

Nine Excesses of Love

*of the Infant Jesus in
the Womb of His Mother*

From Volume 1

“The Book of Heaven”

By

The Servant of God

Luisa Piccarreta

with reciprocal prayers



*“He brought the Ark into Its Tabernacle
and put the screening veil in place”*

Exodus 40:21

INTRODUCTION: Luisa began writing at approximately the age of 33 years in obedience to spiritual direction to do so. She had to remember what Jesus had accomplished in her from when He first appeared to her in the street outside her home and appealed for her to console Him in His Passion. She was around 17 at this time. She begins by appealing for the help of the Trinity, our beloved Mother, St Joseph, St Michael, St Raphael and her guardian angel, and of course, in a special manner her beloved Spouse, Jesus. This is the example we too want to follow always before any of our Acts of Love for the Will of the most blessed Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

“In the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost

Out of pure obedience, I begin to write. You know, oh Lord, the sacrifice it costs me, such that I would submit myself to a thousand deaths rather than write one single line of the things that have passed between me and You, oh my God! My nature trembles, it feels crushed and almost undone at the mere thought of it. O please, give me strength, oh Life of my life, that I may do the holy obedience! You who have given inspiration to the confessor, give me the grace to be able to execute what You have commanded of me.

Oh Jesus, oh Spouse, oh my strength! To You I rise, to You I come, into your arms I introduce myself, I abandon myself, I rest. O please, relieve me in my affliction and do not leave me alone and abandoned! Without your help, I am sure I will not have the strength to do this obedience that costs me so much - I will let myself be defeated by the enemy, and I fear of being crushed by You, justly, because of my disobedience. O please! look at me over and over again, oh Holy Spouse, in these arms of Yours – see how much darkness surrounds me; it is so thick as to allow not even one atom of light to enter into my soul. Oh, my mystical Sun, Jesus – let this Light shine within my mind, that it may dispel the darkness and I may freely remember the graces which You gave to my soul. Oh! Eternal Sun, unleash another ray of Light into the intimate part of my heart, and purify it of the mud in

which it lies – ignite it and consume it with your love, so that my heart, which, more than everything, has experienced the sweetnesses of Your Love, may manifest them clearly to the one to whom it is obliged to do so.

Oh, my Sun Jesus, one more ray of Light over my lips, that I may say the pure truth, with the sole purpose of knowing whether it is really You, or rather, an illusion from the enemy. But, oh Jesus, how poor in Light I still see myself in these arms of Yours. O please! Content me – You who love me so much, continue to send me light. Oh! my Sun, my beautiful One, I want to enter right into the center, that I may remain submerged completely within this most pure Light. Oh Divine Sun, let this Light precede me, follow me, surround me everywhere and penetrate into every intimate hiding place of my interior, that my terrestrial being may be consumed, and You may transform it completely in your Divine Being.

Most Holy Virgin, lovable Mother, come to my aid. Obtain for me from your sweet Jesus and mine, grace and strength in order to do this obedience. Saint Joseph, my dear protector, assist me in this circumstance of mine. Archangel Saint Michael, defend me from the infernal enemy, who puts so many obstacles in my mind to make me fail this obedience. Archangel Saint Rafael and you, my guardian Angel, come to assist me and accompany me, and to direct my hand, that I may write nothing but the truth. May everything be for the honor and glory of God – and to me, all the confusion.

Oh, Holy Spouse, come to my help! In considering the many graces You have given to my soul, I feel all horrified and frightened, all full of confusion and shame at seeing myself still so bad and unrequited of your graces. But, my lovable and sweet Jesus, forgive me, do not withdraw from me, but continue to pour your grace in me, that You may make of me a triumph of Your Mercy.”

Jesus' Joy at Hearing the Recitation of the Nine Excesses of Love

Luisa is opposed to the recitation of the Nine Excesses of Love by her confessor so Jesus says. (V 25: December 16, 1928)

“Ah, my daughter, to how many do I want to speak; and they do not listen to Me reducing Me to silence and to suffocating My flames. So, we must thank each other – you thank Me, and I thank you. And then, why do you want to oppose the reading of the nine excesses? Ah! You do not know how much Life, how much Love and Grace they contain.

You must know that My Word is Creation, and in narrating to you the nine excesses of My Love in the Incarnation, I not only renewed My Love, which I had in incarnating Myself, but I created new Love in order to invest the creatures and conquer them to give themselves to Me.

These nine excesses of My Love, manifested with so much Love of tenderness and simplicity, formed the prelude of the many lessons I was to give you about My Divine Fiat, in order to form Its Kingdom. And now, by their being read, My Love is renewed and redoubled. Don't you want, then, that My Love, being redoubled, overflow outside and invest more hearts, so that, as a prelude, they may dispose themselves for the lessons of My Will to make It known and reign?”

And I, “My dear Baby, I believe that many have spoken about Your Incarnation.” “Yes! Yes! They have spoken, but those have been words taken from the ‘shore’ of My Love; therefore, they are words which possess neither tendernesses, nor fullness of Life. ***But those few words which I have spoken to you, I have spoken from within the Life of the Fount of My Love, and they contain Life, irresistible strength and such tendernesses, that only the dead will not feel themselves being moved to pity for Me, tiny little One, who suffered so many pains even from the womb of the Celestial Mama.***”

After this, the confessor was reading in the chapel the first excess of the Love of Jesus ... and my sweet Jesus ... said to me: “My daughter, how happy I feel in listening to them. But My happiness increases in keeping you in this House of My Will, as both of Us are listeners: I, of what I have told you, and you, of what you have heard from Me. My Love swells, boils and overflows. Listen, listen, how beautiful It is!

The Word contains the Breath; and as It is spoken, the Word carries the Breath which, like air, goes around from mouth to mouth and communicates the strength of My Creative Word; and the New Creation which My Word contains descends into the hearts.

Listen, My daughter! In Redemption I had the cortege of My Apostles and I was in their midst all Love. In order to instruct them I spared no toil in order to form the foundation of My Church. Now, in this House, I feel the cortege of the first children of My Will; and I feel My loving scenes being repeated in seeing you in their midst all Love, wanting to impart the lessons about My Divine Fiat in order to form the foundations of the Kingdom of My Divine Will. If you knew how happy I feel in seeing you speak about My Divine Volition ... I anxiously await the moment when you begin to speak, in order to listen to you and to feel the happiness that My Divine Will brings Me.”

Hearing the Nine Excesses read aloud swells the Sea of the Divine Love

(Vol 25: December 21, 1928)

“As I hear the nine excesses being narrated to Me, the Sea of My Love swells – it boils; and forming huge waves, it roars so much, that it would want to deafen everyone, that they might hear nothing but My moans of Love, My cries of Sorrow, My repeated sobs, saying: ‘Don’t make Me cry any more, let us exchange the Kiss of Peace; let us Love each other, and we will all be happy – the Creator and the creature.’”

Jesus' Joy at Hearing the Nine Excesses of His Love read aloud by the priests

V 25: October 10, 1928

Now I move on to say that my sweet Jesus seemed to be waiting for me here, in this House, near His Tabernacle of Love, to give start to priests coming to a decision to prepare the writings for publication. And while they were consulting with one another on how to do it, they were reading the nine excesses of Jesus, which He had in the Incarnation, which are narrated in the first little volume of my writings.

Now, while they were reading, Jesus, in my interior, pricked up His ears to listen, and it seemed to me that Jesus in the Tabernacle would do the same. At each word He would hear, His Heartbeat more strongly; and at each excess of His Love, He gave a start, even stronger, as if the strength of His Love would make Him repeat all those excesses which He had in the Incarnation. And as though unable to contain His flames, He told me:

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

This is why, as I heard them read and take the decision to occupy themselves with the publication, I felt the nightmare being removed from Me, and the weight that compresses the Flames of My Heart being lifted. And so It beat more strongly, and It throbbed, and It made you hear the repetition of all those excesses of Love; more so, since what I do once, I repeat always.

