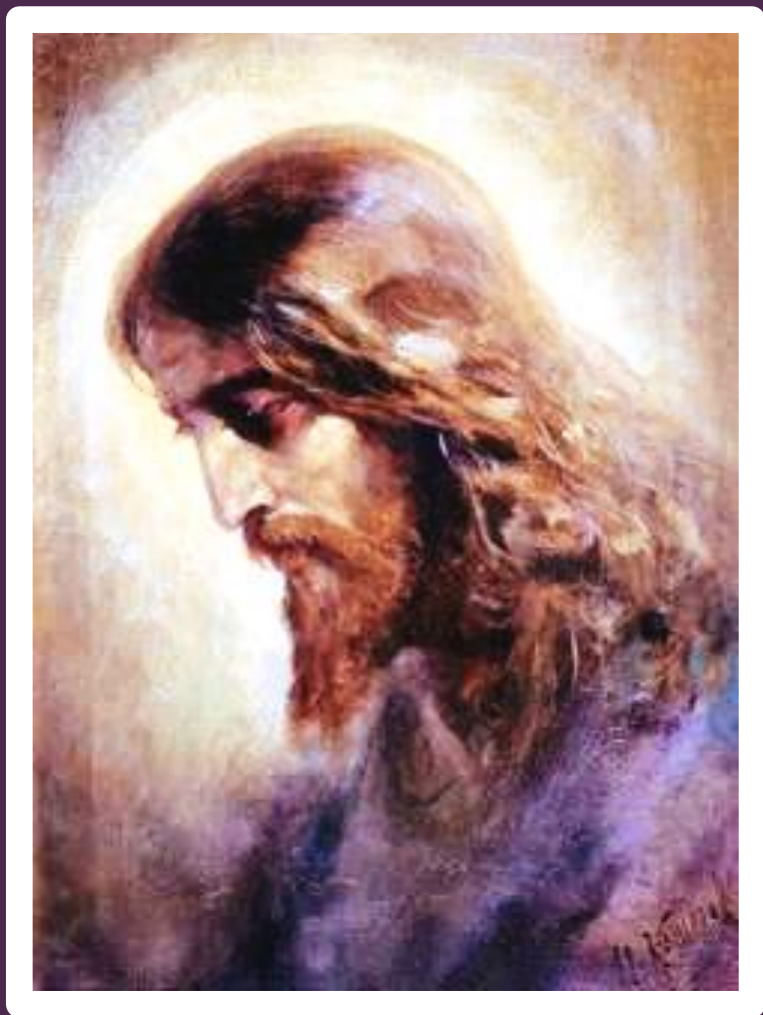


# *The Solitude of*



# *Sacramental Jesus*

*From "The Book of Heaven" by Luisa Piccarreta*

# *The Source of all the Sacraments*

V 22: June 4, 1927

*“... My daughter, one who lives in My Will possesses within herself the Fount of the Source of the Sacraments and can multiply Me as much as she wants and in whatever way she wants.”* Afterwards, I remained doubtful about the last sentence written here above, and my beloved Jesus added:

*“My daughter, the Sacraments came out of My Will like many little fountains; I issued them from It, keeping in It the source from which each of these fountains continuously receives the goods and the fruits which each of them contains. But they act according to the dispositions of those who receive them; so, because of lack of dispositions on the part of creatures, the fountains of the Sacraments do not produce the great goods they contain. Many times they pour waters, but the creatures are not washed; other times they consecrate them, impressing a divine and indelible character, but in spite of this they do not appear to be sanctified. Another fountain gives birth to the Life of your Jesus continuously; they receive this Life, but neither the effects of it nor the Life of your Jesus can be seen in them. So, each Sacrament has Its Sorrow, because they do not see their fruits and the goods they contain in all creatures.*

*Now, for one who lives in my Will, letting reign as in Its own Kingdom, since My Divine Will possesses the Source of the Sacrament, what is the wonder if one who lives in It possesses the Source of all the Sacraments and feels within herself the Nature of the Sacraments with all the effects and goods they contain? And as she receives them from the Church, she will feel that it is Food which she possesses, but which she takes in order to give complete glory to those Sacraments, whose Source she possesses, and to glorify that very Divine Will that instituted them, because in It alone there will be perfect glory for all Our Works. This is why I so much long for the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat because It alone will give balance to everything; It will give to creatures all the goods It wants, and will receive the glory which they owe It.”*

## INTRODUCTION BY THE COMPILER

This booklet gives a mere few excerpts from the 36 volumes spoken by Jesus to the Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta who lived in Corato, Italy and was known to all as “Luisa, the Saint” and called by Saint (Padre) Pio “The angel of Corato”, who also said the third millennium would be filled with Luisa. The first 19 volumes were approved and published by her extraordinary confessor, Saint Annibale Maria di Francia and official censor of her writings, appointed by the Archbishop of Trani. He also published her most popular work, “The Hours of the Passion” and “The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will” which spread rapidly. His heart is incorrupt.

Luisa gave her ‘Fiat’ to ‘help’ Jesus carry His Cross and accepts the state of ‘victim’ in 1881 at age 16. On October 16, 1888, at the age of 23 Luisa experiences her first nuptials with Jesus on earth. On September 7, 1889, at age 24, she experiences her second nuptial in heaven wherein Jesus takes possession of her heart. Several days later the Trinity confirms Luisa and establishes in her heart Its Divine Indwelling following which she experiences her third nuptial with the Cross. On February 28, 1899, at the age of 33 Luisa begins to write in obedience and receives the invisible stigmata on November 14, 1899. On November 16, 1900, at the age of 35 Luisa experiences her fourth nuptial wherein she takes possession of Jesus’ Heart, receives three Divine Breaths and embarks on becoming centred in the Divine Will and possessing It entirely until she becomes the first soul stigmatized in the Divine Will. She is 54 years of age. (V12: March 14, 1919). On March 17, 1921, Jesus tells Luisa He wants to give Her the Office of His Divinity. St Annibale said,

*“This bride of Jesus crucified passes the night in sorrowful ecstasy and in sufferings of every kind; and yet, seeing her in the daytime, seated in the middle of her bed, working with needle and thread - nothing, nothing of this can be noticed – not the slightest hint of anything that she has suffered during the night – no hint of anything extraordinary or supernatural. Rather, you see her there with every appearance of a person who is healthy, happy, and cheerful.*

*She speaks, she converses and, when appropriate, she laughs. However, she welcomes only a few friends. Sometimes, a troubled soul will confide in her or ask for her prayers. She listens with*

*kindness and comforts them, but never does she present herself as a prophetess and never does she say a word that hints of revelations. The great comfort that she offers is always one – always the same theme of the ‘Divine Will’. Indeed, her daily life can be summarized in a few words; Her small room was a chapel and an embroidery workshop. The Eucharist was her only food, the bed her Cross, the ‘Fiat’ her motto, her speech brief and wise, her example luminous – all these things made this seraphic Bride of Christ, the Herald of the Kingdom of the Divine Will.*

*It is precisely the ‘Divine Will’ that forms the centre of her mystical experiences and of every page of her writings. Her language is simple and rich with examples, stories and images, often using expressions of her dialect to attract and dispose the soul of one who draws near to plumb the depth of the ‘Our Father’ - “Your Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven”.*

*When Luisa departed this earth for the House of the Father on March 4, 1947, thousands of pilgrims invaded Corato for three days. Within less than a year Archbishop Reginaldo M. Addazi declared Luisa to be a ‘Servant of God’. Her remains were transferred to the Parish Sanctuary of Santa Maria Greca on July 3, 1963, thanks to her last official confessor, Fr. Benedetto Calvi. It was not until November 20, 1994, following the ‘non obstare’ of the Holy See, that the Archdiocese of Tran-Barletta-Bisceglie and Nazareth, under the guidance of His Excellency Bishop Carmelo Cassati and at the request of “The Pious Association of Luisa Piccarreta – Little Children of the Divine Will” in Corato, opened the Cause of Beatification and Canonization.”*

(From the foreword by Fr Sergio Pellegrini in “Saints in the Divine Will”)



*Fiat Mihi*

## IMPORTANCE OF STUDYING THIS CELESTIAL DOCTRINE

Reading and masticating the Truths in Luisa's writings are an integral part of learning how to LIVE IN Jesus within His own Acts and those of our Father and the Holy Spirit, which are called the Rounds of Creation, Redemption and Sanctification. The Blessed Trinity made these Three Fiats with Humanity to mirror Their own Life, Beauty, Sanctity, Love and Splendour and clothe each soul, who is willing to say '*Fiat Mihi*', with Their own Acts. These Acts form the bridal garment of the soul woven by the Suffering Humanity of Jesus. Each time she fuses herself into one of these Acts she impregnates every thread of this '*garment*' of His Love for her with her own '*I love You, I thank You, I praise You*'. The more Acts of His she enters and does with Him, He forms His Nuptials with her soul, gives birth to His Divine Life and incarnates Himself in her.

This *Celestial Doctrine* is called by Jesus, "*The Book of Heaven*" recalling "*The Kingdom of the Divine Fiat in the Midst of Creatures*" and is "*the recall of the creature to the order, to the place, and to the purpose for which it was created by God.*" Therefore, in each word printed here and elsewhere concerning this *Celestial Doctrine* we pray a swift release of the official publication of Luisa's writings, so that the Church may be graced with Jesus' Sublime Teaching. Here are Jesus' own Words about these writings of Luisa:

**Luisa speaks:** "After this, I was feeling as though tired and could not make up my mind to write what my adored Jesus had told me. And Jesus, surprising me, to give me will and strength in order to do it, told me:

*"My daughter, don't you know that these writings of Ours come from the depth of My Heart, and in them I make flow the tenderness of My Heart, to touch those who will read them, and the firmness of My Divine Speech, to strengthen them in the Truths of My Will? In all the sayings, truths, examples, which I make you write on paper, I make flow the dignity of My Celestial Wisdom, in such a way that those who read them, or will read them, if they are in grace, will feel within themselves My tenderness, the firmness of My speech and the Light of My Wisdom and, as though in between magnets, they will be drawn into the Knowledge of My Will.*

*Those who are not in grace, then, will not be able to deny that it is Light; and Light always does good, it never does harm; it illuminates, it warms, it makes one discover the most hidden things and moves one to love them. Who can say he does not receive good from the sun? No one!*

***More than sun, I am issuing these writings from within My Heart, that they may do good to all. This is why I have so much interest that you write – because of the great good I want to do to the human family; so much so, that I look upon them as My own Writings, because it is always I the One who dictates, and you are the little secretary of the long story of My Will.”***

This Way of Living is to enter the Substance of Life Itself – the Will of most Blessed Trinity. It is not another devotion, nor a new charism to illuminate a part of the Attributes of God, but it is the Holiness of God Himself as True Life of the soul in whom He wants to infuse His very own Acts and in the soul who does them - His own Holiness. These Acts caused Jesus as many wounds, depths and sufferings for as many sins that have been committed and as much good that has been omitted. He endured all in His Love for souls to save and sanctify them and created for each one a Divine Life. These Divine Acts of the Humanity of Jesus are eternal reparations for the great divorce of the human will from the Divine Will, from Adam and Eve to the last who shall live on the earth. All are done to draw the *Kingdom on earth as in Heaven*, through the sanctification of souls who will live in this *“New and Divine Holiness with which the Holy Spirit wants to enrich Christians at the dawn of the third millennium so as to make Christ the Heart of the world”*.

From Pope Saint John Paul II's letter to the Rogationist Fathers  
on the centenary of the death of their founder, St Annibale di Francia,  
who lived in this Divine Holiness having learned it from his  
spiritual child, Luisa Piccarreta, as censor of her writings  
and first to publish and propagate them.

L'Osservatore Romano, 9 July, 1997, p 3



# *The Solitude of Sacramental Jesus*

**The consecrated hosts are ‘mute species’ but the Living Hosts are ‘Living Species’ able to console and repair Jesus for the many sacrileges done to Him in the Sacrament.**

V 31: January 18, 1933

Having made Holy Communion, I was making my usual thanksgivings and my Highest Good Jesus made himself seen afflicted and taciturn, as if He might feel the need of company, and squeezing myself to Him I sought to console Him with showing myself to always remain united with Him, in order to not leave Him alone, and Jesus seemed all content and in order to vent his sorrow He said to me:

*“My daughter, be faithful to Me do not leave Me ever alone, because the suffering of solitude is the most oppressive, because company is the food of relief for one who suffers, instead without company one suffers sorrow and is constrained to feel hunger, because he lacks one who gives the relief of food, he lacks everything, and perhaps he lacks one who can offer him relief, might it yet be a bitter medicine.*

*My daughter, how many souls receive Me Sacramentally in their hearts and they put Me in solitude, I feel in them as within a desert, as if I might not pertain to them, they deal with Me as extraneous. But do you know why they don’t take part in My Life, in My Virtues, in My Sanctity, in My Joys and in My Sorrows? Company means to take part in all that the person does and suffers and remains near.*

*Hence to receive Me and not take part in My Life is for Me the most bitter solitude, and remaining alone I cannot say to them how much I burn with love for them, and therefore My Love, My Sanctity, My Virtue, My Life remains isolated - in short everything is solitude inside of Me and outside of Me.*

*Oh! How many times I descend into hearts and cry because I see Myself alone, and when I descend, seeing Myself alone I feel uncared for, not appreciated nor loved, so much so that I am*

*constrained by their carelessness, to reduce Myself to silence and melancholy. And since they don't take part in My Sacramental Life, I feel set apart in their hearts and seeing that I don't have anything to do, with Divine and unconquered patience, I await the consummation of the Sacramental species, inside of which My Eternal Fiat had imprisoned Me, leaving hardly the traces of My descent, because I could leave nothing of My Sacramental Life, perhaps only My Tears, because not having taken part in My Life, (there) lacked the void where to be able to leave the things that belong to Me and that I wanted to put in common with them.*

*Therefore, one sees so many souls who receive Me Sacramentally and they don't give forth of (reveal) Me, they are sterile of virtue, sterile of love, of sacrifice! Poor little ones, they feed themselves with Me, but since they don't keep Me company, they remain fasting. Ah, to what straights of sorrow and cruel martyrdom My Sacramental Life is put.*

*Many times I feel drowned with love, I would like to free myself and I long to descend into hearts, but alas, I am constrained to go forth from it (the soul) more drowned than before, how can I vent if they have not even made attention to the flames that burned Me?*

*Other times the flood of sorrow inundates Me! I long for a heart in order to have a relief to My Sufferings - not a bit! They would like that I might take their part, not them to mine, and I do it, I hide My Sorrows, My Tears, in order to console them and then I remain without the longed-for relief.*

***But who can tell you the so many Sorrows of My Sacramental Life and how there are more of those who receive Me and put Me in solitude in their hearts, but bitter solitude, than those that keep Me company?***

*And when I find a heart that keeps Me company, I put My Life in communication with her, leaving her the deposit of My Virtues, the fruit of My Sacrifices, the participation of My Life, and I choose her for My abode, for (the) hideaway of My Sufferings and as (a) place of My Refuge; and I feel as repaid for the sacrifice of My Eucharistic*



*Life, because I found one who breaks My Solitude for Me, who dries my tears, who gives Me liberty to let Me vent My Love and My Sorrows.*

***It is they who serve Me as Living Species, not like the sacramental species that gives Me nothing, only that they hide Me, the rest I do by myself all alone. They don't tell Me a word that breaks My Solitude - they are mute species. Instead in the souls that serve Me as Living Species, we develop Life together, we beat with one heartbeat alone, and if I see her disposed, I communicate My Sufferings to her and My continuous Passion.***

***I can say that from the sacramental species I pass into the Living Species in order to continue My Life upon the earth, not alone but together with her.***

*You should know that the sufferings are not in My Power anymore, and I go asking for love from these Living Species of souls, that make up for Me what I lack. Therefore my daughter, when I find a heart who loves Me and keeps Me company, giving Me liberty to do whatever I want, I arrive to excesses.*

*I don't mind anything I give so much that the poor creature feels drowned by My Love and by My Graces, and then My Sacramental Life doesn't remain sterile anymore when I descend into hearts - no, but it reproduces itself, bilocating and continuing My Life in her, and these are My conquerors who administer their life to this needy poor Man of Sufferings and they say to Me:*

***'My Love, you had your turn of sufferings and it ended, it is now my turn, therefore leave it to me that I might make up for You and that I suffer in your place.'***

*And oh, how content I remain from it! My Sacramental Life remains at its post of honour because it reproduces other of Its Lives in creatures. Therefore, I want you always together with Me, so that we have Life together and you take to breast/heart My Life and I take up yours.*

***Acts done in the Divine Will are Hosts  
which nourish Jesus in a Communion that  
satisfies His insatiable Hunger.***

V 12: February 6, 1919

I was fusing all of myself in my sweet Jesus, doing as much as I could in order to enter the Divine Volition, to find the chain of my Eternal Love, of the reparations and of my continuous cry for souls, with which my always lovable Jesus longed for me from eternity. I wanted to chain my little love in time together with that Love with which Jesus longed for me eternally, to be able to give Him Infinite Love, Infinite Reparations, substituting for everything - just as Jesus had taught me. While I was doing this, my sweet Jesus came in a hurry and told me: *"My daughter, I am very hungry."* And He seemed to be taking many tiny little white balls from inside my mouth, eating them. Then, as if He wanted to satisfy His hunger completely, He entered into my heart and with both hands, He grabbed many crumbs, big and small, and He ate them hurriedly. Then, as if He was satiated, He leaned on my bed and told me:

***"My daughter, as the soul keeps enclosing My Will and loves Me, in My Will she encloses Me; and loving Me, she forms around Me the accidents in which to imprison Me, forming a host for Me. So, if she suffers, if she repairs, etcetera and encloses My Volition, she forms many hosts to communicate Me, and to satisfy My hunger in a way which is divine and worthy of Me. As soon as I see these hosts being formed within the soul, I go and grab them in order to feed Myself, to satisfy My insatiable hunger - that the creature render Me love for love. Therefore, you can say to Me: 'You have communicated me - I too have communicated You.'"***

And I: *'Jesus, my hosts are your own things, while Yours are still yours; so I always remain below You.'* And Jesus:

*"For one who really loves Me, I cannot consider this, nor do I want to. And then, in My Hosts I give you Jesus, and in yours you give the whole of Jesus as well. Do you want to see it?"* And I: *'Yes.'*

He stretched His hand into my heart, took a tiny little white ball, broke it, and another Jesus came out from within it. And He:

*“Did you see it? How happy I am when the creature arrives at being able to communicate Myself! Therefore, make Me many hosts, and I will come to feed Myself in you. You will renew for Me the contentment, the glory and the love of when I communicated Myself in instituting my Sacramental presence.”*

## ***Industries and traffics of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Who forms His Paradise and who forms His purgatory.***

V 31: November 13, 1932

I felt all sunk in my nothing(ness) and feeling deprived of my sweetest Jesus I felt my nothing emptied of His Life, without support and without strength; and having made Holy Communion, I felt that I didn't have anything to offer Jesus and I felt oppressed and embittered. And He compassionating me said to me:

***“My daughter courage, your nothingness with your Jesus is everything and you can give Me everything, because you should know that I don't descend alone when you receive Me in (the) Sacrament but I descend with all My Works; and as I make you mistress of My Sacramental Life, thus I make you mistress of all My Works.***

***Hence, if you want, you hold much to give Me, because you hold My Works in your power. More so that My Sacramental Life that you receive in the Holy Host is surrounded by all the Acts that My Humanity did when I received Myself in instituting the Most Holy Sacrament, and surrounded by the all the Acts that My Celestial Mama did for Me when she received Me Sacramentally and surrounded by all the Acts of those who live off My Will, because these Acts are inseparable from Me and they remain incorporated with Me as part of My same Life.***

***Hence you can give Me everything, because they serve in order cover your misery, to make up for your love, almost in order to not make you ashamed, that coming in you, you would not have***

*anything to give Me. Rather, as you make use of them in order to give Me them, and to be able to delight and love Me through means of these Acts, they bilocate and become your Acts and My Acts, Acts of the Sovereign Queen and of the souls that live off My Will, in a way that I, instead of having one, have two, and My Sacramental Life remains surrounded by double Acts, as double Love, as greater Glory. These are My traffics that I do when I communicate Myself to souls. I give of Mine in order to have double from them, and thus My industry puts in traffic My same Sacramental Life in order to have the exchange of it.*

*But alas, how many don't make use of it, and they remain not having, nor do they know what to give Me, and I remain without new cortege, fasting of their acts, and with the sorrow of not even be able to put My loving traffics to industry. You will not do this to Me, because if I come, it is not only in order to come, but it is also because I want to give. And to receive for how much the creature can, she forms My satisfaction, My contentment and My Paradise in the Most Holy Sacrament; (for) Me to give and to receive nothing from them, forms My purgatory in My little prison of the Sacramental Host - purgatory that human ingratitude forms for Me. Therefore, be attentive and with courage and without any reserve give Me mine and all yourself to Me, so that I can say: 'I have given her all, and she has given me all. Thus, you will form My contentment and My traffic of Love.'*

**After this I was doing My round in the Acts of the Divine Will, and it seemed to me that all created things invited me one after the other to make known how the omnipotent Fiat works,** in which awaited my little exchange of love and for how very little (it was) He wanted it, claimed it in order to obtain His purpose, for having put forth all the Creation. And while I sought to follow the Divine Will, my amiable Jesus repeating his brief little visit, said to me:

***“My blessed daughter, all that which Our Paternal Goodness has worked in the Creation and Redemption has not yet received the exchange from creatures. And the reason is because Our purpose for which the Creation was created was that Man might complete***

*Our Will in everything. That same Will working in the Creation had to obtain His continuous working Act in the creature, in a way that the echo of the one should form the same echo in the other, in a way as to form one alone. **But My working Virtue of My Will remains alone with all His magnificence, power, wisdom and beauty, He remains in the Celestial spheres.***

*But in Man he is repressed and since he/(man) doesn't hold My working Will in himself, he doesn't hold hearing in order to listen to the echo of His/(Divine Will) Operative Virtue in the Creation. Therefore, not having obtained the purpose, Our Works are without exchange, the purpose forms the exchange of any little or great work that He does. **And you should be convinced that no one, as much in the Divine Order, as in the human one, works without purpose and in order to obtain his exchange.** One can call the purpose the beginning and the life of a work, the exchange, the completion. Oh! How many works would not have beginning if there might not be the purpose and they would leave it at half if there might not be the certainty of the exchange. The exchange makes one sustain unheard of sacrifices and gives the excessive heroism to God and creatures.*

***Now if My Divine Will doesn't form His Kingdom in souls, and they don't give Him the liberty to make himself dominate with His Creative and Operative Virtue, true exchange won't be given to Us, and hence We will always remain in expectation and We will see our most beautiful works as at half and without the completion of Our purpose.** So that there lacks the most beautiful thing, the most important Act, lacking the purpose for which all things were created. You see therefore how necessary it is that the Kingdom of My Divine Will comes.*

***More so that not having had the true exchange, Our Creative Work has remained as suspended,** and has not been able to go ahead in the Work of the Creation, because it is established that from the externalized Creation that they possess He should continue the interior Creation in the depth of souls. And this My Will could do if He might have the first post, the liberty to work in the human will; and not having it He cannot go ahead in his creative work.*

*He remains impeded, not being able to create the new heavens, stars, suns and so on in order to exchange Himself with those that He gave them in the Creation of all things; and not only in being able to go ahead in Our Works, but in being able to continue what We have established to do in creatures in virtue of Our Will.*



***How can we exchange Ourselves if We have still not finished doing what We want and have not completed the Work of the Creation begun so many centuries (ago)? Because the Work of the Creation proceeds including altogether what My 'Fiat' must do in all creatures in order to be able to say Our Work is completed. And if Our Volition has not yet done all that He wants to do, how can He say that I have completed My Work, much less exchange Himself for all that He has done?***

*Whence when We will obtain the purpose that the creature does Our Will in everything and live in Him, and she will have for purpose to live off Our Will and to let Him reign in order to give Him the field to the magnificence of His Works then, when the purpose of the one will be that of the other, We can receive the true exchange of all that We have done for love of creatures. Therefore, be attentive and always ahead in My Will."*

*"My Will is like a placid sea that murmurs peace, happiness, safety, certainty and the waves It releases from Its Bosom are waves of joys and of contentments without end."*



***Ardours of the Divine Will***  
**TO ESTABLISH THE CHURCH and HER HOLY  
EUCCHARISTIC SACRIFICE as THE MARRIAGE FEAST  
OF THE LAMB OF GOD WITH HIS BRIDE**

*“Do not allow your love to stop! Run to all the Tabernacles and each Sacramental Host, and you will hear the Holy Spirit moaning with unheard of sorrow in each Host. When souls receive the Sacrament of the Eucharist, not only is their life given to them, but My Own Life. Thus, the fruit of this Sacrament is to form My Life in them; and each Communion serves to make My Life grow, to develop in them in such a manner that they are able to say, ‘I am another Christ’. But, oh Me, how few take advantage of it!*

*Indeed, how many times do I descend into hearts and find arms that wound Me, and they repeat the tragedy of My Passion to Me! And, as they consume the Sacramental Species, instead of pressing Me to remain with them, I am constrained to go out bathed in tears, crying over My Sacramental lot; and I do not find anyone to quiet My crying and My doleful moans ...*

*If you could break the veils of the Host that cover Me, you would find Me bathed in tears, knowing the lot that awaits Me in descending into hearts. Therefore, let your exchange of love be continuous for each Host to quiet my crying; you will render less sorrowful the moans of the Holy Spirit. Do not stop; otherwise, We will not find you always together with Us in Our moans and in Our secret tears – We will feel a void in your exchange of love.”*

**From the Compendium of “The Hours of the Passion”**

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

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

*Therefore, my daughter, as I instituted the Most Holy Sacrament, My Eternal Will, united to My human will, made present to Me all the hosts which were to receive the sacramental consecration until the end of centuries. And I looked at them, one by one; I consumed them, and I saw My Sacramental Life palpitating in each host, yearning to give Itself to creatures.*

*In the name of the whole human family, my Humanity took on the commitment for all, and gave a dwelling within Itself to each host; and My Divinity, which was inseparable from Me, surrounded each sacramental host with divine honours, praises and blessings, to give worthy decorum to My Majesty.*

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

## **PRAYER OF LOVE AND COMPASSION FOR THE SORROWS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN THE SACRAMENT OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST**

I immerse myself in You Holy Spirit as You cause Jesus to descend into every host of bread and chalice of wine at the Consecration in every Holy Mass and in the words of Jesus, *“This is My Body, broken for you. This is My Blood poured out for you!”*

I adore, praise and glorify You Holy Spirit in the Love that fills You to incarnate Jesus as Food for the Life of your children.

Holy Spirit, You recall to our memory at every Consecration the beautiful moment when You conceived Jesus in our Holy Mother’s



Womb, making the Eternal Word Flesh. Thereby Holy Mother became the first Temple of Your Love for Jesus Incarnate, first Tabernacle and Monstrance in which the radiance of the Divine Presence shone. Her Heart, sacrificed in love for Him, became the first Altar upon which He sacrificed Himself. In You we praise Her, thank Her and glorify Her in Her astounding Fiat, “*Be it done unto me according to Thy Word.*”

I fuse myself and all humanity into her Fiat with You and create the sacrificial priesthood that brings reparation for the Sorrows and Pains Jesus’ endured in His Flesh and Soul. I immerse every priest into Your Divine Will and pray he truly believes in what he is the minister of – the Holy Spirit Incarnation of the Living God upon the altars of Your Church.

I bless You in Your own Will in every word and song of the sacred liturgy and in all the prayers of the priests and faithful in every generation, time and place. I especially offer you all the Masses prayed by holy priests in every age, such as the beloved apostle John who administered Mass and Holy Communion to our Beloved Mother and all the apostles, Saint Padre Pio, St Annibale Maria di Francia, Saint Maximilian Kolbe, St Louis Marie Grignon di Montfort, St John Marie Vianney, St Joseph of Cupertino, St Anthony of Padua, St Anthony of Egypt, St Athanasius, St Charbel and all others.

I offer especially to You the prayers and songs of Holy Mother, Abba Joseph and Luisa and all the exemplars of Life lived in Your Holy Will, to make reparation for all the prayers not prayed through laziness and apathy and/or ignorance of *the Celestial Doctrine*.

I anoint with Your Will all the music composed to enhance the liturgy and family life on earth to make Your pilgrimage to earth a sweet welcome. On all this I place my ‘*I love You*’.

O Creator of all celestial music live in us to sing new songs of love and praise uniting with the angelic choirs and of the Blessed Trinity Itself. Above all fill us with the Songs of the Immaculate Conception, Thy holy Spouse and our Mother. Teach us Divine Maestro, how to be Your instrument of celestial harmony in all our rounds done in Your Will and in all the Songs sung in the Heart of

Jesus in Love with His heavenly Father's Will I place my 'I love You.' May the Ardours of Love within You, Holy Spirit, resurrect in all souls a new music and a new language of love that has never been heard before. Oh, to be at that heavenly liturgy with all the blessed and the angels to celebrate in full the wondrous mysteries of our Faith. Fiat!

**O Blood and Water, which gushed forth from Thy Heart oh Jesus, as a Fount of Love and Mercy for us, I trust in You to open to me the door of Your Heart to invest me with Its Acts of Love done in every Eucharistic Host and every Living Host of Your Will. Amen. Fiat!**



*“These Heavens of My Will are more dear to Me and more privileged than the Tabernacles and the very consecrated Hosts, because in the Host My Life ends as the species is consumed, while in these Heavens of My Will, My Life never ends; even more, they serve as My Hosts on earth and will be Eternal Hosts in Heaven. To these Heavens of My Will I add: ‘Had I not incarnated Myself in the Womb of My Mother, for these souls alone I would have incarnated Myself, and for*

*them I would have suffered My Passion’, because in them I find the true fruit of My Incarnation and Passion.”* V 11: March 3, 1912

*“My daughter, do you know what you would do by not doing your acts in My Will - you would lack the reflection of all Creation; and because you would lack Its reflection, on that day the heavens would not extend within you, the sun would not rise, the sea would not flow within you, your earth would not let the new flowering bloom, nor would the joy, the music, the singing of the inhabitants of the air, the sweet symphony of the spheres, be heard in you.*

*My Will would not find Its echo in you, therefore It would feel the sorrow that, on that day, the little daughter of Its Volition has not*

*given It the requital of a heaven for love of It, because she lacked the reflection of Its Heaven; she has not made the sun rise in return for Its Eternal Life; she has not let It hear the sea flowing, nor its sweet murmuring, nor the darting of the mute inhabitants of the waves. My Will would feel all of Its Acts, the reflection of Its Works, missing in you, nor could It form Its echo in you. And in Its sorrow, It would say, ‘Ah! Today My little daughter has not given Me a heaven as I have given to her, nor a sun, a sea, flowers, singing, music and joy, as I have given to her. So, she has gone out of My likeness; her notes have not harmonized with Mine. I have loved her with many manifestations and with incessant Love (but) she did not.’ See what you would do! My Will would not tolerate in you, Its little daughter, the void of Its Works.”*

V 20: November 14, 1926

## *The Sorrows of Sacramental Jesus*

Volume 25: October 17, 1928

“ ... After this, I continued my acts in the Divine Fiat, and following Its acts, I was accompanying the conception of Jesus in the maternal womb. And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me:

*“My daughter, how much analogy exists between the Conception I did in the maternal womb and what I do in each consecrated host. See, from Heaven I descended to conceive in the womb of My Celestial Mama; from Heaven I descend to be consecrated, hidden, within the veils of the species of bread. In the dark, immobile, I remained in the maternal womb; in the dark, immobile, and made even smaller, I remain in each host.*

*Look at Me, I am here, hidden in this tabernacle; I pray, I cry and I make not even My Breath heard; within the sacramental veils, My very Divine Will keeps Me as though dead, annihilated, restricted, compressed, while I am alive and give life to all. Oh! Abyss of My Love, how immeasurable you are! In the maternal womb I was loaded down with the weight of all souls and of all sins; here, in each host, small as it is, I feel the enormous weight of the burden of the sins of each creature.*

*And while I feel crushed under the enormity of so many sins, I do not tire, because True Love never tires, and wants to win with the greatest sacrifices; it wants to expose its life for the beloved. This is why I continue My Life, from the moment I conceived up to My Death, in each sacramental host.*

***Now I want to tell you of the pleasure I feel in having you near My Tabernacle, under My sacramental gazes and the analogy that exists between Me and you. See, I am here, hidden under the empire of My Divine Will. Ah! It is My Will Itself, Its power that contains the prodigy of hiding Me in each host with the consecration. You are in your bed, only by the empire of My Fiat. Ah! It is not corporal maladies that keep you hampered - no, but it is My Will alone that wants it so; and making a veil of you, It hides Me and forms for Me a living host, a living tabernacle.***

***Here, in this tabernacle, I pray continuously; but do you know what My first prayer is? That My Will be known, that Its rule which keeps Me hidden may rule over all creatures and may reign and dominate in them. In fact, only when My Will is known and forms in them Its Kingdom - then will My Sacramental Life have its complete fruit, the fulfillment of the so many sacrifices, the restoration of My Life in creatures.***

*And I am here hidden, making many sacrifices to wait for the triumph - the Kingdom of My Divine Will. You too pray, and as you echo My Prayer, I hear your continuous speaking by putting all My Acts and all created things in motion; and you ask Me, in the name of everyone and everything, that My Will be known and form in them Its Kingdom. Your echo and mine are one, and we ask for one same thing - that everything may return into the Eternal Fiat, that Its just rights be given back to It.*

*See, then, how much analogy there is between you and Me; but the most beautiful one is that what I want you want - we are both sacrificed for a cause so holy. Therefore, your company is sweet to Me, and in the midst of so many pains that I suffer, it renders Me happy.”*

# *The Celestial Music of Jesus' Temperament*

V 11: March 3, 1912



*“My daughter, one who does My Will loses her temperament and acquires Mine, and since in My temperament there are many melodies which form the Paradise of the Blessed - such that music is My sweet temperament, music the goodness, music the sanctity, music the beauty, the power, the wisdom, the immensity, and so with all the rest of My Being - the soul, taking part in all the qualities of My temperament, receives within herself all the varieties of these melodies.*

*As she goes along doing even the littlest actions, she makes a melody for Me, and as I hear it, I immediately recognize that it is music that the soul has taken from My Will - that is, from My temperament - and I run to listen to it, and I like it so much that I am amused and cheered of all the wrongs which the other creatures do to Me.*

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

***These are the souls to whom I keep repeating: ‘Had I not created the heavens, for you alone I would create them.’***

*In them I lay the Heaven of My Will, and I make of them the true images of Myself; and within these Heavens I keep wandering about, amusing Myself and playing with them. To these Heavens I repeat: 'Had I not left Myself in the Sacrament, for you alone I would have done it.' In fact, they are My True Hosts, and just as I could not live without a Will, in the same way I cannot live without these Heavens of My Will; rather, they are not only My True Hosts, but My Calvary and My very Life.*

*These Heavens of My Will are more dear to Me and more privileged than the Tabernacles and the very consecrated Hosts, because in the Host My Life ends as the species is consumed, while in these Heavens of My Will, My Life never ends; even more, they serve as My Hosts on earth and will be Eternal Hosts in Heaven. To these Heavens of My Will I add: 'Had I not incarnated Myself in the Womb of My Mother, for these souls alone I would have incarnated Myself, and for them I would have suffered My Passion', because in them I find the true fruit of My Incarnation and Passion.*

***“My daughter, fusing yourself in My Will is the most solemn, the greatest, the most important Act of your whole life.”***

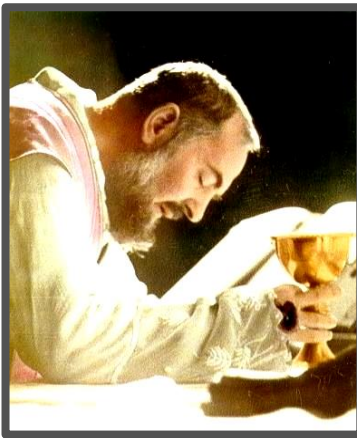
V 17: January 4, 1925

How much my heart would like to hear the heavenly music that You, my Beloved, sing continuously to our Father and Mother, to our dearest Abba, Luisa and all your most beloved souls. So my dear Jesus I fuse myself into Your Voice to sing the *Celestial Song of Love of Your Heart to Your Beloved Father and Mother* and to harmonize my voice with Yours to reverberate with sweet notes Your 'I love you' to all Creation, so that every creature is touched in the core of their being with Your Song of Love; especially those who have been most deprived of Love and all the little infants in the womb. I take the baton of Your Divine Will to conduct all Creation and command all voices to sing *Your Celestial Symphony* adding, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven!" I fuse these voices and notes of Love into those of Our Heavenly Mama and all Her songs and lullabies

for You; those of dear Abba Joseph's paternal love for You; those of Luisa's spousal Love for You and of all the angelic choirs and saints who loved You most. I take their sweet songs of love, the ardours of their hearts and their wills docile to Yours and fuse them all into Your Heart so ravaged by the sins of Mankind and so longing to be consoled by hearing the music of Heaven resound in Your Ears. Fiat!

