

I.M.I.

November 9, 1910

Bad effects of human works done with a human purpose.

Finding myself in my usual state, I was commending the many needs of the Church to my blessed Jesus; and Jesus told me: "My daughter, the holiest works done with a human purpose are like cracked containers – if one pours any liquor into them, little by little it flows out to the ground; and when they go to get those containers in times of need, they find them empty. This is why the children of my Church have reduced themselves to such a state – because in their works, everything is human purpose; so, in needs, in dangers, in affronts, they have found themselves to be empty of grace. And therefore, being debilitated, worn out, and almost blinded by the human spirit, they give themselves to excesses. Oh! how vigilant the leaders of the Church should have been, so that I would not be made the laughing stock and almost the lid covering their wicked actions. It is true that there would be great scandal if they repented, but this would be a minor offense for Me compared to the many sacrileges which they commit. Alas! It is too hard for Me to tolerate them! Pray, pray, my daughter, because many sad things are about to come out of the children of the Church." And He disappeared.

November 12, 1920

As many as are the ways in which the soul gives herself to God, so many are the ways in which He gives Himself to the soul.

I was thinking about blessed Jesus when He was carrying the Cross to Calvary, especially when He met with Veronica, who offered Him a piece of cloth so that He might dry His Face, all dripping with blood. And I said to my lovable Jesus: 'My Love, Jesus, heart of my heart, if Veronica offered You a cloth, I don't want to offer You little cloths to dry your Blood, but I offer You my heart, my continuous heartbeat, all my love, my little intelligence, my breath, the circulation of my blood, my movements – all of my being to dry your Blood; and not only from your Face, but from all of your Most Holy Humanity. I intend to tear myself into as many pieces for as many as are your wounds, your sorrows, your bitternesses, the drops of the Blood You shed, so as to place on all of your sufferings, on some my love, on some a relief, on some a kiss, on some a reparation, on some an act of compassion, on some a thanksgiving, etc. I do not want any little particle of my being, any drop of my blood, to be left without occupying itself with You. And do You know, O Jesus, what I want as recompense? That in all of the tiniest particles of my being You impress and seal your image, so that, in finding You in everything and everywhere, I may multiply my love...'; and so forth with all the other nonsense I said.

Now, having received Communion, and looking into myself, I could see, in each particle of my being, the whole of Jesus within a flame; and this flame spoke of love. And Jesus said to me: "Here is my daughter made content – as many as are the ways in which she has given herself to Me, so many, and tripled, are the ways in which I have given Myself to her."

November 23, 1910

Love is enough for everything, and changes the natural virtues into Divine.

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about purity, and about how I do not give a thought to this beautiful virtue, either for or against. It seems to me that on this button of purity - it neither bothers me, nor do I think about it. So I said to myself: 'I myself do not know how I am with regard to this virtue; but I do not want to meddle in this – love is enough for me, in everything.' And Jesus, adding to my words, told me: "My daughter, love encloses everything, chains everything, gives life to everything, triumphs over everything, embellishes everything, enriches everything. Purity is content with not doing any act, gaze, thought or word, which is not honest, while it tolerates the rest; and this amounts to the acquisition of mere natural purity. Love is jealous of everything, even of one's thought and breath, as honest as one may be. It wants everything for itself, and with this, it gives to the soul not natural, but Divine purity - and so with all the other virtues. So, one can say that love is patience, love is obedience, is sweetness, is fortitude, is peace – it is everything. If all the other virtues do not receive life from love, they can be called natural virtues at the most; but love changes them into Divine virtues. Oh! what a difference between the two: the natural virtues are servants, the Divine are queens. Therefore, may love be enough for you, in everything."

November 28, 1920

Lack of love has cast the world into a net of vices.

Finding myself in my usual state, I saw my always lovable Jesus. In my interior I felt myself all transformed in the love of my beloved Jesus; now I would find myself inside of Jesus - bursting into acts of love together with Jesus, loving as Jesus loved... but I am unable to say it, I lack the words; and now I would find my sweet Jesus in me, and I alone would burst into acts of love, while Jesus would listen to me, telling me: "Say it, say it - repeat it again; relieve Me with your love. Lack of love has cast the world into a net of vices." And He would remain silent in order to listen to Me, and I would repeat again the acts of love.

I will say the little I remember:

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| <p>In every moment, in every hour, I want to love You with all my heart. In every breath of my life, while breathing, I will love You. In every beat of my heart, Love, love, I will repeat. In every drop of my blood, Love, love, I will cry out. In every movement of my body, Love alone I will embrace. Of love alone I want to speak, at love alone I want to look, to love alone I want to listen, always of love I want to think. With love alone I want to burn, with love alone I want to be consumed, only love I want to enjoy, only love I want to content. From love alone I want to live, And within love I want to die. In every instant, in every hour, I want to call everyone to love. Only and always together with Jesus and in Jesus I shall live, into His Heart I will plunge myself, and together with Jesus, and with His Heart, Love, Love, I will love You.</p> | <p><i>In tutti i momenti, in tutte le ore, voglio sempre amarti con tutto il cuore. In tutti i respiri della mia vita, respirando t'amerò. In tutti i palpiti del mio core, amore, amore ripeterò. In tutte le stille del mio sangue, amore, amore griderò. In tutti i movimenti del mio corpo, solo l'amore abbraccerò. Solo d'amore voglio parlare, solo l'amore voglio guardare, solo l'amore voglio ascoltare, sempre all'amore voglio pensare. Solo d'amore voglio bruciare, solo d'amore voglio consumare, solo l'amore voglio gustare, solo l'amore voglio contentare. Di solo amore voglio vivere, e nell'amore voglio morire. In tutti gl'istanti, in tutte le ore, tutti all'amore voglio chiamare. Sola e sempre con Gesù, ed in Gesù sempre vivrò, nel suo cuore m'innabisserò, ed insieme con Gesù e col suo cuore, amore, amore, t'amerò.</i></p> |
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But who can say them all? In doing this, I felt myself divided into many little flames, which then became one single flame.

November 29, 1910

Jesus is jealous that someone else may comfort the soul.

Since a good and holy priest was coming, I was a little bit anxious to speak with him, especially about my current state, in order to know the Divine Will. Now, after he came the first and the second time, I saw that nothing would be done of what I wanted. So, having received Holy Communion, all afflicted, I was repeating my great affliction to my affectionate Jesus, saying to Him: 'My Life, my Good and my All, it shows that You alone are everything for me. I have never found in any creature, as good and holy as he might be, a word, a comfort, a solution for the slightest doubt of mine. It shows how there is to be no one for me, but You alone: You alone – the All for me, and I alone, alone – always alone for You. And so I abandon myself in You, completely and always. As bad as I am, have the goodness of holding me in your arms, without leaving me for one single instant.'

While I was saying this, my blessed Jesus made Himself seen looking in my interior, turning everything upside down to see if there was something which He did not like. And while turning and turning, He took something like a grain of white sand in His hands, and He threw it to the ground. Then He said to me: "Dearest daughter of Mine, it is absolutely right that for one who is all for Me, I be all for her. I am too jealous that someone else might give her the slightest comfort. I alone – I Myself alone want to make up for all, and in everything. What is it that afflicts you? What do you want? I do everything to make you content. Do you see that white grain that I removed from you? It was nothing but a little bit of anxiety, for you wanted to know my Will from others. I removed it from you and I threw it on the ground so as to leave you in holy indifference - the way I want you. And now I will tell you what my Will is: I want Mass and also Communion; as for whether or not you must wait for the priest to come round, you will be indifferent to this. If you feel dozy, you will not try to come round; and if you feel awake, you will not try to doze off. However, know that I want you always ready, and always at your post of victim, even if you should not always suffer. I want you like the soldiers in the battle field: even if the act of fighting is not continuous they remain with their weapons ready, and if necessary, seated in the quarters, so that every time the enemy tries to start the fight, they may always be ready to defeat him. The same for you, my daughter: you will remain always ready, always at your post, so that every time I should want to make You suffer either for my relief or to hold back chastisements, or for anything else, I may find you always ready. I do not have to always call you, or dispose you to the sacrifice each time; but rather, you will consider yourself as being always called, even if I should not always keep you in the act of suffering. So, we have understood each other, haven't we? Be tranquil, and fear nothing."

December 2, 1910

The spark of Jesus.

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came, and I saw myself like a spark. This spark was going around my dear Jesus, and it would stop now on His head, now in His eyes; it would now enter into His mouth, and now descend inside of Him, deep into His innermost adorable Heart. Then it would come out, and go around; and Jesus would even place it under His feet; and instead of being extinguished at the warmth of His divine soles, it would ignite more, it would come out with greater speed from underneath His feet, and would turn around Jesus again. And now it prayed with Jesus, now it loved Him, now it repaired Him – in sum, it did whatever Jesus was doing; and with Jesus, this spark became immense, embraced everything in the prayer - no one escaped it. It was present in the love of all, and for all it loved, it repaired; it made up for everyone and for everything. Oh! how admirable and unutterable is that which is done with Jesus. I lack the words to be able to put on paper the expressions of love and other things that can be done with Jesus. Obedience would want it so, but the mind goes up high to take the words from Jesus, then it descends down below, tries to find the expressions, the words of the natural language, but it finds no way out - therefore I can't.

Then, my beloved Jesus told me: "My daughter, you are the spark of Jesus. A spark can be anywhere, it can penetrate into anything, it occupies no space. At most, it lives up high and wanders around; and it is also delightful."

And I: 'Ah! Jesus, a spark is very weak, and can easily be extinguished; and if it goes out, there is no way to give it new life. Therefore, poor me, if I arrive at being extinguished.'

And Jesus: "No, no, the spark of Jesus cannot be extinguished, because its life is nourished by the fire of Jesus, and the sparks which have life from my fire are not subject to death; and if they die, they die within the very fire of Jesus. I have made you the spark so that I may amuse Myself more with you; and because of the littleness of the spark, I can use it by making it go around continuously, inside and outside of Me, keeping it in whatever part of Me I want: in my eyes, in my ears, in my mouth, under my feet – wherever I best please."

December 22, 1910

In order to be able to operate great things for God, it is necessary to destroy self-esteem, human respect and one's own nature.

Continuing in my usual state, I saw various priests before my mind; and blessed Jesus was saying: "In order to be able to operate great things for God, it is necessary to destroy self-esteem, human respect and one's own nature, so as to live again of Divine Life, and take into consideration only the esteem of Our Lord and that which regards His honor and His glory. It is necessary to crush, to pulverize that which is human in order to be able to live of God. And here is how, not you, but God Himself will speak and operate in you, and the souls and the works entrusted to you will produce splendid effects, and you will receive the fruits which you and I longed for – like the works of the reunions of priests which I spoke to you about before. One of these might be able to promote and also carry out this work, but a little bit of self-esteem, of useless fear, of human respect renders him incapable; and when grace finds the soul surrounded by this baseness, it flies and does not stop, and the priest remains a man and operates as a man, and his works have the effects which those of a man can have – not the effects which a

priest animated by the spirit of Jesus Christ can have."