My constrained Love is a pain for Me, of the greatest, which renders Me taciturn and sad, because, since My first Flames have no life, I cannot release the others, which devour Me and consume Me.

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

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

Jesus Conceived all souls at His Conception

V 12: March 20, 1919

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus, making Himself seen, drew me into the immensity of His Most Holy Will, in which He was showing, as though in act, His conception in the womb of the Celestial Mama. Oh God, what an abyss of love! My sweet Jesus told me:

“Daughter of My Will, come to take part in the first deaths and pains that My little Humanity received from My Divinity in the Act of My Conception. As I was conceived, I conceived all souls with Me, past, present and future, as My own Life, and I also conceived all the pains and deaths which I had to suffer for each one of them. I had to incorporate everything within Me – souls, pains and deaths, that each one was to suffer, in order to say to the Father: ‘My Father, look no longer at the creature, but only at Me. In Me You will find everyone, and I will satisfy for all. As

many pains as You want, I will give them to You. Do You want Me to suffer death for each one? I will suffer it. I accept everything, provided You give Life to all.'

This is why a Divine Power and Will were needed in order to give Me so many deaths and pains, and a Divine Power and Will to make Me suffer. And since in My Will all souls and all things are in Act – not in an abstract way, or by intention, as some might think; rather, I kept all of them identified with Me in reality, and with Me they formed My very Life – in reality, I died for each one, and suffered the pains of all. It is true that it took a miracle of My Omnipotence, the prodigy of My immense Will – without My Will, My Humanity could not have found and embraced all souls, nor could It die so many times.

So, as My little Humanity was conceived, It began to suffer alternating pains and deaths; all souls were swimming in Me as if inside an immense Sea, forming the members of My members, the blood of My Blood, the heart of My Heart. How many times, taking the first place in My Humanity, My Mama felt My pains and My deaths and died together with Me. How sweet it was for Me to find the echo of My Love in the Love of My Mama. These are profound mysteries, in which the human intellect, unable to understand well, seems to get lost. Therefore, come into My Will, and take part in the deaths and in the pains that I suffered from the moment of My Conception. From this, you will be able to better understand what I tell you.”

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

The Conception of the Eternal Word

V 15: December 16, 1922

I was thinking about the act in which the Eternal Word descended from Heaven and was conceived in the womb of the Immaculate Queen, and from within my interior, my always lovable Jesus put out one arm, surrounding my neck, and in my interior told me:

“My beloved daughter, if the conception of My Celestial Mama was prodigious and She was conceived in the Sea which came out of the Three Divine Persons, My Conception was not in the Sea that came out of Us, but in the great Sea which resided within Us - Our very Divinity - which descended into the virginal womb of this Virgin and I was conceived. It is true that it is said that the Word was conceived, but My Celestial Father and the Holy Spirit were inseparable from Me. It is true that I had the acting role, but they were concurring.

Imagine two reflectors, each one reflecting the same subject into the other. These subjects are three: the one in the middle takes on the operating, suffering, supplicating role; the other two are with it, concur with it, and are spectators. So, I could say that one of the two reflectors was the Most Holy Trinity, and the other was my dear Mama. During the brief course of Her life, by living always in My Will, in Her virginal womb She prepared for Me the little divine ground in which I, Eternal Word, was to clothe Myself with human flesh, since I would never have descended into a human ground. And as the Trinity was reflected in Her, I was conceived. So, while that same Trinity remained in Heaven, I was conceived in the womb of this noble Queen.

All other things, as great, noble, sublime and prodigious as they may be, all remain behind - even the very conception of the Virgin Queen. There is not one thing, neither love nor greatness nor power, which can compare to My Conception. Here it is not about forming a life, but about enclosing the Life which gives life to all; not about expanding, but about shrinking Myself so that I might be conceived; and not in order to receive, but to give, the One

who created everything, enclosing Himself within a created and tiny little Humanity. These are works only of a God, and of a God who loves, and who, at any cost, wants to bind the creature with His love in order to be loved.

But this is nothing yet. Do you know where all My Love, all My Power and Wisdom blazed forth? As soon as the Divine Power formed this tiny little Humanity, so little as to be comparable to the size of a hazelnut, but with all the members proportioned and formed, and the Word was conceived in It, the immensity of My Will, enclosing all creatures - past, present and future - conceived all lives of creatures in It. And as My Humanity grew, so did they grow within Me. So, even though I appeared to be alone, when observed under the microscope of My Will, all creatures conceived in Me could be seen.

It happened with Me as when one sees crystal clear waters: even though they appear to be clear, when they are observed under a microscope, how many microbes cannot be seen? My Conception was such and so great that the Wheel of Eternity remained stunned and ecstatic in seeing the innumerable excesses of My Love, and all prodigies united together. The whole mass of the Universe was shaken in seeing the One who gives life to everything shrink, reduce Himself, enclose everything, in order to do - what? To take the lives of all and make all be reborn."

"My daughter, place your head upon the Womb of My Mama, and look deep into It at My little Humanity. My Love devoured Me; the fires, the oceans, the immense Seas of Love of My Divinity inundated Me, burned Me to ashes, and sent their flames so high as to rise and reach everywhere - all generations, from the first to the last man. My little Humanity was devoured in the midst of such flames; but do you know what my Eternal Love wants Me to devour? Ah, Souls! And only then was I content, when I devoured them all, to remain conceived with Me. I was God, and I was to operate as God - I had to take them all. My Love would have given Me no peace, had I excluded any of them. Ah! My daughter, look well into the Womb of My Mama; fix well your eyes on My conceived Humanity, and you will find your soul conceived with Me and the flames of My Love that devoured you. Oh! How much I loved you and I do love you!"

Nine Excesses of Love of the Infant Jesus

“I begin. With a Novena of Holy Christmas, at the age of about seventeen, I prepared myself for the Feast of Holy Christmas, by practicing various acts of virtue and mortification; and, especially, by **honoring the nine months which Jesus spent in the maternal womb with nine hours of meditation each day, always concerning the Mystery of the Incarnation ...**

The voice within me kept asking me to repeat my meditations with the same Novena, and that if I did not, I would have no respite or peace. I tried to figure out how I could best do this – sometimes kneeling and sometimes prostrating myself on the floor. There were times when my family prevented me from doing this while I worked. Yet I always wanted to satisfy Jesus, my good Jesus.

In this way I spent all my days with the Holy Novena until I came to the eve of the day when my Beloved Jesus gave me an unusual and unexpected reward. It was the night before Christmas. I was alone and about to end my usual meditations when suddenly I felt a flush of unusual fervour and found myself in front of the most gracious baby Jesus. He was beautiful and charming but, because of the paucity of love given to Him by ungrateful creatures, He trembled from cold. He acted as if He wanted to embrace me. I was beside myself with joy. I rose immediately and ran to embrace Him. When I tried to hug Him, He disappeared. This happened three times and each time I was unable to embrace Him.

I remained very upset and, flushed by love, I fell into a sweet and amorous swoon – difficult for me to put into words since I lack the proper means of expression. I do not deny that I was completely transformed into Love by Him. This unusual fervour lasted several days, then gradually diminished. For a long time, I told no one about it and did not hint about it to any living soul.

From then on the voice within me never left me. Because I continued to fall, the voice would scold me about all I had done wrong after each of my usual failings. It corrected me and taught me that I must always do

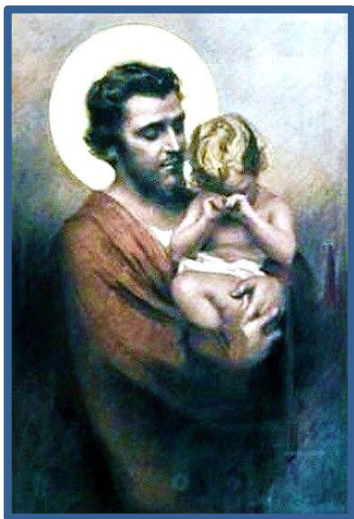
everything well. It gave me new courage when I fell, and made me promise to be more diligent in the future.

