same qualities, the same life and the same value. See, all the things I did upon earth - prayers, sufferings, works - are all in act, and will remain in eternity for the good of whomever wants them. My operating differs from the operating of creatures. Containing the creative power within Myself, I speak and I create, just as one day I spoke and I created the sun, and this sun is always full of light and heat, and it always gives light and heat as if it were in the act of receiving continuous creation from Me, without ever decreasing. Such was my operating upon earth. Since I contain the creative power within Myself, the prayers, the steps, the works I did and the blood I shed, are in continuous act of praying, of operating, of walking, etc., just as the sun is in continuous act of giving light. So, my prayers continue, my steps are always in the act of running after souls; and so with the rest. Otherwise, what great difference would exist between my operating and that of my Saints?

Now, my daughter, listen to a beautiful - beautiful thing, not yet understood by creatures: all the things that the soul does together with Me and in my Will, just as are my things, so are hers too. The connection with my Will and her operating together with Me participate in my same creative power.” I remained ecstatic and with a joy that I could not contain, and I said: ‘How can all this be possible, O Jesus?’ And He: “Whoever does not understand this can say that he does not know Me.” And He disappeared. But I cannot say it well, and I don’t know how to explain myself better. Who can tell all that He made me understand? Rather, it seems to me that I have spoken nonsense.

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September 25, 1913

The Divine Will is the center of the soul. The Sacraments produce their fruits and effects according to how souls are submitted to the Divine Will, and to their connection with It.

I told the confessor that Jesus had said to me that the Will of God is the center of the soul; that this center is in the depth of the soul, and that, spreading Its rays like sun, It gives light to the mind, sanctity to the actions, strength to the steps, life to the heart, power to the word and to everything; and not only this, but also that while this center - the Will of God - is inside of us, so that we may never escape from It, and so as to remain at our continuous disposal, never leaving us alone or separated even for one minute - at the same time, It is also in front of us, on our right, on our left, behind and everywhere, and It will be our center also in Heaven. The confessor was saying, instead, that the Most Holy Sacrament is our center.

Now, on coming, blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, I had to make it in such a way that sanctity

might be easy and accessible to all - unless they did not want it - in all conditions, in all circumstances and in every place. It is true that the Most Holy Sacrament is center; but who instituted It? Who subdued my Humanity to enclose Itself within the small circle of a Host? Wasn't that my Will? Therefore my Will will always have primacy over everything. Besides, if everything is in the Eucharist, the priests who call Me from Heaven into their hands, and who are in contact with my Sacramental Flesh more than anyone, should be the holiest and the most good; but instead, many of them are the worst. Poor Me, how they treat Me in the Most Holy Sacrament! And the many devout souls who receive Me, perhaps every day, should be as many saints if the center of the Eucharist were sufficient. But instead – and it is something to be cried over - they remain always at the same point: vain, irascible, punctilious, etc. Poor center of the Most Holy Sacrament, how dishonored It remains!

On the other hand, there may be a mother who does my Will and who, because of her situation, not because she does not want to, cannot receive Me every day; and one sees that she is patient, charitable, and carries the fragrance of my Eucharistic virtues within herself. Ah, is it perhaps the Sacrament or, rather, my Will to which she is submitted, that keeps her subdued and makes up for the Most Holy Sacrament? Even more, I tell you that the Sacraments themselves produce fruits according to how souls are submitted to my Will. They produce effects according to the connection that souls have with my Volition. And if there is no connection with my Will, they may receive Communion, but will remain on an empty stomach; they may go to Confession, but will remain always dirty; they may come before my Sacramental Presence, but if our wills do not meet, I will be as though dead for them, because my Will alone produces all goods and gives life to the very Sacraments in the soul who lets herself be subdued by It. And those who do not understand this - it means that they are babies in religion.”

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October 2, 1913

When the human will unites to the Divine Will, the life of Jesus is formed in the soul. The soul who does the Will of God can say that her life is ended.

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus made Himself seen inside of me, but so identified with me that I could see His eyes within mine, His mouth within mine, and so with the rest. While I saw Him like this, He said to me: “My daughter, look at how I identify Myself with the soul who does my Will, making Myself one with her. I become her very life, because my Will is inside and outside of that soul. It can be said that my Will is like the air that she breathes, which gives life to everything; like light that makes one see and understand everything; like heat that warms, fecundates and makes one grow; like heart that palpitates, like hands that work, like feet that walk. And when the human will unites to my Volition, my life is formed in the soul.”

Then, having received Communion, I was saying to Jesus, ‘I love You’; and He told me: “My daughter, do you really want to love Me? Say: ‘Jesus, I love You with your Will.’ And since my Will fills Heaven and earth, your love will surround Me everywhere, and your ‘I love You’ will resound up there in the Heavens, and down to the bottom of the abysses. In the same way, if you want to say: ‘I adore You, I bless You, I praise You...’, you will say it united with my Will, and will fill Heaven and earth with adorations, with blessings, with praises, with thanksgivings. In my Will things are simple, easy and immense. My Will is everything; so much so, that my very attributes -

what are they? A simple act of my Will. So, if Justice, Goodness, Wisdom, Fortitude follow their course, my Will precedes them, accompanies them, and places them in the attitude of operating. In sum, they do not move one point from my Volition. Therefore, whoever takes my Will takes everything; even more, she can say that her life is ended - ended the weaknesses, the temptations, the passions, the miseries; because all things lose their rights in one who does my Will, for my Will has primacy over everything and right to everything.”

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November 18, 1913

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

I was thinking about my poor state, and how even the cross has been banished from me; and in my interior Jesus told me: “My daughter, when two wills are opposed to each other, one forms the cross of the other. So it is between Me and the creatures: when their wills are opposed to Mine, I form their cross and they form Mine; I am the long bar of the cross, while they are the short one, and crossing each other, they form the cross. Now, when the will of the soul unites with Mine, the bars are no longer crossed, but united, and therefore the cross is no longer a cross. Have you understood? And besides, I sanctified the cross; it was not the cross that sanctified Me. It is not the cross that sanctifies - it is the resignation to my Will that sanctifies the cross; therefore, even the cross can do as much good insofar as it is connected with my Will. Not only this; the cross sanctifies and crucifies part of the person, while my Will does not spare anything; it sanctifies everything, and crucifies thoughts, desires, will, affections, heart - everything. And since my Will is light, It shows to the soul the necessity of this sanctification and complete crucifixion, in such a way that she herself incites Me to accomplish the crafting of my Will upon her.

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

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November 27, 1913

The Divine Will is the highest point which can exist, both in Heaven and on earth.

My always lovable Jesus continues to speak about His Most Holy Will: “My daughter, as many complete acts of my Will as the creature performs, so many parts of Me does she take into herself; and the more she takes of my Will, the more light she acquires, forming the sun within herself. And since this sun is formed by the light that she takes from my Will, the rays of this sun are linked to the rays of my Divine Sun. So, each one is reflected into the other, each one flashes through the other, and they dart through each another; and as they do this, the Sun that my Will has formed in the soul becomes larger and larger.”

And I: ‘Jesus, here we are again - in your Will; it seems You have nothing else to say.’ And Jesus: “My Will is the highest point which can exist, both in Heaven and on earth, and when the soul has

reached It, she has subdued everything and has done everything. There is nothing left for her to do but to dwell over these heights, enjoy them, and understand this Will of Mine more and more, which is not yet understood well either in Heaven or on earth. There is much time for you to be spent in It, because you have understood very little, and much remains for you to understand. My Will is so great that whoever does It can call himself a god of the earth; and just as my Will forms the beatitude of Heaven, these gods who do my Will form the beatitude of the earth and of those who are near them. There is no good that exists on earth which is not to be attributed to these gods of my Will - whether as direct or as indirect cause, everything is due to them. Just as there is no happiness in Heaven which does not come from Me, so there is no good on earth which does not come from them.”

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March 8, 1914

As the soul lives and dies in the Divine Will, there is no good which she does not carry with herself. The value of one single instant in the Divine Will. All that the soul who lives in the Divine Will experiences does not belong to her, but to Jesus within her. One who lives in the Divine Will can by no means go to Purgatory.

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus has not ceased to speak to me, so very often, about His Most Holy Will. I will say the little I remember:

As I was not feeling well, on coming, blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, the soul who lives in my Will can say of everything I do: ‘It is mine.’ This, because the will of the soul is so identified with Mine, that whatever my Will does, she does as well. So, as she lives and dies in my Volition, there is no good which she does not carry with herself, because there is no good which my Will does not contain; my Will is the life of all the good that creatures do. Therefore, as the soul dies in my Will, she carries with her the Masses that are celebrated, and the prayers and the good works that are done, because they are all fruits of my Will. And this is still very little compared to the operating of my Will Itself which the soul carries with her as her own. One instant of the operating of my Will is enough to surpass all the works of all creatures, past, present and future. So, as the soul dies in my Will, there is no beauty that matches her, nor heights, riches, sanctity, wisdom or love; nothing - nothing can equal her. As the soul who dies in my Will enters into the Heavenly Fatherland, not only will the Heaven’s gates open, but the entire Heaven will bow to welcome her into the celestial dwelling, to honor the working of my Will. What should I tell you, then, of the feast and the surprise of all the Blessed in seeing this soul completely marked by the working of the Divine Will; in seeing, in this soul who has done everything in my Will, that everything she has done during her life - each saying, each thought, word, work, action of hers - are many suns that adorn her, each one different from the other in light and in beauty; and in seeing in this soul many divine rivulets that will inundate all the Blessed and flow also upon earth for the good of pilgrim souls, since Heaven cannot contain them? Ah, my daughter, my Will is the portent of portents. It is the secret to finding light, sanctity and riches - It is the secret to all goods; but It is not known, and therefore not appreciated nor loved. You at least, appreciate It, love It, and make It known to those whom you see disposed.”

Another day, as I was suffering, I felt like I was unable to do anything, so I felt oppressed. And Jesus, clasping the whole of me, told me: “My daughter, do not worry yourself. Try only to be

abandoned in my Will, and I will do everything for you, because one single instant in my Will is more than all the good you could possibly do in your entire life.”

I also remember that another day He told me: “My daughter, one who truly does my Will, in everything that occurs within her, both in the soul and in the body, in whatever she feels and suffers, can say: ‘Jesus is suffering, Jesus is oppressed.’ In fact, everything that creatures do to Me reaches Me even in the soul in whom I dwell, who does my Will. So, if the coldness of creatures reaches Me, my Will feels it, and since my Will is life of that soul, it happens as a consequence that the soul feels it too. So, instead of troubling herself over this coldness, as if it were her own, she must remain around Me to console Me and repair for the coldness that creatures send to Me. In the same way, if she feels distractions, oppressions and other things, she must remain around Me to relieve Me and repair, as if those were not her things, but mine. Therefore, the soul who lives of my Will will feel many different pains, according to the offenses that creatures give Me - but in a sudden way and almost in one start. On the other hand, she will also feel indescribable joys and contentments; and if in the first she must occupy herself with consoling Me and repairing, in the joys and contentments she must delight. Only then does my Will find my own interest; otherwise It would remain saddened and unable to carry out what my Volition contains.”

Another day He told me: “My daughter, one who does my Will can by no means go to Purgatory, because my Will purges the soul of everything. After keeping her so jealously during her life, in the custody of my Volition, how could I allow the fire of Purgatory to touch her? At the most she may lack some clothing, but my Will, before revealing the Divinity to her, will clothe her with all that she may lack. And then I reveal Myself.”

* * *

March 14, 1914

How hard it is for Jesus not to content one who does His Will and takes the whole of Him.

Today I was fusing all of myself in Jesus, but to so much as to feel the whole of Jesus alive and real within me. While I was feeling Him, He said to me - but in such a tender and touching way that I felt my poor heart crack: ‘My daughter, it is too hard for Me not to content one who does my Will. As you see, I have no more hands, nor feet, nor Heart, nor eyes, nor mouth - I have nothing left. In my Will, which you have taken, you took possession of everything, and I have nothing left. This is why, in spite of the many grave evils that inundate the earth, the deserved chastisements are not pouring upon it: because it is hard for Me not to content you. Besides, how can I do that if I have no hands, and you do not give them to Me? If they become absolutely necessary to Me, I will be forced to steal them from you, or to convince you so that you yourself would give them to Me. How hard it is for Me - how hard it is for Me to displease one who does my Will! I would displease Myself.”

I remained surprised at this speaking of Jesus. Not only this, but I could really see that I had the hands, the feet and the eyes of Jesus; and I said to Him: ‘Jesus, let me come.’ And He: “Give Me a little more of life in you, and then you will come.”

* * *

March 17, 1914

One who does the Divine Will takes part not only in the external works (ad extra) of God, but also in the interior actions (ad intra) of the Divine Persons.

Continuing in my usual state, my lovable Jesus kept making Himself seen inside my whole being, in such a way that I possessed all of His members. He looked so content that, appearing unable to contain this contentment, He told me: “My daughter, one who does my Will takes part in the actions ‘ad intra’ of the Divine Persons. Only for one who does my Volition is this privilege is reserved: to take part not only in all of Our works ‘ad extra’, but to pass from these to the works ‘ad intra’. This is why it is hard for Me not to content one who lives of my Will: because since this soul is in my Will, she is present in the intimate place of Our Heart, of Our desires, of Our affections and thoughts. Her heartbeat, her breath and Ours are one. Therefore, the contentments, the delights, the glory, the love that she gives Us – all of them infinite in their way and nature, in nothing dissimilar to Ours - are such and so many, that just as in Our eternal love One enraptures the Other, One forms the contentment of the Other, to the point that, many times, unable to contain this love and these contentments We go out with works ‘ad extra’; in the same way, We remain enraptured and delighted by this soul who does Our Will. Therefore, how could We render discontent one who makes Us so content? How not to love just as We love Ourselves - not as We love the other creatures - one who loves Us with Our same love? There are no curtains of secrets between this soul and Us; there is no ‘Ours’ and ‘yours’, but everything is in common; and what We are by nature - impeccable, holy... - We render the soul by grace, so that no disparity may exist between her and Us. And just as, unable to contain Our love, We go out with works ‘ad extra’, in the same way, unable to contain the love of one who does Our Will, We let her out of Ourselves, and We point her out to the peoples as Our favorite one - Our beloved; and that it is only for her and for souls similar to her that We let goods descend upon earth; and that only for love of these souls do We preserve the earth. And then We enclose her within Ourselves to enjoy her, because just as We, Divine Persons, are inseparable, so does the soul who does Our Will become inseparable from Us.”

* * *

March 19, 1914

The soul who diffuses herself in the Divine Will forms the jewel and the amusement of the Three Divine Persons.

It seems that blessed Jesus wants to speak about His Most Holy Will. I was diffusing myself in His whole interior - in His thoughts, desires, affections, in His Will, in His love, in everything; and Jesus, with infinite sweetness, told me: “Oh, if you knew the contentment that one who does my Will gives Me! Your heart would break with joy. See, as you were diffusing yourself in my thoughts, desires, etc., you formed the amusement of my thoughts; and my desires, fusing in yours, played together with them. Your affections, united to your will and to your love, running and flying into my affections, into my Will and love, kissed one another; and pouring like a rapid stream into the immense sea of the Eternal One, they amused themselves with the Divine Persons - now with the Father, now with Me, now with the Holy Spirit. Then, wanting to give no time to One Another, We all play with her - the Three of Us together, and we make of her Our jewel. And this jewel is so dear to Us that, since it must form Our amusement, We keep it jealously ‘ad intra’, in the intimate part of Our Will; and when the creatures embitter Us and offend Us, in order be cheered We take Our jewel, and We amuse Ourselves together.”

* * *

March 21, 1914

The irresistible need of Jesus to make known to the soul how He loves her and all the gifts with which He keeps filling her.