December 24, 1910

Irresolute souls are good at nothing.

Having received Communion, I was praying good Jesus for a priest who wanted to know whether the Lord was calling him to the religious state; and good Jesus told me: "My daughter, I call him, but he is always undecided. The souls which are not resolute are good at nothing, while on the other hand, when one is determined and resolute, he surpasses all difficulties – he melts them; and the very ones who raise those difficulties, in seeing him so resolute, become debilitated and do not have the courage to oppose him. It is a little bit of attachment that binds him, and I do not want to contaminate my grace in hearts which are not untied from everyone. Let him detach himself from everything and from everyone, and then my grace will inundate him more, and he will feel the necessary strength to fulfill my call."

December 25, 1910

Priests have become attached to families, to interest, to exterior things, etc. This is why it is necessary to have houses of reunion for priests.

This morning blessed Jesus made Himself seen as a tiny Little One, but so gracious and beautiful as to enrapture me in a sweet enchantment. Especially, then, He rendered Himself more lovable because, with His tiny little hands, He took little nails and nailed me with a mastery worthy only of my always lovable Jesus. Then He filled me with kisses and with love, and so I did with Him.

Then, after this, I seemed to find myself in the grotto of my newborn Jesus, and my little Jesus told me: "My beloved daughter, who came to visit me in the grotto of my birth? Only shepherds were my first visitors – the only ones who kept coming and going, offering Me gifts and their little things. They were the first to receive the knowledge of my coming into the world and, as a consequence, the first favorites to be filled with my grace. This is why I always choose poor, ignorant, abject people, and I make of them portents of grace – because they are always the ones to be more disposed, the ones who more easily listen to Me and believe Me without raising so many difficulties, so many quibbles as, on the contrary, learned people do.

Then came the Magi, but no priest showed up, while they should have been the first to form my cortege. In fact, more than anyone else, according to the Scriptures which they studied, they knew the time and the place, and it was easier for them to come to visit me. But no one – no one moved; rather, while they indicated the place to the Magi, they did not move, nor did they trouble to take one step to follow the traces of my coming. This was a most bitter sorrow for Me at my birth, because in those priests the attachment to riches, to interest, to families and to exterior things was so great as to blind their sight like a glare, harden their hearts, and render their intelligence dazed to the knowledge of the most sacrosanct and most certain truths. They were so engulfed in the low things of the earth, as to never be able to believe that a God could come upon earth in the midst of so much poverty and so much humiliation. And this, not only at my birth, but also during the course of my life. When I performed the most sensational miracles, no one followed me; on the contrary, they plotted my death, and killed Me on the cross. And after using all of my art in order to draw them to Myself, I put them into oblivion and chose poor and ignorant people as my apostles, forming my Church in them. I segregated them from their families, I released them from any bond of riches, I filled them with the treasures of my graces, and I rendered them capable of governing my Church and souls.

However, you must know that this sorrow of Mine is still lasting, because the priests of these times have banded together with the priests of those times. They have been holding hands in their attachments to families, to interest, to exterior things, and they care very little, or not at all, about that which is interior. Even more, some have degraded themselves so much as to make even secular people understand how unhappy they are with their state, lowering their dignity down to the bottom, and below the secular themselves. Ah! my daughter, what prestige can their word still have among the peoples? Even more, because of them, the peoples keep deteriorating in the faith and into abysses of worse evils, groping their way in darkness, because they see no more light in priests. This is the reason for the necessity of houses of reunion of priests, so that, freed from the mist of darkness by which he is invaded – families, interest, and cares for exterior things - the priest may give out light of true virtues, and the peoples may turn back from the errors in which they have fallen. These reunions are so necessary, that every time the Church has reached the bottom, this has almost always been the means in order to make Her rise again, more beautiful and majestic."

On hearing this, I said: 'My highest and only Good, sweet Life of mine, I compassionate your sorrow and I would like to soothe it with my love, but You know well who I am – how poor, ignorant, bad I am, and also extremely taken with my passion for hiddenness. I would love it if You could hide me so much within You, that no one might ever again believe that I existed; and You, instead, want me to speak about these things which so much grieve your most loving

Heart, and which are so necessary for the Church. Oh! my Jesus, to me, speak of love, and go to other good and holy souls to speak about these things which are so useful for your Church.'

And good Jesus continued: "My daughter, I too loved hiddenness, but there is a time for everything. When the honor and the glory of the Father, as well as the good of souls, became necessary, I revealed Myself and I did my public life. So I do with souls: sometimes I keep them hidden, other times I manifest them; and you must be indifferent to everything, wanting only that which I want. Even more, I bless your heart and your mouth, and I Myself will speak in you, with my own mouth and with my own sorrow." And so He blessed me, and He disappeared.

January 8, 1910

The family kills the priest. Self-interest is the wood worm of the priest.

I will now write things of the past in order to obey, and I will explain myself about these reunions of priests that blessed Jesus wants. Since a holy priest came during last November and told me to ask Jesus what He wanted from him, my always lovable Jesus told me: "The mission of the priest chosen by Me will be high and sublime. It is about saving the most noble, the most sacred part, which are the priests, who in these times have become the laughing stock of the peoples. The most appropriate means would be to form these houses of reunion for priests, so as to segregate them from their families, because the family kills the priest, while he should promote it, push it, and also intimidate it. If these are saved, the peoples are saved."

Then I received four communications from Jesus regarding these reunions. I wrote them, and I gave them to that priest; so I did not think it was necessary to repeat them in these writings of mine. But obedience wants me to write them, and I will make the sacrifice:

1 – My adorable Jesus told me: "The mission I will give is high and sublime, in a special way, for priests. Faith is almost extinguished among the peoples, and if there is any spark left, it is as though hidden under ashes. The life of priests, which is almost completely secularized, and maybe worse than that, as well as their examples, which are not good, lend a hand to extinguish this spark. And what will happen to them and to the peoples? This is why I have called him, so that he may interest himself with my cause, and with example, with words, with works and with sacrifice, he may put a mend in it. The most suitable, appropriate and effective mending would be to form houses of reunion for diocesan priests within their towns, segregating them from their families; because the family kills the priest and causes the darkness of interest, the darkness of appreciation of mundane things, the darkness of corruption to be cast into the midst of the peoples. In sum, it takes away all the prestige, the splendor of the priestly dignity, and it makes him become the laughing stock of the people. I will give him intrepidity, courage and grace, if he gets down to work."

In addition to this, it seemed that blessed Jesus adorned his heart, now with love and now with sorrow, letting him share in His pains.

2 – My highest and only Good continues to speak to me about the great good that would come to the Church by forming these houses of reunion: "The good will become more good; those who are imperfect, lukewarm, relaxed, will become good; those who are really wicked will go out. And this is how the body of the ministers of my Church will be riddled and purified; and by means of the purification of the chosen part, the most sacred, the people will be reformed."

In the meantime, I could see before my mind, as if inside a picture, Corato and the priests who were to lead this work, though it would be directed by Father G. The priests seemed to be Fr. C., D., B. and D., C., F., followed by others; and it seemed that they were to put in a share of their possessions. And my adorable Jesus added: "It is necessary to weave this thing well, so that no one may escape, and to procure the necessary means so as not to burden the people. And so the parish incomes should be tied only to those who will participate in these reunions; and these will maintain the choir and all of the other offices pertaining to their ministry. At first, this will provoke contradictions and persecutions, but mainly among the priests themselves. However, soon things will change - the people will be with them, generously providing for them, and they will enjoy the peace and the fruit of their toils, because for those who are with Me, I allow that everyone be with them."

Then, my always lovable Jesus threw Himself into my arms, all afflicted and supplicating, so much as to move to pity even the stones; and He said: "Tell father G. that I beg Him, I supplicate him to help - to save my children, and not to let them perish."

3 – My always lovable Jesus continues on the same topic. With the fathers there present, I saw the Heavens opened and my adorable Jesus and the Celestial Mama coming toward me, with the Saints looking at us from Heaven. And my benign Jesus said: "My daughter, tell father G. that I absolutely want this work. They already begin to raise difficulties, but tell him that it takes nothing but intrepidity, courage and lack of self-interest. It is necessary to close one's ears to all that is human, and to open them to that which is Divine; otherwise, the human difficulties will become a net that will keep them entangled, in such a way that they will not be able to get out, and I will justly chastise them, rendering them the rags of the peoples. But if they promise to get down to work, I will be all for them, and they will be nothing but the shadows which will follow the work so yearned for by Me. Not only this, but they will have another great good. In fact, the

Church needs to be purged and washed by the shedding of blood, because She has dirtied herself very, very much, to the point of giving Me nausea; but in the places where they will purify themselves in this way, I will spare the blood. What more do they want?"

Then, turning around, as though looking at one of the priests, He added: "I choose you as the head of this work, because I have cast a seed of courage within you. This is a gift, and I do not want you to keep it uselessly. Up until now, you have wasted it in frivolous things, in foolish things and in politics – and these have repaid you by embittering you and by giving you no peace. Now, enough – enough. Give yourself to my work, use the courage I have given you only for Me, and I will be all for you, and will repay you by giving you peace and grace. I will make you acquire that esteem which you have been fishing for back there, and which you have not obtained; or rather, I will not give you human esteem, but Divine."

Then He said to father G.: "My son, courage, defend my cause; sustain – help those priests whom you see a little disposed for this work. Promise every good in my name to those who will commit themselves, and threaten those who cause contradictions and obstacles. Tell the bishops and the leaders that if they want to save the flock, this is the only means. It is up to them to save the shepherds, and up to the shepherds to save the flock; and if the bishops do not place the shepherds in safety, how can the flock ever be saved?"

4 – Having heard about the difficulties of the priests in forming the houses of reunions, I was praying to good Jesus that, if it was His Will that it be done, He would dissolve the obstacles which were preventing such a great good. And my adorable Jesus, in coming, told me: "My daughter, all the obstacles come from the fact that each one looks at this thing according to his own conditions and dispositions, and, naturally, they encounter a thousand laces and stumbling blocks which prevent their steps. But if they looked at this work according to my honor and glory, and only for the good of their souls and of the souls of others, all laces would be broken, and the obstacles would vanish. Yet, if they commit themselves, I will be with them, and I will protect them so much, that if any priest will try to oppose and hinder my work, I am even disposed to take his life away."

