

## VOLUME 11

### *Good-bye in the Evening to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament*

Oh my Jesus, celestial Prisoner, the sun is now setting, the darkness invades the earth, and you remain alone in the Tabernacle of love. I seem to see You there in an air of sadness for the loneliness of the night, because You don't have around You the crown of your sons and of your tender spouses, who may at least keep You company in this voluntary imprisonment.

Oh, my Divine Prisoner, I too feel my heart breaking for having to leave You, and I am forced to say Good-bye; but, what am I saying, oh Jesus - never again Good-bye. I don't have the courage to leave You alone. I say Good-bye with my lips, but not with my heart; rather, I will leave my heart with You in the Tabernacle. I will count your heartbeats and I will correspond with my heartbeat of love; I will number your panting whispers and, to give You comfort, I will let You rest in my arms. I will be your vigilant sentry; I will be on guard to see if anything comes to trouble or sadden You, not only not to ever leave You alone, but also to take part in all of your pains.

O Heart of my heart! O Love of my love! Leave this air of sadness, be consoled. It breaks my heart to see You troubled. While I say good-bye with my lips, I leave with you my breaths, my affections, my thoughts, my desires and my movements, which will form a chain of continuous acts of love, united with Yours, surrounding You as a crown, and loving You for all. Aren't You happy, O Jesus? You seem to say *Yes*, don't You?

Good-bye, oh Loving Prisoner - but, I haven't finished yet. Before I go, I also want to leave my body before You; I intend to make of my flesh and bones many tiny little pieces in order to form as many lamps for as many Tabernacles which exist in the world; and of my blood many little flames to light those lamps. I intend to put in every Tabernacle my lamp which, united with the lamp of the Tabernacle that gives You light at night, will say 'I love You, I adore You, I bless You, I offer reparation and I thank You for me and for all.'

Good-bye, oh Jesus - but, listen to one more thing: let's make a pact, and the pact will be that we will love each other more. You will give me more love, enclose me in your love, make me live of love and bury me in your love. Let's tighten more our bond of love. I will be happy only if You give me your love to be able to really love You.

Good-bye, oh Jesus, bless me - bless all. Squeeze me to Your Heart, imprison me in your love as I kiss your Heart. Good-bye, good-bye....

### *Good Morning to Jesus*

O my Jesus, sweet Prisoner of love, here I am before You again. I left You saying *good-bye*, and now I come back saying *good morning*. I was anxiously burning to see You again in this prison of love, to give You my yearning regards, my affectionate heartbeats, my ardent desires and all myself in order to transfuse all of myself in You, and to abandon myself in You in perpetual memory and pledge of my love toward You.

Oh my always adorable Sacramental Love, do you know? While I came to give You all of myself, I came also to receive from You all of Yourself. I cannot live without a life, therefore I want yours. All is given to the one who gives all, isn't it true, O Jesus? Therefore, today I will love with your heartbeat of a passionate lover; I will breathe with your panting breath in search for souls; I will desire your Glory and the good of souls with your immeasurable desires. All the heartbeats of creatures will flow within your divine heartbeat; we will grasp them all and will save them. We won't let anybody escape, at the cost of any sacrifice, even if I should bear all the pain. If You should push me away I will fling myself more inside You, I will cry out louder in order to plead together with You for the salvation of your children and my brothers.

Oh my Jesus, my Life and my All, how many things does your voluntary imprisonment tell me! But the emblem with which I see You all sealed is the emblem of the souls, while the chains which bind You completely - very strongly - are love. It seems that the words *souls* and *love* make You smile, debilitate You and force You to surrender in everything; and I, pondering well these excesses of your love, will be always before You and together with You, with my usual refrains: souls and love.

Therefore, today I want all of You; always together with me in the prayer, in the work, in the pleasures and displeasures, in the food, in the steps, in the sleep - in everything. I am certain that, being unable to obtain anything by myself, with You I will obtain everything; and everything we will do will serve to soothe each one of your pains, to sweeten every bitterness, to give You reparation for any offense, to compensate You for

everything, and to plead for any conversion, no matter how difficult and desperate. We will go begging a little love from every heart, to make You more content and happy - isn't it good this way, O Jesus?

Oh dear Prisoner of love, bind me with your chains, seal me with your love. Please, show me your beautiful face. Oh Jesus, how beautiful You are! Your blond hair braids and sanctifies all my thoughts; your calm forehead, even in the midst of many insults, gives me peace and puts me in perfect calm, even among the greatest storms, my privations of You, and your fusses, which cost me my life. Ah, You know it, but I move on; my heart will tell You this, for it knows how to say it better than I. Oh Love, your azure eyes, sparkling with divine light, sweep me to Heaven and make me forget the earth but, alas, with my greatest pain, my exile continues yet. Hurry, hurry, oh Jesus. Yes, You are beautiful, O Jesus; I seem to see You in that Tabernacle of love. The beauty and the majesty of your face enamors me and makes me see Heaven; your gracious mouth lightly places its ardent kisses every instant. Your gentle voice calls me and invites me to love every moment; your knees sustain me; your arms clasp me with an indissoluble bond, and I will impress my burning kisses, thousands upon thousands, on your adorable face.

Jesus, Jesus, may our will be one, one our love, one our happiness. Never leave me alone, because I am a nothing, and the nothing cannot be without the all. Will You promise me, oh Jesus? It seems that You say *Yes*. And now, bless me, bless all; and together with the angels, the saints, the sweet Mama and all the creatures, I will say to You: 'Good morning, O Jesus, good morning.'

Now, after I wrote these prayers, written here under the influence of Jesus, as the night was approaching, Jesus showed me that He was keeping this 'good-bye' and 'good morning' inside His Heart, and He told me: "My daughter, they really came out of my Heart. Whoever will recite them with the intention of being with Me as it is expressed in these prayers, I will keep her with Me and in Me, to do anything I do. Not only will I warm her with my love, but I will increase my love towards that soul every time, admitting her to the union with the Divine Life and with my own desires to save all souls."

I desire Jesus in my mind, Jesus in my lips, Jesus in my heart; I want to look only at Jesus, feel only Jesus, squeeze myself only to Jesus. I want to do everything together with Jesus; play with Jesus, cry with Jesus, write with Jesus; without Jesus I don't even want to breathe. I will stay here like a fussy little child and do nothing, so that Jesus may come to do everything with me, content to be his toy, abandoning myself to his love, to his chastisements, to his concerns and to his loving jokes, provided that I do everything with Jesus.

See, O my Jesus? This is my will, and You won't move me, did You hear? So now come and write with me.

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**14 February, 1912**

*Jesus looks at everything in the will, and it is there - in her will - that the creature keeps the ownership of her things. In the Divine Will all things become equal.*

Continuing in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus came while I was telling Him: 'Tell me, oh Jesus, how it comes about that after You have disposed the soul to suffering, and she loves suffering, knowing the goodness contained in it, and she suffers almost with passion, believing that her destiny is to suffer - at that very moment You take this treasure away from her?' And Jesus: "My daughter, my love is great, my rule is insuperable, my teachings sublime, my instructions divine, creative and inimitable. Therefore, in order to make all things - great or small, natural or spiritual, painful or pleasant - acquire one single color and have one single value, once the soul has been trained to suffer and arrives at the point of loving it, I let this suffering pass into her will as her own property. So, every time I will send her a pain, she will always be disposed to suffer it and to love it, since she keeps within her will the property and the dispositions. I look at things in the will, and it is as if the soul always suffered, even if she does not suffer.

Further, in order for pleasure to have the same value as suffering, and in order for praying, working, eating, sleeping - in sum, everything, whatever they might be - to have one single value, since all can be if things are of my Will, I allow the soul to practice all things in my Will with holy indifference. So, it may seem to the soul that just as I give her something, I take it away from her, but it is not true. Rather, it happens that at the beginning, when the soul is not yet well trained, she is sensitive in the suffering, praying or loving. But when, with practice, these things pass in her will as her own property, the sensitivity ceases; and as she occasionally needs to use these divine properties which I made her acquire, she begins to exercise them, as the

opportunity arises, with firm step and imperturbable heart. For example: does suffering occur? She finds within herself the strength and the life of suffering. Must she pray? She finds within herself the life of prayer; and so forth with all the rest."

According to what Jesus says, it seems to me this way. Let's suppose that I received a gift. Until I make up my mind on where I should keep that gift, I look at it, I appreciate it, and I feel a certain sensitivity in loving that gift; but if I keep it under lock and key, no longer watching it, that sensitivity ceases. With this I cannot say that the gift is no longer mine, rather, it is certainly more mine since I keep it locked, while before it was in danger and someone could have stolen it from me.

Jesus continues: "In my Will all things hold each other's hands, all look alike and all are in agreement. Therefore, suffering gives rise to pleasure and says: 'I have done my part in the Will of God; now you do yours, and only if Jesus wants it will I place myself in the field again.' Fervor says to coldness: 'You will be more ardent than me if you will content yourself with staying in the will of my Eternal Love.' Prayer to work, sleep to vigil, illness to health,... everything; all things among themselves, it seems that each one of them leaves its place to the other to be in the field - but each one of them has its own distinct place. Then, it is not necessary for one who lives in my Will to move to place herself in the act of doing what I want; she is already in Me, like an electric wire, doing whatever I want."

(( Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen Crucified, with a soul near Him, who was offering herself to Jesus as a victim. And Jesus told me: "My daughter, I accept you as a victim of pain. All that you will be able to suffer you will suffer as if you were with Me on the Cross, and you will release Me with your sufferings. Many times this escapes you: releasing Me with your sufferings. But know that I was a peaceful Victim and Host; you too - I don't want you an oppressed victim, but peaceful and joyful. You will be like a docile little lamb, and your bleating - that is your prayers, sufferings and works - will serve to soothe my embittered wounds." ))

## **February 18, 1912**

*How Jesus can live in the soul, and the soul in Jesus and from His life.*

Finding myself in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, everything you do for Me, even a breath, enters into Me as a pledge of your love for Me; and I give you, in exchange, my pledges of love. Therefore, the soul can say, 'I live on the pledges that my Beloved gives to me.'" Then He added: "My beloved daughter, one can say that, as you live in my Life, your life is finished - you do not live any longer. Therefore, since you no longer live, but Myself within you, anything they may do to you, pleasing or displeasing, I will receive as if it were done directly to Me. Here is how you can understand this: you won't feel anything, pleasure or displeasure, whatever they may do to you; and who else could feel it if not Myself, who lives in you and loves you very, very much?"

## **February 24, 1912**

*The soul who lives in the Divine Will loses her temperament and acquires that of Jesus.*

After I saw several souls around Jesus, especially one who was more sensitive, Jesus told me: "My daughter, if the souls with sensitive temperament start doing good, they make more progress than the others, because their sensitivity leads them to great and arduous enterprises." I prayed that He would take those remains of human sensitivity away from that soul, and that He would squeeze her more to Himself and tell her that He loved her, for He would conquer her completely, as soon as she heard that He loved her... 'You will see that You will succeed. Did You not conquer me in this way, telling me that You love me very, very much?' And Jesus: "Yes, yes, I will do it, but I want her cooperation - that she will escape as much as she can from the people who excite her sensitivity."

So I added: 'My Love, tell me, what is your temperament?' And Jesus: "One who lives in my Will loses her temperament and acquires mine. So, the soul who lives in my Will finds in herself a pleasant, attractive, penetrating, dignified temperament, and altogether simple - a child-like simplicity; in sum, she looks like Me in everything. Even more, she keeps her temperament within her power as she wants and as it's needed. Since she lives in my Will, she takes part in my Power, so she keeps at her disposal all things, and herself. According to the circumstances and to the people she deals with, she takes my temperament and applies it."

‘Tell me, will you give me a first place in your Will?’ Jesus smiled: "Yes, yes, I promise you. I will never let you out of my Will, and you will take and do whatever you want."

‘Jesus, I want to be poor poor, little little. I don’t want anything even of your things; it is better if You keep them. I want only You, and You will give me things as I need them; isn’t it true, O Jesus?’

And Jesus: "*Brava, brava, my daughter!* Finally I have found someone who does not want anything. Everyone wants something from Me, but not the all, that is Myself only; while by wanting nothing, you want everything, and here is the fineness and the astuteness of true love." I smiled and He disappeared.

## **February 26, 1912**

*The creature is a complex of love and moves only for love. Jesus, beggar of love.*

Returning, my all and always adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, I am Love and I made the creatures all love. The nerves, the bones and the flesh are fabrics of love and, after I wove them with love, I made flow the blood in all their tiny particles, so as to cover them with a garment, in order to give them the life of love. Therefore, the creature is nothing other than a complex of love, and she does not move other than for love. At the most there can be varieties of love, but it is always for love that she moves. There can be Divine Love, love of self, love of creature, evil love, but always love; neither can she do otherwise, since her life is love; created by the Eternal Love, and therefore led to love by an irresistible force. So, after all, even in evil - in sin, for the creature there must be a love which has pushed her to do that evil.

Ah, my daughter! What is not my pain in seeing in the creatures the property of my Love which I delivered, being profaned and contaminated by a different use? In order to guard this Love which came out of Me, and which I gave to the creature, I remain around her like a poor beggar, and as the creature moves, palpitates, breathes, works, speaks and walks, I go begging everything from her; and I beg her, I implore her, I beseech her to give everything to Me, saying: ‘Daughter, I ask from you nothing other than what I gave you. It is for your own good; do not steal from me what is mine. The breath is mine, breathe only for Me; the heartbeat and the movement are mine, palpitate and move only for Me.’ And so on for all the rest.

But, with greatest pain, I am forced to see the heartbeat taking one way, the breath another; and I, poor beggar, remain with an empty stomach, while the love of self, of the creatures, and even of the passions remain stuffed. Can there be a greater wrong than this?

My daughter, I want to pour out my Love and my pain with you; only one who loves Me can have compassion for Me."

## **February 28, 1912**

*The sign that one loves only Jesus. How one who loves Him is united with Him.*

This morning, as my adorable Jesus came, I told Him: ‘O my Heart, my Life and my all, how can it be known if one loves only You or others?’

"My daughter, if the soul is completely full of Me up to the brim, to the extent of overflowing - that is to say, if she does not think of, search for, speak to and love other than Myself - it seems that nothing else exists for her; rather, the rest bores and bothers her. At the most she gives nothing but scrap- which is not God - like the last thought, a word or one act for a necessary thing of the natural life. This is merely giving what remains to nature; this is what saints do. I did it too, with Myself and with the Apostles, giving dispositions on where to spend the night, what to eat.... Giving all this to nature harms neither love nor the true Sanctity, and it is a sign that the creature loves Me only.

But if the soul is alternating among various things - now she thinks of Me, now of something else; now she talks about Me, and then for a long time about something else, and so on with the rest - this is a sign that she does not love Me only, and I am not happy about it. So, if she squanders herself with everyone and within her own thoughts, keeping for Me only a last thought or word or act, it’s a sign that she does not love Me; and even if she gives Me something, it is nothing other than a miserable scrap. Yet, this is what most creatures do.

Ah, my daughter, those who love Me are united to Me like the branches are united to the trunk of the tree. Can there ever be separation, forgetfulness or different food between the branches and the trunk? One is their life, one the purpose, the same the fruits; or better still, the trunk is the life of the branches, and the branches are the glory of the trunk - they are all the same thing. These are, to Me, the souls who love Me."

### **March 3, 1912**

*One who lives in the Divine Will acquires the temperament of Jesus and, with it, all its divine qualities, which will be as many melodies in Heaven. These souls are the purpose of all the things that Jesus did.*

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, the soul who does my Will loses her temperament and acquires mine. Just as in my temperament there are many melodies which form the Paradise of the Blessed - such that music is my sweet temperament, music the goodness, music the sanctity, music the beauty, the power, the wisdom, the immensity, and so on with all the rest of my Being - the soul receives within herself all the variety of these melodies, taking part in all the qualities of my temperament. As she goes along doing even the most tiny actions she makes a melody for Me and, as I hear it, I immediately recognize this music as one taken by the soul from my Will - my temperament; so I run to listen to it, and I like it so much that I remain recreated and cheered from all the wrongs which other creatures do to Me.

My daughter, what will happen when these melodies will pass into Heaven? I will put the soul in front of Me; I will play my music, and she will play her own - we will flash each other lightning; the sound of one will be the echo of the sound of the other; the harmonies will mix together. It will be clearly known to all the Blessed that this soul is nothing less than the fruit of my Will - the portent of my Will; and all Heaven will enjoy one more Paradise.

These are the souls to whom I keep repeating, 'Had I not created Heaven, I would create It only for you', because I place in them the Heaven of my Will, and I make of them the true images of Myself. And I go wandering in these Heavens, delighting and playing with them. To these Heavens I repeat, 'Had I not left Myself in the Sacrament, for you alone I would have done it', because they are my true Hosts. Just as I could not live without a Will, in the same way I could not live without these Heavens of my Will; rather, they are not only my true Hosts, but the purpose of my Calvary and my own Life.

These Heavens of my Will are more dear to Me and more privileged than the Tabernacles and the Consecrated Hosts themselves, because in the Host my Sacramental Life ends as the species is consumed, while in these Heavens of my Will the Life of my Will never ends. They serve as my Hosts on earth, and they will be my eternal Hosts in Heaven.

To these Heavens of my Will I add, 'Had I not incarnated Myself in the womb of my Mother, for these souls alone I would have incarnated Myself, and for these I would have suffered my Passion', because I find in them the true fruit of my Incarnation and Passion."

### **March 8, 1912**

*How Jesus was a victim during His hidden life. Becoming a victim is equivalent to a second baptism, and with effects superior to those of Baptism itself. What eliminates the state of victim.*

This morning Father G. offered himself as a victim to Our Lord, and I was praying, offering him, that He would accept him. Then, my always adorable Jesus told me : "My daughter, I accept him whole-heartedly. Tell him that his life will no longer belong to him, but to Me, and that I chose him as a victim of my hidden Life. My hidden Life was victim for the whole interior life of man; so it repaired for the bad thoughts, desires, tendencies and affections.

All that the exterior of man does is nothing other than the expression of his interior. If so much evil shows on the outside, what will the interior be like? Therefore, the re-making of the interior of man cost Me very much; it is sufficient to say that it took Me as long as thirty years. My thought, my heartbeat, breath and desire were always intent on running close to the thought, heartbeat, breath and desire of man, in order to repair for them, satisfy for them and sanctify them.

So I choose him as victim for this purpose of my hidden Life, and I want all his interior with Me, united and offered to Me, to satisfy Me for the evil interior of other creatures. I choose him for this on purpose, since, being a Priest, he knows better than others the interior of the souls, the rottenness and the slime which is in them. From this he can better know how much my state of victim cost Me, a state in which I want him to take part - and not only him, but also others whom he will approach.

My daughter, tell him of the great grace I give to him by accepting him as a victim, since becoming a victim is equivalent to receiving a second Baptism, and with effects even greater than Baptism. In fact, it is

about rising again in my own Life and, since the victim has to live in Me and of Me, I need to wash him from every stain, giving him a new Baptism and strengthening him in Grace, to be able to admit him to live with Me. Therefore, from now on I will consider anything he does as mine rather than his own. So, whether he prays, speaks or works, he will say that these are My things."

After this, Jesus seemed to be looking around; and I: 'What are you looking at, O Jesus? Aren't we alone?' And He said: "No, there are people. I attract them around you to keep them tightly to Me." And I: 'Do You love them?' And He: "Yes, but I would like them to be more nimble, more trusting, more brave and more intimate with Me, with no thought for themselves. They must know that victims are no longer the owners of themselves, otherwise they would cancel the state of victim."

Then, having to cough a little, I said: 'Jesus, make me die of consumption. Hurry, hurry, let me come! Take me with You!' And Jesus: "Don't make Me see you feel discontent, otherwise I suffer.... Yes, you will die of consumption. Just a little longer; and if you won't die of physical consumption, you will die consumed of love. Please, do not get out of my Will, for my Will will be your Paradise; or better still, the Paradise of my Will. For as many days as you will be on earth, so many Paradises will I give you in Heaven."

### **March 13, 1912**

*The victim Baptism by fire has effects superior to the Baptism by water.*

Jesus continues to speak about the state of victim, telling me: "My daughter, the Baptism at birth is by water; it has the virtue to purify, but not to take away tendencies and passions. On the other hand, the Baptism of victim is Baptism by fire, therefore it has not only the virtue to purify, but also to consume any passion and evil tendencies. I Myself baptize the soul, bit by bit: my thought baptizes the thought of the victim soul; my heartbeat baptizes her heartbeat; my desire her desire, and so on. This Baptism is done between Myself and the soul, according to whether she gives herself to Me without ever taking back what she gave Me.

This is why, my daughter, you don't feel evil tendencies and such. It comes from your state of victim, and I tell you this for your consolation. So, tell Father G. to be well attentive, for this is the mission of missions - the apostolate of apostolates. I want him always with Me, and all intent within Me."

### **March 15, 1912**

*The Divine Will is the sanctity of sanctities, and the soul who does It on earth as in Heaven is a queen soul, who gives life to all the good done on earth and in Heaven. These souls are the true Consecrated Hosts of the Divine Will.*

Continuing in my usual state, I felt a great desire to do the Most Holy Will of Blessed Jesus; and He came and told me: "My daughter, my Will is the Sanctity of Sanctities. The soul who does my Will according to the perfection that I am teaching you - that is, on earth as It is in Heaven - however small, ignorant and ignored, leaves even other Saints behind in spite of their prodigies, the most clamorous conversions and the miracles. Really, in comparison, the souls who do my Will in the way It is in my third "FIAT" are queens, and it is as if all the others were at their service.

It seems that the souls who live in my Will do nothing, while they actually do everything, because being in my Will these souls act Divinely, in a hidden and surprising way. They are light which illuminates, wind which purifies, fire which burns, miracles which cause miracles. Those who do miracles are channels; but in these souls resides the power. Therefore, they are the foot of the missionary, the tongue of the preachers, the strength of the weak, the patience of the sick, the regime (of the superiors), the obedience of the subjects, the tolerance of the slandered, the firmness in the dangers, the heroism in the heroes, the courage in the martyrs, the sanctity in the saints, and so on with all the rest. Being in my Will, they concur with all the good that can be both in Heaven and on earth.

This is why I can surely say that they are my true Hosts - but living Hosts, not dead ones. The accidents that form the host are not full of life, neither do they influence my Life; but the soul who lives in my Divine Will is full of life and, doing my Will, she influences and concurs with all that I do. This is why these consecrated Hosts of my Will are more dear to Me than the very sacramental Hosts, and if I have reason to exist in the sacramental Hosts, it is to form the sacramental Hosts of my Will.

My daughter, I take such delight in my Will that, in simply hearing talk about It, I feel overjoyed and I call the whole of Heaven to make feast. Imagine what will become of those souls who will do It: I find in them all the joys, so I give all the joys to them. Their life is the life of the Blessed. They care about, desire and yearn for two things only: my Will and Love. They need to do very little else, while in fact they do everything. The virtues themselves remain absorbed in my Will and in Love. Therefore, they have nothing to do with them, since my Will contains, possesses and absorbs all; but in a Divine manner - immense and endless. This is the life of the Blessed."