## ***Ardours of the Divine Will***

### **TO ESTABLISH HIS PRIESTHOOD AND DIVINE PATERNITY IN THE CHURCH**



*“Descend into the Sacrament of Holy Orders. Here yes, you will find our most intimate, hidden sorrows, the tears most bitter, the moans most agonizing ... Holy Orders elevates Man to a supreme height, a divine character, the repeater of My Life, the administrator of the Sacraments, the revealer of My Secrets, of My Gospel, of My most sacred science, the peacemaker between Heaven and earth and the carrier of Jesus to souls. But, oh Me, how many times*

*do We see that the ordained will be a Judas to Us, a usurper of the character that is impressed on him!*

*Oh, how the Holy Spirit moans in seeing the ordained strip themselves of the things most sacred, the character most sovereign that exists between Heaven and earth! How many profanations! Each act of an ordained one, not done according to the impressed character, will be a scream of sorrow, a bitter weeping, an agonizing moan ...*

***Holy Orders is the Sacrament that encloses all  
the other Sacraments together.***

*Therefore, if the ordained will learn how to conserve in himself, integral, the character received, he will place the other Sacraments almost in safety. He will be the defender and the saviour of Jesus Himself. Therefore, when We do not see this in the ordained, Our Sorrows are accentuated more; Our moans become more continuous and doleful. Therefore, let your exchange of love flow in each priestly act, in order to keep the moaning Love of the Holy Spirit company.”*

**PRAYER OF LOVE AND COMPASSION FOR THE SORROWS OF THE HOLY  
SPIRIT IN THE SACRAMENT OF HOLY ORDERS**

I immerse myself in You Holy Spirit, as You fill Jesus with Your Ardour to call His first apostles and to anoint them with the Spirit of Holy Orders, that they may carry on the Gift of His Priesthood and sanctify souls through the perpetual Sacrifice of the Mass, administering the Holy Sacraments of Your Love and Mercy through the many blessings they give the faithful.

I immerse myself in You Holy Spirit to restore a virginal priesthood that will sow the Seed of Your *Divine Holiness* in the Church. The Gift beyond price and far above human nuptial love is this Virginal Espousal with Your Divine Will of which Holy Mother Mary is the exemplar. In each one of Your moans and sorrows I want to create a priestly “*Divine Life*” who will fulfill all Your desires for Your priests. I ask the help of all Your saintly priests in this Mission especially Saints (Padre) Pio, Annibale Maria di Francia, Anthony of Padua, Joseph of Cupertino, Lawrence of Brindisi, Anthony of Egypt, Maximilian Kolbe, Athanasius, John Vianney & Charbel.

***O Blood and Water which flowed from Your Sacred Heart oh Jesus, as a Fount of Love and Mercy for Your priests, I fuse myself into You to pour over every priest the Unction of Your Love in word and deed, to purify and sanctify souls.  
Fiat!***



## ***Where [God's) Will reigns Three Cords of Purest Gold are formed. How the Divine Will works in all of Creation.***

V 21: February 26, 1927

*“... My daughter, the soul in whom My Volition reigns has the cords of purest gold which descend from the Power of the Father, the Wisdom of Me, the Son, and the Love of the Holy Spirit. As the soul works, loves, prays, and suffers, so I take the cords in My hands and put into action Our Power, Wisdom, and Love for the good and to the glory of all the Blessed and all creatures. The ringing of these bells is so strong and harmonious that, as they ring out, they invite everyone to celebrate. So everyone has come out to enjoy the festivities of your act. As you can see, the acts done in the soul where My Volition reigns are formed in Heaven, within the womb of her Creator, then they descend to earth by means of the three cords of Our Power, Wisdom, and Love. They then return to their source to bring back glory to Our Divinity, and I greatly enjoy pulling the ropes so that all may hear the ringing of these mysterious bells.”*

After that I heard that the Holy Sacrament had been exposed in Church, and I thought to myself: *“For me there are neither expositions nor [liturgical] functions.”* And my sweet Jesus, not allowing me to have another thought, came out from inside me and said:

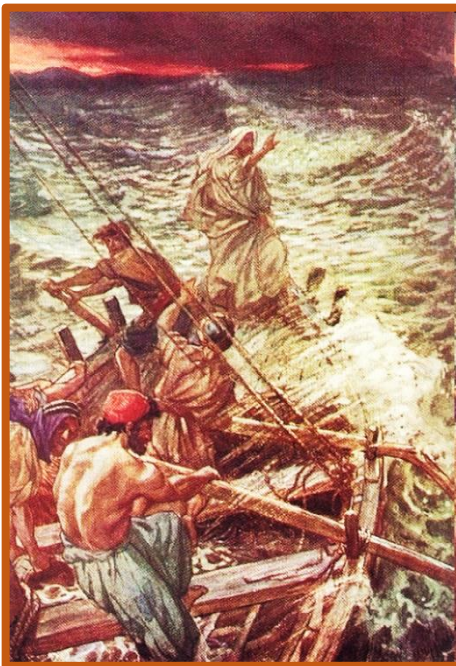
*“My daughter, for you there is no need to expose (the Blessed Sacrament) because for whoever does My Will, It has the greatest and most continuous exposition in all of Creation. Actually, every created thing, because it is animated by It, forms as many expositions for as many things as exist. What forms My Divine Life in the Eucharist - My Will. If the Sacramental Host were not animated by My Supreme Will, Divine Life would not exist within it; it would be a simple white host not meriting the adoration of the faithful.*

*Now, My daughter, My Will has Its exposition in the sun, and just as My Will is veiled in the Hosts, hiding My Life, so It has the veils*

*of light in the sun which hide My Life. Yet who is it that genuflects, who sends an act of adoration, who says a 'Thank You' to My Will exposed in the sun? No one - what ingratitude!*

*But even with all that It is not inhibited, it is always stable in doing good within its veils of light. It follows Man's steps, empowering his actions; whichever way he takes its light is to be found in front of and behind him, carrying him in triumph, carrying him in its womb of light to do him good, it is disposed to do him good and to give him light, even when he does not want it.*

*Oh, Will of Mine, how invincible, lovable, admirable, and unchanging in good, untiring without ever retreating [You are]! Do you see the great difference between the exposition of the Eucharist and the continuous act of exposition which My Will has in all created things? In the exposition of the Eucharist Man must be bothered - he must go, draw near, dispose himself to receive the good; otherwise, he receives nothing. On the other hand, in the exposition of My Will in created things It goes Itself to Man to*



*eliminate his bother, and in spite of the fact that he is not even disposed, My Will is very free and drowns Man with Its goods. But there is no one who adores My Eternal Will and all Its expositions. The sun, symbol of the Eucharist, gives its light, its heat, its innumerable goods, but always in silence, it never says a word, never chastises, in spite of the many horrendous evils it sees. In the sea, however, under the veils of the water, It gives Its exposition in a different way. It speaks as It forms Its*

*whisperings in the veils of the water, It strikes fear in the tumultuous breakers and in [the sea's] rumbling waves. If It overwhelms boats and people, It can bury them in the depths of the sea without anyone being able to resist. My Will in the sea makes an exposition of Its Power and speaks in the whisperings, speaks in the breakers, speaks in the highest waves, calling Man to love It and fear It, and seeing Itself not listened to makes an exposition of the Divine Justice, changing those veils into storms which unfurl unavoidably against Man.*

*Oh! If the creatures paid attention to all the expositions which My Will makes in all of Creation, they would need to stay always in an Act of Adoration to adore My Will exposed in the flowered fields with its radiant scents, in the loaded fruit trees with their variety of sweet flavours. There is no created thing which does not have its special divine exposition, and because the creatures do not bestow the honours upon [My Will in Creation] as they should, **it's up to you to maintain perpetual adoration in the exposition that the Supreme Fiat has in all of Creation.** My daughter, let it be you who offers herself as a perpetual adorer of this Will, for now It is absent of adorers and receives no exchange of love on the part of the creature.*

## ***One who Lives in the Divine Will is together with Jesus in the Tabernacle.***

V 12: July 4, 1917

Continuing in my usual state, I was feeling a little in suffering, and my adorable Jesus came and placed Himself in front of me. It seemed that between me and Jesus there were many electric wires of communication; and He told me: *“My daughter, each pain which the soul suffers is one additional communication that the soul acquires. In fact, all the pains that the creature could suffer were suffered before by Me, in My Humanity, and took their place in the Divine Order. And since the creature cannot suffer them all together, my Goodness communicates them little by little; and in doing so, the chains of union with Me keep growing. This, not only for the pains, but for all the good that the creature can do. In this way the links of connection*

*between Me and her develop.” Another day I was thinking to myself about the good that other souls receive by being in front of the Most Blessed Sacrament, while I, poor one, was deprived of It. And blessed Jesus told me:*

***“My daughter, one who does My Will is with Me in the Tabernacle and shares in My Pains, in the coldness, in the irreverences and in all that the very souls who are in My Sacramental Presence do.***

*One who does My Will must excel in everything; and the place of honour is always reserved for her. Therefore, who receives more good: one who is before Me, or one who is with Me? I do not tolerate even one step of distance, nor division of pains or of joys between Me and one who does My Will. I may keep her on the cross - but always with Me.*

***This is why I want you always in My Will: to give you the first place inside My Sacramental Heart. I want to feel your heart palpitating in Mine, with My own Love and Pain. I want to feel your will in Mine which, multiplying in everyone, may give Me the reparations of all, and the love of all in One Single Act. And I want to feel my Will in yours, which, making your poor humanity my own, may raise it before the Majesty of the Father as My continuous victim.”***

## ***Luisa’s Acts raise Tabernacles and form many Hosts for Jesus***

V 12: Feb 27, 1919

***My daughter, how much darkness! It is such that the earth seems to be covered with a black mantle, to the extent that the creatures can no longer see.*** *Either they have remained blind, or they have no light to be able to see; and I want not only divine air for Me, but also light. Therefore, let your acts be continuous in My Will, so that you may not only form air for your Jesus, but also Light. You will be My reflector, the reflection of My Love and of My very Light.*

**Even more, I tell you that as you do your acts in My Volition, you will raise Tabernacles. Not only this, but as you keep forming your thoughts, desires, words, reparations and acts of Love, many Hosts will be unleashed from you, because they are consecrated by My Will.**

*Oh, what a free outpouring My Love will have! I will have free field in everything - no more obstruction. I will have as many Tabernacles as I want. The Hosts will be innumerable; we will communicate each other in every instant, and I too will cry out: 'Freedom! Freedom! Come all into My Will, and you will enjoy true freedom!' Outside of My Will, how many obstructions does the soul not find! But in My Will she is free. I leave her free to love Me as she wants; even more, I tell her:*

***'Lay down your human remains - take what is divine. I am not stingy and jealous with My goods; I want you to take everything. Love Me immensely - take, take all My Love; make My Power your own; make My Beauty your own. The more you take, the happier your Jesus will be.' The earth forms few Tabernacles for Me; the Hosts are almost numbered. And then, the sacrileges, the irreverences that they do to Me - oh, how offended and hindered My Love is!***

*But in My Will - no hindrance; not a shadow of offense. The creature gives Me Love, divine reparations and complete correspondence; she substitutes together with Me for all the evils of the human family. Be attentive, and do not move from the point at which I call you and want you."*

## ***The Purgatory of a soul for having neglected Communion.***

V 7: October 14, 1906

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself with baby Jesus, and He seemed to say to a priest: ***“Self-esteem poisons Grace in you and in others. In fact, since by your office you must administer Grace, if souls detect that what you say and do, you do in order to be esteemed – and it can easily be detected when this poison is present – Grace does not enter alone, but together with the poison that you have. So, instead of rising again to life, they find death.”*** Then He added:

***“It is necessary that you strip yourself of everything in order for you to be filled with the All, which is God. And by having the All within you, you will give the All to all those who will come to you; and in giving the All to others, you will find everything at your disposal, in such a way that no one will be able to deny you anything – not even esteem; even more, from human you will have it divine, which befits the All who dwells in you.”***

**After this, I saw a soul from Purgatory who, upon seeing us, hid and shunned us, and the blushing she felt was such that she was as though crushed.** I was surprised that instead of running to the Baby, she would run away. Jesus disappeared, and I drew near her asking the reason for it. She was so ashamed that she could not utter a word, but as I forced her, she told me: *“Just Justice of God, for having sealed upon my forehead confusion and such fear of His Presence that I am forced to shun Him. I act against my own will, because while I am consumed with yearning for Him, another pain inundates me, and I shun Him. Oh, God – to see Him, and to shun Him – these are mortal and unutterable pains! However, I have deserved these pains, distinct from those of other souls, because in conducting a devout life, many times I made abuse by not receiving Communion because of trifles, temptations, coldnesses, fears and sometimes even in order to be able to bring reasons to my confessor and let him hear that I was not receiving Communion. Souls hold all this as*

*nothing, but God judges it most severely, giving it pains which surpass the other pains, because these are defects more directed to Love.*

***In addition to all this, Jesus Christ in the Most Blessed Sacrament burns with Love and with the desire to give Himself to souls. He feels Himself dying continuously with Love, and when the soul can draw near Him to receive it, but does not – or even more, she remains there indifferent with many useless pretexts – the affront and the displeasure He receives are such that He feels restless, burning, and cannot give vent to His flames. He feels as though suffocated by His own Love, finding no one with whom to share it, and almost gone mad, He keeps repeating:***

*‘The excesses of My Love are neglected – even more, they are forgotten. Even the ones who call themselves My spouses have no yearning to receive Me and to let Me pour Myself out with them at least. Ah, in nothing am I requited! Oh! Oh! Oh! I am not loved! I am not loved!’*

**And so, to have me purged of this defect, the Lord has made me share in the pain which He suffers when souls do not receive Him. It is a pain, it is a sorrow, it is a fire, such that it can be said that the very fire of Purgatory, compared to it, is nothing.”**

After this, I found myself inside myself, all stupefied, thinking about the pain of that soul, while here with us neglecting Communion is really held as nothing.

## ***The Sacraments produce their fruits and effects according to how souls are submitted to the Divine Will***

V 11: September 25, 1913

I told the confessor that Jesus had said to me that the Will of God is the centre of the soul; that this centre is in the depth of the soul; and that, spreading Its rays like sun, It gives light to the mind, sanctity to the actions,

strength to the steps, life to the heart, power to the word and to everything; and not only this, but also that while this centre - the Will of God - is inside of us, so that we may never escape from It, and so as to remain at our continuous disposal, never leaving us alone or separated even for one minute - at the same time, It is also in front of us, on our right, on our left, behind and everywhere, and It will be our centre also in Heaven. The confessor was saying instead that the Most Holy Sacrament is our centre. Now, on coming, blessed Jesus told me:

*“My daughter, I had to make it in such a way that sanctity might be easy and accessible to all - unless they did not want it - in all conditions, in all circumstances and in every place. It is true that the Most Holy Sacrament is centre; but who instituted It? Who subdued My Humanity to enclose Itself within the small circle of a Host? Wasn't that My Will? Therefore, My Will will always have primacy over everything. Besides, if everything is in the Eucharist, the priests who call Me from Heaven into their hands, and who are in contact with My Sacramental Flesh more than anyone, should be the holiest and the most good; but instead, many of them are the worst. Poor Me, how they treat Me in the Most Holy Sacrament! And the many devout souls who receive Me, perhaps every day,*



*should be as many saints if the centre of the Eucharist were sufficient. But instead – and it is something to be cried over - they remain always at the same point: vain, irascible, punctilious, etc. Poor centre of the Most Holy Sacrament - how dishonoured It remains!*

*On the other hand, there may be a mother who does My Will and who, because of her situation, not because she does not want to, cannot receive Me every day; and one sees that she is patient, charitable, and carries the*



*fragrance of My Eucharistic Virtues within herself. Ah, is it perhaps the Sacrament or rather My Will to which she is submitted, that keeps her subdued and makes up for the Most Holy Sacrament?*

***Even more, I tell you that the Sacraments themselves produce fruits according to how souls are submitted to My Will. They produce effects according to the connection that souls have with My Volition. And if there is no connection with My Will, they may receive Communion, but will remain on an empty stomach; they may go to Confession, but will remain always dirty; they may come before My Sacramental Presence, but if our wills do not meet, I will be as though dead for them, because My Will alone produces all goods and gives Life to the very Sacraments in the soul who lets herself be subdued by It. And those who do not understand this - it means that they are babies in religion.”***

## ***The Divine Will forms the true and perfect Consecration of the Divine Life in the soul.***

December 17, 1914

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

***Here is how you too can form the host. The host is material and totally human; you too have a material body and a human will. This body and this will of yours - if you keep them pure, upright and far away from any shadow of sin - are the accidents, the veils, so that I may be able to consecrate Myself and live hidden within you. But***

*this is not enough; it would be like the host without consecration! My Life is needed. My Life is composed of sanctity, of love, of wisdom, of power, etc., but the engine of all is My Will.*

***Therefore, after you have prepared the host, you must make your will die in this host; you must cook it well, so that it may not be born again. Then you must let My Will permeate all your being; and My Will, which contains the whole of My Life, will form the true and perfect consecration.***