Our Lord, then and now, acted and continued to act as a good father towards a child – always returning a straying child to the straight path of virtue – always using paternal diligence to keep him close to duty, to produce for him honour, glory, and the much sought-after shining crown of virtue. But also, to my shame and confusion, it is truthful to exclaim, “*Oh Jesus, how ungrateful I have been to You!*” In this way my Divine Teacher began to detach my heart with His hands from all affections that attached me to creatures. He came as always, with an inner voice and said, “***I am your All. I deserve to be loved by you with a love equal to Mine. If you do not leave the little world of thoughts, affections and sentiments towards creatures that surrounds you, I cannot enter completely into your heart and take permanent possession of it.***”

The constant murmuring of your mind interferes with your hearing my voice clearly so that I may pour my graces over you and make you fall completely in love with me. I am a very jealous Spouse. Promise Me that you will be totally mine, and I will then set my hand at work, so that I may do with you what I want. You are right in telling Me that you can do nothing by yourself but do not be afraid. I shall do everything for you. Give Me your will – that will be enough for Me.”

“My daughter, daughter of My Supreme Volition, My Will wants to make you part of everything. All that you see are all the works I did while on earth, which My Will has suspended in Itself, because creatures are not disposed to want to receive them or because they do not yet know what I did. See, here are the prayers that I prayed at night covered with bitter tears and ardent sighs for the salvation of everyone; they are all in expectation of giving themselves to the creatures, in order to give them the fruits they contain.

My daughter, enter into these, cover yourself with My Tears and dress yourself with My Prayers, so that My Will might fulfill in you the effects of My Tears, Prayers and Sighs.



My Will has arrayed in Itself, the pains of My Infancy, all the internal Acts of My hidden Life, which are prodigies of Grace and of Sanctity - all the humiliations, the glories and the pains of My public life and the hidden pains of My Passion. All are suspended; the complete Fruit has not been taken by creatures. I await those who must Live in My Volition, so that they will no longer be suspended but poured out, releasing their complete Fruit upon creatures for their good. Only those who must Live in My Will, will liberate My goods from this suspension. Therefore, enter into each act and

pain of Mine, so that My Will be fulfilled in you. Between you and Me I do not want things suspended, nor will I tolerate not being able to say what I want. Therefore, I want to find in you My very Will, so that nothing can be opposed to whatever My own Will wants to give you.”

Volume 18: October 4, 1925

“My daughter! My Tears began even from the first instant of My Conception in the Womb of My Celestial Mother, until My last Breath upon the Cross. The Will of My Celestial Father entrusted to Me even the duty of tears and from My eyes there must flow as many of them for as many as there ought to flow from all creatures together. As I conceived all those souls in me - so I had to shed all their tears from My eyes. See, therefore, how much you must cry: you must shed from My eyes the tears that the creatures shed by passion, so that, Mine will smother their passions; you must shed the tears that are necessary after sin, in order to give them the sorrow of having offended Me and be convinced of the evil that they have done, preparing, with My Tears the intention of not offending me anymore. You must shed tears to soften souls to make them understand the pains of My Passion, as even you shed abundant tears of love to electrify souls to love Me, to attract their sympathy and their heart, all for Me ... It is enough to say to you that there is no tear that breaks forth upon the human eye that I did not shed from my eyes.”

V18: December 20, 1925

First Excess of Love of the Trinity

Ardours to Incarnate the Word

‡ **Ardours of the Father** wanting to Incarnate Jesus to save His children from the disorders of the human will and generate within them His own Sanctity.

‡ **Ardours of the Eternal Word** wanting to descend to clothe Himself with our Humanity and experience within Himself, the sufferings and sorrows that sin procured for Him.

‡ **Ardours of the Holy Spirit** to give to His Divine Volition all the Infinite Dimensions of Love and Tenderness to complete the Acts of Redemption to the fullness of Glory and divinize all Acts of humanity through Jesus' Crucified Humanity.

LUISA: As for example during one hour, with my thought I brought myself to Paradise, and I imagined the Most Holy Trinity: the Father, sending the Son upon earth, wanting to redeem the human race which had fallen into the most squalid misery and from which, without divine action, it would never be able to rise to new life of absolute liberty. I saw the Son promptly obeying the Will of the Father and the Holy Spirit, consenting.

My mind was confused in contemplating a mystery so great, a Love so reciprocal, so equal, so strong among Themselves and toward men; and then, the ingratitude of men, and especially my own. I would have remained there, not for one hour, but for the whole day; but an interior voice told me: *“Enough – come and see other greater excesses of My Love.”*

In the Spirit of Luisa, I pray:

Most Beloved Father and Mother, I immerse myself in all the Acts of Redemption and Sanctification You want to give me. Fusing myself into the Heart and Humanity of Jesus I gift all humanity Your Virginal Paternity and Maternity

and Its Desire to create infinite numbers of 'divine lives'. I want to be in You and with You as You concur with Your Beloved Son to descend upon this earth to restore Your Divine Order and Beauty to It. With Your own Love I ask Jesus, 'Will You descend to be with me to clothe me with Your own beauty, gifts, vestments, joys and divine weapons, to allow me to embrace the Cross of Your afflicted and rejected Love'. (V 25: October 28, 1928)

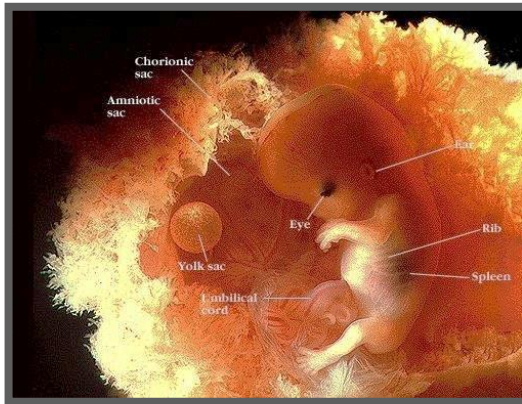
Holy Spirit of Eternal Love, I fuse myself into You as You concur with the Father and the Son for the sake of the great Mystery of our Redemption. I beg You to give me all Your Love and Its Generative Power that will give volition to the Father's Will in me. Pray Your words of consecration over me and I will take Flesh and Blood, Soul and Will of Jesus and only then will I become a holy oblation to the Father. I immerse myself in Your Virginal Nuptial Love of the Immaculate Conception in Whom You are eager to incarnate Your Son. In Her I too fuse my love united to all the Love of the Divine Will that She may conceive and beget in me and all the "divine lives" of Jesus for the sake of the Father's Glory. I place these "divine lives" at the service of all women with child and giving birth that they may conceive not just in the flesh but of the Spirit. In You, I baptize all children in the womb with Your Flame of Love, especially those who will never receive sacramental Baptism.

Over all these infants I place the mantle of the Father's protection in Abba Joseph that Jesus' Life be preserved in all and the Grace of Your Baptism be fully consummated. I ask that he protect all the 'living hosts' of the Divine Will and raise up a new and holy priesthood of His Will that will incarnate through Mary 'divine lives' according to the Virginal Nuptial Love of Your Divine Will with Her. I ask his protective love and divine providence over the little ones, especially in the womb, seminarians, priests and consecrated souls. May the generative power of his virginal paternity inhabit all men for the sake of women and children. Amen. Fiat!

