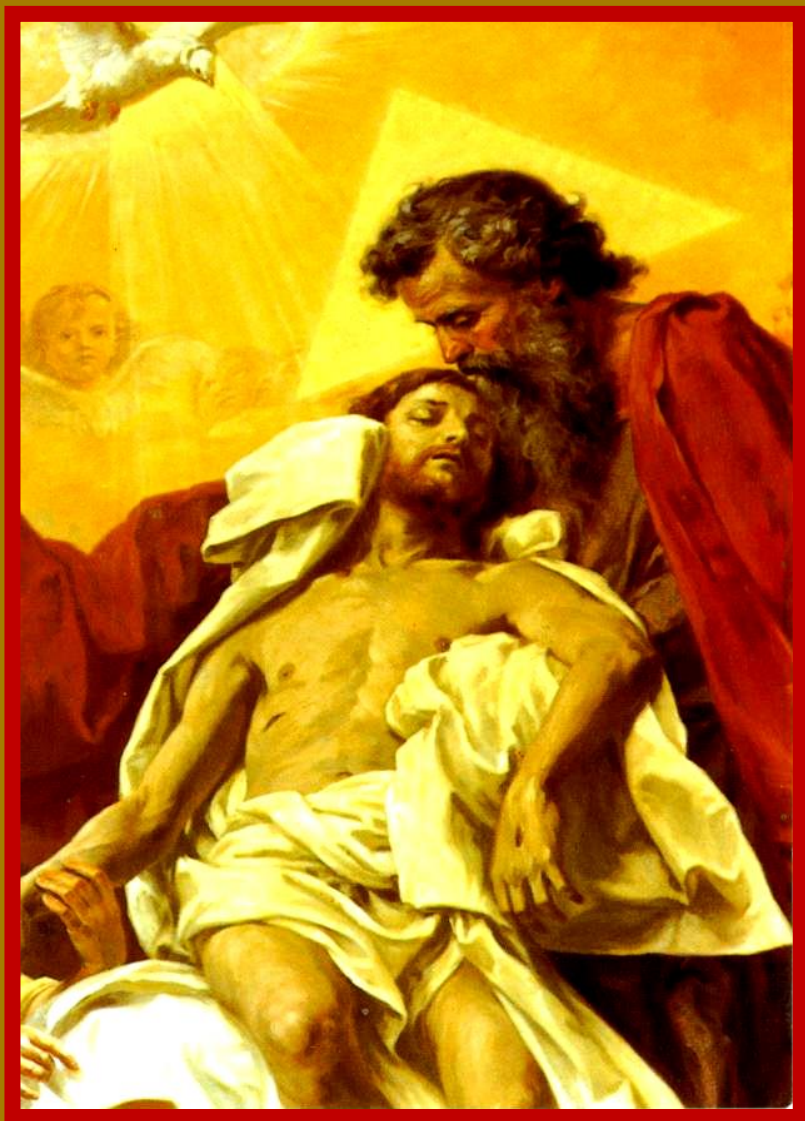


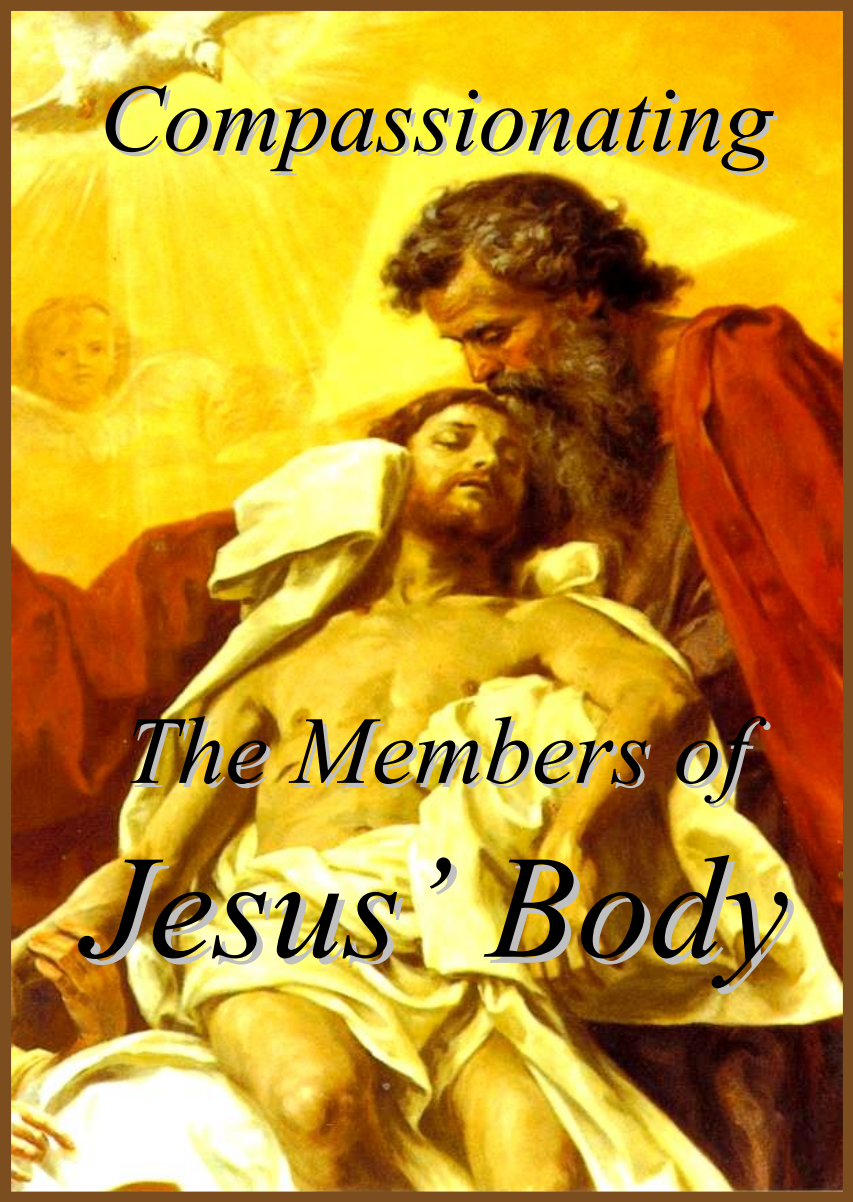
# *Compassionating*



*The Members of Jesus' Body*

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## INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

This book was written as a response to Jesus' desire to live in Him and in all the Suffering and Sorrowful Acts of His Divine Humanity, both interior and exterior, expressed so beautifully in *The Book of Heaven* dictated by Him to *The Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta*. Once being given the Gift of Living in my Father's Will, around 1993, I wanted to use it to give to Jesus everything He wanted - companionship in His Sufferings, Pains, Tears and Sorrows; and so, I needed to do more and more Rounds of Love in It.

I did this book and '*The Sorrows of the Immaculate Conception*' and '*Acts of Love in the Divine Will*' for this reason, to enter more deeply these Rounds of Love done in the Humanities of Jesus and Mary. Recognizing that, by Their election, I am no longer a servant in Their House, but I am a daughter of the Great King and the inheritance They had procured for me was *The Kingdom of Heaven and Earth* and all the Acts that the Blessed Trinity had done in *Creation, Redemption and Sanctification*. It was my Joy to enter into these Acts to keep Them company and magnify their Joy because They now had their new little daughter with Them doing these Acts. And also, I wanted to live the Life that my second Mama, Luisa, lived – doing continuous Rounds in these Acts so beautiful and fruitful. Since her great Love for Jesus and His Will gave birth to my '*Divine Life*', I owe this Joy I now have to her and I want to repay her for the innumerable sacrifices she made that I might have the Life of Jesus in me in all His Acts of Love.

I was given obedience to write by two of my spiritual directors Father Father (Brother) Andrew of Calcutta MC – co-founder of the *Missionary Brothers of Charity* with Saint (Mother) Teresa of Calcutta and Father Carmel Flora o.f.m. Capuchin. For these two saintly spiritual fathers gifted me by God I am eternally grateful. Father Andrew directed me for over 11 years until his death and gave retreats at '*Joseph's Place*' for most of that time at least once a year. He suggested I find a director locally as he travelled the world and didn't use phones. He only wrote letters and if I needed some advice more instantly I should have a local director. Because of Father (Br) Andrew's request I was introduced to Father Carmel who resided at Saint Lawrence's Friary in Brisbane,

Australia at that time, who I approached to consecrate me to Saint Joseph in his scapular and who assisted me in the propagation of the Holy Family Scapular.

(The scapulars of Carmel and Saint Joseph united, which had ecclesiastical approval from the Papal Nuncio to Australia, Cardinal George Pell and most Australian bishops. It was also propagated to encourage souls to place their marriages and families within the Sanctity of the Virginal Nuptial Union of Mary and Joseph, in which the Incarnation of Jesus took place and from which all Joys and Graces have been received.))

I lived for the first 18 years of my life at 'Joseph's Place' in as much solitude as was possible for me as a lay person offering it as a place of prayer and hermitage to others. Once a month, days of prayer and Mass were offered to all with an outside altar, made of petrified wood found on the property, which was erected beside the shrine built to honour Saint Joseph. In the early years I lived without any electronic devices to distract me, no electricity, a bush toilet and outside bush shower and I was able to give all of myself to Jesus undistracted. I had, not as yet, been given the Gift of Living in the Divine Will. This came a few years later in an altogether miraculous way involving my instant healing of several lifetime illnesses.

My Joy was to study *The Book of Heaven* and do my Rounds of Love. To help me I began writing my Rounds down and formulating my day to accomplish at least some of the *Rounds of Creation, Redemption and Sanctification* each day, to listen to the Eternal Word speaking His Life into me and make of myself an empty vessel into which His Love could pour Itself. I wanted to cling to Him alone, live for Him alone and love Him alone and alleviate His Sorrows by giving Him all my attention. Of course, the enemy of one's soul couldn't abide such a desire and did all he could to sabotage this. He did not succeed and so, eventually these books emerged from written pages into type written books, and I was given permission by my director to publish them. Eventually when my directors Father Carmel Flora and (Brother) Father Andrew died, I was gifted with Father John Olin Brown as my director who blessed me in divine ways too numerous to mention and gave me permission to teach.

*Geraldine Ryan*

## The Agonies of the Divine Will Divorced from our Acts

Jesus explains in the following lesson how to leave even one Act outside of His Volition is to cause Him deep sorrow and pains, because He is obliged to withhold the graces and merits, virtues and qualities that He longs to generate within this Act. Because so many acts of the creature are left outside of His Will and not fused into Him in this way, He is in a state of continuous agony at the abortion He receives from the act of the creature.

He explains those who live in Him also live in this *continuous agony*, for they are united to Him in everything. Creatures while they live in all their acts Jesus is giving breath, life, volition and effect – but He is denied the recognition and gratitude that it is He Who is the Prime Actor in the life of the creature. In thinking they are the ones doing things, human beings steal from God the glory that is rightfully His and seek praise and rewards for themselves. These thefts from God cause Jesus immense pains. When a person sins in an act, Jesus suffers more terribly because He is literally scourged, pierced or crucified in the sinful act. He does not, however, withdraw life from that soul, nor the ability to act, but allows Himself to be scourged, pierced or crucified rather than to ‘kill’ His own child by withdrawing His Volition. He love us too much.

So regardless of the act of the creature being good or evil, Jesus suffers when He is not recognized as the author of the act, nor is the act immersed into Him with love and gratitude. In being “*faithful and attentive*” to putting every single breath, heartbeat, act, word, work and step in His Will we prevent in part these conceptions of His Life and we spread the immensity of His Light throughout Creation. In entering into Him in the sorrowful ‘deaths’ He experiences in these abortions of His Will, we console Him greatly and repair for all that is not immersed in His Will. In every act of ours in His Will we form another Jesus who alone can give all glory to our Heavenly Father and recompense for all the conceptions of His Will by His disobedient children. Jesus tells Luisa her “*Mission is very*

great” – to create, redeem, sanctify and glorify all humanity’s acts fusing them into His Divine Will.

**“Because you live in It, you are obligated co-naturally to participate in these deaths that My Will suffers and to live in a state of continuous agony.”**

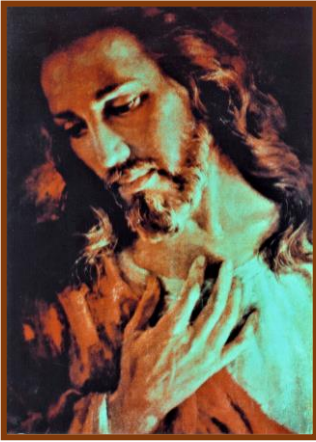
*“My daughter, My Will is receiving continual deaths on the part of creatures. My Will is Life, and as Life It wants to give Life to the Light. But the creature rejects this Light; and in fact, by rejecting It, this Light dies for the creature. And My Will feels the Sorrow of the death that the creature has given to this Light. My Will wants to make known the merits and the virtues that It contains; and the creature rejects this knowledge; and so, My Will for the creature dies to this Knowledge and to the Virtues that My Volition contains; and My Will feels the sorrow of death that the creature has given to the virtues and merits of My Volition.*

*And so, if My Will wants to give Love and this Love is not received, It feels the death given to Love. If It wants to give sanctity or grace, It feels the creature give death to the sanctity and grace It wants to give. In this way, continual death is given to the good It wants to give. Do you, then not feel the continuous death that my Will suffers? Because you live in It, you are obligated co-naturally to participate in these deaths that My Will suffers and to live in a state of continuous agony.*

*Luisa says, “Jesus, my Love, it does not seem like that to me. It is your privation that kills me, that takes away my life without letting me die!” It is partly My privation and partly My Will which, keeping you absorbed in Itself, makes you participate in Its Sorrow. My daughter, the true living in My Volition also entails this: There is no sorrow given My Will by creatures in which the soul that lives in It does not participate.”*

(The Book of Heaven: V17: December 1, 1924)

## *Christ's Body – The Main Door*



*“Through the fact that the Word of God became Flesh, the Body entered theology through the main door. The Incarnation and the Redemption that springs from It became also the definitive source of the sacramentality of Marriage ..*

*Those who seek the accomplishment of their own human and Christian vocation in marriage are called, first of all, to make this theology of the Body, whose beginning we find in the first chapters of Genesis, the content of their life and behaviour. How indispensable is a thorough knowledge of the meaning of the Body, in Its masculinity and femininity, along the way of this vocation! A precise awareness of the nuptial meaning of the Body, of Its generating meaning, is necessary ..*

*Knowledge of the personal dignity of the human body and of sex must still be drawn from other sources. A special source is the Word of God Himself, which contains the revelation of the body, going back to the beginning. How significant it is that Christ, in the answer to all these questions, orders ‘Man’ to return, in a way, to the threshold of his theological history!*

*He orders him to put himself at the border between Original Innocence, happiness and the inheritance of the First Fall. Does He not perhaps mean to tell him that the path along which He leads ‘Man’, male and female, in the sacrament of Marriage, the path of Redemption of the body, must consist in regaining their dignity.*

*In it there is simultaneously accomplished the real meaning of the human body, its personal meaning and its meaning of communion.”*

*“The Theology of the Body” – Pope Saint John Paul II - 2 April, 1980*

## The Suffering Soul is Precious to Jesus

*“My daughter, the sorrows of my Heart are indescribable and incomprehensible to human creatures. You must know that every beat of my Heart was a distinct pain. Every heartbeat brought Me a new pain, one different from the other. Human life is a continuous palpitating. If the heartbeat ceases, life ceases. And so now imagine what torrents of pain each beat of my Heart brought Me. Up to the last moment of my dying, from my Conception to my last heartbeat, it did not spare Me from bringing Me new pains and bitter sorrows.*

*However, you must also know that my Divinity, which was inseparable from Me, watching over my Heart, while letting a new sorrow enter at each heartbeat, in the same way, at each heartbeat, It let enter new joys, new contentments, new harmonies and celestial secrets. If I was rich in sorrow and my Heart enclosed immense seas of pain, I was also rich of happiness, of infinite joys and of unreachable sweetness. I would have died at the first heartbeat of pain, if the Divinity, loving this Heart with infinite Love, had not let each heartbeat resound in two within my Heart: sorrow and joy, bitterness and sweetness, pains and contentments, death and life, humiliation and glory, human abandonments and divine comforts.*

*Oh, if you could see my Heart, you would see all possible imaginable sorrows centralized in Me from which creatures rise again to new life, and all contentments and divine riches, flowing in my Heart like many seas, as I diffuse them for the good of the whole human family. But who shares more in these immense treasures of my Heart? For those who suffer more, for each pain or sorrow suffered by the creature, pain renders her more dignified, more lovable, more dear and more worthy of sympathy. And, since my Heart drew upon Itself all divine sympathies by virtue of the pains suffered, in seeing pain in the creature, which is a special characteristic of my Heart, watching over this pain, with all my Love I pour upon her the joys and contentments which my Heart contains.*



*But to my highest sorrow, while my Heart would want to let my joys follow the pain I send to the creatures, not finding in them the love of suffering and the true resignation which My Heart possessed, my joys still follow pain, but in seeing that the pain has not been received with love and honour and with highest submission, my joys do not find the way to enter that sorrowful heart and, grieving, they return to my Heart. Therefore, when I find a soul who is resigned, who loves suffering, I feel her as though regenerated within my Heart; and, oh, how sorrows and joys, bitterness and sweetness, alternate. I hold nothing back of all the goods which I can pour upon her.”*

“The Book of Heaven” by Luisa Piccarreta: Volume 16 – February 16, 1924

## Compassionating the Heart of Jesus with the Heart of Luisa



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

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

10 pm Hour of the Passion

***Sufferings fused into Jesus' Sufferings  
form speaking voices that cry out for  
His Kingdom to come on earth.***

V 35: November 29, 1937

My poor mind swims in the Sea of the Divine Volition, rather I feel him in me as breathing, palpitating in me, and (as) more than blood circulating in the veins of my soul and He says to me: *"I am here, inside and outside of you, more than your life; I race in each act of yours, and with My Love I facilitate all for you and I felicitate/rejoice together (with) you."* And in this, while He made me see all the sufferings, suffered by me, invested with light, that He held them pressed to His bosom as conquests of His Volition. I remained worried, and my always amiable Jesus, visiting me, said to me:

***"My little daughter of My Divine Volition, you must know that all My Sufferings suffered by My most holy Humanity on earth, each tear that I spilled, each drop of My Blood, each step and motion, and even My Breath, were and are invested by a single voice (with which) they speak and cry out continually: 'We want the Kingdom of the Divine Volition reigning and dominant in the midst of creatures; We want Our divine rights placed in vigor'; they pray, they speak, they groan around Our Supreme Throne without ever ceasing, that one be the Will of heaven and earth.***

*Now, one who unites themselves with My Sufferings, with My heartbeats, breaths, steps and works, prays, speaks and groans together with all that I did and suffered upon the earth.*

***There is no good that does not arise from My Sufferings, and Mine united with those of the creature, form the deposit, (and are) the innkeepers in order to receive the sufferings of her, together forming one Prayer alone, one Voice alone, one Will alone. Rather, My Sufferings transport the sufferings of the creature and all that she does before Our Majesty, in order to***

*make them want and do all that I did; those of the creature enrapture Mine on earth, in order to involve them all in My Sufferings and hers, in order to dispose them to receive the Life of My Divine Will.*

*Union with me, her sufferings with Mine, form the great prodigy of My Life in the creature, which works, speaks and suffers as if a New Self upon the earth; and I animate all her being with the power of My Acts; even in her little trifles My Life flows, in order to make everything Mine, animated by My Creative Power, and (that) she might give Me the Love, the Glory of My own Life.*

***Do you believe that in all that you have suffered, My Will holds no account of it? Quite (so)! He conserves in His Bosom of Light all your sufferings, little and great, your agonizing and sorrowful sighs, your privations; rather He uses it as material in order to conceive, give birth to and grow His Life. In each suffering was growth that I did, which fed her with His Sanctity, filled her with the Heat of His Love, adorn her with His unparalleled Beauty.***

*My daughter, how you should thank Me for all that I have disposed for you and for all that I have made you suffer, because everything has served to form My Life in you and to the triumph of My Will. What fortune for the creature, to see that her sufferings have served My Life so holy; that she will have for completion My Divine Will palpitating in her! Does it seem little to you that the Creator reveals that He has need of the creature, He who can (do) all and gives life to all? Is this not the greatest excess of Our Love?*

Jesus became silent, and I remained to think of all that Jesus had said to me, and I saw in me lined up all the sufferings, suffered, that spread rays of light, that transformed in the sufferings of Jesus formed the divine support, the defense of creatures, that formed voices, continuous groans, that asked that the Divine Will might come to reign. Whence He resumed His speech:

*My good daughter, Our Love is so much, that anywhere and everywhere, even on the little blade of grass, in the air that she breathes, in the water that she drinks, even beneath her steps while she stamps (upon) the earth, We make Our Voices arrive, Our wooing cry of Love: 'I love you, I love you, I love you!' But Our Love does not give Us peace if it is not sensed (to be) listened to by the creature and she is not heard to repeat, 'I love You, I love You', and in Our delirium of Love and Sorrow saying: 'Aye, does no one listen to Us? Aye! Does no one repeat to Us "I love You, I love You?" To what advantage (is it) to say "I love you, I love you." If no-one reciprocates it to Us? To whom do we say "I love you" - to the air, to the wind, to the void? Our 'I love you' does not find one to whom to direct itself, where to rest itself, if it does not find the 'I love You' of the creature that receives it in order to reciprocate it with hers, so that her love finds refuge in Our immense Love in order to rest itself and to magnify itself always more.*

*When the creature listens to Our 'I love you' and reciprocates it, in Our emphasis of Love, and as reconciled by her love, We say: 'So We have been listened to; Our Love has found one to whom to direct itself, where to shelter itself; We have been recognized, because We have found one who says to Us "I love You." Then Our Love makes festive. Instead, when We do not find one who says to Us, 'I love You', We do not find one who recognizes Us, nor one who listens to Us, nor one who loves Us.*

***How hard it is to love and not be loved! How I would like everyone might know it, that with My Love I sustain them, embrace them, love them and make them breathe. I love them and give heartbeat to them, I love them and give word to them, I love them and give step to them, I love them and give motion to them, thought, food, water; all that they are and receive is (an) effect of My Love that races. Hence, is it not a horrendous ingratitude not to love me? It renders Our Love martyred, because We Love and We are not loved in return."***

After this I thought to myself: “*But how can the creature know when Our Lord says to her His repeated and uninterrupted ‘I love you’, in order to reciprocate them with hers?*” And my sweet Jesus added: “*My daughter, and yet it is easy to know it, if the creature possesses, as her own Life, My Divine Will, because He gives His divine hearing to her and makes her listen to when her Creator says ‘I love you’ to her; and not only the hearing, but also His Divine Word, in a way that the hearing hears and the Word says ‘I love you’. Rather, before He says to her ‘I love you’, He already warns that she must receive the ‘I love you’ of her God, and she has met His ‘I love you’ with the divine ‘I love You’, almost as putting herself to compete with her Creator.*

*My Will wants to give everything to one who lives in Him; (he) gives His arms in order to embrace her and His steps in order to race after Him. How We feel Our Divine Nature all Love and the need to love, so much so that **if one could prevent Us from loving, it would suffocate Us, as removing from Us the Breath from Our Divine Life, because in Us, Our Breath, Our Motion, Our own Volition is Love, (and) not loving for Us is impossible.** Thus, one who possesses Our Will feels the need of loving Us and of always loving Us. Therefore, only she knows how to put order between the Creator and the creature, and she is the Light of Our Love, of Our Sanctity, and it puts her in communication (with) Our Supreme Being. It happens as when by way of talent the voices, the songs are enclosed in the instruments of wood and of metal. The instruments sing and speak. Thus, one who lives in My Volition, so much is her love, because she wants to see Me loved and glorified, that she encloses her will, her voice, her love, in created things; and some narrate to me the story of My Love, some sing glory to Me. It seems that everything has a thing to say to Me; and oh, how I remain content from it, because I see that the creature masters all Creation, and as queen that she is, she animates everything and makes Me loved by everything! Oh, how sweet it resounds to Our Divine Hearing! I have given her everything and she gives Me everything, and I return to re-give everything.”*

## Jesus' Beauty is defaced so that We may enter Paradise with His Face



Every Wound in the Body of Jesus is a defacement of the perfections of the Divine Beauty that God created in the *Divine Life* of ourselves. His Humanity - Mind, Soul, Heart and Will - allowed Itself to be pounded by the effects of our sins, suffering deep pains, sorrows, tears, discord, divorce, dislocation, piercings and innumerable brutalities to annihilate the same within us. Within each member of His Body are the souls who form the members of His Mystical Body, the Church.