*So, the human thought will have life no more, but only the thought of My Volition, and this consecration will create My Wisdom in your mind; no more life for what is human, for weakness, for inconstancy, because My Will will form the consecration of the Divine Life, of fortitude, of firmness, and of all that I am.*

***So, each time you make your will, your desires, and all that you are and that you may do, flow into My Will, I will renew the consecration, and I will continue My Life within you as in a Living Host - not a dead one, like the hosts without Me.***

***But this is not all. In the consecrated hosts, in the pyxes, in the Tabernacles, everything is dead - mute; not a heartbeat sensibly, not a surge of love which may correspond to so much love of mine. If it wasn't for the fact that I wait for hearts in order to give Myself to them, I would be quite unhappy, I would remain defrauded in My Love, and My Sacramental Life would remain without purpose. And if I tolerate this in the Tabernacles, I would not tolerate it in Living Hosts. So, life needs nourishment, and in the Sacrament I want to be nourished, and I want to be nourished with My own Food – that is, the soul will make My Will, My Love, My Prayers, Reparations and Sacrifices her own; she will give them to Me as if they were her own things, and I will nourish Myself.***

***The soul will unite with Me, she will prick up her ears to hear what I am doing so as to do it together with Me; and as she keeps repeating My own Acts, she will give Me her food, and I will be happy. Only in these Living Hosts will I find the compensation for the loneliness, the starvation, and all that I suffer in the Tabernacles.”***

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

November 13, 1915

After I had received Holy Communion, I thought to myself: 'How should I offer It in order to please Jesus?' And He, always benign, told me: "*My daughter, if you want to please Me, offer It as My own Humanity did. Before giving Communion to others, I gave Communion to Myself, and I wanted to do this in order to give to the Father the complete glory of all the Communions of creatures, and to enclose within Me all the reparations for all the sacrileges, for all the offenses, that my Humanity would receive in the Sacrament.*

*Since My Humanity enclosed the Divine Will, It enclosed all reparations of all times; and since I received Myself, I received Myself worthily. And since all the works of creatures were divinized by My Humanity, with My Communion I wanted to seal the Communions of creatures. Otherwise, how could the creature receive a God?*

*It was My Humanity that opened this door to creatures, and earned for them that they might receive Me. Now, you, My daughter, do it in My Will, unite it to My Humanity. In this way you will enclose everything, and I will find in you the reparations of all, the compensation for everything, and My satisfaction. Even more, I will find in you another Me."*

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

***“I received Communion, I received Myself in the Will of the Father, and with this I not only repaired everything, but finding immensity and all-seeingness of everything and everyone in the Divine Will, I embraced all, I gave Communion to all.”***

V 11: September 8, 1916

This morning, after Communion, I felt that my lovable Jesus absorbed me completely in His Will in a special way, and I swam inside of It. But who can say what I felt? I have no words to express myself. Then Jesus told me:

***“My daughter, for as long as the soul is in My Will, so much of Divine Life can she say she lives on earth. How I like it when I see that the soul enters into my Will to live Divine Life in It! I like very much to see souls who repeat in My Will what My Humanity did in It! I received Communion, I received Myself in the Will of the Father, and with this I not only repaired everything, but finding immensity and all-seeingness of everything and everyone in the Divine Will, I embraced all, I gave Communion to all.***

*And in seeing that many would not take part in the Sacrament and that the Father was offended for they did not want to receive My Life, I gave to the Father the satisfaction and the glory as if all had received Communion, giving to the Father the satisfaction and the glory of a Divine Life for each one.*

***You too – receive Communion in My Will, repeat what I did, and in this way you will not only repair everything, but will give Me to all as I intended to give Myself to all, and will give Me the glory as if all had received Communion.***

*My Heart feels moved in seeing that, unable to give Me anything from her own which is worthy of Me, the creature takes My things, she makes them her own, she imitates the way I did them, and to please Me, she gives them to Me. And I, in My delight, keep repeating: “Brava, My daughter, you have done exactly what I did.” Then He added:*

*“The acts in My Will are the simplest acts, but, because they are simple, they communicate themselves to all. The light of the sun, because it is simple, is light of every eye – yet the sun is one.*

***One act alone in My Will, like most simple light, diffuses itself in every heart, in every work, in everyone – yet the act is one. My very Being, because It is most simple, is one single Act, but an Act which contains everything.***

*It has no feet but is the step of all; no eyes but is the eye and the light of all; it gives life to everything, but with no effort, with no toil, yet it gives the act of operating to all. So, the soul in My Will becomes simple, and together with Me she multiplies in all, and does good to all. Oh! If all comprehended the immense value of the acts, even the littlest, done in My Will – they would let not one act escape them.”*

## ***Effects of Communion in the Divine Will.***

V 11: October 2, 1916

This morning I received Communion in the way Jesus had taught me – that is, united with His Humanity, His Divinity and His Will; and Jesus, on coming, made Himself seen and I kissed Him and clasped Him to my heart. He returned my kiss and my embrace, and told me: ***“My daughter, how content I am that you have come to receive Me united with My Humanity, Divinity and Will! You have renewed in Me all the contentment I received when I communicated Myself; and while you were kissing Me and embracing Me, since all of Myself was in you, you contained all creatures, and I felt I was given the kiss of all, the embraces of all, because this was your will, as was Mine in communicating Myself - to return to the Father all the love of creatures, even though many would not love Him.***

*The Father made up for their love in Me, and I make up for the love of all creatures in you; and having found in My Will one who loves Me, repairs Me, etc., in the name of all – because in My Will there*

*is nothing that the creature cannot give Me – I feel like loving creatures even if they offend Me, and I keep inventing stratagems of love around the hardest hearts in order to convert them. Only for love of these souls who do everything in My Will, do I feel as though chained, captured; and I concede to them the prodigies of the greatest conversions.”*

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

V 11: December 22, 1916

Having received Communion, I was uniting all of myself with Jesus, pouring all of myself into His Will; and I said to Him: *‘I am unable to do anything, or say anything, therefore I feel the great need to do what You do, and to repeat your own words. In your Will I find, present and as though in act, the acts You did in receiving Yourself in the Sacrament, I make them my own, and I repeat them for You.’*

So, I tried to penetrate into everything which Jesus had done in receiving Himself in the Sacrament, and while I was doing this, He told me:



***“My daughter, the soul who does My Will, and whatever she does, she does in My Volition, forces Me to do whatever she does together with her. So, if she receives Communion in My Will, I repeat the Acts I did in communicating Myself, and I renew the complete fruit of My Sacramental Life. If she prays in My Will, I pray with her and renew the fruit of My Prayers. If she suffers, if she works, if she speaks in My Will, I suffer with her, renewing the fruit of My***

***Pains; I work and speak with her, and I renew the fruit of My works and words; and so with all the rest.”***

***Jesus suffered all the pains of creatures.  
One who Lives the Divine Will is together  
with Jesus in the Tabernacle***

V 12: July 4, 1917

Continuing in my usual state, I was feeling a little in suffering, and my adorable Jesus came and placed Himself in front of me. It seemed that between me and Jesus there were many electric wires of communication; and He told me: ***“My daughter, each pain which the soul suffers is one additional communication that the soul acquires. In fact, all the pains that the creature could suffer were suffered before by Me, in my Humanity, and took their place in the Divine Order. And since the creature cannot suffer them all together, My Goodness communicates them little by little; and in doing so, the chains of union with Me keep growing. This, not only for the pains, but for all the good that the creature can do. In this way the links of connection between Me and her develop.”***

Another day I was thinking to myself about the good that other souls receive by being in front of the Most Blessed Sacrament, while I, poor one, was deprived of it. And blessed Jesus told me:

***“My daughter, one who does My Will is with Me in the Tabernacle, and shares in my pains, in the coldness, in the irreverences, and in all that the very souls who are in My Sacramental Presence do.***

***One who does My Will must excel in everything; and the place of honour is always reserved for her. Therefore, who receives more good: one who is before Me, or one who is with Me? I do not tolerate even one step of distance, nor division of pains or of joys between Me and one who does My Will. I may keep her on the cross - but always with Me.***

***This is why I want you always in My Will: to give you the first place inside My Sacramental Heart. I want to feel your heart palpitating in Mine, with my own love and pain.***

*I want to feel your will in Mine, which, multiplying in everyone, may give Me the reparations of all, and the love of all in one single Act. And I want to feel My Will in yours, which, making your poor humanity My own, may raise it before the Majesty of the Father as My continuous victim.”*

## ***Doing the Office of Priest, Jesus Consecrates the souls who Live in His Will.***

V 12: June 20, 1918

Continuing in my usual state, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen around me, all full of attentions. He seemed to be watching me in everything. As He was doing this, a rope came out from His Heart, coming toward my heart; and if I was attentive, the rope remained fixed in my heart, and Jesus moved this rope and amused Himself. Then, my beloved Jesus told me:

*“My daughter, I am all attention for souls. If they reciprocate Me, paying as much attention to Me, the ropes of My Love remain fixed in their heart, and I multiply my attentions and amuse Myself; otherwise, the ropes remain loose, and My Love rejected and saddened.”* Then He added:

### ***The Extraordinary Predilection Jesus has for souls who Live in His Will***

***“In the one who does My Will and Lives in It, My Love does not find obstruction. I love her and have so much predilection for her that I Myself take care of all that is needed for her: both help and direction, both unforeseen aids and unexpected graces. Even more, I am jealous that others may do something – I Myself want to do everything for her. I reach so much jealousy of Love that, if I give to priests the authority to consecrate Me in the Sacramental Hosts so that I***



***may be given to souls, I reserve to Myself the privilege to consecrate these souls, as they keep repeating their acts in My Will, as they resign themselves, and as they make the human will go out, in order to let the Divine Will enter. What the priest does over the Host, I do with them - and not only once: every time she repeats her acts in My Will, she calls Me as a powerful magnet, and I consecrate her like a privileged Host, repeating over her the words of the Consecration.***

*I do this with justice, because the soul who does My Will sacrifices herself more than those souls who receive Communion, but do not do my Will. They empty themselves to take on Me; they give Me full dominion and, if needed, they are ready to suffer any pain in order to do My Will. So, I cannot wait!*

***My Love cannot contain itself from communicating Me to them until when it is convenient to the priest to give them the Sacramental Host. Therefore, I do everything by Myself. Oh, how many times I communicate Myself before the priest feels comfortable to communicate her himself! If this were not the case, My Love would remain as though hampered and bound in the Sacraments. No, no, I am free! I have the Sacraments inside My Heart - I am the Owner, and I can exercise them whenever I want.”***

And while He was saying this, He seemed to be wandering everywhere, to see if there were souls who did His Will, in order to consecrate them. How beautiful it was to see lovable Jesus going round as though in a hurry, doing the Office of Priest, and to hear Him repeat the words of the Consecration over those souls who do His Will and live in It. Oh, blessed are those souls who, by doing His Most Holy Will, receive the Consecration of Jesus!

## ***Laments of Jesus because of priests.***

V 12: September 4, 1918

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came for just a little, and told me: *“My daughter, creatures want to challenge my Justice. They do not want to surrender, and therefore my Justice takes Its course against them. And these are creatures from all classes, excepting not even those who are said to be my ministers - and maybe these more than others. What poison they have - and they poison those who approach them! Instead of placing Me in souls, they want to put themselves. They want to be surrounded, be known - and I remain aside. Their poisonous contact, instead of rendering souls recollected, distracts them from Me; instead of rendering them reserved, it makes them more free, more faulty - to the extent that one can see souls who have no contact with them being more good and more recollected. So, I cannot trust anyone. I am forced to allow that people go far away from churches, from the Sacraments in order to prevent their contact from poisoning them more, making them more evil. My sorrow is great. The wounds of My Heart are deep. Therefore, pray, and united with those few good who are still around, compassionate My bitter sorrow.”*

***The soul must invest herself with Jesus to be able to receive Him in the Sacrament***

V 12: October 24, 1918



I was preparing myself to receive my sweet Jesus in the Sacrament and I prayed that He Himself would cover my great misery. And Jesus told me:

*“My daughter, in order to allow the creature to have all the necessary means to receive Me, I wanted to institute this Sacrament on the last day of My Life, so as to line up My whole Life around each Host, as preparation for each creature who would receive Me. The creature could never have received Me, if she had not had a preparing God, who was taken only by excess of Love for wanting to give Himself to the creature. And since the creature was unable to receive Me, that same excess of Love led Me to give My whole Life in order to prepare her, so It placed my steps, my works, my Love before her own. And since within Me there was also My Passion, It placed also My Pains in order to prepare her. So, invest yourself with Me; cover yourself with each one of My Acts, and come.”* Afterwards, I lamented to Jesus because He no longer makes Me suffer as He used to; and He added:

*“My daughter, I look not so much at the suffering, but at the good will of the soul - at the love with which she suffers. Because of it, the tiniest suffering becomes great; trifles take life within the All, and acquire value, and the lack of suffering is even greater than suffering itself. What a sweet violence it is for Me, to see a creature who wants to suffer for love of Me.*

*What do I care if she does not suffer, when I see that not suffering is for her a more transfixing nail than suffering itself? On the other hand, lack of good will, things which are forced and without love, as great as they may be, remain small. I do not look at them; on the contrary, they are a weight for Me.”*

## ***To Live in the Divine Will is Sacrament and surpasses all the Sacraments together***

V 12: December 26, 1919

***I was thinking to myself: ‘How can it be that doing the Will of God surpasses even the Sacraments?’*** And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: *“My daughter, why are the Sacraments called Sacraments? Because they are sacred - they have the value and the power to*

*confer grace and sanctity. However, these Sacraments operate according to the dispositions of the creatures; so much so, that sometimes they remain even fruitless, unable to confer the good which they contain.*

***Now, My Will is sacred and holy and It contains altogether the Virtue of all the Sacraments. Not only this; It does not have to work in order to dispose the soul to receive the goods which My Will contains. In fact, as soon as the soul has disposed herself to do My Will, she has already disposed herself by herself and My Will, finding everything prepared and disposed, even at the cost of any sacrifice, communicates Itself to the soul without delay, pouring the goods It contains, and forming the heroes, the martyrs of the Divine Volition, the portents most unheard of. And besides, what do the Sacraments do if not unite the soul with God?***

***And what is to do My Will? Isn't it perhaps to unite the will of the creature with her Creator? It is to dissolve oneself in the Eternal Volition – the nothingness ascending to the All, and the All descending into the nothingness. It is the most noble, the purest, the most beautiful, the most heroic act that a creature can do.***

***Ah! Yes! I confirm it to you, I repeat it: My Will is Sacrament and It surpasses all the Sacraments together – but in a more admirable way; without mediation from anyone – with nothing material. The Sacraments of My Will is formed between My Will and the will of the soul; the two wills are tied together and form the Sacrament. My Will is Life, and the soul is already disposed to receive Life; It is holy and she receives sanctity; It is strong, and she receives fortitude; and so with all the rest.***

***On the other hand, how much My other Sacraments have to work to dispose the souls – if they manage at all! And how many times these channels which I left to My Church remain beaten up, despised, oppressed! Some even use them to praise themselves, turning them against Me to offend Me.***

*Ah! If you knew the enormous sacrileges committed in the Sacrament of Confession, and the horrendous abuses of the Sacrament of the Eucharist, you would cry with Me for the great pain.*

*Ah Yes! Only the Sacrament of My Will can sing glory and victory. It is full in Its effects, and untouchable by creature's offense. In fact, in order to enter My Will, the creature must lay down her will, her passions; only then does My Will bend down toward her, invests her, identifies her with Itself, and makes portents out of her.*

*Therefore, when I speak about My Will I become festive – I never stop; My joy is full, and no bitterness enters between Me and the soul. But as for the other Sacraments, My Heart swims in sorrow. Man has turned them into founts of bitteresses for Me, while I gave them as many founts of graces.”*

***Each act that the soul does in the Divine Will are Eternal Communions which enclose Jesus for as many acts she does.***

V 12: January 1, 1920

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus seemed to come out from my interior; and as I looked at Him, I saw Him all wet with tears - even His garments, His Most Holy hands were beaded with tears. What torment! I was shaken, and Jesus told me: “*My daughter, how wrecked will the world be! The scourges will flow more painfully than before; so much so, that I do nothing but cry over its sad lot!*” Then He added:

*“My daughter, My Will is wheel, and whoever enters into It remains entrapped within, to the point of not being able to find a way out; and everything she does remains fixed on the eternal point and pours into the wheel of Eternity.*

*But do you know what are the garments of the soul who Lives in My Will? They are not of gold, but of most pure Light. This garment of Light will serve as mirror to show all of Heaven how*

*many acts she has done in My Will – because, in each act she has done in My Will, she enclosed Me completely. This garment will be adorned with many mirrors, and in each mirror all of Myself will appear. Therefore, from whatever side they will look at her - from behind, from the front, from the right, from the left - they will see Me, multiplied for as many acts as she did in my Volition. I could not give her a more beautiful garment: it will be the exclusive distinction of the souls who Live in My Will.”* I remained a little confused in hearing this, and He added: **“How is it - do you doubt? Doesn’t the same happen in the Sacramental Hosts? If there are one thousand Hosts, there are one thousand Jesuses, and I communicate my whole self to a thousand; if there are one hundred Hosts, there are one hundred Jesuses, and I can give Myself only to a hundred. In the same way, the soul encloses Me within each act done in My Will, and I remain sealed inside the will of the soul.**

***Therefore, these acts done in My Will are Eternal Communions, the species not subject to being consumed as in the Sacramental Hosts.***

*As those species are consumed, My Sacramental Life ends; on the other hand, in the Hosts of My Will there is no flour, or any other matter - the food, the substance of these Hosts of My Will, is My Eternal Will Itself, united with the will of the soul, which is eternal with Me; and therefore, these two wills are not subject to being consumed. So, what is the wonder, if the whole of My Person will be seen as multiplied for as many acts as she has done in My Will? More so, since I remained sealed in her and she, as many times, in Me. Therefore, the soul too will remain multiplied in Me for as many acts as she has done in My Will. These are the prodigies of My Will - and this is enough to cast any doubt away from you.”*

***Jesus says: “Being in the Sacrament for Me is the same as being in your heart.”  
Hypocrisy - a profound pain for Jesus.***

V 2: April 12, 1899

Today, without having me wait too long, Jesus came quickly and told me: ***“You are my tabernacle. Being in the Sacrament for Me is the same as being in your heart; or rather, in you I find something more: I am be able to share My Pains with you and to have you with Me, a living victim before Divine Justice, which I do not find in the Sacrament.”*** And while saying these words, He enclosed Himself within me. While within me, Jesus would make me feel, now the pricks of the thorns, now the pains of the cross, the labours and the sufferings of His Heart. Around His Heart I could see a braid of iron spikes, which made Jesus suffer very much. Ah, how much pity I felt in seeing Him suffer so much! I would have wanted to suffer everything myself, rather than let my sweet Jesus suffer, and from the heart I prayed Him to give the pains and the suffering to me. Jesus told me:

***“Daughter, the offenses which most pierce My Heart are the Masses said sacrilegiously and the hypocrisies.”*** Who can say what I understood in these two words? It seemed to me that externally one shows that he loves and praises the Lord, but internally he has poison ready to kill Him; externally, one shows that he wants the glory and the honor of God, while internally he seeks his own honor and esteem. All works done with hypocrisy, even the holiest ones, are works completely poisoned, which embitter the Heart of Jesus.