### **March 20, 1912**

*Everything is in giving oneself to Jesus, and in doing His Will in everything.*

Finding myself in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus made Himself seen as all sorrowful, and said to me: "My daughter, they do not want to understand that everything is in giving oneself completely to Me, and in doing my Will in everything. Once I have obtained this, I Myself keep pushing the souls, telling them - each and every one: 'My daughter, take this enjoyment, this comfort, this relief, this refreshment....' With this difference: if they had taken those permissible pleasures before they were giving themselves to Me in everything, and doing my Will always and in everything, they were human things; but after, they are divine actions. Since they are my things I no longer feel jealous, and I say to Myself: 'If she takes a legitimate pleasure, she takes it because I want it; if she deals with people about some business, if she legitimately converses, it is because I want it. If I didn't want it, she would be ready to stop; so I put everything at her disposal, because all she does is the effect of my Will, no longer of her own will.

Tell me, my daughter, what have you lacked since you gave yourself completely to Me? I gave you my flavors, my pleasures and all of Myself for your contentment. This, in the supernatural order; but neither did I let you lack anything in the order of faith: confessors, Communions, and the rest. Even more, since you wanted only Me, you yourself did not want confessors so often; but I didn't listen to you. I wanted everything in abundance for the one who wanted to deprive herself of all for Me.

Daughter, what pain I feel in my Heart in seeing that souls do not want to understand this, even those who are said to be the best!"

### **April 4, 1912**

*The Divine Will is the center to which all other things must be connected.*

This morning my always adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, my Will is the center, the other virtues are the circle. Imagine a wheel in whose middle all the rays are centered. What would happen if one of these rays wanted to detach itself from the center? First, that ray would look bad; secondly, it would remain dead, while the wheel, in moving, would get rid of it.

Such is my Will for the soul. My Will is the center. All the things which are not done in my Will, and only to fulfill my Will - even holy things, virtues or good works - are like the rays detached from the center of the wheel: works and virtues with no life. They could never please Me; rather, I do everything to punish them and to get rid of them."

### **April 10, 1912**

*The souls who have more trust will shine more in the crown of the divine mercy.*

Continuing in my usual state, as soon as blessed Jesus came, He told me: "My daughter, the souls who will shine the most, like bright gems in the crown of my divine mercy, are the souls who have more trust, because the more trusting they are, the more they give space for the attribute of my Mercy to pour into them all the Graces that they want. On the other hand, the soul who does not have real trust closes the graces within Me, remaining poor and unequipped, while my Love remains contained within Me and suffers greatly.

In order not to suffer so much, and to be able to freely pour out my Love, I deal more with those souls who trust than with the others. With these souls I can pour out my Love, I can play, I can cause loving contrasts, since there is no worry that they may feel ashamed or afraid; rather, they become more brave and take everything in order to love Me more. Therefore, trusting souls are the outpouring and the amusement of my Love - the most graceful and the richest ones."

## **April 20, 1912**

*Human flavors do not satisfy the hunger for divine and eternal happiness, and Jesus embitters them in order to be able to give His divine flavors.*

Continuing in my usual state, as soon as blessed Jesus came, He told me: "My daughter, nature tends toward happiness with an irresistible force, but with reason; it was made to be happy, with a divine and eternal happiness. But with great detriment for themselves, some get attached to one flavor, some to two flavors, some others to three, and others to four, but they still remain unsatisfied and cannot find the true taste, causing emptiness within themselves and remaining embittered, bothered and nauseated.

It happens that, for the human inclination, even the flavors of what is good and holy have within themselves something human with which they get mixed; so they don't have the strength to completely absorb and overwhelm the nature in the divine flavor. This happens even more because, when I want to accomplish my divine works in the souls, I keep embittering all that is human in their satisfactions, to be able to give them my flavors which, being innumerable, have the strength to absorb all the nature in the divine taste. Can anyone give greater love than this: in order to give more to the souls I take away the little from them; or better, in order to give them everything I take away the nothing? Yet, this work of mine is received badly by the creature."

## **April 23, 1912**

*The love with which Jesus loves us exists in each thing, inside and outside of ourselves, and He wants perfect return. In order to oblige us more, He reaches the extent of permitting guilt.*

Finding myself in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for a little while and told me: "My daughter, sometimes I allow the guilt in a soul who loves me in order to squeeze her more tightly to Me, and to oblige her to do greater things for my glory. In fact, the more I give to her, permitting even guilt in order to endear her more to Me for her miseries - to love her more and to fill her with my charisms, the more I push her to do great things for Me. These are the excesses of my Love.

My daughter, my Love for the creature is great. Do you see how the light of the sun invades the earth? If you could make many atoms out of that light, in those atoms of light you would feel my melodious voice and, one after the other, they would repeat to you: *'I love you, I love you, I love you,...'* in such a way that you would not have the time to count them; you would remain drowned inside love. I say to you *'I love you, I love you'* in the light that fills your eyes; *'I love you'* in the air that you breathe; *'I love you'* in the whistling of the wind which touches your hearing; *'I love you'* in the warmth and in the cold felt by your touch; *'I love you'* in the blood that flows inside your veins; *'I love you'* in the beating of your heart which tells you of my beats. I repeat to you *'I love you'* in every thought of your mind; *'I love you'* in each action of your hands; *'I love you'* in every step of your foot; *'I love you'* in every word,...since nothing happens inside or outside of you without an act of my love toward you. One *'I love you'* from Me doesn't wait for another. And your *'I love you's'*? How many of them are for Me?"

I remained confused. I felt deafened inside and out - full chorus - by the 'I love you's' of Jesus, while my 'I love you's' were scarce and so limited that I said: 'Oh my lover Jesus, who could ever match You?' But of what I have said, it seems that I have said nothing of all that Jesus made me understand.

Then He added: "The Divine Will - true Sanctity - is in doing my Will and in re-ordering all things in Me. Just as I keep all in order for the creature, in the same way the creature should order all things for Me and in Me. My Will keeps everything in order."

## **May 9, 1912**

*Consummation of all our being in Love.*

This morning, finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about how we can consume ourselves in Love. My blessed Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, if the will wants only Me, if the intelligence is interested in knowing only Me, if the memory remembers nothing other than Me; here they are - the three powers of the soul being consumed in Love. The same for the senses: if one speaks only about Me, if he hears only all that regards Me, if he enjoys only my things, if he works and walks only for Me, if his heart loves only Me, if his desires desire only Me; here it is - the consummation of Love formed by the senses.

My daughter, love has a sweet enchantment, and it renders the soul happy and blind to all that is not love, making her all eyes for all that is love. Therefore, for the one who loves, whatever her will may encounter, if it is love she becomes all eyes; if not, she becomes blind, stupid and does not understand anything. The same for her tongue; if she has to speak about love, she feels many eyes of light flowing through her word and becomes eloquent; if not, she begins to stammer and ends up dumb. So for all the rest."

### **May 22, 1912**

*True love is not subject to discontents, neither does it tolerate them, because it resolves everything in love.*

Finding myself in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for a little while, and since I was feeling a certain discontent in me, He told me: "My daughter, true Love is not subject to discontent; rather, it takes the opportunity to turn these same discontents into the most beautiful contentments by virtue of Love. Further, since I am the contentment of contentments, I cannot tolerate any discontent, any more than if it were my own rather than hers. So I am forced to give her that thing which makes her happy in order to have her all conformed with Me; otherwise there would be some clashing and dissimilar fibers, heartbeats or thoughts which would make us lose the best of our harmony. I cannot tolerate all this in the one who really loves Me.

Moreover, true Love operates for love, and for love it does not operate; it asks for love, and it gives for love. Therefore, true Love ends all in love; for love it dies and for love it rises again."

And I: 'Jesus, it seems that You want to escape me with this talking, but know that I am not giving up. For now, surrender to me for love; do for me an act of love and surrender to all that is so necessary to me, and to which I am so constrained by love. After all, I give everything to You. Otherwise I will be discontent."

And Jesus: "You want to win through discontents." He smiled and disappeared.

### **May 25, 1912**

*In the Divine Will the soul becomes malleable in the hands of Jesus.*

This morning my always adorable Jesus, seeing me very oppressed, made me suckle from His Heart, and then He told me: "My daughter, if one wants to make a hole in a hard object or give it another shape, that object would be ruined or shattered. But if it is tender or made of soft material, one can make the hole or give it the shape desired without fearing that it might break. And if one wanted to return it to the original shape, that object would offer itself with no difficulty.

Such is the soul who lives in my Will. She is a soft object; I can make of her whatever I want. Now I wound her, now I embellish her, now I enlarge her; in one instant I remake her again, while the soul is available for everything; she does not oppose herself to anything, and I always carry her in my hands, delighting continuously in her."

### **May 30, 1912**

*The love of the souls gives life to Jesus; it forms Him and it feeds Him. Love forms their mutual rest.*

Continuing in my usual state, I felt oppressed for the privation of my always adorable Jesus. He came and told me: "My daughter, when you are without Me, use this very privation to double, triple, increase a hundredfold your acts of love toward Me, so as to form an environment - all love - inside and out, and find Me within this environment, more beautiful and as if reborn to a new life. Wherever love is, there I am; therefore, there cannot be separation for the soul who really loves Me; rather, we form the same thing, because love seems to create Me, to give Me life, to feed Me, to make Me grow. I find my center in love and I feel recreated and reborn, while I am eternal, with no beginning and with no end; but thanks to the soul who loves Me, I enjoy love so much that I feel as if remade.

Furthermore, in this love I find my true Love, I find my true rest. My Intelligence rests in the intelligence of the one who loves me; my Heart, my desire, my hands and my feet rest in the heart that loves me, in the desires that love Me, desiring only Me, in the hands that work for Me, and in the feet that walk only for Me. Therefore, bit by bit, I go resting within the soul who loves Me; while the soul, with her love, finds Me everywhere and in every place, resting completely in Me. In my Love she remains reborn, embellished, and grows, in an admirable way, in my own Love."

**June 2, 1912**

*Only the things which are extraneous to Jesus separate the soul from Jesus.*

Continuing in my usual state, I was lamenting to my Jesus for His privations, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, when there is nothing extraneous or that doesn't belong to Me within the soul, there cannot be separation between Myself and the soul. Moreover, I tell you that if there is no thought, affection, desire or heartbeat which is not mine, I either keep the soul with Me in Heaven, or I remain with her on earth. If you don't sense this in yourself, why do you fear that I may separate Myself from you?"

**June 9, 1912**

*One who does the Will of God and lives in His Volition is not subject to death nor to judgment; his life is eternal.*

Feeling a little in suffering, I was saying to my always adorable Jesus: 'When will you take me with You? Please hurry, O Jesus; let death cut this life of mine and let me reunite with You in Heaven!'

And Jesus: "My daughter, for the soul who does my Will and lives in my Volition there is no death. Death is for one who does not do my Will, because he has to die to many things: to himself, to passions and to the earth. But one who lives in my Will has nothing left to die for; he is already used to living in Heaven. For him, death is nothing other than setting down his remains, as one would remove the clothes of a poor one to wear the garments of a king, in order to leave exile and reach the Fatherland. The soul who lives in my Will is not subject to death and receives no Judgment; his life is eternal. All that death had to do, love did in advance, and my Will reordered him completely in Me, so that I have nothing for which to judge him.

Therefore, remain in my Will and, when you least expect it, you will find yourself in my Will in Heaven."

**June 28, 1912**

*The soul who lives in the Divine Will is a Heaven in which Jesus is the sun and His virtues are the stars.*

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for a little while and told me: "My daughter, the soul who does my Will is Heaven, but Heaven without Sun and without stars, because I am the Sun; and the stars which embellish this Heaven are my own virtues. How beautiful this Heaven, such as to enamor whomever can know It. I remain enamored even more, placing Myself like a Sun in the center of this Heaven, flashing on It continuously new Light, new Love and new Graces.

How beautiful, this Heaven, if the Sun shines - that is, when I manifest Myself; I caress the soul, I fill her with my charisms, I hug her and, touched by her love, I faint and rest in her. All the Saints gather around Me while I rest; they remain surprised in watching this Heaven in which I am the Sun, and are ecstatic because of this prodigious portent; neither on earth nor in Heaven could one ever find a thing more beautiful and more delightful for Me and for all.

How beautiful, this Heaven, if the Sun hides - that is, when I deprive her of Me. Oh, how the harmony of the stars can be admired. The air of this Heaven is not subject to clouds, showers or storms, because the Sun is hidden in the center of the soul, and its heat is so burning that it destroys clouds, showers and storms. The air of this Heaven is always calm, serene and sweet-smelling; the most shining stars are perennial peace and never ending love.

Whether the soul is hidden in the Sun, and the stars disappear, or the Sun is hidden within her, when the harmony of the stars is revealed - she is beautiful in every way. This Heaven is my happiness, my rest, my Love - my Paradise."

**July 4, 1912**

*In the Divine Will the soul must die to everything, like in a tomb, closed by love, in order to rise again to a divine life. By thinking about herself, the soul escapes from the divine life.*

This morning, after Communion, I was saying to my always adorable Jesus: 'To what a state I reduced myself! It seems that everything runs away from me: suffering, virtues - everything!'

And Jesus: 'My daughter, what's this? Do you want to waste time? Do you want to get out of your nothingness? Stay in your place - in your nothingness - so that the All may keep Its place in you. But know that

you must die completely in my Will: to the suffering, to the virtues - to everything. My Will must be the tomb of the soul. Just as nature is consumed in the tomb to the extent of disappearing completely, and by that consummation it will rise again to a new and more beautiful Life, in the same way the soul, buried in my Will as if inside a tomb, will die to the suffering, to her virtues, to her spiritual goods, and will rise again in everything to Divine Life.

Ah, my daughter, it seems that you want to imitate the mundane, who tend to what is temporal, and ends, while they don't consider what is eternal. My beloved, why don't you want to learn to live only in my Volition? Why don't you want to live the life of Heaven while still being on earth? My Will is Love, the One that never dies; therefore my Will must be your sepulcher, and Love is the lid which has to lock you and seal you in, giving you no more hope of getting out.

Then, every thought that regards oneself, even about virtues, is always gain for oneself and runs away from the Divine Life; while if the soul thinks only about Me and what regards Me, she takes the Divine Life in herself and, taking the Divine Life, she escapes the human life, taking all possible goods. Have we understood each other?"

### **July 19, 1912**

*The attention to the teachings of Jesus makes our breath of love reach Him even through others. Love must be only for Jesus.*

This morning, as I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, I feel your breath and I feel refreshed by it. By just being close to you, your breath gives Me refreshment; even when others talk about the things that you said for their own good, I feel your breath through them and I am pleased. So, my relief is repeated, and I say: 'Even through others, my daughter sends Me her refreshment, because if she hadn't been attentive in listening to Me, she could not have done any good for others. Therefore, she is still the one who sends Me this good.' So, I love you even more and I feel compelled to come and converse with you."

Then He added: "True love must stand alone. When it leans on something else - even a holy thing or a spiritual person - it gives Me nausea and, instead of content, I feel embittered and bothered. Only when love is alone can I take control and do with the soul whatever I want. This is the nature of true love. But when it does not stand alone, one thing can be done, something else cannot. It is a hindered command, which does not give full freedom; therefore, love feels uncomfortable and constrained."

### **July 23, 1912**

*Once Jesus has made a perfect conquest of the heart of the creature, He exercises His own right in full freedom, making her rise again or operate; but it's always love.*

Finding myself with my always adorable Jesus, I was lamenting to Him because, in addition to His privations, I also felt my poor heart insensitive, cold and indifferent to everything, as if it no longer had a life. 'How pitiful my state is! And even so, I am unable to cry over my misfortune! Since I don't know how to feel sorry for myself - You, please, have compassion for this heart, which You loved so much, and which You promised so much to receive.'

And Jesus: "My daughter, do not trouble yourself for something that does not deserve any affliction. Instead of feeling compassion for your lamentations and for your heart, I am pleased and I tell you: 'Rejoice with Me, because I have made a perfect purchase of your heart. Since you no longer feel anything of your own contentments and of the life of your heart, I alone come and enjoy your contentment and your life.'

You must know that when you do not feel anything from your heart, I pull your heart into my Heart and I keep it there, resting in sweet sleep, while I enjoy it. If you feel it, then the enjoyment is together. If you let Me do, after I have given you rest in my Heart and enjoyed in you, I will come to rest within you and I will make you enjoy the contentments of my Heart.

Ah, my daughter, this was necessary for you, for Me and for the world. For you: if you had been awake, you would have suffered very much in seeing the chastisements that I am sending now, and the others that I will send. Therefore, it is necessary to make you content not to make you suffer greatly. It is necessary for Me: how much I would have suffered, had I not made you content - had I not conceded what you would have wanted,

since you would not permit Me to send chastisements. This is why it was necessary to put you to sleep. In certain sad times of necessity and chastisements, it is necessary to choose ways in the middle in order to be less unhappy.

It is necessary for the world: if I wanted to pour Myself out with you and make you suffer, as I once made you suffer - therefore making you content by saving the world from the chastisements - faith, religion and salvation would be even more banned by the world, especially considering the attitude of the souls during these times. Ah, my daughter, let Me do, whether I have to keep you awake or asleep. Didn't you tell Me to make of you whatever I wanted? Do you perhaps want to withdraw your word?"

And I: 'But, oh Jesus, it is rather that I fear that I've become bad and, because of this, I feel in such a state.' And Jesus: "Listen, my daughter. Is it perhaps that some thought, affection or desire which is not mine entered into you? If this were the case, you should fear Me, but if this is not, it's a sign that I keep your heart within Me and that I make it sleep. The time will come when I will wake it up; then you will see that you will take the attitude of before, and since you will have rested, this attitude will be greater."

Then He added: "I make souls of all kinds: I do the ones sleepy with love, the ignorant of love, the crazy of love, the erudite of love. But do you know what interests me the most? That all be love. I don't so much as look at the rest, which is not love."

### **August 12, 1912**

*Divine love, which is firm and genuine, is symbolized by the Sun. The love that is not completely for Jesus is similar to the fire of the earth.*

This morning, as soon as my always adorable Jesus came, He told me: "My daughter, my Love is symbolized by the Sun. The Sun rises majestically but, as it rises, it is always fixed and it never really rises. It invades the entire earth with its light; it fecundates all the plants with its heat; there is no eye which does not enjoy it. One could say that there is almost no good on the earth which doesn't come from its beneficial influence. How many things would not have life without it? Yet, it does all this without clamor, without saying even a word, without demanding anything. It does not bother anyone; it doesn't even take up any space on earth which it invades with its light. Men can do whatever they want; in fact, while they enjoy the goodness of the Sun, they do not pay any attention to it, leaving it unobserved, among them.

Such is my Love, symbolized by the Sun. It rises in the midst of all, like a majestic Sun. There is no mind that is not irradiated by my Light; there is no heart that does not feel my warmth; there is no soul that is not embraced by my Love. More than Sun, I am in the midst of all. Alas, how few pay attention to Me! I remain almost unobserved in the midst of them; I receive no return, but I continue to give light, heat and love. If a soul pays attention to Me, I go mad, but without clamor, because my Love is not subject to weaknesses, being firm, fixed and genuine. Just so would I like your love for Me and, if it were so, you would become also Sun for Me and for all, since true Love possesses all the qualities of the Sun.

On the other hand, a love which is not firm, fixed or genuine is symbolized by earthly fire, which is subject to variations. Its light is not capable of illuminating all; it is a very gloomy light, mixed with smoke. Its heat is limited, and if it is not fed with wood, it dies down and turns into ash; while if the wood is green, it sputters and smokes.

Such are the souls who are not completely for Me, as my true lovers. If they do any good, it is more noise and smoke that comes out of their actions than light. If they are not fed by some human bother - even under the aspect of sanctity or conscience - they fade and become colder than ash. Inconstancy is their characteristic: now fire, now ash."

### **August 14, 1912**

*In order to forget ourselves, we must do each thing not only because Jesus wants it, but because Jesus wants to do it within us. If He redeemed us with His Passion, with His hidden life He prepared the divine action for every human action.*

Finding myself in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, in order for the soul to forget herself, she should do each thing which is necessary for her as if Jesus wanted to do it within her. If she prays, she should say: 'It is Jesus who wants to pray, and I pray together with Him.' If she has to work:

‘Jesus wants to work; Jesus wants to walk; Jesus wants to take food. He wants to sleep, He wants to get up, He wants to enjoy Himself...’ and so on for all other things of life - except for error. Only in this way can the soul forget herself; not only will she do everything because I want it, but because I want to do them: they are necessary to Me."

Now, one day I was working and I thought to myself: ‘How is it possible that Jesus works in me while I work? Does He really want to do this work?’ And Jesus: "Yes I do. My fingers are in yours and they work. My daughter, when I was on earth, didn't my hands lower themselves to work the wood, hammer the nails, and help my foster Father Joseph in the smithing work? While I was doing that, with those very hands and with those fingers, I created souls and called other souls to the other life; I divinized all human actions; I sanctified them, giving a Divine merit to each one of them. In the movements of my fingers I called in sequence all the movements of your fingers and those of others; and if I saw that they were doing them for Me, or because I wanted to act within them, I continued my life of Nazareth in them, and I felt cheered by them for the sacrifices and the humiliations of my hidden Life, giving them the merit of my own Life.

Daughter, the hidden Life that I conducted in Nazareth is not taken into account by men, when in fact, after the Passion, nothing could benefit them more. By lowering Myself to all those little actions and those acts which men exercise during their daily life, such as eating, sleeping, drinking, working, starting the fire, sweeping, etc. - all acts which no one can do without - I made flow inside their souls a tiny divine coin of incalculable price. Therefore, if my Passion redeemed them, my hidden Life provided each human action, even the most insignificant one, with Divine merit and with infinite value.

Do you see? As you work - working because I want to work - my fingers flow within yours, and as I work in you with my creative hands, in this very instant, how many am I giving to the light of this world? How many others am I calling? How many others do I sanctify, correct, chastise, etc.? Now, you are with Me creating, calling, correcting and so forth; therefore, just as you are not alone, neither am I alone in my work. Could I ever give you greater honor?"

Who can say all that I understood, and all the good that can be done for ourselves and for others, by doing things because Jesus wants to do them in us? My mind gets lost, therefore I stop here.

### **August 16, 1912**

*The harm of thinking about oneself and the goodness of thinking only of Jesus.*

This morning my always adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, the thought of yourselves blinds your minds; it forms a sort of human enchantment in you, and this enchantment forms a net around man. This net is made of weaknesses, oppressions, melancholies, fears and of all the evil contained in human nature. The more one thinks of herself, even under the aspect of good, the thicker the net becomes - the more blind the soul.

On the other hand, not thinking of oneself but thinking only of Me, and only of loving Me in everything, is light for the mind which forms a sweet divine enchantment. Its net is also formed, but this net is made of light, fortitude, joy and trust; in sum, of all the goods that I Myself possess. The less one thinks of herself, the thicker that net becomes, to the extent that one no longer recognizes herself. How beautiful it is to see the soul wrapped in this net which has been woven by Divine enchantment! How delightful, gracious and dear to all Heaven! The opposite for the soul who remains fixed on herself."

### **August 17, 1912**

*Thinking of oneself and thinking of Jesus.*

As I was praying, my blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, the thought of oneself makes the soul smaller, and from her littleness she measures my greatness, almost wanting to constrain Me. On the other hand, one who does not think of herself but thinks of Me becomes greater within my immensity and renders Me the honor due to Me."

### **August 20, 1912**

*Jesus is close to us, ready to do well, together with us, all that we are about to do, as soon as we ask Him.*

Continuing, my always adorable Jesus, as He came, told me: "My daughter, how sorry I feel in seeing the soul huddled within herself, and operating by herself. While I am close to her and look at her, seeing that

many times she is unable to do well what she does, I wait for her to call Me and say: 'I want to do this thing, but I am unable do it. Come and do it with me, and I'll do everything well. For example: I want to love; come to love together with me. I want to pray; come and pray together with me. I want to make this sacrifice; come and give me your strength, for I feel weak...', and so forth with everything else. Gladly and with greatest delight, I would offer Myself for everything.

