

J.M.J.

January 30, 1906

*Constancy orders everything.*

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: "My daughter, how necessary it is that the soul be constant in doing the good which she has started. In fact, though she has a beginning, she will have no end, and not having an end, it is necessary that she conform to the ways of the Eternal God. God is just, is holy, is merciful, He is the One who contains everything – but perhaps only for one day? No – always, always, always... In the same way, the soul must not be patient, humble and obedient one day, and impatient, proud and capricious another day. These are broken virtues, it is like mixing black and white, light and darkness; everything is disorder, everything is confusion – ways which are completely dissimilar to her Creator. In this soul there is continuous war, because passions wage war against her; in fact, in seeing themselves being nourished so very often, they hope the victory is theirs. Demons, creatures, and even virtues themselves in seeing themselves disappointed, wage a fierce war against her, and end up nauseating her. If these souls are saved – oh, how much work the fire of Purgatory will have to do!

On the other hand, for a constant soul everything is peace; mere constancy itself already keeps everything in its place; passions already feel they are dying, and who is the one who, nearing death, thinks about waging war against anyone? Constancy is the sword that puts everything to flight, it is the chain that binds all virtues, in such a way as to feel caressed by them continuously; and the fire of Purgatory will have no work to do, because constancy has ordered everything and has made the ways of the soul similar to those of the Creator."

February 9, 1906

*The union of our actions with those of Jesus is guarantee of salvation.*

Continuing in my usual state, I saw just the shadow of blessed Jesus, all afflicted, and almost in the act of sending chastisements. Upon seeing Him, I said: 'From the way He appeared, who will be able not just to escape the chastisements, but even to obtain salvation?' And He, changing appearance, said: "My daughter, the union of the human works with Mine is the guarantee to be saved, because if two persons work in the same field, their working in that field is the guarantee that both of them must harvest. In the same way, one who unites his works with Mine - it is as if he were working in my field, therefore, will he not harvest in my kingdom? Will he perhaps have to work united with Me in my field, and then harvest in a kingdom completely foreign to Me? Certainly not."

February 12, 1906

*The virtues make us reach a certain height, but in the Divine Will there are no boundaries. Effects of the mere words 'Will of God'.*

As I was in my usual state, I was feeling all oppressed because of the privation of my blessed Jesus. Then He came for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, all other virtues in the creatures build a wall of a certain height, but the wall of the soul who lives in the Will of God is a wall so high and deep, that neither its depth nor its height can be found. Also, it is all of pure and solid gold, not subject to any misfortune, because since this wall is in the Divine Volition – that is, in God – God Himself keeps it, and there is no power that can defy God. And the soul, while living in this Divine Volition, is clothed with a light all similar to the One in whom she lives, so much so, that also in Heaven she will shine more than all the others, in such a way as to be an occasion of greater glory for the very saints. Ah, my daughter, think a little bit of what an atmosphere of peace and of goods the mere words 'Will of God' contain. At the mere thought of wanting to live in this atmosphere, the soul feels already changed; she feels a divine air investing her, she feels her human being being dissolved, she feels divinized – from impatient, patient; from proud - humble, docile, charitable, obedient; in sum, from poor, rich. All the other virtues arise to surround, like a crown, this high wall which has no boundaries; because, since God has no boundaries, the soul is dissolved within God, she loses her own boundaries, and acquires the boundaries of the Will of God."

February 23, 1906

*How Jesus was nailed to the Cross in the Will of the Father.*

This morning I was thinking of Our Lord in the act in which they were nailing Him to the cross; I was compassionating all of Him, and blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, not only my hands and feet were nailed to the cross, but all the particles of my Humanity, soul and Divinity were all nailed in the Will of the Father. In fact, the crucifixion was the Will of the Father, therefore I was nailed and transmuted completely in His Will. This was necessary because, what is sin but withdrawing from the Will of God, from everything that is good and holy which God has given us, believing to be something of one's own, and offending the Creator? And I, in order to repair for this audacity and for

this self idol which the creature makes of herself, wanted to dissolve my will completely and live from the Will of the Father at the cost of great sacrifice."

**February 28, 1906**

***The greatest honor that the creature can give to God is to depend on His Divine Will in everything. The way in which Grace communicates Itself.***

This morning blessed Jesus made Himself seen for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, the greatest honor that the creature can give to God is to depend on His Divine Will in everything; and the Creator, in seeing that the creature fulfills her duty of creature toward the Creator, communicates His Grace to her." And while He was saying this, a light came out of blessed Jesus, which made me comprehend the way in which He communicates Grace.

I understood it in this way. For example, the soul feels within herself the annihilation of herself; she sees her nothingness, her misery, her inability to do a shadow of good. Now, while she feels this way, God communicates His Grace, and the Grace of truth, in such a way that the soul can see the truth in everything without deceit, without darkness. And here is how, what God is by nature – eternal Truth which cannot deceive nor be deceived – the soul becomes by Grace. That is to say, the soul feels detachment from the things of the earth, she sees their fleetingness, their instability, how everything is false, everything is rot, which deserves to be abhorred rather than loved. While the soul feels this state, God communicates His Grace, and the Grace of true love and of eternal love; He communicates His beauty, in such a way as to make the loving soul go mad, and the soul remains filled with the love and the beauty of God. And here is how, what God is by nature – love and eternal beauty – the soul becomes by Grace; and so with all the other divine virtues, such that if I wanted to say everything, I would be too long. I only add that Grace anticipates the soul, It excites her, but only when the soul masticates those truths, and swallows them like food into her bosom, then It communicates Itself and enters to take possession of her. This is why not everyone receives the effects described above – because they let them escape from their minds like lightnings, and do not make a place for them.

**March 4, 1906**

***Jesus jokes with Luisa.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was saying to myself: 'Lord, manifest your Will to me - whether I must be in this state or not. What would You lose? It is a 'yes' or a 'no' that You need to say.' While I was saying this, blessed Jesus made Himself felt in my interior, and told me: "My daughter, I say that I want you to go out of this state of victim, but if you do it – woe!"

And I: 'If You Yourself tell me that You would want me to go out of it, should I not do it?' And He: "I must say it to you, push you, make violence on you, and you must not do it, because a daughter who is always with her father must know the temperament of the father, the time, and the cause. She must ponder everything well, and if needed, she must dissuade her father from giving her this command." And I: 'I have not done it because obedience does not want it.'

And He, without giving me time: "And if they allow you to, woe to the one who does it!" On hearing this, I said: 'Lord, it seems that this time You want to tempt me and create many embarrassments for me; I myself don't know what to do.' And He: "I wanted to joke a little bit with you. Do spouses not joke with each other sometimes? And could I not do likewise?"

**March 5, 1906**

***Jesus asks her to give Him relief Him. She sees a man committing suicide.***

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself with baby Jesus, all afflicted. In seeing Him so afflicted, I said: 'My dear little one, tell me, what do You want? That I suffer in order to relieve You?' And He placed himself with His face to the ground, praying, almost wanting me to interpret His Will, but I could not understand anything. I raised Him from the ground, I kissed Him several times, and I said: 'My beloved, I cannot understand what You want. Do You want me to suffer the crucifixion?' And He: "No". He took my arm with His hand, and my wrist appeared from the cuff of my shirt. In seeing this, I said: 'Do you want me to be stripped? I feel great repugnance, but for love of You, I submit myself.'

In the meantime, I saw a man who, taken by desperation and by esteem of his own self, was committing suicide - and this, in our town. The baby told me: "I cannot contain so much bitterness – receive part of it." And He poured a little bit of His bitterness into my mouth. I ran to that man to help him to repent of the evil he had done. The demons were taking that soul, placing it on the fire, and turning it over and over again as if they were roasting it. I freed him as many as two times, and then I found myself inside myself, praying the Lord to have mercy on that unfortunate soul. Blessed Jesus came back with the crown of thorns, so sunken into His head, that the thorns appeared even inside His mouth; and He told me: "Ah, my daughter, yet many do not believe that the thorns penetrated even into my mouth. The sin of pride is so awful as to be the poison of the soul – it kills it. Just as one who has something across his mouth prevents any food from

passing into his body to give him life, so does pride prevent the life of God in the soul. This is why I wanted to suffer so much because of human pride; and in spite of this, the creature reaches such pride that, drunk with pride, he loses the knowledge of himself, and reaches the point of killing his body and soul."

To obey, I say that when I told father what I have written above, he assured me that on that morning a man had committed suicide.

**March 9, 1906**

***She sees purging souls going to help the peoples.***

Continuing in my usual state, I just barely saw blessed Jesus and many purging souls, whom Jesus Christ was sending to the help of the peoples. It seemed that many disgraces of contagious diseases were to happen to the peoples, and earthquakes in some places. Some were killing themselves, some were throwing themselves into wells or into the sea, and some were killing others. It seems that man is tired of himself, because without God he does not feel the strength to continue living. Oh, God, how many chastisements, and how many thousands of people will be victims of these scourges!

**March 13, 1906**

***If the soul cannot be without Jesus, it is a sign that she is necessary to His love.***

This morning blessed Jesus was not coming, and I was saying to myself: 'Lord, don't You see that I feel life missing in me? I feel such necessity of You, that if You do not come, I feel my being destroyed. Do not deny me what is absolutely necessary to me; I do not ask You for kisses, caresses, favors, but only for what is necessary.' While I was saying this, I found myself all absorbed in Him; my whole being was dissolved in such a way that I could do nothing and see nothing but what He Himself was doing and seeing. I felt blissful, happy, all of my powers dozy – just like one who goes into the depths of the sea, which is all water, and if he looks, he sees water; if he speaks, the water prevents his speech and enters even into his bowels; if he listens, it is the murmuring of the waters that enters into his ears. With this difference: that in the sea one's life is in danger, and one feels neither happy nor blissful, while in God one reacquires divine life, happiness and beatitude. Then blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, if you cannot be without Me, so much am I necessary for you, it is a sign that you are necessary to my love. In fact, the degree in which one becomes necessary to someone else, is a sign that the second is necessary to the first. Therefore, even though sometimes It seems that I am not coming, and you struggle, and I see how necessary I am for you, as this necessity grows in you, so does it grow in Me, and I say to Myself: 'I am going to go and take this relief for my love.' This is why, after you have struggled, I come."

**April 17, 1906 \* San Francisco Earthquake 8.3 and Fire 700 + die**

***God will arm the elements against man.***

This morning I had a bad time; I was outside of myself and I could see nothing but fire. It seemed that the earth would open and threaten to swallow cities, mountains and men. It seemed that the Lord would want to destroy the earth, but in a special way three different places, distant from one another, and some of them also in Italy. They seemed to be three mouths of volcanoes – some were sending out fire which flooded the cities, and in some places the earth was opening and horrible quakes would occur. I could not understand very well whether these things were happening or will have to happen. How many ruins! Yet, the cause of this is only sin, and man does not want to surrender; it seems that man has placed himself against God, and God will arm the elements against man – water, fire, wind and many other things, which will cause many upon many to die. What fright, what horror! I felt I was dying in seeing all these sorrowful scenes; I would have wanted to suffer anything to placate the Lord. And the Lord made Himself seen for just a little – but who can say how? I said a few words to placate Him, but He would not listen to me. Then He told me: "My daughter, I can find no place left in which to rest in my creation. Let Me rest in you, and you – rest in Me and keep quiet."

**April 25, 1906**

***She suffers together with Jesus. He gives her all of His sufferings and all of Himself as gift.***

As I was in my usual state, I seemed to see blessed Jesus inside of me, all afflicted, in the act of suffering the crucifixion, and it seemed that I would suffer a little together with Him. Then He told me: "My daughter, everything is yours: my sufferings and all of Myself - I give you everything as gift." Then He added: "My daughter, how many things creatures do against Me - what a thirst for sins they have, what a thirst for blood! I would want to do nothing but pour the bowels of the earth inside out and burn them all up." And I: 'Lord, what are You saying? You told me that You are all mine, and one who gives himself to someone else is no longer the master of himself. I do not want You to do this, and You must not do it. If You want satisfaction from me, make me suffer whatever You want, for I am ready for everything.'