Jesus continues: “My daughter, I love one who does my Will so much, that I cannot manifest to her everything - or everything at once - of how much I love her, the grace with which I keep enriching her, the beauty with which I keep embellishing her, and all the goods with which I keep filling her. If I manifested to her everything together, the soul would die of joy, her heart would burst in such a way that she could no longer live on earth, but, in a flash, would take flight toward Heaven. However, I feel an irresistible need to make Myself known, as well as the love I have for her. It is too hard to love, to do good, without making oneself known. I feel my Heart as though crack, and unable to resist so much love, I keep manifesting to her, little by little, how I love her and all the gifts with which I keep filling her. And when the soul feels filled to the brim, to the point of no longer being able to contain them, in one of these manifestations of mine she will disappear from the earth and will emerge within the bosom of the Eternal One.”

And I: ‘Jesus, my Life, it seems to me that You exaggerate a little bit in manifesting to me where a soul who does your Will can reach.’ And Jesus, compassionating my ignorance, smiling, told me: “No, no, my beloved, I do not exaggerate. One who exaggerates seems to want to deceive; but you Jesus knows not how to deceive you – on the contrary, what I have told you is nothing. You will receive more surprises when, once the prison of your body is broken and you are swimming inside my bosom, the point that my Will made you reach will be openly revealed to you.”

* * *

March 24, 1914

The Humanity of Jesus has Its limits, while His Will is eternal and without limits. The soul who lives in the Divine Will makes up for the Humanity of Jesus, and is used by Him as His Humanity.

Continuing in my usual state, I was lamenting to Jesus for He had not yet come; and He, on coming, told me: “My daughter, my Will hides my very Humanity within Itself. This is why, in speaking to you about my Will, sometimes I hide my Humanity from you. You feel surrounded with light; you hear my voice but cannot see Me, because my Will absorbs my Humanity within Itself, since my Humanity has Its limits, while my Will is eternal and without limits. In fact, when my Humanity was on earth, It did not cover all places, all times and all circumstances; and where It could not reach, my endless Will made up for It, and did reach. So, when I find souls who live completely of my Will, they make up for my Humanity - for the times, for the places, for the circumstances and even for the sufferings - because since my Will lives in them, I use them just as I used my Humanity. What was my Humanity if not the organ of my Will? Such are those who do my Will.”

* * *

April 5, 1914

Everything that is done in the Divine Will becomes light.

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen within an immensity of light. I was swimming in this light, and so I could feel it flow in my ears, in my eyes, in my mouth - in everything. And Jesus told me: "My daughter, for one who does my Will, if she works, her work becomes light; if she speaks, if she thinks, if she desires, if she walks, etc., her words, thoughts, desires and steps turn all into light - but light drawn from my Sun. My Will draws one who does my Volition with such strength as to make her spin continuously around this light; and as she spins, she takes more light which keeps her as though captured within Me."

* * *

April 10, 1914

Meaning of the tearing off of the crown of thorns from the head of Jesus. The center of Jesus on earth is the soul who does His Divine Will. Love needs the Divine Will to be at rest.

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

Then Jesus made me pass to other steps of the Passion, but I felt my heart being pierced in seeing Him suffer so much. And He, almost to cheer me, began to speak about His Holy Will again: "My daughter, my center on earth is the soul who does my Will. See, the sun spreads its light everywhere on earth, but it keeps its own center. In Heaven I am the life of each Blessed, but I still have my center, my throne. In the same way, I am everywhere on earth, but my center - the place in which I raise my throne in order to reign, my charisms, my satisfactions, my triumphs, my very palpitating Heart - the whole of Myself, is found in the soul who does my Most Holy Will as though in its own center. This soul is so identified with Me that she becomes inseparable from Me, and all my wisdom and power cannot find the means to detach from her in the slightest."

Then He added: "Love has its anxieties, desires, ardors and restlessness; my Will, instead, is perpetual rest. And do you know why? Because love contains the beginning, the means and the end of a work, therefore anxieties and restlessness arise in order to reach the end; and much of what is human and imperfect mixes with them. And if my Will and love are not united together at each step - poor love, how dishonored it remains, even in the greatest and holiest works. On the other hand, my Will operates in a simple act, as the soul leaves the whole attitude of the work to my Will; and while my Will operates, the soul rests. Therefore, since it is not the soul that operates, but my Will in her, there are no anxieties nor restlessness, and her works are free of any imperfection."

* * *

May 18, 1914

Peaceful souls are the staffs of God.

As I was feeling oppressed, I was almost about to be surprised by the poisonous waves of disturbance. My lovable Jesus, my faithful sentry, immediately ran to prevent disturbance from entering into me, and scolding me, told me: “Daughter, what are you doing? The love and the interest I have to maintain the soul at peace are such and so great that I am forced to make miracles in order to keep the soul at peace; and those who disturb these souls would want to confront Me and prevent this miracle of mine, all of love. So, I recommend to you – be balanced in everything. My Being is in full balance in everything, and yet I do see and feel evils, and bitternesses I do not lack. Nevertheless, I never become unbalanced, my peace is perennial, my thoughts are peaceful, my words are honeyed with peace, the beating of my Heart is never tumultuous, even in the midst of immense joys or interminable bitternesses; the very operating of my hands in the act of scourging flows over the earth as enveloped in waves of peace. So, if you do not maintain yourself at peace, since I am in your heart I feel dishonored, and my way and yours are no longer in accord; I would feel hindered in you from carrying out my ways in you, and therefore you would render Me unhappy. Only peaceful souls are my staffs on which I lean; and when the many iniquities snatch scourges from my hands, by leaning on these staffs I always do less than what I should do. Ah! if – may it never be – I lacked these staffs, in lacking my supports I would send everything to ruin.”

* * *

June 29, 1914

How the creature who lives in the Divine Will takes part in the actions ‘ad intra’ of the Divine Persons.

As some authoritative people read what is written on March 17 - that one who does the Will of God takes part in the actions ‘ad intra’ of the Divine Persons, etc. - they said that it was not like that, and that the creature does not enter into this. I was left pensive, though calm and convinced that Jesus would make the truth known. Then, finding myself in my usual state, I saw an interminable sea before my mind, and many objects inside this sea - some of them were small, some bigger; some remained on the surface of the sea and were simply wet; others went down to the bottom, becoming soaked with water inside and out; others, then, went down so deep as to become dissolved inside the sea.

Now, while I was seeing this, my always lovable Jesus came and told me: “My beloved daughter, did you see that? The sea symbolizes my immensity, while the objects, different in size, the souls who live in my Will. The different ways of being - some on the surface, some down, some dissolved within Me - vary according to how they live in my Volition: some in an imperfect way, some in a more perfect way, and others reaching the point of dissolving completely in my Will.

Now, my daughter, my ‘ad intra’ about which I spoke to you is precisely this: sometimes I keep you together with Me, with my Humanity, and you take part in my pains, in the works and in the joys of my Humanity; some other times, drawing you inside of Me, I make you to be dissolved within my Divinity. How many times have I not made you swim within Me, keeping you so deep inside of Me that you could see nothing but Me, inside and outside of yourself? Now, as I kept you within Me, you took part in the enjoyments, in the love and in all the rest, always according to your little capacity; and even though Our works ‘ad intra’ are eternal, the creatures can still enjoy the effects

of those works in their lives, according to their love.

Now, when the will of the soul is one with Mine, and I place her inside of Me, and she renders herself indissoluble, always as long as she does not move from my Will – what is the wonder if I said that she takes part in the works ‘ad intra’? Besides, from the way it is explained further down, if they wanted to know the truth they could have known very well the meaning of my ‘ad intra’, because the truth is light to the mind, and with light things can be seen as they are. But if one does not want to know the truth, the mind is blind and things cannot be seen as they are; and so they raise doubts and difficulties, remaining more blind than before. Besides, my Being is always in act, It has no beginning and no end, I am old and new, therefore Our works ‘ad intra’ have always been, are and will be – and always in act. So, through the intimate union with Our Will, the soul is already within Us, and therefore she admires, she contemplates, she loves, she enjoys - she takes part in Our love, in Our enjoyments and in everything else. Why, then, was it inappropriate for Me to say that one who does my Will takes part in the actions ‘ad intra’?”

While Jesus was saying this, a simile came to my mind: a man marries a woman; the two have children, and are so rich, virtuous and good as to make whomever might live with them happy. Now, if someone, touched by the goodness of this couple, wants to live together with them, does he not come to partake in their riches and in their happiness? And by living together with them, does he not feel himself being infused with their virtues? If this can be done humanly, how much more with our lovable Jesus.

* * *

August 15, 1914

Fusing oneself in Jesus in order to relieve Him from the pains caused by creatures.

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came in a different way from the usual one which He has had with me during this period of my life - that if He comes at all, it is just for a little, in passing, flashing by, and with almost total cessation of the sufferings which He used to communicate to me upon coming. His Holy Will alone is what makes up for everything in me.

So, this morning He came and stayed for several hours, but in a state that would make the stones cry. He had pain everywhere, and wanted to be relieved in each part of His Most Holy Humanity. It seemed that if this were not done, He would reduce the world to a heap of rubble. It seemed that He did not want to go so as not to see the slaughters and the grave sights of the world, which almost forced Him to do worse things. So I clasped Him to myself, and wanting to relieve Him, I fused myself in His intelligence so as to be present in all the intellects of creatures, and therefore give my good thought for each evil thought, in order to repair and relieve all the offended thoughts of Jesus. In the same way, I fused myself in His desires so as to be present in all the evil desires of creatures, in order to place my good desire and relieve the offended desires of Jesus; and so with all the rest. Then, after I relieved Him part by part, as though cheered, He left.

* * *

September 25, 1914

Effects of the prayers done in the Divine Will.

I was offering my poor prayers to blessed Jesus, and I was thinking to myself to whom it would be better for blessed Jesus to apply them. And He, benignly, said to me: “My daughter, the prayers done with Me and with my very Will can be given to all, without excluding anyone. All receive their part and their effects, as if those prayers had been offered for one alone. However, they operate according to the dispositions of the creatures, just like Communion, or my Passion: I give It to all and to each one, but the effects are produced according to their dispositions; and if ten people receive It, the fruit is not inferior to the case in which five had received It. Such is the prayer done together with Me and from my Will.”

* * *

October 1914

Value and effects of the Hours of the Passion, and recompense that Jesus will give to those who do them.

I was writing the Hours of the Passion, and I thought to myself: ‘How many sacrifices in order to write these blessed Hours of the Passion, especially to put on paper certain interior acts which had passed only between me and Jesus. What will be the recompense that He will give to me?’ And Jesus, letting me hear His tender and sweet voice, told me: “My daughter, as recompense for having written the Hours of my Passion, for each word you have written I will give you a kiss - a soul.” And I: ‘My love, this is for me; and what will You give to those who will do them?’ And Jesus: “If they do them together with Me and with my own Will, I will also give them a soul for each word they will recite, because the greater or lesser effectiveness of these Hours of my Passion is in the greater or lesser union that they have with Me. By doing them with my Will, the creature hides within my Volition, and since it is my Volition that acts, I can produce all the goods I want, even through one word alone; and this, for each time you will do them.”

Another time I was lamenting to Jesus, because after so many sacrifices to write these Hours of the Passion, very few were the souls who were doing them. And He: “My daughter, do not lament - even if there were only one, you should be content. Would I not have suffered my whole Passion even if one soul alone were to be saved? The same for you. One should never omit good because few avail themselves of it; all the harm is for those who do not take advantage of it. And just as my Passion made my Humanity acquire the merit as if all were saved, even though not all are saved, because my Will was to save everyone, and I received merit according to what I wanted, not according to the profit which creatures would draw; the same for you: you will be rewarded depending on whether your will was identified with my Will in wanting to do good to all. All the harm is for those who, though being able to, do not do them. These Hours are the most precious of all, because they are nothing less than the repetition of what I did in the course of my mortal life, and what I continue to do in the Most Holy Sacrament. When I hear these Hours of my Passion, I hear my own voice, my own prayers. In that soul I see my Will - that is, wanting the good of all and repairing for all - and I feel drawn to dwell in her, to be able to do what she herself does within her. Oh, how I would love that even one single soul for each town did these Hours of my Passion! I would hear Myself in each town, and my Justice, greatly indignant during these times, would be placated in part.”

I add that one day I was doing the Hour in which the Celestial Mama gave burial to Jesus, and I

followed Her to keep Her company in Her bitter desolation, to compassionate Her. I did not usually do this Hour all the times - only sometimes. Now, I was undecided about whether I should do it or not, and blessed Jesus, all love, and as though praying me, told me: "My daughter, I do not want you to omit it. You will do it for love of Me, in honor of my Mama. Know that every time you do it, my Mama feels as if She were on earth in person, repeating Her life, and therefore She receives that glory and love which She gave Me while on earth; and I feel as if my Mama were on earth again - Her maternal tenderness, Her love and all the glory that She gave Me. So, I will consider you as a mother." Then, as He embraced me, I heard Him say to me, very softly: "My mama, mama"; and He whispered to me all that sweet Mama did and suffered in this Hour - and I followed Her. From that time on, helped by His grace, I have never omitted it again.

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October 29, 1914

The acts united with the Will of God are complete and perfect acts.

I was lamenting to blessed Jesus because of His privations, and my poor heart, oppressed, was in delirium. Speaking nonsense, I said to Him: 'My Love, how can this be? Have You forgotten that I don't know how, nor can I be without You? Either with You on earth, or with You in Heaven. Do You perhaps want me to remind You of this? Do You want to be silent, asleep, troubled? Then do so - as long as You remain always with me. But I feel that You have put me out of your Heart.... Ah, did You have the heart to do this?'

But as I was saying this and other nonsense, my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "My daughter, calm down, I am here. To say that I have put you out of my Heart is an insult that you give Me, when I keep you in the depth of my Heart, and so tightly, that my whole Being flows in you, and yours in Me. Therefore, be attentive so that nothing of my Being which flows within you may escape you, and that each one of your acts may be united with my Will. In fact, my Will contains completely accomplished acts; one single act of my Will is enough to create a thousand worlds, all perfect and complete. I do not need subsequent acts - one is enough for all. So, in doing the simplest act united with my Will, you will give Me a complete act - that is, an act of love, of praise, of thanksgiving, of reparation. In sum, you will enclose for Me everything in this act; even more, you will enclose even Myself, and will give Myself to Me.

Ah, yes - only these acts united with my Will can stand before Me, because with a perfect Being who does not know how to do incomplete acts it takes complete and perfect acts to give Him honor and satisfaction, and only in my Will will the creature find these complete and perfect acts. Outside of my Will, no matter how good her acts might be, they will always be imperfect and incomplete, because the creature needs subsequent acts in order to complete and perfect a work - if she manages at all. Therefore, all that the creature does outside of my Will I look on as a trifle. So, may my Will be your life, your regime, your all. In this way, by enclosing my Will, you will be in Me and I in you; and you will be very careful not to say ever again that I have put you out of my Heart."

* * *

November 4, 1914

The satisfaction of Jesus because of the Hours of the Passion.

I was doing the Hours of the Passion and Jesus, all pleased, told me: “My daughter, if you knew what great satisfaction I feel in seeing you repeating these Hours of my Passion - always repeating them, over and over again - you would be happy. It is true that my Saints have meditated on my Passion and have comprehended how much I suffered, melting in tears of compassion, so much so, as to feel consumed for love of my pains; but not in such a continuous way, and repeated many times in this order. Therefore I can say that you are the first one to give Me this pleasure, so great and special, as you keep fragmenting within you - hour by hour - my life and what I suffered. And I feel so drawn that, hour by hour, I give you this food and I eat the same food with you, doing what you do together with you. Know, however, that I will reward you abundantly with new light and new graces; and even after your death, each time souls on earth will do these Hours of my Passion, in Heaven I will clothe you with ever new light and glory.”

* * *

November 6, 1914

The soul who does the Hours of the Passion makes the life of Jesus her own, and does His same office.

As I continued the usual Hours of the Passion, my lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, the world is in continuous act of renewing my Passion; and since my immensity envelopes everything, inside and outside the creatures, from their contact I am forced to receive nails, thorns, scourges, scorns, spit and all the rest which I suffered in the Passion - and still more. Now, at the contact with souls who do these Hours of my Passion I feel the nails being removed, the thorns shattered, the wounds soothed, the spit taken away. I feel I am repaid in good for the evil that others do to Me, and in feeling that their contact does no harm to Me, but good, I lean more and more on them.”