I am like the teacher who assigned an essay to his pupil, remaining close to him to see what his pupil does. Unable to do well, the pupil gets worried, worked up, upset, and he may even cry, but he doesn't say: 'Master, teach me how I should do this.' What is not the mortification of the teacher, in feeling treated like a nothing by his student? Such is my condition."

Then He added: "It is said: man proposes, God disposes. As soon as the soul proposes to do some good - to be holy - I immediately dispose the things that are needed around her: light, graces, knowledge of Me, detachments. And if I do not achieve the purpose with these, then by means of mortifications I do not deny anything to that soul, in order to grant her what she had proposed. But, oh, how many forcefully escape from this crafting that my Love has woven around them! Few are those who do not give up and let Me accomplish my work."

### **August 28, 1912**

*Love transforms the soul in God, but the love which is vivified and fed by the Divine Will.*

Continuing in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus, as He came, told me: "My daughter, the other virtues, although high and sublime, always cause the creature to be distinguished from her Creator. Only love transforms the soul in God. But no one can give true love if love does not receive life and food by my Will. Therefore, it is my Will that, united with Love, forms the true transformation into Me. That soul is in continuous contact with my Power, Sanctity and all that I am; therefore, one can say that she is another Me. Everything is precious and all is sanctity for that soul. It can be said that even her breath or the contact with the ground that she treads is precious and holy, since these are nothing other than effects of my Will."

Then He added: "Oh, if all knew my Love and my Will, they would stop leaning on themselves and, even more, on others - human supports would end. Oh, how many would find them insignificant, painful, uncomfortable! All would rely only on my Love, which is most pure Spirit and does not contain matter, so they would feel comfortable leaning within Me, and with the effects which they want.

My daughter, Love wants to find souls emptied of everything, otherwise they cannot wear the garment of love. It would happen as to that man who wanted to wear a suit, but that suit is stuffed, so that he is unable fit in it. He tries to put an arm in the sleeve, but he finds it blocked; so, that poor man has to either put it away or make a bad impression. In the same way, when Love wants to dress the soul with Itself, if It doesn't find the soul completely emptied, It withdraws in bitterness."

### **August 31, 1912**

*More than a sun, love defends one who possesses it, blinding those who may want to plot snares or criticize.*

As I was praying for a person, blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, it happens with love, symbolized by the sun, just as to those people who can easily continue to do their actions only as long as they keep their eyes low, so that the light of the sun descends, mild, into their eyes. But if they want to fix their eyes on the sun, especially if it is midday, their sight remains dazzled and they are forced to lower them, otherwise they would have to stop their activities. They would have the worst of it, while they would cause no damage to the sun, which would continue its course with its majesty.

So it happens, my daughter, to the one who really loves Me. Love is more than a majestic, imposing sun for her. If people look at her from afar, the light of love descends mildly into their eyes, so they plot, lay snares and criticize her. But as they approach her in order to fix eyes on her, the light of love will flash into their eyes, and they will end up leaving and no longer thinking about her. So, the loving soul will continue her course without even considering whether they are looking at her or not, because she knows that love will defend her in everything and will keep her safe."

### **September 2, 1912**

*How harmful is the thought of oneself, and how much good does the thought of Jesus alone. The souls who are united to the Divine Will, whose only thought is to love Jesus, are like the rays of the sun for Him.*

I was saying to my always adorable Jesus: 'My only fear is that, somehow, You might leave me and withdraw from me.' And Jesus: "My daughter, I cannot leave you because you are fixed in Me and therefore you do no act which is self-reflexive and inappropriate to yourself, neither do you have any care for yourself. For one who really loves Me, reflection on and care of self - even in good - are like many gaps formed in love. Therefore, my Life cannot fill the soul completely; I am as though banned - cornered, and they give Me the occasion to make my little withdrawals. On the other hand, the soul who is not inclined to the concerns of her own cares but thinks only of loving Me, takes care of Me, and I fill her with everything. There is not a point in her life in which she does not find my Life, and if I wanted to withdraw, I would have to destroy Myself, which can never be.

My daughter, if souls knew how harmful certain self-reflections are! They bend and lower the souls, making them keep their faces turned inward. The more they look at themselves, the more human they become; the more they think, the more they feel their miseries and become miserable. But if they think only of Me, of loving Me and being all abandoned in Me, their souls straighten up, and by keeping their sight on Me only, they rise and grow. The more they look at Me, the more Divine they become; the more they meditate on Me, the richer, stronger and braver they feel. The union with the Divine Volition leads the soul toward the oblivion of herself and to the contemplation of God."

Then He added: "My daughter, the souls who are united with my Will, who allow Me to give my Life within them, and who think only of loving Me, are united to Me like rays to the Sun. If the Sun were unable to form its rays, it could not extend its light and heat. The rays give more beauty to the Sun; therefore, through these rays alone, which form one single thing with Me, I extend Myself upon all regions, giving light, Grace and heat, and I feel more embellished than if I had no rays.

Now, one could ask a sun's ray how many courses it has made, how much light and how much heat it has given. If it had a mind it would answer: 'I don't want to bother with this. The sun knows and that's enough. If I had to give light and heat to more lands I would do so, because the sun that gives me life can do anything.' If that ray wanted to think about it and look back at what it did, it would lose its course and become dark.

Such are the souls, my lovers. They are my divine rays; they don't worry about what they do; their only intent is to remain fixed within the Divine Sun. If they wanted to think, it would happen to them as to the sun's ray: they would lose much."

## **September 6, 1912**

*The ones who experience the benefits of having Jesus close to themselves.*

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, I am inside and outside the souls; but who experiences the effects of this? The one who approaches my Will with his will; the one who calls Me, who prays, and knows my power and the good I can do for him. Otherwise, it happens as to that man who has water in his home, but doesn't go to it to take a drink. Even if there is water, he does not enjoy the benefit of it and burns with thirst. In the same way, if he is cold, he does not approach the fire to get warm; although the fire is there, he will not enjoy the benefit of its heat; and so on with all the rest. What is not my sorrow in wanting to give, while there is nobody to take my benefits!"

## **September 29, 1912**

*The Divine Will in Jesus is the center, the life and the origin of everything in Him. Jesus is the One who disposes the intentions of one who lives in His Will, in whatever he does. Only Jesus is enough for him, while earthly things do not attract his will; so, if he eats, it is only according to the Will of God.*

I am writing of past things. I was thinking to myself: 'The Lord spoke to some about His Passion, to some about His Heart, to some others about His Cross, and many more things. I would like to know which soul has been favored the most by Jesus.' My adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, do you know who has been most favored by Me? The soul to whom I manifested the prodigies and the power of my Most Holy Will. All other things are parts of Me, while my Will is the center, the life and the holder of everything. My Will directed my Passion, gave life to my Heart, and exalted the Cross. My Will understands everything,

catches everything, and activates everything - my Will is greater than anything. As a consequence, the one to whom I spoke about my Will has been the most favored, above everyone and everything.

How much you should thank Me for having admitted you to the secrets of my Volition! Even more, the one who is in my Will is also in my Passion; she is my Heart; she is all the beauty of my Cross and she is my very Redemption. Nothing dissimilar exists between us. Therefore, I want you completely in my Will, if you want to take part in my goods."

Another time I was thinking about what would be the best way to offer our actions, our prayers, etc. - whether as reparations, adoration, etc. My always benign Jesus told me: "My daughter, one who lives in my Will and does her things because I want it so, does not need to dispose her intentions. Since she is in my Will, as she operates, prays or suffers, I Myself dispose these things the way I please. Do I like the reparation? I placed them for reparation. Do I like love? I take them as love. Being the owner, I make of them whatever I please. It is not so for those who are not in my Will: they dispose, and I respect their will."

Another day, having read in a book about a saint who, first had almost no need of food, and then needed to feed herself very often - her necessity being such that she would cry if they didn't give her something - I remained concerned, thinking about my state, since once I used to take very little food and I was forced to bring it up, and now I take more and I don't bring it up. And I was saying to myself: 'Blessed Jesus, how is this? I consider this a mortification for me. My wickedness leads me to these miseries.' And Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, do you want to know why? I am here to make you content. At the beginning, in order to render a soul completely mine, to empty her of all that is of the senses and place into her all that is celestial and Divine, I detach her even from the necessity of food, in such a way that she almost doesn't need it. So, the soul rises high, neglecting and ignoring everything: her life is celestial.

After I have trained her well, for years and years, no longer fearing that the senses might shade her - since after the soul has tasted the heavenly it is almost impossible that she might appreciate earthly things, which are nothing other than mud and slime - I give her back to ordinary life, because I want my children to take part in the things that I created for love of them - but according to my Will, not to theirs. It is only for love of these children that I am forced to feed the others. Further, since many use natural goods with attachment and not according to my Will, it is for Me the most beautiful reparation to see these souls who, like celestial children, take the necessary things with sacrifice, detachment, and according to my Will.

How can you say that there is wickedness in you for this? Not at all. What's the evil of taking, in my Will, a little more or a little less of what is nothing other than an earthly thing? Nothing...nothing. There cannot be any evil in my Will, but always good, even in the most insignificant things."

## **October 14, 1912**

*All that Jesus does in His chosen souls is eternal and not subject to death.*

Finding myself in my usual state, I was lamenting with Jesus about my poor state, saying: 'How can I benefit from the many graces that You gave me in the past? You even crucified me with Yourself. What's the benefit, if now everything is over?' And Jesus: "My daughter, what are you saying? What! Nothing can benefit you, everything is over? False! You deceive yourself. Nothing is over and everything benefits you. You must know that everything I do to the chosen souls is sealed with the seal of the Eternal One, and there is no power that can take the work of my Grace away from the chosen soul. Therefore, all the operations I have made to your soul exist, have life in you, and give you continuous food. Did I crucify you? The crucifixion exists, and it exists for as many times as I crucified you. Many times I delight in working within the souls and to put things in storage; then I renew my work without taking away what I have done before. Therefore, how can you say that nothing benefits you and that all is over?"

Ah, my daughter, the times are so sad that my Justice reaches the point of rejecting the chosen souls who would take the lightning upon themselves, preventing it from falling on the world. These are the dearest victims of my Heart, and the world forces Me to keep them almost inactive. But this is not their lack of activity since, being in my Will, they do everything, while it seems that they do nothing; rather, they embrace Immensity and Eternity, but the world - from its own wickedness - does not enjoy the effects of this."

## **November 1, 1912**

*The thought of oneself impoverishes and degrades the soul. Only those who need something think about themselves. Those who live in the Divine Will are in the same condition as Jesus.*

Being very afflicted because of the privation of my adorable Jesus, I was praying and repairing for all. In extreme bitterness, I turned thought to myself and I said: 'Have mercy on me, Jesus. Forgive this soul! Aren't your Blood and your pains mine too? Are they perhaps less worthy for me?' While I was saying this, my adorable Jesus told me from my interior: "Ah, my daughter, why are you thinking about yourself? You are now going down, reducing yourself from owner to the miserable condition of one who asks! Poor daughter! By thinking of yourself you impoverish yourself, because in my Will you are owner and you can take anything you want on your own. If there is anything to do in my Will, it is to pray and to repair for others."

And I: 'Most sweet Jesus, You love so much that those who live in your Will do not think about themselves; and You, do You think of Yourself?' (What an inappropriate question!)

And Jesus: "No, I do not think about Myself. Those who need something think about themselves. I need nothing. I Myself am the Sanctity, the happiness, the immensity, the height and the depth. I lack nothing - nothing. My Being contains all possible imaginable goods within Itself. If any thought occupies Me, it is the thought of mankind, which, in creating it, I made come out from Myself, and which I want to come back to Me. I place the souls who really want to do my Will in this same condition - being one single thing with Me. I make them the owners of my goods because there is no slavery in my Will: what is mine is theirs; what I want, they want. Therefore, if one renders herself sensitive to some need, it means that she is not perfectly in my Will or, at the most, she makes some descents, just as you are doing right now - nothing less.

Doesn't it seem strange to you that the one who formed one single thing - one single Will - with Me, asks Me for mercy, pardon, blood, pains, when I made her owner together with Me? I don't know what mercy or pardon to give her, since I gave her everything. At the most, I should forgive Myself for some mistake, which can never be. Therefore, I recommend that you not leave my Will, otherwise you would become poor and would feel the need for everything."

## **November 2, 1912**

*One who wants to know herself must know herself in Jesus, and she will find her true image in Him, as well as the image of the other, placing the whole of herself in the divine order.*

Continuing in my affliction, I was saying to myself: 'I no longer recognize myself! Sweet Life of mine, where are You? What should I do to find you again? Without You, my Love, I cannot find the Beauty that embellishes me, the Fortitude that strengthens me, the Life that vivifies me. I lack everything - everything is death for me. Without you, life itself is more harrowing than any death. Ah, it is a continual death! Come, O Jesus, I cannot take it any more! Oh supreme Light, come - don't make me wait any more! You let me feel the touch of your hands and then, as I try to grab You, You run away from me. You let me see your shadow, and as I try to look at the majesty in the shadow - the beauty of my Sun Jesus - I lose both shadow and Sun. Please, mercy! My heart is shredded, lacerated into pieces - I cannot live any more. Ah, if I could at least die!'

As I was saying this, my always adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, I am here, inside of you. If you want to recognize yourself, come into Me, to recognize yourself inside of Me. If you come to recognize yourself in Me, you will put yourself in order, because in Me you will find your image, made by Me and similar to Me. You will find everything that is needed to preserve and embellish this image. As you come to recognize yourself in Me, you will also recognize your neighbor in Me; and in seeing how I love you and the other, you will rise to the degree of true Divine Love. Everything, inside and outside of you, will take on the true order - Divine order.

But if you want to recognize yourself inside of yourself, first, you won't really recognize yourself because you will lack Divine light; second, you will find all things in disorder, clashing with themselves: misery, weakness, darkness, passions, and all the rest. You will find all these things in disorder, inside and outside of yourself, trying to make war not only with you, but also with themselves to see which one can hurt you the most. And you - imagine in what order they will put your neighbor toward yourself.

Not only do I want you to recognize yourself in Me but, if you want to remember yourself, you must come and do it in Me; otherwise, if you try to remember yourself without Me, you will do more harm than good."

**November 25, 1912**

*Jesus makes Luisa content, making her suffer without moving her from His Most Holy Will. There are two stairways to Heaven: one of wood, for those who take the path of virtue; and one of gold, for those who live in the Divine Will.*

This morning my always adorable Jesus, though He came in the usual way, seemed to me as if He was just passing through. He was anxious to see me again and to be with me in a familiar way. In seeing Him so good, so sweet and benign, I forgot all about my troubles - my privations; and seeing Him with a big thick crown of thorns, I told Him: 'Sweet Love and my Life, show me if you still love me. Remove this crown from around your head and place it on mine, with your own hands.'

Soon adorable Jesus removed it and pressed it on my head with His own hands. Oh, how happy I felt with the thorns of Jesus - sharp, yes, but sweet! He looked at me with loving tenderness and, feeling so tenderly observed, I bravely added: 'Jesus, my heart, the thorns are not enough for me. To be certain that You love me as before, don't You also have the nails with which to nail me? Hurry, O Jesus, don't keep me in doubt; for the only doubt of not being always loved by You, gives me continual death! Pierce me!'

And He: "Dear daughter, I cannot find the nails, but in order to make you content, I will pierce you with a piece of iron." So He took my hands and ripped them open, very far; and then my feet. I suffered, yes; I felt as if I was swimming in a sea of pain, but also of love and sweetness. It seemed that Jesus could not remove His tender and loving gaze from me; arranging me and covering me completely with His royal mantle, He told me: "My sweet daughter, cease now any doubt about my Love for you. Even more, in order to give you courage I tell you that no matter your state, or whether you see Me concerned, or flashing by, or silent, remember that one single renewal of my thorns or nails to you will be enough to place us again in our loving closeness and intimacy - more than before. Therefore, be content, and I will continue with the scourges of the world."

He told me other things, but the intensity of the pain does not allow me to remember them well. Then I remained alone again, without Jesus, and I poured myself out with my sweet Mama, crying and praying Her to make Jesus come back. My Mama told me: "My sweet daughter, do not cry. You must thank Jesus for the way He behaves with you and for the grace He gives you, not allowing you to move away from His Most Holy Will, in these times of chastisements. Greater grace He could not give you."

After this, Jesus came back and, noticing that I had cried, told me: "Have you cried?" And I: 'I cried with Mama; I didn't cry with anyone else, and I did it because You were not here.' Jesus took my hands in His hands, and it seemed that He was soothing my pains; then He showed me two high stairways, from earth up to Heaven. On one of them there were more people - very few on the other one. The one on which there were only few people was of solid gold, and it seemed that those few who were going up were other Jesuses - each one of them was one Jesus. On the other one, which seemed to be made of wood, there were more people, and they could be distinguished and identified - almost all short and not very developed.

Jesus told me: "My daughter, those who lived their lives in my Life ascend on the golden stairs; I can say that they are my feet, my hands, my Heart - the whole of Myself. Just as you can see that they are another Me, they are everything to Me, and I am their life. Their actions are all of gold and of incalculable price, because they are Divine. Nobody will ever be able to reach their height because they are my very Life; almost without anyone knowing them, because they are hidden within Me. Only in Heaven will they be perfectly known.

On the wooden stairs there are more souls; these are the souls who walk along the way of the virtues, but not in union with my Life and with the continuous connection of my Will. Their actions are of wood, (since only the union with Me forms golden actions), therefore their price is minimal. These souls are short, almost scrawny, because many human purposes are mixed in with their good actions, and human purposes do not produce growth. They are known to everyone, because they are not hidden within Me, but within themselves; therefore, nobody covers them. They will not cause any surprise for Heaven, since they were known also on earth.

Therefore, my daughter, I want you completely in my Life, with nothing in yours, and I entrust to you the ones you know and see, that they may keep themselves strong and constant on the stairway of my Life." He pointed to me someone whom I know, and disappeared. May all be for His Glory.

## **December 14, 1912**

*One who lives in the Divine Will lives in the Most Holy Humanity of Jesus, in order to do what He does and embrace everyone and everything. One who lives completely in His Will is not tempted.*

This morning, when my always adorable Jesus came, He tied me with a golden thread and told me: "My daughter, I do not want to tie you with ropes and chains. Iron shackles and chains are used with the rebels, but with the docile - with those who want no life other than my Will, and who take no food other than my Love - a thread is enough to keep them united with Me; and many times I don't even use this thread. They are so deeply into Me, that we form one single thing. So, if I use the thread, it is almost to joke with them."

While Jesus was tying me, I found myself in the endless sea of the Will of my Jesus and, consequently, of all creatures; and I went wandering in the mind of Jesus, in the eyes of Jesus, in the mouth of Jesus, in the Heart of Jesus, as well as in the mind, in the eyes and in everything else of the creatures, doing all that Jesus did. Oh, how Jesus embraces all, without excluding anyone! Then, Jesus added: "One who lives in my Will, embracing everything, praying and repairing for all, takes within herself the love that I have for everyone; she encloses in just herself the love that I have for all. For as much as I love her, she is equally dear to Me and beautiful. She leaves everyone behind."

Then, having read that one who is not tempted is not dear to God, and since it seems to me that for a long time I have not known what temptation is, I mentioned this to Jesus, and He told me: "My daughter, one who lives completely in my Will is not subject to temptation, because the devil does not have the power to enter my Will; not only this, but he, himself, does not want to enter because my Will is Light, and in front of this Light the soul would recognize his tricks and would therefore make fun of the enemy. The enemy does not like this mockery, which are more terrible for him than hell itself; so he does all he can to stay away from her. Try to get out of my Will, and you will see how many enemies will swoop down on you. One who lives in my Will always carries the flag of victory high, and none of the enemies dare to confront this impregnable flag."

## **December 20, 1912**

*Jesus gives everything He owns to one who lives in the Divine Will, so as not to deny anything to Himself. There are no judgments for the soul who lives in His Will; rather, she has the right to judge. Difference between the Divine Will and His Love.*

It seemed that during these past days my always adorable Jesus wanted to speak about His Holy Will. He came, said a few words and then went away. I remember that once He told me: "My daughter, I feel the obligation to give my virtues, my beauty, my strength to one who lives in my Will - in a word, everything that I am. If I did not give it to her, I would deny it to Myself." Another time, as I was reading about how terrible the Judgment is, and remaining very saddened, my sweet Jesus told me: "My daughter, why do you want to sadden Me?" And I: 'I do not intend to sadden You, but myself.' And He: "Ah, don't you want to understand that displeasures, sadness, and anything else that a soul who does my Will may suffer, fall upon Me and I feel them as though they were mine? I can say to one who does my Will: laws are not for you; there are no Judgments for you; rather, one who does my Will, instead of being judged, acquires the right to judge others." Then He added: "The good will of the soul in doing good is power over my Heart. This power exercises so much hold on Me that, through its play, it forces Me to give her whatever she wants."

I was thinking: 'What does Jesus like the most: Love or His Will?' And Jesus: "My Will must come before everything. Look at yourself: you have a body and a soul; you are made of intelligence, flesh, bones, nerves..., but you are not of cold marble; you also contain heat. Therefore, the soul, the intelligence, the body, the flesh, the bones and the nerves must be my Will, and the heat you contain is Love. Look at the flame, the fire: the flame, the fire, must be my Will, while the heat produced by the flame and fire is Love. Therefore, in all things, the substance must be my Will; the effects, Love. Both of them are so connected together that one cannot be without the other. So, the more substance of my Will the soul contains, the more love she produces."

## **January 22, 1913**

*The triple Passion of Jesus: of Love, of sin, and from the Jews. The fall of Jesus into the Cedron torrent.*

I was thinking about the Passion of my always adorable Jesus, especially of what He suffered in the Garden. I found myself all immersed in Jesus, and He told me: "My daughter, my first Passion was of Love, because the first step with which man, in sinning, gives himself to evil is the lack of Love; so, since Love is missing, he falls into sin. In order to be repaid through Me for the lack of love of the creatures, Love made Me suffer more than anyone; It almost crushed Me, more than if I were under a press. It gave Me as many deaths for as many creatures receiving life.

The second step that occurs in sin is defrauding God of His Glory. So, in order to be repaid for the Glory taken away by the creatures, the Father made Me suffer the Passion of sin, such that each sin gave Me a special Passion. Although there was one Passion, I suffered for sin as many Passions as there would be sins committed until the end of the world. So, the Glory of the Father was restored.

The third effect produced by sin is the weakness in man. Therefore, I wanted to suffer the Passion from the hands of the Jews - my third Passion - to restore in man his lost strength.

Therefore, with the Passion of Love, Love was restored and placed at the right level; with the Passion of sin, the Glory of the Father was restored and placed at Its level; with the Passion of the Jews, the strength of the creatures was placed at its level and restored. I suffered all this in the Garden, and the pain was so much, so many the deaths - the atrocious spasms inflicted upon Me that I really would have died if the Will of the Father for my death had arrived."

Then I began to think of when my adorable Jesus was thrown into the torrent Cedron by the enemies. Blessed Jesus made Himself be seen in a state that evoked pity, all wet by those filthy waters. He told me: "My daughter, in creating the soul I covered her with a mantle of light and beauty. Sin removes this mantle of light and beauty, placing a mantle of darkness and ugliness, rendering the soul disgusting and nauseating. In order to remove this mantle - so filthy - which sin puts on the soul, I allowed the Jews to throw Me into this torrent, where I remained as if covered inside and outside of Myself, since these putrid waters entered even into my ears, into my nostrils and into my mouth, to the extent that the Jews were disgusted in touching Me. Ah, the love of creatures cost Me so much that it rendered Me nauseating even to Myself!"