So, I felt Him within me as if I were keeping Him bound, and often times He would repeat: "Let Me do, for I can take no more! Let Me do, for I can take no more!" And I would repeat: 'I do not want it, Lord, I do not want it.' But as I

was saying this, I felt my heart split with tenderness in admiring His goodness, so condescending to a sinful soul such as I. I could comprehend many things about the divine goodness, but I cannot say them well.

**April 26, 1906**

***Jesus does not want to let her see the chastisements so as not to afflict her.***

Continuing in my poor state, I felt there were people around my bed who wanted me to see the chastisements which were happening in the world – earthquakes, wars and many other things, which I could not understand well - to make me intercede with the Lord. It seemed to me that they were Saints, but I cannot tell with certainty. In the meantime, blessed Jesus came out from within my interior, and He said to them: "Do not molest her, do not afflict her by wanting to make her see sorrowful scenes. Rather, let her be tranquil, and leave her alone with Me." They went away, and I remained concerned – ‘who knows what is happening, that He does not even want me to see...’

Then, afterwards, I found myself outside of myself, and I saw a priest who began to talk about the earthquakes which had occurred in the past days, saying: "The Lord is very indignant, I believe they are not yet finished." And I: ‘Who knows whether we will be spared.’ He became enflamed, and it seemed that his heart was beating so strongly that I could feel it myself, and those heartbeats would reverberate in my heart. I could not understand who he was, but I felt a certain something being communicated to me. Then he added: "How can grave things happen, with destructions and dying of people, where there is a heart that loves for all? At most, a few tremors might be felt, without considerable damage."

On hearing ‘a heart that loves for all’, I felt as though I were being picked on, and I myself cannot tell how I came out saying: ‘What are you saying – a heart that loves for all? Not only that loves for all, but that repairs for all, that suffers, that thanks, that praises, that adores, that respects the holy law for all; because I do not believe it is true love toward the beloved, if one does not render him the love and all the satisfaction which the others were supposed to render him, in such a way that in that person, he must find all the good and the contentment which he was to find in all.’ On hearing me, he became more ignited, and drew near me in the act of wanting to clasp me. I was afraid, I felt blushing for having spoken that way, and my heart, struck by his heartbeats, was throbbing. He seemed to transform, as if he were Our Lord, but I cannot tell with certainty. Without my being able to oppose Him, He clasped me to Himself, telling me: "Every morning I will come to you, and we will have breakfast together." At that moment I found myself inside myself.

**April 29, 1906**

***How the soul who is empty of everything is like water that always runs.***

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little, and filling all of my interior with Himself, He told me: "My daughter, an empty soul is like water that runs, and always runs, and when it reaches the center from which it came, only then does it stop; and since water has no color, it receives into itself all the colors that are reflected in it. In the same way, the empty soul runs, and always runs toward the divine center from which she came, and when she comes to fill all of herself, completely, with God, only then does she stop. In fact, since she is empty, nothing of the Divine Being escapes her, and since she does not have a color of her own, she receives all the divine colors into herself. Now, only an empty soul, because she is empty of everything, comprehends things according to the truth: the preciousness of suffering, the true good of virtue, the necessity for the Eternal One alone; because in order to love something, it is absolutely necessary to hate that which is opposite to what is loved. Only an empty soul reaches such a great happiness."

**May 4, 1906**

***Fears and tears of the soul. Jesus asks her to be more precise in writing.***

I was very afflicted for not having seen my adorable Jesus clearly, with the addition that my thought was telling me that Jesus, He who is my life, did not love me any more. Oh, God, what mortal pains my poor heart felt! I did not know what to do to free myself from this. I shed bitter tears, and to free myself I said: ‘He does not love me any more? - and out of spite that He does not love me any more, I will love Him more than before.’ I wrote this to obey. Then, after much hardship, He came, bearing my tears on His face. I did not understand well why, but it seemed to me that since that thought had excited me and almost irritated me into loving Him more, pleased with it, He would almost say to me: "What - I do not love you? I love you so much that I keep an account even of your tears, and I bear them on my face for my pleasure."

Then, afterwards, He added: "My daughter, I want you to be more precise, more exact, and to manifest everything in writing, because you skip many things, even though you take them for yourself without writing them; but many things will serve others." On hearing this, I remained confused because, in truth, I do this, and my repugnance to write is so great, that only the miracles that obedience can do could conquer me, since of my own will I would not be good at writing a single coma. May everything be for the glory of God and to my confusion.

**May 6, 1906**

***God is food and life of the soul.***

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little with a loaf of bread in His hand, as if He wanted to refresh me, for I feel so ill because of His continuous privations that it seems that a mere thread of life keeps me alive, and that I would be reduced to ashes and consumed under this thread. Then, after He refreshed me with that bread, He told me: "My daughter, the material bread is food and life for the body, and there is no particle of the body which does not receive life from that bread. In the same way, God is food and life of the soul, and there must be no particle which does not take life and food from God – that is, animating all of oneself in God, nourishing one's desires in God, and making one's affections, inclinations and love take life and food in God, in such a way as to enjoy no other food but God alone. But – oh, how many let their souls feed on all sorts of filth!"

Having said this, He disappeared, and I found myself inside a church, and it seemed that various people were saying: "Curse you, curse you...", as if they wanted to curse the blessed Lord and also creatures themselves. I don't know how, I comprehended all the weight of those maledictions, as though they signified the destruction of God and of themselves, and I cried bitterly because of these maledictions. Then I saw a priest celebrating at the altar, as if he were Our Lord, and coming into the midst of those who had uttered those maledictions, He said with a solemn and authoritative voice: "*Maledicti, maledicti!*" at least twenty times or more; and while He was saying this, it seemed that many thousands of people would drop dead – some from revolutions, some from earthquakes, some in the fire, some in the water. It seemed to me that these chastisements were the precursors of nearing wars. I cried, and He, drawing near me, told me: "My daughter, do not fear, for I am not cursing you; on the contrary, I say to you: '*benedicta*' thousands and thousands of times. Cry and pray for these peoples."

**May 7, 1906**

***Jesus does not want to go out of the interior of Luisa.***

This morning, after I received Communion, I saw blessed Jesus in my interior and I said to Him: 'My beloved, come out from inside - come outside, that I may clasp You, kiss You and speak with You.' And He, making a sign with His hand, told me: "My daughter, I do not want to come out, I am well within you, because if I go out of your humanity – a humanity which contains tenderness, compassion, weakness, concern – it would be as if I went out of my living Humanity. In fact, since you occupy my same office of victim, I should make you feel the weight of the pains of others, and therefore spare them. I will go out, yes, but not from within you; rather, from within God without a Humanity, and my justice will make its course as appropriate to chastise the creatures." And it seemed He would go deeper and deeper inside. I repeated to Him: 'Lord, come out, spare your children, your very members, your images.' And He, making a sign with His hand, repeated: "I am not coming out, I am not coming out..." He repeated this quite a few times, and He communicated to me many things about what humanity contains, but I am unable to say them. I have them in my mind, but I cannot express them with words. I would rather have not written this, but obedience did not want it. Fiat – always Fiat.

**May 15, 1906**

***The soul is like a sponge: if she squeezes herself she becomes soaked with God.***

Continuing in my usual state, I felt an extreme affliction because of the privation of blessed Jesus, and I was almost tired and my strengths exhausted. Now, He made Himself seen for just a little in my interior, and told me: "My daughter, it is a continuous squeezing of herself that the soul must do. In fact, the soul is like a sponge: if she squeezes herself she becomes soaked with God, and by becoming soaked with God, she feels the life of God within herself, and therefore love for virtue and holy inclinations. She feels herself conquered and transformed in God, while if she does not squeeze herself, she remains soaked with herself, and therefore she feels all the effects which a corrupted nature contains; and all vices peep out – pride, envy, disobedience, impurity, etc., etc."

**May 18, 1906**

***The soul suffers while Jesus sleeps.***

I was feeling very much in suffering, soul and body, to the point that I myself don't know how I live, when I saw blessed Jesus, for just a little, resting and sleeping in my interior. I called Him, I pulled Him, but He would not listen to me. Then, after much hardship, He told me: "My beloved, do not want to disturb my rest. Do you not tell Me that you want to suffer in my place, and that you want to suffer in your humanity everything which I would suffer in my Humanity if It were living, intending to relieve my suffering members through your sufferings, by suffering yourself so as to leave Me free? So, while you suffer, I rest." And while He was saying this, He fell asleep more soundly, and He disappeared. What He said to me are my continuous intentions in my sufferings.

**June 13, 1906**

***The soul would even do excesses to obtain the intent of being loved more by her highest and only Good.***

I go on amid continuous privations. At the most, He makes Himself seen in passing, or resting and sleeping in my interior, without saying a word to me; and if I go about lamenting, He either comes up saying to me: "You are wrong to lament – is it Me that you want? Well then, you have Me in the depth of your interior – what more do you want?"; or: "If you have Me completely within you, why do you afflict yourself? Is it because I do not speak to you? By just seeing Me, we understand each other"; or He comes up with a kiss, with a hug, with a caress, and if He sees that I do not calm down, He reproaches me severely, saying: "I am only displeased with your displeasure, and if you do not calm yourself, I will really give you displeasure by hiding completely."

Who can say the bitterness of my soul? I feel dazed, and I am unable to manifest what I feel. Besides, in certain interior states it is better to keep silent and move on.

Then, this morning, as I saw Him, I felt myself being carried outside of myself - I cannot tell well whether it was paradise. There were many Saints, all ignited with love, and the wonder was that all loved, but the love of one was distinct from the love of the other. However, finding myself with them, I tried to distinguish myself and to surpass them all in love, wanting to be the first among all in loving Him, since my heart, too proud, could not bear that others would equal me, because I seemed to see that one who loves more is closer to Jesus, and is loved more by Him. Oh, the soul would give in all excesses, she would not care about either life or death, nor would she think of whether it is convenient for her or not. In sum, she would even do excesses to obtain this intent – to be closer to Him, and to be loved a little bit more by her highest and only Good. But to my greatest sorrow, after a short time, an irresistible force drove me back into myself.

**June 15, 1906**

***The whole of the Divine Life receives life from Love.***

After I struggled very much, my blessed Jesus came in passing and told me: "My daughter, it can be said that the whole of the divine life receives life from love: love makes it generate, love makes it produce, love makes it create, love makes it preserve, and gives continuous life to all of its operations; so, if it did not have love, it would not operate or it would have no life. Now, creatures are nothing but sparks come out of the great fire of love, God, and their life receives life and the attitude to operate from this spark. So, the human life also receives life from love; however, not everyone uses it to love and to operate what is beautiful, what is good – the all, but they transform this spark – some into love of self, some into love of creatures, some of riches, and some even of beasts, to the highest sorrow of their Creator who, having unleashed these sparks from His great fire, yearns to receive them all back into Himself once again – expanded, like as many images of His divine life. But few are those who correspond to the imitation of their Creator. Therefore, my beloved, love Me, and let even your breath be a continuous act of love for Me, that a small fire may form from this spark, so as to give vent to the love of your Creator."