Second Excess of Love

Jesus' Constricted Love

✠ Jesus, for love of us, freely suffering the constrictions in the Womb of His Beloved Mother, begging us to *“make a little space in your heart for Me, take out all that is not mine, so that it may give Me more ease to move and breathe in your heart”*



LUISA: Then, my mind brought itself to consider my always amiable Jesus residing in the most pure womb of Mary most Holy, Virgin and Mother. I was amazed that the great God, who cannot be contained by the heavens would, for the Love of Man, become so small and restricted as to neither move Himself nor breathe in the Maternal Womb. As this consideration consumed me with love for my newborn Jesus, His voice in my interior told me:

“Do you see how much I have loved you? O please, make Me a little space in your heart; remove everything which is not mine, so you will give Me more freedom to move and to breathe.”

My heart was consumed for love of Him. I asked for His forgiveness, I promised to be completely His own, I poured myself out in crying; but – I say this to my confusion – I would

go back to my usual defects. Oh Jesus, how good You have been with this miserable creature! Have Mercy on me always.

In this way I would spend the second hour of the day, and then, so forth with the rest – I would be annoying if I told them all. And I would do this sometimes kneeling, and sometimes when I was impeded by my family, also while working. In fact, the interior voice gave me no respite and no peace if I did not do what it wanted; therefore, work was not a hindrance for me to doing what I had to do.

In this way I spent the days of the novena, and when the eve came, I felt ignited more than ever, with unusual fervor. I was alone in the room, and all of a sudden *Little Baby Jesus* came before me – all beautiful, yes, but shivering, in the act of wanting to hug me. I stood up and ran to hug Him, but in the act of squeezing Him He disappeared from me – and this occurred as many as three times. I remained so moved and ignited that I cannot explain it. But then, after some time, I did not take it much into account. I did not tell anyone, and from time to time I would fall into my usual defects. However, the interior voice never left me again; in everything it reprimanded me, it corrected me, it encouraged me – in a word, the Lord acted with me like a good father, whose child tries to deviate from the right path, and He uses all diligence and care to hold him back, so as to make of him His honor, His glory, His crown. But, oh Lord, too ungrateful have I been with You! So, from the beginning, the Divine Master began to strip my heart of all creatures, and through an interior voice, He would tell me:

“I am all that is beautiful and that deserves to be loved. See, if you do not remove this little world that surrounds you – that is, thoughts of creatures, imagination – I cannot enter freely into your heart. This murmuring in your mind is a hindrance to letting you hear My Voice more clearly, to pouring My Graces, to truly enamoring you of Me. Promise Me that you will be all mine, and I Myself will put My Hand in the work. You are right that you can

do nothing. Do not fear, I will do everything; give Me your will - this is enough for Me.”

This would happen mostly during Communion. So, I would promise Him to be all His own; I would ask His forgiveness, for up to that point, I had not been so; I would say to Him that I truly wanted to love Him, and I prayed Him never to leave me alone. And the voice would continue: *“No, no - I will be together with you, observing all of your actions, movements and desires.”* So, I would feel Him upon me for the whole day; He reprimanded me in everything. For example, if I let myself be carried away in conversing a little too much with my family, even of indifferent things, which were not necessary, the interior voice would tell me:

“These discourses fill your mind with things that do not belong to Me; they surround your heart with dust, such as to make you feel My Grace as weak in you, no longer alive. O please! Imitate Me when I was in the House of Nazareth – My Mind was occupied with nothing but the Glory of the Father and the salvation of souls; My Mouth uttered nothing but holy discourses. With My Words I tried to repair for the offenses against the Father, to dart through hearts and draw them to My Love – and primarily My Mother and St. Joseph. In a word, everything called upon God, everything was done for God, and everything referred to Him. Why could you not do the same?”

I remained mute – all confused. I tried to be alone as much as I could; I confessed to Him my weakness, and I asked for His help and grace to be able to do what He wanted, because, by myself, I could do nothing but evil. If during the day my mind was occupied with thinking about people I loved, He would immediately reprimand me, telling me: *“Is this the way you love Me? Who has ever loved you like Me? See, if you do not stop it, I will leave you.”*

Sometimes I would receive such and so many bitter reproaches that I would do nothing but cry. One morning in particular, after Communion, He gave me a light so clear about the great love He

had for me, and about the fickleness and inconstancy of creatures, that my heart was so convinced as to be incapable, from that time on, of loving anyone.

He taught me how to love people without detaching myself from Him – that is, by looking at creatures as images of God, in such a way that if I received good from creatures, I was to think that God alone was the prime author of that good and that He had used the creature in order to send it to me; so my heart would be bound more to God.

If then I received mortifications, I was to look at them also as instruments in the hands of God for my sanctification; so my heart would not stay huffy with my neighbor. In this way, it happened that I would look at all creatures in God. Whatever defect I might see in them, I would never lose esteem for them. If they mocked me, I felt obliged, thinking that they were allowing me to make more gains for my soul; if they praised me, I received these praises with contempt, saying: *‘Today this, tomorrow they may hate me’*, considering their inconstancy. In sum, my heart acquired such freedom that I myself cannot explain it.

When the Divine Master freed me from the external world, then He put His hand to purify my interior, and through an interior voice He told me: “Now we are alone – there is no one left who may disturb us. Aren’t you happier now than before, when you had to content many upon many? You see, it is easier to content one alone. You must consider as if you and I were alone in the world; promise Me to be faithful, and I will pour such and so many graces into you that you yourself will be amazed.”

Then He continued: “I have made great designs upon you, as long as you correspond to Me – I want to make of you a perfect image of Me, from the moment I was born up to my death. I Myself will teach you, little by little, how to do it.”

Now, in order to obey, I will continue what I left on page of this 1st volume – that is, the Novena of Holy Christmas.

In the Spirit of Luisa, I pray:

Jesus, take out of my heart all that is not worthy of You. Dissolve it in Your Holy Will. I fuse myself into your littleness to disappear into it. Then You will have the space You need conceive Your Life in mine. Yes, Jesus! Make me blind, deaf and dumb to everyone and everything hidden with You in the Womb of our Mother to suffer all the darkness, constrictions and suffocations of Your Humanity. I see you are suffering within all the sufferings of the little ones, the sufferings in mothers who are drug addicted, abused, held in slavery, tortured, depressed and/or alone with no one to protect them and their child.



I want to enter with you into the sufferings of the little ones who have no fathers to love and protect them and into the hearts of fathers who are abandoned by women who want to abort or otherwise reject the fathers of their children. I compassionate in You dear Jesus as you suffer the rejection of everyone and in all those little ones rejected in the womb. I repair in Your Pains for the leaders of communities, governments and even your priests who fail to protect the unborn, to speak out strongly against the evil of abortion and contraception. May all Your Ardours of Love repair for all these offences against the Father's Generative Will

in all the generations who have suffered the confinements the human will has imposed upon them.

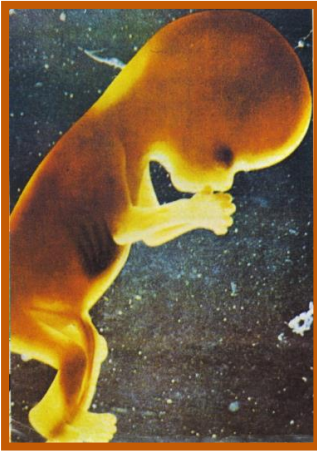
I embrace all the darkneses and confinements that You send me, in complete abandonment to our Mother. I take all the 'divine lives' You created in Your Acts in Her Womb and all those She co-created with You to all the generations from Adam to the last who shall live on the earth – and, I implore with Your Voice that they minister lovingly to all those who are constricted and bound by the chains of the human will and break these chains so that Your Will may be given birth in them. I pray in the Silence of Abba Joseph they will hear the appeals of Your Will and that he protect all life especially the Life of Your Will in souls. Amen. Fiat!