In addition to this, returning to speak about these Hours of the Passion, blessed Jesus said: “My daughter, know that by doing these Hours the soul takes my thoughts and makes them her own; she takes my reparations, prayers, desires, affections, and even my most intimate fibers, and makes them her own. And rising up between Heaven and earth, she does my same office, and as co-redemptrix, she says with Me: ‘Ecce ego, mitte me [Here I am, send me] - I want to repair for all, answer for all, and impetrate good for all’.”

* * *

November 20, 1914

Necessity of writing about the chastisements. The Divine Will and love form the life and the Passion of Jesus in the soul.

I was feeling very afflicted because of the privations of blessed Jesus, and much more so because of the scourges which are currently pouring down upon earth, and about which many times Jesus had spoken to me many years before. It really seems to me that during so many years in which He has kept me in bed we would share the weight of the world, suffering and working together for the good of all creatures. It seems to me that the state of victim in which lovable Jesus had placed me, bound all creatures together, between Him and me. There was nothing that Jesus would do, nor chastisement He would send, without letting me know. And I would plead so much before Him, that He would either reduce the chastisement by half, or not send it at all. Oh! how I grieve at the thought

that Jesus might have withdrawn all the weight of creatures upon Himself, leaving me aside, as unworthy to work together with Him. But there are yet more afflictions: in the darting little visits that Jesus makes, He keeps telling me that the wars and the scourges which are happening now, are still nothing, while it seems that they are too much; that other nations will go to war - and not only this, but that, in time, they will wage wars against the Church, attack sacred people and kill them. How many churches will be profaned!

In truth, for about two years I have omitted writing about the chastisements which very often Jesus manifested to me; partly because they are repetitions, and partly because writing about chastisements hurts me so much that I just cannot continue. However, one evening, while I was writing what He had told me about His Most Holy Will, and having skipped what He had told me about the chastisements, reproaching me sweetly, Jesus told me: "Why did you not write everything?" And I: 'My Love, it did not seem necessary to me. And besides, You know how much I suffer.' And Jesus: "My daughter, if it were not necessary, I would not have told you. And besides, since your state of victim is linked with the events that my Providence disposes over creatures, and since this link between you, Myself and creatures, as well as your sufferings in order to prevent chastisements, appear from your writings, this gap would be noticed and things would appear as clashing and incomplete - and I do not know how to do clashing and incomplete things." Shrugging my shoulders, I said: 'It is too hard for me to do it; and besides, who is going to remember everything?' And Jesus, smiling, added: "And if after your death I put a pen of fire in your hands, in Purgatory, what will you say?" So, that's why I made up my mind to mention the chastisements. I hope that Jesus will forgive my omission, and I promise to be more diligent in the future.

Now I go back to say that, as I was very afflicted, on coming, Jesus took me in His arms to cheer me, and told me: "My daughter, be cheered. One who does my Will is never apart from Me; rather, she is together with Me in the works that I do, in my desires, in my love - she is together with Me in everything and everywhere. Even more, I can say that since I want everything for Myself - affections, desires, etc. of all creatures - but I do not have them, I remain around the creatures with the attitude of making a conquest. Now, as I find the satisfaction of my desires in one who does my Will, my desire rests in her, my love takes rest in her love, and so with all the rest." Then He added: "I have given you two very great things which, one can say, formed my very life. My life was enclosed in these two points: Divine Will and love; and this Will carried out my life in Me, and accomplished my Passion. I want nothing else from you but that my Will be your life, your rule, and that in not one thing, whether small or big, you escape from It. This Will will carry out my Passion in you; and the closer you remain to my Will, the more you will feel my Passion within you. If you let my Will flow as life within you, my Will will make my Passion flow within you. So, you will feel It flowing in each one of your thoughts, in your mouth - you will feel your tongue soaked in It, and your word will come out warm with my Blood, and you will speak eloquently about my pains. Your heart will be filled with my pains, and in each of its outpourings, it will bring the mark of my Passion to your whole being; and I will keep repeating to you, always: 'Here is my life, here is my life.' I will delight in giving you surprises, narrating to you now one pain, now another, which you have not yet heard or understood. Aren't you happy?"

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December 17, 1914

The Divine Will forms the true and perfect consecration of the Divine Life in the soul.

Continuing in my usual state and being very afflicted because of the privations of Jesus, after many hardships He came, making Himself seen in all of my poor being. It seemed to me as if I were the garment of Jesus. Then, breaking the silence, He told me: “My daughter, you too can form hosts and consecrate them. Do you see the garment that covers Me in the Sacrament? These are the accidents of the bread with which the host is formed. The life which exists in this host is my Body, my Blood and my Divinity. The attitude which contains this life is my Supreme Will, and this Will carries out the love, the reparation, the immolation, and all the rest that I do in the Sacrament, which never moves one point from my Volition. There is nothing that comes from Me which is not led by my Volition.

Here is how you too can form the host. The host is material and totally human; you too have a material body and a human will. This body and this will of yours - if you keep them pure, upright and far away from any shadow of sin - are the accidents, the veils, so that I may be able to consecrate Myself and live hidden within you. But this is not enough; it would be like the host without consecration - my life is needed. My life is composed of sanctity, of love, of wisdom, of power, etc., but the engine of all is my Will. Therefore, after you have prepared the host, you must make your will die in this host; you must cook it well, so that it may not be born again. Then you must let my Will permeate all your being; and my Will, which contains the whole of my life, will form the true and perfect consecration. So, the human thought will have life no more, but only the thought of my Volition, and this consecration will create my wisdom in your mind; no more life for what is human, for weakness, for inconstancy, because my Will will form the consecration of the Divine Life, of fortitude, of firmness, and of all that I am. So, each time you make your will, your desires, and all that you are and that you may do, flow into my Will, I will renew the consecration, and I will continue my life within you as in a living host - not a dead one, like the hosts without Me.

But this is not all. In the consecrated hosts, in the pyxes, in the Tabernacles, everything is dead - mute; not a heartbeat sensibly, not a surge of love which may correspond to so much love of mine. If it wasn't for the fact that I wait for hearts in order to give Myself to them, I would be quite unhappy, I would remain defrauded in my love, and my sacramental life would remain without purpose. And if I tolerate this in the Tabernacles, I would not tolerate it in living hosts. So, life needs nourishment, and in the Sacrament I want to be nourished, and I want to be nourished with my own food - that is, the soul will make my Will, my love, my prayers, reparations and sacrifices her own; she will give them to Me as if they were her own things, and I will nourish Myself. The soul will unite with Me, she will prick up her ears to hear what I am doing so as to do it together with Me; and as she keeps repeating my own acts, she will give Me her food, and I will be happy. Only in these living hosts will I find the compensation for the loneliness, the starvation, and all that I suffer in the Tabernacles.”

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December 21, 1914

To have company in His pains is the greatest relief for Jesus.

I was in my usual state, and blessed Jesus, coming all afflicted, told me: “My daughter, I can take

the world no more. You, relieve Me for all - let Me palpitate in your heart, so that in feeling the heartbeats of all through your heart, sins may not reach Me directly, but indirectly - through your heart. Otherwise my Justice will put out all the chastisements that have never occurred before.” And in the act of saying this, He identified His Heart with mine, and made me feel His heartbeat. But who can say what I could feel? Sins, like arrows, wounded that Heart; and as I shared in it, Jesus would find relief. Then, feeling all identified with Him, I seemed to be enclosing His intelligence, His hands, His feet, and all the rest; and I shared in all the offenses of each of the senses of creatures. But who can say how this was happening? Then Jesus added: “To have company in my pains is the greatest relief for Me. This is why my Divine Father was not so inexorable after my Incarnation, but milder – because He no longer received offenses directly, but indirectly - that is, through my Humanity, which acted as a continuous shield for Him. In the same way, I keep searching for souls who would place themselves between Me and the creatures; otherwise I will make of the world a heap of ruins.”

* * *

February 8, 1915

Jesus does not want the ‘childish fusses’ of self- reflections from the souls who must live in His Will. The union of Will forms all the perfection of the Three Divine Persons. Necessity of chastisements as creatures have rendered themselves unbearable.

I continue on very afflicted because of the ways my always lovable Jesus has with me, but I am resigned to His Most Holy Volition. If I lament to Jesus because of His privations and His silence, He says to me: “This is not the time to think about this. These are childish fusses, and of very weak souls, who care about themselves and not about Me; who think of what they feel rather than of what they should be doing. These souls reek of human to Me, and I cannot trust them. From you I do not expect this; I want the heroism of the souls who, forgetting about themselves, care only about Me, and united with Me, occupy themselves with the salvation of my children, whom the devil tries to snatch from my arms using all his tricks. I want you to adapt yourself to the times - now sorrowful, now mournful, now tragic - and to pray and cry together with Me over the blindness of creatures. Your life must disappear, letting the whole of my life permeate you. If you do this, I will feel in you the fragrance of my Divinity, and I will trust you in these sad times. And yet, these are nothing but the preludes of chastisements.... What will happen when things go further? Poor children, poor children!...” And it seems that Jesus suffers so much, that He remains speechless, and hides more deeply than inside the heart, in such a way as to disappear completely. And when, tired of my sorrowful state, I renew my laments, I call Him over and over again, and I say to Him: ‘Jesus, don’t You hear the tragedies that are happening? How is it possible that your compassionate Heart can bear so much torment in your children?’ – He seems to just barely move in my interior, as if He did not want to be heard, and I feel another panting breath within my breathing, as if I were rattling. That is the breath of Jesus because I recognize its sweetness. But while it refreshes me completely, it makes me feel mortal pains, because in that breath I feel the breath of all, especially of many dying lives; and Jesus suffers the rattle of agony with them. Other times, it seems that He is in so much pain that He sends feeble moans, such as to move the hardest hearts to pity.

Then, as I continued my laments, this morning, on coming, He told me: “My daughter, the union of our wills is such that the will of one cannot be distinguished from that of the other. It is this union of Will that forms all the perfection of the Three Divine Persons, because since We are equal in the

Will, this uniformity brings also the uniformity of sanctity, of wisdom, of beauty, of power, of love and of all the rest of Our Being. So, We reflect Ourselves in One Another, and Our satisfaction in looking at One Another is so great as to render Us fully happy. So, each One is reflected in the Other, and each One pours into the Other all the qualities of Our Being, like many immense seas of different joys. If anything were dissimilar among Us, Our Being could not be perfect, nor fully happy.

Now, in creating man, We infused Our image and likeness in him so as to overwhelm him with Our happiness and be reflected and delighted in him. But man broke the first link of connection - the will - between himself and the Creator, therefore losing the true happiness; even more, all evils swooped down upon him. So, We can neither reflect Ourselves nor delight in him. Only in the soul who does Our Will in everything can We do it, and in her We enjoy the complete fruit of Creation. In fact, even with those who have some virtues, who pray, who attend the Sacraments, if they are not conform to Our Will, We cannot reflect Ourselves in them, because since their will is broken from Ours, all things are in disorder and upside down. Ah, my daughter, only Our Will is welcome, because It reorders, It makes one happy, and brings all goods with Itself. Therefore, do my Will always and in everything – do not care about anything else.”

And I: ‘My Love and my Life, how can I conform to your Will in regard to the many scourges You are sending? It takes too much to say ‘Fiat’. And besides, how many times have You told me that if I did your Will, You would do mine? And now what? Have You changed?’ And Jesus: “It is not I who have changed; it is the creature that has reached the point of becoming unbearable. Come closer and suckle from my mouth the offenses that creatures send Me. If you can swallow them, I will suspend the scourges.” I drew near His mouth and I suckled with avidity. To my highest sorrow, I tried hard to swallow, but I couldn’t. I choked; then I returned to try hard again, but I could not manage. Then, with a tender voice, sobbing, Jesus told me: “Have you seen? You cannot swallow it - spew it on the ground and it will fall upon creatures.” So I spewed it, and Jesus too spewed it from His mouth upon the earth, saying: “This is nothing yet, this is nothing yet!” And He disappeared.

* * *

March 6, 1915

Jesus suspends the state of victim of Luisa in part, so as to give course to Justice.

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came for a little while. Since my confessor was not well and therefore my state had been interrupted - that is, it was not like before, when I would come round when called by obedience - I said to Jesus: ‘What do You want me to do? Should I stay, or should I try to come round when I feel free?’ And Jesus: “My daughter, do you perhaps want Me to operate as before, when I not only commanded you to remain [in this state], but I also bound you in such a way that you could not come round, if not through obedience? If I did this now, my Love would feel constrained and my Justice would find an obstacle in pouring Itself out fully upon creatures. And you might say to Me: ‘Just as You keep me bound as victim of sufferings for love of You and for the creatures, so do I bind You in order to stop your Justice from pouring Itself out upon creatures.’ So, the wars and the preparations that other nations are making to go to war would all go up in smoke. I cannot, I cannot! At the most, if you want to remain [in this state], or if the confessor wants to keep you in it, I will have some regard for Corato and I will spare something. But

meanwhile things are getting tighter, and my Justice does not want you in this state at all, so as to be able to send immediately more scourges, make other nations go to war, and lower the pride of creatures, as they will find defeats where they believe to find victories. Alas! my Love cries, but my Justice demands satisfaction! My daughter, patience!" And He disappeared.

But who can say how I was left? I felt I was dying, because I thought that, had I gone out [of that state] by myself, I myself might be the cause for an increase in the scourges and therefore for the entrance of other nations into the war - especially of Italy. What pain, what heartbreak! I felt all the weight of this suspension from Jesus, and I thought to myself: 'Who knows whether Jesus is not permitting the confessor to be well so as to give the final blow and make Italy enter the war?' How many suspicions and fears... And as I came out [of that state] by myself, I spent a day of tears and of intense bitterness.

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March 7, 1915

Chastisements. The children of the Church will be Her fiercest enemies.

The thought of the scourges, and of the fact that I might foment them by going out of that state by myself, pierced my heart. The confessor continued not to be well. I prayed and cried, and I could not make up my mind. Blessed Jesus would come like a flash and then run away, leaving me free. Finally, moved to compassion, He came, and compassionating and caressing all of me, told me: "My daughter, your constancy conquers Me. Love and prayer bind Me and almost wage battle against Me. Therefore I have come to be with you for a little while, for I could resist no more. Poor daughter, do not cry - here I am, all for you. Patience, courage - don't lose heart. If you knew how much I suffer... but the ingratitude of creatures forces Me to do this - their enormous sins, their incredulity, almost wanting to challenge Me. And this is the least - if I told you about the religious side... how many sacrileges! How many rebellions! How many pretend to be my children, while they are my fiercest enemies! These false sons are usurpers, self-interested and incredulous; their hearts are bilges of vice. These very sons will be the first to wage war against the Church - they will try to kill their own Mother! Oh! how many of them are already about to come out into the field. Now there is war among governments and countries; soon they will make war against the Church, and Her greatest enemies will be Her own children. My Heart is lacerated with sorrow. But in spite of all this, I will let this storm pass by, and the face of the earth and the churches be washed by the blood of the same ones who have smeared them and contaminated them. You too, unite yourself to my sorrow - pray and be patient in watching this storm pass by."

But who can say my torment? I felt I was more dead than alive. May Jesus be always blessed, and may His Holy Will be always done.

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April 3, 1915

The Divine Will is like heaven and sun for the soul.

My always lovable Jesus continues to come every now and then, but without changing His appearance of threats and scourges; and if sometimes He delays, He comes with an appearance that

moves one to pity - tired, exhausted. He draws me to Himself and transforms me into Himself; then He enters into me and transforms Himself into me. He wants me to kiss His wounds, one by one, to adore them and to repair. Then, after He has made me soothe His Most Holy Humanity, He tells me: "My daughter, my daughter, it is necessary that I come to you every now and then to take rest, to be soothed, to pour Myself out; otherwise I would cause the world to be devoured by fire." And without giving me time to tell Him anything, He escapes.