**June 20, 1906**

***Everything must be reduced to one single point: everything must become a flame.***

Feeling very much in suffering, soul and body, and having spent the night with a flaming fever, I felt I was burning and being consumed. My strengths were exhausted, I felt I was dying, and added to that, He was not coming – truly I could take no more. Then, after a long time, I felt I was going outside of myself, and I saw Our Lord within an immense light, and myself completely nailed, even the tiniest particles of my members. It was not just my hands and feet, like other times, but each of my bones had its nail driven into it. Oh, how many bitter pains I felt! At each slightest motion I felt lacerated by those nails and I fainted; I felt I was about to die, but I was resigned and immersed in the Divine Volition, which seemed to me to be the key that would open divine treasures, from which I would draw strength to be sustained in that state of sufferings, to the point of making me content and happy. However, I was burning; those nails seemed to produce fire, and I was all immersed in it. Blessed Jesus was looking at me, and seemed to be pleased; then He told me: "My daughter, everything must be reduced to one single point – that is, everything must become a flame; and from this flame, filtered, pressed, beaten, a most pure light comes out – not like the light of fire, but of Sun, fully similar to the light that surrounds Me. The soul who has become light cannot be away from the divine light; rather, my light absorbs her into itself and transports her into Heaven. Therefore, courage, this is the complete crucifixion of soul and body. Don't you see how your light is already about to take off from the flame, and my light awaits it in order to absorb it?"

While He was saying this, I looked at myself, and I saw a great flame inside of me; a tiny little flame of light came out of it, which was about to detach itself and take flight. Who can describe my contentment? At the thought of dying, at the thought of being always with my only and highest good, with my life, with my center, I felt paradise in advance.

**June 22, 1906**

***A garment similar to that of Jesus.***

Continuing in my state of sufferings, ever increasing, blessed Jesus came for a little, and showed me a garment, all adorned and whole, without seam and opening, suspended above my person. While I was seeing this, He told me: "My beloved, this garment is similar to my garment, which I have communicated to you by having shared with you the pains of my Passion, and by having chosen you as victim. This garment covers and protects the world, and since it is whole, no one can escape its protection. But the world, with its abuses, no longer deserves to be covered by this garment, but to feel all the weight of the divine indignation. So I am about to draw it to Myself, to be able to give vent to my justice, which has been restrained for a long time by this garment."

At that moment, it seemed that the light I had seen in the past days was inside this garment, and the Lord awaited both one and the other to absorb them into Himself.

**June 23, 1906**

***Obedience makes her continue to live in the world as victim.***

Continuing to feel ill, I told the confessor what I have written above, keeping silent about a few things regarding the same topic, partly because of the extreme weakness I felt, as I had no strength to speak, and partly out of fear that obedience might set some trap for me. Oh, Holy God, what fear! God alone knows how I live – I live dying continuously, and my only relief would be dying to find my life again in God. Yet, obedience wants to act as a cruel executioner, keeping me dying continuously, rather than living forever in God. Oh, obedience, how terrible and strong you are!

So, the confessor told me that he would not permit it, and that I was to tell the Lord that obedience did not want it. What a most bitter pain! So, finding myself in my usual state, I saw Our Lord, and the confessor praying Him not to let me die. Fearing that He might listen to him, I was crying, and the Lord told me; "Daughter, be quiet, do not afflict Me with your crying. I have every reason to take you because I want to scourge the world, and out of regard for you and your sufferings I feel as though bound. But the confessor is also right in wanting to keep you on earth, because – poor world, poor Corato – in the state in which it finds itself, what would happen to it if no one protects it? And also for himself, because since you are there, I make use of you, sometimes directly, saying something regarding him, and sometimes indirectly, now reprimanding him, now pushing him, now keeping him from doing something that may displease Me. So, if I call you to Myself, I will make use of his sufferings. But, courage, as things are now, I feel more disposed to make you content rather than the confessor, and I Myself will know how to change his will."

Then I found myself inside myself, without having told Him that obedience did not want it – it did not seem necessary to me to say it because, since I had seen the confessor together with Our Lord, it seemed to me that he would already know everything.

**June 24, 1906**

***She continues to long for Heaven.***

After I told the confessor what is written above, he got upset, for he absolutely wanted me to oppose the Lord, because obedience did not want it. As for myself, I was feeling worse; the thought of the many privations of blessed Jesus, which had burned me to the quick over and over again, made me long for Heaven. I felt my poor humanity vividly, as it kept grumbling against obedience. I felt my poor humanity as if under a press, and I could not make up my mind. In the meantime Our Lord came, with an arch of light in His hands. A scythe came out, also of light, which touched the arch that blessed Jesus held in His hands, and as the arch was touched, it remained absorbed in Christ; and He disappeared, without giving me the time to tell what obedience wanted. I understood that the arch was my soul, and the scythe was death.

**June 26, 1906**

***She sees baby Jesus, who kisses her and compassionates her.***

Continuing in the same way, the confessor came, and he kept giving me the same obedience. Then, as baby Jesus came, I told Him of my bitternesses regarding the obedience, and He caressed me, compassionated me, and gave me many kisses. Through these kisses, He infused a breath of life in me, and as I found myself inside myself, I felt my humanity as though strengthened. God alone can understand these pains of mine, because they are pains which I am unable to narrate. I hope at least that the Lord may want to give light to those who give these kinds of obedience. May the Lord forgive me – the pain makes me speak even excesses.

**July 2, 1906**

***With her sufferings, she forms a ring for Jesus.***

As I was in my usual state and my sufferings kept increasing a little, blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: "My daughter, truly I want to take you, because I want to disengage Myself from the world."

It seemed He wanted to tempt me, but I did not say anything about His taking me, because obedience was opposed, and also because I am sorry for the world. In the meantime, He showed me His hand; He had a most beautiful ring with a white gem on His finger, and many little gold rings were hanging from this gem, which were intertwined and formed a beautiful ornament for the hand of Our Lord. He kept showing it, so much did He like it, and then He added: "You have done this for Me in these past days by means of your sufferings, and I am preparing a more beautiful one for you."

**July 3, 1906**

***The Will of God is the paradise of the soul on earth, and the soul who does the Will of God forms the paradise of God on earth.***

Having received Communion, I felt all united and clasped to my most divine Jesus, and while He clasped me, I rested in Him and He rested in me. Then He told me: "My beloved, the soul who lives in my Will rests, because the Divine Will does everything for her, and while It operates for her, I find the most beautiful rest in her. So, the Will of God is rest for the soul, and rest for God in the soul. While resting in my Will, the soul remains always attached to my mouth, and suckles divine life into herself, making of it her continuous food. The Will of God is the paradise of the soul on earth, and the soul who does the Will of God comes to form the paradise of God on earth. The Will of God is the only key that opens the treasures of the divine secrets, and the soul acquires such familiarity in the house of God as to dominate as if she were the owner."

Who can say what I comprehended about this Divine Will? Oh, Will of God, how admirable, lovable, desirable, beautiful You are! It is enough to say that, being in You, I feel all my miseries and all my evils being dissolved, and I acquire a new being, with the fullness of all the divine goods.

**July 8, 1906**

***The soul is drawn by the light of Jesus, but obedience does not want it.***

It continues almost always in the same way; I only feel a little bit more strength. May God be always blessed. Everything is little in the face of His love, even His very privation, even being away from Heaven - and only to obey. Now obedience wants me to write something about the light which I still see from time to time. Sometimes I seem to see Our Lord inside of me, and another image, all of light, coming out of His Humanity. More and more His Humanity ignites the fire and the image of the light of Christ, as if It were riddling this fire; and from this riddled fire a light comes out, fully similar to His image of light. He is all pleased and awaits it anxiously to unite it to Himself, and then it becomes incorporated once again into His Humanity. Other times, I find myself outside of myself, and I see myself all fire; I see the light which is about to take off from the fire, and Our Lord blowing His breath into that light. The light rises and begins its way toward the mouth of Jesus Christ, and with His breath He rejects it and attracts it, He enlarges it and makes it more shining; and the poor light wriggles about and makes every effort, for it wants to go into His mouth. It seems to me that if I arrived at that, I would breathe my last; yet, I am forced to say in my interior: 'Obedience does not want it,' in spite of the fact that saying this costs me my life - God. The Lord seems to delight in playing many jokes with this light.

It also seems to me that the Lord comes and wants to review everything that He Himself has given me - whether everything is orderly and clean of dust. Then He takes my hand and removes the rings which He gave me when He espoused me to Himself; one of them He found intact, and the rest He dusted with His breath; and then He placed them back. Then, it is as if He clothes me completely, and then He places Himself near me and says: "Now, yes, you are beautiful. Come to Me, I cannot be without you. Either you come to Me, or I to you - you are my beloved, my joy, my contentment." While He says this, the light wriggles about and makes every effort, for it wants to go into Jesus; and as it begins its flight, I see that the confessor blocks it with his hands and wants to enclose it inside me, and Jesus remains quiet and lets him do it. Oh, God, what pain! Every time this happens, it seems I am going to die and reach the harbor, but obedience makes me find myself on the way again. If I wanted to say everything about this light I would never end; but it is so painful for me to write about this, that I cannot go on. Also, many things I am unable to express, therefore I keep silent.

**July 10, 1906**

***One who gives herself completely to Jesus, receives the whole of Jesus.***

As I was in my usual state, Our Lord came for a short time and told me: "My daughter, one who gives herself completely to Me, deserves that I give Myself completely to her. Here I am, at your complete disposal; whatever you want - take." I did not ask Him for anything; I only said to Him: 'My Good, I do not want anything - I want only You, and You



alone. You alone are enough for me in everything, because if I have You, I have everything.' And He: "*Brava*, you asked well, and while wanting nothing, you have wanted everything."

**July 12, 1906**

***Everything that serves as sufferings to the creature touches God.***

Having struggled very much in waiting for my blessed Jesus, I was feeling tired and exhausted. Then, coming almost in passing, He told me: "My daughter, everything that serves as sufferings or as pricking to the creature, on one hand pricks the creature, on the other touches God. And God, feeling touched, at each touch He feels, gives always something divine to the creature." And He disappeared.

**July 17, 1906**

***To one who does the Will of God Jesus gives the key of His treasures, and there is no grace that comes from God in which she does not take part.***

This morning I saw blessed Jesus with a key in His hand, and He said to me: "My daughter, this key is the key of my Will. It befits one who lives in my Will to have the key in order to open and close as she pleases, and to take whatever she likes of my treasures. In fact, by living of my Will, she will look after my treasures more than if they were her own, because all that is Mine is hers, and she will not spoil them; rather, she will give them to others, or will take for herself whatever can give Me more honor and glory. Therefore, behold, I deliver the key to you – look after my treasures."

While He was saying this, I felt all immersed in the Divine Will, so much so, that I could see nothing but Will of God, and I spent the whole day in this paradise of His Will. What happiness, what contentment! During the night, as I found myself outside of myself, I continued to be in this atmosphere, and the Lord added: "See, my beloved, for one who lives in my Will, there is no grace that comes from my Will for all creatures of Heaven and of earth in which she does not take part as first. And this is natural, because the one who lives in the house of a father is the one who abounds in everything; and if the others who are outside receive something, it is the surplus from the one who lives inside." But who can say what I understood of this Divine Will? These are things that cannot be expressed. May everything be for the glory of God.

**July 21, 1906**

***The upright intention purges the action.***

Having come for a little, blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, all human actions, even holy, done without a special intention for Me, come out of the soul full of darkness, while if they are done with an upright and special intention to please Me, they come out full of light, because the intention is the purge of the action."

**July 27, 1906**

***In the Cross, Jesus dowered souls and espoused them to Himself.***

This morning, as my adorable Jesus made Himself seen embracing the Cross, I thought in my interior: 'What were His thoughts in receiving the Cross?' And He said to me: "My daughter, when I received the Cross, I embraced It as my dearest treasure, because in the Cross I dowered souls and espoused them to Myself. Now, upon looking at the Cross – at Its length and breadth – I rejoiced, because I saw in It sufficient dowries for all my spouses, and none of them could fear not being able to marry Me, because I held in my own hands – in the Cross – the price of their dowry. But with this condition alone: that if the soul accepts the little gifts I send to her - which are the crosses - as the pledge of her acceptance of Me as her Spouse, the marriage is formed and I give her the gift of the dowry. If then she does not accept the gifts – that is, if she is not resigned to my Will – everything is undone, and even if I want to dower her, I cannot, because in order to form a marriage, it always takes the will of both sides; and since the soul does not accept my gifts, it means that she does not want to accept the marriage."