## **February 5, 1913**

*One who does not do the Divine Will does not have right to anything; she is an intruder and a thief of the things of God. Difference between Divine Will and Love.*

This morning my always adorable Jesus came like shadow and lightning, and told Me: "My daughter, one who does not do my Will has no reason to live on earth; her life becomes without purpose, with no means and with no end. She is just like a tree which is incapable of producing any fruit; at the most it can produce poisonous fruits with which it poisons itself more and more, as well as anyone who would imprudently eat them. This tree does nothing other than steal the poor hard work of the farmer, who hoes the soil around it with hardship and sweat. In the same way, the soul who does not do my Will is in continuous act of defrauding Me, converting those thefts into poison. She is around Me to steal from Me; she steals from Me the Work of Creation, the Work of her own Redemption and Sanctification. She steals from Me the light of the sun, the food she takes, the air she breathes, the water which quenches her thirst, the fire which warms her, and the ground she treads, because all this belongs to the one who does my Will - all that is Mine is hers too. On the other hand, one who does not do my Will has no rights; so I feel as if being continuously robbed. One who does not do my Will has to be held as a noxious and fraudulent stranger; therefore, it is necessary to chain her and throw her into the deepest prisons." Having said this, He disappeared like a flash.

Another day He came and told me: "My daughter, do you want to know the difference between my Will and Love? My Will is Sun - Love is fire. My Will, like the Sun, does not need food, nor does Its light and heat grow or decrease - It remains always equal to Itself, and Its light always most pure. On the other hand, the fire, which symbolizes Love, needs wood in order to be fed, and if the wood is missing, it can even be extinguished. It grows and decreases according to the wood that is placed in it; therefore, it is subject to instability, and its light is gloomy, mixed with smoke - if love is not regulated by my Will." After He said this, He disappeared. A light remained in my mind, through which I could understand that the Will of God is like a Sun for the soul, because the actions that are done as actions wanted by God form one single thing with the Divine Will - and, there it is, the Sun is formed. The human actions and the soul's entire being united to the Divine Action and

Being are the wood which feeds this Sun. Therefore, the soul herself becomes the wood provided by the Divine Will; but this wood is not like the wood which feeds love - it cannot be lacking. This Sun has no need for food; It does not grow or decrease; It is always equal to Itself; Its light is most pure, because it takes part in everything. The Divine Being and the Divine wood are never extinguished, and are not subject to smoke.

I won't explain further, because I think that the rest, regarding love, can be understood by itself.

### **February 19, 1913**

*The Divine Will is like opium for the soul. The creature does nothing other than want Jesus to do everything in her.*

Continuing in my usual state and having received Holy Communion, my always adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, my Will is like opium to the body. The poor patients who have to undergo an operation - the severing of one leg or one arm - are put to sleep with the opium. With it, they will not feel the sharpness of the pain and, after they wake up, they will find themselves with the results of the accomplished operation. If they haven't suffered too much, it is thanks to the opium.

Such is my Will: the opium of the soul, which puts to sleep the intelligence, the love of self and the self-esteem - everything that is human. The opium of my Will does not allow displeasure, slander, suffering, or a state of interior pain to penetrate deeply into her, because it keeps her as if asleep. But with this, the soul still finds herself with the same effects and the same merits; even more - oh, how much she surpasses them, just as if she had deeply felt that suffering. But with this difference: opium for the body has to be purchased and cannot be used often, or every day, and if a person wanted to over-use it, he would become dazed, especially if he is of weak constitution; on the other hand, I give the opium of my Will gratis; it can be taken at any moment; the more often the soul takes it, the more light of reason she acquires; and if she is weak, she acquires Divine strength."

After this, I seemed to see people around me, and I said to Jesus: 'Who are they?' And Jesus: "They are the ones whom I entrusted to you some time ago. I commend them to you - watch over them. I would like to form this bond of union between you in order to have them always around Me." And He pointed out to me one in particular. And I: 'Ah, Jesus, have You forgotten about my misery and nothingness, and the extreme need I have? What shall I do?' And Jesus: "My daughter, you will not do anything, just as you've never done anything. I will speak and operate within you, and I will speak through your mouth. If you only want it so, and if there is good disposition in them, I will offer Myself for everything. Even if I should keep you asleep in my Will, I will wake you up when necessary, and I will let you speak to them. I will delight more in hearing you speak about my Will both in vigil and in sleep."

### **March 16, 1913**

*Prayer without fervor, but done in order to please Jesus, is like incense without smoke. In His Will even the ice becomes like fire. One who does the Divine Will is fed by the light of the Sun of God, and does all which God does.*

I am writing some little things that blessed Jesus told me in these past few days. I remember that, although feeling indifferent and cold, I was still doing what I usually do; and I thought to myself: 'Who knows how much more glory I gave to Our Lord when I felt the opposite of how I feel today?' And blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, when the soul prays with some natural fervor, it is incense with smoke - not perfectly pure. Instead, when she prays feeling cold but with the effort to please Me, without having allowed anything extraneous to Me to enter herself, this is a purer incense - with nothing extraneous. Both of them are pleasing to Me, but the purer the incense she sends, the more I am pleased, because smoke always bothers the eyes."

As I was feeling the same way, adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, ice in my Will is more ardent than fire. What would impress you the most: to see that ice has the virtue of burning and destroying whatever may touch it, or to see fire turning things into fire? Certainly the ice. Ah, my daughter, in my Will things change their nature; ice in my Will has the virtue of destroying anything which is not worthy of my Sanctity, rendering the soul pure, clear and holy, according to what I like, not according to what might be pleasing to her.

This is the blindness of creatures - and also of those who are said to be good - in feeling cold, miserable, weak, oppressed, and so on. The more they feel bad, the more they huddle within their will, weaving their own

maze so as to wrap themselves even more within their troubles, instead of making a jump into my Will, in which they would find the 'cold fire', the 'misery wealth', the 'weakness strength', the 'oppression joy'. I make them feel so bad on purpose, in order to give them, in my Will, the opposite of the evils which they keep. But creatures do not want to understand this - once and for all; so they render vain my designs for them. What blindness! What blindness!"

Another day Jesus told me: "My daughter, take a look at how one who lives in my Will feeds herself." In the meantime, I could see a Sun which was spreading innumerable rays; It was so splendid that our sun appeared just as a shadow. A few souls, immersed in this light, were suckling with their mouths from these rays, as if the rays were breasts. These souls were not taking part in anything else, as if they were doing nothing; but while it seemed that they were not doing anything, the whole Divine Work was coming out from their activity. My always adorable Jesus added: "Did you see the happiness of the ones who do my Will, and how the repetition of my works comes only from them? The soul who lives in my Will feeds herself with Light - with Me; and while she does nothing, she does everything. She can be certain that whatever she thinks, does and says is the effect of the food which she takes - that is to say, everything is a fruit of my Will."

### **March 21, 1913**

*The will of the soul abandoned to the Divine Will is opium for Jesus. Through abandonment, she becomes like another Humanity of Jesus. When earthly things render the air of the soul unbreathable, Jesus sends her the winds of adversities.*

Continuing in my usual state, I was telling sweet Jesus to condescend to let me share in His pains. He told me: "My daughter, my Will is the opium of the soul. My opium is the will of the soul abandoned in my Will - united to pure love. This opium, which the soul gives to Me, makes the thorns lose their capacity to prick Me, the nails to pierce Me, the wounds to give Me pain; it soothes and puts everything to sleep. Therefore, if you have given Me opium, how can you want Me to let you share in my pains? If I don't have them for Myself, neither do I have them for you."

And I: 'Ah, Jesus, how good You are to come up with this! It seems that You want to make fun of me, coming up with these terms so as not to make me content.'" And He: "No, no, it's true. It is really like this. I need a lot of opium, and I want you completely abandoned in Me, so that you will no longer feel yourself, and so I will tell you that you are my soul, my flesh, my bones. During these times I need plenty of opium because, if I wake up, I will pour down a deluge of chastisements." And He disappeared.

He came back after a little while and added: "My daughter, many times it happens to the souls the same as it happens in the air. The air is fattened by the stench which emanates from the earth, and one feels such a thick, heavy, oppressive and nauseating air that winds are necessary in order to cleanse it. Then, after the air has been purified, the finest breeze blows, such that one would remain with his mouth open in order to breathe that purified air. All this happens in the souls. Many times satisfaction, self-esteem, ego, and all that is human fatten the air of the soul, and I am forced to send to this soul the wind of coldness, the wind of temptation, of aridity, of slander, so that these winds may cleanse the air of this soul, purify her, and bring her back to her nothingness. Nothingness opens the door to the All - to God; and the All makes many fragrant breezes blow, so that the soul, with her mouth open, may swallow that air, remaining sanctified by it."

### **March 24, 1913**

*Any discontent is a fruit of the human will. The Celestial Mama was filled with Jesus through her constant thinking of His Passion.*

I was feeling a certain discontent because of the privations of my always adorable Jesus, when He came and told me: "My daughter, what are you doing? I am the contentment of contentments. As I am in you and I feel some discontents, I recognize that they come from you, and therefore I do not recognize Myself completely in you, because discontents are part of the human nature - not of the Divine; while it is my Will that what is human no longer exist in you - only my Divine Life."

I add that I was thinking to myself about the sweet Mama, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, the thought of my Passion never escaped my dear Mama, and by dint of repeating it, she was completely filled with Me. The same happens to the soul: by dint of repeating what I suffered, she arrives at filling herself completely with

Me."

### **April 2, 1913**

*One who lives in the Divine Will is one Humanity of Jesus, just as when He was on earth: He appeared to be just a Man, but His Person was the Son of God.*

I was all afflicted because of the privation of my sweet Jesus, when Jesus came from behind my shoulders; He placed His hand on my mouth, removed the bed sheets which were so close as to prevent me from breathing freely, and then told me: "My daughter, the soul who does my Will is my breath; and since my breath contains all the breaths of creatures, I administer breath to all from within the soul who does my Will. This is why I moved the bed sheets away; I too felt my breathing hampered." And I: 'Ah, Jesus, what are you talking about? Rather, I feel that You have left me and that You forgot all the promises that You made to me.' And He: "My daughter, don't say this - you offend Me, and force Me to make you feel what it really means to be left by Me."

Then He added with an air of sweetness: "One who lives in my Will vividly represents the period of my Life upon earth: on the outside I appeared just as a Man, but at the same time I was also the beloved Son of my dear Father. In the same way, the soul who does my Will has, externally, the skin of humanity; while internally there is my Person, inseparable from the Most Holy Trinity both in Love and in Will - just like Me. So, the Divinity says: 'This is another daughter that We keep on earth. For love of her, We sustain the earth, because she does everything in Our place.'"

### **April 10, 1913**

*Value and effects of the Hours of the Passion. How Jesus wants them to be done. The Love of Jesus is fire which destroys evil and gives life to good.*

This morning my always adorable Jesus came and, hugging me close to His Heart, told me: "My daughter, the soul who always thinks about my Passion forms a spring within her heart, and the more she thinks, the larger this spring becomes. Since the waters which spring are waters common to everyone, this spring of my Passion which is formed in her heart serves to the benefit of the soul, to my glory, and to the benefit of all creatures." And I: 'Tell me, my Good, what will You give as a reward to those who will do the Hours of the Passion the way You taught them to me?'

And He: "My daughter, I will not look at these Hours as your things, but as things done by Me. I will give you the same merits, as if I were in the act of suffering my Passion. In this way, I will let you obtain the same effects, according to the dispositions of the souls. This, while on earth - and I could not give you a greater thing from My own. Then, in Heaven, I will place these souls in front of Me, flashing them with lightnings of love and contentment for as many times as they did the Hours of my Passion - while they will flash to Me as well. What a sweet enchantment this will be for all the Blessed!"

Then He added: "My Love is fire, but not like material fire which destroys things and reduces them to ash. My fire vivifies and perfects, while it burns and consumes all that is not holy - desires, affections, thoughts which are not good. This is the virtue of my fire: to burn evil and to give life to good. Therefore, if the soul does not feel any tendency to evil within herself, she can be certain that my fire is in her. But if she feels fire mixed with evil within herself, it is very doubtful whether that be my real fire."

### **May 9, 1913**

*Jesus and His Celestial Mama, especially during His Passion.*

While praying, I was thinking about that moment in which Jesus leaves His Most Holy Mother to go and suffer His Passion. I said to myself: 'How is it possible that Jesus could separate Himself from His dear Mama, and She from Jesus?' Blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, surely there could not be separation between Me and my sweet Mama. The separation was only apparent. She and I were fused together, and the fusion was so great that I remained with Her, while She came with Me. One can say that there was a sort of bilocation. This happens also to the souls when they are truly united with Me. If, while praying, they let prayer enter into their souls as life, a sort of fusion and bilocation occurs: I bring them with Me, wherever I am, and I remain with them.

My daughter, you cannot comprehend well what my beloved Mama was for Me. Coming upon earth, I could not be without Heaven, so my Heaven was my Mama. Electricity would flow between Us, such that my Mother had not a thought, which She did not draw from my mind. This drawing from Me of word, will, desire, action, step - in sum, of everything - formed the Sun, the stars, the moon in this Heaven, together with all the possible delights that a creature can give Me, and that she herself can enjoy. Oh, how I delighted in this Heaven! Oh, how I felt relieved and repaid for everything! Even the kisses that my Mama gave Me enclosed the kiss of all humanity, returning to Me the kiss of all creatures.

I felt my sweet Mama everywhere. I felt Her in my breath. If it was labored, She would release it. I felt Her in my Heart. If It was embittered, She would sweeten It. I felt Her in my step. If it was tired, She would give Me strength and rest... Who can tell you how much I felt Her in my Passion? I felt Her at every scourging, at every thorn, at every wound, at every drop of my Blood - everywhere, fulfilling Her office of true Mother. Ah, if souls reciprocated Me, if they drew everything from Me - how many Heavens and Mothers would I have on earth!"

### **May 21, 1913**

*Practical and real way to consume one's own being in the Divine Being.*

As I was in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, I want the true consummation in you - not fantastic, but true; though in a simple and feasible way. Suppose that a thought came to you, which was not for Me. You must destroy it and substitute it with the Divine. In this way you will have consumed the human thought and acquired the Divine Thought. So, if the eye wants to look at something that displeases Me or is not referred to Me, and the soul feels mortified, she has consumed the human eye, and acquired the eye of the Divine Life; and so on for the rest of your being. Oh, how I feel these new Divine Lives flowing in Me, taking part in everything I do!

I love these Lives so much that I give everything for love of them. These souls are first before Me; and if I bless them, all the others are blessed through them. They are the first to be benefited and loved, and through them, others too are benefited and loved."

### **June 12, 1913**

*The effects of fusing oneself in Jesus: taking part in His work. This produces the life of the Divine Will and the life of the Divine Love in the soul; therefore the Most Holy Trinity is formed in her.*

While I was praying, I was uniting my mind to the mind of Jesus, my eyes to those of Jesus, and so forth with everything else, with the intention of doing what Jesus did with His mind, with His eyes, with His mouth, with His Heart, and so forth. And as it seemed that the mind of Jesus, His eyes, etc. were spreading themselves for the good of all, it also seemed that I too was spreading myself for the good of all, uniting and identifying myself with Jesus.

Now, I was thinking to myself: 'What kind of meditation is this? What prayer? Ah, I am no longer good at anything! I am not even able to reflect on something!' While I was thinking of this, my always adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, what? Are you afflicting yourself with this? Instead of troubling yourself you should be happy, because when you were meditating at other times, and many beautiful reflections arose within your mind, you did nothing other than take part in Me, in my qualities and in my virtues. Now, since the only thing left to you is the opportunity of uniting and identifying yourself with Me, you take everything from Me. Unable to do any good by yourself, with Me you become good at everything, because desiring and wanting good produce strength in the soul which makes her grow, and which settles her in the Divine Life. Then, by uniting and identifying herself with Me, she unites with my mind, producing many lives of holy thoughts in the minds of the creatures; as she unites with my eyes, she produces many lives of holy glances in the creatures. In the same way, if she unites with my mouth, she will give life to the words; if she unites to my Heart, my desires, my hands, my steps, she will give a life for every heartbeat - life to desires, to actions, to steps... But holy lives, since I contain within me Creative Power, and therefore the soul, together with Me, creates and does whatever I do.

Now, this union with Me - part to part, mind to mind, heart to heart, etc. - produces in you, in the highest degree, the Life of my Will and of my Love. The Father is formed in this Will, and the Holy Spirit in this Love;

while the Son is formed by the operation, the words, the works, the thoughts, and by all the rest that can come from this Will and from this Love - here is the Trinity in the souls. In this way, if We need to operate, it is indifferent whether We operate within the Trinity in Heaven, or within the Trinity of the souls on earth.

This is why I keep taking everything else away from you, although they may be good and holy things: to give you the best and the holiest - Myself; and to make of you another Myself, as much as this is possible for the creature. I believe you won't lament any more, will you?" And I: 'Ah, Jesus, Jesus! I feel, rather, that I have become awful bad; and the worst is that I am unable to find this badness of mine, so that, at least, I would do anything I can to cast it away.' And Jesus: "Stop, stop. Do not go too deeply into the thought of yourself. Think of Me, and I will take care of your badness too. Have you understood?"

### **June 24, 1913**

*The soul who has no appetite for good.*

The soul who has no appetite for good, feels a sort of nausea and repulsion for good itself. Therefore, these souls are the refuse of God.

### **August 20, 1913**

*One who lives in the Divine Will must have trust, simplicity and disinterest in giving to all. Her life and her work are ended, because the Divine Will consecrates her and transubstantiates her.*

While I was praying, I saw my always adorable Jesus within me, and many souls around me, who were saying: 'Lord, You have placed everything in this soul!' And stretching their hands toward me, they said: 'Since Jesus is in you, and all His goods are with Him, take them and give them to us.' I remained confused, and blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, all possible goods are contained in my Will, and it is necessary for the soul who lives in It to be in It with trust, operating as owner together with Me. Creatures expect everything from this soul, and if they don't receive, they feel defrauded. But how can she give if she does not operate together with Me in complete confidence? Therefore, trust in giving; simplicity in communicating herself to all; disinterest for herself, to be able to live completely for Me and for her neighbor are necessary for the soul who lives in my Will. Such am I."

Then He added: "My daughter, it happens to one who does my Will as to a grafted tree: the power of the graft has the virtue of destroying the life of the tree which receives the graft. Therefore, one can no longer see the fruits and the leaves of the first tree, but those of the graft. And if the first tree said to the graft: 'I want to keep at least a little branch, so that I too will be able to give some fruits, in order to make everybody know that I still exist,' the graft would say: 'You have no more reason to exist after you submitted yourself to receive my graft. Life will be all mine.'

In the same way, the soul who does my Will can say: 'My life is ended. I will no longer produce my works, my thoughts, my words, but the works, thoughts and words of the One whose Will is my Life.' Therefore, I say to the one who does my Will: 'You are my life, my blood, my bones,....' The true, real, sacramental transformation takes place, not by virtue of the words of the Priest, but by virtue of my Will. As soon as the soul decides to live in my Volition, my Will creates Myself within the soul; and as my Will flows in the will, works and steps of the soul, she undergoes as many of my creations. It happens just as to a pyx full of consecrated particles: there are as many Jesuses for as many particles - one for each particle. In the same way, by virtue of my Will, the soul contains Myself in her whole being, as well as in each particle of it. One who does my Will fulfills the true eternal Communion - a Communion with complete fruit."

### **August 27, 1913**

*Snares and rage of the devil against the soul who lives in and speaks about the Divine Will, pushing other people against her. She must not feel disturbed, because she has Jesus with her.*

Finding myself in my usual state, I was lamenting with my always adorable Jesus about my poor current state, and with all the bitterness of my soul I told Him: 'Life of my life, You no longer have compassion for me. Why live? You don't want to use me any more - all is over. My bitterness is so intense and so great that I feel petrified for the pain. And what is worse is that while I remain all abandoned in your arms, as if I didn't give a thought to my great misfortune, the others - and You know who they are - whisper in my ear: 'How is this?

Why? It might be that you've committed sins! You've been inattentive...!' What is worse is that, while they say this to me, I feel that I don't want to hear them, as if they interrupted the sleep in which You keep me in the arms of your Will... Ah, Jesus, maybe You did not pay attention to how hard this pain is for me, otherwise You would come to my aid.' And I told Him many more silly things.

Then blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, poor daughter of mine, they want to sadden you, don't they? Ah, my daughter, I do so much to keep you at peace, and they want to disturb you! No, no. Know that if you dared to offend Me, I would be the first one to be saddened, and the first one to tell you. So, if I do not say anything - don't worry. But do you want to know who is the cause of this? The devil. He is consumed with rage. And every time you speak about the effects of my Will to those who approach you, he blows up in fury and, unable to approach directly the one who does my Will, he goes around, approaching those who can get close to you under the appearance of good, in order to obtain at least the miserable purpose of disturbing the serene heaven of the soul in whom I delight to dwell. So, he thunders and lightnings from afar, thinking of doing something, but - unhappy him! - the power of my Will breaks his legs, making those thunders and lightnings fall upon himself. So he remains more furious than before.

Furthermore, what you say is not true, 'What's the purpose of my state?' You must know that, for the soul who really does my Will, the virtue of my Will is so great that if I get close to the place where that soul is in order to send chastisements, finding there my Will and my own Love, I don't feel like punishing Myself in that soul; rather, I remain wounded and I faint. So, instead of chastising, I throw Myself in the arms of that soul, who contains my Will and my Love. I rest and I remain all cheered.

Ah, if you knew into what constraints of love you put Me, and how much I suffer when I see you the least bit saddened or disturbed because of Me! You would be more content, and the others would abstain from bothering you." And I: 'Do you see, O Jesus, how much evil I do, to the extent of making You suffer?' And soon Jesus: "My daughter, don't be troubled for this. Sufferings which come from the love of the soul contain also great joys, because true love, though it brings sufferings, is never separated from great joy and unspeakable contentments."

### **September 3, 1913**

*A sign that a soul lives in the Divine Will is that she feels, just like Jesus, that she needs nothing but to give to all.*

While I was praying (... although I don't really know how to explain myself well - this might even be a subtle pride of mine: I never think about myself and my great miseries, but always about repairing in order to console Jesus for sinners - for everyone. However, it's not that I think about it before, no, it's enough just to start praying, and I find myself at that point). Now, I was concerned about this, and my always adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, what? do you worry about this? You must know that when I place the soul in my Will, and she takes stable residence in my Volition, the soul feels that she has everything in abundance, since my Will contains all possible imaginable goods; so she puts herself in my same conditions, feeling the need to give rather than to receive. She feels that she does not need anything; and if she wants something, she can take anything she wants, without even asking for it. Since my Will contains an irresistible force to give, she is happy only when she gives; and as she gives, she remains even more thirsty for giving. In what constraints she finds herself when she wants to give and cannot find anyone to whom to give!

My daughter, I put the soul who does my Will in my same conditions, keeping her aware of my great joys and bitternesses, and everything she does is sealed with disinterest for herself. Ah, yes, the soul who does my Will is the true Sun, which gives heat and light to all, and which feels the necessity of giving that light and that heat. While It gives to all, the Sun takes nothing from anyone, because It is superior to everything, and there is nobody on earth who can equal Its light and the great fire which It contains. Ah, if creatures could see a soul who does my Will, they would see her as a more than majestic Sun in the act of doing good to all; even more, they would recognize Myself in this Sun. Therefore, the sign that the soul has arrived at doing my Will is that she feels in the condition of giving. Have you understood?"