Now, this morning, as I was in my usual state, and since He was delaying, I thought to myself: 'What would have happened to me during these privations of my sweet Jesus, if it wasn't for the Holy Divine Will? Who would have given me life, strength, help? Oh! Holy Divine Will, in You I enclose myself, in You I abandon myself, in You I rest. Ah, all run away from me - even suffering, and even that very Jesus who once seemed unable to be without me! You alone do not escape from me, O Holy Will. O please, I beg You, when You see that my weak strengths can take no more, reveal to me my sweet Jesus, whom You hide from me, and whom You possess. Oh, Holy Volition, I adore You, I kiss You, I thank You - but don't be cruel with me!'

While I was thinking and praying like this, I felt myself being invested by a most pure light; and the Holy Volition, revealing Jesus to me, told me: "My daughter, the soul without my Will would have been like the earth, had it had neither heavens, nor stars, nor sun, nor moon. The earth in itself is nothing other than precipices, steep heights, waters and darkness. If the earth did not have a heaven above, which shows man the way so that he may recognize the different dangers which the earth contains, man would be bound, now to fall, now to drown, etc. But there is a heaven above, and especially a sun, which says to man in a mute language: 'See, I have no eyes nor hands nor feet, yet I am the light of your eyes, the action of your hand, and the step of your foot; and when I have to illuminate other regions, I leave you the sparkling of the stars and the moonlight to continue my office.' Now, just as I gave to man a heaven for the good of his nature, to his soul too, which is more noble, I gave the heaven of my Will, because the soul too contains precipices, heights and crags, which are passions, virtues, tendencies, and other things. Now, if the soul moves out from under the heaven of my Will, she will do nothing but fall from sin to sin; passions will drown her, and the heights of virtues will turn into abysses. Therefore, just as everything would be disordered and infertile on the earth without a heaven, the same for the soul without my Will."

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April 24, 1915

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

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking of how much blessed Jesus suffered in being crowned with thorns, and, making Himself seen, Jesus told me: "My daughter, the pains which I suffered were incomprehensible to the created mind. Much more painfully than by those thorns, my mind was pierced by all the evil thoughts of creatures, in such a way that none of these thoughts could escape Me - I felt them all inside Me. So, I felt not only the thorns, but also the disgust of the sins which those thorns inflicted on Me."

I looked at my lovable Jesus and I could see His most holy head surrounded by spokes of thorns which came out from inside Him. All the thoughts of the creatures were in Jesus; they went from Jesus into them, and from them to Jesus, remaining as though linked together. Oh, how Jesus suffered!

Then He added: “My daughter, only the souls who live in my Will can give Me true reparations and soothe Me from thorns so sharp. In fact, since they live in my Will, and since my Will is everywhere, they find themselves in Me and in everyone, they descend into creatures and rise up to Me, they bring Me all reparations, they soothe Me - and in creatures’ minds they turn darkness into light.”

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May 2, 1915

Pains of Jesus because of the chastisements. The souls who live in the Divine Will are the closest to the Humanity of Jesus; they live in Him and in all creatures, and impetrate good for all.

My days are more and more so very bitter. This morning my sweet Jesus came in such a state of suffering that it cannot be described. On seeing Him suffer so much, I would have wanted to give Him relief at any cost. Not knowing what to do, I pressed Him to my heart, and drawing near His mouth, with mine I tried to suckle part of His interior bitternesses. But – nothing! No matter how hard I tried to suckle, nothing would come out. I returned to my efforts, but it was all in vain. Jesus was crying, and I too was crying in seeing that I could not alleviate His pains in any way. What a cruel torment! Jesus was crying because He wanted to pour [His bitternesses into me], but His Justice prevented Him from doing it; I was crying in seeing Him cry, and because I could not help Him. These are pains which no words can describe. Then, sobbing, Jesus told me: “My daughter, sins snatch scourges and wars from my hands. I am forced to allow them, and at the same time I cry and suffer with the creature.”

I felt I was dying for the pain, and Jesus, wanting to distract me, added: “My daughter, do not lose heart. This too is in my Will, because only the souls who live in my Will can confront my Justice. Only those who live in my Volition have free access to share in the divine decrees and plead for their brothers. Those who dwell in my Will are the ones who possess all the fruits of my Humanity, because my Humanity had Its limits, while my Will has no limits, and my Humanity lived in my Will – immersed in It, inside and out. Now, the souls who live in my Will are the closest to my Humanity. Making my Humanity their own - because I gave It to them - they can present themselves before the Divinity as invested with It, like another Me, and they can disarm Divine Justice and impetrate scripts of forgiveness for the perverted creatures. Since they live in my Will, they live in Me; and since I live in everyone, they also live in everyone and for the good of all. They live hovering in the air like sun, and their prayers, acts, reparations and everything they do, are like rays which descend from them for the good of all.”

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May 18, 1915

Chastisements. Jesus will have regard for the souls who live of His Will, and for the places where these souls live.

Continuing in my poor state, I feel my poor nature succumbing. I am in a state of continuous violence: I want to do violence to my lovable Jesus, but He hides more so as not to be forced. Then, when He sees that I am not in the act of doing violence to Him because He is hidden, all of a sudden He makes Himself seen and bursts into crying because of what miserable humanity is suffering and will suffer. Other times, in a moving and almost imploring tone, He tells me: “Daughter, do not use violence on Me. My state is already violent in itself because of the grave evils that creatures suffer and will suffer; but I must give Justice Its rights.” And while saying this, He cries, and I cry together with Him. Many times it seems that, transforming Himself completely into me, He cries through my eyes, and then all the tragedies that Jesus had shown me many years before - human bodies mutilated, floods of blood, towns destroyed, churches profaned - pass before my mind. My poor heart is lacerated by the pain; I feel it now writhe because of the spasm, now ice-cold. And while I suffer this, I hear the voice of Jesus saying, “How I grieve! How I grieve!” And He bursts into sobs. But who can say everything?

Now, as I was in this state, my sweet Jesus, in order to somehow calm my fears and frights, told me: “My daughter, courage. It is true that great will be the tragedy, but know that I will have regard for the souls who live of my Will, and for the places where these souls live. Just as the kings of the earth have their courts, their quarters, in which they keep safe in the midst of dangers and of the fiercest enemies – because the strength they have is so great that their very enemies, while they destroy other places, do not even look at that point for fear of being defeated - in the same way, I too, King of Heaven, have my quarters, my courts upon earth. These are the souls who live in my Volition, in whom I live; and the court of Heaven crowds round them. The strength of my Will keeps them safe, rendering the bullets cold, and driving back the fiercest enemies.

My daughter, why do the Blessed themselves remain safe and fully happy even when they see that creatures suffer and that the earth is in flames? Precisely because they live completely in my Will. Know that I put the souls who live completely of my Will on earth in the same condition as the Blessed. Therefore, live in my Will and fear nothing. Even more, in these times of human carnage, I want you not only to live in my Will, but to live also among your brothers - between Me and them. You will hold Me tightly within yourself, sheltered from the offenses that creatures send Me; and as I give you my Humanity and what I suffered as gift, while keeping Me sheltered, you will give to your brothers my Blood, my wounds, my thorns and my merits for their salvation.”

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May 25, 1915

Men are obedient to governments, which use violence, but not to God, who uses love.

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen for just a little, and told me: “My daughter, the scourge is great, yet the peoples do not stir themselves; rather, they remain almost indifferent, as if they had to be present at a tragic scene, not a reality. Instead of coming, all unanimous, to cry at my feet and implore mercy and forgiveness, they stand at attention to hear what is happening. Ah, my daughter, how great is human perfidy! Look at how obedient they are to governments: priests, lay people, do not demand anything, do not refuse sacrifices, and must be ready to give their own lives. Ah, for Me only there was no obedience and no sacrifices; and if they did anything at all, it was more pretensions and interests. This, because the government uses

violence; but I make use of love, yet this love is disregarded by creatures - they remain indifferent as if I did not deserve anything from them!" As He was saying this, He burst into tears. What a cruel torment to see Jesus crying! Then He continued: "But blood and fire will purify everything and will restore the repentant man. And the more he delays, the more blood will be shed, and the carnage will be such as man has never imagined." While saying this, He showed the human carnage. What torment to live in these times! But may the Divine Volition be always done.

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June 6, 1915

In the Divine Will everything resolves into love for God and for one's neighbor.

As I am in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus, while remaining hidden, wants me all intent on Him, to plead continuously for my brothers. So, while I was praying and crying for the salvation of the poor combatants, wanting to cling to Jesus so as to implore Him that none of them be lost, I reached the point of speaking nonsense to Him. And Jesus, though sad, seemed to be pleased with my petitions, and as though willing to concede what I wanted. But a thought flew into my mind: that I should think about my own salvation. And Jesus told me: "My daughter, as you were thinking about yourself, you produced a human sensation, and my Will, fully Divine, noticed it. In my Will everything resolves into love for Me and for one's neighbor; there are no personal things, because by containing my Will alone, the soul contains all possible goods for herself; and if she contains them, why ask Me for them? Rather, isn't it right that she occupy herself with praying for those who do not have them? Ah! if you knew what calamities miserable humanity will go through, you would be more active in my Will for their good." And while saying this, He made me hear all the evils that the masons are plotting against humanity.

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June 17, 1915

Everything must end in the Divine Will.

Finding myself in my usual state, I was lamenting to Jesus, saying to Him: 'My Life, Jesus, everything is ended. There is nothing left for me but your flashes and shadows at the most.' And Jesus, interrupting my speaking, told me: "My daughter, everything must end in my Will. Once the soul has reached this, she has done everything; and if she had done much but had not enclosed it in my Will, one can say that she has done nothing. In fact, I take into account all that ends in my Will, because in It alone is my very Life present, as though bound, and so it is right that I take into account even the littlest things, and even trifles, as my own things, because in each little act that the creature does united with my Will, I feel that she first takes it from Me, and then she operates. So, her little act comprises the whole of my sanctity, my power, wisdom, love and all that I am, and in that act done united with my Will, I feel my life, my works, my word, my thought and so on, being repeated. So, if your things have ended in my Will, what else would you want? All things have only one final point. The sun has only one point - that its light may invade all the earth. The farmer sows, hoes, works the earth, he suffers from cold and heat; but this is not his final point - no; his point is to reap [the fruits] to make of them his food. The same for many other things which, many as they are, resolve into one single point - and this constitutes the life of man. In the same way, the soul must make everything end in the single point of my Will, and my Will will constitute her life, and I will

make of it my food.”

Then He added: “In these sad times, you and I will go through a very painful period - things will rage more. But know that if I take my cross of wood away from you, I give you the cross of my Will, which has no length and no width - it is interminable. A more noble cross I could not give you; it is not made of wood, but of light; and in this light, burning more than any fire, we will suffer together in each creature and in their agonies and tortures; and we will try to be life of all.”

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July 9, 1915

One who truly does the Divine Will is placed in the same condition as the Humanity of Jesus.

Finding myself in my usual state, I was feeling very bad, and my always lovable Jesus, moved to compassion for my poor state, came for a little while and, kissing me, told me: “Poor daughter, do not fear; I do not leave you, nor can I leave you. In fact, one who does my Will is my magnet, which acts powerfully over Me, and draws Me to itself with such violence that I cannot resist. It takes too much to rid Myself of one who does my Will; I should rid Myself of Myself, which is not possible.”

Then He added: “Daughter, one who truly does my Will is placed in the same condition as my Humanity. I was Man and God. As God, I contained within Myself all the happinesses, beatitudes, beauties, and all the goods that I possess. On one hand my Humanity participated in my Divinity, and therefore It was blissful, happy, and Its beatific vision never escaped It. On the other hand, having taken upon Itself the satisfaction for creatures before Divine Justice, my Humanity was tormented by the clear sight of all sins; and having to take them upon Itself in order to satisfy for them, It felt the horror of each sin with its own special torment. Therefore, It felt joy and pain at the same time; love on the part of my Divinity, freezing cold on the part of creatures; sanctity on one hand, sin on the other. There was nothing which the creature would do that could escape Me, be it even the littlest thing. Now my Humanity is no longer capable of suffering, therefore I live in one who does my Will - she serves as my humanity. This is why on one hand the soul feels love, peace, firmness in good, fortitude and the like; on the other hand, coldness, bothers, tiredness, etc. If the soul remains completely in my Will and takes these things, not as her own things, but as things that I Myself suffer, she will not lose heart, but will compassionate Me, and will have the honor of sharing in my pains, because she is nothing other than a veil that covers Me. She will feel nothing but the bothers of the pricks, of the cold, but it is into Me, into my Heart, that they are driven.”

* * *

July 25, 1915

How Jesus is unfortunate in love, and wants to be comforted.

Continuing in my usual state, I was lamenting to Jesus because of His usual privations, and He, always benign, compassionated me telling me: “My daughter, be stalwart - be faithful to Me in these times of tragedies, of horrendous carnages, and of intense bitternesses for my Heart.” And almost sobbing, He added: “My daughter, in these times I feel like a poor unfortunate. I feel unfortunate together with the one who is wounded on the battlefield; unfortunate for the one who dies in his own blood, abandoned by all; unfortunate with the poor who feels the weight of his hunger. I feel the

misfortune of many mothers, whose hearts bleed for their sons in battle. Ah! all misfortunes weigh upon my Heart, and I remain pierced. And in the face of all these misfortunes, I see Divine Justice wanting to put more divine fury on the field against creatures, unfortunately rebellious and ungrateful. And then, who can tell you how unfortunate I am in love? Ah! creatures do not love Me, and my great love is repaid with repeated offenses.

My daughter, in the midst of so many misfortunes of mine, instead of consoling, I want to be comforted. I want souls who love Me to be around Me, that they may keep Me faithful company, and give all their pains to Me, as a relief for my misfortunes and to impetrate grace for the poor unfortunate ones. Depending on whether souls are faithful to Me in these times of scourges and misfortunes, once Divine Justice is appeased, I will reward the souls who have been faithful to Me, and have taken part in my misfortunes.”

* * *

July 28, 1915

The soul who lives in the Divine Will forms one single Heart with that of Jesus.

I was repeating my laments to Jesus, saying to Him: ‘How is it that You left me? You promised me that You would come every day[1], at least once, and today the morning is gone, the day is ending, and You are still not coming? Jesus, what torment is your privation - what a continuous death. Yet, I am all abandoned in your Will. Even more, I offer You this privation of You, as You teach me, in order to give salvation to as many souls for as many instants as I am deprived of You. I place the pains which I suffer when I am without You like a crown around your Heart in order to prevent the offenses of creatures from entering into your Heart, and to prevent You from condemning any soul to hell. But with all this, O my Jesus, I still feel my nature being upset, and incessantly I call You, I search for You, I long for You.’ At that moment, my lovable Jesus extended His arms around my neck, and clasping me, told me: “My daughter, tell me, what do you desire, what do you want to do, what do you love?” And I: ‘I desire You, and that all souls be saved; I want to do your Will, and I love You alone.’ And He: “So you desire what I want. With this, you hold Me in your power, and I hold you; and you cannot detach yourself from Me, nor can I from you. How can you say, then, that I have left you?”

Then He added in a tender tone: “My daughter, one who does my Will is so identified with Me, that her heart and Mine form one single Heart. And since all the souls who are saved, are saved through this Heart, and as Its heartbeat is formed, so do they take flight toward salvation, coming out from the mouth of this Heart - I will give to the soul the merit of those saved souls, because she has wanted the salvation of those souls together with Me, and I have used her as the life of my own Heart.”

* * *

August 12, 1915

The hardness of the peoples, and how they want to be touched in their own flesh.

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came for a little while, telling me: “My daughter, how hard the peoples are! The scourge of war is not enough, misery is not a sufficient dose to make them surrender. They want to be touched in their own flesh, otherwise one gets nowhere. Don’t you

see how religion triumphs on the battlefield? And why? Because they are being touched in their own flesh. This is why it is necessary that there be no country which will not be caught in the net, in one way or another; but almost all will be exposed to being touched in their own flesh. I do not want to do this, but their hardness forces Me to.”

In saying this, He was crying. I cried along, and I prayed that He would make the peoples surrender with no slaughter and no blood, and that all be saved. And Jesus: “My daughter, everything will be enclosed in the union of our wills. Your will will run together with Mine, and will impetrate sufficient grace to save souls. Your love will run within mine; your desires and your heartbeat will run within mine, and will ask for souls with an eternal heartbeat. All this will form a net around you and Me, and we will remain as though woven inside of it. This will serve as bulwark of defense, and while it will defend Me, you will be protected from any danger. How sweet it is for Me to hear, within my heartbeat, the heartbeat of a creature which says within mine: ‘Souls, souls!’ I feel as though chained and conquered, and I surrender.”