**July 28, 1906**

***The daringness of the soul. Jesus defends her.***

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for a short time, and as soon as I saw Him, I took Him and clasped Him in my arms - but so tightly, as if I wanted to enclose Him in my heart. At that moment I saw some people around me, saying: "How daring she is, she takes too many liberties, and when one takes liberties, there is not that esteem and respect that one should have." I felt all ablush in hearing this, but I could not do otherwise; and the Lord said to them: "It can only be said that one loves, esteems and respects an object, when one wants to make it his own; and when one does not want to make it his own, it means that he does not love it, and therefore he has neither esteem nor respect for it. For example: if one wants to know whether someone loves riches, in speaking to him about riches, he holds them in the highest esteem, he respects rich people, for nothing else than because they are rich, and he would want to make all riches

his own. If on the other hand he does not love them, in merely hearing one speak about them, he becomes annoyed; and so with all other things. So, rather than blame, she deserves praise; and if she wants to make Me her own, it means that she loves Me, esteems Me and respects Me."

**July 31, 1906**

***Jesus speaks about simplicity.***

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for a little, and embracing me wholly, He told me: "My daughter, simplicity is to virtues as condiment to foods. For a simple soul there are neither keys nor doors to enter into Me, nor are there for Me to enter into her, because from all sides she can enter into Me, and I into her. Even more, to better say it, she finds herself in Me without entering because, by her simplicity, she comes to resemble Me, Who am most simple Spirit, and only because I am most simple I am present everywhere and nothing can escape my hand. A simple soul is like the light of the Sun – in spite of any fog, or of the fact that its rays pass through whatever rubbish, it remains always light, it gives light to all, and it never changes. In the same way, a simple soul, no matter what mortification or displeasure she may receive, does not cease to be light for herself and for those who have mortified her. And if she sees evil things, she does not become stained, but remains always light; nor does she change, because simplicity is that virtue which most resembles the Divine Being. Only through this virtue can one participate in the other divine qualities, and only in the soul who is simple are there no impediments or obstacles for Divine Grace to enter and to operate. In fact, since both one and the other are light, one light easily unites and transforms into the other."

But who can say what I comprehended about this simplicity? I feel as though a sea is in my mind, and I am able to manifest but a few little drops of this sea, and those disconnected among themselves. Deo Gratias.

**August 8, 1906**

***How it is necessary to run without ever stopping.***

This morning blessed Jesus came for just a little, and since I was all tired because of His privation, He told me: "My daughter, in order for the soul to reach her central point, it is necessary that she run always, without ever stopping, because by running, her path will become smoother, and as she keeps going, the point which she must reach in order to find her center will be manifested to her; and along the way, the Grace which is necessary to her journey will be administered to her, in such a way that, helped by Grace, she will not feel the weight of her toiling, or of life. All the opposite for one who walks and stops. In fact, just by stopping, she will feel the tiredness of those steps which she has already taken, and will lose stamina for the journey. By not walking, she will not be able to see her point, which is a good most high, and will not be attracted to it. Not seeing her run, Grace will not give itself in vain, and her life will become unbearable, because idleness produces boredom and bother."

**August 10, 1906**

***One contentment less on earth, one paradise more in Heaven.***

Continuing in my usual state, I saw blessed Jesus for just a little, and He told me: "My daughter, for every slightest pleasure of which the soul deprives herself in this life for love of Me, I will give her one more paradise in the next life. So, one contentment less here, one paradise more there. Imagine a bit how many privations you have suffered in these twenty years of bed because of Me, and how many more paradises I will give you in Heaven."

On hearing this, I said: "My Good, what are You saying? I feel honored and almost your debtor because You give me the occasion to be deprived for love of You, and You tell me that You will give me as many paradises?" And He added: "It is precisely so." Deo Gratias.

**August 11, 1906**

***The cross is a treasure.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus with a cross in His hand, all full of white pearls. Giving it to me as gift, He placed it on my breast, and it sank into my heart as inside a room. Then He told me: "My daughter, the cross is a treasure, and the safest place in which to keep this valuable treasure is one's own soul. Or rather, it is a safe place when the soul is disposed to receive this treasure with patience, with resignation and with the other virtues, because the virtues are as many keys that secure it, so as not to spoil it or expose it to thieves. But if it does not find especially the gold key of patience, this treasure will find many thieves, who will steal it and spoil it."

**August 25, 1906**

***Self-interest and human sciences in priests.***

This morning, finding myself outside of myself, I seemed to see priests and prelates intent on their interests and on human sciences, which are not necessary for their state, with the addition of a spirit of rebellion against the authorities

superior to them. All afflicted, Our Lord told me: "My daughter, interest, human sciences, and everything that does not pertain to the priest, forms a second nature for him, muddy and rotten; and the works that come from him, even holy, are so stinking and I feel such nausea, that they unbearable to Me. Pray and repair for these offenses, for I can take no more."

### **September 2, 1906**

***Luisa wants to do the accounts with Jesus. Jesus wants her to have no thought about herself.***

This morning, having to receive Communion, I was prepared to make a day of retreat – that is, to prepare myself for death. And after I received Communion, I said to blessed Jesus: 'Let us do the accounts now, so as not to leave them for the last extreme of my life. I myself don't know how I am; I make no reflection over myself, and by not reflecting on it, I do not perceive myself, and so I feel neither fears, nor scruples, nor agitations, while I see that others, who are far more good than I am - and even the very lives of the Saints which I read - they all reflect upon themselves: whether they are cold or warm, whether tempted or calm, whether they confess well or badly; and almost all of them are shy, agitated and scrupulous. All my attention, instead, is on wanting You, on loving You, and on not offending You. As for the rest, I take nothing into account; it seems I have no time to think of anything else, and if I engage in doing it, an interior voice shakes me, scolds me, and says: "Do you want to waste time? Think of doing your things with God." Therefore, I myself do not know the state in which I am – whether I am cold, dry, or warm. And if anyone wanted an account of it, I certainly would not be able to do it. I think I did it wrong. So, let us do the accounts now, that I may remedy it.'

And after I prayed Him over and over again, He said to me: "My daughter, I keep you always on my knees, and so tightly as to give you no time to think about yourself. I hold you like a father holds his little child on his knees: he gives him now a kiss, now a caress; now he feeds him with his own hands, and now, if inadvertently the little child gets dirty, the father himself takes care of cleaning him.

Now, if the father shows himself afflicted, the little one consoles him and dries his tears; if he shows himself irritated, the little one calms him. In sum, the father is the life of the little one and does not let him have the slightest thought about himself – whether he needs to eat, whether he gets dirty, whether he needs to clothe himself, and not even whether he needs to sleep, because, forming a cradle with his arms, he rocks him to make him fall asleep, and lets him sleep on his own lap. And the little one is all the relief and the life of the father, while the other grown-up children take care of reordering the house, of cleaning themselves by themselves, and of all the other affairs. So I do with you: I keep you on my knees like a little daughter, and so intimately united with Me as to not let you feel yourself. I think and take care of all of you – cleaning you if you are stained, feeding you if you need food; in sum, I anticipate you in everything, in such a way that you yourself do not perceive your needs. And by holding you intimately tight to Me, it is a grace that I give you, because you escape many, many defects, while if you had the thought of yourself – oh, into how many defects you would fall! Therefore, think of doing your office of little daughter toward Me, and have no thought for anything else."

### **September 11, 1906**

***Everything which is not done for the glory of God remains obscured.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself with baby Jesus in my arms in the midst of many people, and He said to me: "My daughter, all the works, words and thoughts of creatures should be sealed with the mark: '*Gloriam Dei, Gloriam Dei.*' And everything which is not sealed with this mark remains obscured and as though buried in darkness, stained, or at the most, as something of no value. So, the creature does nothing other than pull out darkness and abominable things from herself, because by not operating for the glory of God, the creature runs away from the purpose for which she was created – she is as though lost from God, and left alone with herself. God alone is light, and it is through God that human actions acquire value. Now, what is the wonder if the creature, by not operating for His glory, remains buried in her own darkness, and gains nothing from her toils – on the contrary, she loads herself with heavy debts?"

To our great bitterness, we looked at all those people as though buried in darkness. In order to distract blessed Jesus from that bitterness, I would clasp Him and kiss Him, and almost wanting to play with Him, I would say to Him: 'Say with me: I give such power to the prayer of this soul as to concede what she asks of Me.' But He would not listen to me; and I, wanting to force Him to say it with me, would renew the kisses, the embraces, and would repeat: 'Say it – say it together with me...(the same words written above).' I did so much that it seemed He said them, and I found myself inside myself, surprised at my daringness and madness; and I felt ashamed of myself.

### **September 12, 1906**

***Where God is not present, there can be neither firmness nor true good.***

I was thinking about my state, which now seems to be all peace and love - nothing disturbs me, everything is good, nothing is sin; and I said to myself: 'What will happen if at the moment of my death the scene will change and I will see the reverse of this – that is, all things will disturb me, and everything I have done will have been but a chain of evils.'

While I was thinking of this, He told me: "My daughter, it seems you want to disturb yourself by force and take away from Me my continuous rest in you. Do you think that your patience, the constancy and the peace of this state of yours is your own, or rather, the fruit and the grace of the One who dwells in you? I alone possess these gifts, and from the constancy, the peace and the patience you can recognize who it is that operates in you. In fact, when it is her nature or the devil, the soul feels dominated by continuous changes – she feels now one mood, now another; now all patience, now all vexation. In sum, the poor one is flapped about like a reed by a strong wind. Ah! my daughter, where God is not present, there can be neither firmness nor true good; therefore, do not want to disturb my rest and yours any more. Rather, be more grateful."

**September 14, 1906**

***Jesus defends the soul who gives herself completely to Him. The place of souls in the Humanity of Jesus.***

This morning I was outside of myself and I saw baby Jesus within a mirror, so very clear and large, such that I could see Him very well from any point at which I would place myself. I made a sign with my hand for Him to come to me, and Jesus made a sign that I should go to Him. In the meantime, I saw many devout people and priests, as though placing themselves between me and Him, and they were talking about me. I would not pay attention to them – my aim was my sweet Jesus. However, He came out from within that mirror, all in a hurry, and wanted to beat those who were talking, saying to them: "Nobody touch her – because when one touches one who loves Me, I feel more offended than if he were touching Me directly. I will show you how I know how to take the part of one who gives herself completely to Me, and of her innocence"; and He clasped me with one arm, while threatening them with the other. I did not care at all that they would speak ill of me; I was only sorry that He wanted to beat them, and I said to Him: 'My sweet life, I do not want anyone to suffer because of me, and from this I will know whether You love me - if You calm Yourself with them and do not beat them; otherwise, I will be discontent.' So it seemed that He calmed Himself, and He pulled me away from the midst of those people, taking me into myself.

As I continued to see Him, no longer as a child, but crucified, I said to Him: 'My adorable Good, since when You suffered the crucifixion all souls had a place in your Humanity, what was my place?' And He: "My daughter, the place of the loving souls was in my Heart. As for you, then, in addition to keeping you in my Heart, since you were to cooperate in Redemption with your state of victim, I kept you in all of my members, as help and relief."

**September 16, 1906**

***The sheer truth, naked and simple, is the most powerful magnet to draw hearts.***

As the confessor told me that Monsignor did not want people to come visit me, so that I might not be distracted, I said to him: 'You have given this obedience more than once, but it is never sorted out - it is done for a little while, and then things go back as before; while if you give me the obedience not to speak any more, my silence would drive everyone away.' Now, having received Communion, I said to the Lord: 'If it pleases You, I would like to know how things are in your sight. You know the state of violence in which I find myself when I am with creatures, because with You alone I feel comfortable. I cannot understand why they want to come. I show myself rustic; I use no means to attract them, but rather, unpleasant manners. Why they want to come – I don't know. Oh, Heavens grant that I may remain alone!'