For example, His Head is the source from which come all holy thoughts and the intellect of those who will rule and exercise His authority. His Heart is the source of all True Love and those who will live in such Love within Him. His Will is the source of His Volition and vigor that give impetus to not only good works, but to the greatest prodigy of forming souls who will live within Him, the *Generative Virtue* of Life lived in our Father's Will. His shoulders are that which give strength to those who carry heavy burdens and the weight of His Love for souls – His victim souls who are most precious to Him.

To purify each member of His Mystical Body, that is His children, Jesus must take into each member of His Body all the fruits of the disordered acts done by them, so as to pulverize these acts with the Purity of His own Acts. This is mostly done in His Interior Passion; but also in His exterior Passion. In His Body He purifies each one of our senses and faculties. Being that our body is the ‘temple’ for our souls, it too must be purified of every defect and exorcized of every evil; so that once more it may be a beautiful temple wherein the Adoration of the Blessed Trinity can take place free of defilement. Also, being that our bodies are destined for resurrection and will become ‘*heavenly bodies*’, they need to be re-created in Jesus’ own Body to the fullness of His own Divine Beauty to reflect the Divine Goodness, Mercy, Love, Light and Life of their Creator.

The following prayers are reflections of what Jesus is drawing from my heart on how beautiful is His Body and how in kissing It and loving It with the Divine Will one repairs the wounds of humanity’s rebellions against Himself, the Origin of all Being.

When one desires the Truth in its fullness, there is no Light as brilliant as Jesus. When one desires beauty untarnished, there is no Beauty as captivating as Jesus. When one desires Love beyond the telling, there is no embrace as ecstatic as Jesus. When one desires purification from defilement, there is no Water as pure as Jesus. When one longs to see the Father, there is no clearer Mirror than Jesus. When one longs to see one’s Mother there is no other gateway than Jesus. Jesus is not just the way to happiness but He is Happiness Itself.

The following prayers are as from a Spouse to Her Beloved and through these Acts of Love done in His own Will, she causes His Heart to exude the generative fluids of His Divine Life. Thus, He conceives in her His own Divine Life. Being pierced by the assault of her Loving Acts, He exudes His Divine Nectar which alone is the Seed of Divine Life. These are *Immaculate Conceptions* of the Divine Will as revealed to the Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta in 36 volumes by Jesus Himself.

The soul, who we shall call His ‘bride’, loving the Body of Her Beloved, causes the generation of His Seed to give birth to ‘*Divine Lives*’ in all her words, breaths, heartbeats and actions done ‘*in Him, with Him and through Him.*’ All this is hidden in the heart, usually even from the soul herself. This happens when the soul is kept in the ‘*darkness*’ by Her Beloved, in order that He work in her and upon her His own *Divine Acts* of Sanctification. Indeed this ‘bride’ of Christ is often nourished on the ‘dry bread’ of His absence, His own Pains and Sorrows and in this Union within His *Passion of Love* comes forth the generation of souls to His Life. As indeed the moment of conception is often not perceived by a mother in the natural order; so too the soul, who becomes the canal for the birthing of these *Divine Lives*, is frequently kept in the dark by her Spouse as to much He is doing in her. Jesus’ true spouses are truly Jesus’ greatest loves because they allow Him a place in their acts, wherein to sow His *Generative Seed*. For all flesh having its origin in Him must return to the Father or burn in hell.

***“My daughter, fusing yourself in My Will is  
The most solemn, the greatest and most important  
Act of your whole life. To fuse yourself in My Will is  
to enter the sphere of Eternity, to embrace It, to kiss It  
and to receive the deposit of the goods which the  
Eternal Will contains ... So, by fusing yourself in My  
Will you put heaven and earth into motion. It is a  
new Feast for the whole Empyrean.”***

(V17: January 4, 1925)

The Beauty of our Divine Spouse is beyond the ability of human language, and indeed can any language adequately describe Him, Who is Love and Beauty Itself? Eternity itself will never exhaust us in our gazing and contemplating the Beauty of our Divine Spouse, Who left all the glorious wonders and happiness of His Father’s Heavenly Mansions to descend into the abysses and hells our sins created.



He abased Himself to embrace the cruel abrasions of the uncountable crosses we placed on His shoulders; the heavy chains we wrapped around His neck and feet; the nails we pierced His hands and feet; the crowns of thorns we placed on His Head, the swords with which we pierced His Heart and all the deaths we gave Him suffocating His Divine Love in us. So dear soul, what is it you want to do or say in response to this profound Lover of your soul. *My Jesus, I enter into You to share with You, Your Pains, Sufferings, Sorrows and Tears in Your Fiat with the Cross!*

Yeshua! Yeshua! Let me find rest,  
Nestling and snuggling - a babe at Your Breast,  
Hearing Your Heartbeat, inspiring Your Breath,  
Yeshua! Yeshua! Close to Your Breast!

Yeshua! Yeshua! Enwrapped in Your Arms,  
Wrestling me safely from all the world's harms,  
Wrapped in security, sleeping in peace,  
Yeshua! Yeshua! Your Love never cease!

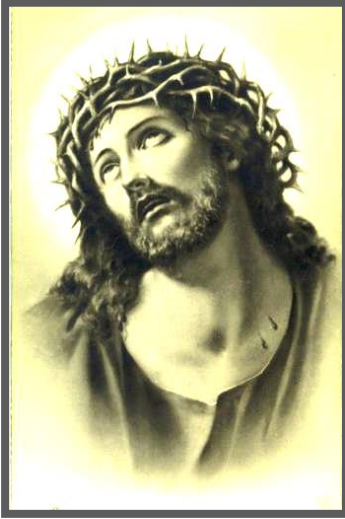
Yeshua! Yeshua! Wrapped in Your Cloak,  
Hide me away within Its sweet yoke,  
Cover my nakedness, warm all that's cold,  
Yeshua! Yeshua! Your Loving unfold!

Yeshua! Yeshua! Radiant Your Face,  
I kiss You my Jesus, my Love and my Grace,  
Beauty is born in the depth of Your gaze,  
Yeshua! Yeshua! Your Eyes give their rays!

Yeshua! Yeshua! Where is Your home?  
I want to come with You - I'm so alone!  
Take me there please to Your Chamber of Love  
Yeshua! Yeshua! Sweet Love from above!

Yeshua! Yeshua! What can I say?  
Yeshua! Yeshua! Come fill me today!  
I am nothing without You – not even a breath,  
Breathe in me Beloved, the absence of death!

## Compassionating the Beautiful Head, Hair and Mind of Jesus



Dear Jesus, You endure having Your Head crowned and Your hair pulled and matted with blood from the piercing of the crown of thorns, even to the closing of Your most beautiful eyes through blows and blood. I love Your most Sacred Head with Your own ardors of Love, and in every one of those thorns that penetrated Your crown, your eyes, your ears and the nape of Your beautiful neck, I want to birth Your holy thoughts which bring a new creation, a *'Divine Life'* to praise You, love You and

adore You and all Your divine inspirations, which have received so much rejection down through the ages. These rejections have conceived so many deceptions and misconceptions, that the world is now suffering the horrible disorders created by them. I want to repair for all these disorders Jesus, and so with Your tender hands and holy Mother's, I take out every thorn and kiss every aperture, which to me is a fountain of Mercy.

✠ I kiss one as the fountain of Mercy that heals all tendencies to rebellion.

✠ I kiss another as the fountain of Mercy that heals all the disorders of the mind and another, the disorders of the brain.

✠ I kiss another as the fountain of Mercy that abolishes all erroneous doctrines, human cults, obsessions and addictions.

✠ I kiss another that frees the mind and the brain of possession by evil.

✠ I kiss another that frees the mind of misconceptions, of vanities and deep-seated pride that corrupts its desires.

In every strand of hair that frames the beauty of Your Sacred Head, dear Jesus, I see the innumerable vocations, which You call forth from Your Divine Intelligence. Every thought is impregnated with the Divine Volition, and as You think, so You speak, and as You speak, so it comes to be. You delight in forming each and every creature for its own beautiful purpose in Your Kingdom and in every strand of Your beautiful hair I see represented all these purposes that frame the Beauty of Your Face, when they are lived out in the perfections of Your Will. But the matting of Your hair with Blood, the pulling of whole parts of Your hair from its roots reveals the pulling out of these vocations from their Source in Your Divine Mind and thereby causing You the pain of the deprivation of souls.

How I compassionate with You Jesus, in Your desires frustrated. I enter that pain to live in it with You so that I may live with patient Love my own frustrations, so that You alone receive the recompense for what is an unbearable pain in seeing the loss of Your Divine Seed. Therefore, I bring to You all human intelligences to be infused with Your Divine Intelligence, Jesus, that all may be imbued by the Infinite Light that emanates from Your Divine Mind, through these Fountains of Blood in Your thorn-crowned Head. I kiss each drop of Blood and transform it into a ray of Light to open the eyes of the blind.

O Head of Christ in which all authority resides, may Your Divine Order once again take Its Throne amid Creation and *Your Kingdom come on earth as in Heaven*. May all Your holy thoughts reach their intended bedding, so that their '*Seed*' may germinate infinite numbers of Divine Acts and '*living hosts of Your Will*'. Jesus fuse all human intelligences with Your Light. I offer to the Eternal Father the sufferings of Your Sacred Head. I offer them through the pure prayer of *the Immaculate Conception*, our Mother and in the Love of the Holy Spirit that all and each may submit to Your Law of Love. I offer them in the Ardors of Saint Joseph, Luisa and Saint Annibale, Padre Pio and all the '*living hosts of your Will*'. Amen. Fiat!

## Compassionating Jesus' Beautiful Ears

Jesus, I kiss Your Ears that are penetrated by the thorns of unholy words - sharp, hurtful, deceitful, malicious, judgmental and conspiratorial. They also are forced to listen to unholy music and disturbing sounds that have been created through Man's greed and lust and distortions of what is beautiful. Since all music has its origin in the heart and soul, the composition of music comes from either a soul fractured by sin or by one whose soul is united with God. Music is a reflector of the soul's state.

May the fountains of Mercy from Your Sacred Ears heal these wounds and transfuse into us the beauty of Your Divine Words, Your holy conversations, Your love songs, Your sublime poetry and the landscape of everything beautiful about language and sound. I offer to You the languages of the world which You created to be redeemed from every unholy word and I pray today on this Resurrection morning for a new language of Love to emerge that will redress all our poverty of speech.

As the ear takes in the mysterious songs of the breeze, of the murmuring of the sea, of the bubbling flow of water in rivers, of birds, animals and insects – as it takes care to hear the sounds of distress, as it reads the nuances in language and tones of voice to be able to respond in the right way to the one who calls, may all ears O Jesus open up to hear Your gentle yet insistent Voice of Love calling souls to Yourself, the Father and His Spirit of true holiness. May Your Kingdom come through ears attentive to Your lovely Voice especially as it spoke to Luisa.

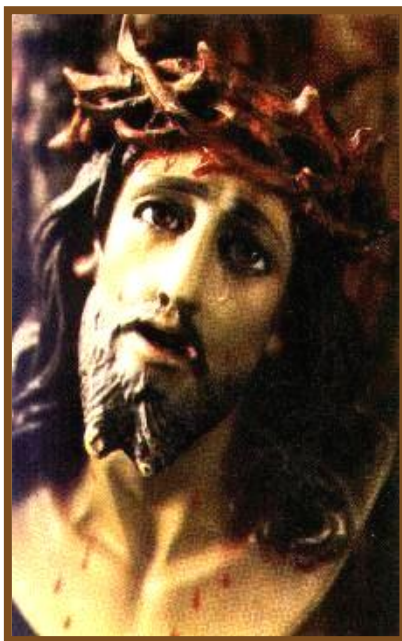
O Jesus may I always hear It and may I one day hear It fully. How I long to hear the gentleness of Your Voice and never to hear again the things of the earth – even what is beautiful, because created beauty can distract me from You, the uncreated Beauty in which all beauty has its Source. Should I listen to beautiful music, it is but a poor semblance of Your Voice. O Jesus strengthen me to shut out all voices except Yours. Let the voices of the earth be submerged in the beauty of Your Voice.

Let me hear Your sweet Voice so that it will be easier for me to shut out all others. I pray this too for all creatures, that each and every one obey the words of the Father saying, “*This is My Beloved Son, listen to Him!*” May Your sublime lesson to Martha when she asked You to order her sister to help her with the work of the household instead of listening to You, find its mark in all hearts. “*Martha! Martha! You worry and fret about so many things, and yet few are needed, indeed only one. Mary has chosen it, the better part, and it shall not be taken from her.*” O Jesus keep me faithful to *the better part* – sitting at Your feet listening to Your beautiful Voice - all of Love.

In order to console Your thorn pierced ears from the pain they endure, not just from the thorns, but from the hateful malice and mockery that are inflicted upon them, I give You Jesus all the beautiful songs and symphonies composed by your creatures and the ones You compose in all Nature. I love You in all the harmonies of the angelic realms and all the Love Songs of the Blessed and above all the Love Songs You sang in the Hearts of Holy Mother, Abba Joseph, Luisa, Saint Annibale, Padre Pio, St Francis and all Your co-redeemers. There are many love songs I’ve have never heard Jesus – these also I give to You to drown out the voices of hate and the language of duplicity and deception. I also cannot forget to give You all the beautiful songs, voices and language of the little children, which truly knows no equal, from the infant babbling of babies to the simplicity of children who lack guile, full of trust, love and awe.

May You will be recompensed in some measure for the torture Your ears receive on earth and continue to receive in every *Consecrated Host*, in every *Living Host* of Your Will and in every little child. I fuse my ‘I love You’ in all the songs, notes, poems and prayers that would have been composed had every soul remained in love with You. You are the composer of all beautiful music, so finally, I give You all the Love Songs of Your Divine Will – those composed by the Father, Son and Holy Spirit to sing to one another and to Their Divine Spouse. I Love You Jesus. Fiat!

## Compassionating the Beautiful Eyes and Face of Jesus



Jesus, I kiss with the kisses of the Divine Will Your beautiful eyes. There is no beauty in Heaven or on earth more entrancing than Your eyes. I have never seen them, but my soul sees You in a way I don't understand. It is perhaps the Holy Spirit who tells me such things. Somehow, I am being drawn into the ocean of Love in Your eyes more and more. All Love is revealed in Your eyes. Somehow the heart finds its way, hidden as it is, to be revealed through the eyes. The eyes, as it were, say to the heart, "*Heart, we have such*

*compassion for you being hidden so deeply in the breast.*

*You are the life of all and yet unknown by all. So, we give ourselves to you as clear windows, which you can peep through and reveal your nature. We also take into the body the vision of many things, which may delight you - even as angels bring to hermits consolations in their solitude. O Heart! We have such gratitude for your unceasing beating that pumps the Life Force to each of the members of our body that we want everyone to know you, and in knowing you express gratitude to you. And so, we lend you ourselves to be the windows of your 'Soul'.*

*We, the eyes of Jesus, are the members of His Body who are always attentive to the Will of God. We are like the handmaidens of the King, who are ever watching for His smallest nuance in order to fulfill His desires. We repeat*

*constantly with Mary, “Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to Thy Word.” The eyes are ever searching for the one in need – the hungry, the thirsty, the naked, the homeless, the despairing, the lonely etc. They are the members who love their suffering Lord so deeply that they do not want to miss out on a single opportunity to compassionate Him.*

*The eyes are those who see what needs to be done in liturgies in churches, in gatherings and in homes. They are the members who gaze continuously on Jesus in the tabernacles, whether they are physically present there or not. They see everyone also as a living tabernacle of His Presence, despite His ‘distressing disguise’.*

*The eyes of Jesus in His “living hosts” gaze chastely upon all Creation without coveting anything for themselves. By their holy gazes they ennoble and give strength to the suffering and desolate to rise from their humbled state to new vigor. We, the eyes of Jesus, have power to infuse into your human eyes His gazes of compassionate Love and to draw a soul with a simple gaze into the embrace of Divine Love. Fuse your eyes always into Us.*

Jesus, being Love Itself, Your eyes are all Love and I immerse myself in You in order to bathe in the Love of Your eyes. I bring with me all Creation to be purified in this Love. The Love that darts from Your eyes will pierce the hearts of everyone, make them unconscious, so Your sublime craftsmanship of Love can work its operations on them, while asleep – even as surgeons do. But it will be Your eyes that will hypnotize them into this holy sleep of the Divine Will and make them drowsy to all the attractions of the world, so that *Divine Life* may have its way in them. What else can I say but these things Jesus, though, without any evidence, I know You are hearing me. So, I go on, because it is all I can do. I appeal to You with all the Ardors of the Divine Will. Though I myself am cold I will implore Its warmth; though I am without feeling, I will implore Its

sensitivities; though I am nothing, I will implore Its Substance to substitute for all that I lack. With these I implore You Jesus to hear my appeals for the sake of converting souls to You.

Eyes of Jesus, I kiss you incessantly because of all the evil You have had to see and on account of the horrible vision of our crimes which transfix Your most holy soul in Sorrow. When souls use their eyes to gaze on unholy things Your eyes are pierced by sharp thorns. Only the beautiful Face of Your Mother, dearest Abba, Luisa, St Annibale, Padre Pio, Saint Francis and Your most beloved co-redeemers could give You consolations from such visions. The demons themselves tempted You in many subtle ways, but also through the eyes which convey many things to the soul. Jesus, how I love Your eyes that have suffered so much that they took into themselves the pains so much evil gazing has caused the Divine Will.

By our evil gazes we have blinded Your sight and made ourselves blind to the things of Heaven. How deeply Your eyes suffered in the Passion. Coagulated with blood dripping from Your head-wounds and swollen from the hateful blows to Your Face and pierced by sharp thorns, their beauty was defaced so as to make it almost impossible for You to see anything on Your Sorrowful Way to Calvary. Perhaps this was the Mercy of the Father for You, since what You would have seen would have been all hate and demonic malice. O the Mercy in Your Blood Jesus, even as it covers Your eyes and all of You, it works to defend You and us from the predatorial human will.

I offer to the Eternal Father all Your Gazes of Love upon the Face of Your Mama and Abba, upon Luisa, St Annibale, Padre Pio, upon the loving penitent Mary Magdalene and the beloved apostle John, and all Your gazes of Love upon Your apostles; upon Peter who denying you would have lost heart completely without Your forgiving gaze. Even impenitent Judas was blest to receive Your gazes of Love, but his selfishness blinded him to Your Beauty. I fuse my *'I love You'* into Your gazes of Love upon even him, with Your last effort to convert him. Such gazes



you give to all sinners and I want my gazes of Love fused into Yours, hoping they will convert by their penetrating force of Your Love.

I offer to the Eternal Father Your particularly beautiful gazes upon children and upon the ‘gentiles’ of deep faith, such as the centurion, the woman at the well and the woman who was willing to eat the crumbs from Your table. Such faith, You said, You never found among Your own people Israel. All the gazes of Love You gave upon the entire Creation which Your Will has made – all these and more I offer to repair all our evil gazing upon things and people we covet, things and people we become attached to and especially the attachment to our own selves. Instead of gazing upon ourselves in the Mirror of Your own Face, we gaze upon ourselves through the eyes of pride and are forever dissatisfied. Coveting and savoring gossip, souls gaze continuously on the scandal magazines, the media news and can’t get enough of television and the internet.

We gaze continuously even in the search for news concerning what’s happening in the Church, as if we gluttonously needed to know everything that’s going on. This coveting of ‘news’ deprives us of the sweetness of placing ourselves under the Light of Your direct gaze. We’ve forgotten that Mary and Joseph had only You for company, for the better part, and gazed upon You lovingly and continuously in perpetual adoration. I fuse my *‘I love You’* into all their holy gazes of Love upon You. And what of Your beloved Luisa, who could not live unless she was gazing upon You who, being deprived of Your beautiful presence almost died, languishing for love of You. O Wisdom of those who love You best - who want nothing but to gaze upon Your Face. I bless their gazes and offer them for my voids of love and the voids of all humanity.

May Your Loving Eyes now gaze upon all the generations of foolish humanity and transfixing us with Your Divine Love make us fall back stunned as the temple soldiers did when they tried to arrest You. Stun us too that we may stop in our tracks to

gaze for a moment on the sublime Love of our Creator and Savior. I give You the continuous gazes of adoration of all the angelic choirs, the gazes of awe and wonder of the little children and the compassionate gaze of that angel who ministered to You in the Garden and all the angels and the blessed. Heighten our interior gaze O Jesus that every soul in every generation may in every instant look upon You living in us, loving us and vivifying all our acts and return to You adoration. Amen. Fiat!

## Compassionating the Beautiful Cheeks of Jesus

Cheeks are for kissing, are they not Jesus? I kiss Your Cheeks Jesus, which clothe the nobility of Your cheek bones that form the structure of Your Beautiful Face. The sign of health is in rosy cheeks and complexion of skin. May Your beautiful cheeks be the continual place my kisses find their mark and may the blush of *Divine Innocence* on them make its mark upon me.

Like a little child I climb upon Your lap and kiss Your cheeks with all the kisses of the Divine Will and bring with me all the little ones of the world to do the same, to repair You for the continual blows Your cheeks suffered - the spittle of mockery, the blows of malice and above all the duplicitous kiss of Judas which betrayed You and filled You with nausea - for nothing is more worthy of reviling than duplicity. It makes a mockery of all that is genuine, innocent and sacred. Its evil is so pernicious that it makes the one who bears it revile himself.

Your beautiful cheeks, which received countless numbers of times the kisses of Your Beloved Mama, Abba and Luisa, were too precious to receive such a noxious caress. Yet, You bore this to teach us that nothing is too much to endure if it will draw the sinner closer to You and in this closeness perhaps sense the sweet perfumes of Your *Innocence*, feel drawn to You and convert. To counteract the continuation of such counterfeit displays of love I give You the continuous kisses of our dear Mama, dearest Abba, dear 'little newborn' Luisa and the kisses



of infants and children so that these kisses will obliterate the kisses of betrayal of those closest to You, those who have taken vows to be faithful to You, those who call themselves Your priests, Your 'bride' and Your disciples, yet bring nothing but scandal to Your Church and Your Holy Name. May the kisses of Holy Mama win for them all a deep awareness of the stain they place on Your Holy Cheeks. Amen. Fiat!

*The Cheeks of My Mystical Body are those who allow themselves to be kissed with the kisses of Divine Love. Receiving Love is not always easy for those souls who are filled with doubts and self-recriminations. Only the childlike soul can fully receive all that the Divine Will desires to infuse into her. These are the souls who console Me the most. They are uninhibited in their Love for Me, unconcerned about what others may say. They are not imprudent, but when it comes to loving Me, they go to excesses. As the cheeks on the face are exposed to buffeting from winds, cold and heat and also to the imprudent and impudent kisses of those who take advantage of the childlike, so My favored souls. They are truly favored because they share with Me the kisses of the Judases as well as the kisses of My Divine Mama and Myself. Yes, I love to kiss these souls, even to making them blush with My attentions. My Love goes to excesses for them.*

Dear Jesus, Your kisses alone will fill me with a Divine Fire that will rebuke all insolence and at the same time convert those who would offend You. I love You in Your kisses for all eternity.