***Preparation for Communion.  
Offenses given to Jesus by His own.***

V 2: April 16, 1899

While I was in my usual state, Jesus invited me to go around to see what creatures were doing. I said to Him: *‘My adorable Jesus, this morning I don’t feel like going around and seeing the offenses that they give You. Let us stay here, the two of us together.’* But Jesus insisted that He wanted to go

around, and so, to make Him content, I said to Him: 'If You want to go out, let us rather go inside some churches, because the offenses they give You are fewer there.' And so we went inside a church, but there also He was offended – more than in other places; not because more sins are committed in the churches than in the world, but because those are offenses given by His dearest ones, by the very ones who should lay down their soul and body to defend the honour and the glory of God. This is why they reach His adorable Heart more painfully. I could see devout souls who, because of bagatelles of no importance, did not prepare well for Communion. Instead of thinking of Jesus, their minds were thinking about their little disturbances, about many trifles, and this was their occupation. How Jesus pitied them, and how much pity they themselves aroused! They paid attention to so many straws, to so many specks; but then, they didn't so much as glance at Jesus. Jesus said to me:

***“My daughter, how these souls prevent My Grace from pouring into them. I do not look at trifles, but at the love with which they come to Me; yet, they make an exchange: they pay more attention to straws than to love. But while love destroys the straws, with many straws love cannot increase even a tiny bit; rather, it is decreased. But what is worse about these souls is that they get so disturbed, and they waste much time. They would like to spend entire hours with their confessors to talk about all these trifles, but they never get down to work with a good and courageous resolution, in order to root those straws out. What should I tell you then, oh my daughter, about certain priests of these times? One can say that they operate almost satanically, reaching the point of making themselves idols of souls.***

*Ah, yes! It is by my sons that my Heart is pierced the most, because if the others offend Me more, they offend the members of My Body; but my own offend Me in my most sensitive and tender parts, deep into my inmost Heart.”* Who can say the torment of Jesus? In speaking these words He was crying bitterly. I did as much as I could to compassionate Him and repair Him, but while I was doing this, Jesus and I, together, withdrew into my bed.”



## *Jesus speaks with bitterness about the abuses of the Sacraments.*

V 2: October 1, 1899

This morning lovable Jesus continued to make Himself seen in silence, but with a most afflicted appearance. He had a thick crown of thorns driven onto His head. I felt my interior powers silent and I did not dare to say a single word; but in seeing that He suffered very much in His Head, I stretched out my hands and, very carefully, removed the crown of thorns. But what a bitter spasm He suffered! How His wounds opened more and His blood poured out in torrents! In truth, it was something that tortured the soul. After I removed it, I placed it on my head, and He Himself helped so that it might penetrate inside; however, everything was silence on both parts. But what was my surprise when, after a little while, I went about looking at Him again, and I saw that with their offenses creatures were putting another crown on the Head of Jesus! Oh, human perfidy!

Oh, incomparable patience of Jesus, how great you are! And Jesus kept silent, and almost did not look at them so as not to know who His offenders were. Again I removed it, and as all my interior powers woke up with tender compassion, I said to Him: *'My dear Good, my sweet Life, tell me a little bit – why do You no longer tell me anything? You have never been used to hiding your secrets from me. O please! Let us speak together a little, for in this way we will pour out a little bit the sorrow and the love that oppress us.'*

And He: *"My daughter, you are the relief for My Pains. However, know that I do not tell you anything because you always force Me not to chastise the people. You want to oppose My Justice, and if I do not do as you want, you remain disappointed, and I feel more pain for not keeping you content. Therefore, in order to avoid displeasures on both our parts, I keep silent."*

And I: *'My good Jesus, have You perhaps forgotten that You Yourself suffer after You have made use of your Justice? It is seeing You suffer in the creatures themselves that makes me more than ever alert in forcing You not to chastise the people. And then, seeing the creatures themselves turning against You like many poisonous vipers, such that they would almost take your life if it were in their power, because they see themselves*

under your scourges, and they irritate your Justice even more ... I don't have the heart to say *Fiat Voluntas Tua.*' And He:

***“My Justice can take no more. I feel wounded by everyone – by priests, by devout people, by the secular, especially because of the abuse of the Sacraments. Some do not care about them at all, adding despises; others, who attend them, turn them into a conversation for their own pleasure; and others, not satisfied in their whims, because of this reach the point of offending Me. Oh, how tortured My Heart is in seeing the Sacraments reduced to painted pictures, or like those statues of stone which seem to be alive and operating from afar, but as one draws near them, one begins to discover the deceit. Then, one goes about touching them, and what does he find? Paper, stone, wood - inanimate objects; and here is how they are disillusioned completely.***

***This is how the Sacraments have been reduced for the most part – there is nothing but mere appearance. What to say, then, about those who remain more filthy than clean? And then, the spirit of interest that reigns among the religious – it is something to be wept over! Don't you think that they are all eyes where there is a most wretched penny, to the point of degrading their dignity?***

*But where there is no interest they have no hands nor feet to move a tiny bit. This spirit of interest fills their interior so much that it overflows outside, to the point that the seculars themselves feel the stench of it, are scandalized by it, and this causes them to give no credence to their words. Ah, yes, no one spares Me! There are some who offend Me directly, and some who, though they could prevent so much evil, do not bother doing it; so, I do not know to whom to turn.*

***But I will chastise them in such a way as to render them incapable, and some I will destroy completely. They will reach such a point that churches will remain deserted, with no one to administer the Sacraments.”***

Interrupting His speaking, all frightened I said: 'Lord, what are You saying?! If there are some who abuse the Sacraments, there are also many good daughters who receive them with the due dispositions, and who would suffer very much if they could not attend them.' And He:

***“Too scarce is their number; and then, their pain for not being able to receive them will work as reparation for Me, and to make them victims for those who abuse them.”***

Who can say how tormented I was left by these words of blessed Jesus? But I hope that He will placate Himself out of His infinite Mercy.

*I love You, Jesus, in Your own  
Will and Love*

***Priests must be apart from  
any earthly or family interest.***

V 2: October 3, 1899

This morning Jesus continued to make Himself seen afflicted. I did not have the courage to say even one word to my most patient Jesus for fear that He might resume His plaintive speech about the state of the religious. This, because Obedience wants me to write everything, and also that which regards charity towards one's neighbour, and this is so painful for me, that I had to fight by the force of my arms with Lady Obedience; more so, since she changed her appearance into that of a most powerful warrior, armed with his weapons to give me death. In truth, I found myself in such constraints, that I myself did not know what to do. To write about charity towards one's neighbour according to the light that Jesus made me see, seemed impossible to me. I felt my heart being wounded by a thousand prickings; I felt my mouth being struck dumb, and my courage failing me; and I said to her:



*'Dear obedience, you know how much I love you, and that for love of you I would gladly give my life, but I see that I cannot do this, and you yourself can see the torture of my soul. O please! Do not make yourself an enemy, don't be so ruthless with me, be more indulgent with one who loves you so much. O please! You yourself, come to me, and let us discuss together about what is most appropriate for us to say.'*

So, it seemed that she laid down her fury, and she herself dictated what was most necessary, enclosing in a few words the whole sense of the different things that regarded Charity. At times, however, she wanted to be more detailed and I would say to her: *'It is enough that they understand the meaning with a little bit of reflection. Isn't it better to enclose all the meaning in one word, instead of many words?'* At times obedience would surrender, others, I would; and so it seems that we got along ...

How much patience it takes with this blessed Lady Obedience – truly a Lady, for it is enough to give her the right to lord, that changing her appearance into that of a most meek lamb, she herself makes the sacrifice of toiling, and allows the soul to rest with her Lord, placing herself around her with vigilant eye so that no one may dare to molest her and to interrupt her sleep. And while the soul sleeps, what does this noble lady do? She drips sweat from her forehead, hastening the toil that belonged to the soul – something that truly causes every human mind, the most intelligent, to be stupefied, and shakes every heart to love her. Now, while I am saying this, in my interior I keep saying: *'But, what is this obedience? What is it made of? What is the nourishment that sustains it?'* And Jesus makes His harmonious voice heard to my hearing, which says:

***“Do you want to know what Obedience is? Obedience is the quintessence of Love. Obedience is the finest, the purest, the most perfect Love, extracted from the most painful sacrifice - to destroy oneself in order to live again of God.***

*Being most noble and divine, Obedience tolerates nothing human in the soul, and nothing which does not belong to it. Therefore, all its attention is on destroying within the soul everything which does not belong to its divine nobility – that is, love of self. And once it has done this, it cares very little about whether it alone struggles and toils on behalf of the soul, while allowing the soul to rest peacefully. Finally, I Myself am Obedience.”*

Who can say how amazed and ecstatic I remained on hearing these words of blessed Jesus? Oh, Holy Obedience, how incomprehensible you are! I prostrate myself at your feet and I adore you. I pray you to be my guide, teacher and light, along the disastrous path of life, so that, guided, instructed and escorted by your most pure light, with certainty, I may take possession of the eternal harbor. I stop here, almost forcing myself to go out of this Virtue of Obedience, otherwise I would never stop speaking. So much is the light of this Virtue which I see that I could endlessly continue writing about it. But other things call me; therefore I keep silent and I go back to where I left. So, I saw my sweet Jesus afflicted, and remembering that Obedience had told me to pray for a certain person, with all my heart I commended him to Him, and Jesus told me:

***“My daughter, may he make all of his works shine with virtue alone; but especially, I recommend that he not meddle in the things of family interest. If he has something, let him give it away; if he does not, I don’t want him to get involved with anything else. He should let things be done by those who are supposed to, while he should remain disentangled, free, without getting muddled with earthly things; otherwise, he would encounter the misfortune of the others who, since they wanted to meddle in some things of their families from the beginning, all the weight then fell upon their shoulders. And I, only because of My Mercy, had to permit that they would not prosper, but rather, become poorer, so as to let***

*them touch with their own hands how unseemly it is for a minister of mine to sully himself with earthly things.*

*On the other hand – and this is Word that came from My Mouth – the ministers of My Sanctuary, as long as they do not touch earthly things at all, would never lack their daily bread. Now, with these ones, if I had allowed them only to prosper, they would have sullied their hearts and would have cared neither about God nor about the things pertaining to their ministry. Now, bothered and tired of their state, they would want to shake it off, but they cannot, and this is the penalty for what they should not do.”*

Afterwards, I commended a sick person to Him, and Jesus showed His wounds, which that sick person had given to Him. I tried to pray Him, to placate Him, to repair Him, and it seemed that those wounds would heal. And Jesus, all benignity, told me:

*“My daughter, today you have performed for Me the office of a most skilful doctor, for you have tried not only to medicate and to bandage the wounds which that sick person gave to Me, but also to heal them. So, I feel very much soothed and placated.”*

Then I understood that by praying for the sick, one comes to perform the office of doctor for Our Lord, who suffers in His very images.

## ***Jesus want Luisa to visit Him in the Blessed Sacrament 33 times a day***

### **Volume 1**

*As for the visits and the acts of reparation, you must know that everything I did in the course of thirty-three years, from when I was born up to when I died, I am continuing in the Sacrament of the Altar. Therefore, I want you to visit Me thirty-three times a day, honouring my years and also uniting with Me in the Sacrament with My own intentions – that is, reparation, adoration ... You will do this at all times. With the first thought of the morning, fly before the tabernacle in which I am present for love of you, and visit Me; and also with the last thought of the evening, while you*

***sleep at night, before and after your meal, at the beginning of each one of your actions, while walking, working...***

While He was saying this to me, I saw myself all confused, not knowing whether I could manage to do them; and I said to him: *‘Lord, I beg You to be with me until I acquire the habit of doing them, for I know that with You I can do everything - but without You, what can miserable I do?’* And He, benignly, added: *“Yes, yes, I will content you – when have I ever failed you? I want your goodwill - whatever you want, I will give to you.”* And so He did.

**After some time, now with Him and now deprived of Him, one day, after Communion, I felt more intimately united with Him. He asked me various questions, as for example: if I loved Him, if I was ready to do what He wanted, even the sacrifice of my life for love of Him. He also said to me:**

*“And you, tell me what you want; if you are ready to do what I want, I too will do what you want.”* I saw myself all confused; I could not understand that way of His, of operating. But with time I understood that that way of acting is when He wants to dispose the soul to new and heavy crosses – He knows how to draw her so close to Himself with those stratagems, that the soul does not dare to oppose what He wants. So I said to Him: *‘Yes, I love You; but You tell me, Yourself – can I find anything more beautiful, more holy, more lovable than You? And then, why ask me if I am ready to do what You want, when it has been so long since I delivered my will to You, and I prayed You not to spare me even tearing me to pieces, as long as I may give You pleasure? I abandon myself in You, oh Holy Spouse – operate freely, do with me whatever You want, but give me your grace, for by myself I am nothing and can do nothing.’* And He repeated to me:

*“Are you truly ready for anything I want?”* I saw myself more confused, annihilated, and I said: *‘Yes, I am ready’ – but almost trembling.* And He, compassionating me, continued to tell me:

*“Do not fear, I will be your strength – it is not you that will suffer, but I Myself will suffer and fight within you. See, I want to purify your soul from every slightest spot which might hinder My Love within you; I want to test your faithfulness. But how can I see if this*

*is true, other than by placing you in the midst of the battle? Know then, that I want to put you in the midst of demons. I will give them freedom to torment you and to tempt you, so that after you have fought the virtues with the opposite vices, you may already find yourself in possession of those very virtues which you think you are losing. And then, your soul, purged, embellished, enriched, will be like a king returning victorious from a most fierce war, who, while he thought he would lose what he possessed, comes back more glorious and filled with immense riches.*

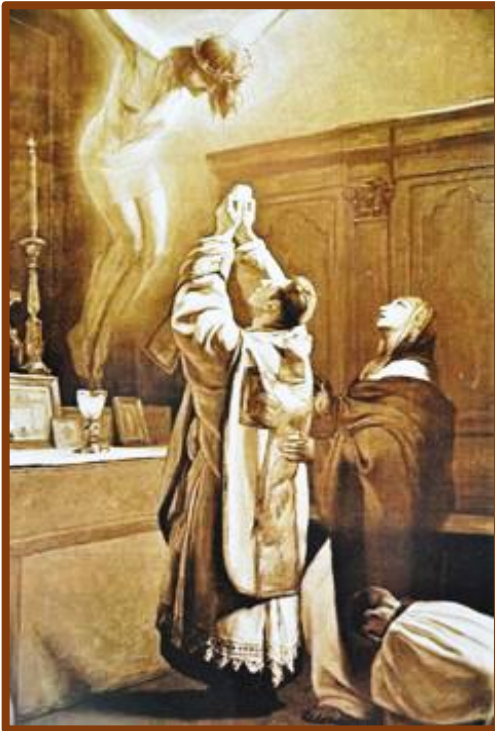
***Then will I come; I will form My Dwelling in you, and we will be always together.*** *It is true that your state will be painful; the demons will give you no more peace, either at daytime or at night – they will always be in act of waging a most fierce war against you. But you, always keep your aim at what I want to make of you, that is, making you similar to Me – and at the fact that you will not be able to arrive at this, other than by means of many and great tribulations. In this way, you will have more courage to sustain the pains.”* And more from Volume 1

**In the morning, I went to Communion, and as soon as I received Jesus, I immediately said to Him:** ‘My Lord, look at what a storm I find myself in. I should thank You for You gave light to the confessor in giving me the obedience to suffer, but instead, my nature is so very affected that I myself remain confused at seeing myself so bad. However, all this is nothing; You who want the sacrifice, will also give me the strength. But the strongest reason in me is that of having to remain so long without being able to receive You in the Sacrament. Who would be able to resist without You? Who will give me the strength? Where shall I find a refreshment in my afflictions?’ And while saying this, I felt such pains in my heart because of this separation from Jesus in the Sacrament that I cried my heart out. Then, the Lord, compassionating my weakness, told me:

*“Do not fear, I Myself will sustain your weakness. You do not know what graces I have prepared for you, and this is why you fear so much. Am I not omnipotent? **Will I not be able to make up for the privation of being able to receive Me in the Sacrament?** Therefore, resign yourself, place yourself as though dead in My Arms; offer*



*yourself as voluntary victim to repair for the offenses against Me, for sinners, and to spare men the deserved scourges, and as a pledge I give you My Word that I will not leave you even one day without coming to see you. Up until now you have come to Me, from now on I will come to you. Aren't you happy?"*



**Now, while seeing Jesus or the priest celebrating the Divine Sacrifice, Jesus would make me understand that in the Mass there is all the depth of our sacrosanct religion.**

Ah! yes, the Mass tells us everything and speaks to us about everything. The Mass reminds us of our Redemption. It speaks to us, step by step, about the pains that Jesus suffered for us. It also manifests to us His immense Love, for He was not content with dying on the Cross, but He wanted to continue His state of Victim in the Most Holy Eucharist.