At that moment He said to me: "My daughter, the sheer truth, naked and simple, is the most powerful magnet to draw hearts and to dispose them to face any sacrifice for love of the truth and of the people who reveal this truth. Who disposed the Martyrs to shed their blood? The truth. Who gave to many other Saints the strength to conduct a pure and unblemished life in the midst of so many battles? The truth - and a naked, simple and disinterested truth. This is why creatures want to come to you. Ah, my daughter, in these sad times, how hard it is to find someone who would manifest this naked truth, even among the clergy, the religious, and devout people! Their speaking and operating always nurses something human, of interest or other things, and the truth is manifested as though covered or veiled. So, the person who receives is not touched by the naked truth, but by the interest or the other human purpose in which the truth has been wrapped, and he does not receive the Grace and the influence which the truth contains. This is why so many sacraments, so many confessions, are wasted, profaned and without fruit, even though I do not abstain from giving them light. But they do not listen to Me, because they think to themselves that if they did so, they would lose their prestige, their being well liked, their nature would no longer find satisfaction, and they would go against their own interests. But – oh, how they deceive themselves! In fact, one who leaves everything for love of the truth will superabound in everything more profusely than others. Therefore, as much as you can, do not neglect to manifest this naked and simple truth – it is understood, always complying to the obedience of the one who directs you; but as the opportunity arises, manifest the truth."

All that regards charity I have said in a veiled manner, and since obedience had told me to write everything in detail, I had the impression as if I had not obeyed. As I asked Our Lord, He told me that it was fine as it was, because one who finds himself in those defects, would understand.

**September 18, 1906**

***Peace is light for the soul, light for her neighbor, and light for God.***

After struggling very much, I was feeling all oppressed and almost a little disturbed, thinking about why my adorable Jesus was not coming. Then, He came in passing and told me: "My daughter, peace is light for the soul, light for her neighbor, and light for God. Therefore, a soul who is at peace is always light, and being light, she is always united to the Eternal Light from which she draws ever new light so as to be able to give light to others also. So, if you want ever new light, be at peace."

**September 23, 1906**

***How operating for Christ destroys the human work, which Jesus makes rise again into a divine work.***

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for a little while, and embracing me wholly, He told me: "My beloved daughter, operating for Christ and in Christ makes the human work disappear completely, because by operating in Christ, since Christ is fire, He consumes the human work, and after He has consumed the human work, His fire makes it rise again into a divine work. Therefore, operate always together with Me, as if we were both doing the same thing together; if you suffer, suffer as if you were suffering together with Me; if you pray, if you work, do everything in Me and with Me. In this way you will lose the human works completely and will find them again as divine. Oh, how many immense riches creatures could acquire, but they do not avail themselves of them.

Having said this, He disappeared, and I remained with a great desire to see Him again. Then, I was outside of myself, and I kept looking for Him everywhere; and not finding Him I said: 'Ah, Lord, how cruel You are with a soul who is all for You, and who does nothing but suffer continuous deaths for love of You! See, my will is looking for You, and not finding You, it dies continuously, because it does not find You who are the life of my will; my desires die continuously, because as they desire You and do not find You, they do not find their life. So, my breath, the heartbeats of my hearts, my memory, my intellect – everything, everything is undergoing cruel deaths; and You have no compassion for me.'

At that moment, I came back into myself and I found Him within Me; and as though wanting to give tit for tat, He kept saying: "See, I am all in you, and all for you." He seemed to have the crown of thorns; He would push it onto His head, and blood would come out; and He would repeat: "This Blood I am shedding for love of you." He would show me His wounds and would add: "These – all for you." Oh, how confused I felt, seeing that my love, compared to His, was nothing but a shadow.

**October 2, 1906**

***How our sufferings can relieve Jesus.***

Having received Communion, I felt I was outside of myself and I saw a person who was very oppressed by various crosses, and blessed Jesus was saying: "Tell her that in the act in which she feels as though dogged by persecutions, by punctures, by sufferings, she should think that I am present with her, and that whatever she suffers she can use to heal and medicate my wounds. So, her sufferings will serve to medicate now my side, now my head, now my hands and feet, which are too much in pain and embittered by the grave offenses that creatures give Me. This is a great honor that I give her, by giving her, Myself, the medicine to medicate my wounds, and by also giving her the merit of charity for having medicated Me."

While He was saying this, I saw many purging souls who, on hearing this, all amazed, said: "Fortunate are all of you to receive so many sublime teachings – that you acquire the merits to medicate a God, which surpass all other merits in merit - and your glory will be distinct from the others, as is Heaven from the earth. Oh, if only we had received these teachings - that our sufferings could serve to medicate a God - how many riches we would acquire, which now we do not have!"

**October 3, 1906**

***Jesus speaks about simplicity.***

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, simplicity fills the soul with Grace to the point of diffusing outside; so, if one wanted to constrain Grace within her, this could not be done. In fact, just as the Spirit of God, because He is most simple, diffuses everywhere without effort or strain, but rather, naturally; in the same way, the soul who possesses the virtue of simplicity diffuses Grace into others without even realizing it." Having said this, He disappeared.

**October 4, 1906**

***How upright operating is the breath that lights the fire of love.***

Having received the obedience to speak only a few words if anyone came, I was concerned I had failed the obedience, and added to that, blessed Jesus was not coming. Who can say the torment of my soul – thinking that He was not coming because I had committed sin. His privation is always a cruel torment, but the thought of having provided the occasion for it because of some fault, is a torment that makes one go mad and kills with one blow.

Then, after I struggled very much, He came and touched me three times, telling me: "My daughter, I renew you in the Power of the Father, in my Wisdom, and in the Love of the Holy Spirit." What I felt as He was saying this I am unable to express. Then He seemed to lie down within me, placing His head crowned with thorns upon my heart, and He added: "Upright operating keeps Divine Love always lit within the soul, while the operating which is not upright keeps putting it out, and if it tries to light it, now comes the breath of love of self and puts it out, now human respect, now self esteem, now the breath of the desire to please others... In sum, many breaths always keep putting it out; while with the upright operating, it is not many breaths that light this divine fire in the soul, but one continuous breath which keeps it always lit – and it is only the omnipotent breath of a God."

**October 5, 1906**

***Jesus is the master of the soul.***

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself together with baby Jesus. This time it seemed He felt like playing. He would press Himself against my breast and in my arms, and while looking at me with great love, now He would clasp me, now He would push me and almost knock against me with His little head, now He would kiss me so strongly that it seemed He wanted to enclose me and identify me with Himself. While He would do this, I would feel great pain - so much so, as to feel faint. But even though He would see me suffer like that He would not pay attention to me; on the contrary, if He would see from my face that I was suffering, since I would not dare to tell Him anything, He would do it harder, and would make me suffer more. Now, after He well gave vent to Himself, He told me: "My daughter, I am your master, and I can do with you whatever I want. Know that, since you are mine, you are no longer the master of yourself; and if you arbitrate something, even just one thought, one desire, one heartbeat, know that you are making a theft from Me."

At that moment, I saw the confessor who, not feeling very well, wanted as though to unload his sufferings onto me; and all hurriedly, He pushed him away with His hand, and said: "I have to unload my own pains first, which are many, and then you can do it." And while saying this, He drew near my mouth and poured a most bitter liqueur. Then I commended the confessor to Him, praying Him to touch him with His little hand, and to make him get well. He touched him and said: "Yes, yes." And He disappeared.

**October 8, 1906**

***The cross is to man as the rein to the horse.***

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: "My daughter, the cross is to the creature as the rein to the horse. What would happen to the horse if man did not use the rein? It would be untamed, unrestrained, and would but go from precipice to precipice, to the point of becoming fierce and noxious to man and to itself. On the other hand, with the rein it can be conducted, it becomes tame, walks straight, serves the needs of man as a faithful friend, and stays safe from any precipice, because man keeps it and protects it. Such is the cross to man. The cross tames him, restrains him, arrests the course of his hurling himself along the paths of passions which he feels within himself, and which devour him like fire. So, instead of raging against God and hurting himself, the cross dampens his passions, softens him, conducts him, and serves the glory of God and his own salvation. Oh, if it wasn't for the cross which, by Its mercy, Divine Providence holds as a rein in order to restrain man – oh, amid how many more evils would one see poor humanity lie!"

**October 10, 1906**

***Jesus concurs in all the human actions.***

This morning blessed Jesus made Himself seen within a torrent of light, and creatures were inundated with this light, in such a way that all the human actions received the attitude of operating from this light. While I was seeing this, blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, I am concurring continuously in every slightest human action, be it even one thought, one breath, one movement. But creatures, not thinking about this attitude of mine toward them, not only do they not do all of their works for Me, from whom they receive the life of their very operating, but they attribute what they do to themselves. Oh! if only they thought about this continuous attitude of mine toward them, they would not usurp what is mine, to the detriment of my glory and of their good; while they should be doing everything for Me and give it to Me."

Everything which is done for Me can enter into Me, and I keep it deposited within Myself to give it all to them in the next life. But everything which is not done for Me cannot enter into Me, because those are not works worthy of Me; on the contrary, I feel nausea for them and I reject them, even though there was my attitude."

**October 13, 1906**

***Detachment. Necessity of these writings, which are a Divine Mirror.***

As I was in my usual state, my good Jesus made Himself seen for a little while, and He told me: "My daughter, in order to know whether a soul is stripped of everything, it is enough to see this: if holy or even indifferent desires arise within her and she is ready to sacrifice them to the Divine Volition with holy peace, it means that she is stripped; but if she becomes disturbed and upset, it means that she is keeping something for herself."

Hearing the word "desire", I said: 'My highest Good, my desire is that I would rather not write any more. How it weighs on me – if it wasn't for fear of going out of your Will and of displeasing You, I would not do it.' And He, breaking my words off, added: "You do not want it, and I want it. That which I say to you, and which you write out of obedience, for now, serves as a mirror for you and for those who take part in directing you; but the time will come when it will serve as a mirror for others. So, that which you write, spoken by Me, can be called '*Divine Mirror*'. And you would want to take this Divine Mirror away from my creatures? Watch it, seriously, my daughter, and do not want to restrict this Mirror of Grace by not writing everything." On hearing this, I remained confused and humiliated, with a great repugnance to write these last words of His, but obedience absolutely imposed it on me, and only to obey, I wrote. Deo Gratias.

**October 14, 1906**

***Self-esteem poisons Grace. The Purgatory of a soul for having neglected Communion.***

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! Ohh! Ohh! Ohh! 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.

**October 16, 1906**

***How each good is a distinct melody in Heaven.***

Having neglected to write what follows, obedience commanded me to do it.

I seemed to be outside of myself, and it seemed that there was a special feast in Heaven, and I was invited to this feast. It seemed I was singing with the very Blessed, because, up there, there is no need to learn, but one feels as though an infusion in one's interior, and whatever the others sing or do, one is able to do as well. Now, it seemed to me that each Blessed is a key, that is, a melody himself, but all are in harmony among themselves, though each one is different from the other. One sings the notes of praise, one the notes of glory, one of thanksgiving, one of blessings, but all these notes reunite into one single note, and this note is Love. It seems that one single voice reunites all those voices and ends with the word 'Love'. This cry, 'Love', is such a sweet and strong resounding that all other voices remain as though extinguished in this canticle, 'Love'.

It seemed that all the Blessed were made ecstatic, drowsy, awake, inebriated by this cry or chant, 'Love', high, harmonious, beautiful, which deafened the whole of Heaven; they participated – one could say - in one more Paradise. But who were the fortunate ones who cried out more loudly, who made this note, 'Love', resound in everything, and who brought great happiness into Heaven Itself? They were the ones who had loved the Lord more when they lived on earth. Ah, they were not the ones who had done great things, penances, miracles... Ah, no – never! Love alone is what surpasses everything, and leaves everything behind. So, it is one who loves much, not one who does much, that will be more pleasing to the Lord. It seems I am speaking nonsense, but what can I do? It is obedience's fault. Who doesn't know that the things from up there cannot be spoken down here? So, in order not to speak more nonsense, I stop here.