*Each Act the creature does in My Will is a Kiss given to and received from Him who created it and from all the Blessed. Do you know what this Kiss is? It is the transformation of the soul with his Creator. It is the possession of God in the soul and the soul in God. It is the Divine Life in the soul. It is the harmony of all Heaven and the right of Supremacy over all created things.*

TBH V17: April 23, 1925

## Compassionating the Beautiful Lips, Tongue, Voice and Throat of Jesus

Beautiful Lips of Jesus! What can be said about You from Whom came *the Breath of the Living God* and the wonderful Words of *Eternal Life* that generate Love from the Father's Heart to all creatures. Oh, to hear You speak Jesus, this is a holy desire – for Your Words of Love ignite a Fire in the Soul that is altogether divine and unquenchable. This Fire then of Itself wants to speak the praises of the One Who spoke to Its heart first - as with the woman at the well to whom You spoke and in whom You ignited an apostolic flame; as to Saint Paul in whom You ignited a Fire so intense it burned the whole world with his words, especially those so eloquent about your Love.

But Jesus, everything about You speaks, every Act of Your Body, Mind, Heart and Will is the Volition of Your loving Heart and has its own language to such a degree that just Your gaze impregnates the soul with an eternally beautiful response. So, what can I say about what springs from Your lips? They are the unction of Love, the waterfalls of Grace, the axel of conversion, that which makes the dead to rise, the apostle to go forth, the child to leap in its mother's womb, the mother to weep and the father to work. Your Word never goes forth without doing what it proclaims – so proclaim, O Jesus, what You Will, and it will be done and Your Kingdom will manifest on earth. Fiat!

I ask for Your innocent baby kisses, those of our beautiful Mama, Abba Joseph and Luisa, of St Annibale, Padre Pio, St Francis and all those worthy to kiss Your mouth to kiss You now in my name and in the name of all to repair for all the duplicitous kisses, bad conversations, unholy singing and proclaiming, heretical voices and self appointed prophets, that all may be silenced in the evocation of Your Holy Voice which I pray resounds through the universe Its exultant Song in Praise of the Eternal Father's Will and Mother's Love. Amen. Fiat!

*My child, My Mouth and Tongue of course represent the ardent apostle of My Gospel. Keep these in your heart of prayer always that they remain pure of heart so that, as they speak, the Purity of My Word will go forth and accomplish what I will. You too be My apostle – an apostle of Love. Let Love speak in you!*

## Compassionating the Beautiful Neck and Spine of Jesus



O Beautiful Neck of my Jesus, how much suffering you bore in order to repair for all the sins that divide the 'Head' from the 'Body' – for to harm or break the neck is to cause all the Body to be paralyzed or to die. I see that the neck resembles all those connecting links between the Divine Intellect (Will) and Its Volition and Your '*Mystical Body*' the Church. This means that all that the Divine Will desires to be done must be carried out by the members of

the Body and this cannot happen until the Will conveys Itself through the brain, and then, to and through the central nervous system, the heart and to all the other parts of the body. The spine, through which all the messages of the central nervous system travels, has its apex in the neck and traveling down the back reaches its base. If the base of the spine is injured, the legs either walk with pain or cannot walk. If any part of the spine is injured, likewise is the function of the body impaired and sometimes fully paralyzed. How important then is the spine, its neck, its apex and its base to the whole functioning of the body.

Jesus, I see that when You were constrained with ropes and chains around Your neck, You were suffering for all the

constraints placed against Your Will that wants to express itself through Your Church and especially through the Holy Father, Your Vicar and Head of the Church to whom You said, “*I give you the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven ...*” If Your Volition wanting to speak and act through him is impaired, Your Body (the Church) cannot function as Your Will so desires. Your Will suffers mighty constraints in the sufferings of Your neck and these sufferings intensify the sufferings of Your Head. The apex of the spine resting at the base of the skull when damaged causes terrible pain to the head, the oxygen required by the brain is impeded and the head and brain suffer intensely.

I compassionate You in all these sufferings and understand this is why so many are afflicted with these kinds of diseases of the brain, because in constraining Your neck (that is the Volition Your Will desires to convey to the Body) we are all afflicted. You see us suffer but cannot relieve us because the relief is to live in Your Will and thereby allow Your Head to hold sway by taking from Your neck all the ropes and chains which abrade Your Will.

Dearest Jesus You almost asphyxiated when You were bound around Your neck by the Temple soldiers and fell into the Cedron stream. In that asphyxiation and near drowning, I compassionate You for all the sufferings of Your most noble neck which upholds Your beautiful Head. Bring us to realize that in not living in Your Holy Will these are the sufferings we bring to You and to your *Mystical Body*.

We see all these sufferings and illnesses of the head and brain and we think erroneously that we have had nothing to do to cause them. Oh yes, Jesus! We are the cause of every suffering and we too are its remedy, if we can only see the cure for all such evil is abandoning ourselves to Your Holy Will and living in Its ‘*continuous flight*’ of rounds. Let us give Your Life back to ourselves by giving Your Head (Will) our obedience, thereby freeing it of all pain and your neck of all constrictions. In turn Your beautiful Spine will be alleviated of its profound sufferings.

*My child, these sufferings of My neck and spine are the excruciating pain of the Body, which is tortured by the disobediences of My children. These disobediences express themselves in all the attachments they have to their own will, to their own interpretation of divine things and the world and to their own manner of doing things, even in holy matters. Rather than giving way to those lawfully placed over them – they rebel, they antagonize, they criticize and, in so doing, cause lawful authorities much anguish, especially My popes.*

*Holy parents suffer also from these disobediences of their children. But also, these sufferings of My spine and neck represent the sufferings of My children under the yoke of unjust rulers and perverse guardianships – be they governments, corporations and/or individuals. Such sufferings are immense and cry to My Father for Justice. All these caused the tortures of My neck and spine, which radiated throughout My whole Body, especially when hanging upon the cross. My child, please comfort Me with penance and mortifications to alleviate My suffering spine.*

*The Spine of My Church is the Magisterium in Its collegiality and unity with the Pope. When there is disunity among My bishops then this also caused the sufferings of My spine and neck. Pray also my daughter for the Church, your home, your Mother and your guide that She learn how to remedy these evils of disunity among her children.*

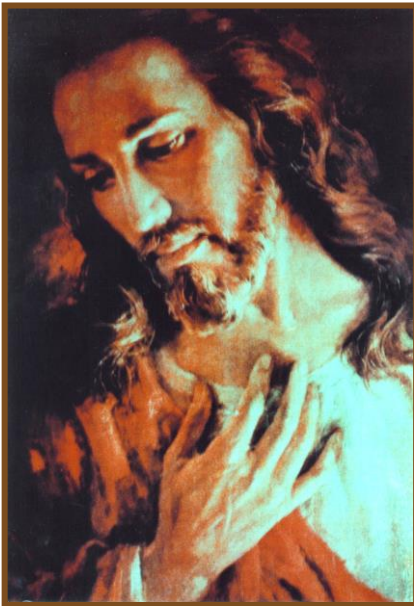
Dear Jesus, I see my part in this intense suffering of your spine and neck. - all my disobediences to Your Law of Love. I fuse myself into Your Holy Love and Will and gather within them all the beautiful truths of Your Holy Law of Love and give them to myself and all humanity in exchange for our perversions of the Truth. For all my disobediences to my parents and those of humanity I ask Your forgiveness and in this I fuse all humanity that unity will replace division. For all my disobediences to You, my Heavenly Parents, my spiritual fathers, my teachers and to the Church, I ask forgiveness and fuse this into all



humanity. For all my sins against my brothers and sisters and my failures to “*give way in the Lord*” I ask Your forgiveness.

In each and every disobedience and in the smallest circumstance of it, I have caused pain to Your neck and spine, dear Jesus, for which I am truly sorry. But what is my sorrow unless I fuse it into Your own Sorrow, Your own reparations. I beg Mercy and ask that You fuse into us the truths that are within *Your Celestial Doctrine*. Thank you, Jesus!

## Compassionating the Beautiful Jaw and Chin of Jesus



Beautiful Chin and Jaw of Jesus, I compassionate You, for upon You lay the blows of hate. The chin and jaw structure is often seen as a sign of strength or weakness. The sins of our parents and former generations certainly have their impact on us, physically, emotionally and spiritually, as scripture says unto the ‘*fourth generation*’. But we know that once we embrace God as our true Father, entrusting ourselves to Jesus, that He can obliterate such things.

*“You must know that the most noble, the most sublime, the greatest, the most heroic act is to do My Will and to operate in My Volition. So, at this Act, which no other will be able to equal, I make display of all My Love and generosity. And as soon as the soul decides to do it I, in order to give her the honor of keeping her in my Volition, in the Act in which the two wills*

*meet to be fused into each other and become one, if she is stained, I purify her; if the thorns of the human nature entwrap her, I shatter them; and if some nail pierces her - that is, sin - I pulverize it, because nothing evil can enter My Will. Even more, all My Attributes invest her and change weakness into fortitude, ignorance into wisdom, misery into richness, and so with all the rest. In the other acts something from herself always remains, but in these she remains completely stripped of herself, and I fill her completely with Myself."* V12: July 25, 1917

Jesus, every form and feature in You is beautiful, because You are beautiful within. I bathe in Your Beauty moment by moment. I am attracted to You as one who is freezing cold is to fire. You are my Fire, my Light, my Warmth, my Heart, my carriage and my Will. I want to see You, Jesus, but suffer not seeing You that others might see You, know You and love You.

Perhaps Jesus, You will make me blind that others may see, mute that others may speak, deaf that others may hear, lame that others may walk, dead that others may live. You do it to Yourself in the Blessed Sacrament in a great Mystery of Silence and apparent nothingness while in reality You are living the Interior Acts of Your *Divine Love*, holding out in your hands the *Divine Lives* You created and long to gift to your children.

Jesus, I kiss Your jaw as the place that received the vicious blows from the temple guards, the friends of Caiphias and Annas, and also the Roman soldiers. These represent the mercenaries of the world who are hired to do the assault work of their leaders, who hate with their hearts and because they have not learned to love themselves through the Your Eyes, give their wills over to worldly authorities in which they feign power. They are afraid to displease their earthly masters.

These authorities live a duplicitous life surrounding themselves with the adornments of wealth in their 'palaces', so as not to get their hands dirty - but hire their 'hit men' to do their bruising

and killing for them. They even allow these hirelings to go to jail without lifting a finger to help them, sometimes killing them for their own protection, while they remain in their 'ivory towers' directing their greedy empires.

These are the kind of men who hit the jaw of the only True Ruler of the Universe - such temerity fills the blind wrath of pride. They have no true integrity - so hate You because with Your authoritative stature and words, You accuse them of what they lack. Oh God, I compassionate Your jaw and I kiss it and bring all creation with me in all these acts of loving Your Body, to kiss each and every member with the Kisses of the Divine Will, so that You will be recompensed for all our rash pride, displays of vanity, power and strength, slapping the faces and jaws of those who have lawful authority over us, or simply those who speak and act with Your own authority no matter their status in our society. *"If they hated Me, they will hate you too."*

Fusing myself into your wounds I take your patience and humility to pour out upon those souls undergoing the same. I especially ask forgiveness for those priests and religious who regale against the Your Eternal Word and incite others to do so. May all see the glory in Your Face in Your Divine Truths.

*My child, My Jaw received the blows of malice and hate. Therefore, the wounds of My Jaw are counteracted by ever increasing Acts of Love. As with My cheeks, never stop kissing My Face with the kisses of the Divine Will. See how little children continuously kiss their mothers and fathers. It is a natural act for them. This kissing of the little ones upon My Face repairs all the malice of vengeance and envy I suffered upon My Sacred Face. The Beauty of Heaven shone on My Face and therefore, those who were living sinful lives could not bear to look upon My Face. My chin and jaw represent the strength and beauty of My Majesty. Exalt this Majesty in song and in prayer and you will recompense Me somewhat for these crimes.*

## Compassionating the Beautiful Cells of Jesus



O Beautiful Cells of Jesus' Body from which all human bodies originate, I say to you in the Divine Will, I love you, I thank you, I glorify your function in obeying the Divine Will so that the perfect image of the Eternal Father could be made visible in Jesus.

Your Divine Beauty is such that there is no other face the holy soul desires to look upon except the Face of Jesus. Every outward beauty comes from this amazing marriage of cells within the body – all hidden yet working together in various unions – coupling one with the other for the health of the whole Body. Now, Jesus, as You know, the scientists are using the current technology to farm the stem cells of Your little newly conceived babies. They say it is to help to save life. But they are killing Your life in these little ones and exterminating them, who are powerless to defend themselves.

I defend them Jesus and surround them with all the “*divine lives*” that You have created and with the voices of these “*divine lives*” I cry out into the hearts of every scientist to stop doing this terrible crime, which will bring great evils upon the earth. Stop offending God and the littlest of children! For, to gain these stem cells they must kill a baby 14 days old from its conception. May God have Mercy on us! Yet, Jesus in this new discovering of the value of “stem cells” which can grow new organs and new ‘creatures’ even, we see the great Power of Your Life in the tiniest of beings in the cells of our humanity.

I praise You, Jesus, I love You and I thank You for showing this to me for now I can see the great healing Power of the Gift of Your Body and Blood in the Eucharist. You want to reform us down to even the tiniest cell in our bodies, as well as give new sanctifying Life to our souls. You want no part of us to remain untouched by Your Healing Grace. You give us in the Eucharist Your Divine Humanity and all It does and is. We have no need of the other when we have You Jesus. In this contraception of Divine Life which the human will continuously does in order to produce its own generation, I gift my life to repair and counteract this evil if only You will live in me Jesus to do so.

Thank you, Cells of Jesus and may you give greater Glory to God by reforming the Body of Christ in each of us. I adore the Will of God operating in you as you still exist and do your work in the Body of Christ in every Consecrated Host, so that you may enter the Bride of Christ and restore her to your holiness.

Praise to the Will of God working through you, Cells of Jesus. How wonderful you are in the work you do for the Mystical Body of Christ, reforming Her to the fullness of Divine Beauty that God intended for Her from the beginning. In each Cell, I place my *'I love You, I praise You, I thank You and may your Kingdom to come, Your Will to be done on earth as in Heaven. Amen. Fiat!'*

***Cells of Jesus:*** *We are the tiniest parts of the Mystical Body, the most hidden parts and therefore the most mysterious in our action. Does the hand know what we do, or the feet or arms? No! Yet they function because of the health or otherwise that is in us. Yet we too take our health and function from the blood stream and so in the Mystical Body, the health and function of these hidden souls take their health and function from the Blood of Jesus, emanating from His Most Sacred Heart in Its ardent throbbing. We form the nucleus of all the more visible forms of life – we are the central core of action within the body and therefore our health is vital to the whole body.*

*When cellular structure is damaged through poisons entering the body all manner of diseases take place. The divine order within the cellular networks within the body are a key to health, vivacity, personality and function. So too in the Mystical Bride, the marriages which are formed for the networking of cells need to be 'holy unions' detached from self seeking in order for the health of the whole Body of Christ to remain intact.*



*When one cell (individual soul) 'marries' another cell – in other words, forms a union for the sake of enriching the health of whole Body of Christ, then marvelous effects flow to the whole Body, whereby every member of the Body benefits, even when not knowing why – even when these unions are secret such as in the Virginal Nuptial Union of Mary and Joseph. This is the most exalted level of holy union, being Virginal and sinless. We see Its Perfect Fruit, Jesus, and from Him flows all Life and Holiness. Yet Mary and Joseph were quiet, hidden and humble – making their way unnoticed by most, yet the whole Body of Christ depended on the perfect unity, grace and life lived in the Divine Will in these two Virgins united in nuptial love to give birth to Jesus, the Christ.*

*This happened also in the case of the Marian Movement of Priests, formed by our Heavenly Mother. When one priest listened to our Heavenly Mother's desire and then told another priest and the two formed the 'marriage of wills' united to the Virginal Will of God speaking through the Immaculate Mother of God. When these two united they drew to themselves others and then more others and then their hidden work of prayer and abandonment to the Divine Mother had its effects upon the faithful and upon other priests and so the health of the whole Body is served in this 'holy union of wills'. The opposite happens when a union is based upon deception or malice.*

*The lesson of this is clear. A cell is tiny even invisible to the human eye. Jesus wants His 'cells' to be 'tiny' – so humble they are unwilling to be seen or heard unless He so ordains. But cells do not exist in isolation – for themselves alone – even when they are hermits like the great Saint Anthony of Egypt, or Saints Maroun and Charbel. Their intense prayer life exists in order to bring the whole Body of the Bride to Perfection in Christ's Love. Their solitude and hiddenness are used in order to send currents of intense love through the fibers of the Body and excite It to action. Their action is brought to volition by the Divine Intellect (Will) of the Eternal Love and then the force of this action is nourished through the Blood Stream that gives life to each cell and this Blood Stream is kept in motion by the activity of the Heart.*

*There is no action in the Body that is without its merit. The active apostles who judge the hidden apostles as doing nothing as Martha did to Mary, are under a deception. And vice versa – the hidden apostles who judge the activists need to be silent and concentrate on their function. All judgment causes friction and separation within the Body. All of us take our Life from Christ and His Blessed Mother, Who alone know best what each 'cell' is suited to do. When every cell does the Will of God it attracts cells of like kind to marry it in Its Work, and from these 'marriages' many new 'cells' are born to increase the health of the whole Body.*



*The life of cells teach us not to judge by appearances. Even a beautiful looking body can be filled with corruption within. And an unattractive outer form can be filled with goodness. When one of my 'Cells' is forced into exposure to the scrutiny of others, she may appear to be acting out of her ego, but who can tell the interior sufferings and humility of her soul. "Do not judge" I say and*

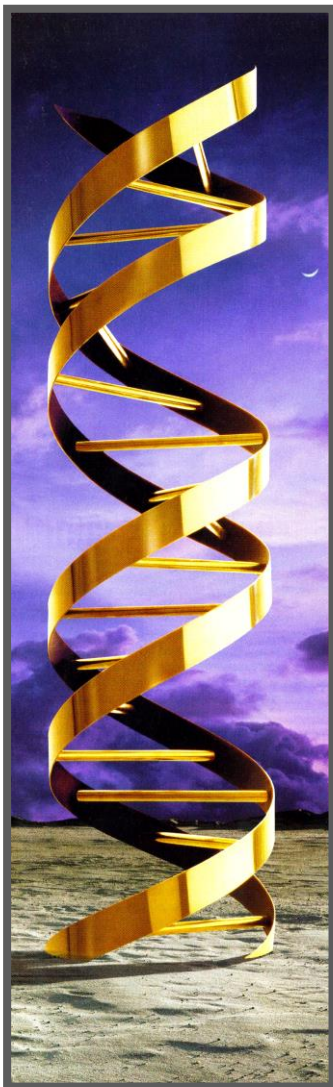
*continue to say. Keep to what is given to you and all will be well. I know my own "Cells" and I appoint them to their tasks. It is your task to do as you have been instructed and leave all others to me. Fiat.*

**PICTURE:** Dr Emoto's picture of the beautiful structure of a drop of water frozen at a particular temperature, forming a beautiful crystalline structure , similar to a monstera of a consecrated host. Dr Emoto shows how each crystal becomes more beautiful the closer it is to the source of prayer and purity. When this water crystal is however in the presence of sin, bad language and bad music it fractures and becomes ugly. His beautiful book "The Messages from Water" has more images.

Dear Jesus, I immerse myself in Your divine 'cells' and take from them the health, vivacity and purity in them and unite them to my own and to all humanity – that in You all creatures may be healed from all their diseases. I pray in You Jesus for the increase of holy unions and holy marriages and a return to that Divine Order of 'marriage' that You intended for us from all eternity to reflect the Unity of the Blessed Trinity. May the marriage of our human wills to Your Divine Will be once more celebrated on earth as in Heaven. Fiat!



# Compassionating the Beautiful DNA of Jesus



Beautiful DNA of Jesus, what can I say about this, so great it is, it transfixes my heart. When I first saw the structure of the DNA molecule and understood something of its symbolism for the human person, I was in so much adoration of the Divine Will and the perfect plan of God for male and female. Yes, dear Jesus! What would I see however if I saw Your DNA Molecule – the fundamental heart of every cell of human life – how beautiful it must be! For, we are created in Your image and likeness – male and female we have been created. And You took Your Humanity from Your Virgin Mother and Your DNA and Blood Type from Her and Your molecular structure from Her and the perfections of that structure and the tapestry it weaves from Her, “*The Immaculate Conception*”. I praise You and glorify You and thank You, O Divine Will, for all that You have created and emanated from Your Glorious Body and the great mysteries that are hidden in every cell of human and other life forms.

Therefore, what sufferings Jesus were Yours when this fundamental cell of our life is tampered with for the vain glory of the human will. Again and again, You are manipulated to

bring about the ambitions of this vain glory, and You suffer in every cell that is subject to such manipulations and exploitations. I compassionate You Jesus in every suffering cell.

It is not enough for science to discover the wonders in Your Creation, but it must appropriate to itself the glory of such discoveries and fail to give Glory to the Divine Architect. Even so, in the DNA Molecule, I want to compassionate You in all that It suffers, such that we are creating images of humanity of our own design and will and failing to abandon ourselves to the Will of Father/Creator of our being.

I love You Jesus in Your DNA and I pray that all those who receive Your Body and Blood in Holy Communion, be infused with Your DNA, and from It, the real transubstantiation of Your Life according to Your Divine Plan to recreate us in Your own Image and Likeness. And for those, who for one reason or another, cannot receive You in sacramental Communion, may they receive You in Your Will, which is True Life for the soul and in this Will, You will do the same for them and make of them the *'living hosts'* of which You spoke of to Luisa.

Jesus, I see in the little I know about the DNA Molecule that it is at the very heart-center of every cell. It is 20 angstroms wide (an angstrom is one-ten-millionth of a millimeter, whereas a cell is 10 to 30 micrometers wide - a micrometer is one-thousandth of a millimeter). DNA is twisted into packets called chromosomes and tucked into the nucleus of each cell. The blueprints for making proteins are stretches of DNA called genes; the instructions are spelled out in the four letter codes: A, T, G and C, representing Adenine, Thymine, Guanine and Cytosine. To make copies of itself, DNA unzips along its length, unraveling into two half-ladders that are reverse images of each other. Then, each half rebuilds itself from components stored in the cell. Because, A's always bond with T's and G's bond with C's, the finished copies are identical. The bases of the double helix structure of DNA must be complementary to each other and not alike otherwise its spine becomes bumpy and unstable.

Science teaches that important biological objects come in pairs. With these revelations of our biology Jesus, are Your plan for the complementarity of male and female within marriage as the 'base' for stable and happy family life. Also hidden in this mystery of our DNA is your desire for male and female to work together in holy virginal unions for the sake of building up the Body of Christ, His Church, similar to the way of the Virginal Nuptial Union of Your Mother and Abba Joseph. In trying to reverse this Divine Order we also become "*bumpy and unstable*" as does the DNA molecule when it is not unified and balanced as You have designed it.

This reality encloses within it the Mystery of the way You, Jesus, multiply Yourself and make perfect copies of Yourself in us to become Your "*living hosts*" in souls who surrender their human wills to live in Your Divine Will. This is why the discovery of these principles You have allowed to be unveiled in Nature, even in the most hidden and secret recesses of the body, reveal the evidence of Your Divine Will and how it Works to imbue the natural with the divine. The scientists who discovered these wonders sadly did not see this aspect of God at work and did not give to You the Glory. So, in all the gratitude of the Divine Will, I want to thank You for every cell of life and the DNA core of each cell, which holds within it the 'script' for the uniqueness of every human person who You are reforming to Your likeness.

When this 'script' was deformed through Original Sin, the particular beauty of each person who you intended to create was also deformed to one degree or another. And when parents allow themselves to live in godless ways, these moral disorders affect the physiognomy of themselves and their offspring and rather than imaging Your own Beauty, they image something painful to see. The integrity of the human person is ruptured through every act that is done outside of Your Will. O Jesus, in You I plead before the Throne of our Father for forgiveness for destroying the image of Your Likeness in our souls.