Then, all afflicted, my always lovable Jesus added: "Ah! my daughter, do you know what the most insurmountable stumbling block and the strongest lace is? It is mere self-interest. Self-interest is the wood worm of the priest, which renders him like rotten wood, that is fit only for burning in hell. Interest makes the priest the laughing stock of the devil, the mockery of the people, and the idol of their families. Therefore, the devil will put many obstacles to hinder their work, because he sees that the net in which he has kept them chained and enslaved to his dominion is being broken. So, tell father G. to infuse courage in those whom he sees disposed, and not to leave them until he sees that the work has started; otherwise they will just keep planning, but will not conclude anything. Let him tell the bishops not to accept new ordinations, if they are not disposed to live segregated from their families. Tell him also that many will deride him, make fun of him and discredit him, but he should not pay attention to this – suffering because of Me will be all sweet for him."

January 10, 1911

When the priests do not occupy themselves only with God, they become withered, because they do not participate in the influence of Grace.

Continuing in my usual state, as I was praying my always lovable Jesus to dissolve the obstacles which prevented these reunions, and to manifest to us the way which best pleased Him, blessed Jesus came for a little while and told me: "My daughter, the point which I most care about and which I cherish the most is to detach the priest perfectly from his family. Let them give everything they have to their families, keeping for themselves only that which is personal. And since they are to be maintained by the Church, justice demands that things must end up there where they come from – that is, everything which they may have must serve to maintain themselves and to expand the works for my glory and for the good of the people. Otherwise, I will not render the peoples generous toward them; not only this, but they themselves will separate from their families with their bodies, but not with their hearts; and therefore, a thousand avidities..., who can make more profit..., and huffiness among them if one is assigned a more lucrative position than someone else, so as to be able to give to their families.... They themselves will see, in practice, how many evils will come if they touch this most essential point. How many disunions, jealousies, rancors, and the like..."

I am content with having fewer of them, rather than having this work, so much wanted by Me, ruined. Ah! my daughter, how many Hananiahs [Jer. 28] will come out! And how well they will know how to defend, to support, to excuse this so well-liked idol of interest. Ah! only with those who consecrate themselves to Me do I have this misfortune – that instead of caring about Me, about my honor and my glory, and about the sanctification which befits their state, they use Me only as a cover, while their purpose is to care about their families and grandchildren. Ah! it is not so for those who give themselves to the world; rather, they try to strain their families; and if they cannot pull, they arrive at denying their own parents. But when the priest does not occupy himself only with my glory, and with the offices pertaining to the priestly ministry alone, he is nothing but a dislocated bone which gives pain to Me, pain to himself, and pain to the people, and renders his vocation a frustrated one. And since when a bone is not in its place it always gives pain, and by not participating in the humors of the body, with time withers and it is necessary to sever it because of its uselessness, as much as because it gives pain to the other members - the same with priests: when they

do not occupy themselves with Me alone, being like a bone dislocated from my body, they become withered, because they do not participate in the influence of my grace. And I hold them and hold them, but if I see their hardness, I cast them away from Me. And do you know where? Into the deepest hell."

Then He added: "Write this; let them tell the father to whom I entrust this mission for priests to remain firm on this point, and to make it untouchable. Tell him also that I want him on the cross – always crucified with Me."

January 15, 1911

Interest is the poison of the priest. God is not understood by those who are not stripped of everything and everyone.

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen crying. The Celestial Mama brought Him to me to calm Him, and I tried to do as much as I could, kissing Him, caressing Him, squeezing Him to myself, and saying to Him: 'What do you want from me? Don't You want love to make You happy and calm your crying? Have You Yourself not told me other times that your happiness is my love? And I love You, very, very much - but I love You together with You, because by myself I don't know how to love You. Give me your burning breath that it may melt my whole being into a flame of love, and then I will love You for all, I will love You with all, I will love You in the hearts of all.' But who can tell all my nonsense? Then it seemed that He calmed down a little, and in order to distract my sweet love completely from crying, I said to Him: 'My Life and my All, be consoled; when they do the reunions of priests – oh! how consoled You will be!'

And He, immediately: "Ah! my daughter, interest is the poison of the priest, and has infiltrated so much into them as to poison their hearts, their blood, and even the marrow of their bones. Oh! how well did the devil weave it, having found in them a will disposed to be woven. My Grace has used all of Its art in order to form the weaving of love and to give them the counterpoison to interest; but not finding their will disposed, it has woven little or nothing of the divine. So, the devil, unable to prevent these houses of reunion for priests completely, with a great loss for him, contents himself at least with maintaining the web he has woven with the poison of interest. Oh! if you saw how few are those who are disposed to separate from their families with their hearts also, and to throw-up this poison of interest – you would cry with Me. Don't you see how they fight among themselves in this regard? How they become agitated? How they become all fire? Even more, they believe this is nonsense which does not befit their state."

While He was saying this, I could see the priests who were disposed for this – how scarce was their number. Jesus disappeared, and I found myself inside myself. Now, feeling repugnance to write these things about priests, but having made the sacrifice of doing it, because obedience wants it so, my beloved Jesus came afterwards, and gave me a kiss to reward me for the sacrifice I made; and He added: "My beloved daughter, you have not said everything about the inconveniences which could arise if the priest remains entangled in the bond of the family, the many mistaken vocations because of which the Church cries bitterly in these times: one would certainly not see so many modernists, so many priests empty of true piety, so many of them given to pleasures, so many to intemperance, many others who look at souls being lost as if it were nothing, without the slightest bitterness, and all the other absurdities they do. These are signs of mistaken vocations. And if the families see that there is nothing more to hope for from priests, none of them will ever again feel like pushing their sons to become priests, nor will the sons ever think of enriching and lifting their families through their ministry."

And I: 'Ah! my sweet Jesus, instead of telling these things to me, go to the leaders, to the bishops; and they who have authority can manage to content You on this point. But I, poor one – what can I do? Nothing but compassionate You, love You and repair You.'

And Jesus: "My daughter – to the leaders, to the bishops? The poison of interest has invaded everyone, and since almost all of them are taken by this pestilential fever, they lack the courage to correct and to check those who depend on them. And then, I am not understood by those who are not stripped of everything and of everyone. My voice resounds very badly to their hearing; even more, it seems an absurdity to them – something that is not appropriate for the human condition. If I speak with you, we understand each other well enough, and if nothing else, I find a vent for my sorrow, and You will love Me more, because you know that I am embittered."

January 17, 1911

The civilian leaders listen to Jesus more than the ecclesiastical leaders. The houses of reunion for priests will be called "Houses of the Resurrection of the Faith."

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came, but so afflicted and so burning with love, that He was restless and asked for refreshment. And throwing His arms around my neck, He told me: "My daughter, give Me love – this is the sole and only refreshment to calm my restlessness of love."

Then He added: "Daughter, what you wrote about the reunions of priests is nothing but a process that I am making with them. If they listen to Me – fine. But if they don't, since the leaders of the ecclesiastics will not listen to Me because they too are bound by the laces of interest, and are slaves of human miseries, almost lapping them up - instead of dominating over those miseries, of interest, of high positions and the like, the miseries dominate them; therefore, since they are deafened by what is human, I will be neither understood nor listened to – I will turn to the civilian leaders, who will listen to Me more easily. Because of their desire to see the priest humiliated, and also because maybe these are a little more stripped than the ecclesiastics themselves, my voice will be more listened to; and what they do not want to do out of love, I will make them do by necessity and by force, and I will make the government take away what is left to them."

And I: 'My highest and only good, what will be the name to be given to these houses, and what the rules?'

And He: "The name will be: The Houses of the Resurrection of the Faith. As for the rules, they can use the same rules as the Oratory of Saint Philip Neri."

Then He added: "Tell father B. that you will be the organ and he the sound for this work. If he will be mocked and disliked by those who have their interests, the good and the few true good will comprehend the necessity and the truth that he announces, and will make it a duty of conscience to get down to work. Besides, if he is mocked, he will have the honor of becoming more similar to Me."

January 19, 1911

The word of Jesus is eternal. Jesus wants the priest to be untouchable by the bond of the families. The spirit of the priests of these times: spirit of revenge, of hatred, of interest, of blood.

In hearing of the difficulties raised by the priests, especially about breaking the bond with their families completely, and that it was impossible to carry this out in the way said by blessed Jesus, and that if this were true, He should speak to the Pope, for he, who has authority, could command everyone and sort this work out - I was repeating all this to blessed Jesus, and I was lamenting to Him, saying: 'My Highest Love, was I not right in telling You to go to the leaders to say these things, for if You say them to me, little ignorant one, what can I do?' And my always lovable Jesus told me: "My daughter, write, do not fear, I am with you. My word is eternal, and what cannot do good here, can do good elsewhere – what cannot be carried out in these times, will be carried out in other times. But this is how I want the priest – untouchable by the bond of the families. Ah, you do not know what the spirit of the priests of these times is! It is in nothing dissimilar from that of the secular – a spirit of revenge, of hatred, of interest, of blood. Now, having to live together, if one earns more than the other and does not leave it for the good of all, one will feel overtaken, one defrauded, another humiliated, believing that he too would be good at making that earning; and therefore brawls, rancors, displeasures... They would even come to blows.

Your Jesus told you, and that's enough. This point is necessary; it is the pillar, it is the foundation, it is the life, it is the nourishment of this work. If it could work without it, I would not have insisted so much. Then, my daughter, take a look at how rough and ignorant of divine things they are. I do not have their way of thinking, such that they go lapping up and crawling for dignities. In communicating Myself to souls, I do not look at dignities – whether they are bishops or popes; but I look at whether they are stripped of everything and of everyone. I look at whether everything – everything in them is love for Me; I look at whether they have scruples about making themselves the masters of even one single breath, of one heartbeat. And in finding them all love, I do not look at whether they are ignorant, abject, poor, despised and made of dust. Dust itself I convert into gold; I transform it in Me; I communicate all of Myself to it; I entrust to it my most intimate secrets; I make it share in my joys and in my sorrows. Even more, since they live in Me by virtue of love, it is no wonder that they are aware of my Will about souls and about my Church. One is their life with Me; one is the Will, and one is the light with which they see the truth according to the divine visions, and not according to the human. This is why I do not toil in communicating Myself to these souls, and I raise them above all dignities."

Then, clasping me and kissing me, He told me: "My beautiful daughter – but beautiful of my own beauty, you afflict yourself because of the things they say? Do not afflict yourself. Ask father B., poor child of Mine, how much he suffered because of Me from his superiors, from his brothers and from others, to the point of declaring him a fool, an enchanter, and of making it a duty for themselves to penalize him. And what was his crime? Love! Feeling ashamed of their lives compared to his, they waged war on him, and still do. Ah! how costly is the crime of love! Love costs Me much, and much it costs my dear children! But I love him very much, and because of what he has suffered, I have given him Myself as reward, and I dwell in him. Poor son of Mine, they don't leave him alone; they spy on him everywhere, which they don't do to others - to find, who knows, some matter on which to correct him and mortify him. But since I am with him, I render their arts vain. Give him courage, but – oh! how terrible will be the judgment I will make on those who dare to mistreat my dear children!"