**October 18, 1906**

***The works which most please Jesus are the hidden works.***

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus just barely came and told me: "My daughter, the works which I like the most are the hidden works because, free from any human spirit, they contain such preciousness within themselves, that I keep them as the choicest inside my Heart; so much so, that in comparing a thousand external and public works with one internal and hidden work, the one thousand external ones remain below the single internal work, because in the external works the human spirit always takes its part."

**October 20, 1906**

***Jesus laments over the state of His ministers.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself inside a church in which there were many people attending sacred services. In the meantime, it seemed that by the authority of the government other people were entering to profane this holy place. Some were jumping, some were using violence, and some were laying hands, sacrilegiously, on the Most Holy Sacrament and on the priests. On seeing this, I cried and prayed, saying to the Lord: 'Do not permit that they arrive at this – profaning your sacred temples – because who knows how many terrible chastisements You would unload upon your creatures because of these horrendous sins.'

While I was saying this, He told me: "My daughter, the cause of all these enormous crimes – because one sin is the cause and chastisement of making others fall into more sins – have been the sins of priests. They have been the first to profane my holy temple hiddenly with sacrilegious masses, and by mixing impure acts in the administration of the Sacraments. And under the appearance of holy things, they have reached the point of profaning not only my temples of stone, but of profaning and using violence on my living temples, which are the souls, and of profaning my very Body. The secular have somehow perceived all this, and not seeing in them the light necessary for their journey – or rather, they have found nothing but darkness – they have been left so clouded as to lose the beautiful light of faith; and without light, it is no wonder that they reach such grave excesses.

Therefore, pray for priests, that they may be light for the peoples, so that, as the light arises again, the secular may acquire life and may see the errors they commit; and by seeing them, they will feel disgusted to commit these grave excesses, which will be the cause of grave chastisements."

**October 23, 1906**

***How in these times everything is effeminate.***

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus came for a little, and all oppressed and afflicted He wanted to pour His bitternesses into me. Then He told me: "My daughter, the bitternesses that creatures give Me are such that I cannot contain them; this is why I wanted to share them with you. In these times everything is effeminate; priests themselves seem to have lost the masculine characteristic and acquired the feminine characteristic. So, only rarely can a masculine priest be found; the rest – all effeminate. Ah, in what a deplorable state poor humanity is!" Having said this, He disappeared. I myself do not comprehend the meaning of this, but obedience wanted me to write it.

**October 25, 1906**

***For one who receives It, Grace is light; for one who does not, It is fire.***



Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and there seemed to be people who wanted to crucify me. While they were laying me on the cross, I saw Our Lord within me, and as I laid myself, He laid Himself too. So, in my hands there were His hands, and the nail was piercing my hands and His; whatever I suffered, He would suffer too. The pain that those nails without a point gave us was such that I felt I was dying – but, how sweet to die together with Jesus! I only feared that I would not die.

Now, as they were about to crucify my feet, Jesus escaped me from within, and was now in front of me; my sufferings took as though shapes of light, and placed themselves before the Lord as though in act of adoration. After this, He told me: "My daughter, for one who receives It, Grace is light, It is way, It is nourishment, It is strength, It is relief; but for one who does not receive It, in addition to the fact that he finds no light and feels the ground missing under his feet, remaining on an empty stomach and without strength, Grace converts into fire and chastisement." While He was saying this, a torrent of light came out of His hand, which descended upon the creatures; this light remained light for some, and for some it turned into fire.

**October 28, 1906**

***Everything which is light comes from God.***

Having received Communion, I found myself within a great light – it was Jesus Himself, and He said to me: "My daughter, everything which is light is all Mine – not of the creature. It happens as to a person who is invested by the rays of the Sun: if he wanted to attribute the light which he enjoys to himself, he would be foolish and brainless. However, there is this: that that person, instead of enjoying the light of the Sun, could say, 'I want to walk in the shade', and withdraw from the light; while the soul, in withdrawing from my light, becomes darkness, and darkness can produce nothing but evil."

**October 31, 1906**

***How for each suffering, the soul acquires one more kingdom within herself.***

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came in passing, and told me only this: "My daughter, each suffering that the soul suffers is one more dominion that she acquires over herself. In fact, patience in suffering is regime, and by ruling herself, the more she suffers, the more dominion she acquires. She does nothing but expand and enlarge her kingdom of Heaven, acquiring immense riches for eternal life. So, for each additional pain you suffer, consider that you acquire one more kingdom in your soul – a kingdom of grace, which corresponds to a kingdom of virtue and of glory."

**November 6, 1906**

***The Faith and the Hope of the soul who lives in the Divine Will.***

I was praying according to my usual way – that whatever I do, I do it as if I were doing it with Our Lord and with His own intentions. So, I was reciting the Creed, and without realizing it myself, I was saying that I intended to have the faith of Jesus Christ to repair for so many unbeliefs, and to impetrate the gift of faith for all. At that moment, He moved in my interior, and told me: "You are wrong, I had neither faith nor hope, nor could I have them, because I was God Himself – I was only love."

On hearing 'love', I liked so much being able to be only love that, not paying attention, I spoke some more nonsense, which was: 'My Lord, I too would like to be like You – all love, and nothing else.' And He added: "This is my goal, and this is why I often speak to you about perfect resignation, because by living in my Will, the soul acquires the most heroic love, and reaches the point of loving Me with my own love. She becomes all love, and becoming all love, she is in continuous contact with Me. So, she is with Me, in Me, and for Me she does everything I want; nor does she move or desire anything but my Will, in which all the love of the Eternal One is enclosed, and in which she herself remains enclosed. By living in this way, the soul almost comes to the point of dissolving faith and hope, because as she comes to live of Divine Will, the soul no longer feels in contact with faith and hope. Since she lives of the Will of God, what does she have to believe if she has found It and made of It her food? And what does she have to hope for, if she already possesses It by living, not outside of God, but in God? Therefore, true and perfect resignation is the mark of sure predestination, and the sure possession that the soul has of God. Have you understood? Think it over carefully."

I remained as though enchanted, and I said to myself: 'Really, one can reach this?!' And I almost doubted, saying: 'Maybe He wanted to tempt me to see what I would do, to give me the field to speak more nonsense, and to show me where my pride reaches. However, it is good to speak some nonsense; at least one pushes Him to say something, and receives the good of hearing His voice, which restores one from death to life'; and I kept thinking of what other nonsense I could say... At that moment, He moved again and added: "It is you who want to tempt Me, not I you. And besides, stop doubting about my truths." And He kept silent. I felt confused, and I kept thinking of what He had told me; but who can say everything? These are things that cannot be expressed.

**November 9, 1906**

***Effects of meditating continuously on the Passion.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about the Passion of Our Lord; and while I was doing this, He came and told me: "My daughter, one who meditates continuously on my Passion and feels sorrow for it and compassion for Me, pleases Me so much that I feel as though comforted for all that I suffered in the course of my Passion; and by always meditating on it, the soul arrives at preparing a continuous food. In this food there are many different spices and flavors, which form different effects. So, if in the course of my Passion they gave Me ropes and chains to tie Me, the soul releases Me and gives Me freedom. They despised Me, spat on Me, and dishonored Me; she appreciates Me, cleans Me of that spittle, and honors Me. They stripped Me and scourged Me; she heals Me and clothes Me. They crowned Me with thorns, mocking Me as king, embittered my mouth with bile, and crucified Me; while the soul, meditating on all my pains, crowns Me with glory and honors Me as her king, fills my mouth with sweetness, giving Me the most delicious food, which is the memory of my own works; and unnauling Me from the Cross, she makes Me rise again in her heart. And every time she does so, I give her a new life of grace as recompense. She is my food, and I become her continuous food. So, the thing that pleases Me the most is meditating continuously on my Passion."

**November 12, 1906**

***The soul gives Jesus a dwelling in time, and He gives it to the soul in eternity.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was saying to blessed Jesus: 'Oh, how I wish to love You, to be loved more by You!' And He, in my interior, told me: "I love you so much that I never leave you, and I dwell in you continuously." And I: 'Thank You for your benignity in dwelling in me, but I am not so content; I would be more content and would feel safer if I could dwell in You.' And He: "Ah, my daughter, in time you give a dwelling to Me, and in eternity I will give it to you; and be well content and sure that the One who dwells in you has the power to maintain your dwelling fortified and free of any danger."

**November 14, 1906**

***The cross expands the boundaries of the Kingdom of Heaven.***

Oh, how I struggled and suffered because of His privation! Then, after a long time, He made Himself seen, just in passing, and told me: "My daughter, if perfect resignation is the certain and sure sign of predestination, the cross expands the boundaries of the Kingdom of Heaven." And He disappeared like a flash.

**November 16, 1906**

***Difference between the offenses of the religious and those of the secular.***

As I was in my usual state, I saw the many offenses committed by priests and by religious people, and the great sorrow that blessed Jesus felt because of them. Almost surprised, I said: 'My sweet life, it is true that religious people offend You, but it seems to me that the secular offend You more. Yet, You show greater sorrow for the first than for the second; it seems You are all eyes to look at all that the first are doing, and You seem not to look at what the second do.'

And He: "Ah, my daughter, you cannot comprehend the difference that exists between the offenses of the religious and those of the secular – this is why you are surprised. The religious have declared that they belong to Me, love Me and serve Me, and I have entrusted the treasures of my Grace to them, and the treasures of the Sacraments to others, who are the priests. Now, while pretending on the outside that they belong to Me, in their interior, if they need, they are far away from Me; they show that they love Me and serve Me, but they offend Me, and they use holy things to serve their own passions. This is why I am all eyes – so as not to let them spoil my gifts and my graces; but in spite of my cares, they reach the point of wreaking havoc with those very things with which, on the outside, they seem to be glorifying Me. This offense is so grave, that if you could comprehend it, you would die of heartbreak. On the other hand, the secular declare that they do not belong to Me, that they do not know Me, and that they do not want to serve Me; and because of this, first of all, they are free of the spirit of hypocrisy, which is the thing that displeases Me the most. Therefore, since they have declared themselves, I have not been able to entrust my gifts to them; even though Grace excites them, It fights them - It has not given Itself because they do not want It. It happens as to a king who, having waged battle to free the peoples from the slavery in which they are kept by other kings, managed, by force of blood, to free some of those peoples. Then he placed them under his dominion, providing everything for them, and if necessary, letting them live in his own residence. Now, who would displease him more if they offended him? The peoples which have remained far away from him, and which he yet wanted to free, or the ones that live with him?"

**November 18, 1906**

***The works without interior spirit and upright intention bloat the soul.***

As I was in my usual state, I saw only a shadow of blessed Jesus, and He told me only: "My daughter, if a food could be separated from its substance and someone ate it, it would be of no use, or rather, it would serve to bloat his stomach. Such are the works without interior spirit and without upright intention: being emptied of divine substance, they are of no use, and serve only to bloat the person; therefore he receives more harm than good."

**November 20, 1906**

***Obedience communicates divine strength to the soul.***

My poor state continues, full of bitterness because of the almost continuous privations that I suffer, but also of peace. I saw Him just flashing by, telling me: "My daughter, obedience is an unshakable wall, and such it renders the soul. Not only this, but in order to be unshakable, it is necessary for one to be strong and robust, and obedience communicates divine strength, in such a way that, in the face of the divine strength it possesses, all things are weak; so much so, that while obedience can move anything, nothing can move it." And He vanished away.