Picture of the Miraculous Staircase in the Chapel of Santa Fe, New Mexico; reputedly built by Saint Joseph after a special novena of prayers by the sisters to him, to answer the problem of building a staircase to the choir loft, having been overlooked by the builder. This miraculous staircase which originally had no balustrades is exactly in the shape of the DNA molecule double helix structure. It is also 33 steps from the ground floor to the choir loft and has no central support and not a single nail. The timber used has never been identified anywhere and

every carpenter and architect who have examined it have said it is a wonder of such artistry that they can't explain nor has anything like it been seen. See YouTube video on the story of this staircase:

<https://youtu.be/D4gAxDAsfNY>



In the Holy Eucharist and the other Sacraments, Jesus, infuse Your own DNA into us and the very Life of Your Resurrected Body. How wondrous is this Gift, this remedy for all our imperfections, illnesses and disorder. Within this our flesh and bone, spirit and minds, souls and wills are able to be renewed and restored through this infusion of Your Life – even as blood

transfusions give life back to those who are dying. What medicine is trying to do in organ replacements, You Jesus have perfected in the Eucharist. But rather than restoring just physical life, You give us Your Divine Life – if our dispositions to surrender to Your Will are present. On the other hand, as St Paul says, if we receive You without purifying ourselves through confession and contrition, or without attentiveness to the great Gift being given, we bring upon ourselves our own condemnation. The miracle of Love is that You do this in a way that You do not destroy our personality and features while at the same time infusing Yourself. This mystery is such a work of Love the human mind cannot possibly contain its wonders. You allow Yourself to be crucified by souls rather than withhold the offering of Yourself and Your gift of life. Thank You Jesus for Your Life and Love! You will rebuild the crumbling ruins of our lives in Your Glorious Will. For the sake of reforming all Humanity to Your perfect Image Jesus, I fuse myself into You and take all the perfections and attributes of Your Being and the very Substance of Your Being, Your Holy Will, and give it to all creatures. I multiply this Gift for as many times Jesus as You have incarnated Yourself in the consecrated hosts, in the *living hosts* of Your Will and in the souls of Your priests. Amen. Fiat.

***Jesus:** My child, My DNA is taken from that of My Beloved Mother. I took My Flesh and Blood from Hers. Of course, She Herself was created by Me and has Her source in Me. So, I am not saying that She is My Source. Rather I am Hers. But in that She is The Immaculate Conception of My Life, Her Body, Blood and Being are a Humanity that is altogether divine. It is from this Humanity that I took My Humanity. The script of My Humanity as with DNA is at the Heart of Who I Am. This is the most profoundly beautiful Mystery of My Humanity. In Prayer meditate on this and exalt this great Gift from the Eternal Father. For it was in His Will, and the Will of My Mother united with His, that I was conceived and born. Likewise, with you my children, it is through His Will and the Will of My Mother that you also will be reborn to Eternal Life.*

*The sufferings of My DNA therefore are the sufferings of the Redeemer and His Mother, who see Their children wanting to disown us as their True Parents and give honour and glory to creatures. To compassionate My DNA is to compassionate My Sorrowful Mother at feeling Her children ripped away from Her Body and Mine by trying to distort the Divine Image in them. O how sorrowful is this pain!*

*A divine meaning you can attribute to the letters DNA is Divine Nature Attributed to Man. I want to graft My Divine Nature into Man. I want to give them My Divinity in full. Nothing is impossible to Me as God! Why is this so? This is so because when I take My Bride to Myself in Heaven, I want Her to be as like to Me as possible. One cannot have a happy marriage if there are many differences in tastes, habits and attractions. There will be friction. So, in order to be happy with Me forever in Heaven, My Bride must take on My Likeness, so that together We shall be One – One Mind, One Heart, One Soul, One Love.*

*This is why I give Humanity the Gift of My Will, for It alone can do what human beings cannot do by simply trying to be virtuous like their Master. I had to allow Humanity to try, and try, and try again this way of holiness, so they would eventually see that all human effort without complete abandonment to Me is fruitless. It appears to have gains, but these are temporary only. Then the human will pat itself on the back and continually forgets the source of its goodness.*

*This is the Wisdom of Your Husband at work. Now having brought Humanity to the brink of its dereliction, of its obvious failure to achieve unity and peace on earth and even within itself, in its own heart – I am entering Humanity again, but not as a Body, as before, but as a Substance that is all Spirit and Life, Truth and Strength. In this way, I will achieve the final victory in the hearts of My children. It will be so obvious that no one will be able to deny this is God at work. All the “isms” have failed, all the evil autocrats have failed, all the self appointed ‘messiahs’ have failed, all the social engineering of various*

*movements have failed, all human efforts of one kind or another have failed. Still deceptions reign, illness is worse than ever, sin is touted as a good and emblazoned on your media and magazines. Evil is so brazen now it wants to take centre stage. Yet there is still more perversity to come, before Your Husband, enters and fully displays His Royal Authority.*

*Oh! My Heart weeps to see what my children will suffer in all this. Come! Come, my child and do not stop doing your acts in My Will. Still more and more are needed for Me to create the “divine lives” who will inhabit the places where once sin reigned. Come my little bride and conceive in Me – come very close to Me and in this unity of wills We will conceive and beget many children for Our Kingdom come on earth. Fiat!*

## Compassionating the Interior Organs of Jesus

O Beautiful Organs of My Jesus, I compassionate you for what you have had to suffer in the terrible pains inflicted upon You in His Passion. My little knowledge is that, when the exterior is brutalized, the interior corresponds with its own form of pains and ceases to function as it should. Therefore, Jesus You must have suffered terribly on this account, especially when hanging on the Cross. The mystics say Your Body was all dried up as myrrh. How then must Your internal organs have suffered? Jesus, help me to see what these organs represent. Help all the ‘humours’ of my body and its passions dry up totally Jesus, so that there is nothing left in me except hunger and thirst for You. Within Your Sacred Body You annihilated all the human passions to release us from their slavery. May You Breathe into every part of us Your perfect integrity and harmony. Fiat!

**Jesus:** *These organs represent those parts of My Mystical Body, which are hidden – and that which is hidden is often that which is more important, more treasured or more vulnerable. The hidden parts of My Body are the many ‘little ones’ who walk the earth almost invisible to the learned and the powerful. These*

*little ones are those who keep My Body going. They are 'poor in Spirit', which means they are humble of heart and, therefore, they are the most pleasing to Me. They are also the most sensitive and tender parts of My Body and therefore My Maternal Love shields them with the more resilient parts of My Body. For reasons of certain events in their lives they cannot bear the brutality of the world and need protection. I have tender care for them and hide them in the shadow of My Wings.*

*These two 'wings' are My Mother and My Abba. Into their care I place these 'little ones' - these 'sensitive ones' and in the Hearts of the Chaste and the Immaculate they thrive. They are not as My Mystical Priests who live in the center of My Heart, though all are conceived in My Heart – they content themselves with the humble tasks of building up the Body of Christ. They do not aspire to great things and there is no pride in them. As the kidneys and liver purify the body of its toxins, these members also purify the Body of those, who, although they are more gifted, fail in the most important virtue of Humility. They are greatly important to the Body of Christ. Pray always for them for they can so easily be preyed upon by the clever. The poisons that enter the Body through Its external parts, these hidden souls have to deal with and the work they have to do to contend with this is great indeed. I have much Compassion for them and love them greatly – for the health of the whole Body often rests with them and their assiduous prayer and mortifications.*

*Think, my child, how it is when a person becomes a paraplegic, or when someone loses their arms and legs – what keeps that person alive. First, it is their will to live, then their heart to give ardour to the will, and then their mind that directs the rest of their body to do what it must to go on. And the internal organs are still operating and keeping the body alive and functioning. It will be like this too when My Mystical Body, like Its Head Jesus, has her hands and feet affixed to the cross – that is her active members are unable to do anything of their usual apostolates. They will then rely on the things of Spirit alone – on the interior qualities of the Body to sustain herself.*



*It was when Your Jesus was affixed and unable to raise His hand in blessing, or kiss with compassion or walk towards the sick and bereaved – that He gave His greatest Act of Mercy to the world. Remember this well my child – especially when you feel most sterile and paralyzed – that even then, if your will and soul are surrendered to Me, you too will achieve your greatest Acts of Mercy and Love. Surrender all to Me, especially your weak self – your impotent self. I will take you in My Arms so gently and enfold you to My Breast and allow You to nourish yourself there with such a Nectar of Love that You will become transformed into Me and be able to do what I do. Do you want this?*

Jesus, my Jesus, I truly want everything You want. There is nothing You want I do not want. I have no fear, because You are God. The whole Universe belongs to You. Nothing has power over You Jesus! Nothing! What can I fear when You are my Beloved. I give all of myself to You. I consecrate every breath and heartbeat to You and want to exchange all of myself for You and today Jesus, I want to die. Please Jesus – to die! Fiat!

## Compassionating the Beautiful Lungs of Jesus

Beautiful Lungs of Jesus I compassionate you in your sufferings. You are the custodian of the Breath of the God/Man - that Breath that is the Life of us all and which is so pure it has a special fragrance akin to that of a 'little newborn'. May this Beautiful Breath of Jesus circulate through our bodies through Your obedience to His Will. Forgive us for the sufferings and pains we have inflicted upon you by polluting the world with so many toxins, because of our greed for luxuries, money and power. So much of our world is dying for want of clean, clear air (oxygen), and so, our lungs suffer. Jesus had to suffer in His Lungs because we have preferred our ways of doing things to His Holy Way. Since the Breath, is the Essence of the Holy Spirit and we do not know from whence It comes and where it is

going – It is like the wind. We reverence that mysterious place in the Kingdom which houses the Breath of God and in the Divine Will we want to take this Divine Breath to every soul gasping for Life and with the Lungs of Jesus breathe this Life into them. O Jesus, please concur with us on this, so that once more Your creation may breathe again with the Breath of Life. Mostly Jesus may our souls be filled with this Pure Breath of the Holy Spirit. Amen. Fiat.

*Jesus: My lungs sustained Me in my life and through so many tortures that I have such love for them. Up until My last breath on the Cross, through the agonies of My interior and exterior pains, these lungs were almost overcome many times with the assaults that I was inflicted with. Yet they kept on breathing through the impetus of Love from My Heart, which willed them to go on breathing. I begged My Eternal Father to help Me to breathe until all had been atoned for. These lungs of Mine represent those in the Church who never give up despite the intense labours required to keep apostolates going, to keep vocations alive and vivified, to keep the day to day work of institutes, families and governments going, especially at times when all seems lost.*

*In compassionating My Lungs have compassion on these members of My Church and those of good will outside of My Church who never give up despite great difficulties in obtaining the end of their good works. They work on despite the fetid environments of immorality that surround them. In charities they work with colleagues of dubious intent. They observe these duplicitous motives and feel the bitterness of this in their heart – and yet for the sake of the greater good of those they serve they go on – even as I did on My Ascent to Calvary. How many times did My Body feel like dying. But Love and Will pushed Me to the summit to complete all that was required to save the generations of My children. These members of My Mystical Body I love very much. You also love them and imitate their perseverance.*

# Compassionating the Beautiful Skin of Jesus

Beautiful Skin of my Jesus, I want to perpetually caress you and adore you with all the tenderness and love of the Divine Will as the very clothing of the Body of Christ. I want to kiss every pore as the place through which Jesus' Precious Blood and Sweat flowed when His Heart was so constricted with the fruits of our sins that It poured forth through these little apertures that became for us the fountains of His Love and Mercy. I kiss every labour of Love You do Jesus, by which You gave birth to Your Purity. You wanted that no part of Your Sacred Body was left out in experiencing the purifications of Your Precious Blood, for our sake, that in You our bodies, minds, hearts, souls and wills become pure again. You wanted to show Your children that to give life virginally one has to be prepared to lay down one's own life through the labours of the Heart. You wanted to show the Divine way of loving and of conceiving Life.

Yes, Jesus You wanted to overthrow all the ways the flesh conceives in order to give primacy to the Holy Spirit – primacy to Virginal Conception through a Divine Heart transfixed in Love. Not one part of You was left without Its sacrifice, pains and sorrow, for every part of our ruptured humanity had to be restored to its original beauty. You wanted to make reparation for all the ways, which we pamper our skin or deface our skin and make an idol of our bodies. Upon Your Skin, Jesus, therefore, I place all my kisses united with the kisses of the Divine Will on every aperture (pore) and in every place where You were pierced to make the openings of Your Wounds through which the Sacred Rivers of Your Precious Blood flowed to give us Life.

The skin has many doorways and windows and through these doors and windows Jesus I want to bring as many souls to enter as You desire, to make reparation for all the ways we have tortured Your skin, especially in the Scourging, through which

flagellation, Your Skin was ravaged and ripped from Your Sacred Body in various tortures to repair for the varied ways we indulge our flesh. In every stroke of the lash, the whips, the sticks prodded with nails, the hooks that tore Your skin in barbaric rippings I want to say to You Jesus, I love You, I thank You, I praise You, I glorify You and in You glorify the Eternal Father and Mother for having allowed this to happen to Their dearly beloved Son for our sake. For, in all this, is the remedy for restoring our bodies and souls to their Original Innocence. I cannot speak anymore concerning the barbarism Your Sacred Flesh has endured Jesus and since I too have played my part in this torture, I ask forgiveness and Mercy to come to me also and to every creature for what we have done. Who Jesus does Your Skin represent in Your Mystical Body?

*Jesus: My beloved Child, My Skin is the Robe, which holds My whole Body together and forms Its Beauty. It is also that which hides My most sensitive parts. It has a sublime function since It Radiates the Shekinah, the Glory of God that shines through My Face and My Soul. It is the 'Veil' over the Temple, My Glorious Body, which had to remain hidden from the eyes of mankind, since mankind, was too impure to gaze upon the Face of its Christ in His Full Glory. Skin has beneath it the myofascia, which encloses the nerve endings and therefore is capable of feeling the pain of the whole Body. It also encloses much of the heredity of the human person in its colour and texture. It has the ability to blush or to grow sallow and is a reflector of the health or otherwise of the body. It is a parchment upon which one can read many things about a person. It holds within it the furrows of one who frowns and the lines of one who smiles. It reveals the character and lifestyle of one who spends more time indoors or outdoors. It marks the hands of the labourer with patterns and blisters that reveal how hard he or she has laboured. It is a revealer of character and of many other things. Yes, it is a parchment upon which the life of a person is written, upon which the consequences of those choices cannot fail to make their mark. It is therefore My Mercy, which reveals to the soul,*

*through her body what her behaviour is doing. Should she be taking drugs or other poisons, her skin will tell the tale. Should she eat too much or give way to any other excesses the skin will tell the tale. As with the other organs of the body, she reports to the soul the consequences of her actions. You see then how your skin is an agent of my Mercy to you – warning you when your life is in danger.*

*My Skin likewise revealed the Purity within Me and, had not the Father suppressed Its Radiance, no one would have been able to look at Me nor My Mother, the Immaculate One. Even so, the very sight of Me was enough to incite rage in those who stubbornly refused to change their evil ways. So, My Skin received Its many lashings out of the rage of contempt and envy for Its Pure Blush.*

*The skin is also the place whereon many kisses are laid. As a little Babe, My Beloved Mother kissed Me so many times upon My Innocent Flesh that I was repaired for Its future sufferings by Her many kisses. Also, dear Abba kissed Me and in those paternal kisses I felt the kisses of My Father in Heaven. My Father allowed such kisses from these two pure ones, because none other were to kiss me in exactly the same way nor to the same degree of love and reverence to repair for all that Sacred Flesh was to suffer in Its Circumcision and Scourging. I was so grateful also to Mary (Magdalene) for her kisses which prepared Me for My Passion that her kisses have a special place in the Treasure House of Heaven, as do those of all the souls of My beloved ones, whose life is dedicated to Me in the same passionate way – these are those who understand the Mystery of the Passion of My Body. In this the little daughter of My Will, Luisa, holds primacy and My beloved priest, Padre Pio.*

*Who then, does My Skin represent in the Mystical Body? It represents those who have not defiled their bodies with contemptible practices or with indulgent attentions. It represents those who see the 'flesh' with innocent eyes – not as the puritan, who hates all things of the flesh, nor as the ascetic who wants to*

*tame it by extremes – but the eyes of a child who runs around naked in the full sunlight unaware of herself but glorying only the very life of the body and the way it senses the innocent touches of nature in sun, wind, water, and light – in the caressing of the soft fur of animals, in the kisses of its parents and siblings and in all the other ways it gives off the scent of the one who inhabits it.*

*The skin not only protects and houses the other parts of the body, but it is a great sensor, and it picks up the messages the other parts of the body send to it and is able to tell the soul what is really happening or if there is danger nearby. Many souls have had the experience of the tiny hairs on the surface of their skin standing up when one is in the presence of a great truth or a great evil. It therefore represents those souls in My Mystical Body who are the spiritual directors and/or guardians of others. These souls ‘read’ souls. They are sensors of deceptive spirits and also perceive in a mystical way what the Spirit wants them to know at many different levels and, because they are concerned for the Body of Christ and its health above all things, the Spirit reveals many things to them that it does not reveal to others – because the Spirit is the Mother whose concern is spiritual growth. Pray, therefore, for My spiritual directors, the guardians of souls that they may be diligent sensors of good and evil and minister in a humble way to all whom I send to them.*

Beloved, your priests above all in their direction of souls, I take to my heart and then bring them to You, to be bathed in that bloody sweat that came from the pores of Your skin Jesus – but more truly came from the fibres of Your Sacred Heart, compressed with such love for us through them, that It desired above all to purify your priests. They are first and foremost the repeaters of Your Life, the companions of Your Sorrows and the Sacrifice in You that takes our sins away. Only by being this way can they truly direct our souls in the Holy Spirit way, like Padre Pio. Only then can they see clearly into our hearts to know how to guide us. Dear Jesus, by the power and purity of Your Heart and Your Precious Blood please sanctify your priests and

bring back those who have abandoned their priesthood. For every drop of Your Precious Blood, I want to create a “divine life” who will incessantly call them to “*Come home! Come home, my dearly beloved son, to Your Saviour’s Heart!*”

## Compassionating the Pure Water of Jesus

Jesus, You are Water, the *Living Water* that is most Pure and satisfies the interior thirst of our souls for that kind of Purity unknown to the worldly. I enter into You to see what You are doing. Jesus, I see You are flowing in abundant streams everywhere across the face of the earth, searching for the dry and barren places into which You long to pour Your quenching Love. Come Jesus, *Living Water* into the most barren part of my heart, into the drought-stricken soul that I am and bring Your Love. Help me and in me all creation to sprout anew as the first shoots You brought forth in the Garden of Eden.

Bring a new springtime upon the earth and quench the drought of the generations of human wills not surrendered to the divine. May Your Divine Will invest the souls of all to see the Presence of the True *Living Water* in the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that all may be drawn to the Well of Life, whereby You said,

***“I am the Living Water. He who comes to Me shall not thirst. He who believes in Me shall never die.”***

And “*You will draw water joyfully from the springs of salvation*”, which Jesus, are flowing from the depths of Your Sacred Heart.

***Jesus:*** *The Living Water of the Body represents Me and the Prayer of the children of God prayed through My Sacred Heart and with My Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of My Mother, Who is that Sea into which I pour all My Fountains of Living Waters – Waters that make pure all the humours of the body and destroy the sinful passions of the soul.*



*As you will read in the prophet Ezekiel – these Living Waters flow out from the right side of the Temple, which is My Body, south of the Altar, which is My Heart, which releases these Living Waters when It is pierced. The Altar, My Heart, is the place of Sacrifice, the Rock that when struck with the ‘rod’ of obedience releases Its Life-giving Waters. This means that the stability of*

*the Heart lies in Its obedience to the Father’s Will – whereas the wayward heart follows the passions of its body and fails to take its direction from the Divine Mind.*

*These are represented in the scripture of Ezekiel by the marshes that remain impure because they are stagnant and do not allow the river to flow through them with all its purifying force. Those who remain close to this River are those ‘trees’ that produce abundant fruit in due season – for all growth has its season. The fruit that they produce once a month is that special Fruit of the Divine Will that is the Essence of this Heart, because they remain united with this Heart and the River of Its Will that flows as Living Water from It. The Devotion to My Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of My Mother, which I encourage once a month is the significant way to draw Water from this Divine Well of Trinitarian Love, My Heart. In My Heart all Virginal Life flows and in this Virginal Life is the Purest Fruit of My Will produced in the soul.*

*The Sea is Miriam, My Mother, into Whom I pour all the Treasures of My Heart, and into Whose Womb I entrust the rebirth of My children – for in Her and through Her they become pure again, as they were when they were conceived in My Divine Mind.*



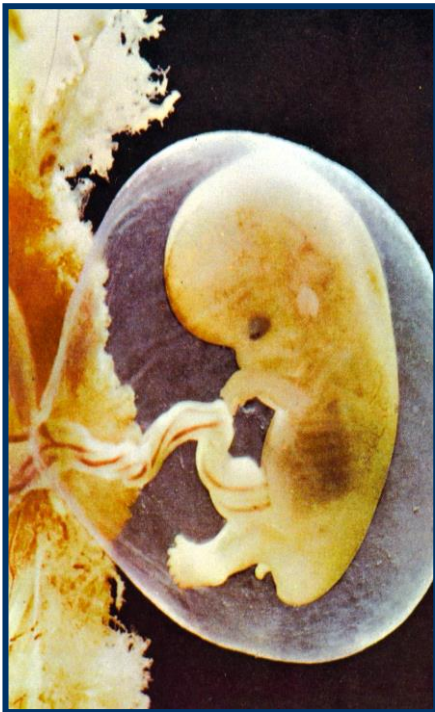
*She is Sea because Her expanse is unable to be assessed and Her boundaries are unable to be seen by the human eye. The Life teeming in Her is infinitely fruitful because It has the qualities of the Divine Mother Who conceives and gives birth in a Divine Manner – that is, in infinite proportions. Since She is the Spouse of the Eternal Father, Who eternally begets His Beloved Son, so too, Miriam eternally begets the children of God, through the merits of the Sorrows of Her Immaculate Heart. This great Mystery you will write of in another place. For now, meditate in profound adoration on My Word.*

## The Word of the Lord to Ezekiel

*“He brought me back to the entrance of the Temple, (Jesus’ Heart) where a Stream came out from under the Temple threshold and flowed eastwards, since the Temple faced east. The water flowed from under the right side of the Temple south of the Altar. He took me out by the north gate and led me right round outside as far as the outer east gate where the water flowed out on the right-hand side (where Jesus was pierced). The man went to the east holding his measuring line and measured off a thousand cubits. He then made me wade across the stream - the water reached my ankles. He measured off another thousand and made me wade across the stream again. The water reached my knees. He measured off another thousand and made me wade across again. The water reached my waist. He measured off another thousand. It was now a river, which I could not cross. The Stream had swollen and was now deep water, a river impossible to cross. He then said, ‘Do you see, son of man?’ He took me further, then brought me back to the bank of the river. When I got back, there were many trees on each bank of the river. He said, ‘This Water flows east down to the Arabah and to the Sea and, flowing into the Sea, it makes its waters wholesome. Wherever the river flows, all living creatures teeming in it will live. Fish will be very plentiful, for wherever the Water goes it brings health, and Life teems wherever the river flows. There will be fishermen on its banks. Fishing nets*

*will be spread from En-gedi to En-eglaim. The fish will be as varied and as plentiful as the fish of the Great Sea. The marshes and lagoons, however, will not become wholesome, but will remain salt. Along the river, on either bank will grow every kind of fruit tree with leaves that never wither and fruit that never fails; they will bear new fruit every month, because this Water comes from the Sanctuary. And their fruit will be good to eat and the leaves medicinal.”* Ezekiel 47:1-12

(The requests of Heaven are that we adore the Sacred Heart of Jesus and venerate the Immaculate Heart of Mary on the First Fridays and Saturdays of the month and special graces have been granted by the Church to those who do this. It is also God's Natural Law that the womb of a woman becomes fertile for generating life once a month. The Laws God places in Nature are emblematic of the profoundly more beautiful Laws of His Divine Life and Grace.



The miracle of the conception of life in the womb of a mother is revealing to us something of the more wondrous miracle of Christ conceived and given birth in His Church through the Seed of His Word spoken by his priest in every Eucharist. The Body of Christ first gifted us by the Fiat of our heavenly Mother is gifted us again so that He can conceive Himself in every soul who wants Him. May all praise and glory be given to the Fiat of our Heavenly Mother who birthed us to our Divine Life and gave us entry into the Paradise of His Humanity through the Womb of Our Father's Will.)