January 28, 1911

Love forces God to tear the veils of faith. The Church is agonizing, but will not die.

As I was in my usual state, the Heart of my sweet Jesus made Himself seen, and as I looked inside of Jesus, I could see His Heart in Him, and in looking inside of myself, I could see His Most Holy Heart also within me. Oh! how much gentleness, how many delights, how many harmonies could be felt in that Heart! Then, while I was delighting with Jesus, I heard His most gentle voice coming out from His Heart, telling me: "Daughter, delight of my Heart, Love wants its outpourings, otherwise one could not go on, especially one who really loves Me and does not admit within herself any other pleasure, any other taste, any other life but Love. I feel so drawn toward them, that Love Itself forces Me to tear the veils of faith, and I reveal Myself, making them enjoy, down here also, Paradise at intervals. Love gives Me no time to wait for death with those who really love Me, but I anticipate It also in this life. Enjoy - feel my delights, see how many contentments there are in my Heart; take part in everything, pour yourself out in my Love, so that yours may expand more and you may love Me more."

While He was saying this, I saw some priests, and Jesus continued: "My daughter, the Church in these times is agonizing, but will not die – on the contrary, She will rise again more beautiful. The good priests strive for a life more stripped, more sacrificed, more pure; the bad priests strive for a life more interested, more comfortable, more sensual – all earthly. I speak - but not to them; I speak to the few good ones, be they even one per town. To these do I speak, and I command, I beg, I supplicate that they make these houses of reunion, saving for Me the priests who will come into these shelters, by rendering them completely free from any bond of family. And through these few good ones will my Church recover from Her agony. These are my support, my pillars, the continuation of the life of the Church. I do not speak to the others – that is, to those who do not feel like freeing themselves of any bond of family; because if I speak, I am certainly not listened to – even more, at the mere thought of breaking every bond, they become indignant. Ah!, unfortunately they are accustomed to drinking the cup of interest and the like, which, while being sweetness for the flesh, is poison for the soul. These will end up drinking the sewer of the world. I want to save them at any cost, but I am not listened to; therefore I speak, but for them it is as if I were not speaking."

February 4, 1911

Where the reunions of priests will be established, the persecutions will be milder.

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, tell father G. to solicit the reunions of priests. Let them not make the persecution come earlier – woe to them! In fact, where these reunions will be established, either the persecutions will be milder, or wounds will be spared. The rot is great and too stinking, and it takes iron and fire by necessity. Iron is for cutting the gangrenous flesh, and fire is for purifying. Therefore, hurry, hurry."

February 8, 1911

Love renders Jesus happy. Luisa is the Paradise of Jesus on earth.

Continuing in my usual state, I spent about six days all immersed in the love of my blessed Jesus, to the point that, at times, I felt I could take no more, and I would say to Jesus: 'Enough, enough, I can take no more.' I felt as if I was in a bath of love that penetrated deep into the marrow of my bones. Now Jesus would speak to me of love and of how much He loved me, and now I would speak of love to Him. The beautiful thing is that sometimes Jesus would not let Himself be seen, and I, swimming in this bath of love, would feel the circle of my poor nature crack; I would lament to Him, and He would whisper in my ear: "Love is I, and if you feel love, it is sure that I am with you."

Other times, as I would lament, He would say in my ear, but all of a sudden: "Luisa, you are my Paradise on earth, and your love renders Me happy."

And I: 'Jesus, my Love, what are You saying? Do You want to make fun of me? You are already happy because of Yourself; why do You say that You are happy because of me?'

And He: "Listen to Me carefully, my daughter, and you will comprehend what I am telling you. There is no created thing which does not receive life from my Heart. All creatures are like many cords that come from my Heart and have life from Me. By necessity and naturally, everything they do is all reflected in my Heart, be it even one movement. As a consequence, if they do evil, if they do not love Me, they give Me continuous bother; that cord resounds in my Heart with sounds of displeasures, of bitternesses, of sins, and forms in It such lugubrious sounds as to render Me unhappy on the part of that cord or life that comes from Me. On the other hand, if it loves Me and is all intent on contenting Me, that cord gives Me continuous pleasure and forms festive and sweet sounds, which harmonize with my own Life; and on the part of that cord, I enjoy so much as to be rendered happy and to enjoy my own Paradise because of it. If you comprehend well all this, you will no longer say that I make fun of you."

And here is what I would say about Love, and what Jesus would say. I will say it with some nonsense and maybe also disconnected, because the mind does not adapt itself completely to words:

'Oh! my Jesus, Love are You, You are all Love,
and Love do I want, Love I desire, for Love I long;
Love I supplicate, and Love I implore of You.

Love invites me, Love is my life,
Love kidnaps my heart
deep into the womb of my Lord.

With Love He inebriates me, with Love He delights me,
I, all alone, and only for You!
You, alone and only for me!

Now that we are alone, shall we speak about Love?
O please! let me comprehend how much You love me,
Because only in your Heart can one comprehend Love.'

"Do you want Me to speak to you of Love?
Listen, my beloved daughter:
my Life is Love.
If I breathe, I love you;
if my Heart beats, my heartbeat says to you: Love, Love.
I am mad with Love for you.
If I move, I add Love for you,
with Love I inundate you, with Love I surround you,
with Love I caress you, with Love I dart through you.
With Love I flash through you, with Love I attract you,
with Love I nourish you,
and sharp arrows I send to your heart."

'Enough, oh my Jesus, for now - I already feel faint with Love;
sustain me in your arms, enclose me in your Heart,
and from within your Heart, let me too give vent to my Love;
otherwise I die of Love.

With Love I rave, with Love I burn,
with Love I make feast, with Love I languish,
with Love I am consumed;
Love kills me and makes me rise again more beautiful to new life.

My life escapes me, and I feel only the Life of Jesus, my Love,
and in Jesus, my Love, I feel immersed and I love everyone;
He wounds me with Love, He makes me ill with Love,
with Love He embellishes me, and makes me ever more rich.

I can say nothing more.
Oh! Love, You alone understand me,
You alone comprehend me,

my silence tells You even more.

In your beautiful Heart one says more by keeping silent than by speaking;
and by loving, one learns how to love.
Love, Love - speak, You alone,
because being Love, You know how to speak of Love.'

"Do you want to hear Love?
All Creation tells you Love.
If the stars twinkle, they tell you Love;
if the sun rises, it gilds you with Love.
If it shines with all of its light in its full day,
it sends arrows of Love to your heart;
if the sun sets, it tells you: 'It is Jesus that dies of Love for you.'
In the thunders and lightnings, I send you Love,
and smacking kisses I give to your heart.
It is Love that runs upon the wings of the winds;
if the waters murmur, I extend my arms to you;
if the leaves move, I clasp you to my Heart;
if the flower gives out its fragrance, I cheer you with Love.
All Creation, in mute language, tells you, in chorus:
'From you alone do I want life of Love'.
Love do I want, Love I desire, for Love I beg from within your heart.
I am only content if you give Me love."

'My Good, my All, insatiable Love,
if You want Love, then give me Love;
if You want me happy, then speak to Me of Love;
if You want me content, then render me Love.

Love invests me, Love makes me fly,
and brings me to the Throne of my Maker.
Love shows me the uncreated Wisdom,
It leads me into the Eternal Love,
and there do I set my home.

Life of Love, I will live in your Heart;
I will love You for all,
I will love You with all,
I will love You in all.

Jesus, seal me completely with Love inside your Heart;
empty my veins, and instead of blood, let Love flow in them;

take away my breath, and let me breathe air of Love;
burn my bones and flesh, and weave me completely - completely with Love.

May Love transform me, may Love conform me,
may Love teach me how to suffer with You;
may Love crucify me,
and make me all similar to You.'

March 24, 1911

The soul prays for the needs of the Church.

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came, and as I prayed to Him for certain needs of the Church and for a certain B., who has given books of hell for publishing, He told me: "My daughter, he did nothing but throw himself even more into the mud. Any mind of healthy reason will see immediately how cretinous he is, and how I have caused him to hallucinate, not placing any true force of reason in what he affirms. I don't want priests to bother reading it; if they do, they will render themselves too vile, and will descend from their dignity, as though wanting to pay attention to the nonsense of a child, and therefore giving him the field to do more nonsense. But by not bothering about him and not paying attention to him, they will at least give him the sorrow that no one pays attention to what he does, and that no one appreciates him. They will answer with the worthy works of their ministry – this is the most beautiful answer. Ah! To him, then, it will happen that he will fall into the very trap he is preparing for others."

March 26, 1911

The only relief that cheers Jesus is Love.

This morning, as I was outside of myself, I saw the Celestial Mama with the Baby in Her arms. The Divine Baby called me with His little hand, and I flew to put myself on my knees before the Queen Mama; and Jesus told me: "My daughter, today I want you to speak with our Mama."

And I said: 'My Celestial Mama, tell me, is there anything in me that displeases Jesus?' And She: "Dearest daughter of Mine, be tranquil, for now I don't see anything that may displease my Son. If – may it never be – you will run into something that can displease Him, I will let you know immediately. Trust your Mama and do not fear."

As the Celestial Queen assured me, I felt new life being infused in me, and I added: 'My Most Sweet Mama, what sad times we are in. Tell me, is it really true that Jesus wants the reunions of priests?' And She: "He surely does, because the waves are rising too high, and these reunions will be the anchors, the lamps, the helm, with which the Church will be saved from shipwreck caused by the storm. In fact, while it will appear that the storm has submerged everything, after the storm it will be seen that the anchors, the lamps, the helm - that is, the most stable things in order to continue the life of the Church – are still there. But – oh, how vile, cowardly and hard-hearted they are! Almost none of them moves, while these are times for works. The enemies are not resting, while they remain there in sluggishness – but, so much the worse for them."

Then She added: "My daughter, try to make up for everything by means of Love. May you cherish one thing alone: to love; one thought alone, one word alone, one life alone: Love. If you want to content and please Jesus, love Him, and give Him always the occasion to speak of Love. This is the only relief that cheers Him: Love. Tell Him to speak to you of Love, and He will put Himself in feast."

And I: 'My tender Jesus, did You hear what our Mama is saying? That I should ask You for Love, and to speak about Love.' And Jesus, celebrating, said such and so many things about the virtue, the height, the nobility of Love, that it is not for the human language to be able to repeat it; therefore I stop here...

May 16, 1911

Jesus does not want to confound the enemies of the Church, and He cries over the painful wounds which are in Her body.

I was praying blessed Jesus to confound the enemies of the Church, and my always lovable Jesus, in coming, told me: "My daughter, I could confound the enemies of the Holy Church, but I don't want to. If I did so, who would purge my Church? The members of the Church, and especially those who occupy positions and heights of dignity, have their eyes dazzled, and they blunder a great deal, reaching the point of protecting the false virtuous and oppressing and condemning the true good. This grieves Me so much - to see those few true children of Mine under the weight of injustice; those children from whom my Church must rise

again and to whom I am giving much grace to dispose them to this... I see them placed with their backs to the wall, and bound to prevent their step. This grieves Me so much, that I feel I am all fury for their sake!