**November 28, 1906**

***The good of operating together with Jesus.***

Continuing in my poor state, I just barely saw blessed Jesus, who seemed to transform all of Himself into me, in such a way that if I breathed, I could feel His breathing in mine; if I moved one arm, I could feel Him move His arm within mine, and so with all the rest. While He was doing this, He told me: "My beloved daughter, see in what a close union I am with you; this is how I want you to be – completely united and clasped to Me. And do not think that you must do this only when you suffer or pray, but rather, always – always. If you move, if you breathe, if you work, if you eat, if you sleep – everything, everything, as if you were doing it in my Humanity, and as if your working came from Me, in such a way that you should be nothing but the cortex, and once the cortex of your work is broken, one should find the fruit of the divine work. And this you must do for the good of the whole of humanity, in such a way that my Humanity must be present, as though alive in the midst of people. In fact, as you do everything, even the most indifferent actions, with this intention of receiving life from Me, your action acquires the merit of my Humanity, because since I was Man and God, in my breathing I contained the breathing of all; the movements, the actions, the thoughts... I contained everything within Myself; therefore I sanctified them, I divinized them, I repaired them. So, by doing everything in the act of receiving all of your working from Me, you too will come to embrace and contain all creatures within you, and your working will diffuse for the good of all. Therefore, even if the others will give Me nothing, I will take everything from you."

It seems I am speaking a lot of nonsense. These are intimate things, and I am unable to say them well; I would like to write them as I have them in my mind, but I cannot. It seems that I take one drop of light, and one hundred more escape me. It would have been better had I kept silent, but, after all, may everything be for the glory of God.

**December 3, 1906**

***The sweetness and the peace of the soul.***

Since blessed Jesus was not coming, I felt such bitterness...; not only this, but a sort of hitch within my interior, such as to make me almost restless. Oh, God, what pain! All other pains compared to this are nothing but shadows, or rather, refreshment. Your privation alone can be given the name of pain.

Now, while I was fidgeting, He came out, in passing, from within my interior, and He said to me: "What is the matter with you? Calm yourself, calm yourself; here I am - not only with you, but in you. And then, I do not want this restless heart. Everything in you must be sweetness and peace, in such a way that it may be said of you that which is said about Me: that nothing but milk and honey flows within Me, symbolizing sweetness with honey, and peace with milk. I am so filled and soaked with them, that they pour out from my eyes, from my mouth, and from all of my works. And if you are not likewise, I feel dishonored by you, because, while the One who is all peace and sweetness dwells within you, you do not honor Me by showing even the slightest shadow of a resentful and restless heart. I love this sweetness and peace so much, that even if it were about something great concerning my honor and glory, I do not want, I never approve, resentful, violent, fiery manners, but rather, sweet and peaceful manners. In fact, sweetness alone is that which binds hearts like a chain, in such a way that they cannot unbind themselves. It is like pitch that sticks to them and they cannot free themselves, and are forced to say: 'In this soul there is the finger of God, for we cannot act otherwise.' And then, if I do not like a resentful manner, not even creatures will like it. If one speaks about or deals with things, even of God, with manners that are not sweet and peaceful, it is a sign that he does not have his passions in order; and one who does not keep himself in order, cannot order others. Therefore, be careful with anything which is not sweetness and peace, if you do not want to dishonor Me"

**December 6, 1906**

***Jesus hides to see what the soul does.***

Continuing in my state of almost total privation – at the most, [He comes] like a flash or a shadow – I was saying in my interior: ‘Life of my life, how is it that You are not coming? Oh, how cruel You have become with me! How hard your Heart has become as You reach the point of not listening to me. Where are your promises? Where, your love, since You leave me abandoned in the abyss of my miseries? Yet, You promised me that You would never leave me; You told me that You love me – and now? And now? You Yourself told me that it is from one’s constancy that it can be known whether one really loves You, and if there is no constancy, one cannot rely on this love. So, how is it that You want it from me, who does not form your life, and then You who are my life deny it to me?’ But who can say all of my nonsense – I would be too long.

In the meantime, He moved in my interior, raising His arm in the act of sustaining me, and He told me: "I am within you, and I hide more in you to see what you do. I have failed in nothing, neither in promises, nor in love, nor in constancy. If you, imperfect, do it, I do it in the fullness of perfection toward you." And He disappeared.

**December 15, 1906**

***How the Divine Will contains all goods.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was feeling embittered more than ever because of His privation. In one moment, I felt as though absorbed in the Will of God, and I felt all my interior appeased, in such a way as to no longer feel myself, but only the Divine Will in everything, even in His very privation. I myself said to myself: ‘What strength, what enchantment, what magnet this Divine Will contains, such as to make me forget about myself, and make the Divine Volition flow in everything.'

At that moment, He moved in my interior and told me: "My daughter, since the Divine Will is the only nourishing food that contains all flavors and tastes together, which are suitable for the soul, the soul finds her favorite food and becomes appeased. Her desire finds its food, and it only thinks of pasturing itself, slowly, and it forms without desiring anything else; her inclination has nothing else toward which to tend, because it has found the food that satisfies it. Her will has nothing else to will, because the soul has left her own will, which formed her torment, and has found the Divine Will, which forms her happiness; she has left poverty and has found wealth – not human, but divine. In sum, all of the interior of the soul finds its food – that is, its crafting with which it remains so occupied and absorbed as to be unable to move any farther. In fact, while finding all contentments in this food and crafting, the soul finds so much to do and to learn, and ever new things to enjoy, that from a minor science she learns major sciences, and there is always something else to learn. She passes from small things to great things, from one taste she moves to other tastes, and there is always something new to taste in this environment of the Divine Will."

**January 3, 1907**

***True trust reproduces Divine Life in the soul.***

Continuing in my usual state, I saw blessed Jesus for just a little, and He told me: "My daughter, if one fears much, it is a sign that she relies much on herself, because in noticing nothing but weaknesses and miseries within herself, she naturally and justly fears. On the other hand, if one fears nothing, it is a sign that she relies on God, because by relying on God, her miseries and weaknesses are dissolved in God, and as she feels invested by the Divine Being, it is no longer she who operates, but God within her. So, what can she fear? Therefore, true trust reproduces Divine Life in the soul."

**January 5, 1907**

***True sanctity consists of receiving anything that may happen to us as a specialty of divine love.***

Having read about a soul who had scruples about everything, and who feared that everything might be sin, I was thinking to myself: ‘And I? How lax I am! I too would like to think that everything may be sin so as to be more attentive not to offend the Lord.’ Then, when blessed Jesus came, He told me: "My daughter, this is nonsense, and the soul remains stuck on the path of sanctity, while true and solid sanctity consists of receiving anything which may happen to her or which she may be doing, be it even the most indifferent thing, as a specialty of divine love, just as it would be if she found a food enjoyable or disgusting. A specialty of love in the enjoyment, thinking that it is Jesus that produces that enjoyment in the food, and that He loves her to the point of giving her pleasure even in material things. A specialty of love in the disgust, thinking that He loves her so much as to produce that disgust for her in order to make her similar to Himself in mortification, giving her, Himself, a little coin that she can offer to Him. A specialty of divine love if she is humiliated, if she is exalted, if she is healthy, if she is infirm, if she is poor or rich. A specialty of love her breathing, her sight, her speech – everything, everything; and just as she must receive everything - everything as a specialty of divine love, she must give everything back to God as a special love of hers. So, she must receive the wave of the love of God, and must give to God the wave of her love. Oh, what a sanctifying bath is this wave of love! It purifies her, it sanctifies her, it makes her advance without her realizing it; it is a life more of Heaven than of earth. This is what I want from you. Sin, and the thought of sin, must not exist in you."

**January 10, 1907**

***The evil of one's own taste.***

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little, and He told me: "My daughter, the attachment of creatures to their own tastes is such that I am forced to contain my gifts within Myself. In fact, instead of becoming attached to the Donor, they become attached to my gifts, idolatrizing my gifts to the offense of the Donor. So, if they find their own taste, they act - or rather, they do not, they just satisfy their taste; if there is no taste, they do nothing. So, one's own taste forms a second life in the creatures. But, miserable ones, they do not know that where one's own taste is present, the divine taste can hardly be, even in the very holy things. So, in receiving my gifts, graces and favors, she must not appropriate them as her own things, making of them a taste for herself, but must keep them as divine tastes, using them in order to love the Lord more, and being ready to sacrifice them to that very love."

**January 13, 1907**

***Jesus wanted to suffer in His Humanity in order to redo the human nature.***

Continuing in my usual state, I saw my blessed Jesus flashing by, and He told me: "My daughter, how much I love souls! Listen: the human nature was corrupted, humiliated, without hope of glory and of resurgence, and I wanted to suffer all humiliations in my Humanity. In a special way, I wanted to be stripped, scourged, and let my flesh fall off in shreds under the scourges, almost undoing my Humanity, in order to redo the humanity of creatures, and to make it rise again full of life, of honor and of glory to eternal life. What more could I do which I have not done?"

**January 20, 1907**

***The greatest sanctity is to live in the Divine Will.***

Having read the lives of two female Saints – one who aspired so much to suffering, and the other who aspired so much to be little – I was thinking in my interior about which one of the two it would be better to imitate, and unable to make up my mind, I felt as though hampered. So, in order to be free and to think only about loving Him, I said to myself: 'I want to aspire to nothing but to love Him and to fulfill His Holy Will perfectly.'

At that moment, the Lord told me in my interior: "And it is here that I want you – in my Will. Until the grain of wheat is buried in the earth and dies completely, it cannot rise again to new life and multiply itself, giving life to other grains. In the same way, until the soul is buried in my Will, to the point of dying completely by dissolving all of her will within Mine, she cannot rise again to new Divine Life through the rising of all the virtues of Christ, which contain true Sanctity. Therefore, let my Will be the seal which seals your interior and exterior; and once my Will has risen completely within you, you will find true love – and this is the greatest of all the other sanctities to which one can aspire."

**January 21, 1907**

***One who always loves Jesus cannot displease Him.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I was saying in my interior: 'Lord, let it be that I may be all Yours and that I may be always, always with You, and that I may never separate from You. However, while I am with You, do not permit that I may be a goad that embitters You, that I may bother You, that I may displease You, but that I may be a goad that is present in You to sustain You when You are tired or oppressed, that consoles You when You are bothered by the other creatures.' While I was saying this, blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, one who is in the continuous attitude of loving Me is always with Me, and can never be a goad that gives Me bother, but a goad that sustains Me, that relieves Me, that soothes Me. In fact, true love has this as its own: it renders the beloved content. Besides, one who always loves Me can never displease Me, because love absorbs the whole person. At the most, there might be little things, and the soul herself does not even realize that she may displease Me, but love itself takes on the commitment to purify her, so that I may always find my delights in her."

**January 25, 1907**

***Chastisements. She sees cities deserted.***

I am going through most bitter days because of the almost continuous privations of blessed Jesus. At the most, He makes Himself seen in passing and like a flash, and immediately He hides so very deep within my interior that I cannot even catch sight of Him; and always in silence. So, when I saw Him after much struggling, and He was all embittered and oppressed, I said to Him: 'But, tell me at least – what is it that makes You suffer so much?' And He, unwilling, only to content me, told me: "Ah, my daughter, you do not know what must happen; if I told you, you would break my indignation, and I would not do what I have to do. This is why I keep silent. So, calm yourself about the way I act with you in this period of time. But, courage, it will be so very bitter for you, but do it as an athlete, as a generous one, always

living, but as though dead, in my Will, without even crying." Having said this, He hid deeper within my interior, leaving me as though petrified, without even being able to cry for His privation.

Now, to obey, I write that even before the month of January, until now, I do nothing but find myself outside of myself; it may also be a dream, but I seem to see places in desolation, cities deserted, entire streets with the houses closed, with no one walking along them; and dead people. My fright at seeing these things is such as to render me as though dazed, and I would like to imitate my good Jesus by remaining, I too, taciturn and silent. Why this, I am unable to say, because my light Jesus does not tell me anything. I wrote this only to obey. Deo Gratias.