The Mass also tells us that our bodies, decayed, reduced to ashes by death, will rise again on the day of the judgment, together with Christ, to immortal and glorious life. Jesus made me comprehend that the most consoling thing for a Christian, and the highest and most sublime mysteries of our holy religion are: Jesus in the Sacrament and the Resurrection of our bodies to glory. These are profound mysteries, which we will comprehend only beyond the stars; but Jesus in the Sacrament makes us almost touch them with our own hands, in different ways. First, His Resurrection; second, His state of annihilation under those species, though it is certain that Jesus is there present, alive and real. Then, once those species are consumed,

His real presence no longer exists. And as the species are consecrated again, He comes again to assume His sacramental state. So, Jesus in the Sacrament reminds us of the resurrection of our bodies to glory: just as Jesus, when His sacramental state ceases resides in the Womb of God, His Father.

The same for us – when our lives cease, our souls go and make their dwelling in Heaven, in the Womb of God, while our bodies are consumed. So, one can say that they will no longer exist; but then, with a prodigy of the omnipotence of God, our bodies will acquire new life, and uniting with the soul, will go together to enjoy the eternal beatitude. Can there be anything more consoling for a human heart than the fact that not only the soul, but also the body will be beatified in the eternal contentments? It seems to me that on that day it will happen as when the sky is starry and the sun comes out. What happens? With its immense light, the sun absorbs the stars and makes them disappear; yet the stars exist.

The sun is God, and all of the blessed souls are the stars; with His immense Light, God will absorb us all within Himself, in such a way that we will exist in God and will swim in the immense Sea of God. Oh! how many things Jesus in the Sacrament tells us; but who can tell them all? I would really be too long. If the Lord allows it, I will reserve saying something else on other occasions.

## ***The Eucharistic Lamp and the Living Lamp of one who does the Divine Will.***

V 25: October 7, 1928

My Jesus, Life of my poor heart, You who know in what bitternesses I find myself, come to my help! Overwhelm the *little newborn* of your Divine Volition into your flames, that You may give me, again, the strength to be able to begin another volume, and your Divine Fiat may eclipse my miserable will, that it may have life no more, and your Divine Will may take over, and It Itself may write, with the characters of Its Light, that which You, my Love, want me to write. And so that I may make no mistake, act as my prompter; and only if You commit Yourself to accepting to be my word, thought and heartbeat, and to lead my hand with yours, can I make the sacrifice of returning to write what You want.

***My Jesus, I am here, near the Tabernacle of Love. From that adored little door which I have the honour to gaze at, I feel your divine fibres, your Heart palpitating, emitting flames and rays of endless light at each heartbeat; and in those flames I hear your moans, your sighs, your incessant supplications and your repeated sobs, for You want to make your Will known, to give Its Life to all; and I feel myself being consumed with You and repeating what You do. Therefore, I pray You, while You gaze at me from within the Tabernacle, and I gaze at You from within my bed, to strengthen my weakness, that I may make the sacrifice of continuing to write.***

Now, in order to be able to say what Jesus told me, I have to make a brief mention, that here in Corato a House has been founded, which was wanted and started by the venerable memory of father canonical Annibale Maria di Francia, and which his children, faithful to the will of their founder, have executed and given the name of *House of the Divine Will*, as the venerable father wanted. **And he wanted me to enter this House; and on the first day of its opening, by their goodness, his sons and daughters, the reverend mothers, came to take me and brought me into a room which is such that, as the door of this room is opened, I can see the Tabernacle, I can listen to Holy Mass, I am just under the gazes of my Jesus in the Sacrament.**

Oh! How happy I feel, that from now on, if Jesus wants me to continue to write, I will write always keeping one eye on the Tabernacle and the other on the paper I write on. Therefore, I pray You, my Love, to assist me and to give me the strength to make the sacrifice that You Yourself want. So, as this House was about to be opened, one could see people, nuns, little girls - people coming and going, all in motion. I felt all impressed, and my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me:

*“My daughter, this group of people whom you see all in motion for the opening of the House of My Divine Will is symbolic of that group of people when I wanted to be born in Bethlehem, and the shepherds*

*were coming and going, to visit Me, a little Baby. This pointed out to all the certainty of My Birth. In the same way, this group of people, all in motion, points out the rebirth of the Kingdom of My Divine Will. Look at how all of Heaven echoes My Birth, when the Angels, celebrating it, announced Me to the shepherds, and putting them in motion, made them keep coming to Me, and I recognized in them the first fruits of the Kingdom of My Redemption. So now, in this group of people, of little girls and nuns, I recognize the beginning of the Kingdom of My Divine Will.*

*Oh! How My Heart exults and rejoices, and all of Heaven makes feast. Just as the Angels celebrated My Birth, so do they celebrate the beginning of the rebirth of My Fiat in the midst of creatures.*

*But, look at how My Birth was more neglected, more poor - I had not even one priest near Me, but only poor shepherds. On the other hand, at the beginning of My Volition, there is not only a group of nuns and little girls from out of town, and a people rushing up to celebrate the opening, but there is an archbishop and priests representing My Church. This is symbol and announcement to all, that the Kingdom of My Divine Volition will be formed with more magnificence, with greater pomp and splendour than the very Kingdom of My Redemption; and everyone, kings and princes, bishops and priests and peoples, will know the Kingdom of My Fiat and will possess It.*

*Therefore, you too, celebrate this day in which My sighs and sacrifices and yours, to make My Divine Will known see the first dawn and hope for the Sun of My Divine Fiat to soon rise.”*

Then, the evening came of this day consecrated to the Queen of the Rosary, Queen of victories and of triumphs. And this is another beautiful sign that, just as, the Sovereign Lady conquered Her Creator, and bejewelling Him with Her chains of Love, She drew Him from Heaven to earth, to make Him form the Kingdom of Redemption, so will the sweet and powerful beads of Her Rosary make Her victorious and triumphant again before the Divinity, conquering the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat, to make It come into the midst of creatures.

I had not at all thought that, on that very evening, I would move to the House of Divine Will, near my Prisoner Jesus; only, I prayed Him not to let me know when this would be, so as not to profane such an act with my human will, so that I might put nothing of my own, but do the Divine Will in everything. It was eight o'clock in the evening when, out of the ordinary, the confessor came, who, prayed by the reverend mothers superior, imposed out of obedience that I should surrender and make the superior content.

I resisted quite a bit, because I thought that if the Lord wanted so, it would be in the month of April, a warmer season, and so we would think about it then. But the confessor insisted so much that I had to surrender. So, around nine thirty in the evening, I was brought to this House, near my Prisoner Jesus. And this is the little story of why I find myself in the House of the Divine Will. Now I resume my speaking. At night, I remained alone with my Jesus in the Sacrament; my eyes were fixed on the little door of the Tabernacle. It seemed to me that the lamp, with its continuous flickering, was about to go out, but then it would revive again; and my heart gave a jump, fearing that Jesus might remain in the dark. And my always lovable Jesus, moving in my interior, clasped me in His arms and told me:

*“My daughter, do not fear, for the lamp will not go out; and if it did go out, I have you, Living Lamp - a lamp which, with your flickering, more than with the flickering of the eucharistic lamp, tells Me: ‘I love You, I love You, I love You ...’ Oh! How beautiful is the flickering of your ‘I love You’; your flickering says love to Me, and uniting with My Will, from two wills we form one alone. Oh! How beautiful is your lamp and the flickering of your ‘I love You’. It cannot be compared to the lamp that burns before My Tabernacle of Love. More so since, My Divine Will being in you, you form the flickering of your ‘I love You’ in the centre of the Sun of My Fiat, and I see and hear, not a lamp, but a sun burning before Me.*

***My prisoner be welcomed. You have come to keep company with your Prisoner. We are both in prison - you, in bed, and I, in the Tabernacle. It is right that we be close to each other; more so, since one is the purpose that keeps us in prison – the Divine Will, love, souls.***

*How pleasing will the company of my prisoner be to Me. We will feel it together, to prepare the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat. But know, my daughter, that my Love has anticipated you. I was first in putting Myself, prisoner, in this cell, to wait for my prisoner and your sweet company. See, then, how My Love was first in running toward you.*

***How I have loved you, and I love you, for in so many centuries of imprisonment in this Tabernacle I never had a prisoner who would keep Me company, who would remain so very close to Me; I have always been alone, or, at the most, in the company of souls who were not prisoners, in whom I did not see my same chains. Now, finally, the time has come for Me to have a prisoner, to keep her constantly near Me, under My sacramental gazes - one whom the chains of My Divine Will alone keep imprisoned.***

*A sweeter and more pleasing company could not come to Me. And so, while we are together in prison, we will occupy ourselves with the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat, and will work together, and will sacrifice ourselves together, to make It known to creatures.”*

***“A prolonged sacrifice has the virtue and strength to obtain great things from God.”***

**The meaning of 40 years exile in Scripture: Luisa after 40 years is moved to the House of the Divine Will in Corato under Saint Annibale and like an anchorite sees Sacramental Jesus continuously through a portal in her room and her joy is great. Jesus blesses the priests who prepare her writings for publication.**

**V 25: October 10, 1928**

*My life is carried out before my Jesus in the Sacrament and – oh, how many thoughts crowd my mind. I was thinking to myself: ‘After forty years, and months, that I had not seen the Tabernacle, that I had not been given to be before His adorable sacramental presence - forty years, not only of prison, but of exile - finally, and after so long an exile, I have come back as though to my fatherland, though a prisoner, but no longer exiled, near my Jesus in*

the Sacrament and not once a day, as I used to do before Jesus made me a prisoner, but always - always. My poor heart, if I have it at all in my chest, feels consumed at so much love of Jesus.' But while I was thinking of this and other things, my Highest Good, Jesus, moving in my interior, told me:

*"My daughter, do you think that my keeping you imprisoned for forty years and more has been by chance, without a great design of mine? No! no! **The number forty has always been significant and preparatory to great works. For forty years the Jews walked in the desert without being able to reach the promised land, their fatherland; but, after forty years of sacrifices, they had the good of taking possession of it. But, how many miracles, how many graces, to the point of nourishing them with the celestial manna during that time. A prolonged sacrifice has the virtue and strength to obtain great things from God.***

***I Myself, during My Life down here, wanted to remain in the desert for forty days, away from all, even from my Mama, to then go out in public to announce the Gospel which was to form the life of My Church that is, the Kingdom of Redemption.***

***For forty days I wanted to remain as risen, to confirm My Resurrection and to place the seal upon all the goods of Redemption. So, I wanted for you, my daughter: in order to manifest the Kingdom of My Divine Will, I wanted forty years of sacrifices. But how many graces have I not given you! How many manifestations! I can say that in this great length of time I placed in you all the capital of the Kingdom of My Will, and everything that is necessary in order to make creatures comprehend it. So, your long imprisonment has been the continual weapon, always in the act of fighting with your very Creator, to have you manifest my Kingdom.***

*Now, you must know that everything I have manifested to your soul, the graces I have given you, the many truths you have written on My Divine Will, your pains, and everything you have done, has been nothing but a gathering of the materials in order to build; and now it is necessary to order them and to get everything settled.*

*And just as I did not leave you alone in gathering the necessary things which must serve My Kingdom, but I have been always with you, so will I not leave you alone in putting them in order and in showing the great building which I have been preparing together with you for many years. Therefore, our sacrifice and work is not finished. We must go forward until the work is accomplished.”*

Then, as I am near my Jesus in the Sacrament every morning there is benediction with the Most Holy One, and while I was praying my sweet Jesus to bless me, moving in my interior, He told me:

***“My daughter, I bless you with my whole Heart; even more, I bless my very Will in you, I bless your thoughts, breaths and heartbeats, that you may think always about My Will, may breathe It continuously, and My Will alone may be your heartbeat. And for love of you I bless all human wills, that they may dispose themselves to receive the Life of My Eternal Volition.***

*Dearest daughter of mine, if you knew how sweet it is, how happy I feel in blessing the little daughter of My Will .... My Heart rejoices in blessing she who possesses the Origin, the Life of Our Fiat, which will bring about the beginning, the Origin of the Kingdom of My Divine Will.*

***And while I bless you, I pour in you the beneficial dew of the Light of My Divine Volition which, making you all shining, will make you appear more beautiful to My sacramental gazes; and I will feel happier in this cell, gazing at my little prisoner daughter, invested and bound by the sweet chains of My Will.***

*And every time I bless you, I will make the Life of My Divine Volition grow in you. How beautiful is the company of one who does My Divine Will. My Will brings into the depth of the soul the echo of everything I do in this Holy Host, and I do not feel alone in My Acts - I feel that she is praying together with Me; and as our supplications, our sighs, unite together, we ask for one same thing - that the Divine Will be known and that Its Kingdom come soon.”*

So, as my life is carried out near my Prisoner Jesus, every time the door of the chapel is opened, which happens often, I send three kisses, or five, to



my Jesus in the Sacrament, or a short little visit, and He, moving in my interior, tells me:

*“My daughter, how pleasing to Me are your kisses. I feel I am being kissed by you with the kisses of My very Volition; I feel My very Divine Kisses being impressed on My Lips, on My Face, in My Hands and Heart. Everything is divine in the soul in whom My Divine Will reigns; and I feel, in your acts, My Love that refreshes Me, the freshness, the gentleness of My very Divine Will that embraces Me, kisses Me and loves Me. Oh! How pleasing to Me is My Divine Will operating in the creature, I feel that, bilocating Me in her, It gives Me back and unfolds before Me all the beauty and sanctity of My very Acts. This is why I so much yearn that My Will be known - to be able to find in creatures all of My Acts, divine and worthy of Me.”*

**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.

## ***The Eucharistic Tabernacles and Luisa, the Unique Tabernacle of the Divine Will.***

V 25: December 2, 1928

The privations of Jesus become longer, and as I see myself without Him, I do nothing but long for Heaven. Oh Heaven, when will You open your doors to me? When will You have pity on me? When will you retrieve the little exiled one into her Fatherland? Ah yes! Only there I will no longer miss my Jesus! Here, if He makes Himself seen, while one thinks one possesses Him, He escapes like lightning, and one has to go a long way without Him; and without Jesus all things convert into sorrow - even the very holy things, the prayers, the Sacraments are martyrdoms without Him. So, I thought to myself:

'What is the use of Jesus' permitting my coming near His tabernacle of love, for us to remain in mute silence? Rather, it seems to me that He has hidden more, that He no longer gives me His lessons on the Divine Fiat. It seemed to me that He had His pulpit in the depth of my interior and had always something to say. And now, I hear nothing but a profound silence; only, I hear within me the continuous murmuring of the sea of light of the Eternal Volition which always murmurs love, adoration, glory, and embraces everything and everyone.' But while I was thinking of this, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen in my interior for just a little, and told me:

*"My daughter, courage, it is I in the depth of your soul who move the waves of the Sea of Light of My Divine Will, and I always - always murmur, to snatch from My Celestial Father the Kingdom of My Will upon earth; and you do nothing other than follow Me; and if you did not follow Me, I would do it on my own. But you will not do this - leaving me alone, because My Fiat Itself keeps you sunken within It.*

***Ah! Don't you know that you are the Tabernacle of My Divine Will? How many works have I not done in you; how many graces have I not poured into you in order to form this Tabernacle for Myself? A Tabernacle - I could call it - unique in the world. In fact, as for eucharistic tabernacles, I have a good number of them, but in this Tabernacle of My Divine Fiat I do not feel like a prisoner, I possess the endless expanses of My Will. I do not feel alone, I have one who keeps Me perennial company, and now I act as a teacher and I give you My celestial lessons; now I do my outpourings of love and of sorrow; now I celebrate, to the point of amusing Myself with you. So, if I pray, if I suffer, if I cry and if I celebrate, I am never alone, I have the little daughter of my Divine Will together with Me. And then, I have the great honour and the most beautiful conquest, which I like the most, which is a human will all sacrificed for Me, and as the footstool of My Divine Will.***

***I could call it My favourite Tabernacle, in which I so much delight, that I would not exchange it for the eucharistic tabernacles; because in them I am alone, nor does the host give***

*Me a Divine Will as I find It in you, such that, as It bilocates Itself, while I have It within Me, I also find It in you.*

*On the other hand, the host is not capable of possessing It, nor does it accompany Me in My Acts; I am always alone, everything is cold around Me; the tabernacle, the pyx, the host, are without life, and therefore without company.*

*This is why I felt such delight in keeping, near My eucharistic tabernacle, that of My Divine Will, formed in you, that by merely looking at you I feel My loneliness broken, and I experience the pure joys that the creature who lets my Divine Will reign within herself can give Me.*

*And so, this is why all my aims, my cares and my interests are in making my Divine Will known, and in making It reign in the midst of creatures; then will each creature be a living tabernacle of mine - not mute, but speaking; and I will no longer be alone, but I Will have my perennial company. And with my Divine Will bilocated in them, I will have my divine company in the creature. So, I will have my Heaven in each one of them, because the tabernacle of my Divine Will possesses my Heaven on earth."*

## ***Luisa's Praises of the Cross.***

**V 3: December 2, 1899**

As I was very afflicted about certain things, which it is not licit here to say, lovable Jesus, wanting to relieve me from my affliction, came with an appearance all new. He seemed to be dressed in pale blue, all adorned with tiny little bells of gold which, in touching one another, resounded with a sound never before heard. At the appearance of Jesus and at that gracious sound, I felt enchanted and relieved in my affliction, which departed from me like smoke. I would have remained there in silence, so much did I feel the powers of my soul enchanted and stunned, if blessed Jesus had not broken my silence, saying to me: "*My beloved daughter, all these little bells are many voices that speak to you of my love, and call you to love Me. Now, let me see how many little bells you have that speak to Me of your love and call Me to love you.*"

And I, all full of blushing, said to Him: *'But, Lord, what are You saying? I have nothing; I have nothing but defects.'* And Jesus, compassionating my misery, continued: *"You have nothing, it is true. Well then, I want to adorn you with my own little bells, so that you may have many voices to call Me and to show Me your love."* So it seemed that He surrounded my waist with a belt adorned with these little bells.