* * *

August 14 1915

Everything that Jesus did and suffered is act, and serves as prop on which souls can lean so as not to fall into sin and be saved.

Continuing in my usual state, Jesus came for just a little. He was so tired, exhausted, that He Himself called me to kiss His wounds and dry His Blood, which was flowing from every part of His Most Holy Humanity. So, after I went over all His members making various adorations and reparations, my sweet Jesus, relieved and leaning on me, told me: “My daughter, my Passion, my wounds, my Blood, everything I did and suffered, are in continuous act in the midst of souls, as if I were operating and suffering at this very moment. They serve Me as props on which I can lean, and as props on which souls can lean so as not to fall into sin, and be saved. Now, during these times of scourges, I am like someone who lives up in the air, with no ground underneath, and amid continuous blows: Justice knocks Me from Heaven, and creatures, through sin, from the earth.

Now, the more the soul remains around Me, kissing my wounds, repairing Me, offering my Blood - in a word, re-doing, herself, what I did during the course of my Life and Passion - the more props she forms so that I can lean on them and not fall, and the larger the circle becomes in which souls find support so as not to fall into sin, and be saved. Do not get tired, my daughter, of being around Me, and of going over my wounds, over and over again. I Myself will administer to you the thoughts, the affections, the words, so that you may remain around Me. Be faithful to Me – times are short, Justice wants to unfold Its fury, and creatures irritate It. It is necessary that these props multiply more; therefore, do not fail the work.”

* * *

August 24 1915

The only thing that makes the creature be like God is the Divine Will.

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came for just a little, and I gave Him a kiss, telling Him: ‘My Jesus, if it were possible, I would like to give You the kiss of all creatures. In this

way I would satisfy your love, by bringing them all to You.’ And Jesus: “My daughter, if you want to give Me the kiss of all, kiss Me in my Will, because my Will, containing the creative virtue, contains the power to multiply one act into as many acts as one wants. In this way, you will give Me the contentment as if all were kissing Me, and you will have the merit as if you had made everyone kiss Me; while all creatures will receive the effects according to their dispositions.

One act in my Will contains all possible imaginable goods. You will find an image of this in the light of the sun. The light is one, but this light multiplies in all gazes of creatures. The light is always one, and one single act, but not all the gazes of creatures enjoy the same light. Some, of weak sight, need to put their hands before their eyes, almost not to feel themselves being blinded by the light. Others, blind, do not enjoy it at all, but this is not because of a defect of the light, but because of a defect in the eyesight of creatures. So, my daughter, if you desire to love Me for all, if you do it in my Will, your love will flow in It; and since my Will fills Heaven and earth, I will hear your ‘I love you’ being repeated in Heaven, around Me, inside of Me, on earth, and it will multiply from every point, for as many acts as my Will can do. Therefore it can give Me the satisfaction of the love of all, because the creature is limited and finite, while my Will is immense and infinite.

How can those words spoken by Me in creating man, ‘Let Us make man in Our Image and Likeness’, be explained? How could the creature, so incapable, ever resemble Me and be my image? Only in my Will could he arrive at this, because by making It his own, he comes to operate in a divine manner; and through the repetition of these divine acts, he comes to resemble Me - to become my perfect image. It happens as to a child who, by repeating the acts which he observes in his teacher, becomes like him. So, the only thing that makes the creature be like Me is my Will. This is why I have so much interest that the creature, by making It his own, fulfill the purpose for which he was created.”

* * *

August 27, 1915

By fusing herself in the Divine Will, the soul becomes filled with God and His divine qualities, and God is filled with her.

I was fusing myself in the Most Holy Will of blessed Jesus, and while doing this I found myself in Jesus; and He told me: “My daughter, when a soul fuses herself in my Will, it happens as when two containers, full of different fluids, are poured one into the other: the first remains filled with what the second contained, and the second with the content of the first. In the same way, the creature remains filled with Me, and I with her. And since my Will contains sanctity, beauty, power, love, etc., by filling herself with Me, fusing and abandoning herself in my Will, the soul comes to be filled with my sanctity, with my love, with my beauty, etc., in the most perfect way given to a creature. And I feel I am filled with her, and finding in her my sanctity, my beauty, my love, etc., I look at these things as if they were her own, and I like her so much as to become enamored, in such a way as to keep her jealously in my inmost Heart, enriching her and embellishing her continuously with my divine qualities, to be ever more delighted and enamored.”

* * *

September 20, 1915

The Fiat must be the sweet knot that binds all the acts of the creature.

Continuing in my usual state, my lovable Jesus made Himself seen with scourges in His hands, touching and beating the creatures. It seemed that the scourges were extending more, and among many things, it seemed that some were plotting a conspiracy against the Church, and they were mentioning Rome. Blessed Jesus was afflicted and as though covered with a black mantle. He told me: “My daughter, the scourges will make the peoples rise again, but there will be so many of them that all peoples will be wrapped in sorrow and mourning. And since the creatures are my members, I am wrapped in black because of them.”

I was all dismayed and I prayed Him to placate Himself; and He, to cheer me, told me: “My daughter, the Fiat must be the sweet knot that will bind all your acts. So, my Will and yours will form the knot; and know that every thought, word, act, done as tied to my Will, is one more channel of communication that opens between Myself and the creature. If all your acts are tied to my Will, not one channel of divine communication will be close between you and Me.”

* * *

October 2, 1915

The souls tries to relieve Jesus from the bitterness caused by the sins of man.

After I had suffered very much because of the privations of my always lovable Jesus, it seemed that He came for a little while, but in such suffering as to be terrifying. I plucked up courage and drew near His mouth; and after I kissed Him, I tried to suckle - who knows, I might manage to relieve Him by sucking part of His bitteresses. To my surprise, I was able to draw a little bit of bitterness out of Him, which other times I could not manage to do. But Jesus was in such suffering that it seemed He did not realize it. However, after I did this, as though stirring Himself, He looked at me and told me: “My daughter, I can take no more, I can take no more. The creature has reached the brim, and she fills Me with such bitterness that my Justice was in the act of decreeing the general destruction. But you arrived in time to snatch a little bit of bitterness away from Me, so that my Justice might still hold off. However, the chastisements will extend more. Ah! man incites Me, he disposes Me to fill him and almost stuff him with sorrows and chastisements, otherwise he will not change his mind.”

I hastened to pray Him to placate Himself, and He, and with a moving tone, told me: “Ah, my daughter! Ah, my daughter!” And He disappeared.

* * *

October 25, 1915

When Jesus can say to a soul: “My life, my mama.”

Continuing in my usual state, amid privations and bitteresses, I was thinking about the Passion of my lovable Jesus, and He kept repeating: “My life, my life... My mama, my mama...” Surprised, I said to Him: ‘What does this mean?’ And Jesus: “My daughter, as I feel my thoughts, my words, being repeated in you, loving with my love, wanting with my Will, desiring with my desires, and all the rest, I feel my life being drawn into you, and my own acts being repeated. And my satisfaction is so great, that I keep repeating: ‘My life, my life....’ And as I think of what my dear Mama suffered, who wanted to take all my pains and suffer them Herself in my place, and as you try to imitate Her, praying Me to let you suffer the pains that creatures give Me, I keep repeating: ‘My

mama, my mama....' In the midst of so many bitternesses of my Heart because of the many lacerated members of many creatures, which I feel within my Humanity, my only relief is to feel my life being repeated. In this way I feel the members of creatures being knitted again within Me."

* * *

October 28, 1915

The life and works of Jesus are seeds sown for souls to harvest.

This morning, my always lovable Jesus, on coming, told me: "My daughter, my life on earth was nothing but seeds sown, which my children will harvest, as long as they remain on the same land in which I sowed these seeds. And according to their attitude for harvesting, my seeds will produce their fruits. Now, these seeds are my works, words, thoughts, and even my breaths, etc.; and if the soul harvests them all, making them her own, she will be enriched in such a way as to purchase the Kingdom of Heaven. But if she does not, these seeds will serve as her condemnation."

* * *

November 1, 1915

Jesus wants to pour Himself out in love.

This morning my sweet Jesus did not keep me waiting for too long. He came, though panting and restless, and throwing Himself into my arms, told me: "My daughter, give Me rest, let Me pour Myself out in love. If justice wants its outpouring, it can pout itself out with all creatures; but my love can pour itself out only with one who loves Me - with one who is wounded by my same love and, delirious, keeps seeking to pour herself out within my love, asking Me for more love. And if my love did not find a creature who would let Me pour Myself out, my justice would ignite even more, and would give the last blow to destroy the poor creatures." And as He was saying this, He kissed me over and over again, telling me: "I love you, but with an eternal love; I love you, but with an immense love; I love you, but with a love that is incomprehensible to you; I love you with a love that will never have limits nor an end; I love you with a love that you will never be able to match."

But who can say all the titles with which Jesus said that He loved me? And at each title He spoke, He waited for my answer. Not knowing what to say to Him, and not having sufficient titles to match Him, I told Him: 'My Life, You know that I have nothing, and whatever I do I take from You, and then I leave it in You again, so that my things, remaining in You, may have continuous attitude and life in You, while I remain always nothing. Therefore I take your love, I make it my own, and I say to You: "I love You with an eternal and immense love; with a love that has no limits and no end, and that is equal to yours".' And I kissed Him over and over again. As I kept repeating, 'I love You', Jesus became calm, took rest, and disappeared.

Then, coming back, He showed His Most Holy Humanity beaten up, wounded, dislocated - all blood. I remained horrified, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, look - I keep within Me all the poor wounded ones who are under the bullets, and I suffer together with them. I want that you too take part in these pains for their salvation." And as Jesus transformed Himself into me, I felt myself, now agonizing, now grieving - in sum, I felt what Jesus felt.

* * *

November 4, 1915

Sorrow of the Most Holy Virgin because of the scourge of the war. Necessity of the scourge, especially for the conversion of priests.

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself together with the Queen Mama, and I prayed that She would intercede with Jesus to stop the scourge of the war. I said to Her: ‘My Mama, pity on so many poor victims. Don’t you see how much blood, how many members torn to pieces, how many moans and tears? You are the Mama of Jesus, but also our own; so it is up to you to reconcile your children.’ And while I was praying Her, She was crying; but though crying She seemed unyielding. I cried along and continued to pray for peace, and my dear Mama told me: “My daughter, the earth is not yet purged; the peoples are still hardened. And besides, if the scourge ceases, who will save the priests? Who will convert them? The garment that for many of them covers their lives is so deplorable, that even the secular are disgusted to approach them. Let us pray, let us pray.”

* * *

November 11, 1915

The souls who live in the Divine Will are other Christs.

This morning I felt such compassion for the offenses that Jesus receives and for the many poor creatures who have the misfortune of offending Him, that I would face any pain in order to prevent sin; and I prayed and repaired from the heart. In the meantime, blessed Jesus came and seemed to carry the same wounds of my heart, but – oh! how much larger. He told me: “My daughter, in issuing the creature, my Divinity remained as though wounded by my own love for love of the creature. This wound made Me come down from Heaven to earth, and cry, and shed my blood, and do all that I did.

Now, the soul who lives in my Will feels this wound of mine vividly, as if it were her own. She cries and prays, and would suffer anything to save the poor creature, and so that my wound of love may not be exacerbated by the offenses of creatures. Ah! my daughter, these tears, prayers, pains, reparations, soothe my wound and descend upon my breast like shining gems, and I glory in keeping them on my breast to show them to my Father so as to move Him to pity toward creatures. So, a divine vein ascends and descends between these souls and Me, which keeps consuming their human blood; and the more they share in my wound and in my very life, the larger this divine vein becomes. It becomes so large that they become other Christs. And I keep repeating to the Father: ‘I am in Heaven, but there are other Christs on earth, who are wounded with my same wound, who cry like Me, who suffer, who pray, etc. Therefore, We must pour Our mercies upon the earth.’ Ah! only these who live in my Volition, who share in my wound, are like Me on earth, and will be like Me in Heaven by sharing in the same Glory of my Humanity.”

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November 13, 1915

Necessity for Jesus to give Communion to Himself, before giving It to others. How the soul must offer her Communion.

After I had received Holy Communion, I thought to myself: ‘How should I offer It in order to please Jesus?’ And He, always benign, told me: “My daughter, if you want to please Me, offer It as my own Humanity did. Before giving Communion to others, I gave Communion to Myself, and I wanted to do this in order to give to the Father the complete glory of all the Communions of creatures, and to enclose within Me all the reparations for all the sacrileges, for all the offenses, that my Humanity would receive in the Sacrament. Since my Humanity enclosed the Divine Will, It enclosed all reparations of all times; and since I received Myself, I received Myself worthily. And since all the works of creatures were divinized by my Humanity, with my Communion I wanted to seal the Communions of creatures. Otherwise, how could the creature receive a God? It was my Humanity that opened this door to creatures, and earned for them that they might receive Me. Now, you, my daughter, do it in my Will, unite it to my Humanity. In this way you will enclose everything, and I will find in you the reparations of all, the compensation for everything, and my satisfaction. Even more, I will find in you another Me.”

* * *

November 21, 1915

Man forces God to chastise him, and to make Himself known by means of justice.

Finding myself in my usual state, I saw my always lovable Jesus for just a little, and I prayed Him, for pity’s sake, to change the decrees of Divine Justice. I said to Him: ‘My Jesus, no more - my poor heart is crushed in hearing about so many tragedies. Jesus, enough – it is your dear images, your beloved children, that moan, cry and grieve under the weight of almost infernal instruments.’ And He: “Ah! my daughter, yet, all the terrible things that are happening now are only the sketch of the design. Don’t you see what a large circle I am marking? What will happen when I execute the design? At many points they will say: ‘Here there was such and such city, here such and such buildings.’ Some points will disappear completely. Time is short - man has reached the point of forcing Me to chastise him. He wanted to almost challenge Me, to incite Me, and I remained patient - but all times come. They did not want to know Me by means of love and mercy - they will know Me by means of justice. Therefore, courage, do not lose heart so soon.”

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December 10, 1915

The soul must make the prayers, the works and the sufferings of Jesus her own, so as to have in her power all the good that they produced.

I was feeling so very afflicted because my sweet Jesus, my Life, my All, did not make Himself seen. I was lamenting: ‘If I could, I would deafen Heaven and earth with my laments so as to move Him to compassion for my poor state. What a great misfortune - to know Him, to love Him, and to remain without Him! Can there ever be a graver misfortune?’ But while I was lamenting, blessed Jesus, making Himself seen in my interior, told me with a severe look: “My daughter, do not tempt Me. Why this? I told you everything so as to let you be tranquil; I told you that when I abstain from coming, it is because I have to tighten stronger chastisements, because my Justice wants it so; and I even told you the reasons. Before, you would not believe that it was in order to chastise that I was not coming as usual - because you did not hear that great chastisements were happening in the world. Now you hear them, and in spite of this you still doubt. Is this not tempting Me?”

I was shaking in seeing and hearing Jesus so severe, and in order to calm me down He changed His look and, all kindness, added: “My daughter, courage. I do not leave you, I am inside of you, although you do not always see Me. And you - unite yourself always with Me; if you pray, let your prayer flow in mine, and make it your own. In this way, all that I did with my prayers - the glory I gave to the Father, the good I impetrated for all - you will do as well. If you work, let your work flow in mine, and make it your own. In this way, you will have in your power all the good that my Humanity did, which sanctified and divinized everything. If you suffer, let your suffering flow in mine, and make it your own; and in this way you will have in your power all the good that I did in Redemption. By this, you will take the three essential points of my Life; and as you do so, immense seas of graces will come out of you, which will pour out for the good of all, and I will look at your life, not as your own, but as Mine.”

* * *

January 12, 1916

Almost all nations have united in offending God, and have conspired against Him.