Listen my daughter, I am all sweetness, benign, clement and merciful; so much so, that because of my sweetness I enrapture hearts. But I am also strong, as to be able to crush and reduce to ashes those who not only oppress the good, but reach the point of preventing the good which they want to do. Ah! you cry over the secular, and I cry over the painful wounds which are in the body of the Church. These grieve Me so much as to surpass the wounds of the secular, because they come from the side from which I did not expect it, and induce Me to make the secular rail against them."

May 19, 1911

Confidence captures Jesus. Jesus wants the soul to forget about herself and to occupy herself with Him alone.

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen all afflicted, and I was around Him, all intent on compassionating Him, loving Him, embracing Him and consoling Him, with all the fullness of confidence; and my sweet Jesus told me: "My daughter, you are my contentment. I like it this way – that the soul forgets about herself, about her miseries, and occupies herself only with Me, with my afflictions, with my bitternesses, with my love, and she remains around Me with all confidence. This confidence captures my Heart and inundates Me with so much joy that, just as the soul forgets all of herself for Me, I forget everything for her, and I make her one single thing for Me; and I reach the point of not only giving her, but of letting her take everything she wants. On the other hand, to the soul who does not forget everything for Me, even her miseries, and who, if she wants to be around Me, does so with all respect, with fear and without the confidence that captures my Heart, as though wanting to be with Me with fearful restraint and all circumspect – to this one I give nothing, and she can take nothing, because the key of confidence, of ease, of simplicity is missing. These are all necessary things in order for Me to give, and for her to receive; and so, she comes with miseries, and with miseries she remains."

May 24, 1911

What God is by nature, the soul is by grace.

I was thinking of the incomprehensible greatness and wisdom of God, who, in giving His goods to us, does not decrease in anything; on the contrary, it seems that by giving, He acquires the glory that the creature gives Him for having received the goods of the Lord. And blessed Jesus, in coming, told me: "My daughter, you too possess this quality – not in the body, but in the soul - which was communicated to you by my Goodness. In fact, by trying to infuse good, virtue, love, patience, sweetness in souls, you lose nothing at all; on the contrary, by infusing them in others, if you see that they take advantage of them, you enjoy a greater satisfaction. So, that which you are by grace in your soul, I am by nature – and not only for the goods of virtues, but for all possible goods, natural spiritual, and of any kind."

June 7, 1911

Sorrow of Jesus because of the priests. Love that is hidden – woe!

Going through most bitter days of privation of my adorable Jesus, I was praying Him to deign to come, and He came just like a flash and told me: "Love that is hidden – woe!"

Then, as I was praying Him for the Church and for pity on many souls who become lost because they want to wage war against the Church, and for His ministers, Jesus added: "My daughter, do not afflict yourself. It is necessary that the enemies purge my Church; and after they have purged Her, the patience, the virtues of the good will be light for the enemies, and both one and the other will be saved."

And I: 'But at least do not permit that the faults of your ministers become known to the secular, otherwise they will afflict the Church even more.' And Jesus: "My daughter, do not pray Me, for I become indignant. I want this matter to come out – I can take no more, I can take no more. The sacrileges are enormous; by covering them, I would give them the field to commit greater evils. You will have patience in bearing my absence – you will do this as a heroine. I want to trust you, who are my daughter, while I occupy Myself with preparing the scourges for the secular and for the priests."

June 21, 1911

There is no sanctity if the soul does not die in Jesus.

I was thinking of the Celestial Mama, when She was holding my always lovable Jesus, lifeless, in Her arms; of what She did, and of how She occupied Herself with Jesus. And a light accompanied by a voice in my interior, said: "My daughter, Love acted powerfully in my Mother. Love consumed Her completely in Me, in my wounds, in my Blood, in my very death, and It made Her die in my Love. And my Love, consuming Her love and the whole of my Mother, made Her rise again to new Love – that is, all from my Love. So, Her love made Her die, and my Love made Her rise again to a Life all in Me, of a greater sanctity, and fully Divine. Therefore, there is no sanctity if the soul does not die in Me; there is no true Life if she does not consume all of herself in my Love."

June 23, 1911

Love is not subject to death. There is no power or rights over Love.

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, Love is not subject to death. There is no power, there are no rights over Love. Love is eternal, and one who loves is eternal with Me. Love fears nothing, doubts about nothing, and converts evils themselves into Love. I Myself am Love, and I love so much one who loves Me in everything and who does everything out of Love, that woe to those who touch him! I will make them be burned by the fire of my terrible Justice."

July 2, 1911

Wherever Love is, there is Life. Without Love, everything is dead.

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, wherever Love is, there is Life – and not human life, but Divine Life. Therefore, all the works, also good, which are not done out of Love, are like a painted fire, which gives no heat, or like painted water, which quenches no one's thirst and which does not purify. Oh! how many painted, or dead works are done also by persons consecrated to Me. In fact, Love alone is that which contains Life; no other thing contains as much power to give Life to all; or rather, without Love, everything is dead."

September 6, 1911

One who pays attention to herself grows thin and emaciated.

It continues almost always in the same way – that is, with most bitter privation and with silence. At most, He only makes Himself seen, and at most, it is about usual things, therefore I do not write them. I remember that when I emit some laments about my state, He tells me in my interior: "My daughter, patience, do this as a stalwart - as a heroine. Courage, let Me chastise for now, and then I will come as before."

I also remember that, as I was concerned about my state, He told me: "My daughter, one who wants to pay attention to difficulties, to doubts, to herself, is like those fussy persons who feel disgust for everything, and instead of thinking about nourishing themselves, they think of the rubbish, even if it's not there, and therefore they grow thin, emaciated, and so they die."

Some other little things, I don't remember well.

Then, this morning, as I was outside of myself, I found Baby Jesus in my arms, crying so very strongly because He heard that they wanted to cast Him away from Italy. We made our way toward France, and they did not want to receive Him; and my always lovable Jesus, crying, said: "Everyone drives Me away, no one wants Me, and I, forced by them themselves, will scourge them."

In the meantime, I saw roads full of rocks, of fire, with great damage to the cities.

"Did you see? Let us retreat, my daughter, let us retreat."

And so we retreated into my bed, and He disappeared. Then, after a few days, as I was praying Him to placate Himself because of the many scourges that one hears about, He told me: "My daughter, they treat me like a dog, and I will make them kill one another like dogs."

Oh God, what heartbreak! Placate Yourself, O Lord – placate Yourself!

October 6, 1911

Jesus hides Himself to be able to chastise. With Jesus the soul can do everything, without Him she can do nothing.

I was thinking to myself: 'How is it possible that blessed Jesus, in order to chastise the people, has to deprive me of His lovable presence. I would like to see whether He does not go to other souls to make Himself seen. I believe that these are excuses, or that there is something in me which prevents Him from coming.' And Jesus, just barely making Himself seen, told me: "My daughter, it is really true that I do not come often because of the chastisements. And suppose,

if you'd like, that I go to someone else – this says nothing; everything is in the state that the souls have reached through my grace. For example: if I went to a soul who is a beginner, or has not reached the possession of Me as if I were all her own, she would do little or nothing to Me. She would not have that daring, that confidence to disarm Me, and to bind Me as she pleases. These are all timid before Me – and with reason, because they have not entered into Me as the owners, so as to be able to dispose as they wish. On the other hand, when the soul has reached the point of possessing Me, she is daring, confident; she knows all the divine secrets, and with reason she can say to Me: 'If You are mine, I want to do what I want.' And this is why I hide to be able to act - because they would suffer greatly in uniting with Me to chastise, or they would prevent Me from doing it. Here, my daughter, is the necessity that I do not manifest Myself to you; otherwise... I want to hear it from you yourself – what would you do to Me? How much would you not be opposed?"

And I: 'Certainly, Lord, I would have to stick to all that You Yourself have taught me – to love the creatures as your images and as Yourself. If I could see You as before, You would never be able to permit the war in Italy; but You hide, and I remain as nothing – and pure nothing. With You I can do everything; without You I can do nothing.'

And Jesus: "You see? You yourself say it; so, if I came to you, the war would be reduced to a game, while my Will is for it to bring sad and grave consequences. Therefore I repeat to you my refrain: 'Courage, be at peace, be faithful to Me; don't act like a child who makes fusses for everything, but like a heroine. I do not really leave you, but I will remain hidden in your heart, and you will continue to live of my Will; and if we don't do it so, the peoples will reach such excesses as to strike terror and fright."

October 8, 1911

Threats of letting Italy be invaded by the foreigners.

Continuing in my usual state, I just barely saw my adorable Jesus, but so afflicted as to make the stones cry. He showed me cities besieged, as if foreign peoples wanted to invade Italy. All were shouting with grief and fright, and some were hiding. And Jesus, all afflicted, told me: "My daughter, what sad times! Poor Italy! She Herself is preparing the landing to perish. I have given Her much; I have favored Her more than any other nation, and in return She has given Me more bitternesses."

And as I wanted to pray Him to placate Himself by pouring His bitternesses into me, He disappeared.

October 10, 1911

Jesus draws her to do His Will.

I feel I am dying with grief, and I keep repeating my refrain, so very often: 'Poor brothers of mine, poor brothers of mine!' Jesus has increased my grief by letting me see the tragedy of war. How much blood it seemed was being shed, and will be shed. Jesus seemed inexorable, and said: "I cannot take any more, I want to finish with it – and you will do my Will, won't you?"

'Certainly – as You wish; but can I ever forget that these are your children, who have come out of your very hands?'

And Jesus: "But these children make Me suffer very much, and they not only want to kill their own father, but they want to make themselves their own murderers. If you knew how much they make Me suffer, You would conform to Me."

And as He was saying this, He seemed to bind my hands, and He clasped me so to Himself, and I felt so transformed in His Will, as to lose the strength to do violence to Him. Then He added: "I like it this way – all in my Will."

On seeing my inability and also the tragedy, I burst into crying, and I said: 'My Jesus, what shall they do? There are no means to save them - save at least their souls! Who will be able to resist? At least take me first!'

And Jesus: "You see? If you continue crying, I go away and I leave you alone – you too want to afflict Me. I will save all those who are disposed, therefore do not cry. I will give you their souls – be content. Should I perhaps no longer take you to Heaven, that you afflict yourself so much? Do you know that I won't take you?" And since I continue to cry, Jesus seemed to withdraw, and I had to shout loudly, saying to Him: 'Jesus, don't leave me, for I am not crying any more!'

October 11, 1911

True Love is in the union of wills. Jesus can deny nothing to one who loves Him.