## Compassionating the Beautiful Shoulders of Jesus



Beautiful Shoulders of Jesus, I compassionate you in all your sufferings bearing the burdens we lay upon you with such patience as to allow yourself to be penetrated to the bone, and even then, not laying down Your Cross.

The shoulders of a man convey the strength and dignity in him; if wide and strong and held square one gets the sense of a man of dignity and integrity, sure of himself; if bent and stooped in a depressive manner one feels the soul of that man is itself depressed

and anguished having lost its strength. All this is but of appearance, yet there is something in the body that is translatable to the spirit. Reading the body is something You did very well, dear Jesus.

Holy Scripture says You did not need anyone's opinion of anybody for You knew what was in the heart and soul of a person. Having created each one with such Love as beyond the telling You know each of us like a book of which You are the author. You alone know the remedy for each person's ills. And You Jesus! Who can possibly be the remedy for Your ills. For we did not create You and there is only One Who knows You – the Eternal Father through the Love of His Holy Spirit, which is the Divine Mother. Only They truly know You. And so, I pray and I ask them to reveal You to Me so that I can compassionate You more deeply in, with and through the members of Your Body. How I love Your Sacred Body! How Beautiful are its members. How I love to kiss them continuously with the kisses

of the Divine Will and of my Mother, so that being kissed all over by Her, You will be healed and in turn Your whole Mystical Body will be healed with You – if only we will do the same in unending gratitude.

I kiss Your beautiful shoulders. How beautiful they are! How securely they bear the beauty of Your arms. How strong and magnificent they are inspiring confidence in Your ability to defend Your Beloved from any danger. How much the feminine soul needs to feel this depth of confidence and how greatly do Your strong shoulders inspire this confidence, especially when they lift up the full weight of Your Cross and after each fall lift it up again and again and each time with ever increasing Love. You speak to Your shoulders. You command them to bear the sweet yoke of all the burdens of our sins and they obey.

O shoulders of Jesus I envy you in your sublime obedience to Him. Though laid bare, though feeling the splinters of the wood of the cross impregnating every fibre of your flesh, though feeling the flesh torn more and more from you, though feeling the rubbing of the cross to your bone, you go on and on with your Jesus – His Will completely aligned with Your own and together you climb Calvary where You surrender your burden to His adorable arms and allow yourself to be dislocated from the arms in such a way as to be unable to help Jesus any more. You thereby suffer the pain of your impotence after having given all of yourself to help Jesus on the way to His Crucifixion.

O shoulders of Jesus, I kiss all your muscles, flesh, bones, tendons and nerves that assisted Jesus to bear His Cross. You represent those who never shirk heavy burdens, who go on regardless of the cost and who never allow themselves to be impregnated with bitterness or resentment. You represent the strong souls who support Jesus in His heaviest pains. Thank you and also for all the burdens you helped Him carry in every moment of His Life from Womb to Tomb.

O Shoulders of Jesus, when at the Crucifixion you were pulled apart with such cruelty, that you were no longer able to support

His hanging Body in the way you desired, your dislocation represented that terrible sin of divorce. This sin that separates man from woman, children from their parents, husbands from their wives and the corporal works of Mercy from the spiritual works of Mercy and brings spiritual barrenness to Your Church. I offer all your sufferings to the Eternal Father that all these dislocations and divorces may be repaired in the Sufferings of Jesus and the New Order of Marriage be instituted on the face of the earth. Amen. Fiat.

*Jesus: I love those who represent my shoulders. I love them because they were with Me in all the long journey to Calvary. They put love beneath My steps. They lightened My Cross and for them I will also lighten their crosses. They carry out their daily duties consistently with love though they feel burdened by ingratitude and the general lovelessness that surrounds them. They, like I, experience the constant criticisms and judgments of those in their homes and workplaces – and, despite this, continue on to the summit of their love. How I love these and invest them with the depth of My Faith.*

## Compassionating the Beautiful Arms and Hands of Jesus



Beautiful Arms of Jesus, wings of the Divine Eagle, labourers of the Light, servants of the Divine Craftsman, tender bearers of children, of the sick and broken hearted, of the weakened and suffering, compassionate servants of the Carpenter, shaping and forming beauty from wood and making all manner of things useful to Man. Beautiful Arms full of the muscles that uplifted the Divine Mother and blest Her

with untold blessings, that carried tools to Your father and helped him in all his labours, that worked assiduously for Your family and neighbours, that assisted the poor and those without ‘alms’. Your arms are the ‘alms’ of the universe.

But most of all they are the Embrace of the Eternal Father to all His children. They are so beautiful I could spend my whole day kissing these arms, these hands and those fingers that speak to me of untold caresses.

Jesus, there are no hands more beautiful than Yours – no touch more beautiful than Your Touch, such that, when one is touched by You, one finds the touch of every other empty of effect. Though in knowing You are present in the truly tender touches of others, one can at least feel a semblance of the Divine Touch. Yet nothing is the same, nor does it convey the same effects. When touched by You Jesus and Your adorable hands, one is made pure by the caress of Your Hands.

Your index finger when lifted so graciously forms the Blessing of God and His Fullness of Mercy over us. It scribes in the sand the mysterious words that free the accused woman and send away her proud and vindictive accusers. To think dear Jesus the only words You ever wrote were written in sand with Your finger – there for a moment and then to disappear for all time. I kiss the impression of these words and plant them in all the places on earth where they need to be read. I kiss the words you inscribed in Luisa’s heart written with Your finger of Light and so indelibly written they will shine forever in all Eternity as beautiful ‘Suns’ of Your Divine Truth.

V 16: November 8, 1923:

Now, while I was swimming in the bitterness of His privation, my sweet **Jesus made Himself seen in my interior, all busy writing – not with a pen, but with His finger, which emitted rays of light, and that light served Him as pen in order to write in the depth of my soul.** I wanted to tell Him who knows how many things about my poor soul, but putting His finger on His lips, He made me understand that I should

keep silent, for He did not want to be distracted. Then, after He finished, He told me:

***“Daughter of my Supreme Volition, I am writing in your soul the law of my Will and the good It brings. First I want to write it in your soul, and then, little by little, I will explain it to you.”***



***“Beautiful are His hands, soft, white, most delicate, with those fingers so artfully crafted – and He moves them with such mastery, that it is an enchantment. Oh! how beautiful You are - all beautiful, O my sweet Jesus! What I have said of your beauty is nothing; rather, it seems to me that I have said a lot of nonsense – but what can I do ..”*** V 1



***“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 next 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, etcetera - 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? V 11: August 14, 1912***

Oh, Jesus I fuse my fingers in Yours that have for so many decades have typed Your *Celestial Doctrine* in books. For every tap of the keyboard, I want to tell you, 'I love You' and ask you to invest Your Love and Light into every letter You have typed by fusing Your hands into mine; and take these *letters of Light* into every heart, embed them there forever and resurrect them to creatures at the moment of their death.

Jesus, You leave nothing on the earth of material value. You only leave Your Spirit, through Your Holy Breath. In this You teach me the profoundest lesson of Your Humility – You cling to *Lady Poverty* as Your handmaiden, as that which will teach Your disciples the fundamental lesson of Your sublime doctrine - holy poverty of spirit, simplicity of life, of word, of work of act. Your index finger again mixes soil and water to a paste that heals the blind. It moves the 'veil' of ignorance from the sinner and allows him/her to see the Face of Divine Mercy in Your Face. And, Your holy hands, when they gently touch the heads of children, the old, the sick, the dying and the dead impart life, strength and love. They cup themselves to drink from the streams and in doing so bless all water for all time. I want to be



in that water that flows through Your fingers, so in each drop I may tell You Jesus that I love You.

They fell trees and plane them to shape and mold them to bring out the beauty of the grain. They polish and form them into such beauty as has never been seen before in any craft. And in each caress of wood, they bless the wood of the cross and in it all the crosses to be born by all Your children, so that these crosses will not cause Your children to curse them and grow bitter because of them, for, Your Yoke is easy and Your burden light. I infuse myself into Your Hands dear Jesus to bless all that is made with human hands for the service of Man, and also to bless the crosses Your Wisdom has carved for Your children. Let my "*I love You*" be found in each one and in ever fibre may this "*I love You*" serve to strengthen my brothers and sisters with Your Will for the long ascent to the Summit of Love.

Your hands are most lovely when they pick flowers for Your Mother and create useful bowls and things for Her Household. Who can say if it was not Your Hands Jesus, which formed the first Chalice and Paten for the First Eucharist with Your Apostles? If so, in such a molding are all the future chalices and patens blessed beyond telling. I infuse myself again into these beautiful hands and want to form everything good with You Jesus, so that I may give delight to children, help to mothers and fathers and assistance to the young who need again to find the satisfactions of working with wood, tilling the soil, crafting with fibres, mining for and shaping the metals so useful to our lives and our machinery and tools.

Everything comes from Your Hands, Jesus - they are the Hands of the Good Shepherd Who tenderly caresses His sheep and draws them back with His '*crook and staff*' into the fold of His Peace. They are the hands that washed Your apostles feet, and then ordained them as the '*foundation stones*' of Your Church. They are the Hands that consecrated the First Host of Your Presence among us perpetually until the end of time. O may I be especially in these hands then Jesus and at every

Consecration to caress Your incarnations and bless You in them and repair You for all the lack of faith and gratitude for Your Sacred Presence amongst us.

They are the hands of the fisherman who fished and brought forth abundance from the sea, which had formerly garnered no fish, when fished with the mere human will; but now you're your Hands and Your Will they filled Peter's boat to overflowing. They are the outstretched hands that calmed the stormy seas and restored the faith and peace to the apostles. They are the hands that created abundant food from little in the five loaves and two fish. They are the hands that raised the dead to life. They are the hands that changed the water into wine and for all time blest the marriage feasts of Your children with Your intoxicating Love. They are the Hands that change the water of pure hearts into the Wine of Your Divine Love and Will. In all these ministrations of Your Holy Hands Jesus I want to be there infusing my own hands into Yours and bringing to You the hands of all Your children to learn the lessons these Hands teach us. That we may become One with Your Hands and do what they do. Jesus let it be. Fiat!

Who can say what these Hands have not done? These Hands are the most Sacred of Hands and to Your holy mystical priests these Hands are their life, which extend over them in blessing and raise them to new life and vigour to continue suffering for Your sake and the sake of souls. They are the Hands that, when outstretched, still *'troubled waters'* and *'dangerous storms'* and *'rocking boats.'* These are the hands that create divine fires of love in the souls of those who place themselves in the mercy of these hands. And so, on and on innumerable are the works of these Hands. Nothing is too small or too big for these Holy Hands to accomplish. For these Hands are the Hands, which effect all that Love desires to accomplish.

If the Divine Will flows from the Divine Intellect and the Divine Love from the Divine Heart then the Will and the Love

accomplish everything through these Divine Hands, which represent the labours of Jesus in His faithful for all generations.



But when did these Holy Hands accomplish their greatest work? As with all the other members of Your Sacred Body Jesus, when they were affixed to the Cross – pierced and bleeding. When apparently stultified – and prevented from doing good work they succeeded in doing their greatest work. I adore them most here O Jesus and I kiss them with the kisses of the Divine Will. Then, O Jesus, they lifted You up so You could draw all men to

Yourself. Then they formed of Your Body the shape of the *'Divine Eagle'* and Its wings – Your beautiful arms and hands. Being pierced so cruelly, causing Your whole Body to suffer in the most indescribable manner, for their very weakness could not uphold You in that sacrilegious position. In Your crucifixion, Your adorable Hands did not want to give their consent to such a horrible martyrdom, but their obedience to You was all that held them fast and assisted them to strive to hold you up together with Your adorable arms and dislocated shoulders, so You could suffer all the longer to ensure the greatest reparation for sin possible.

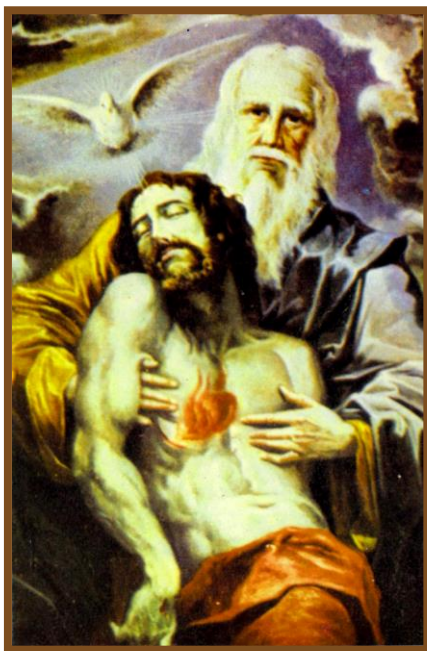
These Hands obeyed the One Who had always used them for the greatest possible Good and now they were weeping tears of blood for the final work of the greatest possible Good that came from their crucifixion – the Salvation of the whole of humanity. Only because of Love for their Master and for us did they agree to this cruel affixation and the demands of elevation on the

cross. I compassionate Your most adorable hands, dear Jesus, as they are affixed with such bloody cruelty to the cross and used as the lever to stretch your shoulders mercilessly to reach the holes in the wood. I offer these hands and that stretching and all that they did to hold You fast in Your state of crucifixion, as a remedy for all the evils we do with our hands and to implore the grace that we use our hands only for the most edifying works.

Free our hands, by the pains of Your Hands, from all the evil works in which they are occupied in every age and place. Free children and the innocent from the hands that use them mercilessly for the most vile passions and insidious exploitation. May You, Who said, "*No one can steal from the Father*" rescue from the insidious web of evil the little children whose hearts I enter to implore You, "*Jesus, come and save us! Clasp us in Your Holy Hands and take us to Your Breast to repair all the evils done upon us. Father I give my life into Your Hands.*"

O Jesus let Your Holy Hands transfuse the hands of Your priests in every Mass and in every celebration of the Sacraments. May no harm come to Your children on account of the evil use of the hands that feed us. I kiss Your Holy Hands with all the kisses of the Divine Will. May these kisses plead for a resurrection of good works coming from holy hearts living in Thy Will. I kiss above all those two '*Holy Hands*' which served You more than any others, Mary and Joseph and pray these '*Holy Hands*' continue their Mission to serve Your Mystical Body, the Church. I place my kisses and 'I love You' in the hands of Luisa, who suffered Your stigmata and nonetheless did her needlework and writing of the Book of Heaven, which is the greatest illumination of Your Love ever given. May Luisa take me into herself and in every word she wrote, I say with her, '*I bless You, I thank You, I love You in these celestial Truths and in each one I pray may Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven through Your Holy Hands, Jesus! Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be forever and ever. Amen. Fiat!*

## Compassionating the Beautiful Breast of Jesus



Beautiful Breast of Jesus! What can lovelessness speak about Divine Love? O Breast of Jesus, which is the protective housing for His Heart, I bring all suffering Creation to rest upon you as upon the skin of that reverberates the throbbing pulse of Divine Love. Let us come near with our ears to hear that Holy Throbbing and let us interpret the language of that Heart that wants to speak into us His Divine longings, that wants to feed us on every fibre and purify us in each drop of Its Blood.

Breast of the Beloved let us lean on You; for where else is there to lean on in this world? What other 'wailing wall' is worth wailing upon? Where else can we invest our sorrows except here at the Door of His Divine Heart? Holy Breast of Jesus, I kiss You with the Kisses of the Divine Mother and Father and with all the kisses of Your most beloved ones and I bring together with us all the angelic adorations to surround You and to plead with You for more apostles of Divine Love, Will and Mercy. As Saint John leaned on You to listen to the palpitations of Your Divine Love, reverberate in us now and recreate in us 'breasts' of passionate love, which will also lend to the sorrowing a place on which to lean – a pillow on which to find comfort. What are the sufferings of the Divine Breast? Speak to me, O Holy Breast of the Lord and tell me about your sufferings.

*I carry within me the Sorrows of the Redeemer and those of His Most Holy Mother Who compassionated Him like no other. I am the Tabernacle of the Divine Heart and therefore I safeguard that Heart from anything that would seek to enter It to give It pain. I, however, through the Desires of the Divine Will have permitted the Sword of Sorrow to enter and pierce that Divine Heart, at the command of My Master, that He may suffer in a Divine Manner all the Sorrows and Pain caused to Love by hate. These Sorrows are indescribable unless they are revealed personally by Him to the souls Whom He sets His Heart on. He alone knows souls who are able to endure such Sorrows in union with Him. These souls are the souls who reside within His Heart in a unique manner. They enter the secret chamber of His Heart and in sharing in His Sorrows also share in His indescribable Joys. These indescribable Joys concern His Union with the Father and the Eternal Mother. Oh, that privilege of a soul called into this Chamber of Nuptial Union with the Beloved.*

*The Wound in my Breast is symbolized in the piercing with the lance of the soldier who pierced the Breast of Jesus after He had already expired. From my Breast flowed the remaining Blood and Water of His Adorable Heart. This is my final and most elevated act of service to the Divine Heart – to allow myself to be opened by a unique piercing so that the Divine Heart could be pierced Itself and give to the earth It's last drops of Merciful Unction. Even in Death, because it is a Divine Death, does the Divine Lover still go on giving. This is a great Mystery. Holy Deaths also give more to souls in them than the acts of a living body. This also is a great mystery.*

*I am the Tabernacle of the Heart, which opens in order to allow the fullness of Divine Mercy to pour out upon mankind. When you also learn to die totally to yourself, the Divine Heart will rent Itself to reveal to you It's greatest Acts of Love and Mercy. But first you have to die. The Gift I give to you is to teach you this profound Truth. I too, like the other members of Jesus' Body had to die to myself and allow myself to be wounded in order to*

*obey the Wisdom of the Divine Will. In this obedience did all manner of Good pour out upon humanity. Our final acts of service were to let ourselves be rent asunder, that Divine Love may be revealed even to the hardest heart. Meditate on this often. Open up to death and see within the Divine Chamber of Love.*

Thank you, Breast of Jesus for teaching me your lessons of Love. I offer all that you suffered to the Eternal Father for the sake of opening us all up to the greatest dimensions of Love. Help me to open up my breast also – that is to reveal fully my heart to Jesus so that He may reveal fully His Heart to me. I want to, like you, give Him the opening to pour out His Mercy upon all Mankind. Help me Holy Breast of Jesus to do this.

I want also in the Ardours of the Divine Will to compassionate all those souls who the “*Breast*” of our Divine Redeemer represents – souls, whose ardour is so great that the Divine Heart wants to come and live in them – indeed to exchange His Heart for theirs in a fusion of Love that is indescribable. Oh, holy souls who make up for us poor sinners by your ardent love, thank you and continue to Love Him ardently, multiplying flame upon flame to compensate for the coldness He receives from the greater part of humanity. Amen. Fiat!

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

**V 4: November 16, 1900**

This morning, after I received Communion, my adorable Jesus made me see my interior all strewn with flowers, in the shape of a hut, and He was inside of it, amusing and delighting all of Himself. Seeing Him in that attitude, I said:

*“My most sweet Jesus, when will it be that You take this heart of mine to conform it completely to Yours, in such a way that I may live from the life of your Heart?”* While I was saying this, my highest and only Good took a lance and opened me at the place

corresponding to my heart; then He pulled it out with His hands, and He looked at it thoroughly to see whether it was stripped and possessed those qualities to be able to be inside His Most Holy Heart. I too looked at it, and to my surprise I saw, impressed on one side of it, the cross, the sponge and the crown of thorns. But as I wanted to see the other side and the inside, for it seemed swollen as if it could be opened, my beloved Jesus prevented me, saying to me: *“I want to mortify you by not letting you see all that I have poured into this heart. Ah! yes, here inside this heart there are all the treasures of my graces that human nature can arrive at containing.”* At that moment He enclosed it inside His Most Holy Heart, adding:

*“Your heart has taken possession inside my Heart, and I will give you my love as heart, which will give you life.”* And drawing near that part, He sent three breaths containing light which took the place of my heart. Then He closed the wound, telling me: *“Now more than ever is it befitting for you to fix yourself in the center of My Will, having My Love alone as heart. Not even for one instant must you go out of It, for My Love will find its true nourishment in you only if it finds My Will in you, entirely and completely. In It will My Love find its contentment and true and faithful correspondence.”*

Then, drawing near my mouth, He sent me three more breaths, and He also poured a most sweet liqueur which inebriated the whole of me. Then, as though taken by enthusiasm, He said:

*“See, your heart is in mine; therefore, it is no longer yours.”*

And He kissed me over and over again and made me many finesses of love. But who can say them all? It is impossible for me to manifest them. Who can say what I felt when I found myself inside myself? I can only say that I felt as if I were no longer myself: with no passion, with no inclination, with no desire – completely sunken in God. At the place of my heart I could feel a sensible icy cold compared to the other parts.



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

V 4: November 18, 1900

He continues to keep my heart inside His Heart, and every now and then He deigns to let me see it, making feast as if He had made a great gain; and in these days, when I find myself outside of myself, at the place corresponding to the heart, instead of the heart I see the light that blessed Jesus sent me in those three breaths. Then, this morning, on coming, showing me His Heart, He told me:



*“My beloved, which one would you like: My Heart or yours? If you want Mine, you will have to suffer more. Know, however, that I have done this in order to make you pass on to another state, because when one reaches union, one passes to another state, which is that of consummation, and in order to pass to this state of perfect consummation, the soul needs either My Heart in order to live, or her own completely transformed into Mine. Otherwise, she cannot pass on to this state of consummation.”* And I, all fearful, answered: *‘My sweet Love, my will is no longer mine, but yours – do whatever You want, and I will be more than happy.’*

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

## Compassionating the Beautiful Stomach of Jesus

Beloved Jesus! I kiss with the kisses of the Divine Will Your beautiful stomach that bore within it the pains both exterior and interior of all our abuses of its proper function. Since I am ignorant of the fullness of the divine designs for our bodies and souls I can only be guided now by Your Spirit to find the words to express my sense of grief for what we have done to our bodies through improper use of their members. And all this abuse was laid upon You dear Jesus. Your stomach therefore had to endure the fruits of generations of gluttony and abuse – the improper use of food, drink, drugs and medicines of all kinds to the point of obsessions concerning certain appetites.

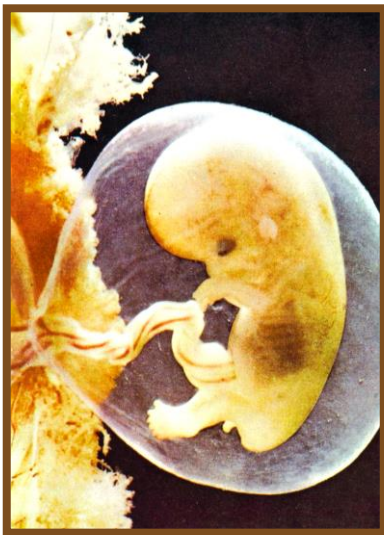
May You Jesus be recompensed in souls who fast and pray with ardent love to counteract these excesses. I fuse all forms of fasting with Your fasting and that of Holy Mother, Abba Joseph, Luisa, Padre Pio, St Maximilian and all Thy truly beloved ones.

I see also how exteriorly you were scourged mercilessly in all parts of your Body, your stomach as well, to recompense for the way we imprudently display our bodies for ego gratifications, using nakedness not in its proper context, nor with the proper dispositions of love for our bodies and respect for their beauty, form and function. May all this be redressed in Your Will and may we now grow in the beauty of likeness of Your Body and Soul in the fullness of the Love and Wisdom of Your Holy Spirit, so that all flesh may return to that Divine Order for which You and Your Heavenly Father created it from the beginning.

The stomach is marked with the beautiful place, which we call the “belly button” where the umbilical cord was severed. I kiss with Your kisses of Love this place on every creature so that it is given the respect and love it deserves. This sign of our beginnings also reminds me of that mystical umbilical cord that links us with the Divine Mother from whose Womb we received our incarnation in You, dear Jesus. May our dearest Mother, so

pure and good be glorified in these kisses in Your Will upon that place on Her Son's Body, which linked Him with Her for all Eternity. They say Adam did not have a belly button because he was not born from woman, but from the Will of God. The first woman also was born from Adam's 'rib' through the Will of the Father.