I was lamenting to blessed Jesus because of His usual privations, and I was crying bitterly; and my adorable Jesus came, but in a sorrowful state, showing how things will get worse and worse. This made me cry more, and Jesus told me: “My daughter, you cry over the present times, and I cry over the future. Oh! in what a maze will the nations find themselves, to the point that one will become the terror and the massacre of the other, such that they will be unable to get out by themselves. They will do things as though crazy, as though blind, to the point of acting against themselves. And the maze which poor Italy is in... How many shocks she will receive! Remember how many years ago I told you that she deserved the chastisement of being invaded by foreign nations - this is the plot that they are hatching against her. How humiliated and annihilated she will remain! She has been too ungrateful with Me. The nations for which I had a predilection, Italy and France, are the ones which have denied Me the most; they held hands in offending Me. Just chastisement: they will hold hands in being humiliated. They will also be the ones which will wage war more against the Church. Ah! my daughter, almost all nations have united in offending Me; they have conspired against Me. What wrong have I done to them? So, almost all of them deserve chastisement.”

But who can say the sorrow of Jesus, the state of violence in which He was, and also my fright, my fear? I said to my Jesus: ‘How can I live amid so many tragedies? Either You let me be the victim and spare the peoples, or You take me with You.’

* * *

January 28, 1916

Constrained love is the greatest bitterness. Suspension of the state of victim.

I felt oppressed and I thought to myself: ‘How everything is over: state of victim, suffering, Jesus - everything!’ I add that the confessor was not well, and therefore it was likely that I would have to remain without Communion. I felt all the weight of the suspension of [my state of] victim on the part of Jesus. As for the guide[2], I had received no order - either in favor or against it. To this I also added my affliction, as I remembered that on March of last year, when the confessor was not well and I was in the same condition, Jesus had told me that if I or the one who guides me would keep me in

the state of victim, He would spare Corato. Therefore - new fears: that I myself might be the cause of some grave trouble, also in Corato. But who can say all my apprehensions and bitternesses? They were so many that I felt petrified.

Now, my blessed Jesus, having compassion, made Himself seen in my interior, and He seemed to have His hand on His forehead, all afflicted; so much so that I did not have the courage to call Him. Almost whispering, I just said: 'Jesus, Jesus....' He looked at me, but - oh! how sad was His gaze! He told me: "My daughter, how much I suffer! If you knew the pains of the One who loves you, you would do nothing but cry. I suffer for you also, because since I do not come very often, my love is constrained and I cannot pour Myself out. And in seeing that you too cannot pour yourself out because you do not see Me - in seeing you suffer, I suffer more.

Ah! my daughter, constrained love is the greatest bitterness, which tortures a poor heart the most. If you remain quiet while suffering, I do not suffer so much; but if you afflict yourself and worry in your suffering, I fidget and become delirious, and I am forced to come to pour Myself out and to let you pour yourself out, since my pains and yours are sisters. And besides, your state of victim is not over; my works are eternal, and it is not without a just reason that I suspend them, though without making them end. Besides, I look at things in the will; so, you are as you used to be, because your will has not changed. And if you do not have sufferings, you are not the one who receives harm; rather, it is the creatures that do not receive the effects of your pains - that is, to be spared the scourges. It happens as to the creatures who occupy public offices or government positions for a given time: even when they retire from those positions, they receive a life salary. Should I be outdone by creatures? Ah, no! If those are given pensions for life, I give them for eternity. Therefore, you must not be concerned about the pauses I make. And then, why do you fear? Have you forgotten how much I have loved you? The one who guides you will be prudent, knowing how things are, and how they have been; and I will have regard for Corato. As for you, then, whatever might happen, I will hold you tightly in my arms."

* * *

January 30, 1916

When the soul lives completely in the Divine Will, everything she does is reflected in Jesus, and everything Jesus does is reflected in her.

I was fusing all of myself in my always lovable Jesus, and while I was doing this, on coming, Jesus fused all of Himself in me, and told me: "My daughter, when the soul lives completely in my Will, if she thinks, her thoughts are reflected in my mind in Heaven; if she desires, if she speaks, if she loves - everything is reflected in Me, and everything I do is reflected in her. It happens as when the sun is reflected in the glass: one can see another sun in it, completely similar to the sun in the heavens - with this difference: the sun in the heavens is fixed and remains always in its place, while the sun in the glass is passing.

Now, my Will crystallizes the soul, and everything she does is reflected in Me; and I, wounded and enraptured by these reflections, send her all my light, so as to form another sun in her. So, it seems that there is one sun in Heaven and another on earth. What enchantment - and what harmonies between them! How many goods are poured out for the good of all! But if the soul is not fixed in

my Will, it can happen to her as to the sun which is formed in the glass, which is a passing sun: after a while, the glass remains in the dark, and the sun in Heaven remains alone.”

* * *

February 5, 1916

Scourges to the world and great trials for the few good. Only through faithfulness will they not stagger, and be saved.

I continue my days being afflicted, especially because of the almost continuous threats of Jesus, that the scourges will spread more. Last night, then, I remained terrorized; I found myself outside of myself and I found my afflicted Jesus. I felt reborn to new life in finding Him, but, no! - as I was about to console Him, some people snatched Him from me and reduced Him to pieces! What heartbreak! What fright! I threw myself on the ground, close to one of those pieces, and a voice from Heaven resounded in that place: “Firmness, courage to the few good! May they not move in anything; may they not neglect anything. They will be exposed to great trials, both from God and from men. Only through faithfulness will they not stagger, and be saved. The earth will be covered with scourges never before seen. Creatures will try to destroy the Creator, to have a god of their own, and to satisfy their whims at the cost of any slaughter. And with all this, not attaining their purposes, they will arrive at the most awful brutalities. Everything will be terror and fright.”

After this, I found myself inside myself. I was shaking. The thought of how they had reduced my beloved Jesus gave me death. I wanted to see Him at any cost, even for one instant, to see what had happened to Him. And Jesus, always good, came; and I calmed down. May He be always blessed.

* * *

March 2, 1916

What God contains in His power, the soul contains in her will. Jesus wants complete freedom in the soul who gives herself to Him.

I continue my most bitter days. Blessed Jesus comes only rarely; and if I lament, either He answers with a sob of crying, or He says to me: “My daughter, you know that I do not come often because the chastisements are encroaching more and more - so, why do you lament?” But I reached such a point that I could not take any more, and I burst into tears. In order to calm me and strengthen me, Jesus came, and I spent almost the whole night with Jesus. Now He kissed me, caressed me, sustained me; now He threw Himself into my arms to take rest; now He showed me the terror among peoples - and some would run away in one direction, some in another. I also remember that He told me: “My daughter, what I contain in my power, the soul contains in her will. So, I look at all the good that the soul really wants to do, as if she had really done it. I have Will and power - if I want, I can; on the other hand, the soul cannot do many things, but her will compensates for power. In this way, she keeps becoming more like Me, and I keep enriching her with all those merits that her good will contains, and that her will wants to do.”

Then He added: “My daughter, when the soul gives herself completely to Me, I establish my dwelling in her. Many times I like to shut everything and be in the shade; other times I like to sleep and I place the soul as a sentry, that she may not allow anyone to come to bother Me and interrupt my sleep; and

if necessary, she has to face the bothers herself, and answer for Me. Other times, I like to open everything and let in the winds, the coldnesses of creatures, the darts of sins that they send Me, and many other things. The soul must be content with everything; she must let Me do whatever I want; even more, she must make my things her own. If I were not free to do what I want, I would be unhappy in that heart. If I had to be careful to make her feel how much I enjoy, but to unwillingly hide from her how much I suffer - where would my freedom be? Ah! everything is in my Will. If the soul takes It, she takes the whole substance of my Being, and encloses the whole of Me within herself. And as she goes on doing good, by having the substance of my life within herself, she makes that good come out of my very self; and since it comes out of Me, it runs like ray of light for the good of all creatures.”

* * *

April 1, 1916

What stripping is required of the soul, so that her heartbeat may be one with that of Jesus.

This morning my sweet Jesus made Himself seen within my heart, and His heartbeat was beating in mine. I looked at Him, and He told me: “My daughter, for one who really loves Me and does my Will in everything, her heartbeat and mine become one. So, I call them my heartbeats and, as such, I want them around and even inside the heartbeat of my Heart - all intent on consoling Me and sweetening all my sorrowful heartbeats. Her heartbeat in mine will form a sweet harmony, which will repeat my whole life for Me, and will speak to Me of souls, forcing Me to save them. But, my daughter, what stripping is required to be the echo of my heartbeat! It must be a life more of Heaven than of earth - more divine than human! Even one shadow, one little thing, is enough to prevent the soul from feeling the strength, the harmonies, the sanctity of my heartbeat; and so she does not echo my heartbeat, she does not harmonize together with Me, and I am forced to remain alone in my sorrow or in my joys. And these sorrows I receive from souls who - ...who knows how much they had promised Me, but at the occasions, I was left disappointed by their promises.”

* * *

April 15, 1916

Everything in Jesus, the Word, speaks lovingly to creatures, and the soul who lives in His Will is all voice together with Him.

I live dying because of the continuous privations of my sweet Jesus. This morning I found all of myself in Jesus, as if I were swimming in the immensity of my Highest Good. Then I looked inside myself and I saw Jesus in me, and I could hear the whole Being of Jesus speaking: His feet, His hands, His Heart, His mouth - in sum, everything was voices. Not only this, but the wonder was that these voices became immense, and multiplied for each creature. The feet of Jesus spoke to the feet and to each step of creatures; His hands to their works; His eyes to their gazes; His thoughts to each of their thoughts. What harmonies between Creator and creatures! What an enchanting sight! What love! But – alas, all these harmonies were broken by ingratitude and by sins; love was repaid with offenses. And Jesus, all afflicted, told me: “My daughter, I am the Verbum – that is, the Word - and my love toward the creature is so great that I multiply into as many voices for as many acts, thoughts, affections, desires, etc. as each creature does, in order to receive from them the return of those acts done for love of Me. I give love and I want love, but I receive offenses instead. I give life, but if they

could, they would give Me death. But in spite of all this, I continue my loving office.

However, know that the soul who lives united with Me and from my Volition, swimming in my immensity, is all voice together with Me as well. So, if she walks, her steps speak, pursuing the sinner; her thoughts are voices to the minds; and so with all the rest. Only from these souls do I find as though a recompense in the work of Creation. And in seeing that, unable to do anything by themselves to correspond to my love and maintain the harmonies between them and Me, they enter into my Will, they make themselves the owners of It, and they act in a divine manner - my love finds its outpouring, and I love them more than all other creatures.”

* * *

April 21, 1916

The garment of thorns which creatures have made for the Humanity of Jesus.

I continue my most bitter days. I fear that some day Jesus may not even come in passing, and in my sorrow I keep repeating: ‘Jesus, don’t do this to me. If You don’t want to speak - so be it; if You don’t want to let me suffer, I resign myself; if You don’t want to give me the gift of your charisms – Fiat; but not coming at all - not this. You know that it would cost me my life, and my very nature, left without You until evening, would melt.’ As I was saying this, blessed Jesus, increasing my bitternesses, made Himself seen telling me: “Know that if I do not come to pour Myself out with you for a little while, it is because the world is receiving the last blow of destruction and all sorts of scourges.”

What fright - I remained terrified and petrified for the pain. So I continued praying, and I said: ‘My Jesus, each moment of your privation asks of You that a new life of yours be created within souls. And You must give me this grace - on this condition only do I accept your privation. It is not something trivial that I deprive myself of - but of You, immense, infinite, eternal Good. The cost is immense; therefore, let’s come to a deal.’ And Jesus extended His arms around my neck, as though accepting. I looked at Him, but – ah! what a painful sight. Not only His head, but all of His Most Holy Humanity was surrounded by thorns; so much so, that as I embraced Him I was pricked. But I wanted to enter into Jesus at any cost. And He, all goodness, broke that garment of thorns at the place of His Heart, and put me inside. I could see the Divinity of Jesus, and although It was one with His Humanity, while His Humanity was being tormented, His Divinity remained untouchable. And Jesus told me: “My daughter, have you seen what a painful garment creatures made for Me, and how these thorns have penetrated into my Humanity? These thorns have closed the door to the Divinity, having surrounded all my Humanity, only from which could my Divinity come out for the good of creatures. Now it is necessary that I remove part of these thorns, and that I pour them upon creatures, so that, as the light of my Divinity flows from these thorns, I may place their souls in safety. Therefore, it is necessary that the earth be invested with chastisements, earthquakes, famines, wars, etc., in order to break this garment of thorns that creatures have made for Me, so that the light of the Divinity, penetrating into their souls, may remove their illusions, and make better times arise.”

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April 23, 1916

At each thought about the Passion of Jesus, the soul draws light from His Humanity.

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen all surrounded with light, which came out from within His Most Holy Humanity, and embellished Him in such a way as to form an enchanting and enrapturing sight. I remained surprised, and He told me: “My daughter, each pain I suffered, each drop of Blood, each wound, prayer, word, action, step, etc., produced a light within my Humanity, which embellished Me in such a way as to keep all the Blessed enraptured. Now, at each thought that the soul has about my Passion, at each act of compassion, reparation, etc., she does nothing other than draw light from my Humanity, and be embellished in my likeness. So, each additional thought about my Passion will be one more light which will bring her eternal joy.”

* * *

May 3, 1916

In the Divine Will the soul prays like Jesus; she satisfies the Father and repairs for all, as He did.

While I was praying, my lovable Jesus placed Himself close to me, and I could hear that He too was praying. So I began to listen to Him, and Jesus told me: “My daughter, pray, but pray as I pray – that is, pour all of yourself into my Will, and in It you will find God and all creatures; and making all things of creatures your own, you will give them to God as if all were one single creature, because the Divine Volition is the owner of all. Then you will place at the feet of the Divinity the good acts in order to give honor to It, and the bad ones in order to repair for them through the sanctity, power and immensity of the Divine Will, from which nothing can escape. This was the life of my Humanity upon earth. As holy as It was, I still needed this Divine Volition in order to give complete satisfaction to the Father, and to redeem the human generations. In fact, only in this Divine Volition could I find all generations, past, present and future, and all of their acts, thoughts, words, etc., as though in act. And in this Holy Will, letting nothing escape Me, I took all thoughts into my mind, and for each of them in particular I brought Myself before the Supreme Majesty, and I repaired for them. And in this same Will, I descended into each mind of creature, giving them the good which I had impetrated for their intelligences. In my gazes I took the eyes of all creatures, their words in my voice, their movements in my movements, their works in my hands, their affections and desires in my Heart, their feet in my steps; and making them my own, in this Divine Volition my Humanity satisfied the Father, and I placed the poor creatures in safety. And the Divine Father was satisfied, nor could He reject Me, He Himself being the Holy Will. Would He perhaps reject Himself? Certainly not. More so, since in these acts He found perfect sanctity, unreachable and enrapturing beauty, highest love, immense and eternal acts, invincible power. This was the whole life of my Humanity upon earth, from the first instant of my conception up to my last breath, to continue it in Heaven and in the Most Holy Sacrament.

Now, why can you not do this as well? For one who loves Me everything is possible. United with Me, in my Will, take and bring the thoughts of all before the Divine Majesty within your thoughts; the gazes of all in your eyes; in your words, movements, affections and desires, those of your brothers, in order to repair for them and impetrate for them light, grace and love. In my Will you will find yourself in Me and in all, you will live my life, you will pray with Me. The Divine Father will be happy, and the whole of Heaven will say: ‘Who is calling us from the earth? Who is it that wants to compress this Holy Will within herself, enclosing all of us together?’ And how much good can the earth obtain by making Heaven descend upon earth!”

* * *

May 25, 1916

The work of the Celestial Farmer in the soul. How correspondence is necessary in order to produce rich fruits.