### **September 6, 1913**

*Value, effects and divine nobility of doing the "Hours of the Passion."*

I was thinking about the Hours of the Passion which have now been written, and how they are without any indulgence. So, those who do them do not gain anything, while there are many prayers enriched with many indulgences. While I was thinking of this, my always adorable Jesus, all kindness, told me: "My daughter, one gains something through the prayers with indulgences. But the Hours of my Passion, which are my own prayers, my reparations and all my love, came really from the depth of my Heart. Did you perhaps forget how many times I united Myself with you to do them together, and I turned chastisements into graces over the entire earth? So, my satisfaction is such that, instead of the indulgence, I give the soul a handful of love, which contains infinite love of incalculable price. Further, when things are done for pure love, my Love finds Its outpouring - and it is not inconsiderable that the creature can give relief and expression to the Love of her Creator."

### **September 12, 1913**

*Jesus has been speaking to Luisa for two years about His Will, which He had never manifested to anyone before. Since then, He substituted the ecstasy of His Most Holy Humanity, given to enamor her of His Person, with the ecstasy of His Divine Will.*

I was thinking about how blessed Jesus has changed things. Even when He comes, I don't remain petrified as before; rather, as soon as He leaves, I feel in my natural state. I don't know what happened to me. Furthermore, I feel bothered by the single thought that the one who has authority over me may want to know my things.

Good Jesus, who watches over each one of my thoughts and wants not even one to be out of tune in my mind, came and told me: "My daughter, do you perhaps want me to use ropes and chains to keep you tied? Once they were necessary, and I kept you bound with much love, pretending to be deaf to some of your lamentations - remember... But now I no longer see them as necessary. For more than two years now, I have wanted to use more noble chains with you - my Will. This is why, during this time, I have always spoken to you of my Volition and of the sublime and indescribable effects which that Volition contains - things which I had not manifested to anyone until now. Skim through as many books as you want, and you will see that in none of them will you find what I have told you about my Will. This was necessary to dispose your soul to the current state in which you find yourself. After I kept you always with Me, you knew very well that you could not have endured the suffering of the continuous privation of my presence, if something - still Mine - had not taken its place; something which, invading your soul completely, had to keep you captured, more than my presence itself would do. My Will took its place in keeping captured each one of your thoughts, affections, desires, words,... to the extent that your tongue speaks about my Will with great eloquence and enthusiasm, because it is captured by my Volition.

This is why you feel bothered when you are asked, 'how and why' Jesus does not come as before. It happens because you have been captured by my Will, and your soul suffers when they want to break the sweet enchantment of my Volition." And I: "Jesus, what are you saying? Leave me, leave me - go away! My evils reduced me to such a state!" Jesus smiled in hearing me saying 'go away' and, squeezing me more to Himself, added: "I cannot go. Could I perhaps separate Myself from my Will? If you keep my Will, I must be always with you. My Will and I are one - not two. Rather, let's come to the facts: tell me, what are your evils?" And I: 'My Love, I don't know. You just told me that your Will keeps me captured. How can I know them?' And Jesus: "Ah, you don't know them?" And I: 'I cannot know them, because You keep me always above, and You don't give me the time to think about myself. And as soon as I want to think about myself, either You scold me severely, to the extent of telling me that I should feel ashamed to do that, or You do it lovingly, pulling me toward You, with such a strength that I forget about myself. How can I do it?'

And Jesus: "If you cannot do it, this means that I am happier if you don't do it, since my Will takes the place of everything within you. So, just as if this Will could see that something of Its own were being taken away, It remains over you and prevents you from thinking about yourself, knowing that wherever my Volition takes the place of everything else, there cannot be evils. Therefore, I remain jealously on guard."

And I: 'Jesus, are You joking?' And Jesus: "My daughter, you force Me to speak so that you may understand how things are. Listen: in order to make you reach such a noble and Divine point, I behaved with you as two lovers who love each other to folly. You would never have loved my Will so much had you not known Me. Therefore, first I gave you the ecstasy of my Humanity so that, knowing who I am, you would love

Me; in order to attract all your love, I used with you many stratagems of love. You remember them - it is not necessary for Me to make you a list.... Now, after having thoroughly attracted you to love my Person, you have been caught by my Will - and you love It. Since you could not be without Me after so much time - as if we had lived together - it was necessary that the ecstasy of my Will would hold you in place of my Humanity. All the things I did before were graces to dispose you to the ecstasy of my Will. When I dispose a soul to live in a higher manner - in my Will, I have to manifest Myself in order to infuse graces so great."

Surprised, I said: 'What are you saying Jesus? Ecstasy in your Will?'

"Yes, my Volition is true and perfect ecstasy. And you break this ecstasy whenever you want to think about yourself. But I will not let you win. Great chastisements will come in the near times, although you don't believe it. You and the one who directs you will believe when you see. Therefore, it is necessary that the ecstasy of my Humanity be interrupted - but not completely, otherwise you would bind Me everywhere. Then, I will let the sweet enchantment of my Volition come in order to make you suffer less when you see the chastisements."

### **September 20, 1913**

*The only purpose of God in everything that happens is to accomplish His Will in us.*

I was thinking about my current state - how little or nothing I suffer. And Jesus, immediately: "My daughter, everything which happens around and inside the soul - bitterness, pleasures, contrasts, deaths, privations, contentments, and other things - is nothing other than my continuous crafting in order to have my Will fulfilled and accomplished in her. When I obtain this, all is done and, consequently, all is peace. It seems that even suffering wants to stay away from that soul, in seeing that the Divine Volition is more than suffering itself, and that It replaces everything within the soul, surpassing everything. It seems that all things revere my Will. And when the soul reaches this point - of using everything in order to let Me accomplish the crafting of my Volition - once this is done, I Myself prepare her for Heaven."

### **September 21, 1913**

*All things done with Jesus in His Divine Will become His own, with His same qualities, the same Life, and the same Creative Power.*

This morning my always adorable Jesus made Himself seen with unspeakable sweetness and affability, as if He wanted to tell me something very dear to Him and very surprising for me. So, hugging me and pressing me to His Heart, He told me: "My beloved daughter, all the things that the soul does in my Will and together with Me - prayers, actions, steps, etc. - acquire my same qualities, the same Life and the same value. See, all the things that I did upon earth - prayers, sufferings, works - are all in action, and will remain in eternity for the good of whoever wants them. My work differs from the work of the creatures. Containing within Myself the Creative Power, I speak and I create, just as one day I spoke and created the Sun. It is as if this Sun, which is always full of light and heat that never decreases, remained in the act of receiving continuous creation from Me. Such was my work on earth. Since I contain the Creative Power within Me, the prayers, the steps, the works which I did, and the blood which I shed remain in continuous act of praying, working, walking, etc., just as the Sun is in continuous act of giving light. Therefore, my prayers continue, my steps are always in the act of running after souls; and so on with the rest. Otherwise, what would be the great difference between my work and the work of my Saints?

Now, my daughter, listen to a beautiful - beautiful thing, not yet understood by creatures: all the things that the soul does together with Me and in my Will are like my own things; and they remain as her own. The connection of my Will and the work done together with Me participate in my same Creative Power." I remained ecstatic, with a joy that I could not contain, and I said: 'Is all this possible, O Jesus?' And He: "Whoever does not understand this can say that he does not know Me." And He disappeared. But I cannot say it well, and I don't know how to explain myself better. Who can tell all that He made me understand? Rather, it seems to me that I've just said nonsense.

### **September 25, 1913**

*The Divine Will, not the Holy Eucharist, is the center and the life of the soul. The Divine Will gives life to the Sacraments and encloses them within Itself.*

I had told my Confessor that Jesus had said to me that the Will of God is the center of the soul; that this center is in the depth of the soul, and that, spreading Its rays like the Sun, It gives light to the mind, sanctity to the actions, strength to the steps, life to the heart, power to the word and to everything; and not only this, but also that while this center - the Will of God - is inside of us, so that we may never escape from It, and so as to remain at our continuous disposal, never leaving us alone or separated even for a minute - at the same time, it is also in front of us, on our right, on our left, behind and everywhere, and it will be our center also in Heaven. The Confessor was saying, instead, that the Most Holy Eucharist is our center.

Now, blessed Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, I had to do in such a way that sanctity might be easy and accessible to all - unless they did not want it - in all conditions, in all circumstances and in every place. It is true that the Most Holy Eucharist is center; but who instituted It? Who constrained my Humanity so that It might be enclosed within the little circle of a Host? Wasn't that my Will? My Will will always have primacy over everything. Further, if everything is in the Eucharist, the Priests who call Me from Heaven into their hands, and who are in contact with my Sacramental Flesh more than anyone should be the most saintly and the most good; instead, many are the worst. Poor Me, how they treat Me in the Holy Eucharist! And the many souls who receive Me, perhaps every day, should be many saints if the center of the Eucharist were sufficient. Instead - and it makes one want to cry - they remain always at the same point: vain, irascible, punctilious, etc. Poor center of the Most Holy Eucharist, how dishonored It remains!

On the other hand, there might be a mother who does my Will and cannot receive Me every day because of her conditions, not because she doesn't want to. She is patient, charitable, and carries the fragrance of my Eucharistic virtues within herself. Ah, is it perhaps the Sacrament or, rather, my Will to which she is submitted, that keeps her subdued and compensates for the Most Holy Sacrament? Even more, I tell you that the Sacraments themselves produce fruits depending on how the souls are submitted to my Will. They produce effects according to the connection that the souls have with my Volition. And if there's no link with my Will, they may receive Communion, but they will remain on an empty stomach; they may go to Confession, but remain still dirty; they may come before my Sacramental Presence, but if our wills do not meet, I will be as if dead for them, because my Will produces all the goods and gives life even to the Sacraments only in the soul who submits herself to It. Those who do not understand this are babies in religion."

## **October 2, 1913**

*When the human will unites to the Divine Will, the Life of Jesus is formed within the soul. Taking the Divine Will means taking everything.*

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus made Himself seen inside of me, but so much identified with me that I could see His eyes within mine, His mouth within mine, and so on with the rest. While I saw Him like this, He said to me: "My daughter, look at how I identify Myself with the soul who does my Will, making Myself one with her. I become her own life, because my Will is inside and outside of that soul. One can say that my Will is like the air she breathes, which gives life to everything in her; like the light which makes everything seen and understood; like the heat which warms, fecundates and makes one grow; like the heart that palpitates; like the hands that work; like the feet that walk. When the human will unites itself to my Volition, my Life is formed in the soul."

Then, having received Communion, I was saying to Jesus, 'I love You', and He told me: "My daughter, do you really want to love Me? Say: Jesus, I love You with your Will. And since my Will fills Heaven and earth, your love will surround Me everywhere, and your 'I love You' will resound up there in the Heavens, and down to the bottom of the abysses. So, if you want to say: 'I adore You, I bless You, I praise You, I thank You', you will say it united with my Will, and you will fill Heaven and earth with adorations, benedictions, praises, thanksgiving - in my Will. These are simple, easy and immense things.

My Will is everything, to the extent that my very attributes - what are they? A simple act of my Will. Therefore, if Justice, Goodness, Wisdom, Fortitude follow their course, my Will precedes them, accompanies them, and places them in the act of operating. In sum, they do not move one point from my Volition. Therefore, whoever takes my Will takes everything; even more, she can say that her life is ended - ended the weaknesses,

the temptations, the passions and the miseries - because all things lose their rights in the one who does my Will. My Will has primacy over everything, and right to all."

### **November 18, 1913**

*When the human will and the Divine Will are opposed, one forms the cross of the other.*

I was thinking about my poor state, and how even the cross has been banished to me. In my interior, Jesus told me: "My daughter, when two wills are opposed to each other, one forms the cross of the other. So it is between Me and the creatures: when their wills are opposed to Mine, I form their cross and they form Mine. I am the long bar of the cross, while they are the short one, and crossing each other, they form the cross. Now, when the will of the soul unites with Mine, the bars remain no longer crossed, but united; therefore, the cross is no longer a cross. Have you understood? Furthermore, I sanctified the Cross; it was not the cross that sanctified Me. The Cross does not sanctify; rather, the resignation to my Will sanctifies the Cross; therefore, even the Cross can do good as long as it is connected with my Will. Not only this; the Cross sanctifies and crucifies part of the person, while my Will does not spare anything; It sanctifies everything, crucifying thoughts, desires, will, affections, heart - everything. Being light, my Will shows to the soul the necessity of this sanctification and complete crucifixion, in such a way that she, herself, incites Me to accomplish the crafting of my Will upon her.

Therefore, the Cross and the other virtues are content as long as they get something; and if they can pierce the creature with three nails, they celebrate triumphantly. Instead, my Will, which does not know how to do incomplete works, is not happy with just three nails, but with as many nails for as many acts of my Will which I dispose for the creature."

### **November 27, 1913**

*With complete acts in the Divine Will, the soul forms within herself a Sun similar to the Divine Sun. In the Divine Will the soul becomes a God of the earth.*

My always adorable Jesus continues to speak about His Most Holy Will: "My daughter, as many complete acts of my Will as the creature does, so many parts of Me does she take into herself; and the more she takes of my Will, the more light she acquires, forming the Sun within herself. Since this Sun is formed by the light which she takes from my Will, the rays of this Sun are linked with the rays of my Divine Sun. So, each one is reflected into the other, and they dart through one other; and as they do this, the Sun that my Will has formed in the soul becomes larger and larger."

And I: 'Jesus, we remain always here - in your Will. It seems that You have nothing else to say.'" And Jesus: "My Will is the highest point which can exist, both in Heaven and on earth. When the soul reaches It, she has conquered everything and she has done everything. She has nothing left to do other than dwell in these heights, enjoy them, and understand more and more my Will, which is not yet thoroughly understood, either in Heaven or upon earth. You have plenty of time to spend there, since you have understood very little, and much remains for you to understand. My Will is so great that whoever does It can call herself a God of the earth. Just as my Will forms the beatitude of Heaven, these Gods who do my Will form the beatitude of the earth, and of those who are close to them. There is not a good which exists on earth which is not to be attributed to these Gods of my Will - either as a direct or as indirect cause. Everything is because of them. Just as there is no happiness in Heaven which does not come from Me, there is no existing good on earth which does not come from them."

### **March 8, 1914**

*The Divine Will centralizes all Its goods and Its Divine Work in those who live in It. The value of one single instant in the Divine Will. All that the soul who lives in the Divine Will experiences does not belong to her, but to Jesus within her. One who lives in the Divine Will cannot go to Purgatory.*

Continuing in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus did not cease to speak to me, very often, about His Most Holy Will. I will say that little which I remember. So, as I was not feeling well, blessed Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, the soul who lives in my Will can say regarding everything I do: 'All this is mine.' This, because the will of the soul who gave herself to Me, is so much identified with my Will that everything my Will does, she does as well. As she lives and dies in my Volition, there is no good which she does not bring

with herself, since there is no good which is not contained in my Will. My Will is the life of all the good that can be done by creatures. Therefore, dying to this life, the soul in my Will carries with her the Masses which are celebrated, the prayers and the good works which are done, since all of them are fruits of my Will. This is still very little, compared to the work of my Will Itself which the soul carries with her as her own. One instant of the work of my Will is enough to surpass all the work of all creatures, past, present and future.

As the soul dies in my Will, there is no beauty that matches her, nor height, wealth, sanctity, wisdom or love - nothing. Nothing can be compared to her - nothing equals her. As the soul who dies identified with my Will enters into the Heavenly Fatherland, not only will the Heaven's gates open, but the entire Heaven will bow to welcome her into the celestial residence, to honor the work of my Will which is in her. What can I tell you, then, of the feast and the surprise of all the Blessed in seeing this soul completely marked by the work of the Divine Will; or, in seeing that all which this soul did during her life, having done everything in my Volition - each saying, each thought, work, action, etc. - are many Suns which adorn her - each one different from the other for light and beauty? And in seeing in this soul many Divine rivulets which will inundate all the Blessed and flow also upon earth for the benefit of pilgrim souls, since Heaven cannot contain them?

Ah, my daughter, my Will is the portent of portents. It is the secret to finding light, sanctity and riches; It is the secret of all goods - not yet intimately known, and therefore not appreciated or loved as It deserves! You - appreciate It, Love It, and make It known to those whom you see disposed."

Another day, being in suffering, I felt like I was unable to do anything; so I felt oppressed. And Jesus, hugging me, told me: "My daughter, do not worry yourself. Try only to be abandoned in my Will, and I will do everything for you. One single instant in my Will is more than all the good you could ever do in your entire life."

I also remember that another day He told me: "My daughter, one who really does my Will, in everything which occurs within her, both in the soul and in the body, in all that she feels and suffers, can say: 'Jesus suffers, Jesus is oppressed.' In fact, everything that creatures do to Me reaches Me in the soul who does my Will - in whom I dwell. Therefore, if the coldness of the creatures reaches Me, my Will feels it and since my Will is the life of that soul, consequently, the soul feels it too. So, instead of troubling herself over this coldness, as if it were her own, she should remain around Me to console Me and repair for the coldness that the creatures send to Me. In the same way, if she feels distractions, oppressions and other things, she must remain around Me to relieve Me and repair, as if they were not her own things, but mine. Therefore, the soul who lives from my Will will feel many different pains, according to the offenses that I receive from creatures, but in a sudden way and almost in one leap. On the other hand, she will also feel indescribable joys and contentments. And if she must take care to console Me and repair for the first, she must delight in the joys and contentments. Only then does my Will find my interest; otherwise It would remain saddened and unable to accomplish what my Volition contains."

Another day He told me: "My daughter, one who does my Will can by no means go to Purgatory, because my Will purges the soul of everything. After keeping her jealously during her life - in the custody of my Volition - how could I allow the fire of Purgatory to touch her? At the most she may lack some clothing, but my Will, before unveiling the Divinity, will clothe her with all that she may lack. Then, I reveal Myself."

### **March 14, 1914**

*As the soul who lives in the Divine Will fuses herself in Jesus, she takes possession of all that belongs to Jesus, and He cannot refuse her anything.*

Today I was fusing all of myself in Jesus, to the extent of feeling Jesus alive and real within me. As I was feeling Him, He said to me in such a tender and touching way that I felt my poor heart crack: 'My daughter, it is too hard for Me not to content one who does my Will. As you see, I no longer have hands, feet, Heart, eyes, or mouth. I have nothing left of my Will, since you took everything - you took possession of everything. I have nothing left which is not yours. This is why deserved chastisements are not being poured upon the many and great evils which inundate the earth: because it is hard for Me not to content you. Further, how can I do that if I do not have hands? You don't believe Me, do you? If hands were to be absolutely necessary to Me, I would be forced to steal them from you, or to convince you so that you yourself would give them to Me. How hard this is - how hard it is for Me to displease one who does my Will! I would displease Myself."

I remained astonished at this speaking of Jesus. Not only this, but I could really see that I had the hands, the feet and the eyes of Jesus; so I said to Him: 'Jesus, let me come.' And He: "Give Me a little more of life in you, and then you will come."

### **March 17, 1914**

*One who does the Divine Will takes part not only in the external works - 'ad extra' - of God, but also in the interior works - 'ad intra' - of the three Divine Persons.*

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus continued to show Himself inside me, in such a way that I possessed all His limbs. He looked so content that, appearing unable to contain this joy, He told me: "My daughter, one who does my Will takes part in the actions 'ad intra' of the Divine Persons. This privilege is reserved only to one who does my Volition: to take part not only in all of our works 'ad extra' but to pass from these to the works 'ad intra'.

This is why it is hard for Me not to content one who lives in my Volition: being in my Will, the soul is in the intimate part of our Heart, of our desires, of our affections and thoughts. Her heartbeat, her breath and Ours are one. Therefore, the joys, the pleasures, the Glory and the Love that she gives Us are many and great - infinite in their way and nature, and in no way dissimilar to Ours, because they are Our own. Just as in Our eternal Love, One enraptures the Other, One forms the Joy of the Other, to the extent that, many times, unable to contain this Love and these joys We come out with works 'ad extra'; in the same way, We remain enraptured and delighted by this soul who does Our Will. Therefore, how could We render unhappy the one who makes Us so happy? How not love just as We love Ourselves - not as We love the other creatures - the one who loves Us with Our same Love?

There are no curtains of secrets with this soul. Between Us and her there is no Ours and hers - everything is in common. We make of the soul, by grace, that which We are by nature - impeccable, etc. - so that no disparity may exist between us. And as We come out with works 'ad extra' - being unable to contain our Love - in the same way, unable to contain the love of the soul who does our Will, We make her come out from Ourselves, pointing her out to the people as our favorite one - our beloved. Only for her and for souls similar to her, do We let goods descend upon earth, and only for love of these souls do We preserve the earth. Then, We enclose this soul within Ourselves in order to enjoy her, because just as We, the Divine Persons, are inseparable, the soul who does our Will becomes inseparable from Us."

### **March 19, 1914**

*The soul who diffuses herself in the Divine Will forms the delight of the Most Holy Trinity.*

It seems that blessed Jesus wants to speak about His Most Holy Will. I was diffusing myself throughout all His interior - in His thoughts, desires, affections, in His Will, in His Love, in everything, when Jesus told me with infinite sweetness: "Oh, if you knew the contentment that one who does my Will gives Me! Your heart would break with joy. See, as you were diffusing yourself in my thoughts, desires, etc., you were forming the delight of my thoughts, while my desires, fusing in yours, were playing together with them. Your affections, united to your will and to your love, running and flying into my affections, into my Will and into my Love, were kissing one another; and pouring like a rapid rivulet into the immense sea of the Eternal One, they were playing with the Divine Persons - now with the Father, now with Me, and now with the Holy Spirit.

Then, wanting to give no time to One Another, We play with her - all Three together, making of her Our own jewel. This jewel - our delight - is so dear to Us that We keep it with jealousy 'ad intra', in the intimate part of our Will; and when the creatures embitter Us and offend Us, in order to be cheered, We take our jewel, and We amuse Ourselves together."

### **March 21, 1914**

*Jesus cannot contain Himself from manifesting, though little by little, His love, graces and goods, which He gives to the souls who does His Will. He does not exaggerate.*

Jesus continues: "My daughter, I love one who does my Will so much that I cannot manifest everything to her - or everything all at once - of how much I love her, the Grace with which I keep enriching her, the beauty with which I keep embellishing her, and of all the goods with which I fill her. If I manifested this

altogether, the soul would die of joy, her heart would burst in such a way that she could no longer live on earth, but, in a flash, would take off toward Heaven. However, I feel an irresistible need to make Myself known, as well as my love for her. It is too hard to love, to do good without making oneself known. I feel as if my Heart were dying, and unable to resist so much love; I keep manifesting to her, little by little, how I love Her and all the gifts with which I continue to fill her. And when the soul feels as if filled to the brim, to the extent of no longer being able to contain them, in one of these manifestations of mine she will disappear from the earth and will bloom within the womb of the Eternal One."

And I: 'Jesus, my Life, it seems to me that you exaggerate a little bit in manifesting to me what extent a soul can reach who does your Will.' Knowing my ignorance and smiling, Jesus told me: "No, no, my beloved, I do not exaggerate. One who exaggerates may be deceitful. Your Jesus doesn't know how to deceive you; rather, what I have told you is nothing. You will receive more surprises when, once the prison of your body is broken and you are swimming inside my womb, the extent that my Will made you reach will be openly revealed to you."