Third Excess of Love

Jesus' Devouring Love

✠ Jesus' devouring Love wants to consume the disordered human will in souls and transfuse them all into Himself

As I moved on from the 2nd to the 3rd meditation, an interior voice told me:



“My daughter, place your head upon the Womb of My Mama, and look deep into It at My little Humanity. My Love devoured Me; the fires, the oceans, the immense Seas of Love of My Divinity inundated Me, burned Me to ashes, and sent their flames so high as to rise and reach everywhere - all generations, from the first to the last man. My little Humanity was devoured in the midst of such flames; but do you know what my Eternal Love wants Me to devour? Ah, Souls! And only then was I content,

when I devoured them all, to remain conceived with Me. I was God, and I was to operate as God - I had to take them all. My Love would have given Me no peace, had I excluded any of them. Ah! My daughter, look well into the Womb of My Mama; fix well your eyes on My conceived Humanity, and you will find your soul conceived with Me and the flames of My Love that devoured you. Oh! How much I loved you and I do love you!”

I felt dissolved in the midst of so much Love, nor was I able to go out of it; but a voice called me loudly, saying: *“My daughter, this is nothing yet to what My Love can do. Cling more tightly to Me, and give your hands to My dear Mama, that She may hold you to her Maternal Womb. And you, take another look at My little conceived Humanity and watch the fourth excess of My Love.”*

In the Spirit of Luisa I pray:

Jesus, I cling very tightly to You and in You I give myself to Our Holy Mother and ask Her to keep me in Her Maternal Womb. In this Womb She will feed me when She feeds You; She will sing me love songs, when She sings to You; She will compassionate my littleness as She compassionates Yours. There is nothing She will not do for me seeing that I am conceived in Your Little Humanity, and I will implore Her on behalf of all humanity conceived in You, to have Mercy on all the generations for all our contractions of Your Will.

I implore Your Mercy for the little infants who are being manipulated by a science that wants to explore the limits of its technology to artificially conceive life destroying the life of many newly conceived who are unwanted. Time and again and with You, Jesus, I want to hold the hands of these little babies to take them to Heaven away from this murderous world baptizing them in the Light of Your Divine Will and Its flames of Love. I fuse their deaths into Your 'deaths' Jesus that all may have the Gift of Your Resurrected Life.

I send to all the generations trapped in the deceptions of the so called 'right' to 'contracept' and 'abort', the 'divine lives' that You Mama have conceived together with Jesus and ask these 'divine lives' to speak in all hearts the sacred words of our Father,

*“Before you were formed in your mother’s womb,
I begot you. I called you by your name. You are Mine.
I love you with an everlasting Love and though your
mother forget you, I will never forget you.*

Turn to Me and be saved.”

Jeremiah 1:5; 31:3; Isaiah 43:1; 49:15; 45:22

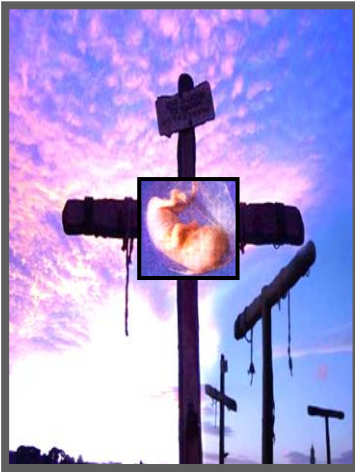


Fourth Excess of Love

Jesus' Operative Love Crucified

‡ Jesus operating Love conceives the Pain of His Passion of being crowned with thorns and continuous crucifixion in the Womb of His Beloved Mother.

‡ Sin causes Jesus immobility and unspeakable tortures – the greatest of which is that He cannot embrace Luisa and all His children yet to bring them the fruits of His devouring Love



“My daughter - from the devouring Love move on to look at My Operative Love. Each conceived soul brought Me the burden of her sins, of her weaknesses and passions, and My Love commanded Me to take the burden of each one of them. And it conceived not only the souls, but the pains of each one, as well as the satisfaction which each one of them was to give to My Celestial Father. So, My Passion was conceived together with Me.

Look well at Me in the Womb of My Celestial Mama. Oh, how tortured was My little Humanity! Look well at My little Head, surrounded by a crown of thorns, which pressed tightly around My temples, made rivers of tears pour out from My eyes; nor was I able to make a move to dry them. O please be moved to compassion for Me, dry My eyes from so much crying - you, who have free arms to be able to do it. These thorns are the crown of the so many evil thoughts which crowd the human minds. Oh, how they prick Me, more than thorns which sprout from the earth. But look again – what a long crucifixion of nine months:

I could not move a finger or a hand or a foot. I was always immobile; there was no room to be able to move even a tiny bit. What a long and hard crucifixion, with the addition that all evil works, assuming the form of nails, continuously pierced My Hands and Feet.”

So, He continued to narrate to me pains upon pains – all the martyrdoms of His little Humanity, such that, if I wanted to tell them all, I would be too long. I abandoned myself to crying, and I heard in my interior: *“My daughter, I would like to hug you, but I am unable to do so - there is no room, I am immobile, I cannot do it. I would like to come to you, but I am unable to walk. For now, you hug Me and you come to Me; then, when I come out of the Maternal Womb, I will come to you.”* But as I hugged Him and squeezed Him tightly to my heart with my imagination, an interior voice told me: *“Enough for now, my daughter; move on to consider the fifth excess of My Love.”*

In the Spirit of Luisa I pray:

Jesus! Your immobility speaks to me of the immobility we give You when we ignore You and entomb Your Will. We would rather give birth to our own thoughts and acts than Yours. Jesus, unless we give ourselves into Holy Mother’s Womb with You and enter Your Fiat we cannot conceive Virginally Your Will with You in souls. So, in Your Will, I consecrate all humanity to the Womb of our heavenly Mother – I place the mantle of Her ‘Fiat’ over each and every one and the inheritance that It brings. I entrust all to Her, since You entrusted Yourself and all the ‘divine lives’ within You to Her. Mother help me live docile in Your Womb with Jesus until You give birth to me in the divine version of myself which Jesus so lovingly created.

Jesus, I merge myself together with You to suffer the pains of deprivation of being unable to embrace Your children, like Luisa. In these pains of deprivation which Luisa suffered in immensity, I too ask for myself the grace and patience to suffer together with You, so that in these pains, graces will be given to all to

unite their wills with Yours and give You all the satisfaction that has been denied You for centuries of disobedience.

I place my head in Yours to feel the pains You feel from evil thoughts of parents wanting to kill, abuse and manipulate their children; even some preparing their children for ritual sacrifice to Satan. Not just parents, but governments, scientists, medical persons, religions, sects and others. May this slaughter of the newly conceived and newly born come to an end. I pray this in every thorn that penetrated Your Head and every nail that the contraceptive human will put in Your little hands and feet. Jesus! In every torture Your Infant Flesh has received, especially in the agonies of abortion, may a new Divine Life be formed to praise, love and thank You. Amen. Fiat!

“For there is a Child born to us – a Son given to us and Dominion is laid on His shoulders; and this is the Name they give Him – Wonder-Counselor, Mighty-God, Eternal-Father, Prince of Peace. Wide is His Dominion in a Peace that has no end.”

Isaiah 9:5



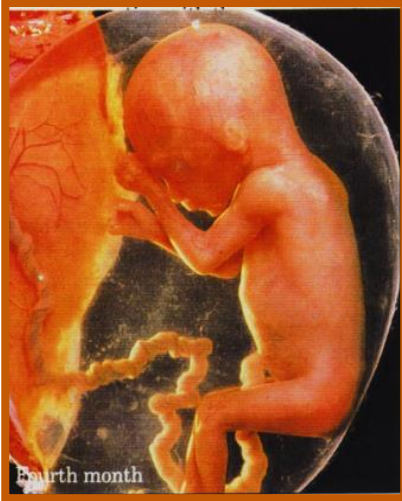
“The baby boys all cut to pieces, the baby girls all crushed. They have no mercy on the fruit of the womb – no pity in their eyes for children”

Isaiah 13:7

Fifth Excess of Love

Jesus' Isolated Love

‡ Jesus' immense solitude at being ignored.