Continuing in my usual state, I was all afflicted, especially because in the past days blessed Jesus had shown me how foreign soldiers were invading Italy, the great massacre of our soldiers, and the pools of blood which Jesus Himself was horrified to look at. I felt my poor heart bursting with grief, and I said to Jesus: 'Save my brothers, your images, from this pool of blood. Do not permit that any soul plunge into hell.' And in seeing that Divine Justice will ignite Its fury even more against the poor creatures, I felt I was dying. Almost to distract me from such tormenting scenes, Jesus told me: "My daughter, the love with which I love souls is so great, that as soon as the soul decides to give herself to Me, I surround her with so much grace, I caress her, I move her, I pick her up, I endow her with sensible graces, with fervors, with inspirations, with squeezes of her heart. So, in seeing herself so filled with graces, the soul begins to love Me, forms as though a foundation of prayers and pious practices within her heart, and begins to exercise herself in the virtues. All this forms a flowery field in the soul.

But my love is not content with just flowers - it wants fruits. So it begins to make the flowers fall - that is, it strips her of the sensible love, of fervor and of everything else - in order to make the fruits be born. If the soul is faithful, she continues her pious practices, her virtues, she takes no pleasure in any other human thing, she does not think about herself, but only of Me. Through trust in Me, she will give flavor to the fruits; through faithfulness, she will make the fruits mature; and through courage, tolerance and tranquillity, they will grow and become rich fruits. And I, the Celestial Farmer, will pick these fruits and make of them my food, and I will plant another field, more flowery and beautiful, in which heroic fruits will grow, such as to snatch unheard-of graces from my Heart. But if she is unfaithful and mistrustful, becomes restless, takes pleasure in human things, etc., these fruits will be unripe, insipid, bitter, covered with mud, and will serve to embitter Me and to make Me withdraw from the soul."

* * *

June 4, 1916

Jesus pours His bitternesses into Luisa so as to spare the peoples, but it is too much for her to contain it all.

This morning it seemed that my always lovable Jesus came. I clasped Him to my heart, and Jesus gave me a kiss; but as He was kissing me, I felt a most bitter liquid flow from His mouth into mine. I remained surprised in seeing that, without praying Him, sweet Jesus was pouring His bitternesses into me, while other times I had prayed Him so much and He had not conceded it to me. Then, when I was filled with that most bitter liquid, Jesus continued pouring. It spilled outside, it went on the ground, and He still kept pouring, in such a way that a pool of that most bitter liquid formed around me and blessed Jesus.

Then, as though relieved a little, He told me: "Daughter, have you seen how many bitternesses the creatures give Me? It is so much that, unable to contain them any longer, I wanted to pour them into

you. But you could not contain them either, so they went on the ground, and will pour upon the peoples.” And while saying this, He marked the various points and towns which were to be stricken by the invasions of foreign people, and some were running away, some were left naked and starved, some were exiled, some killed - horror and fright everywhere. Jesus Himself wanted to withdraw His gaze from so much tragedy. Frightened and terrorized, I wanted to prevent Jesus from doing this, but He seemed unshakeable, and He told me: “My daughter, it is their very bitternesses that Divine Justice is pouring upon the peoples. I wanted to pour them in you first, in order to spare some points, to make you content; and what was left I poured upon them. My Justice demands satisfaction.” And I: ‘My Love and my Life, I know little about justice; if I pray to You, it is for mercy. I make appeal to your love, to your wounds, to your Blood. After all, they are always your children, your dear images. Poor brothers of mine, how shall they go on? Into what constraints will they be put? To make me content, You tell me that You have poured into Me, but the points You spare are too few.’ And He: “On the contrary, it is too much; and it is because I love you, otherwise I would have spared nothing. And besides, have you not seen how you yourself were unable to contain any more?” I burst into crying, and I said: ‘Yet, You tell me that You love me; and where is all this love that You have for me? True love knows how to content the beloved in everything. And then, why don’t You make me larger, so that I may contain more bitternesses and spare my brothers?’ Jesus cried with me, and disappeared.

* * *

June 15, 1916

In the Divine Will everything is complete. The most powerful prayers over the Heart of Jesus, and those which move Him the most, are to clothe oneself with all that He Himself did and suffered.

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came, He transformed me completely in Him, and then He told me: “Daughter, pour yourself into my Will to make complete reparations for Me. My love feels an irresistible need for them; after so many offenses of creatures, it wants one at least who, placing herself between Me and them, would give Me complete reparations, love for all, and would snatch from Me graces for all. But you can do this only in my Will, in which you will find Me and all creatures. Oh! with what yearnings am I waiting for you to enter into my Will, to be able to find in you the satisfactions and the reparations of all. Only in my Will will you find all things in act, because I am engine, actor and spectator of everything.” Now, while He was saying this, I poured myself into His Will – but who can say what I saw? I was in contact with every thought of creature, the life of which came from God; and I, in His Will, multiplied myself in each thought, and with the sanctity of His Will I repaired everything, I had a ‘thank You’ for all, a love for all. Then I multiplied myself in the gazes, in the words and in everything else – but who can say what was happening? I lack the terms, and maybe the very angelic tongues would stammer; therefore I stop here.

So I spent the whole night with Jesus in His Will. Then I felt the Queen Mama near me, and She told me: “My daughter, pray.” And I: ‘My Mama, let us pray together, for by myself I don’t know how to pray.’ And She added: “The most powerful prayers over the Heart of my Son, and those which move Him the most, are for the creature to clothe herself with everything He Himself did and suffered, since He gave everything as gift to the creature. Therefore, my daughter, surround your head with the thorns of Jesus, bead your eyes with His tears, impregnate your tongue with His

bitterness, clothe your soul with His Blood, adorn yourself with His wounds, pierce your hands and feet with His nails, and like another Christ present yourself before His Divine Majesty. This sight will move Him in such a way that He will not be able to deny anything to the soul who is clothed with His own insignia. But – oh! how little do creatures know how to make use of the gifts which my Son gave them! These were my prayers upon earth, and these are my prayers in Heaven.” So, together we clothed ourselves with the insignia of Jesus, and together we presented ourselves before the Divine Throne. This moved all; the Angels made way for us and remained as though surprised. I thanked Mama, and I found myself inside myself.

* * *

August 3, 1916

Each act the creature does is one more paradise she acquires in Heaven.

As I continue in my usual state, my lovable Jesus makes Himself seen in passing, or He says a few words and then He runs away, or He hides in my interior. I remember that one day He told me: “My daughter, I am the center, and all Creation receives life from this center. So, I am life of every thought, of every word, of every action - of everything; but creatures make use of this life I give them to take the occasion to offend Me. I give life, and if they could, they would give Me death.” I also remember that as I prayed Him to hold back the scourges, He told me: “Daughter, do you think I am the one who wants to scourge them? Ah, no! On the contrary, my love is so great that I consumed my whole life in redoing what man was obliged to do for the Supreme Majesty; and since my acts were divine, I multiplied them into so many as to redo them for all and for each one, in such a way as to fill Heaven and earth, and to keep man defended so that Justice might not strike him. But man, with sin, breaks this defense, and once the defense is broken, the scourges strike man.”

But who can say all the little things He told me? Then, this morning, I was praying and lamenting to Jesus for He was not answering me, especially because He does not stop chastising, and I said to Him: ‘Why pray if You do not want to answer me? On the contrary, You tell me that the evils will get worse.’ And He: “My daughter, good is always good. Even more, you must know that each prayer, each reparation, each act of love, any holy thing that the creature does, is one more paradise that she acquires. So, the simplest holy act will be one more paradise; one act less, a paradise less. In fact, every good act comes from God, and therefore in every good act the soul takes God; and since God contains infinite, innumerable, eternal, immense joys - so many that the very Blessed will not arrive at enjoying them all throughout all eternity - it is no wonder, then, that since each good act acquires God, God is almost bound to substitute them with as many contentments. So, if the soul suffers even distractions for love of Me, in Heaven her intelligence will have more light and will enjoy as many more paradises for as many times as she has sacrificed her intelligence; and so much more will she comprehend God. If she suffers coldness for love of Me, so many paradises will she enjoy of the variety of contentments which are present in my love; if darkness, so many more contentments in my inaccessible light; and so with all the rest. This is what one prayer more or one less means.”

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August 6, 1916

Need of Jesus for souls who live in the Divine Will to multiply.

As I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus came for just a little and in passing, and He said to me: “My daughter, my love feels an irresistible need for souls who live in my Will to multiply, because they are the places of my quarters. My love wants to do good to all, but sins prevent Me from pouring my benefits upon them, therefore I keep searching for these quarters; in them I am not prevented from pouring my graces, and through them, the towns and the people that surround them take part in them. Therefore, the more quarters I have on earth, the greater vent can I give to my love, and the more it pours itself out into benefits for the good of humanity.”

* * *

August 10, 1916

How in the Divine Will our pains are together with those of Jesus.

Continuing in my usual state, I was feeling embittered because of the privation of my lovable Jesus, and I was lamenting to Him that each privation He caused me was a death that He gave me – and a cruel death, such that while one feels death, one cannot die. And I said: ‘How can You have the heart to give me so many deaths?’ And Jesus, in passing, told me: “My daughter, do not lose heart; when my Humanity was on earth It contained all the lives of creatures, and these lives came all from Me. But how many of them would not return into Me because they would die and bury themselves in hell - and I felt the death of each one, which tormented my Humanity. These deaths were the most sorrowful and cruel pain of my whole life, up to my last breath. My daughter, don’t you want to take part in my pains? The death you feel because of my privation is nothing but a shadow of the pains of death which I felt because of the loss of souls. Therefore, give it to Me to sweeten the so many cruel deaths that my Humanity suffered. Let this pain flow in my Will, and you will find mine; and uniting with it, it will run for the good of all, especially for those who are about to fall into the abyss. If you keep it for yourself, clouds will form between you and Me, and the current of my Will will be broken between you and Me; your pains will not find mine, you will not be able to diffuse yourself for the good of all, and will feel all the weight of it. On the other hand, if you think of how to let everything which you may suffer flow in my Will, there will be no clouds for you, the very pains will bring you light, and will open new currents of union, of love and of graces.”

* * *

August 12, 1916

Glory of the souls who will live in the Divine Will on earth.

I was fusing myself in the Most Holy Will, and my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, only by one who lives in my Will do I feel as though repaid for Creation, Redemption and Sanctification, and she glorifies Me in the way in which the creature must glorify Me. Therefore these souls will be the gems of my throne and will take within themselves all the contentments and the glory which each Blessed will have for himself alone. These souls will be as though queens around my throne, and all the Blessed will be around them; and just as the Blessed will be as many suns that will shine in the Celestial Jerusalem, the souls who have lived in my Will will shine in my own Sun. They will be as though circumfused with my Sun, and these souls will see the Blessed from within Me, because it is right that, having lived on earth united with Me, with my Will, as they lived no life of their own, they have a place distinct from all others in Heaven, and they continue in Heaven the life which they lived on earth – completely transformed in Me and immersed in the sea of my contentments.”

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September 8, 1916

For as long as the soul is in the Divine Will, so much of Divine Life can she say she lives on earth. The acts in the Divine Will are the simplest acts, but, because they are simple, they communicate themselves to all.

This morning, after Communion, I felt that my lovable Jesus absorbed me completely in His Will in a special way, and I swam inside of It. But who can say what I felt? I have no words to express myself. Then Jesus told me: “My daughter, for as long as the soul is in my Will, so much of Divine Life can she say she lives on earth. How I like it when I see that the soul enters into my Will to live Divine Life in It! I like very much to see souls who repeat in my Will what my Humanity did in It! I received Communion, I received Myself in the Will of the Father, and with this I not only repaired everything, but finding immensity and all-seeingness of everything and everyone in the Divine Will, I embraced all, I gave Communion to all; and in seeing that many would not take part in the Sacrament and that the Father was offended for they did not want to receive my Life, I gave to the Father the satisfaction and the glory as if all had received Communion, giving to the Father the satisfaction and the glory of a Divine Life for each one. You too – receive Communion in my Will, repeat what I did, and in this way you will not only repair everything, but will give Me to all as I intended to give Myself to all, and will give Me the glory as if all had received Communion. My Heart feels moved in seeing that, unable to give Me anything from her own which is worthy of Me, the creature takes my things, she makes them her own, she imitates the way I did them, and to please Me, she gives them to Me. And I, in my delight, keep repeating: “Brava, my daughter, you have done exactly what I did.”

Then He added: “The acts in my Will are the simplest acts, but, because they are simple, they communicate themselves to all. The light of the sun, because it is simple, is light of every eye – yet the sun is one. One act alone in my Will, like most simple light, diffuses itself in every heart, in every work, in everyone – yet the act is one. My very Being, because It is most simple, is one single act, but an act which contains everything; it has no feet but is the step of all; no eyes, but is the eye and the light of all; it gives life to everything, but with no effort, with no toil, yet it gives the act of operating to all. So, the soul in my Will becomes simple, and together with Me she multiplies in all, and does good to all. Oh! if all comprehended the immense value of the acts, even the littlest, done in my Will – they would let not one act escape them.”

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October 2, 1916

Effects of Communion in the Divine Will.

This morning I received Communion in the way Jesus had taught me – that is, united with His Humanity, His Divinity and His Will; and Jesus, on coming, made Himself seen and I kissed Him and clasped Him to my heart. He returned my kiss and my embrace, and told me: “My daughter, how content I am that you have come to receive Me united with my Humanity, Divinity and Will! You have renewed in Me all the contentment I received when I communicated Myself; and while you were kissing Me and embracing Me, since all of Myself was in you, you contained all creatures, and I felt I was given the kiss of all, the embraces of all, because this was your will, as was Mine in

communicating Myself - to return to the Father all the love of creatures, even though many would not love Him. The Father made up for their love in Me, and I make up for the love of all creatures in you; and having found in my Will one who loves Me, repairs Me, etc., in the name of all – because in my Will there is nothing that the creature cannot give Me – I feel like loving creatures even if they offend Me, and I keep inventing stratagems of love around the hardest hearts in order to convert them. Only for love of these souls who do everything in my Will, do I feel as though chained, captured; and I concede to them the prodigies of the greatest conversions.”

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October 13, 1916

How the Angels are around the soul who does the Hours of the Passion. These Hours are sweet little sips that souls give to Jesus.

I was doing the Hours of the Passion, and blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, in the course of my mortal life, thousands and thousands of Angels were the cortege of my Humanity, gathering everything I did – my steps, my works, my words, and even my sighs, my pains, the drops of my Blood – in sum, everything. They were the Angels in charge of my custody, and of paying Me honor; obedient to my every wish, they would rise to and descend from Heaven, to bring to the Father what I was doing. Now these Angels have a special office, and as the soul remembers my Life, my Passion, my Blood, my wounds, my prayers, they come around this soul and gather her words, her prayers, her acts of compassion for Me, her tears and her offerings; they unite them to mine, and they bring them before my Majesty to renew for Me the glory of my own Life. The delight of the Angels is so great that, reverent, they listen to what the soul says, and pray together with her. So, with what attention and respect must the soul do these Hours, thinking that the Angels hang upon her lips to repeat after her what she says.”

Then He added: “After the so many bitternesses that creatures give Me, these Hours are sweet little sips that souls give Me; but for the many bitter sips I receive, the sweet ones are too few. Therefore, more diffusion, more diffusion!”

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October 20, 1916

Grace, like sunlight, gives Itself to all.

I was fusing myself in the Divine Will and the thought came to me of commending to It various people in a special way; and blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, specificity goes by itself even if you should not place any intention. In the order of grace it happens as in the natural order: the sun gives light to all, yet not everyone enjoys the same effects; however, this is not because of the sun, but because of creatures. One uses the light of the sun in order to work, to be industrious, to learn, to appreciate things; this one makes herself rich, she constitutes herself, and does not go around begging for bread from others. Someone else, then, keeps lazing about, she does not want to meddle in anything, the light of the sun inundates her everywhere but for her it is useless, she wants to do nothing with it. This one is poor and sickly because sloth produces many evils, physical and moral, and if she feels hungry, she needs to beg for someone else’s bread. Now, is the light of the sun perhaps responsible for these two? Or, does it give more to one and less to the other? Certainly not;

the only difference is that one takes advantage of the light in a special way, while the other does not. Now, the same happens in the order of grace which, more than light, inundates souls, and now it makes itself all voice to call them, voice to instruct them and to correct them; now it makes itself fire and burns away from them the things of down here, and with its flames it puts to flight creatures and pleasures from them, and with its burns it forms pains and crosses in order to give to the soul the shape of sanctity it wants from her; now it makes itself water, and purifies her, embellishes her and impregnates her completely with grace. But who is attentive on receiving all these flows of grace – who corresponds to Me? Ah, too few! And then some dare to say that to these I give grace for them to make themselves saints, and to others I do not, almost wanting to hold Me responsible, while they content themselves with conducting their lives lazing about, as if the light of grace were not there for them.”