My always lovable Jesus continues to come for just a little, but always with the refrain of causing a tragedy – and not just this, but of letting Italy be invaded by foreign people. If this happens, there will be great troubles for Italy. So I was saying to Jesus: ‘The war, the wars, the earthquakes, the cities destroyed – now you want to add this too; You really want to go too far! But who shall be able to resist?’

And Jesus: "Ah! my daughter, it is necessary, it is necessary. You do not comprehend well what excesses man has reached, and from all classes – priests, religious... Who will purge them? Is it not good for Me to use foreign people in order to purify everything and to make them lower their haughty and proud heads?"

And I: ‘You cannot do this – at least this of making the foreigners come. I will win over You with my love – what am I saying? Rather, with your Love. Have You Yourself not said that You can deny nothing to one who loves You?’

And Jesus: "Do You want to win over Me? It seems you want to fight with Me, but don't you know that true Love is in the union of wills?"

And I, getting more excited, said: ‘Certainly – united with your Will in everything, but not in this. Here the harm of others enters. We will fight when the war has ended, but You will not win it.’

And Jesus: "Brava, brava, you want to fight with Me."

And I: ‘It is better to fight with You than with someone else, because You alone are the Good One, the Holy One, the Lovable One, who takes care of his children.’

And Jesus: "Come with Me for a little while – let's go see."

And I: ‘I don't want to come. You don't want to give me anything – what would I come for?’ But then we went. Who can tell the evils that could be seen, and Jesus's reason for wanting to almost destroy us! They are so many, that I don't know where to start to tell them; therefore I stop here.

October 12, 1911

He speaks about chastisements.

He continues by just barely making Himself seen, but in the act of drawing my will so much to Himself, that I almost feel as if I wanted the chastisements. What pain! It seems He let me suffer a little bit, telling me: "Things will be grave; this little suffering of yours serves to content you and to make Me keep my word to you - of sparing in part."

And I: ‘Thank You, O Jesus! But I am not content. I hope I can win You and placate You, because from the news one hears about the war, it seems that Italy is winning; therefore since Italy is winning, it will never get to the point that the foreigners may invade Italy.’

And Jesus: "Ah! my daughter, how they deceive themselves! I will allow the first triumphs to make them blind, and then the enemy will plot their defeat. This is nothing yet; the triumphs they talk about are without battles, and therefore without certainty."

And I: ‘Ah! I have seen it, Jesus. Keep me content – placate Yourself.’

And He: "Ah, my daughter, my daughter!"

October 14, 1911

Everything is in Love. How scarce is the number of those who fuse their lives completely in Love.

My always lovable Jesus made Himself seen, wanting to fall asleep inside of me; and I, distracting Him, told Him: ‘Jesus, what are You doing? This is not the time for sleep. Times are sad, and much vigil is necessary. What is it? Do You want to make something grave happen today?’

And Jesus: "Let Me sleep, for I feel all the need of it; and you, rest together with Me."

And I: ‘No Lord, You suffer very much and rest is necessary for You – I don't.’

And He: "Then I sleep, and you hold the weight of the world – you'll see if you can do it."

And I: ‘By myself I will certainly not make it, but together with You – yes. Besides, isn't Love more than rest for You? I want to love You so very much, but with your own Love, to be able to give You the love of all. With Love I will soothe your every pain, I will make You forget all the sorrows, I will make up for all that the creatures should do. Isn't it true, O Jesus?’

And He: "What you say is really true, but Love is also just. Oh! how scarce is the number of those who fuse their lives completely in Love! I recommend to you, my daughter – make known to everyone you can that everything is in Love - the necessity of Love - and that all that is not Love, be they even holy things, instead of making them walk forward, make them go backward. May your mission be to teach the true Life of Love, in which there is all that is beautiful of

creatures, and all that is most beautiful which they can give Me." And I: 'How much it takes to make them comprehend this. To some it appears strange that everything is in Love, and that by loving, Love takes on the commitment to make them similar to You, who are all Love. But, after all, I will do what I can.'

Then I saw Jesus wanting to withdraw, and I: 'Don't leave me; now that we are conversing about Love You want to withdraw? How is it? You like Love so much...' But after a little while He disappeared.

I add that on the 11th I had said to Jesus: 'Either You will keep me on the cross, or I will keep You on the cross.' And since Jesus had shown me Himself carrying a coffin, all black, upon His shoulders, and He was all bent over under that coffin, He told me: "This coffin is Italy. I can no longer manage to carry it – I feel crushed under it." And it seemed that, as He rose, the coffin swung, and Italy received a terrible shake."

October 15, 1911

She prays Jesus to burn everyone with Love.

This morning, blessed Jesus made Himself seen burning with Love; the breath that came out of Him was so enflamed that it seemed to be enough to burn everyone with Love, if they wanted. So I said to Him: 'Jesus, my Love, how burning is your breath! Burn everyone, give Love to everyone, especially to those who want it.'

And He: "Burn all those who approach you."

And I: "How can I burn them if I myself am not burned?" At that moment, it seemed that He wanted to speak about chastisements, and I: 'You really want to be impertinent! Not now - we will think about it later.' Then it seemed that the Saints were praying my sweet Jesus to be allowed to take me to Heaven with them; and I: 'See, Jesus, how good the Saints are, that they want to take me with them? Not You – it's not that You are not good, but You are not good with me because You don't take me. How cruel everyone is; there is no greater cruelty than this – wanting to keep me bound to the earth.' Jesus withdrew, leaving me so very ugly.

October 16, 1911

More threats of letting Italy be invaded by the foreigners; and Luisa becomes huffy with Jesus.

This morning, my always lovable Jesus threatened strongly to let Italy be invaded by foreign people; and I, getting huffy with Him, told Him: 'You really want to be impertinent! You say You love me, and You don't want to content me in anything. *Bravo*, Jesus! – is this the love You have for me?'

And Jesus: "To show you that I love you, for love of you I will spare your environment. Aren't you happy?"

And I, crying out loudly: 'No Lord, You cannot do this!'

And Jesus: "What is it? Are you becoming huffy?"

And I: 'Yes, today I get huffy with You.' And He disappeared. But I hope that He will placate Himself. Then, He seemed to be binding me so very tightly to Himself in order to make me do His Will.

October 17, 1911

Jesus gets more taste from the love of the pilgrim soul, than for that of the Saints.

It seems that my most sweet Jesus came for a little longer than usual. It seemed He was wearing the crown of thorns, and I, removing it from Him, drove it into my head; but after a little while, in looking at Jesus, I saw Him crowned with thorns again. And Jesus: "See my daughter, how they offend Me: you removed one from Me, and they have woven another. They never leave Me free – they weave Me crowns of thorns continuously."

And I removed it again from Him, and Jesus, pleased, drew near my mouth and poured a little bit of a most sweet liquor. And I: 'Jesus, what are You doing? You are full of bitternesses, and You pour sweetnesses into me? This is not appropriate.'

And Jesus: "Let Me do it – you too needed to be cheered. Even more, I want you to take some rest inside my Heart."

Oh! How comfortable it was! Then He put me out, and I: 'Why did You put me out? I was so comfortable in your Heart – how beautiful It was!'

And Jesus: "When I keep you inside of Me I alone enjoy you; when I put you out everyone enjoys you, and you can take the defense of your brothers, you can plead for them, you can have them spared; so much so, that the Saints say that I content you more than them, and that I take more taste from your love than from theirs. And I say to them that I do this with love and with justice, because with you I can share my pains, but not with them. Since you are a pilgrim soul, you can take the pains of others as well as Mine upon yourself, and by this you have the strength to disarm Me - unless I did not want to, like last night, when I bound

your arms very tightly so that you might not oppose my Will. But they no longer have these weapons in their power, so much so, that if I have to chastise, I hide from you who can come up with something - but not from them."

And I: 'Certainly, certainly, O Jesus, You must take more contentment from my love than from theirs, because theirs is the love of the blessed – they see You, they enjoy You continuously, and are absorbed within your Most Holy and Divine Will. They are completely dissolved in You; how great can their love really be, since they receive continuous life from You... But I, poor one – your privations alone give me continuous death.'

And Jesus: "Poor daughter of Mine, you are right."

October 18, 1911

Jesus plays with the soul.

This morning, my most sweet Jesus just barely made Himself seen in the act of putting His finger in my mouth, almost wanting me to raise my voice to speak to Him, telling me: "Make Me a lullaby of love, I want to distract Myself a little from that which creatures do to Me. Speak to Me of love – cheer Me."

And I: 'You do it first, for I will learn from You how to do it.' And Jesus told me many things about love, adding: "Shall we play?" And I: 'Yes.' And He seemed to take an arrow from within His Heart, sending it into mine. I felt I was dying with pain, and I writhed with love.

And Jesus: "I did it; now you do it."

And I: 'I don't know what to send You. In order to do it for You I must use your own.' And so I took the arrow and I threw it into His Heart, and Jesus was wounded and fainted, and I sustained Him in my arms. But who can say all the nonsense?

Now, at the best moment He disappeared, without even helping me to turn. It seemed that an Angel wanted to help me, and I: 'No, I want Jesus. My Angel, call Him, call Him, otherwise I will stay here.' And I cried out loudly: 'Come, come, O Jesus!' And it seemed that Jesus came - I won Him. *Bravo*, Jesus! And while helping me to turn, He told me: "You offend the Angel."

And I: 'It is not true, I want everything from You. Besides, he knows that I must love You over all.' Jesus smiled and disappeared.

October 19, 1911

The love from the earth renders Jesus more content, because the love of Heaven is His own, while He wants to gain that of the earth.

This morning, my always lovable Jesus wanted to escape me, so I clasped Him tightly in my arms, and since Jesus wanted to wriggle free, I said to Him: 'You teach me. The day before yesterday You bound me tightly, in such a way that I was unable to make one movement, and I let You do it, so that at the right occasion I could repay You with the same thing. Now You be quiet – let me do it, I want to speak to You in your ear, more so since I don't feel like shouting, as it seems that in these last days You wanted to make me shout by playing deaf, by pretending not to understand me, and I was forced to repeat and to shout in order to make myself understood. I don't know, every once in a while You come up with something new.'

And Jesus: "I was deafened by the offenses of the creatures, and in order to be distracted and cheered I wanted to hear your harmonious voice, and so I pretended not to hear. Ah! you do not know what echo of maledictions comes from the earth! The voices of love, of praises... break this pestilential echo and relieve Me quite a bit."

In the meantime, it seemed that Mama was coming, and I: 'Oh! Mama, Mama! Come, Oh Jesus! Oh Mama!'

And She: 'Love Jesus very much. Keep Him content – love is His happiness.'

And I: 'It seems that somehow He is content; I do what I can to love Him, but it seems to me that You can make Him content more than I can.'

And She: "My daughter, the love of Heaven is His own, but He wants to gain the love of the earth. This is why, on this side, you can make Him more content, by loving Him and, much more, by suffering.'