After this, I remained in silence, and He added: *"Today I take pleasure in spending time with you. Tell Me something."* And I: *'You know that all my contentment is in being with You, and in having You, I have everything. So, in possessing You, it seems I have nothing else to desire, or to say.'* And Jesus:

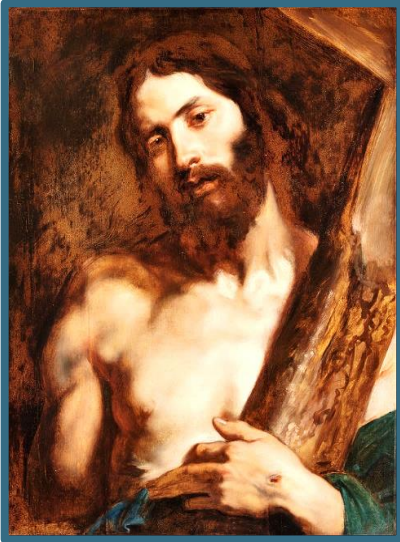
*"Let Me hear your voice that cheers my hearing. Let us converse together a little; I have spoken to you many times about the Cross; today, let Me hear you speak of the Cross."*

I felt all confused; I did not know what to say. But as He sent me a ray of intellectual light, to make Him content I began to say: *'My Beloved, who can say to You what the Cross is? Your mouth alone can speak worthily of the sublimity of the Cross; but since You want me to speak, I will do it.'*

**The Cross, suffered by You, freed me from the slavery of the devil, and espoused me to the Divinity with an indissoluble bond. The Cross is fecund and gives birth to Grace in me.**

**The Cross is Light, It disillusiones me of what is temporal, and reveals to me what is eternal.** The Cross is fire and reduces to ashes all that is not of God, to the point of emptying my heart of the tiniest blade of grass that might be in it.

**The Cross is coin of inestimable value, and if I have, O Holy Spouse, the fortune of possessing it, I will be enriched with eternal coins,** to the point of becoming the richest in Paradise, because the currency that circulates in Heaven is the Cross suffered on earth. The Cross, then, makes me know myself; not only this, but It gives me the knowledge of God. The Cross grafts all virtues into me.



**The Cross is the noble pulpit of the uncreated Wisdom, that teaches me the highest, the finest and most sublime doctrines.** So, only the Cross will reveal to me the most hidden mysteries, the most secret things, the most perfect perfection, hidden to the most erudite and learned of the world. The Cross is like beneficent water that purifies me; not only this, but It administers to me the nourishment for the virtues, It makes them grow, and only then does It leave me, when It brings me back to Eternal Life.

**The Cross is like celestial dew, which preserves and embellishes for me the beautiful lily of purity.**

**The Cross is the nourishment of Hope. The Cross is the beacon of operating Faith.** The Cross is like hard wood, which preserves the fire of Charity, keeping it always lit. The Cross is like dry wood, which dispels and puts to flight all the smokes of pride and of vainglory, producing the humble violet of humility in the soul.

**The Cross is the most powerful weapon that offends the demons and defends me from all of their claws.** Therefore, the soul who possesses the Cross is the envy and admiration of the very Angels and Saints, and the rage and indignation of the demons.

**The Cross is my Paradise on earth, in such a way that if the Paradise of the Blessed up there, is of delights, the Paradise down here is of sufferings.**

The Cross is the chain of most pure gold that connects me to You, my Highest Good, and forms the most intimate union which can possibly be given, to the point of making my being disappear. And It transforms me in You, my Beloved, to the point that I feel lost within You, and I live from your very Life.' After I said this (I don't know whether it is nonsense), my lovable Jesus was all delighted in listening to me, and taken by enthusiasm of love, kissed me all over, and said to me:



*“Brava, brava, my beloved - you spoke well! My Love is Fire, but not like the terrestrial fire which, wherever it penetrates, renders things sterile and reduces everything to ashes. My Fire is fecund, and it renders sterile only that which is not virtue. To all the rest it gives Life, it makes beautiful flowers bloom, it makes the most delicious fruits mature, and forms the most delightful celestial garden.*

*The Cross is so powerful, and I communicated so much grace to It, as to render It more effective than the very Sacraments; and this, because in receiving the Sacrament of My Body, the dispositions and free concourse of the soul are needed in order to receive My Graces, and many times these may be lacking; while the Cross has the virtue of disposing the soul to grace.”*



***In her holy desire to receive Jesus the soul  
breathes God, and God breathes the soul.***

V 6: December 5, 1903

Since this morning I could not receive Communion, I was all afflicted, though resigned, and I thought to myself that if I had not been in this position of being bedridden and of being victim, I would certainly have been able to receive Him. And I said to the Lord: ***'You see, the state of victim subjects me to the sacrifice of depriving myself of receiving You in the Sacrament. At least accept the sacrifice of depriving myself of You to content You as a more intense Act of Love for You, because, at least, thinking that the very privation of You proves my love for You more, sweetens the bitterness of your privation.'***

And as I was saying this, tears were pouring from my eyes; but – oh, goodness of my good Jesus! – as soon as I began to doze off, without making me wait and search for a long time, as usual, immediately He came, and placing His hands on my face, He caressed me and said:

*“My daughter, poor daughter, courage, the privation of Me excites the desire more, and in this excited desire the soul breathes God; and God, feeling more ignited by this excitement of the soul, breathes the soul. In this breathing each other - God and the soul - thirst for Love ignites more, and since Love is Fire, it forms the purgatory of the soul, and this purgatory serves her, not as just one Communion a day, as the Church allows, but as a continuous Communion, just as the breathing is continuous. But these are all Communions of most pure Love – only of spirit, not of body; and since the spirit is more perfect, as a consequence, Love is more intense. This is how I repay, not one who does not want to receive Me, but one who cannot receive Me, depriving himself of Me to content Me.”*

*“Since Love is Fire, it forms the purgatory of the soul, and this purgatory serves her, not as just one Communion a day, as the Church allows, but as a continuous Communion, just as the breathing is continuous.”*



## ***God knows the number, the value and the weight of all created things.***

V 6: August 10, 1904

As I was in my usual state, I found myself wandering around churches, making a pilgrimage to Jesus in the Sacrament together with my guardian Angel. In one of the churches I said: *'Prisoner of Love, You are here abandoned and alone, and I have come to keep You company. And while keeping You company, I intend to love You for those who offend You, praise You for those who despise You, thank You for those in whom You pour graces, but do not render You the tribute of thanksgiving; console You for those who afflict You, and repair for any offense against You. In a word, I intend to do for You all that creatures are obliged to do for You, for having remained in the Most Holy Sacrament.*

*And I intend to repeat this for as many drops of water, for as many fish and grains of sand as are in the sea.'* While I was saying this, all the waters of the sea became present before my mind, and I said within myself: *'My sight cannot grasp the whole vastness of the sea, nor does it know the depth and the weight of those immense waters, but the Lord knows their number, weight and measure.'* And I stayed there, all marvelling. At that moment blessed Jesus told me:

*"Silly, silly that you are – why do you marvel so much? What is difficult and impossible for the creature, is easy and possible and also natural, for the Creator. It happens in this as to someone who, looking at millions and millions of coins in the twinkling of an eye, says to himself: 'They are innumerable – who can count them?'*

*But the one who put them in that place tells everything in one word: they are this many, they are worth this much, they weigh this much. My daughter, I know how many drops of water I Myself put in the sea, and no one can disperse even a single one of them. I numbered everything, I weighed everything, I evaluated everything; and so with all the other things. So, what is the wonder if I know everything?"* On hearing this, every marvel ceased; or rather, I marvelled at my silliness.

***The soul must not open her interior to others, only to the confessor.***

V 6: July 18, 1905

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: “*My daughter, when a confessor manifests to the souls his way of operating in their interior, he loses the drive to continue to operate; and the soul, knowing the purpose that the confessor has over her, will become negligent and nervous in her operating. In the same way, if the soul manifests her interior to others, in revealing her secret, her drive will evaporate, and she will be left all weakened. And if this does not happen when she opens herself to the confessor, it is because the power of the Sacrament keeps the steam, increases the strength, and places its seal upon it.*”

***The Divine Will generates His Divine Lives in every act of the soul who lives in Him.***

***The great difference between the Sacraments and their effects to continuous Communion of Life in the Divine Will.***

***The human will creates infinite distances between itself and God from His Sanctity, Goodness, Beauty, Power and Love***

V 30: May 30, 1932

My little mind continues to cross over the immense Sea of the Divine Fiat. It seems to me that he in all things, and also over the Supreme Being holds the first post of dominion and of command and says: “*In vain you escape Me*”, and in all things can say: “*I am here. I am! I am here for you in order to give you Life. I am the Insuperable, no one can exceed Me, neither in love, nor in light, nor in my immensity, in which I form so many lives of myself for how many lives I want to give to creatures.*” Oh, power of the Divine Volition that in your immensity searches the act of the creature in

order to form so many lives of You, in every single act of them, and how many [of] these acts they don't receive and reject, and Your Life remains suffocated in you, in your immensity. Ah, you without ever tiring, with (a) Love that conquers all, continue your searches of the human acts, in order to give Your Life and bilocate Him in every instant! But while my mind dispersed itself in the Sea of the Fiat, my Celestial Teacher Jesus, visiting his little daughter, said to me:

***“Blessed daughter of My Volition, every act of the creature done in my Will is a step that she makes in order to draw near to God and God in his turn makes a step in order draw near to her. One can say that the Creator and the creature are always walking, they never stop, the one towards the other, and my Will descends in the act of the creature in order to form His step of Divine Life, and she climbs in the Fiat, in the divine regions in order to make herself conqueror of Light, of Love, of Sanctity and celestial knowledges. So that every act, word, breath, heartbeat in My Will are so many steps of Divine Life that the creature makes, and He, the one who longs for these acts in order to have his field of action, in order to be able to form so many Divine Lives in the creature.***

***This was the purpose of the Creation: to form Our Life in the creature, to have Our field of divine action in her, and therefore We love so much that she does Our Divine Will, in order to put Our Life in safety - not in Us, We don't have need of anyone, We are more than sufficient to ourselves, but in the creature.***

***This was the great portent that We wanted and We want to do in virtue of Our Will: to form Our Life in the life of the creature. Therefore, if we don't do this, the Creation would remain without Our first purpose, an impediment to Our Love, a continuous bitterness to look at her and to see a work so great work, and of such magnificence, and not realized and Our purpose failed. And if there was not in Us the certainty that Our Will might have to reign in the creature in order to form Our Life in her, Our Love would burn all the Creation and would reduce it into nothing. And if He supports and tolerates so much, it is because We see Our realized purpose beyond the times.***

***Now as the creature does her will, thus she steps backwards, and makes a step back from her Creator, and God steps backwards and it forms an infinite distance between the one and the other. You see therefore the necessity to persevere in a continuous way, to work in my Divine Will, in order to diminish the great distance between God and the creature produced by the human will, and do not believe that is (a) personal distance. I am as through everything, in everyone, in Heaven and in earth.***

*The distance that the human volition forms without mine is (a) distance of Sanctity, of Beauty, of Goodness, of Power, of Love - they are infinite distances that only my working Volition in the creature can reunite and conjoin together and make inseparable the one from the other.*

***This happened in the Redemption, every manifestation that was made by Us on the descent of the Word upon the earth was a step that We made toward mankind, and as they longed and prayed for it, and they manifested to the people Our manifestations, prophecies and revelations, thus they made so many steps toward the Supreme Being. So that they remained walking toward Us, and We toward them. And as the time of having to descend from Heaven in earth drew near, thus We augmented the Prophets in order to be able to make more revelations, in order to be able to expedite the walk on both parts, so very true that in the first times of the world there was not any prophet, and Our manifestations [were] so scarce that it can be said that one step was made every century. This slowness of walk cast coldness on the part of creatures, and almost held her from all in a way to say, my descent upon the earth (was) an absurd thing, not a reality, like one thinks today on the Kingdom of My Will: a way of saying and almost a thing that cannot be.***

***Hence the Prophets came after Moses, almost in the last times, near to my descent upon the earth, which behind Our manifestations the walk on both was expedited, and then the Sovereign Lady of Heaven came, who not only walked, but raced in order to expedite the meeting with her Creator, in order to make him descend and make Him complete the Redemption.***

***You see therefore how my manifestations on My Divine Will are certain proofs that He walks in order to come to reign upon the earth, and that the creature to which they have been made with an iron constancy walks and races in order to receive the first meeting, in order to give her soul in order to make Him reign, and thus give Him the step to make Him reign in the midst of creatures.***

***Therefore, your acts are continuous, because only continuous acts are those that expedite the walk, overcome every obstacle, and alone are the conquerors that conquer God and the creature.”***

After this the crowd of my thoughts continued on the Divine Will, and having made Holy Communion I thought to myself: “What difference is there between the Sacraments and the Divine Will?” And my Sovereign Jesus breaking his eucharistic veils made himself seen, and giving a sorrowful sigh said to me:

***“My blessed daughter, the difference is great between the one and the other. The Sacraments are the effects of my Will; instead, He is Life, and as Life with His creative power He forms and gives Life to the Sacraments. The Sacraments don’t hold the virtue to give Life to My Will, because He is Eternal, neither does He have beginning nor end.***

*Instead my adorable Will always occupies the first post in all things, and possessing the Creative Virtue in His Nature, He creates things and His Life itself where He wants, when and how He wants. One can tell the difference an image of which is between the sun and the effects that the sun produces. These don’t give life to the sun, but they receive the life of the sun and must remain at its disposition, because the life of the effects become produced by the sun. And then the Sacraments are received in time, in places and by circumstances. Baptism is given one time and no more. The Sacrament of Penitence is given when one falls into sin.*

***My Sacramental Life itself is given one single time a day. And the poor creature in this distance of time doesn’t feel over herself the strength, the help of the baptismal waters that regenerate her continually, nor the sacramental words of the Priest that strengthen***

*her in a continuous way with saying: 'I absolve you from your sins'; nor does she find, in her weaknesses and tests of life, not even her Sacramental Jesus that she can take in all the hours of the day. Instead, My Divine Will, possessing the primary Act of Life and being able to give Life, with His Empire He holds the continuous Act over the creature, in every instant He gives as Life, Life of Light, of Sanctity, of Love, Life of Fortitude. In short (for) He as Life, times, circumstances, places, hours don't exist. There are neither restrictions, nor laws, especially because He must give Life and Life is formed with continuous acts, not at intervals. **And therefore, in the vent of His Love, with His continuous Empire it can said that it is (a) continuous baptism, absolution not ever interrupted and (a) communion of every instant.***

*More so that this Will of ours was given to Man in the beginning of his creation as perennial Life living in him. This was the substance, the fruit of the Creation: Our Will that should form Our Life in the creature. With this Life We gave everything; there was nothing that she might have been able to have need of, that she might not be able to find in this Will of Ours. It can be said that she would have held at her disposition all that she might have wanted: help, fortitude, sanctity, light, everything became put in her power; and my Will took the pledge to give her all that she wanted, provided that she might give the Him dominion and let Him live in her soul.*

***Therefore, the Sacraments were not necessary to institute when Man was created.*** *Because in My Will, possessing the beginning and the Life of all the goods, the Sacraments as means of helps, of medicines, as pardon, didn't have any reason to exist.*

*But when Man rejected this Will of Ours, by which withdrawing himself he remained without Divine Life, hence without nourishing virtue, without the continuous Act of receiving new and growing Life - and if he didn't die entirely, they were the effects that according to his dispositions, circumstances and times My Divine Will gave them to him. Now seeing Our Paternal Goodness that Man goes always more and more precipitating himself, in order to give him a support, a help, He gave him the law as norm of his life; because in the*

*Creation He didn't give him either the law or other, if not that my Divine Will, which with giving him life continuously gave him Our divine law in nature, in a way that he should feel Him in himself as proper life, without having need that We might tell and command him.*

*More so that where My Will reigns there are neither laws nor commands. Laws are for the servants, for the rebels, not for the children. Between Us and those that live in Our Volition all is resolved in Love. But with all the law, Man did not re-make himself, and since Our ideal of the Creation had been Man, and only for him was everything done, therefore I wanted to come upon the earth in the midst of them, and in order to give him more valid support, medicines more wholesome, means more secure, helps more powerful, I instituted the Holy Sacraments; and these act in times and circumstances, according to the dispositions of creatures, as effects and works of My Divine Will.*

*But if with all this great good the soul doesn't let the Divine Will enter in her as Life, she will always have her miseries, a life in the middle, she will feel her passions alive. The sanctity, the salvation itself, will always be precarious, because only My Will who gives Himself as continuous Life forms the sweet enchantment to the passions, to the miseries and forms there the opposite Acts, of Sanctity, of Fortitude, of Light, of Love, in the evils of creatures, in a way that the human volition feeling the sweet enchantment, she feels flow in her evils the Beauty, the Good, the Sanctity of the continuous Act of Life that My Will gives under His suave and sweet empire, and she lets Him do whatever He wants. **Because a continuous Act that gives perennial Life can never be reached [by] other acts, helps and means for however strong and holy, to do the good that a continuous Act can do.***

***Therefore, there is no greater evil that the creature can do, nor greater wrong that she can do to Our Paternal Goodness, than to not let Our Will reign in her.** The same in her power would induce Us to destroy all the Creation, because the creature was made that she should be Our residence, and not her alone, but all created*

things, skies, sun, earth, everything, being works gone forth from Our Supreme Heights, We hold the right to live (in) her, and with living (in) her We conserve her with beautiful decorum and always new, as in the Act in which We brought her forth to the light.

**Now the creature with not doing our Will puts Us outside of Our residence,** and it happens to Us as would happen to a rich Lord, that wanting to build a great and beautiful palace, when he has finished; he goes in order to live in it and they close the doors in (his) face, they throw stones at him, in a way that he is constrained to not put a foot inside, and to not be able to live in the same residence built by him, wouldn't it merit that it be destroyed by he who has formed it? But he doesn't do it because he loves his work, but waits and re-awaits, who knows [that] he can conquer in love, and by herself she opens the doors to him in order to let him enter with giving him the liberty to let him live (there).