**February 20, 1907**

***Lack of correspondence to Grace.***

It continues with Him always in silence, in passing and like a flash. I spend my days in bitterness and as though dazed; it is as if my whole interior had been struck by a thunderbolt, without being able to move either forward or backward. I myself am unable to say what has happened in my interior; I believe it is better to keep silent than to speak about it. Then, this morning, He came for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, one who does not correspond to my grace lives like those birds which live by thievery. In the same way, the soul does nothing but live by thievery – she steals my grace, she lives and does not recognize Me, and she even offends Me." And He disappeared like a flash, leaving me more dazed than before.

**March 2, 1907**

***There is nothing that equals suffering willingly.***

Continuing in my usual state, and having learned that almost the entire town was with the influenza, and that in other places people were dying, I was praying Our Lord that He would be so benign as to spare so many victims, and that He would make me suffer to spare them, since nowadays I suffer little or nothing, for He has taken this also away from me. While I was saying this, He told me in my interior: "My daughter, it was said about Me 'that it was necessary that one would die to save the whole people'. It was a truth, but at that time it was not understood. In the same way, in all times it is necessary that there be one who suffers to spare the others, and this one, in order to be accepted must offer himself voluntarily, and only for love of God and of his neighbor, to suffer himself in order to spare all others. And the suffering of this one cannot be equaled by the suffering of all the others put together; there is no value that matches it. Do you think that the void of your suffering is nothing? Yet, it is not a complete void; and if I suspend you completely, where will the peoples end up? Woe, woe – things do not end here."

**March 13, 1907**

***Luisa prays to Jesus for her mother, that she may not go to Purgatory after her death.***

It continues almost always in the same way; at the most, He makes Himself seen in silence. In these last days, when He made Himself seen, He would caress me and kiss me, and since my mama was sick, He made me understand that He would take her. I would say to Him: 'My Lord, You want her, and I give her to You as gift before You take her; I do not want to wait until You take her, without giving her to You before. But I want from You the recompense for the gift I give You, giving me as reward your taking her straight to Paradise, without letting her touch Purgatory, at the cost of making me suffer the purgatory that mama should have.' And blessed Jesus would say to me: "My daughter, let Me do."

Returning to pray Him again, I would say: 'But, my sweet love, who will have the heart to see my mama suffer in Purgatory, she who suffered so much, and who cried so much because of me. It is the weight of gratitude that pushes me, that urges me, and gives me strength. As for all other things, do whatever You want, but in this – no, I do not give up. You will content me and will do what I want.' And He: "My beloved, do not render yourself too importunate - you are truly untiring, and by being untiring, You force Me to content you." However, He would not give me a definitive answer. I would return to storm Him and would cry like a child, and praying Him and praying Him again, I kept offering what He suffered in His Passion, minute by minute, hour by hour, applying it to the soul of my mother, that she might be purged - purged and embellished, and I might obtain my intent. And He would add, drying my tears: "But, my dear beloved one, do not cry, you know that I love you; can I not content you? See, with the continuous offering of my Passion, as you let nothing escape you of what I suffered for your mother, her soul is inside an immense sea, and this sea washes her, embellishes her, enriches her, inundates her with light. And to assure you that I will content you, when your mother dies you will be surprised by a fire and will feel burned." I remained content, but not certain, because He had not yet told me whether He would take her straight to Paradise.

**May 9, 1907**

***Death and Purgatory of Luisa's parents.***

It has been a few months since I wrote, and with great repugnance, and only to obey I begin to write again. Oh, what a weight I feel! Only at the thought that I could say to my beloved Jesus: 'See how I love You more, and how my love grows, since for love of You alone I submit myself to this sacrifice, and for as long as it lasts, I can also say that I love You more' – thinking that I can say to my Jesus that I love Him more, I feel the strength to make the sacrifice to obey.

Now, since I do not remember everything distinctly, I will tell of the past, all together and confusedly, starting from where I left when I was praying that He would take my mother to Paradise without her touching Purgatory. Then, on March 19, the day dedicated to Saint Joseph, in the morning, while I was in my usual state, my mother passed from this life into the sphere of eternity; and blessed Jesus, allowing me to see her as He was taking her, told me: "My daughter, the Creator takes his creature."

At that moment, I felt I was being invested, inside and out, with a fire so alive that I felt my bowels, my stomach and all the rest burning; and if I would have something, it would convert into fire, and I would be forced to bring it up immediately after I had swallowed it. This fire consumed me and kept me alive. Oh, how I understood the devouring fire of Purgatory which, while consuming the soul, gives her life! The fire does the office of food, of water, of death and of life; but I was happy in that state. However, since I had only seen that Jesus had taken her, but He had not showed me where He had taken her, my happiness was not full, and from my very sufferings I would draw concern, since those would be the sufferings of my mother if she was in Purgatory. And seeing blessed Jesus, who in these days has almost never left me, I would cry and say to Him: 'My sweet love, tell me – where did You take her? I am content that You have taken her away from us, because You keep her with Yourself; but if You do not have her with Yourself, this I do not tolerate, and I will cry so much until You content me.' And He seemed to enjoy my crying; He would embrace me, He would sustain me, He would dry my tears, and would say to me: "My daughter, do not fear, calm yourself; and once you have calmed yourself I will let you see her, and you will be very pleased. Besides, you can have the certainty that I have contented you from the fire that you feel."

But I would continue to cry, especially when I would see Him, since I felt in my interior that something was still lacking to the beatitude of my mother; so much so, that the people who surrounded me, who had come because of the death of my mother, in seeing me cry so much, thinking that I was crying because of the death of my mother, were almost scandalized, thinking that I had moved away from the Divine Will, when, more than ever, I was swimming in this sphere of the Divine Will. But I do not appeal to any human tribunal, because it is false – only to the divine, which is full of truth. And good Jesus was not condemning me; on the contrary, He would compassionate me, and in order to sustain me, He would come more often, almost giving me a reason to cry more, because if He would not come, with whom was I to cry to impetrate what I wanted? The people were right because they judged from the outside; and then, after all, since I am so very *cattiva* [bad], it is no wonder that the others would be scandalized by me.

Then, after quite a few days, as good Jesus came, He told me: "My daughter, be consoled, for I want to tell you and show you where your mother is. Since before and after she passed away, you have suffered continuously that which I earned, did and endured for her good in the course of my life, she partakes in what I did and enjoys my Humanity. Only the Divinity is concealed from her, but It will shortly be unveiled to her as well, and the fire you feel, and your prayers, have served to exempt her from any other pain of senses, which all must have, because my justice, receiving satisfaction from you, could not take it from both." At that moment, I seemed to see my mother within an immensity which had no boundaries, and in it there were many delights and joys - for as many words, thoughts, sighs, works, sufferings, heartbeats...; in sum, for everything that the Most Holy Humanity of Jesus Christ contained. I understood that It is a second Paradise for the Blessed, and in order to enter the Paradise of the Divinity, all must pass through this Paradise of the Humanity of Christ. Therefore, the fact of having touched no other purgatory had been a most singular privilege for my mother, reserved for very few. However, I understood that even though she was not amid torments, but rather, amid delights, her happiness was not perfect, but almost halved.

May the Lord be always thanked.

I continued to suffer for twelve days, so much so, that I reduced myself to a thread of life, but since obedience intervened so that this thread of life might not break, I returned to my natural state. I don't know, it seems that this obedience has a magic art over me, and that soon the Lord will make it lose its prestige in order to take me with Himself. I felt discontentment because obedience places itself in the middle so as not to let me pass into Heaven; and good Jesus told me; "My daughter, the Blessed in Heaven give me much glory because of the perfect union of their will with Mine, for their life is a product of my Will. There is so much harmony between them and Myself that their breath, their breathing, their movements, their joys and everything that constitutes their beatitude is the effect of my Will. However, I tell you that for the soul who is still a pilgrim, if she is united to my Will in such a way that she never detaches from It, her life is of Heaven, and I receive from her the same glory. Or rather, I take more pleasure and delight because what the Blessed do, they do without sacrifice and amid delights, while what the pilgrim souls do, they do with sacrifice and amid sufferings, and wherever there is sacrifice, I take more pleasure and I am more delighted. And the very Blessed, who live in my

Volition, since the soul who is still a pilgrim and lives in my Will forms one Life with them, participate in the pleasure I take from the pilgrim soul."

Another time, I remember that since I feared that my state might be a work of the devil, good Jesus told me: "My daughter, the devil can also speak about virtue, but while speaking about virtue, he casts repugnance and hatred for virtue itself into the interior of the soul. So, the poor soul finds herself in contradiction, and without the strength to practice good. On the other hand, when it is I who speak, since I am the truth, my word is full of life; it is not sterile, but fecund, therefore while I speak I infuse love for virtue, and I produce that very virtue in the soul. In fact, the truth is strength, it is light, it is support and a second nature for the soul who lets herself be guided by the truth."

I continue by saying that only about ten days had passed from the death of my mother, when my father fell gravely ill, and the Lord made me understand that he too would die. I gave him to Him as a gift in advance, and I repeated the same pleas which I made for my mother – that He should not let him touch Purgatory. But the Lord showed Himself more reluctant, and would not listen to me. I feared greatly, not for his salvation, because good Jesus had made me a solemn promise almost fifteen years before that, of my family and of those who belong to me, no one would be lost; but I feared very much about Purgatory. I kept praying, but good Jesus would hardly come. Only on the day my father died, that is, after about fifteen days of illness, did blessed Jesus make Himself seen, all benign, clothed in white, as if He were in feast, and He told me: "Today I am waiting for your father, and for love of you I will let Myself be found, not as a judge, but as a benign father. I will welcome him in my arms." I insisted about Purgatory, but He did not listen to me, and He disappeared. After my father died, I did not have any new suffering as had happened with my mother, and from this I understood that he had gone to Purgatory. I prayed and prayed again, but Jesus would make Himself seen flashing by, without giving me time; and what's more, I could not even cry because I had no one with whom to cry, and the One who, alone, could listen to my crying, would run away from me. Adorable judgments of God, in His ways.

Then, after two days of interior pains, while I was seeing blessed Jesus and asking Him about my father, I felt he was behind the shoulders of Jesus Christ, as though bursting into tears and asking for help; and then they disappeared. I was left lacerated in my soul, and I kept praying. Finally, after six days, as I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, inside a church, and there were many purging souls. I was praying to Our Lord that He would at least let my father come inside a church to make his purgatory, because I could see that the souls in the churches receive continuous reliefs from the prayers and Masses that are said, and much more, from the real presence of Jesus in the Sacrament; it seems that that is a continuous refreshment for them. At that moment, I saw my father, venerable in his appearance, and Our Lord let me place him near the Tabernacle. So it seems I was left less lacerated in my interior.

I remember confusedly that, on another day, when blessed Jesus came, He made me comprehend the preciousness of suffering, and I prayed that He would let everyone comprehend the good contained in suffering. And He said to me: "My daughter, the cross is a thorny fruit, which is bothering and prickly on the outside, but once the thorns and the cortex are removed, one finds a precious and delicious fruit. But only one who has the patience to bear the bothers of the prickings, can arrive at discovering the secret of the preciousness and flavor of that fruit. And only one who has come to discover this secret, looks at it with love, and goes in search of this fruit with avidity, without caring about the prickings, while all the others look at it with contempt, and despise it." And I: 'But, my sweet Lord, what is this secret contained in the fruit of the cross?' And He: "It is the secret of eternal beatitude, because in the fruit of the cross there are many little coins which circulate only to enter into Heaven, and with these little coins the soul is enriched and makes herself blessed for eternity."

The rest I remember confusedly, and I feel it is not orderly in my mind, therefore I move on, and I stop here.

**May 30, 1907**

***Effectiveness of prayer.***

As I was in my usual state, I saw blessed Jesus for a short time, and I prayed to Him for myself and for other people, but with some difficulty outside of my usual way, as if I would not be able to obtain as much if I prayed for myself alone. And good Jesus told me: "My daughter, prayer is one single point, and while it is one point, it can grasp all other points together. So, whether the soul prays for herself alone or for others, she can impetrate just as much. Its effectiveness is one."