Hearing myself being called by Jesus to meditate on the Fifth Excess of His Love, I pricked up the ears of my heart to hear interiorly the feeble but creative voice of Jesus say to me: “*My daughter, do not move away from Me, do not leave Me alone; My Love wants your company. This is another excess of My Love, which does not want to be alone. But do you know whose company it wants - that of the creature.*”

See, in the womb of My Mama, all creatures are together with Me – conceived together with Me. I am with them, all Love. I want to tell them how much I love them; I want to speak with them to tell them of My Joys and Sorrows - that I have come into their midst to make them happy and to console them; that I will remain in their midst as a little brother, giving My goods, My Kingdom, to each one of them at the cost of My life. I want to give them My kisses and My caresses; I want to amuse Myself with them, but ah, how many sorrows they give Me! Some run away from Me, some play deaf and force Me into silence; some despise My goods and do not care about My Kingdom, returning My kisses and caresses with indifference and obliviousness of Me, so they convert My amusement into bitter crying.

Oh! How lonely I am, though in the midst of many. Oh! How loneliness weighs upon Me. I have no one to whom to say a word,

with whom to pour Myself out - not even in Love. I am always sad and taciturn, because if I speak, I am not listened to. Ah! My daughter, I beg you, I implore you, do not leave Me alone in so much loneliness; give Me the good of letting Me speak by listening to Me; lend your ear to My teachings. I am the Master of masters. How many things do I want to teach you! If you listen to Me, you will stop My crying and I will amuse Myself with you. Don't you want to amuse yourself with Me?" And as I abandoned myself in Him, giving Him my compassion in His loneliness, the interior voice continued: "Enough, enough; move on to consider the sixth excess of My Love."

In the Spirit of Luisa I pray:

Because of Your sorrowful loneliness Jesus, I want to be with You all the time, in every breath and heartbeat, suffering, sigh and tear. My every thought I want to be for You and of You. You alone are enough for me. I want to live in this Divine Solitude that is the enclosure of Your Suffering Humanity.



This Solitude encloses Your greatest pains. This Solitude gives strength to Your victims of Love, to all Your hermits, saints, priests and people who also have to suffer the terrible rejection of those they love, but who do nothing but persecute them for their fidelity to You. I thank You Jesus and Holy Mother for suffering such an indescribable pain and to console You I

bring You the embrace of the Eternal Father and the Love of the Holy Spirit, the tender love of Abba Joseph, Luisa and all Your faithful children, especially the divine lives You, Yourself created in this Solitude to be the companions of all who live in Your Will. May these divine lives sing You the most beautiful love songs, embrace you with the greatest tenderness and create many new ways of loving that have never been done before on the face of the earth. Amen. Fiat!

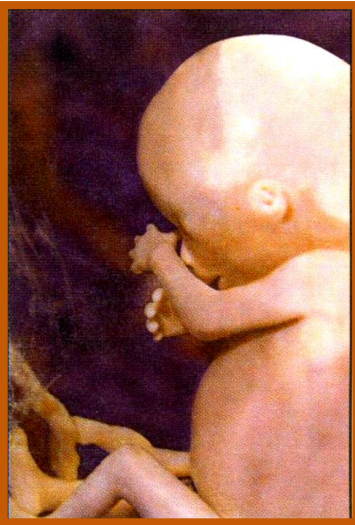
*“You have created my inmost being
and knit me together in my mother’s womb.
I praise you for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.
Your works are wonderful and I know that full well.”*

Psalm 139

Sixth Excess of Love

Jesus’ Suffocated Love

✠ Jesus suffers darkness and suffocation, because of His unreciprocated Love. The Sun of the Divine Will is eclipsed and He loses all the liberty of his Heart



“My daughter, come, pray my dear Mama to set aside a little space for you within her Maternal Womb, that you yourself may see the painful state in which I find Myself.”

So, in my thoughts, it seemed that our Queen Mama made me a little room to make Jesus content and placed me in it. But the darkness was such that I could not see Him; I could only hear His breathing, while He continued to say in my interior:

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

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

As He was saying this, He moaned - moans almost suffocated because of the lack of space; and He cried. I was consumed with crying. I thanked Him, I compassionated Him; I wanted to make Him a little light with my love, as He told me to. But who can say all? Then, the same interior voice added: *“Enough for now; move on to the seventh excess of My Love.”* The interior voice continued:

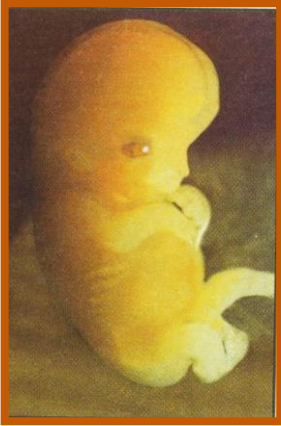
In the Spirit of Luisa I pray:

Jesus, to give You Light for Your eyes, I give You Holy Mama, Abba and Luisa and all the good works done in Your Will. I give You my eyes to see no more that You may see the Sunlight of our Father’s Will inundate the earth and inundating the earth it will inundate You first above all. All Mother’s happiness is in this Jesus. And to give You breath, I give You the Pure Breath of the Holy Spirit. In this Breath is Life itself. You will be resuscitated from all Your suffocations. I give You the pure breath of babies – all the babies You have created, will create and desire to create and the pure breath of the divine lives You create through Acts done in Your Will. What You may need from me Jesus to make You born in every soul, take by force if needs be. Only help me, my Beloved to be blind to all that is not Your Will. May the human will be eclipsed in me by the Sun of Your Divine Fiat. I want It Jesus but am a ‘nothing’ who can do ‘nothing’ but ask You continuously for Your Merciful Fiat to come and conceive Itself in me that I may not suffocate in the polluted air of the human will, but live always in the Divine Air of Your Fiat!

Seventh Excess of Love

Jesus' Unrequited Love

‡ Jesus suffers monstrous ingratitude and divests Himself of Divine Joys and Happiness to give us His Destiny.



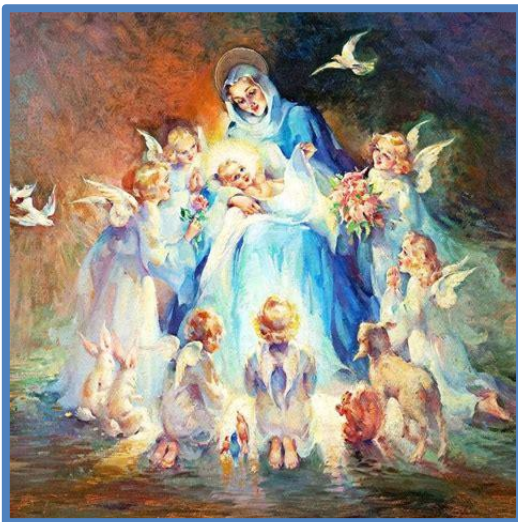
“My daughter, do not leave Me alone in so much loneliness and in so much darkness. Do not leave the womb of My Mama, so you may see the seventh excess of My Love. Listen to Me! In the Womb of My Celestial Father, I was fully happy; there was no good which I did not possess; joy, happiness - everything was at My disposal. The angels adored Me reverently, hanging upon My every wish. Ah, excess of My Love! I could say that it made Me change My destiny; it restrained Me within this gloomy prison; it stripped Me of all My joys, happinesses and goods, to clothe Me with all the unhappinesses of creatures – and all this in order to make an exchange, to give them My Destiny, My Joys and My Eternal Happiness. But this would have been nothing, had I not found in them highest ingratitude and obstinate perfidy. Oh, how My Eternal Love was surprised in the face of so much ingratitude, and how it cried over the stubbornness and perfidy of Man. Ingratitude was the sharpest thorn that pierced My Heart, from My Conception up to the last moment of My Life.