And I: 'If You knew O Mama, what He does to me! He leaves me, He reaches the point of denying sufferings to me in order to chastise. Listen to what He told me the day before yesterday – that He wants to let foreign people come into Italy. How much ruin will they not produce? He really wants to do impertinences; and to make me surrender, He bound me very tightly to His Will.'

And Jesus: "Are you accusing Me?"

And I: 'Certainly I have to accuse You before Mama, because She entrusts You to me, recommending that I be well attentive so as not to let You operate chastisements, and She told me even to be daring in order to disarm You. Isn't it true, Mama?'

And She: "Yes, it is true, and I want you to continue on, because grave chastisements have been prepared. Therefore, love Him very much, for love will sweeten Him, at least."

And I: 'I will do what I can. I feel I love Him alone, so much so, that I can be without You, but without Jesus - no. And You certainly don't feel sorry about that, because You know and You want that I must love Jesus the most, among everyone.' And Mama seemed to be content.

October 20, 1911

Jesus cries, and wants to be relieved. New threats to Italy.

My adorable Jesus aroused compassion; He was crying very, very much, leaning His face on mine, and I could feel His tears flowing over me. In seeing Him cry, I too was crying, and I said: 'What is it, O Jesus, that You cry? O please! do not cry. I beg You – pour it into me, let me share in your bitternesses, but do not cry, for I feel I am dying of sorrow. Poor Jesus, what have they done to You?' And I caressed Him, and I kissed Him to soothe His crying.

And Jesus: "Ah! my daughter, you do not know what they do to Me; if you saw it, you would die of sorrow. And then you say that I must not let the foreigners come; but in what they do, they themselves are snatching this scourge from Me. They have snatched from Me the scourge of war; they, the destruction of cities. Therefore my daughter, patience."

And I: 'In seeing You cry, I feel my arms being broken and I am unable to tell You not to do it. I just tell You: take me first, because being in Heaven, I will think as those of Heaven, but while being on earth, I will not think as those of Heaven, and therefore I feel I cannot resist in seeing all this.' It seemed that the sorrow of Jesus and the necessity that someone relieve Him were so great, that He stayed with me almost for the whole time, and I would now speak to Him of love, now repair Him, now pray with Him; now I would check His head to see if He had the crown of thorns so as to remove it from Him. And Jesus felt like staying; He seemed to let me do everything. The sins that were being committed were so many that He shunned going into the midst of the peoples. Then He poured a little bit of sweet liquor, telling me: "You too need to be cheered."

Oh! How good is Jesus!

October 23, 1911

We must let the life of our hearts be all love, because Jesus wants to take food within our hearts.

This morning my always lovable Jesus came, but who can say how much in suffering He makes Himself seen! It seems that He feels within Himself all the pains of the creatures, and they are so many that He looks for refreshment and relief. Now, after keeping Him with me in silence, telling Him my nonsense of love as refreshment, and adding kisses and caresses, it seemed He was relieved; and then He told me: "My daughter, let the life of your heart be all love; let nothing else enter into it, because I want to take food from within your heart, and if I do not find it all love, it will not be enjoyable food for Me. As for the other parts of you, you can give to each one its office – that is, to your mind, to your mouth, to your feet, to all of your senses; to some adoration, to some reparation, to some praise, thanksgiving and all the rest. But from your heart I want love only."

October 26, 1911

How Jesus needs to pour His love out, and He can make His outpourings of Love only with one who loves Him and is all love for Him.

He continues to make Himself seen, but wanting to hide within me so as not to see the evils of creatures. I seemed to find myself outside of myself, and I saw venerable men, all dismayed, speaking about the war, and with great fear. Then the Queen Mama made Herself seen, and I: 'My beautiful Mama, what will happen with the war?'

And She: "My daughter, pray! Oh, how many troubles! Pray, pray, my daughter."

I was dismayed and I prayed to good Jesus; but it seems that Jesus does not want to pay attention to me. Even more, it seems that He does not even want me to talk about this. It seems He only wants refreshment – and only the refreshment of love. Instead of pouring bitternesses, He pours sweetnesses; and if I say, 'You are full of bitternesses, and You pour sweetnesses into me?', Jesus says: "My daughter, I can pour out bitternesses with everyone, but the outpourings of love, the sweetnesses, I can pour only into one who loves Me and who is all love for Me. Don't you know that love too is a necessity for Me, and that I need it more than anything?"

November 2, 1911

Jesus gives her a heart of light, and tells her to do everything by means of that heart.

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little, and as I lamented to Him because He was coming only in passing and did not give me time to tell Him anything about the so many needs that exist - with the addition that when He comes, now He clasps me tightly, now He transforms me so much within His Will as to leave me not even a little space to be able to plead for His creatures - Jesus told me: "My daughter, you always want to know it. I tell you: things will be grave – extremely grave, and this is the whole reason; and if I placed Myself in intimacy with you, you would bind Me and would come up with something of yours; rather, you must have patience, and let Me bind you for now."

Then He took a heart of light and placed it in my interior, adding: "You will love, you will speak, you will think, you will repair – you will do everything by means of this heart."

November 18, 1911

What true crucifixion consists of. The exterior crucifixion lasted only three hours, but the crucifixion of all the particles of His Being, and the crucifixion of His human will in the Will of the Father lasted for His whole Life.

As I was lamenting to Jesus because of His privations, especially in these days, and because He does not even let me see anything any more, blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, I am here in your heart, and if I no longer let you see anything it is because I have left the world to the mercy of itself; and since I have withdrawn from it, I have withdrawn you also. This is why you do not see what is happening in these days, but for you I am always intent on watching and listening to what you want. Have you perhaps asked Me for anything? Have you been in need of my teachings and I have not paid attention to you? On the contrary, I am assisting you so much, that I have placed you in the condition of feeling need for nothing. Your only need is my Will, and that the consummation of love be accomplished in you. My Will is like a spring, and the more the soul penetrates into my Will, the more this spring of my Will extends, and the soul takes greater part in all of my goods. So, in this period of your life I want you all intent on forming the perfect consummation of yourself in Love."

And I: 'But, sweet Love of mine, I am very concerned about my current state. My Love, what a change! And You know it - also suffering has run away; it seems it is afraid to come to me. Is this not a dismal sign?'

And Jesus: "What you are saying is false, my daughter. If I did not keep you as though bound, you would get up. What is the meaning of your not being able to move by yourself? Of needing others in your things? Is this not a sign that I keep you bound? Having released you from the bonds of my presence, my Love uses different devices to keep you bound with Me. You must know that true crucifixion does not consist of being crucified in your hands and feet, but in all the particles of your soul and body. Therefore, I keep you more crucified now than before. How long did the exterior crucifixion of my hands and feet last? Only three hours. But the crucifixion of all the particles of my Being, and the crucifixion of my will in the Will of the Father lasted for my whole Life. Don't you want to imitate Me in this too? Ah! If I really wanted to release you, you would be fine, as if you had not been in bed even for one day. However, I promise you that I will come back soon."

December 14, 1911

The word of Jesus is sun; it nourishes the mind, and satiates the heart with love.

I continue my most bitter days, though resigned to the Will of God. My always lovable Jesus, if He makes Himself seen, is always afflicted and taciturn; it seems He no longer wants to pay attention to me in anything. This morning, making Himself seen, He put two earrings on my ears - so shining as to look like two suns. Then He told me: "My beloved daughter, for one who is all intent on listening to Me, my word is sun, which not only delights the hearing, but nourishes the mind and satiates the heart with Me and with my Love. Ah! they don't want to understand that all my intent is to have all of you intent within Me, without paying attention to anything else. Look at her (pointing at someone), with her way of scrutinizing everything – she pays attention to everything, she is affected by everything, up to the excesses - and even in holy things. This is nothing but a living outside of Me, and one who lives outside of Me, by necessity feels herself very much. She thinks she does honor to Me, but it is the opposite."

December 21, 1911

The Divine Will is Sun, and one who lives in the Divine Will becomes Sun.

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for a little while, and placing Himself in front of me, He looked at me all over. Those gazes penetrated me inside and out, and I became all light; and the more He looked at me, the more I sparkled, and through this light He looked at the whole world. Then, after fixing on me thoroughly, He told me: "My daughter, my Will is Sun, and one who lives in my Volition becomes Sun, and only through this Sun do I look at the world and pour graces and benefits for the good of all. If there wasn't this Sun of my Will in a few souls, the earth would become foreign to Me, and I would sever any communication between the earth and Heaven. So, the soul who does my Will perfectly is like sun in the world; with this difference: that the material sun does good, giving light and material good, while the Sun of my Will in the soul impetrates both spiritual and temporal graces, and gives light to the souls. My daughter, let my Will be that which you cherish the most; may my Will be your life, your all, even in the holiest things, and even in my very privation. You certainly will not give Me this sorrow of moving away from my Will, even for just a little - will you?"

I remained enchanted, and He disappeared. And I am thinking to myself: 'What do these words of Jesus mean? Oh! maybe He wants to do something big to me – that is, to deprive me of Him. Ah, may His Most Holy Will be always blessed and adored!'

January 5, 1912

Jesus renders Himself the debtor of the soul. Effects of continuous prayer.

Having read in my writings that when blessed Jesus deprives us of Himself, He becomes our debtor, I was thinking to myself: 'If Jesus counts all the privations, and the huffs and piques I must take, especially in these times, who knows how many debts He has made with me! But I fear that if my state is not His Will, instead of making Him the debtor, I may render myself His debtor.' And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "I am really looking at what you do – whether you shift, whether you change your way. As long as you do not shift, be sure that I keep signing new debts; your waiting, your tolerance and perseverance provide Me with the bill on which I put my signatures. But if you did not do so – first, I would not know where to put my signatures; second, you would have no document in hand to be able to collect these debts. And if you wanted to be paid, I would answer you, frankly: 'I do not know you – where are the documents that I am your debtor?' You would remain confused. It is true that I make Myself the debtor when I deprive one of my presence, of sensible grace, but this, when my wisdom disposes so and they do not give me the occasion to deprive them of Me. But when they do give Me the occasion, or when they are not faithful or do not wait for Me after I deprive them of Myself, then, instead of I becoming their debtor, they are the ones who make themselves the debtors. If I make a debt, I have something from which to pay and I remain always what I am; but if you do it, how will you pay Me? Therefore, be attentive, at your place, in your state of victim, in whatever way I keep you, if you want to make Me your debtor."

I said to Him: 'Who knows, O Jesus, how father is doing, since he was not feeling well. Today I have not remembered him continuously before You, as I did the day before yesterday.'

And Jesus: "He keeps feeling more relieved, because when you pray Me continuously, I feel the strength of the prayer and it almost prevents Me from making him feel more suffering. With time, as this continuous prayer ceases, this strength keeps dissolving, and I am left free to make him suffer more."