**In such conditions the creature puts Us with not letting Our Will reign in her soul: she closes the doors in Our Face and throws the stones of her faults against Us.** And We with unconquered and divine patience wait, and she not wanting Our Will in herself as Life, with Paternal Goodness We give her the effects of Him, that is the Laws, the Sacraments, the Gospel, the helps of my examples and prayers to her. **But for all this great good, not one can equal the great good that My Will can do as perennial Life of the creature, because He is all (the) Laws, Sacraments, Gospel, Life together. He signifies all: able to give everything, possesses everything!**

This is enough in order to be able to understand the great difference that there is between My Will as continuous Life in the creature, and between His effects that He cannot produce in a perennial way, but by circumstances, in time, in the Sacraments themselves. And although the effects can do great goods, but they can never arrive to produce all the goods that the Life of My Divine Will reigning and dominant in the creature can produce. Therefore. be attentive My daughter and give Him the holy liberty to do whatever He wants in your soul."



***Offering of Communion. How our wills are the accidents in which Jesus is multiplied. How the soul who lives in the Divine Will contains the Source of all the Sacraments.***

V 22: July 4, 1927

I was doing my thanksgiving for I had received Holy Communion, and I was thinking to myself that I wanted to offer It to all and to each inhabitant of Heaven, to each soul in Purgatory, to all the living who are and will be. And not only to them, but I would like to give my Sacramental Jesus to the starry heavens, to the flowery fields - in sum, to each created thing, in order to give Him the glory and the triumph of all His works. But while I was saying this, I thought to myself: *'This is my usual nonsense - how can I form so many Jesuses? This is impossible.'* And my beloved Jesus, moving in my interior, told me:

*"My daughter, just as in the sacramental host there are the little accidents of the bread, and your Jesus hides inside of them, alive and real - and as many Jesuses for as many as are the hosts - in the same way, in the soul there are the accidents of the human will, not subject to being consumed like the accidents of my Sacramental Life, and therefore more fortunate and more solid. And just as the Eucharistic Life multiplies in the hosts, so does my Divine Will multiply my Life in each act of the human will, which, more than accident, lends itself to the multiplication of my Life.*

*As you were making your will flow within Mine and wanted to give Me to each one, so was my Will forming my Life in yours, and from Its Light It released my Life, giving Me to each one, and oh how happy I felt that the little daughter of my Will was forming so many of my Lives in the accidents of her will, to give Me not only to animate creatures, but to all things created by Me. So, as I was multiplying my Life, I felt I was constituting Myself the King of all: King of the sun, of the sea, King of the flowers, of the stars, of the heavens - in sum, of everything.*

***My daughter, one who lives in my Will possesses within herself the fount of the source of the Sacraments and can multiply Me as much as she wants and in whatever way she wants.”***

Afterwards, I remained doubtful about the last sentence written here above, and my beloved Jesus added:

*“My daughter, the Sacraments came out of my Will like many little fountains; I issued them from It, keeping in It the source from which each of these fountains continuously receives the goods and the fruits which each of them contains. But they act according to the dispositions of those who receive them; so, because of lack of dispositions on the part of creatures, the fountains of the Sacraments do not produce the great goods they contain. Many times they pour waters, but the creatures are not washed; other times they consecrate them, impressing a divine and indelible character, but in spite of this they do not appear to be sanctified. Another fountain gives birth to the Life of your Jesus continuously; they receive this Life, but neither the effects of it nor the Life of your Jesus can be seen in them. So, each Sacrament has Its sorrow, because they do not see their fruits and the goods they contain in all creatures.*

*Now, for one who Lives in My Will, letting (it) reign as in Its own Kingdom, since my Divine Will possesses the source of the Sacraments, what is the wonder if one who lives in It possesses the source of all the Sacraments and feels within herself the nature of the Sacraments with all the effects and goods they contain? And as she receives them from the Church, she will feel that it is food which she possesses, but which she takes in order to give complete glory to those Sacraments, whose source she possesses, and to glorify that very Divine Will that instituted them, because in It alone there will be perfect glory for all Our Works. This is why I so much long for the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat because It alone will give balance to everything; It will give to creatures all the goods It wants, and will receive the glory which they owe It.”*

***Effects of the Adoration done  
in the Divine Will, with the Power of the  
Father, the Wisdom of the Son, and  
the Love of the Holy Spirit.***

V 17: October 2, 1924

I felt all embittered because of the privation of my sweet Jesus. Oh, how much harder and more bitter my exile becomes without the One who forms the whole of my Life! And I prayed Him to have compassion for me, and not to leave me at the mercy of myself. Now, while I was saying this, my beloved Jesus made Himself seen as He was squeezing my heart tightly with His hands, and then binding me all over with a little rope of light – but so tightly as to deprive me of the slightest motion.

**Then, afterwards, He laid Himself within me, and we suffered together. In the meantime, I felt myself being transported outside of myself, toward the vault of the heavens, and I seemed to encounter the Celestial Father and the Holy Spirit. And Jesus, who was with me, placed Himself between Them, and He put me on the lap of the Father, who seemed to be waiting for me with so much love that He pressed me to His bosom, and identifying me with His Will, He communicated His power to me. And so did the other two Divine Persons.**

**But while They communicated Themselves to me, One by One, They all became One, and I felt I was being infused with, all together, the Will of the Power of the Father, the Will of the Wisdom of the Son, and the Will of the Love of the Holy Spirit. But who can say what I felt as being infused in my soul? And my lovable Jesus said to me:**

*“Daughter of Our Eternal Will, prostrate yourself before Our Supreme Majesty and offer your adorations, your homages, your praises, in the name of all, with the Power of Our Will, with the Wisdom and with the Will of Our Supreme Love. We will feel in you the Power of Our Will adoring Us, the Wisdom of Our Will glorifying Us, the Love of Our Will loving Us and praising Us. And since the Power, the Wisdom and the Love of the Three Divine Persons are in communication with the intellect, the memory and*

*the will of all creatures, We will feel your adorations, homages and praises flow within all the intelligences of creatures, which, rising between Heaven and earth, will make Us hear the echo of Our own Power, Wisdom and Love, adoring Us, praising Us and loving Us.*

***Greater adorations, more noble homages, love and praises more divine, you cannot give Us. No other act can equal these Acts or give Us as much Glory and as much Love, because We see, hovering within the act of the creature, the Power, the Wisdom and the reciprocal Love of the Three Divine Persons - We find Our own Acts in the act of the creature. How not to enjoy them and not to give them supremacy over all other acts?"***

So I prostrated myself before the Supreme Majesty, adoring It, praising It and loving It in the name of all, with the Power, the Wisdom and the Love of Their Will, which I felt within me. But who can say the effects of this? I have no words to express them, therefore I move on.



Then, afterwards, I received Communion, and I was fusing myself in the Will of my highest Good, Jesus, in order to find the whole Creation in It, so that no one might be absent from rollcall, and together with me, all might prostrate themselves at the feet of my Jesus in the Sacrament to adore Him, to love Him, to bless Him.... But while I was doing this, I felt somehow distracted in trying to find all created things in His Divine Will, so that one might be the love, the praise, the adoration to my Jesus. And Jesus, in seeing me as though hampered, gathered the whole Creation onto His lap and said to me:

*“My daughter, I placed all Creation on my lap, that it may be easier for you to find and call everyone together with you, so that not one thing which came from Me may not give Me, through you, the return of love and adoration which befits Me, as things that belong to Me. I would not be fully content in you, if any of them were missing. In my Will I want to find everything in you.”*

Then it became easier for me to find and call all Creation together with me, so that we all might praise and love my highest Good, Jesus. But – oh marvel! – each created thing contained a distinct reflection and a special love of Jesus, and Jesus received the return of His reflections and of His love. Oh, how content was Jesus! But as I was doing this, I found myself inside myself.

***Death of Sin, death of Good in creatures  
and all natural deaths suffered by Jesus at  
Conception which lasted His whole Life.***

***In the Incarnation God placed Himself at  
the mercy of His creatures.***

V 17: December 24, 1924

My days are ever more sorrowful. I am under the hard press of the hard privation of my sweet Jesus, which is upon me like a deadly iron, to kill me continuously. But as it is about to arm the last blow in order to finish it, it leaves it suspended above my head; and I await this last blow like a relief, to go to my Jesus – but I wait in vain! And I feel my poor soul and also my nature, being consumed and melted. Ah! My great sins do not make me deserve to die! What pain! What a long agony! O please my Jesus, have pity on me! You who are the only one who knows my harrowing state - do not abandon me, do not leave me at the mercy of myself. Now, while I was in this state, I felt I was outside of myself, within a most pure light; and in this light I could see the Queen Mama and the little Baby Jesus inside Her virginal womb. Oh God, in what a sorrowful state was my lovable little Baby! His little Humanity was immobilized; His little feet and hands were immobile, without the slightest motion; there was no room, either to open His eyes, or

to breathe freely. His immobility was such that He seemed to be dead, while He was alive. I thought to myself: *'Who knows how much my Jesus suffers in this state! And how much His beloved Mama suffers, in seeing Baby Jesus so immobilized within Her very womb!'* Now, while I was thinking of this, my tiny little Baby, sobbing, said to me:

*"My daughter, the pains I suffered in this virginal womb of my Mama are incalculable to the human mind. But do you know what the first pain was, which I suffered in the first Act of my Conception, and which lasted for my whole my life? The pain of death. My Divinity descended from Heaven as fully happy, untouchable by any pain and by any death. When I saw my little Humanity being subject to death and to pains for love of creatures, I felt the pain of death so vividly, that I really would have died of sheer pain, if the Power of my Divinity had not sustained Me with a prodigy, making Me feel the pain of death and the continuation of life. So, for Me it was always death: I felt the death of sin, the death of good in the creatures and also their natural death. What a cruel torment this was for Me, during my whole life! I, who contained Life and was the absolute Lord of Life itself, was to subject Myself to the pain of death. Don't you see my little Humanity immobile and dying in the womb of my dear Mama? And don't you yourself feel, within yourself, how hard and excruciating is the pain of feeling oneself dying, without dying? My daughter, it is your living in my Will that makes you share in the continuous death of my Humanity."*

So, I spent almost the whole morning close to my Jesus, inside the womb of my Mama; and I saw that, as He was in the act of dying, He would regain life, to then abandon Himself to dying again. What pain, to see Baby Jesus in that state! Then, after this, at night, I was thinking about the act in which the sweet little Baby came out of the maternal womb to be born into our midst. My poor mind wandered within a mystery so profound and all love; and my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, stretched out His little hands to embrace me, and said to me:



*“My daughter, the Act of My Birth was the most solemn Act of the whole Creation. Heaven and earth felt plunged into the most profound adoration at the sight of my little Humanity, which kept my Divinity as though enclosed within walls. So, in the Act of My Birth, there was an act of silence and of profound adoration and prayer: my Mama prayed and remained enraptured by the power of the prodigy which was coming out of Her; Saint Joseph prayed; the Angels prayed; and all Creation felt the strength of the Love of My*

*Creative Power being renewed upon them.*

*All felt honoured and received true honour, because the One who had created them would make use of them for what was needed for His Humanity. The sun felt honoured, in having to give its light and heat to its Creator; it recognized the One who had created it – its true Lord and made feast for Him and paid Him honour by giving Him its light. The earth felt honoured, when it felt Me lying in a manger; it felt touched by my tender limbs and exulted with joy with prodigious signs.*

*All Creation saw their true King and Lord in their midst; and feeling honoured, each one wanted to perform its office for Me: the water wanted to quench my thirst; the birds, with their trills and warblings, wanted to cheer Me; the wind wanted to caress Me; the air wanted to kiss Me – all wanted to pay Me their innocent tribute.*

*Only men, ungrateful, even though all felt something unusual within themselves - a joy, a powerful strength – were reluctant; and*

*suffocating everything, they did not move. And even though I called them with tears, with moans and sobs, they did not move, except for some few shepherds. Yet, it was for man that I was coming upon earth! I was coming to give Myself to him, to save him, and to bring him back to my Celestial Fatherland. Therefore, I was all eyes to see whether he would come before Me in order to receive the great gift of my divine and human Life. So, the Incarnation was nothing less than placing Myself at the mercy of the creature.*

*In the Incarnation I placed Myself at the mercy of my dear Mama; as I was born, Saint Joseph too was added, to whom I gave the gift of my Life. And since my works are eternal and not subject to ending, this Divinity, this Word who descended from Heaven, never withdrew from the earth, so as to have the occasion to give Himself continuously to all creatures. As long as I lived, I gave Myself in an unveiled manner; then, a few hours before dying, I made the great prodigy of leaving Myself in the Sacrament so that, whoever wanted Me, could receive the great gift of my Life. I paid no attention either to the offenses they would give Me, or to their refusals to receive Me. I said to Myself: 'I have given Myself - I do not want to withdraw, ever. Let them do to Me whatever they want - I will always be theirs, and at their disposal'.*

***Daughter, this is the Nature of True Love – of the operating as God: firmness, and not to withdraw at the cost of any sacrifice. This firmness in my works is my victory and the greatest glory of mine; and this is the sign to know whether the creature operates for God - firmness. The soul looks no one in the face - neither pains, nor herself, nor self-esteem, nor creatures - even though it may cost her her life; she looks only to God, for love of whom she sets herself to operate; and she feels victorious in offering the sacrifice of her life for love of Him. Not being firm is of the human nature and of the human way of operating. Not being firm is the operating of passions, and with passion. Mutability is weakness, it is cowardice, and it is not of the Nature of True Love. Therefore, firmness must be the guide in operating for Me. So, in my works I never change; whatever the events might be, once it is done, it is done forever.***



**Neither fears, nor doubts, nor any danger at all, can enter into the Divine Will. Just as the works of Jesus had their complete fruit after His death, so it will be with Luisa. In the Divine Will there are no nights, nor sleep; it is always full daylight and full vigil.** V 17: June 29, 1925

I was feeling oppressed, and a thought wanted to disturb the serenity of my mind: *'And if you found yourself at the point of death, and doubts and fears came to you about the way you conducted yourself during your life, to the point of making you doubt about your salvation – what would you do?'* But as I was thinking about this, my sweet Jesus gave me no time to reflect any further, or to answer my thought. Moving in my interior, He made Himself seen shaking His head; and as though saddened by my thought, He told me:

*"My daughter, what are you saying? To think about this is an affront to my Will. Neither fears, nor doubts, nor any danger at all, can enter into It. These are things which do not belong to It; rather, they are the miserable rags of the human will. My Will is like a placid sea that murmurs peace, happiness, safety, certainty; and the waves It releases from Its bosom are waves of joys and of contentments without end. Therefore, in seeing you think about this, I was shaken. My Will is not capable of fears, of doubts, of danger, and the soul who lives in It becomes estranged to the miserable rags of the human will. And besides, what could my Will fear? Who can ever raise doubts about Its operating, if before the Sanctity of my operating Will all tremble and are forced to lower their foreheads, adoring the operating of my Will?"*

***Even more, I want to tell you something very consoling for you, and of great glory for Me. It will happen with you, at your dying in time, just as it happened with Me at my death.***

*In life, I operated, I prayed, I preached, I instituted Sacraments. I suffered unheard-of pains, and even death itself; but I can say that my Humanity saw almost nothing, compared to the great good It*

*had done, nor did the very Sacraments have life as long as I remained on earth.*

*As soon as I died, my death put a seal upon all my works, my words, my pains, the Sacraments; and the fruit of death confirmed everything I did, and made my works, my pains, my words, my Sacraments which I instituted, as well as the continuation of their life until the consummation of the centuries, rise again to life.*

*So, my death put all my works in motion, and made them rise again to perennial life. All this was right; in fact, since my Humanity contained the Eternal Word and a Will which has no beginning and no end, and which is not subject to dying, nothing was to perish of all that It did - not even a single word, but everything was to have continuation until the end of the centuries, in order to pass into Heaven to beatify all the Blessed eternally.*

*The same will happen with you: my Will which lives in you, speaks to you, makes you operate and suffer, will let nothing perish, not even a single word of the so many truths I have manifested to you about my Will; It will put everything in motion, It will make everything rise again. Your death will be the confirmation of everything I have told you; and since, in the Living in My Will, everything that the soul does, suffers, prays and says, contains an Act of Divine Will, all this will not be subject to dying, but will remain in the world, like many Lives - all in the Act of giving Life to creatures.*

*Therefore, your death will tear the veils which cover all the truths I have spoken to you; and they will rise again like many suns, such as to dispel all the doubts and difficulties with which they seemed to be covered in life. So, as long as you live in this low world, you will see little or nothing in others, of all the great good which my Will wants to do through you. But after your death, it will have its full effect."*

After this, I spent the night without being able to close my eyes, either to sleep, or to receive the usual visits of my lovable Jesus, since, when He comes, I doze off within Him, and for me this is more than sleep. However,

I spent that time doing *the Hours of His Passion* and doing the usual rounds in His adorable Will. Then I saw it was daylight (but this happens to me often), and I said to myself: *'My Love, neither did You come, nor did You let me sleep. So, how shall I go on today without You?'* At that moment, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior, telling me:

*"My daughter, in My Will there are no nights, nor sleep - it is always full daylight and full vigil. There is no time to sleep because there is much to do, to take and to be happy in It. Therefore, you must learn to Live in the long day of My Will, so that my Will may have Its Life of continuous attitude within you. However, you will find the most beautiful rest, because My Will will make you rise more and more into your God and will make you comprehend Him more; and the more you comprehend Him, the more your soul will be expanded in order to receive that Eternal Rest, with all the happinesses and joys which the Divine Rest contains. Oh, what a beautiful rest will this be for you – a rest which can be found only in My Will!"*

Now, while He was saying this, He came out from within my interior, and throwing His arms around my neck, He clasped me tightly to Himself; and I stretched out my arms and clasped Him tightly to myself. In the meantime, my sweet Jesus was calling many people who were clinging to His feet; and Jesus was saying to them: *"Rise up to my Heart, and I will show you the portents which my Will has done in this soul."* Having said this, He disappeared.

***"My daughter, in My Will there are no nights, nor sleep - it is always full daylight and full vigil. There is no time to sleep because there is much to do, to take and to be happy in It. Therefore, you must learn to Live in the long Day of My Will, so that My Will may have Its Life of continuous attitude within you."***

Compiled by Geraldine Ryan