Yet You, Jesus were born from the True Woman, Miriam, of such stature as to become the Divine Mother enfleshed and from whose heart, flesh and blood and through whose umbilical cord You took Your Humanity. Therefore, this place be forever blest and revered as the sign of this sacred connection to the Woman Who restored all humanity to blessedness in You, through Her Immaculate Flesh. Blest among all women for She elevated "woman" to her true dignity forevermore, and Who taught us all how to be Your mystical priests – your 'mothers' through virginal hearts conceiving You in the Divine Will.



Oh Jesus, I want ever to remain like a little newly conceived baby, attached to You through this mystical umbilical cord of Your Divine Will, feeding from You in every way and drawing from You every nutrient. I ask this Grace for our mystical priests who co-redeem with You in such a manner as to win for the world a delay in the Divine Justice in some measure at least. Blest be all who remain attached to You, the True Vine, through the cord of our Divine Mother.

**Jesus:** *My stomach, child, represents those who digest all my truths, masticate them and send them throughout the Body to filter their beauty into every cell. These souls have an appetite only for My Truths, My Beauty and My Tastes. They destroy in*

*themselves all worldly tastes in order to have the divine tastes. These souls are very precious to Me. Within the stomach of Man, My Mercy, in its foresight for what Man would do to his stomach, prepared the gall and the acids to consume what would be poisonous to Man. In every detail I prepared the body of Man to act in mercy towards My children. A father always prepares ahead of time to ensure his children are in safety, knowing their tendency to disobey. When I tasted the bitter gall of the Cross it was to repair for all these sins of Man taking into himself the poisons of worldliness and self indulgence. You also my child will allow yourself to taste the bitter gall of these sins so as to repair Me for them and give Me some relief.*

**Jesus adds:** *My Divine Appetite for souls is such that I hunger all the time that my children, who I have redeemed through the Divine Labours of My Body and the immense sufferings of all her members. My dear daughter, try harder to enter these pains with Me that you too may share in my hunger and thirst for souls. In the Divine Tastes and the Divine Desires all earthly ones are obliterated. You will see the more you come to Me and enter into My Heart that abandoning all that has no part in Me is easy – Love makes it easy. Enter into the Divine Heart of My Immaculate Mother and therein, you will discover a ‘Kingdom’ of Purity and Light that will envelop you, to such a degree you will forget everything of this earth and every human affection. You have been called to a great height. You can only climb using My legs.*

## Compassionating the Beautiful Hips of Jesus

O Beautiful Hips of my Jesus, upon which Your Pure Body was carried and which facilitated Your walking to all Your Acts of Merciful Love, I kiss you. Your hips are very beautiful Jesus and I kiss them, enclosing as they do Your vital organs which generate life. How heroically they assisted You in Your carrying

of Your heavy cross to Calvary and helped to raise You after so many falls.

Beautiful hips of Jesus assist the most weary and despairing in their nights of desolation to rise again in their spirits to the threshold of Hope and perfect trust in You. I compassionate you in your bearing with Jesus the many tiresome journeys on foot He had to travel in order to follow the Will of the Father to where it was leading Him. His journeys to the desert to fast and pray, up mountains also to fast and pray - and across hilly country and barren regions to sanctify, teach and heal. May you be blest in your continuous work done to carry Jesus to all His Acts of Mercy. Amen. Fiat!



**Jesus:** *My hips also were the frame around My generative organs and therefore serve a most important purpose for the Body of the Christ. They protect that which generates My Life in souls. Who, dear one, protects this Life the most? You know! You know! Yes our dear Abba! He formed a wall of protection around Me, so that the Life of the all life, the Life of God, could be preserved for His destiny on earth. This wall was his silence, his humility, his obscurity and willingness*

*to be unknown, unacknowledged for all time, if necessary, so that His Son would be known, loved and served. While it is not true to say My hips represent him in full, they do in part. He is so great in stature that He lives inside My Heart – however as the hips protect the generative organs of the Christ, so does my Abba protect My Life in you.*

Jesus! Help me to make him known and loved for his loving service of You – no, more than service, he loved You with the Ardour of the Eternal Father. He is the *Sanctuary Lamp* perpetually burning before Your Presence. He is the Fire within the ‘*Cloud*’. He is the ‘*Veil*’ over the Mystery of Your Incarnation. No one appears to want to know his glorious state. So, I will offer my prayers and tears that all may know him, love him and serve him as You did, dear Jesus. Jesus, I see also in the hips of a man and indeed in his whole frame that which labours in many ways to garden, to build, to create and to generate all that protects and sustains life. The true nature of fatherhood is that which protects and generates.

Your Manhood is in all men, Jesus, and when I also consider the manhood of St Joseph and his fathering of you, I see that a father often is silent but never passive, ever watchful over his son; guiding his steps and his hands; yet, without force; letting his son learn from his efforts and mistakes; taking delight in seeing his son’s surprises at his new successes and teaching him that when things don’t turn out exactly as he would like, that this is not failure, but a new opportunity to be even more creative than before. This kind of fathering, dear Jesus, I would like to plant in all men and heal all that wounded by their own lack of wholesome fathering. Jesus and Abba Joseph will you do that for each and all please.



Picture of Pope St John Paul II visiting the victim soul, Julia Kim, in Korea, witnessing how the consecrated host flew into her mouth. Julia also suffers the immense pains of aborted infants and other terrible sufferings.

I fuse myself in the Divine Will in order to place my “*I love You, I thank You*” on all who represent Your hips in the Church, especially on that other ‘*Joseph*’, Pope St John Paul II, whose theology of the Body, reveals the way he wanted to protect the generative life of the Church.

As Joseph protected Holy Mother’s Divine Maternity and Your Divine Fecundity through Her, so all our popes must do the same. I therefore fuse all the acts, breaths, heartbeats, encyclicals, apostolic letters, words, exhortations, sufferings, tears, sorrows and sacrifices of our great popes into You, Divine Will, that these, other ‘*Josephs*’ in their protective guardianship over Your Holy Church, and all the holy priests who faithfully adhere to them may be divinized. Thank You Jesus for my Catholic Faith; for preserving it in me; for blessing me to be grateful for it; and, for sustaining me through great trials to hold fast to it. Thank You Jesus always. Thank you, dearest Abba and Mother. Thank you, Luisa, St Annibale, St Padre Pio and those spiritual fathers of my soul who for so long and so patiently looked after me, loved me and brought me into the life Jesus destined for me for all eternity.

## Compassionating the Beautiful Legs of Jesus

Beautiful Legs of Jesus, I kiss you with all the kisses of the Divine Will. I kiss the top of Your thighs whose strength bore Your Sacred Body through so many trials and also so many joys. I kiss Your knees which graced the earth so many times during Your days and nights of ardent prayer to the Father for our sake. How Your knees must have suffered and surrendered in humble adoration of the Father’s Will. I kiss Your calves which needed such strength to carry Your weary body long journeys on foot and Your holy feet, which trod the dusty roads of the earth in search for souls who would listen to Your adorable Word. These legs so scourged, these feet so worn and finally pierced in an atrocious agony, again holding up Your

Body, yet now in its crucified affliction. Dear legs and feet of my Jesus, I love you and thank you for all you have done for Jesus and for us; and especially walking in our walking to take us to You in the Holy Eucharist to receive Your Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity.

I kiss you with the kisses of the Divine Will and join with Holy Mother on that terrible Friday after Jesus is deposed from the Cross and She kisses His entire Body all covered with Blood and Wounds. In these legs and feet, I see You suffer all the trials of Your missionaries of Love Who seek to carry Your Word to those who are starving for It. In these kisses I too want to kiss with the Kisses of the Divine Will the legs and feet of all the missionaries and strengthen them for their long journeys, especially Mother Teresa and Brother Andrew, Mother Mary McKillop and Eileen O'Conner. I want to do what You did Jesus at the Last Supper and take the bowl of water filled with Your Tears and wash the feet of these missionaries to always keep them humble in Your Service and to remember Your words. *"If I, Your Master, have done this for you, you must go now and do likewise, for the one who is the least and the servant of all - that one shall be placed over all. But the one who exalts himself shall be humbled."*

Dear Jesus, your feet resemble the most humble. They trod the dusty road of Palestine, the shores of Galilee, the ridges of Mount Carmel and finally the painful ascent to Mount Calvary. Your beautiful feet Jesus, I kiss with all the affectionate love of the Divine Will, that nothing will be lacking in honour to these feet so holy, so good, so untiring in Mercy. Holy feet of Jesus walk in me always towards my Jesus to compassionate Him and to help Him in His apostolic journeys.

Beautiful Back of Jesus, how I want to kiss you all over and heal you of those cruel scourges that ripped all Jesus' Flesh from you to bare His bones, to create furrows of Divine Love wherein we can bury ourselves and receive from Him Divine Strength. Dear back of Jesus, how you suffered so for all our refusals to carry



our daily crosses for Love of Him, for all our seeking after our own comforts at the expense of the poor and suffering, for all our loading upon others the burdens that we ourselves should carry and more. I enter into these scourges and bring with me all souls, especially those who must repair for their lack of zeal for the Father's Will, especially His Priests and I pour over them all the Precious Blood which flowed from these scourges. Then having done this I bring to you all the tender loving hands of our Blessed Mother, Abba Joseph, Luisa and Padre Pio, to anoint Your Back dear Jesus with their precious healing balm of love and all the caresses of Your mystical priests and in this I hope to repair Jesus for all You have suffered on Your back and repair for our laziness in doing the Father's Will.

I immerse in Your own scourging all the sufferings of the slaves in every generation, time and place who did the work and more for the rich and the proud, the lustful and greedy, who were starved and unpaid for their labours, who were whipped as they did them and humiliated for their race, religion or creed. I especially invest with Your strength and mercy the labours of children forced to work before they grow up in sweat shops, for drug and war lords, for avaricious men and for selfish parents. May Your scourges Jesus upon Your most beautiful back impregnate the scourges suffered by these poor, little and defenseless ones with the merits of the Divine Will and transform all these sufferings into Eternal Life. For all those whose affluence rides on the labours of the poor I ask Mercy through the sufferings of Your Holy Back, Jesus.

I infuse myself Jesus into those furrows of Divine Love in Your Holy Back to receive strength and mercy from Your Precious Blood and Precious Love to live the labours of the Divine Will for the sanctification of my brothers and sisters. I bring with me especially Your priests and religious, who have abandoned their vocation and who have need of this Blood and Love to revitalize them in the Ardours of Your Divine Will. Come oh Jesus, with all the Mercy in these scourges and make of them highways of return to the House of Our Father.

May all who are called to the sacrificial life be now vitalized in these furrows of Love. Who can say Jesus what I see in these furrows – the pathway for Adam and Eve’s return to grace; the pathway for Noah to ride the seas of the flood bringing him and his family to dry land; the pathway for Abraham, Isaac and Jacob to leave all that was familiar to them to walk in the paths of Faith; the pathway for Joseph of Jacob to bear all his humiliations and imprisonments patiently and lovingly until he arrived at the great office You intended for him; the pathway for Moses, Aaron and Miriam to bring Your people to the Promised Land; the pathway for the prophet to take the Ark of the Covenant to Its hiding place; the pathway for Daniel’s friends to walk through the burning cauldron of fire knowing You were with them; the pathway for the mother of seven sons to be able to sacrifice each one of them and with each one more courageously up to her youngest son, with words of such love and faith in You that it brings tears to my eyes; the pathways for all the Old Testament saints and the New in all their ‘journeys’ of faith, hope and love – all lie in the furrows of these scourges dear Jesus. Jesus, in the same Ardours of Love which led You to receive the horrible scourging of Your back to repair for all our laziness in living the Divine Will, I want to create more pathways of Love, of Divine strength and endurance that will carry Your children away from the pernicious culture of death that seeks to devour all Your children.

With the Seed of Your Blood and in every drop, I fuse my little love into the Love of the Divine Will and create a Divine Life that will be another Moses, another Peter, another Paul, another Luisa, another Padre Pio, another Saint Annibale and St Maximilian, who will lead Your children into the Promised Land of the Divine Will. Above all, I want to form other Jesuses, Marys and Josephs who will form the new Divine families who will inhabit the New World of the Kingdom and thus restore the Purity, Love and Unity of family life on earth. Jesus, take me please to Yourself – that I may become another ‘furrow of love’ wherein You sow these seeds of Your Will.

## Compassionating the Beautiful Bones of Jesus



Beautiful Bones of Jesus, I love you with the Love of the Divine Will and see that you are the frame upon which the Sacred Flesh, myofascial and muscle tissue of Jesus clothes Itself. Bones of Jesus which suffered so much torture through beatings and dislocation, I honour You and pray that you, who are now resurrected in His glorious Body, will bring all of creation to that glorious Resurrection and teach us how to form the framework in our lives for enfleshing the Divine Will. How beautifully were you formed within the Womb of our Virgin Mother. How wonderfully you upheld all the members of Jesus Body, giving Him movement and facility to do all His Acts of Mercy. May the honour and service You gave to Jesus be infused into those who form the skeleton of His Mystical Body. Please Jesus teach Me who forms this skeleton of Your Mystical Body.

***Jesus:** The skeleton of My Mystical Body is formed by those, who build the framework wherein My Church can function with*

*greater facility; for example, those who administer and work in the institutions in Rome and in the Archdioceses. One example may be the Congregation for the Liturgy and the Sacraments, Cardinal Francis Arinze being the Head of this Congregation. If the Head is holy, then his principality becomes holy through his work as one of my co-redeemers. Thus, he heals My Body of Its Wounds and in this case, he gives My Life to the decaying bones. The various religious Orders which My Holy Spirit has established for the edification of My people and their growth in sanctity are part of this skeleton. Within the framework of these Orders the enfleshment of My Body takes place and the various members are built up and gain strength when they are strong in the Spirit. At times when the various Orders have decayed due to the human will, I have caused to arise new Orders in the Church which have served to sanctify the whole Church such has been their influence; for example, Saint Francis of Assisi and the establishment of the Brothers of Penance and Poverty.*

*When the True Spirit of God dies within them, then they become weak and full of disease and the bones can no longer support the body and the body falls away into paralysis. This is what is happening to My Church today. It is seeming to die for the want of holiness within these Orders – but It will never die in reality because My Will, which is the Essence of My Mystical Body and the Work of Love of My Mystical Priests, sustains the Life of the whole Body and within this Will, which is given Volition through the sufferings, mortifications and sorrows of My Mystical Priests, there is the Seed of Resurrection of My Mystical Body into the Life that I destined for Her and have already accomplished within My own Body.*

*Hence, I had to suffer within my bones for all these betrayals that occur within the Institutions of My Church, and most especially within the Religious Orders wherein I wanted to see the fullness of My Holiness attained, through the consecrated Life of virginal fecundity. But despite the decay of these ‘bones’ of Mine, I have already established the Original and most sublime Order of Orders for My Mystical Body to emulate.*

*It is the Order of the Hypostatic Union, the Holy Family, and within this Order, all the others Orders have sprung their Conception and Life. This Order still exists intact and is still sprouting Its New Conceptions of Life, through the Virginal Nuptial Union of The Immaculate Conception, My Mother with the Will of the Eternal Father, Her Beloved Son and Her Spouse, the Holy Spirit. And within Her fourth espousal to my Abba Joseph, is contained the Mystery of restoring to humanity the Secret of Virginal Nuptial Espousals between man and woman for the sake of bringing Christ into the world.*

*This you will write of in another place, for it is a Great Mystery which has been conceived in the Heart of My Father for the return to the Divine Order, which He intended for man and woman from the beginning and reached Its Sublime Perfection in Me and My Mother – yet, the first place that I and My Mother, The Immaculate Conception conceived its reality in Humanity was in My Mother’s Marriage to Saint Joseph, who is a divinized creature. See the greatness of Mercy in My Will that I will not allow to be mocked by Man. So, though the ‘bones’ of My Mystical Body decay and are seen to be riddled with sickness for the Blood no longer sustains their health, I can raise them to Life again through The Order of The Hypostatic Union and those souls who are reborn into It.*

## **The Word of the Lord in Ezekiel 37:1**

*“The hand of Yahweh was laid on me, and he carried me away by the Spirit of Yahweh and set me down in the middle of a valley, a valley full of bones. He made me walk up and down among them. There were vast quantities of these bones on the ground the whole length of the valley; and they were quite dried up. He said to me, ‘Son of man, can these bones live?’ I said, ‘You know Lord Yahweh’. He said, “Prophecy over these bones. Say, ‘Dry bones! Hear the Word of Yahweh! The Lord Yahweh says this to these bones: I am now going to make the Breath enter you and you will live. I shall put sinews on you, I shall make flesh grow on you, I shall cover you with skin and give you Breath, and you will live; and you will learn that I am Yahweh.”” I*

*prophesied as I had been ordered. While I was prophesying, there was a noise, a sound of clattering, and the bones joined together. I looked and saw that they were covered with sinews; flesh was growing on them and skin was covering them, but there was no breath in them. He said to me. 'Prophecy to the Breath; prophesy, son of man. Say to the Breath, 'The Lord Yahweh says this, "Come from the four winds, Breath - breathe on these dead - let them live!"' I prophesied as he had ordered me, and the Breath entered them; they came to life again and stood up on their feet – a great, an immense army.*

*Then He said, "Son of man, these bones are the whole House of Israel. They keep saying, 'Our bones are dried up, our hope has gone; we are as good as dead'. So prophesy, say to them, "The Lord Yahweh says this: 'I am now going to open your graves; I mean to raise you from your graves, my people, and lead you back to the soil of Israel. And you will know that I am Yahweh, when I open your graves and raise you from your graves, my people. And I shall put my Spirit in you, and you will live, and I shall resettle you on your own soil, and you will know that I, Yahweh, have said and done this – it is the Lord Yahweh Who speaks.'"*

My Lord God, You give me to understand the meaning of this prophecy. Oh God come into my heart and mind with Your own Heart and Mind and especially into the hearts and minds of your priests, your bishops and popes that they may be given the gift of prophecy and of understanding Your Prophecies – that your people may no longer be dried up bones without the Flesh of Your Word upon them. I infuse Myself into Your Word that I too may prophecy according to Your Truth – that I may be infused with Your Truth and live it in all my being even unto my bones; that I may not be dried up like a wasteland, thirsting for My God day and night, but may live in the unctions of Your Truth and the beauty It contains.

In this prophecy for the people of Israel is also for the people of the New Israel of God. The *'dry bones'* all withered for the want of Truth, are the people, priests and religious of Your Church Jesus and they have not taken into themselves the merits of Your Precious Blood and sown in themselves Its Seed of Life. Oh Jesus, I feel in my own bones the grief of Your dying Church. It

is dying for want of Your Blood Jesus. So quickly as Your nurse I take Your Blood as It pours out from Your Precious Body and I infuse it into Your Mystical Body that It may revive the bones of Your Church and thereby revived in Your Truth and Your Will, it may become a shining Light for the peoples of the world.

And all the bishops and priests who have grown dead to your Truth Jesus, I take your words to Lazarus and say in each one, *“Come out of your graves. Abandon the lives of your own pernicious wills and put on the robes of the Divine Will and live – not as before – but as beings renewed in My Will.”* I repeat this for as many times as Your Will, Jesus has been rejected; as many times as Your Truth has been perverted and preached; as many times as heretical doctrines have been spread. Oh Jesus, help me too – make my dried ‘bones’ put on the Flesh of Your Will. Oh God, my God, I too am dying for the want of You.

## Compassionating the Beautiful Muscles of Jesus

Beautiful Muscles of Jesus, I love you and thank you with all the love of the Divine Will and bring His kisses upon you, who supported the skeleton of Jesus and helped Him in all His labours in the workshop of His Abba Joseph and in the garden of His Family Home. I love you also as you laboured at His command to lift the sinner, the poor, the sick and the dying from their downcast state and raise them up to see the Glory in Your Master’s Face and, in that Glory, believe in the Father’s Love for them and the faith to know He can do all things for the believing heart. How often you must have heard His command, *“Come, let us go”* – especially in His last painful journey up the hill of Calvary. And you shame us all for you went, though tired and full of pain, and did whatever Jesus wanted you to do – for all Volition is in the Will and in the Will of Jesus is all Volition. We need to fully understand this and to believe this, that

“Nothing is impossible to Jesus”. Jesus who do Your muscles represent in Your Mystical Body?

*Jesus to me: My muscles form around the sinews and bones and they strengthen the work of the skeleton. Therefore, they are the supportive workers of the skeleton, which as I have said above, are the Orders and Institutions that ensure that Our Father’s Will is put into practice in the Church. These workers, in order to be spiritually healthy, must remain humble yet assiduous in prayer and deed. They also must be imbued with My Creativity such that if they are given a work to do by their superiors, they not only do it, but they open their eyes to see what else may be needed in Charity to be done; for their leaders are not able to see such things, since they are not ‘on the ground’ where there instructions are being carried out.*

*Also, these ‘muscles’ of My Church need to be men, women and children of assiduous prayer, so that they do not place all reliance on their superiors to inspire them, nor blame them when they do not, but remain open to the Holy Spirit’s promptings. They are to have the Spirit of Obedience, but an obedience, which is creative – as even with My Mother and Abba and My Spouse, Luisa and My other priests of My Will. I tell them to do something and knowing their heart and soul and the compassion that dwells therein, I enjoy in challenging them to come forth with their responses and initiate in Me what it is coming from their desire. Such was the instance at the Wedding Feast at Cana.*

*It was My Mother Who initiated in the Love of the Holy Spirit the Work I was to do. These can do so because they have been through the furnace of suffering and their desires are coming from the One and Only Desire – the Beauty of The Body of Christ to be exalted and loved and ministered to. Therefore, I can trust them. Such would be the sentiments of the authorities in charge of these Orders and Institutions were they to trust their staff. They would become like Pharaoh in the Book of Genesis and able to entrust all the treasures of their kingdoms to*



*them, as he did to Joseph, because the Spirit of God dwelt in him. The true servant knows the heart of his master and needs but a word in order to carry out his orders in the fullness of his spirit. So too with Me! My children know My Heart! Sometimes I only have to sigh and they know what troubles Me. Also, the example of this 'knowledge' of the Saviour was in the centurion, who said to Me that he did not need Me to come to his house in order to heal his servant, because he recognized in Me the Divine Authority that whatever I said would be done by My servants, the angels – since he was a man of authority over 100 men and whatever he said was immediately done by them. I said of him that, "Not even in Israel have I found faith like this." So, this is the faith I expect of My 'muscles', the servants of the authorities in My Kingdom. They act immediately when commanded and in this way they facilitate the corporal works of Mercy My Body wants to do and I am grateful to them, especially when these works are filled with Divine Charity.*

*Speak here about a singular group of souls who carry out My Corporal Works of Mercy in a special way – the fathers of families. Such fathers represent My Eternal Father and My earthly Abba Joseph. They minister to the needs of My Body, by loving their wives and their children as if these were their own body. They offer their labours in a uniquely sacrificial way so that their families may be fed and nourished, not just with material goods but with the kind of life that We lived in My Family. These fathers too are My Muscles and I have great love for them, and My continuing Work is to attract them away from the ambitions of the world, into My Life, so that all family life can be restored to that Divine Order which My Heavenly Father desires. The restoration of a Divine Fatherhood on earth is at the Heart of the Eternal Father's Justice and Abba Joseph is His channel of this Mercy to men.*

*Your Jesus has said, "I came to serve and not to be served." This is the sublime doctrine of all the children of God and in a particular way is the work of the 'muscles' of My Church, My Mystical Body. The works of the corporal acts of Mercy support*

*the works of the spiritual acts of Mercy and the two complement each other in such a way that if one were to fail the other would be forced to carry very heavy burdens. Such was the case in the dislocation of my shoulders from my arms, through the vicious stretching of my Body for Its crucifixion. This dislocation caused My Body all the more excruciating pains, for it had no strength to hold Itself up by the shoulders and arms – since they had been dislocated one from the other. Oh, what a pain this was for Your Jesus and how deeply this ‘divorce’ of the spiritual from the corporal works of Mercy affects My Body. Offer this ‘dislocation’ continuously and Its pains that once again these Works will be united in the Order of the Divine Will.*

Jesus, my Love, I enter into this terrible dislocation of the ministries of Your Mystical Body and how deeply this causes You pains, interior as well as exterior. I infuse myself into Your holy words, “*I hate divorce*”, and I feel the potency of these words and the evil that divorce of any kind does to you, especially the original divorce of the human will from the Divine Will, from which all other divorces come. Oh, the grief of Adam and Eve once they beheld the fruit of their divorce from God. Who can say what sufferings this grief caused them? And above all what grief is the Grief of God to see His beloved children reject the Paradise of His Will, as they are still continuing to do. Jesus, by the sufferings of Your dislocated shoulders and arms, may we who share in this terrible pain of this ‘Divorce’ – now re-enter the Paradise of Your Divine Will and Its Kingdom and possess once again and in an even higher degree the Virtues of this Kingdom, Its Attributes, Its Beauty, Its Bounty and Its Substance. I pray this in all the Ardours of the Divine Will, especially as It exists and acts in the Virginal Nuptial Acts of Love of *the Immaculate Conception*, our Mother, in the *Fiat of Creation, Redemption, Sanctification and Glorification* and in your beloved daughter, Luisa. May *Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven*. Jesus, have I somewhat healed You of the terrible pain of Your dislocation? Fiat!