Then He added: “My daughter, I love the creature so much, that I Myself have placed Myself as sentry of each heart to watch them, to defend them and to work their sanctification with my own hands. But to how many bitternesses do they not subject Me? Some reject Me, some do not care about Me and despise Me, some lament about my surveillance, some slam the door in my face, rendering my work useless. And I not only placed Myself to act as sentry, but on purpose do I choose the souls who live of my Will. In fact, since they are present in all of Me, I place them with Me as a second sentry of each heart. These second sentries console Me, repay Me for them, and keep Me company in the loneliness into which many hearts force Me; and they force Me not to leave them. Greater grace I could not give to creatures, by giving them these souls who live of my Will, who are the portent of portents.”

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October 30, 1916

Threats of scourges, especially for Italy.

I was lamenting to my always lovable Jesus for in these past days He would hardly come, or I would just barely perceive His shadow, and then He would disappear. And blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, how quickly you forget that on those days in which I do not come so much and I escape you, it is for nothing else but to give one more winding to the scourges. Things will rage more and more. Ah! man has reached such perversity that it is not enough to touch his flesh to make him surrender, but I have to come to the point of pulverizing him! Therefore one nation will invade another, and they will lacerate each other; blood will flow like water in the towns. Even more, in certain nations they will become the enemies of themselves and they will fight one another, they will kill one another, they will do things as though crazy. Ah, how much man grieves Me! – I Myself cry over him.” At the words of Jesus I burst into crying, and I prayed Him to spare poor Italy; but Jesus continued: “Italy, Italy... ah! if you knew how much evil she is up to, how many plots against my Church! The blood she is causing to be shed in battle is not enough for her – she is thirsty for more blood, but wants the blood of my children - the blood of the primate. She wants to stain herself with such crimes as to draw upon herself the revenge of Heaven and of other nations.” I remained terrorized. I fear greatly, but I hope that the Lord will placate Himself.

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November 15, 1916

The soul forms her paradise on earth.

I was lamenting to my sweet Jesus that He no longer loved me as before, and He, all goodness, told me: “My daughter, not loving one who loves Me is impossible for Me. Rather, I feel so drawn toward her, that at the littlest act of love she does for Me, I respond with triple love and I place a divine vein in her heart, which administers to her divine science, divine sanctity and virtue; and the more the soul loves Me, the more this divine vein rises, and watering all the powers of the soul, it diffuses for the good of the other creatures. I have placed this vein in you, and when you lack my presence and do not hear my voice, this vein will make up for everything, and will be voice for you and for the other creatures.”

Another day, I was fusing all of myself, as usual, in the Will of blessed Jesus, and He said to me: “My daughter, the more you fuse yourself in Me, the more I fuse Myself in you. So, it is on earth that the soul forms her paradise; according to how much she fills herself with holy thoughts, with holy affections, desires, words, works and steps, so does she keep forming her paradise. To one more holy thought or word, one more contentment will correspond, and many varieties of beauty, of contentments, of glory, for as much more good as she has done. What will the surprise of this soul be when, once the prison of her body is broken, immediately she will find herself in the sea of as many pleasures and happinesses, as much light and beauty, for as much more good as she has done - be it even a thought!”

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November 30, 1916

The benefits of repairing for others.

I was very afflicted because of the privation of my adorable Jesus, and I cried bitterly; and as I was doing the Hours of the Passion, a thought tormented me, saying to me: “Look at what good your reparations for others have done to you: they have caused you to let Jesus escape you”; and much more nonsense.... But blessed Jesus, moved to compassion by my tears, pressed me to His Heart and told me: “My daughter, you are my goad – my love is cornered by your violences. If you knew how much I suffer in seeing you suffer because of Me! But it is Justice that wants to pour Itself out, and your very violences force Me to hide. Things will rage more; therefore, patience. Besides, know that the reparations done for others have done great good to you, because in repairing for others, you intended to do what I did, and I repaired for all, and also for you; I asked forgiveness for all, I grieved for the offenses of all, and I also asked forgiveness for you, and for you also I grieved. Therefore, as you do what I did, you also take the reparations, the forgiveness and the sorrow I had for you. So, what could do more good to you – my reparations, my forgiveness, my sorrow, or yours? And then, I never let Myself be surpassed in love. When I see that, for love of Me, the soul is all intent on repairing Me, loving Me, apologizing to Me and asking forgiveness for sinners, to give her tit for tat I ask forgiveness for her in a special way, I repair and love for her, and I keep embellishing her soul with my love, with my reparations and forgiveness. Therefore, continue to repair, and do not raise conflicts between you and Me.”

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December 5, 1916

The good that the soul who lives in the Will of God does.

I was doing my meditation, and according to my usual way I was pouring all of myself in the Will of my sweet Jesus. In the meantime, I saw an engine before my mind, which contained innumerable fountains which spouted waves of water, of light, of fire; and rising up to Heaven, these would pour upon all creatures. There was no creature who was not inundated by these waves; the only difference was that for some they entered inside, while for others, only outside. And my always lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, I am the engine, and my love keeps the engine in motion, and pours over everyone. But for those who want to receive these waves, if they are empty and they love Me, they enter into them, while the others are just touched in order to be disposed to receive such a great good. As for the souls who do my Will and live in It, then, they are inside the engine itself, and since they live of Me, they can dispose of the waves that gush out for the good of others, and are now light that illuminates, now fire that ignites, now water that purifies. How beautiful it is to see these souls who live of my Will, coming out from within my engine like as many other little engines, diffusing themselves for the good of all! And then they return into the engine and disappear from the midst of creatures, as they live of Me, and Me alone!”

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December 9, 1916

Jesus wants to find Himself and what He did in the soul. With this intention the soul must do the Hours of the Passion and every action.

I was afflicted because of the privations of my sweet Jesus; and if He comes, while I breathe a little bit of life, I am left more afflicted in seeing Him more afflicted than I am. He does not want to hear about placating Himself, because creatures force Him, and snatch more scourges from Him. But while He scourges, He cries over the lot of man, and He hides deep inside my heart, almost not to see what man suffers. It seems that one can no longer live in these sad times; yet, it seems that this is only the beginning.

Then, as I was worried about my hard and sad lot of having to be so very often without Him, my sweet Jesus came, and throwing one arm around my neck, told me: “My daughter, do not increase my pains by worrying – they are already too many. I do not expect this from you; on the contrary, I want you to make my pains, my prayers and all of Myself your own, in such a way that I may find in you another Me. In these times I want great satisfactions, and only one who makes Me his own can give them to Me. That which the Father found in Me – glory, delight, love, satisfactions whole and perfect, and for the good of all – I want to find in these souls, like as many other Jesuses that match Me. These intentions you must repeat in each Hour of the Passion that you do, in each action – in everything. If I do not find my satisfactions – ah, it is over for the world! The scourges will pour down in torrents. Ah, my daughter! Ah, my daughter!” And He disappeared.

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December 14, 1916

Jesus slept and worked in order to give true rest to souls in God.

I was offering my sleep to Jesus, saying to Him: “I take your sleep and I make it my own, and by

sleeping with your sleep, I want to give You the contentment as if another Jesus was sleeping.’ Without letting me finish what I was saying, He told me: “Ah, yes, my daughter, sleep with my sleep, so that, in looking at you, I may reflect Myself in you, and as I gaze at Myself, I may find all of Myself in you, because you are sleeping with my sleep; and so that, as you gaze at yourself in Me, we may be in accord in everything. I want to tell you why my Humanity subjected Itself to the weakness of sleep. My daughter, the creature was made by Me, and, as my own, I wanted to keep her on my lap, in my arms, in continuous rest. The soul was to rest in my Will and sanctity, in my love, in my beauty, power, wisdom, etc. – all these, acts which constitute true rest. But, what sorrow! The creature escapes from my lap, and trying to detach herself from my arms in which I hold her tight, she goes in search of vigil. Vigil are passions, sin, attachments, pleasures; vigil the fears, the anxieties, the agitations, etc. So, as much as I long for her and call her to rest in Me, I am not listened to. This is a great offense, an affront to my love, which the creature takes into no consideration, and she gives not a thought to repair for it. This is why I wanted to sleep – to give satisfaction to the Father for the rest which souls do not take in Him, by repaying Him for all; and while sleeping, I impetrated true rest for all, making Myself the vigil of each heart in order to free them of the vigil of sin. And I so much love this rest of the creature in Me, that I not only wanted to sleep, but I wanted to walk in order to give rest to her feet; work, to give rest to her hands; palpitate and love, to give rest to her heart. In sum, I wanted to do everything so that the soul might do everything in Me, and would take rest; and so that I might do everything for her, provided that I could keep her safe within Me.”

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December 22, 1916

Everything that the soul does in the Will of God, Jesus does together with her.

Having received Communion, I was uniting all of myself with Jesus, pouring all of myself into His Will; and I said to Him: ‘I am unable to do anything, or say anything, therefore I feel the great need to do what You do, and to repeat your own words. In your Will I find, present and as though in act, the acts You did in receiving Yourself in the Sacrament, I make them my own, and I repeat them for You.’ So I tried to penetrate into everything which Jesus had done in receiving Himself in the Sacrament, and while I was doing this, He told me: “My daughter, the soul who does my Will, and whatever she does, she does in my Volition, forces Me to do whatever she does together with her. So, if she receives Communion in my Will, I repeat the acts I did in communicating Myself, and I renew the complete fruit of my Sacramental Life. If she prays in my Will, I pray with her and renew the fruit of my prayers. If she suffers, if she works, if she speaks in my Will, I suffer with her, renewing the fruit of my pains; I work and speak with her, and I renew the fruit of my works and words; and so with all the rest.”

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December 30, 1916

How Jesus made us free in our will and in our love. The effects of this.

Continuing in my usual state, I was thinking about the pains of my lovable Jesus, offering my interior martyrdom united to the pains of Jesus; and Jesus told me: "My daughter, my executioners were able to lacerate my body, insult Me, trample upon Me..., but they could touch neither my Will nor my

love; these I wanted free, so that, like two currents they might run and run, without anyone being able to hinder them, pouring Myself out for the good of all, and also of my very enemies. Oh, how my Will and my love triumphed in the midst of my enemies! They would strike Me with scourges, and I would strike their hearts with my love; and with my Will I would chain them. They would prick my head with thorns, and my love would turn on the light in their minds to make Me known. They would open wounds on Me, and my love would heal the wounds of their souls. They gave Me death, and my love gave life back to them; so much so, that as I breathed my last on the Cross, the flames of my love, touching their hearts, forced them to prostrate themselves before Me and to confess Me as true God. Never was I so glorious and triumphant as I was in my pains during the course of my mortal life down here.

Now, my daughter, in my likeness, I made the soul free in her will and in her love. So, others might take possession of the external works of the creature, but no one – no one can do so with her interior, with her will and her love. I Myself wanted her to be free in this, so that, freely, not being forced, this will and this love might run toward Me; and immersing herself in Me, she might offer Me the noblest and purest acts which a creature can give Me; and since I am free, and so is she, we might pour ourselves into each other and run - run toward Heaven to love and glorify the Father, and to dwell together with the Sacrosanct Trinity; run toward the earth to do good to all; run into the hearts of all to strike them with our love, to chain them with our will, and make of them conquests. Greater dowry I could not give to the creature. But where can the creature make greater display of this free will and of this love? In suffering. In it love grows, the will is magnified, and, as queen, the creature rules over herself, she binds my Heart, and her pains surround Me like a crown, they move Me to pity, and I let Myself be dominated. I cannot resist the pains of a loving soul, and I keep her at my side like a queen. In the pains, the dominion of this creature is so great, that they make her acquire noble, dignified, ingratiating, heroic, disinterested manners, similar to my manners; and the other creatures compete to let themselves be dominated by this soul. And the more the soul operates with Me, is united with Me, identifies herself with Me, the more I feel absorbed in the soul. So, as she thinks, I feel my thought being absorbed in her mind; as she looks, as she speaks, as she breathes, I feel my gaze, my voice, my breath, my action, step and heartbeat being absorbed in hers. She absorbs all of Me, and while she absorbs Me, she keeps acquiring my manners, my likeness; I keep gazing at Myself in her continuously, and I find Myself.”

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January 10, 1917

How sanctity is formed of little things.

This morning my lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, sanctity is formed of little things; so, one who despises the little things cannot be holy. It would be like someone who despises the little grains of wheat which, as many of them are united together, form the mass of the wheat; and by neglecting to unite them, he would cause the necessary and daily nourishment for the human life to be lacking. In the same way, one who neglected to unite many little acts together, would cause the nourishment of sanctity to be lacking; and just as one cannot live without food, in the same way, without the food of the little acts, the true shape of sanctity, and the mass sufficient to form sanctity, would be lacking.”

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February 2, 1917

The world has become unbalanced because it has lost the thought of the Passion.

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I found my always lovable Jesus, all dripping with blood, with a horrible crown of thorns, looking at me with difficulty through the thorns. He told me: “My daughter, the world has become unbalanced because it has lost the thought of my Passion. In darkness, it has not found the light of my Passion which would illuminate it; and as it would make known to it my love and how much souls cost Me, it might turn to loving the One who has truly loved it; and the light of my Passion, guiding it, would put it on its guard against all dangers. In weakness, it has not found the strength of my Passion which would sustain it. In impatience, it has not found the mirror of my patience which would infuse in it calm and resignation; and in the face of my patience, feeling ashamed, it would make it its duty to dominate itself. In pains, it has not found the comfort of the pains of a God which, sustaining its pains, would infuse in it love of suffering. In sin, it has not found my sanctity which, placing itself in front of it, would infuse in it hate of sin. Ah! man has made an abuse of everything, because in everything he has moved away from the One who could help him. This is why the world has lost balance. It behaved like a child who no longer wanted to recognize his mother; or like a disciple who, denying his master, no longer wanted to listen to his teachings, or learn his lessons. What will happen to this child and to this disciple? They will be the sorrow of themselves, and the terror and sorrow of society. Such has man become – terror and sorrow; but a sorrow without pity. Ah! man is getting worse and worse, and I cry over him with tears of blood!”

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February 24, 1917

In receiving Communion, the soul must be consumed in Jesus, and give Him the complete glory of His Sacramental Life in the name of all.

Having received Communion, I was holding my sweet Jesus tightly to my heart, and I said: ‘My Life, how I wish I could do what You Yourself did in receiving Yourself sacramentally, so that You may find your own contentments, your own prayers, your reparations in me.’ And my always lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, in this small circle of the host I enclose everything, and this is why I wanted to receive Myself – to do complete acts which would glorify the Father worthily, as creatures would receive a God. And I gave to creatures the complete fruit of my Sacramental Life; otherwise it would have been incomplete for the glory of the Father and for the good of creatures. This is why in each host there are my prayers, my thanksgivings, and everything else which was needed to glorify the Father, and which the creature was supposed to do for Me. So, if the creature fails, I continue my crafting in each host, as if I were receiving Myself again for each soul. Therefore, the soul must transform herself in Me, form one single thing with Me, make my life, my prayers, my moans of love, my pains her own - as well as my heartbeats of fire, with which I would want to ignite them, but I find no one who abandons herself as prey to my flames. In this host I am reborn, I live, I die and I consume Myself, but I find no one who consumes herself for Me; and if the soul repeats what I do, I feel Myself being repeated, as if I were receiving Myself once again, and I find complete glory, divine contentments, outpourings of love that match Me, and I give to the soul the grace to be consumed of my own consummation.”

[1] From Volume 1: "...resign yourself, place yourself as though dead in my arms; offer yourself as voluntary victim to repair for the offenses against Me, for sinners, and to spare men the deserved scourges, and as a pledge I give you my word that I will not leave you even one day without coming to see you. Up until now you have come to Me, from now on I will come to you – aren't you happy?"

[2] The confessor.