### **March 24, 1914**

*One who lives in the Divine Volition becomes like another Humanity of Jesus, the organ of the Divine Will.*

Continuing in my usual state, I was lamenting with Jesus who had not come yet. Finally He came and told me: "My daughter, my Will hides my very Humanity within Itself. This is why, sometimes, I hide my Humanity from you as I speak to you about my Will. You feel surrounded by Light; you can hear my voice but cannot see Me, because my Will absorbs my Humanity within Itself, since my Humanity has its limits while my Will is eternal and without limits. In fact, when my Humanity was on earth, It did not cover all places, all times or all circumstances; however, my interminable Will compensated for It and arrived where my Humanity could not reach.. So, when I find souls who live completely from my Will, they compensate for my Humanity - for the times, for the places, the circumstances and even for the sufferings, because they live in my Will and therefore I can use them just as I used my Humanity. What was my Humanity, if not the organ of my Will? Such are those who do my Will."

### **April 5, 1914**

*All the work of one who lives in the Divine Will becomes light from His light.*

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen inside an immensity of Light, while I was swimming inside this Light, feeling It flowing in my ears, in my eyes, in my mouth - in everything. Jesus told me: "My daughter, if the soul who does my Will works, her work becomes Light; if she speaks, thinks, desires, walks, etc., her words, thoughts, desires and steps all turn into Light - but Light drawn from my Sun. My Will attracts the soul who does my Volition with so much force that it makes her spin continuously around this Light; and as she spins, she takes more Light which keeps her captured within Me."

### **April 10, 1914**

*Jesus crowned with thorns. Jesus has His center and His throne on earth in the soul who does His Divine Will. How Love operates and how the Divine Will operates.*

This morning my always adorable Jesus came as crucified and shared with me His pains. He pulled me toward Himself so much, into the sea of His Passion, that I could almost follow Him step by step. Who can say all that I could understand? There are so many things that I don't know where to start. I'm just going to say that in seeing the crown of thorns being torn off, the thorns prevented the Blood from gushing out. As they tore the crown off, that Blood gushed forth from those little holes, flowing on His face in large rivulets, on His hair, and then flowing down on all the Person of Jesus. And Jesus: "Daughter, these thorns which prick my head will prick the pride, the haughtiness and the most hidden wounds of man, to let the pus which they contain come out. The thorns soaked in my Blood will heal him, returning to him the crown which sin had removed."

Then, Jesus made me go to other steps of the Passion, and I felt my heart being transfixed in seeing Him suffering so much. And He, almost as to relieve me, continued to speak about His Holy Volition: "My daughter, my center on earth is the soul who does my Will. See, the Sun spreads its Light everywhere on earth, though maintaining its own center. In Heaven I am the life of each Blessed, but I still keep my center and my throne. In

the same way, I am everywhere on earth, but my center - the place in which I raise my throne in order to reign, my charisms, my satisfactions, my triumphs, my own palpitating Heart, in which I find the whole of Myself as if in my own center - is in the soul who does my Most Holy Will. This soul is so much identified with Me that she becomes inseparable from me, and all my Wisdom and Power cannot find the means to detach Me from her in the slightest."

Then He added: "Love has its anxieties, desires, ardors and restlessness; my Will is, instead, perpetual rest. Do you know why? Because Love contains the beginning, the means and the end of any work. Anxiety and restlessness arise in order to accomplish it, and much of Love and imperfection mixes with them. But if my Will and love are not united together at every step - poor Love, how dishonored it remains, even in the greatest and holiest works. On the other hand, my Will operates in a simple Act, giving to the soul the full attitude in order to accomplish the work in the manner of my Will; and while my Will operates, the soul rests. Therefore, since it is not the soul that operates, but my Will within her, there is no anxiety or restlessness, and she remains free from any imperfection."

### **June 29, 1914**

*In the Divine Will creatures take part in the interior ('ad intra') and eternal works of God according to their little capacity and to their love.*

After some people with authority read what is written on March 17 (that is, whoever does the Will of God takes part in the actions 'ad intra' of the Divine Persons etc.), they said that it wasn't like that, and that the creature does not enter into this. I remained concerned though calm and convinced that Jesus would have made the truth known.

Then, being in my usual state, I saw before my mind an interminable sea, and many objects inside this sea. Some of them were small, others were bigger; some floated on the surface of the sea, remaining only wet; others went down to the bottom, remaining soaked with water inside and out; some others sank down so much as to be lost inside the sea.... Now, while I was seeing this, my always adorable Jesus came and told me: "My beloved daughter, did you see? The sea symbolizes my Immensity and the objects, with different sizes, the souls who live in my Will. The different ways to be (some on the surface, some down, some lost within Me) vary according to how they live in my Will: some in an imperfect way; some in a more perfect way; others reach the extent of being completely dissolved in my Volition.

Now, my daughter, my 'ad intra' about which I spoke to you is exactly this: sometimes I keep you together with Me, with my Humanity, and you take part in the pains, works and joys of my Humanity; some other times, pulling you inside of Me, I dissolve you inside my Divinity. How many times did I not make you swim in Me, keeping you so much within Me that you could not see anything other than Me, inside and outside of you? Now, as I kept you within Me, you took part in the enjoyments, in the Love and in all the rest, always according to your little capacity. So, although Our works 'ad intra' are eternal, the creatures can still enjoy the effects of those works in their lives, according to their love.

Now, what is the wonder if I said that when the will of the soul is one with Mine, and as I place her inside of Me, rendering her inseparable from Me (always as long as she doesn't move from my Will), she takes part in the works 'ad intra'? Furthermore, from the way it has been explained, if they wanted to know the truth, they could have known very well the meaning of my 'ad intra', because the truth is Light to the mind, and with Light things can be seen as they are. But if they don't want to know the truth, the mind remains blinded and things cannot be seen as they are; so they raise doubts and difficulties, remaining more blind than before. Moreover, my Being is always in one Act - It has no beginning and no end. I am old and new; Our works 'ad intra' were, are and will always be in action. Therefore, through the intimate union with our Will, the soul is already within Us. She admires, contemplates, loves and enjoys; she takes part in our Love, in our delights and in everything else. So, why would it be inappropriate for Me to say that the soul who does my Will takes part in the actions 'ad intra'?"

While Jesus was saying this, a simile came to my mind. A man marries a woman. The two have children, and they are so rich, virtuous and good as to delight whoever could live with them. Now, someone, touched by the goodness of this couple, wants to live together with them. Doesn't this person come to take part in their riches and in their happiness? Won't he feel their virtues being infused into himself, as he lives together

with them? If this can be done humanly - how much more with our adorable Jesus.

### **August 1914**

*Fusing oneself in Jesus in order to relieve Him from His pain for the sins of creatures.*

As I was in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus came, in a different way from the usual one which He has had with me during this period of my life - that is to say: if He comes at all, it is just for a little while, flashing by, and with almost total cessation of the sufferings which He used to communicate to me when He came. Only His Holy Volition is what compensates for everything...

So, this morning He came and stayed for several hours, but in a state that would make stones cry. He had pain everywhere, and He wanted to be soothed in each part of His Most Holy Humanity. It seemed that, had He not received relief, He would have reduced the world to a heap of rubble. It seemed that He didn't want to go, in order not to see the slaughters and the grave sights of the world, which almost forced Him to do even worse things. I squeezed Him to myself and, wanting to relieve Him, I fused myself in His Intelligence to be able to place myself in all the intellects of creatures and offer a good thought for each evil thought, in order to repair and relieve all the offended thoughts of Jesus. In the same way, I fused myself in His desires to be present in all the evil desires of creatures, in order to place my good desire and soothe the offended desires of Jesus; and so on with all the rest. Then, after I relieved Him part by part, He left, as if He felt cheered up.

### **September 25, 1914**

*The prayer done with Jesus and with His Will is extended to all.*

I was offering my poor prayers to blessed Jesus, and I was thinking to myself to whom it would be better for blessed Jesus to apply them. Kindly, He told me: "My daughter, the prayers done with Me and with my Will can be given to all, without excluding anybody. All receive their part and their effects, as if those prayers had been offered for one single person. However, they operate according to the dispositions of the creatures. I give Communion or my Passion to all and to each one, but the effects are produced according to their dispositions; and if ten people receive It, the fruit is not inferior to the case in which only five had received It. Such is the prayer done together with Me and with my Will."

### **October 1914**

*Value and effects of the Hour of the Passion.*

I was writing the *Hours of the Passion* and I thought to myself: 'How many sacrifices in order to write these blessed *Hours of the Passion*, especially to put on paper certain interior acts which had passed only between me and Jesus! What reward will He give to me?' Letting me hear His tender and sweet voice, Jesus told me: "My daughter, as a reward for having written the *Hours of my Passion*, for each word you have written, I will give you a kiss - a soul." And I: 'My love, this is for me; and what will you give to those who will do them?' And Jesus: "If they do them together with Me and with my own Will, I will give them a soul for each word they will recite, because the greater or lesser effectiveness of these *Hour of my Passion* is in the greater or lesser union that they have with Me. In doing them with my Will, the creature hides inside my Volition; and since it is my Volition that is acting, I can produce all the goods I want, even through one single word. This, for each time you will do them."

Another time I was lamenting with Jesus because, after so many sacrifices to write these *Hours of the Passion*, very few were the souls who were doing them. And He: "My daughter, do not lament. Even if there was only one, you should be happy. Wouldn't I have suffered all my Passion even to save only one soul? The same for you. One should never omit good only because few benefit from it; all the harm is for those who do not take advantage of it. Just as my Passion made my Humanity acquire the merit as if all were being saved, although not all are saved (since my Will was to save everyone, and I received merit according to what I wanted, not according to the profit which creatures would have drawn), the same is for you: you will be rewarded depending on whether your will identified itself with Mine, wanting to benefit all. All the evil remains to those who, although being able to, do not do it.

These Hours are the most precious of all, because they are nothing other than the repetition of what I did in the course of my mortal Life, and what I continue to do in the Most Blessed Sacrament. When I hear these

Hours of my Passion, I hear my own voice, my own prayers. In that soul I see my Will - that is, wanting good for everyone and wanting to repair for all - and I feel moved to dwell in her, in order to do whatever she does within her. Oh, how I would love that even one single soul for each town did these Hours of my Passion! I would hear Myself in every town, and my Justice, greatly indignant during these times, would remain partly appeased."

I add that one day I was doing the Hour in which the celestial Mama gave burial to Jesus, and I followed her closely to keep her company in her bitter desolation in order to offer her my compassion. I didn't usually do this Hour - only sometimes; so I was debating on whether I had to do it or not. Blessed Jesus, all love, and as if He was begging me, told me: "My daughter, I don't want you to neglect it. You will do it for love of Me, and in honor of my Mama. Know that each time you do it, my Mama feels as if she were personally repeating her life upon earth, and therefore repeating that glory and love which she gave Me on earth. I too feel as if my Mama were on earth again - her Maternal tenderness, her Love and all the glory that she gave Me. So, I will consider you as a Mother."

Then, He hugged me and I heard Him saying to me, very quietly: "My Mama, Mama"; and He whispered to me all that sweet Mama did and suffered in this Hour; and I followed her. Since then, I never skipped it again, helped by His Grace.

### **October 20, 1914**

*Every act in the Divine Will is an act of the Divine Will: complete and perfect.*

I was lamenting with blessed Jesus because of His privations, and my poor, oppressed heart was in delirium. Speaking nonsense, I told Him: 'My love, how is it? Did You forget that I don't know how to be without You - nor can I? Either with You on earth, or with You in Heaven. Do You perhaps want me to remind You of this? Do You want to be silent, asleep, troubled? Then do so - as long as You remain always with me. But I feel that You put me out of your Heart... Ah, did You have the heart to do this?'

But as I was saying this and other nonsense, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior and told me: "My daughter, calm down; I am here. To say that I put you out of my Heart is an insult that you make to Me, when I keep you in the depth of my Heart - so tightly that all of my Being flows in you, and yours in Me. Therefore, be attentive so that nothing of my Being which flows within you may escape you, and that each one of your acts may be united with my Will, since my Will contains completely accomplished acts. One single act of my Will is enough to create a thousand worlds, all perfect and complete. I do not need subsequent acts - one is enough for all. Therefore, in doing the simplest act united with my Will, you will give Me a complete act - that is, an act of love, of praise, of thanksgiving, of reparation. In sum, you will enclose Me completely in this act; or better still, you will enclose Me and give Myself to Me.

Ah, yes - only these acts united with my Will can stand before Me and be worthy of Me, since perfect and complete acts are needed for a perfect Being who does not know how to do incomplete acts, in order to give Him honor and satisfaction. Only in my Will will the creature find these perfect and complete acts. Outside of my Will, no matter how good her acts might be, they will always be imperfect and incomplete, since the creature needs subsequent acts in order to perfect and complete a work - if she manages at all. Therefore, all that the creature does outside of my Will is looked on by me as a trifle. So, may my Will be your life, your rule, your all. In this way, enclosing my Will, you will be in Me and I in you; and you'll be careful not to say ever again that I put you out of my Heart."

### **November 4, 1914**

*The new and continuous way to meditate the Hours of the Passion.*

I was doing the *Hours of the Passion* and Jesus, all pleased, told me: "My daughter, if you knew what great satisfaction I feel in seeing you repeating these Hours of my Passion - always repeating them, over and over again - you would be happy. It is true that my Saints have meditated my Passion and understood how much I suffered, melting in tears of compassion, to the extent of feeling consumed for love of my pains; however, not in this continuous manner, always repeated and in this order. Therefore, I can say that you are the first one to give Me this taste, so great and special, as you keep fragmenting within you - hour by hour - my Life and all that I suffered. I feel so attracted that, hour after hour, I give you this food and I eat the same food with you,

doing what you do together with you. Know that I will reward you abundantly with new Light and new graces even after your death. Each time the souls on earth will do these Hours of my Passion, in Heaven I will clothe you with ever new Light and glory."

### **November 6, 1914**

*The good that the Hours of the Passion produce for Jesus and for the soul who does them.*

As I continued the usual *Hours of the Passion*, my adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, the world is in continuous act of renewing my Passion; and since my Immensity envelopes everything, inside and outside the creatures, I am forced to receive from their contact nails, thorns, scourges, scorns, spits and all the rest which I suffered in the Passion - and still more. Now, at the contact with souls who do these Hours of my Passion I feel the nails being removed, the thorns shattered, the wounds soothed, the spits taken away. I feel compensated by good for the evil that others do to Me. Feeling that their contact does not do harm to Me, but good, I lean more and more on them."

Furthermore, returning to speak about these *Hours of the Passion*, blessed Jesus said: "My daughter, know that by doing these Hours the soul takes my thoughts and makes them her own; she takes my reparations, my prayers, desires, affections, and even my most intimate fibers and makes them her own. So, rising up between Heaven and earth, she does my same office, and as co-redemptrix, she says to Me: '*Ecce ego, mitte me* [Here I am, send me]. I want to repair for all, answer to You for all, and plead good for all.'"

### **November 20, 1914**

*The Great War is only the beginning of the chastisements. The state of victim of Luisa is linked to the events of the world. Divine Will and Love must form in Luisa, just like in Jesus, His Passion and therefore His Life.*

I was feeling very afflicted because of the privations of blessed Jesus and, even more, for the chastisements which are currently pouring down upon earth, and about which many times Jesus had spoken to me many years before. It really seems to me that, during so many years in which He has kept me in bed, we have been sharing the weight of the world, suffering and working together for the good of all creatures. It seems to me that the state of victim, in which adorable Jesus had placed me, bound all the creatures together, between me and Him. There was nothing that Jesus would do, nor chastisement He would send, without letting me know. And in the meantime, I would behave with Him in such a way that He would either reduce the chastisement by half, or not send it at all... Oh, how I grieve at the thought that Jesus may have drawn all the weight of the creatures upon Himself, leaving me aside, as if unworthy to work together with Him!

But there are more afflictions: in the darting little visits that He makes, He keeps telling me that the wars and the scourges which are occurring now, are still nothing, while it seems that they are too much; that other nations will go to war - and not only this, but that they will wage war against the Church, attack sacred people and kill them.... How many Churches will be profaned! In reality, for about two years I have omitted writing about the chastisements which Jesus very often showed to me; partly because they were repetitions, and partly because writing about chastisements hurts me so much that I just cannot continue. However, one night, while I was writing what He had told me about His Most Holy Will, and having skipped what He had told me about the chastisements, Jesus reproached me sweetly and told me: "Why didn't you write everything?" And I: 'My love, it didn't seem necessary to me. Moreover, You know how much I suffer.' And Jesus: "My daughter, if it were not necessary, I wouldn't have told you. Furthermore, since your state of victim is linked to the events that my Providence disposes on the creatures, and since this link between you, Myself and the creatures, as well as your sufferings in order to prevent chastisements appear from your writings, this gap would be noticed. This would appear as clashing and incomplete, and I do not know how to do clashing and incomplete things." Shrugging my shoulders, I - bad one - said: 'It is too hard for me to do this; and then, who is going to remember everything?' Jesus added smiling: "And if after your death I will put in your hands a pen of fire in Purgatory, what will you say?" So, that's why I made up my mind to mention the chastisements. I hope that Jesus will forgive my omission, and I promise to be more diligent in the future.

Now I go back to say that, as I was very afflicted, Jesus came and, in order to cheer me, took me in His arms and told me: "My daughter, be of good cheer. One who does my Will is never apart from Me; rather, she is together with Me in the works that I do, in my desires, in my Love - she is together with Me in everything and

everywhere. Even more, I can say that since I want everything for Me - affections, desires, etc. of all the creatures - if I don't have them, I remain around the creatures with the attitude of making a conquest. So, finding the satisfaction of my desires in the soul who lives in my Will, my desires rest within her, my Love takes rest in her love, and so on with all the rest."

Then He added: "I gave two great things which, as one could say, formed my own Life. My Life was my Will and my Love. I enclosed everything in these two points: Divine Will and Love. This Will and this Love carried out my Life within Me, and accomplished my Passion. I want from you nothing but this: that my Will be your life, your rule, and that you do not escape from It in anything, either small or big. This Will and this Love will carry out my Passion in you. The closer you will be to my Passion, the more you will love me and will feel my Passion in you. If you let my Will and my Love flow as Life within you, my Passion will flow in you as well. You will feel It flowing in each one of your thoughts, in your mouth - you will feel your tongue being soaked in It. Your word will come out as warmed by my Blood, and you will speak eloquently about my pains. Your heart will be filled with my pains. Every expression of your being will carry the mark of my Passion, and I will keep repeating to you - always: "Here is my Life, here is my Life." I will delight in making you surprises, narrating to you now one pain, now another one, which you haven't heard or understood yet. Aren't you happy?"

### **December 17, 1914**

*How the soul in the Divine Will can make a living Eucharist of her being.*

Continuing in my usual state and being very afflicted because of the privations of Jesus, after much suffering He came, making Himself seen in all my poor being. It seemed to me as if I were the garment of Jesus. Then, breaking the silence, He told me: "My daughter, you too can form the hosts and consecrate them mystically. Do you see the garments that cover Me in the Sacrament? They are the accidents of the bread from which the Host is made. The Life which exists in this Host is my Body, my Blood and my Divinity. My supreme Will is the act which contains this Life. This Will develops the Love, the reparation, the immolation and all the rest that I do in the Sacrament. The Sacrament never moves one point from my Volition. There is nothing that comes from Me which is not led by my Volition.

Here is how you too can form the Host. The host is material and totally human; you too have a material body and a human will. This body and will of yours - as long as you keep them pure, upright and far away from any shadow of sin - are the accidents, the veil in order to consecrate Me and make Me live hidden in you. But this is not enough; it would be like the host without consecration - my Life is needed. My Life is composed of Sanctity, Love, Wisdom, Power, etc., but the engine of all is my Will. So, after you prepared the host, you have to make your will die in it; you must cook it well, so that it may not rise again. Then you have to let my Will permeate all your being; and my Will, which contains all my Life, will form the true and perfect consecration. Therefore, there will be no more life for human thought, but only for the thought of my Volition, which will consecrate my Wisdom inside your mind; no more life for what is human - weakness, inconstancy - because my Will will form the consecration of the Divine Life, of fortitude, of firmness, and of all that I am. So, each time you let your will flow into Mine, I will renew the consecration of your desires, and of all that you are and that you can do. I will continue my Life in you as if in a living Host - not a dead one, like the hosts without Me.

But this is not all. In the consecrated Hosts, in the pyxes, in the Tabernacles, everything is dead - mute; not the sensitivity of a heartbeat, not a rush of love which may return my great love. If I didn't wait for hearts in order to give Myself to them, I would be very unhappy; I would remain defrauded of my Love, and my Sacramental Life would remain without purpose. Though I tolerate this in the Tabernacles, I would not tolerate it in living Hosts. In the Sacrament I want to be fed with my own food: the soul will take possession of my Will, my Love, my prayers, my reparations, my sacrifices; she will give them to Me as if they were her own things, and I will nourish Myself. The soul will unite with Me, pricking up her ears in order to hear what I am doing, and to do it together with Me; so, as she keeps repeating my own acts, she will give Me her food, and I will be happy. Only in these living Hosts will I find the compensation for my loneliness, my starvation and all that I suffer in the Tabernacles."

### **December 21, 1914**

*Just as the Humanity of Jesus placed Itself between the creatures, with their sins, and the Father, so does Luisa, being identified with Jesus.*

I was in my usual state and blessed Jesus, coming all afflicted, told me: "My daughter, I can't take the world any more. Relieve Me for all; let Me palpitate in your heart, so that in hearing the heartbeats of all through the heartbeats of your heart, sins may not come to Me directly, but indirectly - through your heart. Otherwise, my Justice will send chastisements never seen before."

In the act of saying this, He identified His Heart with mine, making me feel His heartbeat. Who can tell all that I could feel in It? Sins, like flashes, wounded that Heart; and as I shared in it, Jesus felt relieved. Then, as I felt completely identified with Him, it seemed as if I was enclosing His Intelligence, His hands, His feet, and all the rest; and I shared in all the offenses of creatures against each one of the senses.... But who can tell how this happened? Then Jesus added: "To have company in my pains is the greatest relief for Me. This is why my Divine Father was not so inexorable after my Incarnation, but milder: He no longer received direct offenses, but indirect ones - that is, through my Humanity, which was a continuous shield for Him. In the same way, I keep searching for souls who may place themselves between Me and the creatures; otherwise I will make of the world a heap of ruins."

### **February 8, 1915**

*Oblivion of ourselves is needed in order to occupy ourselves only with the salvation of others. The unity and the happiness of the Three Divine Persons is in their Will; Jesus wants to do the same with one who does His Will in everything.*

I continue very afflicted because of the ways my always adorable Jesus uses with me, but I am resigned to His Most Holy Volition. If I lament with Jesus because of His privations and His silence, He says to me: "This is not the time to think about this. These are childish fusses, and of very weak souls, who care about themselves and not about Me; who think of what they feel rather than of what they have to do. These souls reek of human to Me, and I cannot trust them. From you I do not expect this; I want the heroism of the souls who, forgetting about themselves, care only about Me and, united with Me, occupy themselves with the salvation of my children, whom the devil tries to snatch from my arms with all his tricks. I want you to adapt yourself to the times - now sorrowful, now mournful, now tragic - and to pray and cry together with Me for the blindness of creatures. Your life must disappear and let my whole Life permeate you. If you do this, I will feel in you the fragrance of my Divinity, and I will trust you in these sad times, which are nothing less than preludes of chastisements.... What will happen when things go further? Poor children, poor children...!"