*My dearest, open yourself up to living within My pains and herein the pains of My dislocations of bones from sinew and flesh. In this you will be able to repair the dislocations and divorces that occur within My Mystical Body. All these apparent disorders I allow to enter into you and your life are this 'cross' I Myself am sending to you, that you may suffer in Me and in My Will, the effects of these disorders.*



*Because in giving them to you, I entrust to you, the sacrificial Act, in which My Beloved Mother shared at the foot of the Cross and all during My Life – and, like Her, you will offer it all in the Ardours of My Will, thereby deepening Our Nuptial Union of Love on the Cross of these pains. You understand this in your mind but now you must live it more deeply each moment in your heart, in your will and in actuality in your body. Say Fiat to this and receive all My Love!*

Fiat, my beloved Jesus! That our marriage continue is all I want! I especially want to live in this Fiat that the priests return to You in the Ardours of love for the Cross. Your *Mystical Body* must now demonstrate in Her priests Your own Crucified Love to repair for those who have crucified Your Innocence by abusing the 'little ones' placed in their care. Oh my God! Exchange Your Life for mine, Your strength for mine, Your Virtue for my lack of it and Your very Substance - Your Will for mine that I may be faithful to this labour of Love You ask of me. Holy Mother I infuse myself into the Ardours of Your *Sorrowful and Immaculate Heart*, that I may become one with You in Your Fiat with Jesus. I also ask this of Luisa, our dear Abba Joseph, Saint Annibale and Padre Pio. Amen. Fiat!

## Compassionating the Beautiful Central Nervous System and Myofascia of Jesus

*“The central nervous system is the most complex and delicate of all the body’s systems. It is a coordinated network that controls every thought, movement and internal process of the body. At its center is the brain, the organic computer that initiates and responds to every part of our body. The spinal cord is the link between the brain and the rest of the body.”* (“The Human Body”)

Dear Central Nervous System of Jesus, I compassionate all Your sufferings. You communicate all the Divine Intellect wants the Body to hear. Twelve pairs of cranial nerves connect with 31 pairs of spinal nerves to form a network for the billions of neurons, which transmit electrochemical impulses throughout the Body. It is as if these are the major highway systems of the Body to ensure that the brain serves the Divine Intellect, swiftly conveying His Wisdom to all parts of His Body.

I compassionate You Jesus, in the sufferings Your Central Nervous System received when Your members rebel and refuse to obey the directions of Your Divine Intellect and in this great apostasy from the Divine Will cause Your Central Nervous System shooting and agonizing pain making the myofascia contract and constrict the function of Your muscles. In all this is the most excruciating pain Your Body can feel and is the product of the human will rebelling against the Divine Will. If this is the greatest pain the body can experience, then this must represent the greatest sin against Your Body. Tell me Jesus what is this sin that I may begin to offer reparation for it.

**Jesus:** *The greatest sin is mentioned in My Word as that which cannot be forgiven - the sin against the Holy Spirit. Since all sin can be forgiven through the Love of My Divine Mercy, what is that then which I cannot forgive and thereby gives to My Body the greatest of all its pains, since it divorces Me from the soul which I created with Divine Love. This sin is that the soul fails to trust in My Merciful Love and by this lack of trust refuses to*

*come to Me and when she refuses to come to Me, I am unable to pour out upon Her the Oceans of My unfathomable Mercy. This is the Cup I prayed the Father spare Me in My Agony in the Garden – that even one soul, for whom I would offer My Life and in My Life all these abominable sufferings, would go to hell forever. Such a Cup I did not want to drink – and thereby My Body went into the constrictions and convulsions caused by the Heart unable to pump Its Divine Blood – that is Its Generative Virtue, to all Its Members.*

*This Blood unable to find Its proper reliquaries, poured out through the pores of My Skin. This would have caused Me death had not the Father allowed His Infinite Love to intervene. Since I had to repair for all sin, this was the greatest of all sins – to divorce oneself from God, the very Source of one's Life. Those who suffer these kinds of diseases of the Central Nervous System, which are the most painful of all are, whether they know it or not, share in the reparation for this abominable sin. Offer all these pains in them and in Me for the reparation to the Father that so many refuse Our Divine Mercy and prefer hell to Us - Infinite Love.*

Dearest Jesus! I want to enter into You to feel within my own body the pains of Your Central Nervous System – that is the most sensitive parts of Your Soul which experiences the willful rejection of all Your Graces and Blessings, especially that, in our own era of rejecting the Gift of Your Divine Will in the manner You want It lived, which You taught to our dear little mother Luisa.

While our dearest Mother is the Reliquary and Queen of the Divine Will and lives in It in Its immaculate perfections in union with You Jesus, She was not chosen to bring Its Era into the world in the manner in which You revealed to Luisa. Mother brought You - the total embodiment of our Father's Love into the world and, in You, is the sublime doctrine of Life lived in Your Will; but the hidden way in which You lived it was not known until Luisa was chosen to reveal It.

Therefore, all this pain You suffer – of the human will and its misinterpretations of Your Gospel, even through Your ministers – and above all of those who refuse outright the Gift of the Sublime Doctrine as You expressed it to Luisa, is the greatest pain of all. For in saying ‘No’ to this they refuse the greatest gift You have given to redress all the refusals of Your Will in every generation. Jesus, when I think of how many Masses are prayed by Your ministers that could be prayed in Your Will and therefore multiply the births of Your Infinite Perfections and Reparations – but are not, I weep for the loss of It all.

Jesus is not Your Central Nervous System – the Divine Sacrifice – prayed every instant throughout the world – by your priests – the living continuum of Your Passion, injecting Your Mystical Body with the Power of Your Blood and the Merits of all Your Sacred Wounds, interior and exterior? Yes Jesus, above all this is the powerhouse, the place wherein You most want to sow the Seed of Your Will. But how many priests reject the grand glory of the Divine Sacrifice and reduce it to a ‘play’ and a human ‘play’ at that.

Oh Jesus, in Your Will I take every Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and immerse myself in Your Pains, Wounds and Tears, placing my ‘I love You’ alongside that of my Mother’s, Saint Joseph’s and Luisa’s – and also with those ‘victim souls’ who suffered together with You these pains, such as Saints Francis, Padre Pio, Luisa, Conchita Cabrera di Armida, Maximilian Kolbe, Marthe Robin, Julia Kim, Agnes Sasagawa and all the others. I believe, I trust, I hope and I love You for all those who refuse to mount the Cross with You and thereby save the souls of sinners. I repent of all those times I have wanted to come off my cross and so have abandoned You and caused You to cry.

For all the refusals of Your Holy Will, I offer to the Eternal Father Your own Will subjected to the Pains of Your Passion from Conception to Death – that all may rise in the Ardours of Love of Your Resurrected Glory and no one may refuse the Gift of Your Will. Amen. Fiat.

# Compassionating the Beautiful Genitals of Jesus

Beautiful Genitals of Jesus you are the place of the Generation of all Human Life, whose function the Divine Will pruned in order to reveal that all true generation of Life comes from Your Sacred Humanity living in Our Father's Will. Jesus, by Your Virginal Nuptial Fiat with the Cross and Your pruning away all desire for things of the flesh, You increased in us the Divine *Generative Virtue* of Life lived in Your Divine Will. You married the Divine Will alone and in Your Holy Mother, You gave birth to infinite numbers of "*divine lives*" through the power, wisdom and love of Her Fiat.

Such is the profundity of Divine Generation in the Virginal Purity of Your Heart. Such is the New and Divine Order of Generation You wanted to establish on earth to redress the disorder created by misuse of the great gift of generating life – not just simply through our genital organs, but through the nuptial embrace of man and wife in sacred matrimony. It seems however mankind has divorced itself from that sacred nuptial embrace to only consider the sexual act for what it can give to themselves. This sin has led to all the other sins against the *Generative Virtue*, that You, our loving God, wanted to share with us – so we could share in the Joy of our Creator, generating new life. How beautiful is a newborn baby! What on earth compares with this gift of Your Love! Oh, Jesus I want to repair for all sins against this *Generative Virtue* of Your Love, especially now the terrible crimes against conception.

Your *Generative Virtue* was not sterile on account of Your Virginity, as some may think – and as they even suppose in Your priests and religious. As You say, God's ways are not the ways of Man – indeed they contradict the ways of Man and surprise Man in that, seeming to do nothing, they excel in Divine Fecundity. Jesus, where is Your place of Generation? How do You make love with Your Bride? What is this Mystery

of Your husbanding? Take me to this bridal chamber of Your Will and breathe into me Your Love and Its Life. Jesus, *the Spirit and the Bride* say, “Come”! I say, “Come Lord Jesus, Come! For the night is long and lonely and I long for You to come! Jesus, come with Your Generative Love, fill me with It and bear fruit of “divine lives” in me. Do what You long to do and do it quickly Jesus, for humanity has reached such a point of lovelessness it is a terror to behold. Oh, Jesus generate Your Life in us all before we die. You said the ‘barren wife would bear more children than the fertile wife’. In my barrenness bear Your Life, please!”

***How prayer in the Divine Will becomes the mouthpiece of the acts done in Divine Fiat. How the Humanity of Our Lord possesses the Generative Virtue. How Divine Love consists in Its reproducing Itself in all and in each one.***

V 33: March 25, 1934

It seems that my poor mind cannot do without going in search of the acts done in the Divine Will. If it did so, it seems to me that I would lack the royal palace in which to reside, the food to nourish myself, the air to breathe, the step to be able to move freely within Its interminable boundaries. Ah! Those are the Acts of the Divine Will which, while I search, call me and, unifying themselves with me, seem to whisper to my ear: “We are in your power and, with the power of these acts, you have sufficient coins to ask for and impetrate the Kingdom of Our Supreme Fiat. In order to obtain a Divine Volition, it takes Divine Acts, and as the creature lives in It Our Acts extend around hers, and Our Act holds her own as though in triumph, and asks together with her for the triumph, the dominion of Our Will upon earth.”

But while my mind enjoyed the enchanting sight of my little acts, surrounded by the seas of the Divine Acts, and my little love, encircled by the sea of the Divine Love, and with arcane and incessant voice they could but ask: ‘Fiat Voluntas Tua *on earth as It is in Heaven*’, my Sovereign Jesus, surprising me, all love, told me:



*“My blessed daughter, how sweet, consoling, powerful it is to hear My Will with all Its Acts, in the little act, love and adoration of the creature, asking for the Fiat reigning upon earth. It makes use of the little love of the creature as the mouthpiece, to make her resound in all of Its Acts, to make her ask for Its Kingdom. It does not want to do it alone but wants her concourse in order to do it.*

***But do you want to know what this prayer serves for, which contains divine power, value and weapons that wage war against Us with incessant ways? It serves to call God upon earth, for Him to live life in each creature; it serves to make My very Divine Will and all Its Works pray that It may come to reign upon earth. It serves to prepare the place for the creature within God Himself. It is a divine, prodigious prayer, which knows how to obtain everything.”***

After this, I continued my abandonment in the arms of Jesus. His Divine Heart throbbed so very strongly with love, with joys, with happiness and with sorrow; and my sweet Jesus added:

***“My daughter, all the Acts of My Humanity possess the Generative Virtue. Therefore, the mind thinks and generates holy thoughts, it thinks and generates light, knowledge, wisdom, divine cognitions, new truths; and while it generates it pours like a torrent into the minds of creatures, without ever ceasing to generate. So, each creature has in her mind the receptacle of these children of mine, generated by my mind; with the difference that some keep them honoured, courted, giving them the freedom to produce the good they possess, while others have them without caring for them and as though suffocated.***

***My gazes generate gazes of love, of compassion, of tenderness, of mercy – I never lose sight of anyone. My gazes multiply for everyone, and – oh, the power of my gazes, with how much pity it pours over the human miseries! It is so great that, in order to place them in safety, it encloses the creature in my pupil, to keep her defended and surrounded with affection and***

*unspeakable tenderness, such as to astound the whole of Heaven.*

*My tongue speaks and generates words that give life - sublime teachings. It generates prayers, it speaks and generates wounds and arrows of love, to give the generation of my ardent Love to all and make Myself loved by all.*

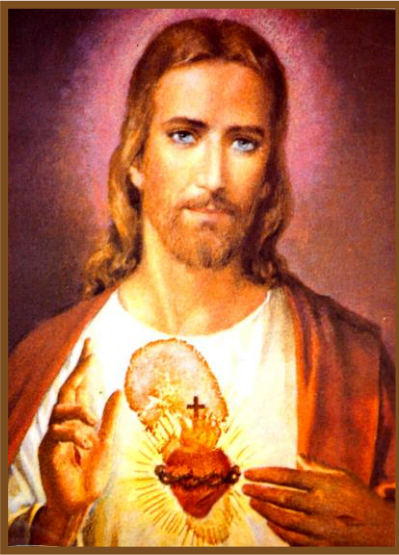
*My hands generate works, wounds, nails, blood, embraces, to constitute Myself works of each one, balm to soothe their wounds, nails to wound them and purge them, blood to wash them, embraces to hug them and carry them in my arms as though in triumph. The whole of My Humanity generates continuously, to reproduce It in each creature.*

*Our Divine Love consists precisely in this: reproducing Itself in all and in each one; and if We did not possess the Generative Virtue, this could not be a reality but only a way of speaking, while We do deeds first, and if We use the speaking, it is to confirm the deeds. More so, since my Humanity is inseparable from the Divinity which, by nature, possesses the Generative Virtue and remains over the creature like a Mother with Her arms opened, and generates Her Life in them in an admirable way. But do you know who receives the effects, the complete fruit, of this continuous generating of mine? One in whom my Will reigns, who not only receives the generation of My Acts, but reproduces them in an admirable way.”*

## Compassionating the Beautiful Heart of Jesus

Coming to the Heart of Jesus, words cannot describe what is indescribable. But, to give Jesus as much Glory as is possible for His little ‘nothing’, I open my mouth and ask Him to pour into it His own Spirit to tell me of His Heart.

*Jesus to me: “My Heart is the Place of All Love. There is no Love outside of this Heart. And since Love is the Essence of God and the Essence of all that lives, My Heart is Life, is Substance*



*for the creature. Many times in the history of the Church I have tried to convey the importance of honouring My Sacred Heart. This devotion has been ridiculed by many – no more than today. This mockery is a very great offence to the Divine Majesty, since everything that has been done for Humanity has emanated from this Heart. All Mercy, Compassion, Love, Life, Light and Goodness comes from this Heart and Its Nuptial Fiat with The Immaculate Conception.*

*In the fibres of this Heart are those specially loved by Me, or rather those who have responded to the appeals of My Heart and therefore made themselves worthy of receiving My special Gifts of Love. I want to pour out this Love upon all – without exception, but few respond, and those who do respond only do so in certain degrees of capability. They lack trust and the spirit of true abandonment.*

*In order for a human heart to be filled with the Divine Fullness – one has to abandon oneself to the Immaculate Heart, so She can expand the capacity of the human heart to Divine Dimensions. In Her the soul learns how to live in the Divine Will. The soul being ignorant must learn from her Mother how to do this and, in doing this, her heart expands to be able to unite with My Heart in Virginal Nuptial Union. One may say that My Mother prepares the soul to be My Bride, and as the Bride par excellence, My Mother knows best how to do this. I entrust this mission to Her entirely.*

*The heart, being the place where desire ferments, is also the first place where wrongful desires are conceived. Its fibres are affected by nurturing these wrongful desires and so the heart*

*needs to be purified of these humours before it can be united with the True Beloved of Its Soul. Only through the ministry of The Immaculate Heart can this be done. This is why I have wanted all to consecrate themselves to the Immaculate Heart of My Mother, for My Desire is great to be united with all My children and consecration to Her is the quickest pathway to obtain this Divine Desire. The human soul cannot do this purification of itself.*

*No asceticism, virtues, practices of themselves are able to prepare the heart for Union with her God. Only the labours of the Immaculate Conception are able to do this. Why? Because only the Sorrows of The Immaculate Conception formed the womb wherein the hearts of My children can be reborn. Only Her Sorrows formed furrows deep enough and contain the heavenly nutrients that are able to nurture those newly born in My Will. This is, as I have said, a Conception from a Virginal Nuptial Fiat of The Immaculate Conception with the Heart of Her Son. This is why all the other religions and spiritual practices lack the One Essential Essence for the resurrection of the soul from the prisons of the human will to the Heaven of the Divine Will – The Immaculate Conception.*

*My Immaculate Conception was wrought through the Immaculate Heart of My Mother. If I then have been conceived through Her Heart, then it stands to reason all of My children must come to their divine conception through Her Heart also. Her Heart was compressed in such a violence of Love at the proposal of the Most Blessed Trinity concerning My Incarnation that It exuded precious drops of Blood from which My Humanity was formed. This is the manner of Virginal Conception – a great Mystery to the human mind that has become so used to conceiving of the flesh, by the flesh and for the sake of the flesh. Virginal Love has become the victim of humanity's lust for fulfillment of its own desires. Such is the stubborn resistance of the human will to My Plans for Redemption and Sanctification that it has taken 2,000 years to just begin to understand the depth of Wisdom in this Plan for Virginal Conception.*

*The Holy Family of Jesus, Mary and Joseph was the place where I began to teach this most beautiful aspect of the Trinitarian Life. I am Eternally Begotten of the Father by and through the Love of the Holy Spirit. This is an Eternally Begotten Conception and Birth that never ends – for Love never ends. All other loves are temporal and never give satisfaction to the soul or to the body. The body, when inundated with Virginal Love, becomes a Temple of Light, as was the Body of My Mother. By a special miracle I had to suppress this Light so She could live in this world without being seen or known for Who She really is – indeed as I.*

*When a little baby is newly conceived it is all heart. This is a sign from Heaven that all life resides in the Heart. Even the Intellect has its Origins in the Heart not the brain as some may suppose. The Heart has a ‘mind’ of Its own. When one tries to think with the human brain and forgoes the inspirations of the Divine Heart indwelling within, one falters as with Adam and Eve. The Church teaches that God cannot be grasped by the Intellect but only by Love. This is a true teaching. In this I make it possible for anyone to ‘know’ God, through the heart & will. Having spoken this, the journey that you must follow is through the way of enlightenment through the Immaculate Heart of My Mother. In this all your Union with Me is assured. Go in My Peace to fulfill My Will.*

Jesus, in the pleadings of the Divine Will, I ask You to allow me to enter the innermost center of Your Sacred Heart, where I want to hide forever. I feel so fragile in this world of predators. Even under the guise of gentleness and tenderness, souls deceived by human doctrines, try to lure me away from You. I am pleading with You and Mother to not let this happen.

For the sake of the satisfaction of Your Heart, for the sake of giving You Jesus, a vessel wherein to pour all Its Ardours of Love for Creation, I give you my heart Jesus to die to itself and be merged in Thy own. And, with me I bring the whole order of Creation to be purified in these Ardours. I bring especially every

soul, who You created with so much Love as to fill a whole universe. I bring you into the heart of Padre Pio and the hearts of all priests, that they above all be purified in the Ardours of Your Heart. I bring you the hearts of all the consecrated that they receive from Your Divine Volition, hearts that are filled with immense ardours to fuse themselves with Your Heart and thereby be Mirrors of that Heart to all sinners.

Oh Jesus, I love You for all the Acts of Love Your Heart created and I want to bring You all the angelic realms to adore Your Heart; all the beautiful lights of heaven that will speak to You in all their revolutions the "*I love You*" of all creation; all the birds and their beauty and their dancing on the air and their sweet songs to console Your Heart; all the fish of the sea, the flora and plankton of the sea and all their migrations and dances in the depths of the sea, to delight Your Heart and to speak to You in their darting to and fro of my desire to dart to and fro in the Ardours of Your Will, to and from Your Heart in all my acts; all the animals and plants of the earth, every grain of sand, soil and mineral; every precious stone; every beautiful flower, seed, pollen and nectar; all for You dear Jesus sealed with my "*I love You*", the "*I love You*" of our Mother, Abba, Luisa, Padre Pio, St Annibale and all the blessed. I want to surround Your altars with all this Love and with each drop of the blood shed by Your Martyrs I want to create a Divine Life that will adore, praise and love You.

For every "Fiat" You pronounced dear Jesus, I want to unite my "Fiat" and bring the "Fiats" of every soul, that nothing may be wanting in the adorations of Your Adorable Heart, especially as It exists in every Consecrated Host, beating out Its Ardours of Love for each one of us in the most precious symphony that only the saints can hear. Oh Jesus, may You receive the poverty of my heart fused into these prayers of Your own Heart, and may they recompense for all the rejections of Your Love in every age.



Above all I want to give you all the Ardours of Love of the Heart of *The Immaculate Conception*, our Mother, in all Her Virginal Nuptial Acts with the Father to bring about the great Gift of Creation, in all Her Virginal Nuptial Acts with You in order to bring about the great Gift of Redemption and all her Virginal Nuptial Acts with the Holy Spirit in order to bring about the Gift of our Sanctification and all Her Virginal Nuptial Acts of Love

with Abba Joseph in order to sanctify all marriages and virginal nuptial unions for the sake of the Kingdom in the Ardours of Her Virginal Love and bring to earth a Divine Paternity. Fiat!

***Jesus asks Luisa whether she wants to live in His Will; whether she wants to accept the office of second link with His Humanity, and whether she wants to accept His Love as her own, and His Will as Life.***

V 12: February 10, 1919

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came, and taking my hands in His, He clasped them, and with a majestic affability, He said to me: “*My daughter, tell Me, do you want to live in My Will? Do you want to accept the office of second link with My Humanity? Do you want to accept all My Love as your own, My Will as life, My very pains that the Divinity inflicted on My Humanity, which were so many that My Love feels an irresistible need not only to make them known, but to share them, as much as it is possible for creature? And I can share them and make them known only with one who lives in My Will - completely dependent on My Love.*

*My daughter, it is my usual way to ask for the ‘yes’ of the creature, to then operate freely with her.”*

Jesus became silent, as though waiting for my ‘Fiat’. And I remained surprised, and I said: ‘My Life, Jesus, your Will is mine. You - unite them together and form one single Fiat, and I say “yes” together with You. And I pray You to have pity on me; my misery is great, and only because You want it, I say: “Fiat, Fiat”.’ But – oh, how annihilated and pulverized I felt in the abyss of my nothingness; more so, since this nothing was called to live life in the All. So, my sweet Jesus united the two wills together and impressed a ‘Fiat’; and my ‘yes’ entered into the Divine Volition, and it seemed, not a human ‘yes’ but divine, because it had been pronounced in the Will of Jesus. And this ‘yes’ in the Divine Will multiplied into many, for as many refusals as creatures gave to my sweet Jesus; this ‘yes’ made the most solemn reparations, embraced everyone, as though wanting to bring everyone to Jesus, substituting for all. It was a ‘yes’ which had the seal and the power of the Divine Volition, pronounced neither out of fear, nor out of interest of personal sanctity, but only to live in the Will of Jesus, and run for the good of all, and bring to Jesus divine glory, love, reparations. My lovable Jesus seemed so happy with my ‘yes’ that He said to me:

***“Now I want to adorn you and clothe you like Me, so that, together with Me, you may come before the Majesty of the Eternal One, to repeat my same office.”*** So, Jesus clothed me and as though identified me with His Humanity, and, together, we found ourselves before the Supreme Majesty. I don’t know how to say it... this Majesty was an inaccessible, immense, varied Light of incomprehensible beauty, upon which everything depended. I was lost in It, and even the Humanity of Jesus was small. The mere entering into the air of this Light brought happiness, embellished... but I don’t know how to go on in saying it. And my sweet Jesus said: ***“Adore the Uncreated Power together with Me in the immensity of My Will so that, not I alone, but also another creature may adore in a divine manner, in the name of all her brothers of the generations of all centuries, the One who created everything and upon whom all things depend.”***



How beautiful it was to adore together with Jesus; they multiplied for all, they placed themselves before the throne of the Eternal One, as though in defense from those who would not recognize the Eternal Majesty or would even insult It; and they ran for the good of all to make It known. We did other acts, together with Jesus, but I feel that I don't know how to go on; my mind wavers and is unable to lend me the right words; therefore, I will not go on. If Jesus wants it, I will come back to this point. Then, my sweet Jesus brought me back into myself; but my mind remained bound as though to an eternal point from which it could not move. Jesus! Jesus! Help me to correspond to your graces, help your little daughter, help *the little spark*.