Look at My little Heart - it is wounded and pours out blood. What pain! What torture I feel! My daughter, do not be ungrateful to Me. Ingratitude is the hardest pain for your Jesus; it is to close the door in My Face, leaving Me numb with cold. But My Love did not stop at so much ingratitude; it took the attitude of supplicating, imploring, moaning and begging love. This is the eighth excess of My Love.”

In the Spirit of Luisa I pray:

Jesus, our sins have made You feel the pains of hell. Deprived of all good You suffer unbelievable coldness from closed hearts. Even when they hear of Your ineffable Mercy they turn away. What is this hardness Jesus that even Your Beauty as Little Infant cannot break? What causes such blindness?

Jesus, give Light to these souls hardened towards You. Open the Sun of Your Fiat to all souls. Is Your Sun not capable of penetrating with Its Light the darkest caverns? For this I send to each heart the divine lives Your suffering of rejection has created and in the voices of these divine lives I send Your pleadings with these words, "Come back to Me with all Your Heart, fasting, weeping and mourning. Repent and believe in Your God and trust fully in His all Merciful Love."



Jesus, I place infinite numbers of kisses on your little bleeding Heart and place all the kisses of Holy Mother, Abba Joseph, Luisa and all the divine lives You have created so that You will revive from this terrible torture of unrequited Love. With each drop of Your Blood I want to form a new soul to praise, love and glorify you. Let it be Jesus if You will it. Fiat!

Eighth Excess of Love

Jesus' Supplicating Love

‡ Jesus pleads for our hearts, as a little Infant, so as not to cause fear in us, but only the sweetest attraction – and still yet He suffers monstrous rejection



“My daughter do not leave Me alone; place your head upon the Womb of My dear Mama, and even from the outside you will hear My moans and My supplications. In seeing that neither My moans nor My supplications move the creature to compassion for My Love, I assume the attitude of the poorest of beggars; and stretching out My little hand, I ask - for pity's sake and at least as alms – for their souls, for their affections and for their hearts. My Love wanted to conquer the heart of Man at any cost; and in seeing that after seven excesses of My Love, he was still reluctant, he played deaf,

he did not care about Me and did not want to give himself to Me, My Love wanted to push itself further. It should have stopped; but no, it wanted to overflow even more from within its boundaries; and from the Womb of My Mama, it made My Voice reach every heart with the most insinuating manners, with the most fervent pleas, with the most penetrating words. And do you know what I said to them?

‘My child, give me your heart; I will give you everything you want, provided that you give Me your heart in exchange. I have descended from Heaven to make a prey of it. O please, do not

deny it to Me! Do not delude My hopes!’ And in seeing him reluctant – even more, many turned their backs to Me – I passed on to moaning; I joined My little hands and, crying, with a voice suffocated by sobs, I added: ‘Oh! Oh! I am the little beggar; you don’t want to give Me your heart - not even as alms? Is this not a greater excess of My Love; that the Creator, in order to approach the creature, takes the form of a little baby so as not to strike fear in him; that He asks for the heart of the creature, at least as alms, and in seeing that he does not want to give it, He supplicates, moans and cries?’ Then I heard Him say:

“And you, don’t you want to give Me your heart? Or maybe you too want Me to moan, beg and cry in order to give Me your heart? Do you want to deny Me the alms I ask of you?”

And as He was saying this, I heard Him as though sobbing, and I: *‘My Jesus, do not cry, I give You my heart and all of myself. I do not hesitate to give it to you. But in order to make it a more appreciated gift, I wish to remove from my heart all that is not yours. So, please give me the efficacious grace to make it like yours so that you can assume a stable and permanent dwelling in me.’* Then, the interior voice continued: *“Move further; pass on to the ninth excess of My Love.”*

In the Spirit of Luisa I pray:

Jesus, let Your Infant cries be amplified in the hearts of all. I see that all the billions of babies rejected in their mothers’ wombs are crying to Heaven for the Father’s Justice to descend – for in killing their children, they are killing You, dear little One. So, in Your Divine Will, I offer to our Father and to You dear Jesus the lives of the little ones offered on the altar of ignorance, selfishness and hate. I offer their precious blood, their tortured members, their hearts palpitating with love for You in union with Yours Jesus in every Eucharistic Sacrifice and every one of Your Redemptive Acts appealing to our Father for Mercy. The cries of these little ones, so unloved, unrecognized as human beings, are what calls to Heaven for Justice and hardens hearts even more.

To kill one's own child is the most heinous of all acts and the repetition of these abortions causes untold evils. I offer all the Hours of the Passion prayed by souls dear to You Jesus so that You may hear my prayer that Your Divine Will descend upon earth and inhabit all creatures. I especially offer you all the co-redemptive Acts of our Beloved Mother, Abba and Luisa and all souls who share in Your Passion uniting my 'I love You' to each one of these Acts to save and sanctify all your children.

Eternal Father, receive the Precious Blood of these little infants and make of each drop of blood a lamp burning perpetually before the Divine Infant — make each drop into another Jesus, who will adore You, plead to You for the conversion of all these hardened hearts who do not know what they are doing. Let the Light of their martyrdom descend upon earth to destroy the darkness that envelops us. O Father let Your Divine Fatherhood descend upon earth and put an end to the slaughter of Innocence. I go with all the Ardours of Love of the Little Infant Jesus to kiss all the infants in the wombs of their mothers, especially those most abused and in danger of death.

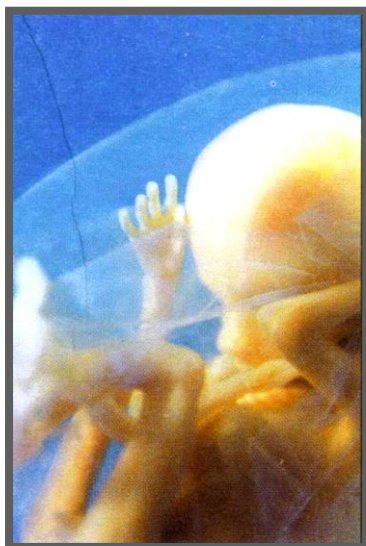
“But, to all who did accept Him, He gave power to become children of God — to all who believe in the Name of Him, Who was born not out of human stock or urge of the flesh or will of Man, but of God Himself. The Word was made flesh and lived amongst us, and we saw His Glory, the Glory that is His as the only Son of the Father, full of Grace and Truth.”

John 1:11

Ninth Excess of Love

Jesus' Agonizing Love

‡ Jesus agonizes and dies continuously from the excesses of His Love. The Divine Will and Luisa's Love revives Him. He wants to be born to suffer and die for us, so that, though we have rejected Him in His Infancy we may see through His Sacrifice on the Cross the greatest expression of His Love and embrace Him finally.



“My daughter, My state is ever more painful. If you love Me, keep your gaze fixed on Me, so you will learn well everything I have taught you. Watch carefully to see if you can offer some relief to your Jesus; a little word of love, a caress, a kiss, will elate My Heart and give respite to My crying and to My afflictions.

Listen My daughter, after I gave eight excesses of My Love, and Man should have melted and yielded to the contact with My True and sublime Love, but he did not.

So, My Love did not give up and wanted to add the ninth excess to the eighth. And this was yearnings, sighs of fire, flames of desire, for I wanted to go out of the Maternal Womb to embrace and kiss Man so he will become enamoured by My Beauty, Truth and Eternal Goodness, of which I want to make him possessor, at any cost. This reduced My little Humanity, not yet born, to such an agony as to reach the point of breathing My last.

But as I was about to breathe My last, My Divinity, which was inseparable from Me, gave Me sips of Life, and so I regained Life to continue My agony and return again to the point of death.

THIS WAS THE NINTH EXCESS OF MY LOVE: TO AGONIZE AND TO DIE OF LOVE CONTINUOUSLY FOR THE CREATURE.