It seems that Jesus suffers so much that He remains speechless; He hides more deeply than inside the heart so as to disappear completely. When I renew my laments because of my sorrowful state, and I call Him over and over again telling Him, 'Jesus, don't You hear about the tragedies that are happening? How is it possible that your merciful Heart can bear so much torment in your children?' - it seems that He barely moves in my interior, as if He didn't want to be heard. And I feel inside my breath another panting breath, like a rattle... It is the breath of Jesus because I recognize its sweetness. But as it refreshes me completely, it makes me feel deadly pains, because in that breath I feel the breath of all, especially of many lives dying in war; and Jesus suffers in an agonizing rattle. Other times, it seems that He is in so much pain that He sends feeble moans, which would move the hardest hearts to pity.

Then, as I was continuing my laments, this morning He came and said: "My daughter, the union of our wills is such that the volition of one cannot be distinguished from that of the other. It is this union of Wills that forms the perfection of the Three Divine Persons because, as We are equal in the Will, this uniformity brings also the uniformity of Sanctity, Wisdom, Beauty, Power, Love and of all the rest of our being. Therefore, We reflect Ourselves One to the Other, and our satisfaction in looking at Ourselves is so great as to render Us fully happy. So, each One is reflected in the Other, and each One pours into the Other all the qualities of our Being, like many immense seas of different joys. If anything were dissimilar among Us, our Being could not be perfect, or fully happy.

Now, in creating man, We infused into Him our image and likeness in order to overwhelm him with our happiness and to be reflected and delighted in him. But man broke the first link of connection - the will - between himself and the Creator, therefore losing the true happiness; even more, all evils swooped down upon

him. So, We can neither reflect Ourselves nor delight in him. We can do it only in that soul who does our Will in everything; in her We enjoy the complete fruit of Creation. Even those who have some virtues, who pray and attend the Sacraments do not allow Us to be reflected in them, if they do not conform to our Volition because, since their will is broken from Ours, all things are in disorder and upside down.

Ah, my daughter, only our Will is acceptable, since It re-orders, delights and brings all goods with It. Therefore, do my Will always and in everything, and may my Will be enough for you in every sanctity." And I: 'My Love and my Life, how can I conform to your Will in regard to the many chastisements that you are sending? It takes too much to say *'FIAT'*... Furthermore, how many times have You told me that if I did your Will, You would do mine? And now, have You changed?' And Jesus: "I have not changed; it is the creature that has reached the point of becoming unbearable. Come closer and suckle from my mouth the offenses that creatures send Me. If you can swallow them, I will suspend the chastisements."

I approached His mouth and suckled with avidity. To my greatest regret, I tried hard to swallow but I couldn't. I suffocated. I returned to try hard again, but I couldn't. Then, with a tender voice, sobbing, Jesus told me: "Have you seen? You cannot swallow it - it is too disgusting, nauseating and bitter. Spew it on the ground and it will fall upon creatures." So I spewed it, and Jesus too spewed it upon the earth from His mouth, saying: "This is nothing yet. This is nothing yet!" And He disappeared.

### **March 6, 1915**

*Divine Justice does not want Luisa to be bound to the state of suffering as a victim, so as to continue to give course to chastisements and intensify the war.*

As I was in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus came for a little while. Since my Confessor was not well and therefore my state had been interrupted - that is, when I used to come round at the call of obedience - I said to Jesus: 'What do You want me to do? Should I stay, or should I try to come round when I feel free?' And Jesus: "My daughter, do you perhaps want me to operate as before, when I not only commanded you to remain still, but I also tied you in such a way that you could not come round, if not for obedience? If I did this now, my Love would be constrained and my Justice would find an obstacle in pouring Itself out completely upon creatures. And you might say to Me: 'Just as You keep me tied as victim of suffering for love of You and for the creatures, I tie You so as to stop your Justice from pouring Itself out upon creatures.' So, should everything be compromised - the wars and the preparations that other nations are making to go to war? I can't, I can't! At the most, if you want to remain tied, or if the Confessor wants to keep you so - if you do, I will have some regard for Corato, and I will save something. But in the meantime things get tighter, and my Justice does not want you in this state of appeasement at all, in order to soon send more chastisements, make other nations go to war, and to lower the pride of creatures who will find defeats where they believe to find victories. Alas, my Love cries, but my Justice demands satisfaction! My daughter, patience!"

After He said this, He disappeared. But who can say how I remained? I felt like dying, because I thought that, if I had left that state of immobility in suffering by myself, I might have been the cause of an increase in chastisements and for the entrance of other nations into the war - especially of Italy... What pain, what heartbreak! I felt all the weight of this suspension from Jesus. I thought to myself: 'Who knows if Jesus is not permitting the Confessor to become well in order to give the final blow and make Italy enter the war?' How many suspicions and fears! As I came out of the state of the usual morning suffering by myself, I spent a day of tears and intense bitterness.

### **March 7, 1915**

*The enormous sins of the world and, even more, those inside the Church cause chastisements as means of purification.*

The thought of the chastisements, and of the fact that I might foment them by getting out of that state by myself, was transfixing my heart. The Confessor was still not well. I prayed and cried, and I couldn't make up my mind. Blessed Jesus came flashing by, and left me free. Finally, moved by compassion, He came, and sympathizing with me and caressing me, told me: "My daughter, your constancy wins Me. Love and prayer bind Me and almost wage a battle against Me. This I why I came to be with you for a little while - I could not resist anymore... Poor daughter, don't cry - here I am, all for you! Patience, courage; don't lose heart! If you

knew how much I suffer to punish men! But the ingratitude of creatures forces Me to do this - their enormous sins, their incredulity, their will to almost challenge Me...

And this is the least... If I told you about the religious side... how many sacrileges! How many rebellions! How many pretend to be my children, while they are my fiercest enemies! How many false sons are usurpers, self-interested and unbelievers. Their hearts are bilges of vice. These children will be the first to wage war against the Church; they will try to kill their own Mother... Oh, how many of them are already about to come out in the field! Now there is war among governments; soon they will make war against the Church, and its greatest enemies will be its own children... My Heart is shredded with pain.

In spite of all, I will let this storm pass by, and the face of the earth and the churches be washed by the blood of the same ones who smeared and contaminated them. You too, unite yourself to my pain - pray and be patient in watching this storm pass by."

Who can tell about my torment? I felt more dead than alive. May Jesus be always blessed, and may His Holy Volition be always done.

### **April 3, 1915**

*Just as Heaven is above the earth with its lights so that man may live, the soul needs the Heaven of the Divine Will.*

My always adorable Jesus continues to come every now and then, but without changing His look of threats and chastisements. If sometimes He delays, He comes with such a look as to move to pity - tired, exhausted... He attracts me to Himself and transforms me into Himself; then He enters into me and transforms Himself into me. He wants me to kiss His wounds, one by one, to adore them and to offer reparation. Then, after He has made me soothe His Most Holy Humanity, He tells me: "My daughter, my daughter, it is necessary that I come to you every once in a while to take rest in you, to be soothed, to pour Myself out; otherwise I would cause the world to be devoured by fire." And without giving me time to tell Him anything, He escapes.

Now, this morning, as I was in my usual state, and since He was delaying, I thought to myself: 'What would have happened to me during these privations of my sweet Jesus, if it wasn't for the Holy Divine Volition? Who would have given me life, strength, help? Oh, Holy Divine Volition, in You I enclose myself, in You I abandon myself, in You I rest! Ah, all run away from me - even suffering, and even that same Jesus Who once seemed unable to be without me! You alone do not escape from me, O Holy Will of God! Please, I beg You, when You see that my weak forces can take no more, reveal to me my sweet Jesus, Whom You hide from me, and Whom You possess. Oh, Holy Volition, I adore You, I kiss You, I thank You - but don't be cruel with me!'

As I was thinking and praying like this, I felt invested by a most pure Light; and the Holy Volition, revealing Jesus to me, told me: "My daughter, the soul without my Will would have been like the earth without the heavens, stars, Sun and moon. The earth in itself is nothing other than precipices, steep heights, waters and darkness. If the earth did not have a heaven above, which shows man the way to recognize the different dangers which the earth contains, man would go toward now falling, now drowning, etc. But there is a heaven above, especially with the Sun, which says to man in a mute language: 'See, I have no eyes, no hands and no feet, but I am the light of your eyes, the action of your hand, and the step of your foot; and when I have to illuminate other regions, I leave you the shining of the stars and the light of the moon to continue my office.'

Now, as I gave a heaven to man for the good of his nature, to his soul too, which is more noble, I gave the heaven of my Will, because the soul too contains precipices and steep heights, which are passions, virtues, tendencies and other things. If the soul moves out from under the heaven of my Will, she will do nothing other than fall from sin to sin; passions will drown her, and the heights of virtues will turn into abysses. Therefore, just as everything would be disordered and infertile on the earth without a heaven, the same happens in the soul without my Will."

### **April 24, 1915**

*The crowning of thorns of Jesus: all the thoughts of the creatures are linked to the mind of Jesus by the Divine Will.*

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking of how much blessed Jesus suffered in being crowned with thorns. Making Himself seen, Jesus told me: "My daughter, the pains which I suffered were incomprehensible to the created mind. Much more painfully than by those thorns, my mind was pierced by all the evil thoughts of creatures, in such a way that none of these thoughts could escape Me - I felt them all inside Me. Not only did I feel the pricks of the thorns, but also the disgust of the sins which those thorns represented."

So, I looked at my adorable Jesus and I could see His Most Holy head being surrounded by spokes of thorns which came through from behind. All the thoughts of the creatures were in Jesus; they went from Jesus to them, and from them into Jesus, remaining almost linked together - the evil thoughts of the creatures with the most holy thoughts of Jesus... Oh, how Jesus suffered!

Then He added: "My daughter, only the souls who live in my Will can give Me true reparations and soothe Me from thorns so sharp. In fact, since they live in my Will, and since my Will is everywhere, they find themselves in Me and in everyone; they descend into the creatures and rise up to Me; they bring Me all the reparations; they soothe Me. And in the sick minds they turn darkness into light."

### **May 2, 1915**

*One who lives in the Divine Will takes possession of the Most Holy Humanity of Jesus, and just like another Jesus, she can present herself before the Divinity to plead for her brothers and sisters.*

My days are more and more bitter. This morning my sweet Jesus came in such a suffering state that it cannot be described. In seeing Him so suffering, I would have wanted to relieve Him at any cost. Not knowing what to do, I squeezed Him to my heart and, approaching His mouth, I tried to suckle part of His interior bitterness... Nothing...! No matter how hard I tried to suckle, nothing would come out. I returned to my efforts, but it was all in vain. Jesus was crying; I was crying too in seeing that I could not alleviate His pains in any way. What a cruel torment! Jesus was crying because He wanted to pour out, but His Justice prevented Him from doing it; I was crying in seeing Him cry, and because I could not help Him... There are no words to describe these pains.

Sobbing, Jesus told me: "My daughter, sins snatch chastisements and wars from my hands. I am forced to allow them, and at the same time I cry and suffer with the creature." I felt like dying for the pain, and Jesus, wanting to distract me, added: "My daughter, don't lose heart. This too is in my Will, because only the souls who live in my Will can confront my Justice. Only those who live in my Volition have free access to share in the Divine decrees and plead for their brothers. Those who reside in my Will possess all the fruits of my Humanity, because my Humanity had its limits, while my Will has no limits. My Humanity lived in my Will - drowned in It, inside and out.

Now, the souls who live in my Will are the closest ones to my Humanity. Making my Humanity their own - because I gave It to them - they can present themselves before the Divinity being covered by It, like another Me, so as to disarm the Divine Justice and plead for forgiveness for the perverted creatures. As they live in my Will, they live in Me; and since I live in everyone, they also live in everyone and for everyone. They live hovering in the air like the Sun, while their prayers, acts, reparations and everything they do, are like the rays which descend from them for the good of all."

### **May 18, 1915**

*The Divine Justice imposes chastisements, but neither these nor the enemies get close to the souls who live in the Divine Volition.*

Continuing in my poor state, I felt my poor nature succumbing. I am in a state of continuous violence: I want to do violence to my adorable Jesus, but He hides so as not to be violated more. Then, when He sees that I am not in the act of doing violence to Him because He is hidden, all of a sudden, He makes Himself seen and starts crying for all that miserable humanity is suffering and will suffer.

Other times, in a touching and almost imploring tone, He tells me: "Daughter, do not use violence on Me. My state is already violent in itself because of the grave evils that the creatures suffer and will suffer; but I must give Justice Its rights."

And while He says this, He cries and I cry together with Him. Many times it seems that, transforming Himself completely into me, He cries through my eyes. All the tragedies - human bodies mutilated, floods of

blood, towns destroyed, churches profaned - which Jesus had shown me many years before, pass before my mind. My poor heart is shredded with pain; now I feel it writhing with the spasm, now freezing. And while I suffer this, I hear the voice of Jesus saying, "How I grieve! How I grieve!" And He bursts into sobs. But who can say everything?

Now, as I was in this state, my sweet Jesus, in order to somehow calm my fears and frights, told me: "My daughter, courage. It is true that great will be the tragedy, but know that I will have regard for the souls who live from my Will, and for the places where these souls are. Just as the kings of the earth have their own courts and quarters in which they keep safe in the midst of dangers and among the fiercest enemies - since their strength is such that while the enemies destroy other places, they do not dare to look at that point for fear of being defeated - in the same way, I too, King of Heaven, have my quarters and my courts on earth. These are the souls who live in my Volition, in whom I live; and the court of Heaven crowds round them. The strength of my Will keeps them safe, rendering the bullets cold, and driving back the fiercest enemies.

My daughter, why do the Blessed themselves remain safe and fully happy even when they see that the creatures suffer and that the earth is in flames? Exactly because they live completely in my Will. Know that I put the souls who live completely from my Will on earth in the same condition as the Blessed. Therefore, live in my Will and fear nothing. Even more, in these times of human carnage, not only do I want you to live in my Will, but to live also among your brothers - between Me and them. You will hold Me tightly, sheltered from the offenses that creatures send Me. As I give you the gift of my Humanity and of all that I suffered, while you keep Me sheltered, you will give to your brothers my Blood, my wounds, my thorns - my merits for their salvation."

### **May 25, 1915**

*In the midst of the chastisement of war, there is nobody who thinks of converting and returning to God.*

As I was in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus barely made Himself seen, and told me: "My daughter, the chastisement is great. Yet, people do not stir themselves; rather, they remain almost indifferent, as if they had to be present at a tragic scene, not a reality. Instead of all coming as one to cry at my feet, imploring mercy and forgiveness, they are, instead, attentive to hear what is happening. Ah, my daughter, how great is human perfidy! Look at how obedient they are to governments: priests and lay people do not demand anything, they do not refuse sacrifices, and must be ready to give their own lives... Ah, for Me only there is no obedience and no sacrifices. And if they do anything at all, it is more pretensions and interests. This, because the government resorts to force. But since I make use of Love, this Love is disregarded by the creatures; they remain indifferent as if I did not deserve anything from them!"

As He was saying this, He burst into tears. What a cruel torment to see Jesus crying! Then He continued: "Blood and fire will purify everything and will restore the repentant man. And the more he delays, the more blood will be shed, and the carnage will be such as man has never contemplated." While saying this, He showed the human carnage... What a torment to live in these times! But may the Divine Volition be always done.

### **June 6, 1915**

*In the Divine Will the soul must not think about herself, but only about God and her neighbor.*

As I was in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus, while remaining hidden, wants me all intent on Him, to plead continuously for my brothers. So, while I was praying and crying for the salvation of the poor combatants, wanting to cling to Jesus so as to implore Him that none of them be lost, I arrived at the point of saying nonsense to Him. Although mute, Jesus seemed to be pleased with my petitions, and willing to concede what I wanted. But a thought came into my mind: that I should think about my own salvation.

Jesus told me: "My daughter, as you were thinking of yourself, you produced a human sensation, and my Will, fully Divine, noticed it. In my Will all human actions turn into love for Me and for the other. In the soul who lives in this way there is nothing of her own, because she contains only my Will which contains all possible goods within Itself. So, if she contains them, why should she ask Me for them? Isn't it rather fair that she take care of praying for those who do not have those goods? Ah, if you knew what calamities miserable humanity will go through, you would be more active in my Will, on their behalf!" And while He was saying this, He showed me all the evils that masons are plotting.

## **June 17, 1915**

*Everything must end in the Divine Will and be enclosed in It. Jesus gives to Luisa the cross of light of His Divine Will in place of the cross of wood.*

Finding myself in my usual state, I was lamenting with Jesus, telling Him: 'My Life, Jesus, everything is ended. At the most, what is left to me is nothing other than your flashes and shadows...' And Jesus, interrupting my saying, told me: "My daughter, everything must end in my Will. Once the soul has done this, she has done everything. If she had done much without enclosing it in my Will, one can say that she has done nothing. I take into account all that ends in my Will, since my own Life is in It, as if bound. So, it is just that I take into account even the most tiny things, even trifles, as my own things, because I feel that each tiny act the creature does united with my Will, she takes from Me first, and then she performs it. Therefore, all my Sanctity, my Power, my Wisdom, my Love and all that I am are included in her tiniest act. In that act done with my Will, I feel the repetition of my Life, my Works, my Word, my Thought and so on. So, if your things ended up in my Will, what else would you want?"

All things have only one final point. The Sun has that of invading all the earth with Its light. The farmer sows, hoes, works the earth; he suffers from cold and heat. However, that is not his final point, which is, rather, to reap the fruits and make of them his own food. The same thing for many other things which, many as they are, resolve into one single point - and this point constitutes the life of man. The soul must make everything end in the single point of my Will. It will be her Life and I will make of It my food."

Then He added: "In these sad times, you and I will go through a very painful period - things will rage more. However, know that if I take my Cross of wood away from you, I give you the Cross of my Will, which has no length and no width - it is interminable. I could not give you a more noble Cross. It is not made of wood, but of Light; and in this Light, which burns more than any fire, we will suffer together in every creature, in their agonies and in their tortures. We will try to be the life of all."

## **July 9, 1915**

*One who really does the Divine Will is in the same condition as the Humanity of Jesus, before God and creatures.*

Finding myself in my usual state, I was feeling very bad, and my always adorable Jesus, moved to compassion for my poor state, came for a little while. Kissing me, He told me: "Poor daughter, do not fear; I do not leave you, nor can I leave you. It is my magnet that works powerfully on Me, attracting Me toward you with such violence that I cannot resist. It takes too much to be free of one who does my Will; I should get rid of Myself, which is not possible."

Then He added: "Daughter, one who really does my Will is put in the same condition as my Humanity. I was Man and God. As God, I contained within Me all the happiness, beatitudes, beauty, and all the goods that I possess. On one hand my Humanity participated in the joy of my Divinity, therefore my Soul was blissful, happy, and Its beatific vision never escaped It. On the other hand, my Humanity had loaded upon Itself the satisfaction on the part of creatures before Divine Justice. It was tormented by the clear sight of all the sins; and having to take them upon Itself in order to repair for them, It felt the horror of each sin with its own special torment. Therefore, I felt joy and pain at the same time: Love on the part of my Divinity; cold on the part of creatures; sanctity on one side, and sin on the other. Nothing the creature did could escape Me, no matter how tiny.

Now, my Humanity is no longer capable of suffering. Therefore, I live in one who does my Will - she serves as my Humanity. So, on one hand the soul feels love, peace, firmness in good, fortitude and so on; on the other hand, coldness, bother, tiredness, etc. If the soul remains completely in my Will and takes these things, not as her own things, but as the things that I suffer, she will not lose heart. She will sympathize with Me and will have the honor of sharing in my pains, since she is nothing other than a veil which covers Me. She will feel nothing but the annoyance of pricks and coldness, while they will come thickly into Me - into my Heart."

## **July 25, 1915**

*Jesus feels unfortunate in the misfortunes of creatures, and even more in love. He wants with Him souls who may comfort Him.*

Continuing in my usual state, I was lamenting with Jesus because of His usual privations, and He, always kind, sympathized with me telling me: "My daughter, be brave. Be faithful to Me in these times of tragedies, of horrendous carnage, and of intense bitterness for my Heart."

Almost sobbing, He added: "My daughter, in these times I feel like a poor unfortunate. I feel unfortunate together with the one who is wounded on the battlefield; unfortunate for the one who dies in his own blood, abandoned by everybody; unfortunate with the poor who feels the weight of his hunger. I feel the misfortune of many mothers, whose hearts bleed for their sons in battle... Ah, all misfortunes weigh upon my Heart, and I remain transfixed! And in the face of all these miseries, I see the Divine Justice which wants to put more Divine fury on the field against creatures, unfortunately rebellious and ungrateful. Further, who can tell you how unfortunate I am in love? Ah, creatures don't love Me, and my great Love is repaid with repeated offenses.

My daughter, in the midst of so many misfortunes, instead of consoling others, I want to be comforted. I want around Me the souls who love Me, who keep Me faithful company, and who offer all their pains as a relief for my misfortunes and in order to plead grace for the poor unfortunate ones. Depending on whether the souls are faithful to Me in these times of scourges and misfortunes, when Divine Justice will be appeased, It will reward the souls who remained faithful to Me and who took part in my misfortunes."

### **July 28, 1915**

*One who does the Divine Will is so much identified with Jesus that their hearts become one; so they share the merit of saving souls.*

I was repeating my laments with Jesus, telling Him: 'How is it that You left me? You promised me that You would come every day, at least once; and today the morning is gone, the evening is ending and You are still not coming?! Jesus, what a torment your privation is - what a continuous death! Yet, I am all abandoned to your Will. Even more, I offer You this privation of You - as You teach me - in order to give salvation to as many souls for as many instants as I am deprived of You. I place the pains which I suffer when I am without You like a crown around your Heart in order to prevent the offenses of the creatures from entering into It, and to prevent You from condemning any soul to hell. But with all this, O my Jesus, I still feel my nature being shocked and, incessantly, I call You, I search for You, I long for You.'

At this very moment, my adorable Jesus reached His arms around my neck and squeezing me, told me: "My daughter, tell me, what do you desire? What do you want to do? What do you love?" And I: 'I desire You, and that all souls be saved; I want to do your Will, and I love only You.'" And He: "So you desire what I want. With this, you really hold Me in your power, and I hold you. You cannot detach yourself from Me, nor can I from you. Then, how can you say that I have left you?"

Then He added in a tender tone: "My daughter, one who does my Will is so identified with Me, that her heart and Mine form one single heart. And since all souls who are saved, are saved through this Heart, and as Its heartbeat is formed, they take off toward salvation coming out from the mouth of this Heart - I will give to the soul the merit of these saved souls, since she wanted together with Me the salvation of those souls, and since I used her as the very life of my own Heart."

### **August 12, 1915**

*The will, the love, the desires of the soul, running together with those of Jesus, will form the net to defend both of them and to save souls.*

As I was in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus came for a little while, telling me: "My daughter, how hard people are! The scourge of war is not enough, the misery is not sufficient to make them surrender. They want to be touched in their own flesh, otherwise one cannot manage to make them mend their ways. In fact, look what happens in battles: how holy religion gains within them on battlefields - and why? Because they are being touched in their own flesh. This is why it is necessary that there be no country which will not be caught in the net, in one way or another; but that all of them be exposed to being touched in their own flesh. I don't want to do this, but their hardness forces Me to."