January 11, 1912

Love wants to be matched by Love.

After I received Communion, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen all around me, and I was in the middle, as if within a flow. Jesus was the flow and I the nothing which was in the middle of this flow. Now, who can say what I experienced in this flow? I felt I was immense, yet nothing existed of me but nothingness; I felt breathed upon by Jesus; I felt His breath around me and everywhere... But I don't have the words to express myself, I am too ignorant; I wrote this to obey. Then, afterwards Jesus told me: "My daughter, see how much I love you and how I keep you safe within my flow – that is, within Me. This is how you should keep Me safe and sheltered within you. Love wants to be matched by Love, so as to have the contentment of making a greater surprise of Love. Therefore, never go out from within my Love, from within my desires, from within my works, from within my all."

January 19, 1912

Jesus binds the hearts in order to unite them with Himself and make them lose all that is human. The human ingratitude.

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen with a little rope in His hand, and with it He kept binding hearts, claspings them very tightly to Himself, in such a way as to make them lose their own feeling and make them feel the whole of Jesus. In feeling themselves so clasped, the hearts wriggled about, and as they wriggled about the knot which Jesus had made over them loosened, as they feared that it was a detriment to them no longer to feel

themselves. All afflicted because of this behavior of souls, Jesus told me: "My daughter, have you seen how souls render my tendernesses of love vain? I keep binding hearts to unite them closely with Me, to make them lose all that is human; but instead of letting Me do it, on seeing their human being broken, they lose air, they struggle, they wriggle about, and they also want to look a little bit themselves at how cold, dry or warm they are. By this looking at themselves, struggling, wriggling about, the knot I had made becomes loose, and they want to be with Me at a distance, but not clasped in such a way as no longer to feel themselves. This afflicts Me very much, and they prevent my games of love. And do not think that these are only souls who are far away from you – rather, these are also those who are around you. You will make them comprehend well the sorrow that they give Me, and that if they do not let themselves be clasped by Me to the point of losing the feeling of themselves, I will never be able to expand my graces and my charisms with them. Have you understood?"

And I: 'Yes, O Jesus, I understood! Poor ones, if they understood the secret contained in your clasping, they would not do this – they would let You do it; even more, they themselves would make themselves smaller so as to let You tighten the knot more.' At that moment, I made myself very small; Jesus clasped me, and instead of wriggling about, I let Him squeeze me more tightly; and as He squeezed me, I felt the life of Jesus - losing my own. Oh! how happy I felt with the life of Jesus! I was able to love more, and I could reach everything that Jesus wanted.

January 20, 1912

When Love does not obtain the intent with good manners, It tries to obtain it with huffs, with fusses, and even with holy naughtiness.

As my always lovable Jesus returned, He continued to make Himself seen while clasping hearts; and as souls resisted those squeezes, grace would remain inoperative, and Jesus would take this grace in His hand and bring it to those few who were letting themselves be squeezed. He brought a good part of it also to me. On seeing this, I said to Him: 'My sweet Life, You have been so good with me in letting me share in the grace which others refuse; yet, I feel no squeezes – on the contrary, I feel so very wide, so much so, that I am unable to see either the width or the height or the depth of the boundaries in which I find myself.'

And Jesus: "My beloved daughter, my squeezes are felt by one who, not letting herself be squeezed thoroughly by Me, cannot enter to live in Me; but one who lets herself be squeezed by Me as I want, already passes to living in Me, and by living in Me, everything is wideness – constraints no longer exist. All the constraint lasts for as long as the soul has the patience to let herself be squeezed by Me, to the point of undoing the human being in order to live in the Divine Life. But then, as she passes to living in Me, I keep her safe; I let her wander throughout my endless boundaries; I no longer need to use bonds. On the contrary, many times I Myself have to force her so as to put her out a little, to let her see the evils of the earth, to make her plead with greater yearning for the salvation of my children, and have them spared the deserved chastisements. And she is on tenterhooks, and pushes Me for she wants to enter into Me, lamenting, saying that the earth is not for her. How many times have I not done this with you? I had to show Myself huffy and fussy to make you stay a little bit at your place, otherwise you would not have lasted one minute outside of Me. My Heart knows what I suffered in seeing you outside of Me, wriggling about, struggling, crying. While the others do this so as not to be squeezed, you did it so as to live in Me. And how many times have you yourself not become huffy and fussy because of this way of Mine of operating? Don't you remember that we have also been in a fight?"

And I: 'Ah! yes, I remember. The day before yesterday, precisely, I was about to get upset because You put Me outside of Yourself, and as I saw You crying over the evils of the earth, I cried together with You and the huffiness went away. You are truly naughty, O Jesus! Don't You know that You are naughty – little naughty one? But of Love. In order to give Love and to receive Love, You arrive at naughtiness. Isn't it true, Jesus? After a huff or a fuss that we take with each other, don't we love each other more?'

And He: "Certainly, certainly, it is necessary to love to be able to comprehend Love; and when Love does not obtain the intent with good manners, It tries to obtain it with huffs, with fusses, and even with holy naughtiness."

January 27, 1912

The soul wants hiddenness.

This morning, Jesus showed me a soul who was crying, but it seemed, rather, to be a crying of love. Jesus clasped her, and it seemed that inside His Heart there was a cross which, pressing against her heart, made her feel abandonments, coldness, agonies, distractions, oppressions; and the soul wriggled about, and a few times she escaped from the arms of Jesus to put herself at His feet. Jesus wanted that, in her state, she would hold on, remaining in His arms, telling her: "If you are able to hold on in this state, remaining in my arms without wavering, this cross will be your sanctification; otherwise you will always stay at the same point."

On seeing this, I said: 'Jesus, what do these people want from me? It seems to me that they want to take holy freedom away from me, and enter into the secrets that exist between me and You.'

And Jesus: "My daughter, if I allowed them to hear something of what you say to Me, it was because of their great faith; and if I did not do it, I would feel as if I were defrauding them. But let others try, and you will see that I would not even let you peep."

And I: 'I fear, O Jesus, that even at this moment we are not alone; and if You allow things to get out, where will my hiddenness in You be any more? Listen, O Jesus, I'm telling You this, nice and clear: I don't want my nonsense to get out. You alone must know it, because You alone know me – how mad and bad I am, for I even reach the point of doing impertinences with You, and of becoming fussy as if I were a little girl. Who would ever reach this point? No one – only my madness, my pride, my great wickedness. And since I see that You love me more, in order to have more love from You I continue with my nonsense, caring about nothing but to be your amusement. What do others know about this, O dear Jesus?'

"My daughter, do not worry, I told you that I too don't want this habitually – at most, once in a hundred times." And almost to distract me He added: "Tell me, what do you want to say to those who are in Heaven?"

And I: 'By myself I can say nothing to no one – only to You can I say everything. Through You, You will tell them that I regard and greet everyone – the sweet Mama, the saints and the angels my brothers, and the virgins, my sisters. And You will tell them to remember the poor exiled one.'

February 2, 1912

How the victim soul must be.

This morning, as I offered a soul as victim to Jesus, Jesus accepted the offer, and told me: "My daughter, the first thing I want is union of wills. She must give herself prey to my Will; she must be the amusement of my Volition. I will be very attentive on looking at whether everything she does is connected to my Will, especially if it is voluntary. In fact, I will not take into account things which are not voluntary, to the point that, when she tells me that she wants to be my victim, I will consider it as not said.

Second. To the union with my Will add Victim of Love. I will be jealous of everything. True love is no longer master of itself, but of the beloved.

Third. Victim of Immolation. She must do everything in the attitude of sacrificing herself for Me, even the most indifferent things.

To this, will add being Victim of Reparation. She must feel sorrow for everything, repair Me for everything, compassionate Me in everything; and this will be the fourth thing.

If she behaves faithfully in this, then will I be able to accept her as Victim of Sacrifice, of Suffering, of Heroism, of Consummation. Recommend that she be faithful. If she is faithful, everything is done."

And I: 'Yes, she will be faithful.'

And He: "We'll see."

February 3, 1912

If in the soul there is no purity, upright working and love, she cannot be the mirror of Jesus.

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came, and placing His holy hand under my chin, He told me: "My daughter, you are the reflection of my glory."

Then He added: "In the world I need mirrors to which to go and look at Myself. Only then can a fount serve as mirror in which people can reflect themselves, when the fount is pure; but it is of no use for the fount to be pure if the waters are cloudy. It is useless for that fount to boast about the preciousness of the stones on which it is founded, if the waters are cloudy; nor can the sun make its rays perpendicular so as to render those waters silvery and communicate to them the variety of colors; nor can people reflect themselves in it. My daughter, virgin souls are the similes of the purity of the fount: the crystal clear and pure waters are the upright working, the sun that make its rays perpendicular is Me, the variety of colors is love. Therefore, if I do not find purity, upright working and love in a soul, she cannot be my mirror.

These are my mirrors in which I make my glory be reflected; with all the others, even if they are virgins, not only can I not reflect Myself, but if I wanted to do so, I would not recognize Myself in them. And the sign of all this is peace; from this you will be able to know how very scarce are the mirrors I have in the world. In fact, very few are the peaceful souls."

February 10, 1912

The sign in order to know whether one has left everything for God, and has reached the point of operating and of loving everything divinely.

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen for just a little, and He told me: "My daughter, when one leaves everything and operates for Me, and loves everything divinely, all things are at his disposal. And the sign that one has left everything for Me and has reached the point of operating and of loving everything divinely, is that in operating, in speaking, in praying, in everything, he no longer finds hindrances, displeasures, contrasts, oppositions; because in the face of this power of operating and of loving everything divinely, all lower their heads and dare not even breathe. In fact, I, benevolent Father, am always guarding the human heart, and in seeing it slip away from Me – that is, operating and loving humanly – I put thorns, displeasures, bitternesses, which prick and embitter that human work and love; and the soul, on seeing herself pricked, realizes that that way of hers is not divine, so she enters into herself and acts differently. In fact, the pricks are the sentinels of the human heart and they provide it with the eyes to be able to see who is the one who is moving her – whether God or the creature.

On the other hand, when the soul leaves everything, and operates and loves everything divinely, she enjoys my peace, and instead of having the sentinels and the eyes of the prickings, she has the sentinel of peace, which moves anything that can disturb her peace away from her; and the eyes of love, which put to flight and burn those who want to disturb her. Therefore they remain at peace with regard to that soul; they give her peace, and they place themselves at her disposal. It seems that the soul can say: 'Nobody touch me, because I am divine, and I am fully of my sweet love, Jesus. Nobody dare to disturb my sweet rest with my Highest Good; and if you dare to, with the power of Jesus which is mine, I will put you to flight'."

It seems I have said much nonsense, but Jesus will certainly forgive me, because I have done it to obey. It seems as if He assigns to me a written essay, and I, a little ignorant one and a child, don't have the ability to develop it.