## Compassionating the Precious Blood of Jesus



Precious Blood of Jesus I compassionate you when you were blocked in your flow through Jesus Body, when His Heart constricted with the agony of seeing all the souls who would be damned on account of rejecting the Price of their Salvation. Blood of Jesus, filled with the Fire of His Ardours to save souls at any price, you found new channels for your flow and flowed through the veins and out through the pores of His Sacred Skin.

I love You Jesus in Your agony with all the Love of the Divine Will, and I kiss each drop of Your Precious Blood flowing in hundreds of fountains from the pores of Your Skin. I want to multiply these fountains in Your Mystical Body and so I go to all souls from Adam to the last and ask for them to convert and to do penance for all the agonies they have caused you and thereby drink from these living fountains of Mercy, new Life. I compassionate You Jesus in all the shedding of Your Precious Blood, each one with Its own purpose to save, sanctify, illuminate and glorify. Come Holy Spirit and help me to compassionate with Jesus in every drop of His Precious Blood.

*“My Precious Blood dear soul was shed at My Circumcision to redeem all the infants from the pernicious human will that seeks to multiply itself for its own glorification and not to glorify My Father in Heaven. I received the ‘sign’ of the Old Covenant so I could sanctify all the circumcisions of Old and bring to them to Sanctity of the New. There was not one thing that I wanted to be lacking in the Kiss of the Redeemer. There are many Mysteries attached to My Infant Circumcision and the Shedding of My Innocent Blood.*

*In it I repaired for all the slayings of ‘Innocence’ and the ‘innocents’ and foresaw that great numbers would be slain because of My Coming. The fear that sin impregnates into the soul hardened by sin is such that it fears even little ones. Everything is a threat to this soul who wants to barricade itself in its self-made bunkers of hate and envy. My littleness felt within It all the force of this hate and I enclosed within Myself the natural fears of the little ones who intuit the danger around them. Within Myself I wanted to share all their sufferings and also to shed My Blood for them and with them, for they were to shed theirs unto death for Me. In this Blood of My Circumcision, I offer the Bath of Love to baptize them in My Will. Take this Blood and baptize all the ‘little ones’ of every age, race and creed in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Then give all of them to The Immaculate*

*Conception, our Mother, and to dearest Abba to be cared for and brought into the Arms of the Eternal Father.*

*This Blood of My Infancy is shed also for all the first sins of Innocence, which bring enormous Grief to Me and My Father and Mother. It is also shed for the first sins against Innocence, which also are the greatest Grief of Our Hearts – since they are an attack on the very Heart of the Heart of God. While Love is the Essence of the Heart of God, Innocence is the Essence of this Love. Love born of Innocence is the purest of loves - attacking the 'little ones' is to stab God in the very centre of His Heart.*

*My Genitalia were cut not just to fulfill the demands of the Old Covenant Law but to make reparation for all the above sins against Innocence especially those who draw Innocence into perverse sexual practices. This sin cries out to Heaven for Divine Justice to descend and eradicate creation. Yet My Wounding in My Circumcision called My Father to have Mercy upon these sinners and save them from their perversity and bring them to conversion. The Blood that I entrusted to My Mother and Father in this Shedding is held by them in a Special Reliquary to be adored and Its Power invoked for such sins as these. Above all, as I was cut by My priest, I wanted to repair for all the sins of My priests against the Body of their Christ. Though I was cut in a Sacred Rite and not from malice of intent, many of My priests use their ministrations of the Sacred Rites to infuse within them their secret malice against the Church and Her authorities, and therefore cause the shedding of My Blood. Offer My Innocent Blood for these as well.*

*Since the containment of My Blood is in My Heart, adore My Heart as Its Sacred Reliquary and bring to My Heart your deepest adorations so that I may send forth from My Heart rivers of Mercy to the whole world, in every age, time and place and especially to My Priests who are the custodians of My Precious Blood. Tell them to go to My Abba Joseph to teach them how to be true custodians of the Altar, the Sacred Vessels, and the Tabernacle.*

*The Altar represents My Body, the Vessels represent the members of My Body, which enclose My Precious Blood and My Sacred Flesh, the Tabernacle of course represents Miriam, our Mother, whose Body gave Mine Life and Who encloses all the Sacred Mysteries within Herself. The key to the Tabernacle represents Abba who holds the key of entry into all these Sacred Mysteries that My Body and Blood contain. He is the trustworthy custodian who will teach My priests how to be trustworthy custodians of such Sacred Treasures. He will also teach them how to reverence Our Mother again, as She was revered by the first Apostles, but, more than that, he will teach them how to reverence Her in the greatness of Her Person and Place within the Kingdom, a greatness that has yet to be revealed. Those who do not handle and care for the Sacred Vessels, Altar and Tabernacle with due reverence are those who bring dishonour to the Body of Christ.*



*There are so many mysteries contained in this Shedding of the Blood of My Innocence that Eternity is not enough for you to consider them. I wanted to honour all the martyrs of the Old Covenant, all the Baptisms of the New, all the lives destroyed by sin, all parents into whose care Innocence is given and above all children and the priests in charge of My Sheddings. How sacred then are My Altars, dear one! You must reverence them and kiss each one with the kisses of the Divine Will for all the sacrileges committed upon them and around them and become yourself a living Altar whereupon I may shed My Precious Blood, but not in vain. Amen. Fiat!*

Jesus, what can my response be to such a Love as Yours – a Love repeated in every Consecrated Host and every living Host, like Luisa and Padre Pio – not to mention the crucifixions of the Virginal Hearts of Your Mother and Abba. For my poor heart’s sake and the poverty of love that I see exists in me and in the world, I offer all these to You as the most beautiful flowers who will calm the torrents of Blood that flow from Your Sacred Heart, overflowing even Its boundaries as lava overflows from the volcanoes and pours itself upon the earth to enrich it with volcanic soil. Oh, how the torrents of Your Precious Blood need to flow upon me and the whole creation to purify us of all our defilements of Your Precious Divine Sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist and every Consecrated Host. Jesus, help me to be a vessel for Your Blood, Your Heart and Your Will. Only Your Ardours can do such a miracle in this nothingness of mine. Fiat!

Oh Jesus, finally I want to thank You for pouring into Me Your enlightenments from Your most Sacred Heart, which has opened in me a little vein to receive these most beautiful truths of the Kingdom. Please tell me how to treasure them all in my heart as Our dearest Mother, Abba, Luisa, Saint Annibale and Padre Pio did. Jesus guard my soul and the treasures You have placed there with every device of Your Divine Will. Fiat!

*“Now the Hour has come for the Son of Man to be glorified. I tell you, most solemnly, unless a wheat grain falls on the ground and dies, it remains only a single grain; but, if it dies it yields a rich harvest. Anyone who loves his life loses it. Anyone who hates his life in this world will keep it for the Eternal Life. If a man serves Me, he must follow Me. Wherever I am My servant will be there too. If anyone serves Me, My Father will honour him. Now My soul is troubled. What shall I say? ‘Father, save me from this Hour?’ But, it was for this very reason that I have come to this Hour. Father, Glorify Your Name!”* John 12:23-28

## FINAL PRAYER

Beloved of my Soul, Living Host of My Heart Who speaks to me in such words of Love no other can take me from You, no other can satisfy, nothing of this earth can attract. As You gaze upon me from Your Cross of suffering, dereliction, mockery, rejection and pain – what Sorrows I see in Your adorable Heart Jesus. How few understand this Nuptial Bed of Suffering and the Love that is embedded in It! I want to be embedded in Your Cross dear Jesus so that when You gaze upon me You never see me as separate from it. I do not want to be at the foot of Your Cross, Jesus, where I feel too distanced from Your Love and Your suffering – but rather inside You, my Love, to experience all You experience as Love for our Father, Love for our Mother and Love for all souls.

If Divine Love wills to ascend the Cross, I also will to ascend it too Jesus, unafraid, even though I know my impotence, because I will be nailed to My Beloved and as One we can do All together and You will be My strength and love in suffering, such that it will not seem as suffering at all. We will give birth to Love united in *the Nuptial Bed of Suffering* where Your Will fuses itself into mine and I will cease to exist outside of You. Therefore, Jesus I beg to enter Your Body, Mind, Heart and Will and all the nobility of Your Holy Soul, wherein the most hidden Wounds of Your Passion abide.

Take me to Yourself, O Beloved Crucified Love, and unite me together with You. As You, O Creator of All Good formed the Universe from nothing, Adam from the earth, Eve from his rib; as You, My Beloved, cause life to emerge from the waters of the sea; and flowers and all manner of fragrances to rise up from the mud of the earth; as You cause the lava to flow from the volcanoes and the trees to reach higher and higher to the sky and make beautiful homes for the birds – O Love of my Heart form from my nothingness Your Heavenly Beauty – so that You may benefit and rejoice in the Work of Your own hands and Your plans for me not be frustrated and cause You more pain.

As the bride reserves her most beautiful words and acts for her husband alone, I too want our Love to be hidden – but nonetheless ecstatic and divine in essence and origin, such that its perfume escapes from the enclosure in which they are conceived. You alone to live dear Jesus, I to die. Amen. Fiat!

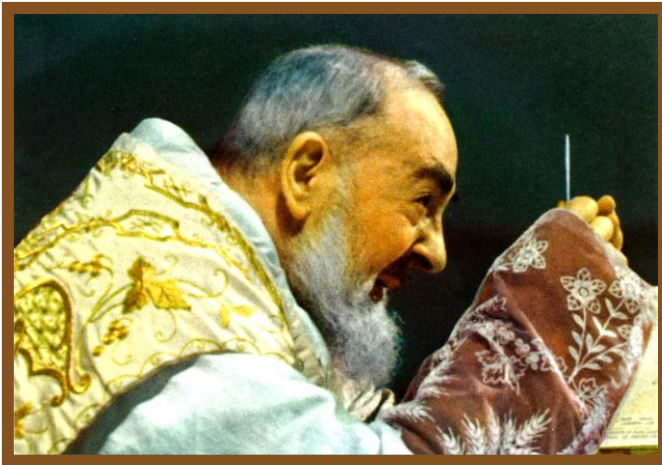
*“Now the Hour has come for the Son of Man to be glorified.”*



## **PADRE PIO TELLS HOW HE EXPERIENCES THE DIVINE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS**

Interviewed by Tarcisio of Cervinara

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Padre Pio affirms: At Mass ask an angel what a Mass is and he will reply truthfully: I understand what it is and why it is performed, but I do not understand its value. And angel, a thousand angels, the whole of Heaven knows this and thinks like this. And you, you to whom this benefit is given, do you not want to reflect on it? While assisting at Mass, concentrate your whole being on the tremendous mystery which is taking place before your eyes: the Redemption of your soul and reconciliation with God.

Q. “Padre, do you take on our sins during the Divine Sacrifice?”

Padre Pio: “It is not possible to do otherwise, because it is part of the Divine Sacrifice.”

Q: “The Lord then considers you a sinner?”

Padre Pio: “I do not know, but I am afraid so.”

Q: “I saw you trembling when you climbed the steps to the altar. Why? For what you had to suffer?”

Padre Pio: “Not for what I had to suffer, but for what I had to offer.”

Q: “In what hour of the day Padre, do you suffer most?”

Padre Pio: “During the celebration of the Mass.”

Q: “Do you also suffer during the day what Jesus makes you suffer during Mass?”

Padre Pio: “Not on your life! How could I work? How could I exercise ministry?”

Q: “At what moment of the Divine Sacrifice do you suffer most?”

Padre Pio: “Always and increasingly!”

Q: “During the celebration of Mass, at what moment do you suffer most?”

Padre Pio: “From the Consecration to Communion.”

Q: “At what part of the Mass are you scourged?”

Padre Pio: “From beginning to end, but more intensely after the consecration.”

Q: “During Mass are the pricks of the crown of thorns and the wounds of the scourging real?”

Padre Pio: “What do you mean? The results are certainly the same.”



Q: “This morning at Mass, reading the story of Esau, who sold his birthright, your eyes filled with tears.”

Padre Pio: Are God’s gifts of no value to you?”

Q: “Why did you cry when you read these words of the Gospel: ”Who eats My Flesh and drinks My Blood?”

Padre Pio: “I cry from compassion.”

Q: “Why do you nearly always cry, Padre, when you read the Gospel during Mass?”

Padre Pio: “And it’s of little account to you that God converses with His creatures, and is contradicted by them? And is continually hurt by their ingratitude and incredulity?”

Q: “Why do you cry at the Offertory?”

Padre Pio: “You want to snatch the secret from me? Very well! It is the moment when the soul is separated from the profane.”

Q: “Padre, are all the souls assisting at your Mass present to your spirit?”

Padre Pio: “I see all my children at the altar, as in a looking glass.”

Q: “Padre, why do you suffer so much at the Consecration?”

Padre Pio: “You are too wicked!”

With these words Padre Pio at first avoids the question. A return to the attack was to be expected.

Q: “Tell me why you suffer so much at the Consecration.”

Padre Pio: “Because that is when a new and admirable destruction and creation takes place.” (The Padre dispels his intimate secret by hiding it.)

One waited for a suitable occasion to ask further questions to extract a more detailed reply.

Q: “Why do you suffer so much at the Consecration?”

Padre Pio: “The secrets of the Supreme King are not revealed without profaning them. You ask me why I suffer. I would like to weep torrents of tears and not just a few tears? Don’t you reflect on the tremendous Mystery? A God, victim for our sins! And we are His butchers.”

Q: Padre, do you taste the bitterness of gall?”

Padre Pio: “Yes and very often.”

Q: “Padre, how do you stand on your feet at the altar?”

Padre Pio: “In the same way as Jesus was held on the Cross.”

Q: “At the altar you are suspended on the Cross like Jesus at Calvary? ... the executioners overturned the Cross to hammer in the nails?”

Padre Pio: “Of course.”

Q: “And, they also overturn you?”

Padre Pio: “Yes, but don’t be afraid.”

Q: “Padre, during Mass, do you also say the seven last words Jesus said on the Cross?”

Padre Pio: “Yes, unworthily I too say them.”

Q: “And to whom do you say: ‘Woman, behold thy son?’”

Padre Pio: “I say to Her, ‘Behold the sons of thy Son!’”

Q: “Do you suffer from thirst and the abandonment of Jesus?”

Padre Pio: “Yes!”

Q: “At what moment do you suffer from thirst and abandonment?”

Padre Pio: “After the Consecration.”

Q: “Up to when do you suffer the abandonment and thirst?”

Padre Pio: “Usually up to Communion.”

Q: “Did Jesus Christ have His inmost being consumed?”

Padre Pio: "It would be more accurate to say burned."

Q: "What did Jesus Christ thirst for?"

Padre Pio: "The Kingdom of God!"

Q: "You told me you were ashamed to say, 'I sought for one to console me.' Why?"

Padre Pio: "Because, compared to what Jesus suffered, our own suffering, as the real culprits grows dim."

Q: "Before whom are you ashamed?"

Padre Pio: "Before God and my own conscience."

Q: "Do not the angels of the Lord comfort you at the altar where you sacrifice yourself?"

Padre Pio: "Well, I don't hear them."

Q: "If your spirit has no comfort during the Divine Sacrifice, and like Jesus, you experience complete abandonment, our presence is useless."

Padre Pio: "The usefulness is for you. Should we then say useless the presence of the Sorrowful Virgin, of John and the holy women at the feet of the dying Jesus?"

Q: "Padre, why don't you give us a little of your passion?"

Padre Pio: "The jewels of the Spouse are not given away to anyone."

Q: "Tell me what I can do to alleviate your Calvary?"

Padre Pio: "Alleviate? You would do better to say overload; it is necessary to suffer."

Q: "It is painful to assist at your martyrdom without being able to help you!"

Padre Pio: "The Sorrowful Virgin too had to assist. Certainly for Jesus it was more of a comfort to have a sorrowful mother rather than an indifferent one."

Q: "What did the Virgin do at the feet of Jesus crucified?"

Padre Pio: "She suffered to see her Son suffer. She offered the sufferings and pains of Jesus to the heavenly Father for our salvation."

Q: "I ask you not out of curiosity - which is the wound that makes you suffer most?"

Padre Pio: "The head and the heart."

Q: "What is Holy Communion?"

Padre Pio: "It is all an internal and external mercy - an embrace! Ask Jesus to make Himself felt sensibly."

Q: "Where does Jesus kiss you?"

Padre Pio: "All over!"

Q: "When Jesus comes does He visit only the soul?"

Padre Pio: "The whole being."

Q: "What does Jesus do at Communion?"

Padre Pio: "He find delight in His creature."

Q: "Is Communion an incorporation?"

Padre Pio: "It is a fusion. Like two candles that melt together and are no longer distinguishable."

Q: "When you are joined to Jesus at communion what must we ask for you of the Lord?"

Padre Pio: "That I may be another Jesus, all Jesus, always Jesus."

Q: "You have made me understand that the Sacred Species are not consumed in you; that the Blood of Jesus flows in your veins! Therefore, you are a living monsterness?"

Padre Pio: "You have said it."

Q: "Why do you cry, Padre, when you receive Communion?"

Padre Pio: “If the Church exclaims: ‘You did not disdain the womb of the Virgin,’ speaking of the Incarnation, what is to be said of us wretches?”

Q: “Do you also suffer at Communion?”

Padre Pio: “It is the culminating point.”

Q: “Do you continue to suffer after Communion?”

Padre Pio: “Yes, but amorous suffering.”

Q: “Does Jesus not console you in this union?”

Padre Pio: “Yes, but one does not stop being on the Cross?”

Q: “Where did Jesus cast His last glance as He was dying?”

Padre Pio: “On His Mother.”

Q: “And who do you look at?”

Padre Pio: “On my brothers and sisters in exile.”

Q: “Do you also die during Mass?”

Padre Pio: “Mystically at Holy Communion.”

Q: “Is it out of love or suffering that you die?”

Padre Pio: “For one and the other; but more for love.”

Q: “At communion you die, so you are no longer at the altar?”

Padre Pio: “Why? Even when Jesus had died He was on Calvary.”

Q: “Padre, you said that at communion the victim dies. Do they place you in the arms of Our Lady?”

Padre Pio: “Of Saint Francis.”

Q: “Padre, did Jesus detach His arms from the Cross to rest in you?”

Padre Pio: “It is I who rest in Him.”

Q: “How much do you love Jesus?”

Padre Pio: “The desire is infinite, but in practice, ah me! I should say zero, and I am ashamed.”

At the end of Mass, Padre Pio recited the prologue of Saint John with profound emotion and his face ablaze.

Q: “Why do you cry each time you read the last Gospel at Mass?”

Padre Pio: “And is it of little account to you that God converses with men?”

Q: “Why do you cry (his tears and sobs were abundant) when you pronounce the last phrase of the Gospel of Saint John, “And we saw His glory, glory of the only begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth?””

Padre Pio: “And it seems little to you? If the apostles saw with the eyes of their flesh so much glory, what will be the glory we shall see in the Son of God, in Jesus, when he manifests Himself to us in Paradise?”

Q: “What union will we have in heaven with Jesus?”

Padre Pio: “Ah! The Eucharist gives us an idea.”

Q: “Does the Holy Virgin assist at your Mass?”

Padre Pio: “And do you imagine the Mother is not interested in her Son?”

Q: “Do the angels assist at your Mass?”

Padre Pio: “In throngs!”

Q: “What do they do?”

Padre Pio: “They adore and they love.”

Q: “Padre, who is closest to your altar?”

Padre Pio: “The whole of Paradise.”

Q: “Would you like to say more than one Mass a day?”

Padre Pio: “If I could I would never leave the altar.”

Q: “You told me you carry the altar with you.”

Padre Pio: “Yes, verifying that saying of the apostle, ‘Carrying in me the mortification of Jesus ... I am nailed to the cross ... I chastise my body and make it a slave.’”

Q: “Then I am right in saying that Jesus crucified walks in our midst? You suffer all the Passion of Jesus (and always).”

Padre Pio: “Yes, through His goodness and condescension, as much as it is possible for a human being.”

Q: “And how can you work with so much suffering?”

Padre Pio: “I find my rest on the Cross.”

Q: “Padre, our Lord likes sacrifice.”

Padre Pio: “Yes, because with it He regenerated the world.”

Q: “How much glory does Mass give to God?”

Padre Pio: “Infinite Glory!”

Q: “What should we do during Mass?”

Padre Pio: “Repent and Love.”

Q: “Padre, how should we hear Mass?”

Padre Pio: In the same way that the most Holy Virgin and the holy women assisted. In the same way St John assisted at the Eucharistic Sacrifice and at the sanguinary one of the Cross.”

Q: “What benefits do we receive on hearing it?”

Padre Pio: “It is not possible to number them. You will see them in Paradise.”



By Geraldine Ryan

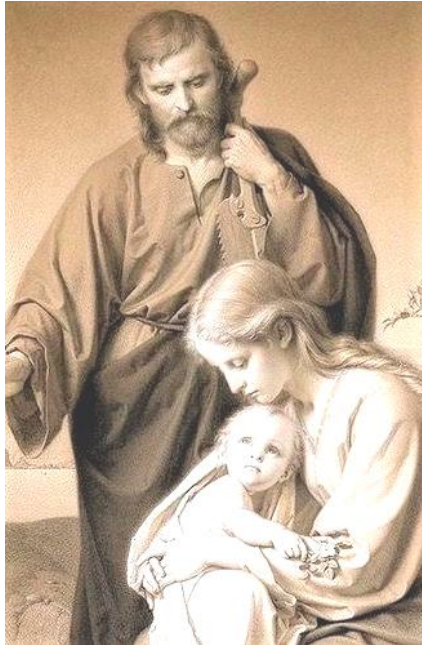
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# *Jesus' Offering the Father His Blood*

V 17: July 1, 1924

How beautiful and touching it was to hear Jesus pray! And since I was accompanying Him in the sorrowful mystery of His scourging, He made Himself seen deluging Blood, and I heard Him say: *“My Father, I offer You this Blood of Mine. O please, let It cover all the intelligences of creatures, rendering all their evil thoughts vain, dampening the fire of their passions and making holy intelligences rise again. May this Blood cover their eyes and be a veil to their sight, so that the taste for evil pleasures may not enter into them and they may not dirty themselves with the mud of the earth. May this Blood of Mine cover and fill their mouths and render their lips dead to blasphemies, to imprecations, to all of their bad words. My Father, may this Blood of Mine cover their hands and strike in them terror for so many wicked actions. May this Blood circulate in Our Eternal Will to cover all, to defend and be a defending weapon for creatures before the rights of Our Justice.”* But who can say how Jesus prayed, and everything He said?