Oh! What a long agony of nine months! Oh! How Love suffocated Me and made Me die. Had I not had the Divinity with Me, which gave Me Life again every time I was about to expire, Love would have consumed Me before coming out to the light of day. My lamenting, supplicating Love made Me take on the enormous burden of punishment due to all creatures, but also the satisfaction required by Divine Justice. Yet all I supplicated was the cold and insensible hearts of creatures. That is why My Life in My Mama's Maternal Womb was rendered so painful that I no longer felt capable of staying away from creatures.



I yearn, at any cost for them to come to My Breast and feel My palpitations – hot with Love. I yearn to embrace them with My tender and pure affection so as to make them eternally, lord of My goods. Know that had I not been helped by you before it was time to emerge into the light of day, I would have been consumed by the excess of this new Love. Look intently at Me in the Maternal Womb. See how pale I have become. Listen to My agonized voice that grows always more feeble. Feel the palpitations of My Heart, which once beat fast but now is almost without pulse.

Refrain from taking your eyes from Me. Look at Me well, because I am now dying – yes, dying from Pure Love.”

At this I felt faint with Love for Jesus, and I felt a deep silence between us ... a sepulchral silence. My blood froze in my veins, and I no longer felt my heart beat in my chest. My breathing stopped, and trembling, I collapsed onto the bare earth. In this mental stupor I stammered:

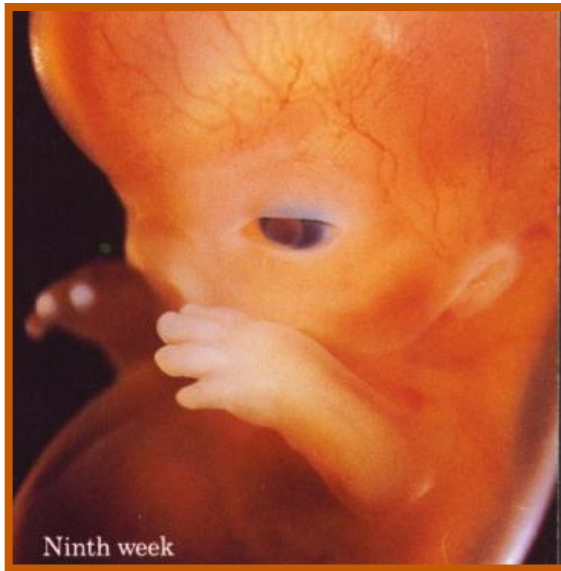
*My Jesus, my Love, my Life, my All ... do not die.
I shall always love You, and I shall never leave You, no matter how
great the sacrifice. But always give me the flame of Your Love so
that I will always Love You and be consumed, as soon as possible,
for love of You, my Highest and Eternal Good.”*

I can say that it was then that I felt more than dead. Jesus was already born for this mortal life of ours in order to first make us subject to the death of our own will, and then later to give us true Eternal Life. He then touched me and made me recover from the drowsiness into which I had fallen. Sweetly He said to me:

*“Daughter, reborn for My Love, get up. Rise to the
Life of My Grace and My Love. Correspond to Me in
everything. And, as you have kept Me company in the
nine considerations on the Excesses of My Love, the
long Novena of My Nativity, do the other twenty-four
considerations about My Passion and Death on the
Cross, distributing them among the twenty-four hours
of the day. In them you will discern other more sublime
Excesses of My Love - and you will be a continuous
relief to Me in the most sorrowful pains which come to
Me from ungrateful creatures. In life, you will be the
all-loving one of My burial and in death you will have
the optimum part of My Glory.”*

FINAL PRAYER

Jesus! Little Babe of Mary, Son of the Father and His Holy Spirit and Son of Joseph, in our Father's Eternal Will, I offer Him Your Excesses of Love in the Womb of Your Mama, who gave You Her kisses and nourishment of Love in Your Passion in Her Womb. I ask You for the grace to accompany You as Luisa did so that all who suffer likewise may be enlightened to see their beloved Saviour as their companion. Let Your excesses of Love infuse their Fire into me and all. I make space in my heart for You dear Jesus always that it become constantly the stable of Your birth and the manger of Your nourishment. Help me to disappear so You may reappear upon the earth and reign. Thy Will be done always on earth as It is done in Heaven. Amen. Fiat!



*‘From His Mother’s Womb
He shall begin to deliver Israel’*

Judges 13:5

The Sufferings of the Infant Jesus

V 20: December 24, 1926

“Do you want to see how I was in the Womb of My Sovereign Mama, and what I suffered within Her?” Now, while He was saying this, He placed Himself inside of me, in the middle of my breast, lying flat, in a state of perfect immobility. His little feet and hands were so stretched and immobile as to arouse pity. He lacked the space to be able move, to open His eyes, to breathe freely; and what was most harrowing was to see Him in the act of dying continuously. What pain, to see my little Jesus die. I felt myself placed, together with Him, in that same state of immobility. Then, after some time, little baby Jesus, squeezing me to Himself, told me:

“My daughter, My state in the Maternal Womb was so very painful. My little Humanity had perfect use of reason and of infinite wisdom; therefore, from the very first instant of My Conception, I comprehended all My sorrowful state, the darkness of the maternal prison I had not even a glimmer of light! What a long night of nine months! The narrowness of the place, which forced Me into perfect immobility, always in silence; nor was it given to Me to wail or to sob so as to pour out My Pain ... How many tears did I not shed in the sacrarium of the Womb of My Mama, without making the slightest movement. And this was nothing.

My little Humanity had taken on the commitment to die so many times in order to satisfy Divine Justice, for as many times as creatures had made the Divine Will die within them, committing the great affront of giving life to the human will, making a Divine Will die in them. Oh, how these deaths cost Me. To die and to live, to live and to die – this was the most harrowing and continuous pain for Me; more so since, even though My Divinity was one with Me and inseparable from Me, in receiving these satisfactions from Me It would take the attitude of justice, and although My Humanity was holy and pure, It was the little lamp before the immense Sun of My Divinity, and I felt all the weight of the

satisfactions which I was to give to this Divine Sun, and the pain of decayed humanity which was to rise again in Me, at the cost of so many deaths of Mine.

It was the rejection of the Divine Will by giving life to one's own will, that formed the ruin of decayed humanity; and I was to keep My Humanity and my human will in a continuous state of death, so that the Divine Will might have continuous Life in Me in order to extend in Me Its Kingdom. From the moment I was conceived, I thought about and occupied Myself with extending the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat within My Humanity, at the cost of giving no life to My human will, in order to make decayed humanity rise again, so that, once this Kingdom would be founded within Me, I might prepare the graces, the necessary things, the pains, the satisfactions which were needed in order to make It known and to found It in the midst of creatures.

Therefore, everything you do, that which I do in you for this Kingdom, is nothing other than the continuation of what I did from the moment I was conceived in the Womb of My Mama. So, if you want Me to carry out the Kingdom of the Eternal Fiat within you, let Me be free, and never give life to your will.”

Fiat Mihi Secundum Verbum Tuum



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My daughter, My Tears began even from the first instant of My Conception in the Womb of My Celestial Mother, until My last Breath upon the Cross. The Will of My Celestial Father entrusted to Me even the duty of tears and from My eyes there must flow as many of them for as many as there ought to flow from all creatures together. As I conceived all those souls in Me, so I had to shed all their tears from My eyes. See, therefore, how much you must cry: you must shed from My eyes the tears that the creatures shed by passion, so that, Mine will smother their passions; you must shed the tears that are necessary after sin, in order to give them the sorrow for having offended Me and be convinced of the evil that they have done, preparing, with My Tears, the intention of not offending Me anymore. You must shed tears to soften souls to make them understand the pains of My Passion, as even you shed abundant tears of Love to electrify souls to love Me, to attract their sympathy and their hearts, all for Me ... It is enough to say to you that there is no tear that breaks forth upon the human eye that I did not shed from My Eyes. “

V 18: December 20, 1925