In saying this, He was crying. I cried along, and I prayed Him that He would make the people surrender with no slaughter and no blood, and that all be saved. And Jesus: "My daughter, everything will be enclosed in the union of our wills. Your volition will run together with Mine, pleading sufficient graces for the salvation of

souls. Your love will run into Mine; your desires and your heartbeat will run into Mine, asking for souls with an eternal Heartbeat. All this will form a net around you and Me, in which we will remain as if woven inside. This will serve as bulwark for defense, within which, while defending Me, you will be protected from any danger... How sweet it is for Me to hear in my Heartbeat the heartbeat of a creature who says: 'Souls, souls!' I feel as if chained and, conquered, I surrender."

### **August 14 1915**

*The whole Life and Passion of Jesus are always in the act of offering support to Jesus and salvation to souls; but there is the need of those who would use them and offer them.*

Continuing in my usual state, Jesus just barely came. He was so tired and exhausted that He Himself called me to kiss His wounds and dry His Blood, which was flowing from each part of His Most Holy Humanity. So, after I went over all His members making various adorations and reparations, my sweet Jesus, relieved and leaning on me, told me: "My daughter, my Passion, my wounds, my Blood, all that I did and suffered - everything is in continuous action in the midst of souls, as if I were operating and suffering at that very moment. They serve Me as the supports on which I can lean, and on which souls can lean so as not to fall into sin, and be saved. Now, during these times of chastisements, I am like the person who lives up in the air, with no ground underneath, and between continuous blows: my Justice knocks Me from Heaven, and creatures with their guilt from the earth.

Now, the more the soul remains around Me, kissing my wounds, repairing Me, offering my Blood - in a word, re-doing all that I did during the course of my Life and my Passion - the more supports she forms so that I can lean on them and not fall, and the larger the circle becomes in which souls find the support not to fall into sin, and be saved.

Do not get tired, my daughter, of being around Me, and of going over my wounds, over and over again. I Myself will administer the thoughts, the affections, the words, so that you may remain around Me. Be faithful to Me - time is tight. Justice wants to display Its fury, and creatures irritate It. It is necessary to multiply more supports; so, do not fail the work."

### **August 24 1915**

*The creative power of the Divine Will multiplies one act for all, and provides the likeness to God.*

Continuing in my usual state, as soon as my always adorable Jesus came, I gave Him a kiss, telling Him: 'My Jesus, if it were possible, I would like to give You the kiss of all the creatures, so I would satisfy your Love, by bringing them all to You.'

And Jesus: "My daughter, if you want to give Me the kiss of all, kiss Me in my Will, because my Will, containing the creative virtue, contains the power to multiply one act into many acts, as many as you want. In this way, you will give Me the contentment as if all had kissed Me, and you will have the merit as if you had made everyone kiss Me; while all the creatures will receive the effects according to their own dispositions.

One act in my Will contains all possible imaginable goods. You will find an image of this in the light of the Sun. The light is one, but this light multiplies itself in all the glances of creatures. The light remains always one, one single act, but not all the glances of creatures enjoy the same light. Some, of weak sight, need to put their hand before their eyes, almost not to be blinded by the light; others, blind, do not enjoy this light at all, but this is not due to a defect of the light, rather, to a defect in the sight of the creatures. Therefore, my daughter, if you desire to love Me for all, your love will flow in my Will, if you do this in It. And since my Will fills Heaven and earth, I will hear your 'I love you' being repeated in Heaven, around Me, inside of Me, on earth, and it will multiply itself from every point, for as many acts as my Will can do. So, it can give Me the satisfaction of the love of all, because the creature is limited and finite, while my Will is immense and infinite.

How can those words which I pronounced in creating man, '*We make man in Our Image and Likeness*', be explained? How could the creature, so incapable, ever resemble Me and be my image? Only in my Will could she arrive at this, because by making It her own, she arrives at acting in the Divine manner; and through the repetition of these Divine acts she arrives at resembling Me, becoming my perfect image. It happens as to that child who, by repeating the acts which he observes in his teacher, becomes like him. So, the only thing that makes the creature be like Me is my Will. This is why I have so much interest that the creature, making It her

own, may fulfill the purpose for which she was created."

### **August 27, 1915**

*Fusing oneself in the Divine Will is filling oneself with all the qualities of Jesus.*

I was fusing myself in the Most Holy Will of blessed Jesus, and while I was doing this I found myself in Jesus; He told me : "My daughter, when a soul fuses herself in my Will, it happens as when two containers, full of different fluids, are poured one into the other; each one of them remains filled with what the other contained. In the same way, the creature remains filled with Me, and I with her. And since my Will contains Sanctity, Beauty, Power, Love, etc., the soul, filling herself with Me - fusing and abandoning herself in my Will - arrives at being filled with my own Sanctity, my Love, my Beauty, etc., in the most perfect way given to a creature. And I feel Myself being filled with her, and finding my Sanctity, my Beauty, my Love, etc. in her, I look at her as if these were her own things, and I like it so much that I fall in love with her, keeping her jealously in the intimate place within Me - enriching her and embellishing her continuously with my Divine qualities, in order to be delighted and enamored more and more."

### **September 20, 1915**

*New chastisements. Every act must be tied by the 'FIAT' between the Divine and the human will.*

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen as He was touching and striking the creatures with chastisements in His hands. It seemed that the chastisements were spreading more. Among many things, it seemed that a conspiracy was being plotted against the Holy Church, and they were mentioning Rome. Blessed Jesus was afflicted and seemed covered by a black mantle. He told me: "My daughter, scourges make people rise again, but there will be so many that all people will be covered by sorrow and mourning. And since the creatures are my members, I am covered by a black mantle because of them."

I was all dismayed and I begged Him to calm Himself; and He, to relieve me, told me: "My daughter, the FIAT must be the sweet tie that will bind all your acts. My Will and yours will form the knot. Know that every thought, word and act done, tied with my Will, will be like many channels of communication opened between Myself and the creature. If all your acts will be tied to my Will, not one channel of Divine communication will be closed between you and Me."

### **October 2, 1915**

*Sins attract chastisements.*

After having suffered very much because of the privations of my always adorable Jesus, it seemed that He came for a little while, but in such suffering as to be terrifying. I plucked up courage and drew near to the mouth of Jesus; I kissed Him, and I tried to suckle: who knows if I managed to relieve Him, by suckling part of His bitterness...

To my surprise, I was able to draw some bitterness out of Him, which other times I did not manage to do. But Jesus was in such suffering that it seemed as if He didn't realize it. However, after I did this, as if He were stirring Himself, He looked at me and said: "My daughter, I cannot take any more, I cannot take any more... The creature has reached the brim. She fills Me with such bitterness that my Justice was in the act of decreeing the general destruction. But you arrived in time to snatch a little bit of bitterness away from Me, so that my Justice might still hold off. However, the chastisements will spread more. Ah, man incites Me, he disposes Me to fill him, almost stuff him with sorrows and chastisements, otherwise he will not change his mind."

I hastened to pray Him that He would calm down; and with a moving tone He told me: "Ah, my daughter! Ah, my daughter!" And He disappeared.

### **October 25, 1915**

*When Jesus can say to a soul, "My Life, my Mama."*

Continuing in my usual state, among privations and bitteresses, I was thinking about the Passion of my adorable Jesus, and He kept saying: "My Life! My Life! My Mama! My Mama...!"

Surprised, I said to Him: 'What does this mean?' And Jesus: "My daughter, as I feel my thoughts and words being repeated in you, loving with my Love, wanting with my Will, desiring with my desires, and all the rest, I feel that you attract my Life in you, and repeat my own acts. My satisfaction is such that I keep repeating: 'My Life! My Life!' And as I think about what my Mama suffered, wanting to take all my pains and suffer them in my place, and as you try to imitate her, begging Me to let you suffer the pains that creatures give Me, I keep repeating: 'My Mama! My Mama!'

In the midst of so much bitterness of my Heart because of the many lacerated members of many creatures - which I feel within my Humanity - my only relief is to feel my Life being repeated. In this way, I feel the members of creatures being knitted again within Me."

### **October 28, 1915**

*The life on earth of Jesus has been a continuous sowing, so that it may be harvested by creatures and produce fruit in them.*

This morning, my always adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, my Life on earth was nothing other than sown seeds, which my children will harvest, provided that they will remain on the same land in which I sowed these seeds. Depending on their act of harvesting, my seeds will produce their fruit. Now, these seeds are my works, my words, my thoughts, even my breaths, etc. So, if the soul picks them all, making them her own, she will be enriched in such a way as to purchase the Kingdom of Heaven. But if she doesn't, these seeds will serve as her condemnation."

### **November 1, 1915**

*Jesus wants to pour out His love with those who love Him. How the soul can return to Him a love similar to His own.*

This morning my sweet Jesus didn't keep me waiting. He came, though panting and fidgeting; and throwing Himself in my arms, told me: "My daughter, give Me rest; let Me pour out my Love. If Justice wants Its outpouring, It can do it with all the creatures. But my Love can pour Itself out only with one who loves Me - with one who is wounded by my same Love and, delirious, keeps seeking to pour herself out within my Love, asking Me for more Love. And if my Love did not find a creature who would let Me pour Myself out, my Justice would ignite even more, giving the last blow to destroy the poor creatures."

As He was saying this, He kissed me again and again, telling me: "I love you, but with an eternal Love; I love you, but with an immense Love; I love you, but with an incomprehensible Love; I love you, but with a Love that will have no limits and no end; I love you, but with a love that you will never be able to match..."

Who can say all the titles with which Jesus was saying that He loved me? And for every title which He said, He waited for my answer. Not knowing what to say, and not having sufficient titles to match Him, I told Him: 'My Life, You know that I have nothing; and whatever I do, I take from You, and I leave it to You again, so that my things, remaining in You, may have continuous action and life in You, while I remain always a nothing. So, I take your Love, I make It my own and I tell You: 'I love You with an eternal and immense Love; with a Love that has no limits and no ends, and that is equal to yours.' And I kissed Him again and again. As I kept saying, 'I love You', Jesus became calm, took rest, and disappeared.

Then, He returned and showed His Most Holy Humanity beaten up, wounded, dislocated - all blood. I remained horrified, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, look: I keep in Me all the poor wounded ones, who are under the bullets, and I suffer together with them. I want that you too take part in these pains, for their salvation." And as Jesus transformed Himself into me, I felt...now grieving, now agonizing. In sum, I felt what Jesus felt.

### **November 4, 1915**

*The scourge of the war must continue until people and priests are purified.*

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself together with the Queen Mama, and I prayed that she would intercede with Jesus to stop the scourge of the war. I said to her: 'Mama, mercy for so many poor victims! Don't you see how much blood, how many members torn to pieces, how many moans and tears? You are the Mama of Jesus, but ours too; so it is up to you to reconcile your children.'

As I was praying, She cried for them; but though crying she seemed inflexible. I cried along and continued to pray for peace. And my dear Mama told me: "My daughter, the earth is not purged yet; people are still hardened; and then, if the chastisement ends, who will save the Priests? Who will convert them? The garment that covers the life of many of them is so deplorable that even the lay people are disgusted in approaching them."

Let us pray, let us pray!

### **November 11, 1915**

*One who lives in the Divine Will feels the very wound which God feels as if it were her own; so she becomes like another Jesus on earth.*

This morning I felt such compassion for the offenses that Jesus receives and for the many poor creatures who have the misfortune of offending Him that I would face any pain in order to prevent sin. So I prayed and repaired from the heart. At that moment, blessed Jesus came and seemed to carry the same wounds of my heart, but - oh, how much larger! He told me: "My daughter, in delivering the creature, my Divinity remained wounded by my own Love, for love of the creature. This wound made Me come down from Heaven to earth; it made Me cry, shed my blood, and do all that I did.

Now, the soul who lives in my Will vividly feels this wound of mine as if it were her own. She cries, prays and would suffer anything, to save the poor creature, and so that my wound of Love may not be exacerbated by the offenses of the creatures. Ah, my daughter, these tears, pains, prayers and reparations soothe my wound and descend upon my breast, to be shown to my Father and move Him to pity for creatures.

Therefore, a Divine vein ascends and descends between Me and these souls; a vein which keeps consuming their human blood. The more they take part in my wound and in my own Life, the larger this vein becomes. It becomes so large as to render them other Christs. And I keep repeating to my Father: 'I am in Heaven, but there are other Christs on earth, wounded with my own wound, who cry like me; who suffer, pray etc., like Me; so We must pour our mercy upon the earth...' Ah, only these who live in my Volition take part in my wound. They are like Me on earth, and they will be like Me in Heaven, sharing in the same Glory of my Humanity."

### **November 13, 1915**

*In instituting the Most Holy Eucharist, before giving Himself to creatures, Jesus wanted to receive Himself. In the Divine Will the soul must offer Communion as Jesus did.*

After I had received Holy Communion, I thought to myself: 'How should I offer It in order to please Jesus?' And He, always kind, told me: "My daughter, if you want to please Me, offer It as my own Humanity did. Before giving Communion to the others, I gave Communion to Myself, and I wanted to do this in order to give to the Father the complete glory of all the Communions of creatures, and to enclose within Me all the reparations for all the sacrileges, for all the offenses that my Humanity would receive in the Sacrament. Since I enclosed the Divine Will, I enclosed all the reparations of all times; and since I received Myself, I received Myself worthily. And since all the works of the creatures were Divinized by my Humanity, I wanted to seal the communions of the creatures with my Communion. Otherwise, how could the creature receive a God? It was my Humanity that opened this door to the creatures, giving them merit to receive Me.

You - my daughter, do it in my Will; unite it to my Humanity. In this way you will enclose everything, and I will find in you the reparations of all, the reward for everything, and my satisfaction. Even more, I will find in you another Me."

### **November 21, 1915**

*The current chastisements are only the beginning of the purification of the world.*

Finding myself in my usual state, as soon as I saw my always adorable Jesus, I begged Him, for pity's sake, that He would change the decrees of the Divine Justice. I said to Him: 'My Jesus, I cannot take any more! My poor heart is crushed in hearing about so many tragedies. Jesus, enough, these are your dear images, your beloved children, who moan, cry and ache under the weight of instruments that are almost infernal!'

And He: "Ah, my daughter, yet, all the terrible things that are happening now are only the sketch of the design. Don't you see what a large circle I am marking? What will happen when I will complete the design? At many points they will say: 'Here there was such a city, here such buildings.' Some points will disappear completely. Time is tight. Man reached the extent of forcing Me to chastise him. He wanted to almost challenge Me, incite Me, and I remained patient - but all times arrive. They didn't want to recognize Me through love and mercy - they will know Me through Justice. Therefore, courage - do not lose heart so soon."

### **December 10, 1915**

*Our prayers, actions and sufferings must flow within those of Jesus, to do the good that Jesus did.*

I was feeling very afflicted because my sweet Jesus, my Life, my all, did not make Himself seen. I was lamenting: 'If I could, I would like to deafen Heaven and earth with my laments. What a great misfortune: to know Him, love Him, and remain without Him! Can a greater misfortune ever be given?' But while I was lamenting, blessed Jesus, making Himself seen in my interior, told me with a severe look: "My daughter, do not tempt Me! What! I told you everything to make you be tranquil. I told you that when I do not come, it is because I have to inflict greater chastisements, because my Justice wants it; and I even told you the reasons. Before you did not believe that it was in order to chastise that I was not coming as usual - because you did not hear that great chastisements were occurring in the world. Now you hear them, and in spite of this, you still doubt? Isn't this tempting Me?"

I was shaking in seeing and hearing Jesus so severe. In order to calm me down He changed His look and, all kindness, added: "My daughter, courage. I will not leave you; I am inside of you, although you do not always see Me. And you - unite yourself always with Me. If you pray, may your prayer flow in Mine - make it your own. In this way, you too will do all that I did with my prayers - the glory I gave to the Father, the good I pleaded for all - you will do it as well. If you work, make your work flow into Mine, and make it your own. So you will have in your power all the good that my Humanity did, which sanctified and Divinized everything. And if you suffer, may your suffering flow in Mine - make it your own; so you will have in your power all the good that I did in Redemption. With this, you will take the three essential points of my Life; and as you do so, immense seas of graces will come out from you, and pour out for the good of all. And I will look at your life, not as your own, but as Mine."

### **January 12, 1916**

*Current and future chastisements of the nations; in particular of Italy.*

I was lamenting with blessed Jesus because of His usual privations, and I was crying bitterly. My adorable Jesus came, but in a sorrowful state, showing how things will get worse and worse. This made me cry more, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, you cry for the present times, and I cry for the future. Oh, in what a maze will the nations find themselves, to the extent of one becoming the terror and the massacre of the other, and of being unable to get out by themselves! They will do things as though crazy and blind, to the point of acting against themselves... And the maze which poor Italy is in! How many shocks she will receive! Remember how many years ago I told you that she deserved the chastisement of being invaded by foreign nations. And this is the conspiracy that they are weaving for her. How humiliated and annihilated she will remain! Too ungrateful has she been with Me.

The nations for which I had predilection, Italy and France, are those which denied Me the most; they held hands in offending me. Fair chastisement: they will hold hands in being humiliated. And they will also be the ones who will start war against the Church... Ah, my daughter, almost all nations united to offend Me; they plotted against Me. What wrong did I do them? Almost all of them deserve chastisement."

But who can say the sorrow of Jesus, the state of violence in which He was, and also my fright? Out of fear, I said to my Jesus: 'How can I live in the midst of so many tragedies? Let me be the victim; save the people, or take me with You!'

### **January 28, 1916**

*Pains and fears of Luisa; but the greatest pain of Jesus is His constrained love.*

I felt oppressed. I thought to myself: 'Everything is over! State of victim, suffering, Jesus - everything!' I add that my Confessor was not well, therefore I probably would have to do without Communion. I felt all the

weight of the suspension of my state of victim by Jesus. I had received no order from the guide - neither in favor nor against it... I added to this also my affliction, as I remembered that on March of last year, when my Confessor was not well, and finding myself in the same conditions, Jesus had told me that if I or the one who guides me had kept me in the state of victim, He would have saved Corato. Therefore - new fears: that I might also be the cause of some great trouble in Corato. But who can say all my apprehensions and bitternesses? They were so many that I felt petrified.

Now, my blessed Jesus, having compassion, made Himself seen in my interior. It seemed that He had His hand on His forehead, all afflicted; so much so that I didn't have the courage to call Him. Almost whispering, I just said: 'Jesus, Jesus...' He looked at me, but - oh, how sad His gaze was! He told me: "My daughter, how much I suffer! If you knew the pains of the One who loves you, you would do nothing other than cry. I suffer also for you, because not coming very often, my Love is constrained and I cannot pour Myself out. And in seeing that you too cannot pour yourself out because you do not see Me - in seeing you suffering, I suffer even more.

Ah, my daughter, constrained love is the greatest bitterness, which tortures a poor heart the most. If you remain quiet while suffering, I don't suffer so much; but if you trouble yourself and worry in your suffering, I fidget and become delirious, and I am forced to come to pour Myself out and to let you pour yourself out, since my pains and yours are sisters. Furthermore, your state of victim is not over. My works are eternal and I do not suspend them without a just reason; I do not let them end. Moreover, I look at things in the will; so, you are just as you used to be, because your will has not changed. And if you don't have sufferings, you are not the one who is harmed; rather, creatures do not receive the effects of your pains - that is, to be spared from chastisements.

It happens as to the creatures who occupy public offices or government roles for a given time. When they retire, they receive a life salary, even if they no longer occupy those places. Should I be outdone by the creatures? Ah, no! If rulers and administrators give a life pension, I give them for eternity. Therefore, you must not be concerned for the pauses I make. And then, why do you fear? Did you forget how much I have loved you? The one who guides you will be prudent in your regard, knowing how things are, and knowing that they are in my Will. And I will have a regard for Corato. As far as you are concerned, whatever might happen, I will hold you tightly in my arms."

### **January 30, 1916**

*When the soul lives completely in the Divine Will, all her work is reflected in Jesus, and the work of Jesus is reflected in her.*

I was fusing myself completely in my always adorable Jesus, and while I was doing this, Jesus came, fusing Himself all in me, telling me: "My daughter, when the soul lives completely in my Will, if she thinks, her thoughts are reflected in my mind in Heaven; if she desires, if she speaks, if she loves - all is reflected in Me, and all I do is reflected in her. It happens as when the Sun is reflected in the glass: one can see another Sun in it, completely similar to the Sun in the heavens - with this difference: the Sun in the heavens is fixed and remains always in its place, while the sun in the glass is passing.

Now, my Will crystallizes the soul, and all she does is reflected in Me; and I, wounded and enraptured by these reflections, send her all my Light, so as to form another Sun in her. Therefore, one Sun in Heaven and another one on earth appear. What enchantment! What harmonies between them! How many goods are poured out for the benefit of all!

But if the soul is not fixed in my Will, it can happen to her as to the sun which is formed in the glass, which is a passing sun; after a while, the glass remains obscured, and the Sun in Heaven remains alone."

### **February 5, 1916**

*Chastisements to the world and great trials for the few good. Only faithfulness will save them.*

I continue in my afflicted days, especially for the almost continuous threats of Jesus, that chastisements will spread more. Last night, then, I remained terrorized. I found myself out of myself and I found my afflicted Jesus. I felt reborn to new life in finding Him. But no! As I was about to console Him, some people snatched Him from me and reduced Him to pieces! What heartbreak! What fright! I threw myself on the ground, close to one of those pieces, and a voice from Heaven resounded in that place: "Firmness, courage to the few good! May

they not move in anything; may they not neglect anything. They will be exposed to great trials, both from God and from men. Only through faithfulness will they not stagger, and be saved. The earth will be covered with unseen scourges. Creatures will try to destroy the Creator, to have their own God, and to satisfy their whims at the cost of any slaughter. And with all this, not attaining their own purposes, they will arrive at the most awful brutalities. Everything will be terror and fright."

After this, I found myself inside myself. I was shaking. The thought of how they had reduced my beloved Jesus gave me death. I wanted to see Him at any cost, even for one instant, to see what had happened to Him. And Jesus, always good, came; and I calmed down. May He be always blessed.

### **March 2, 1916**

*Desire compensates for lack of power in the creature. Jesus wants to act in full mastery within the soul in whom He dwells, who gave herself to Him.*

I continue my most bitter days. Blessed Jesus comes rarely; and if I lament, He answers with a sob of crying, or He says to me: "My daughter, you know that I don't come often, because the chastisements are encroaching more and more - so, why do you lament?"

But I reached such a point that I could not take any more, and I burst into tears. In order to calm me down and strengthen me Jesus came, and I spent almost the whole night with Jesus. Now He kissed me, caressed me, sustained me; now He threw Himself into my arms to take rest; now He showed me the terror among peoples - some ran away from one point, some from another... I also remember that He told me: "My daughter, the soul contains in her will, all that I contain in my Power. Therefore, I look at all the good that the soul really wants to do, as if she had really done it. I have Will and Power: if I want - I can. On the other hand, the soul cannot do many things, but her will compensates for power. In this way, she goes on to become like Me, and I keep enriching her with all those merits contained in her good will - if she wants to do them."

Then He added: "My daughter, when the soul gives herself completely to Me, I establish my residence within her. Many times I like to close everything and be in the shade; other times I like to sleep and place the soul as a sentry, so that she may not allow anybody to bother Me and interrupt my sleep; and if necessary, she has to face the bothers and answer for Me. Other times, I like to open everything and let in the winds, the coldness of the creatures, the darts of sin that they send Me, and many other things. The soul must be content with everything; she has to let Me do whatever I want; even more, she must make my things her own. If I were not free to do whatever I want, I would be unhappy in that heart. If I had to be careful to make her feel only how much I enjoy, and to unwillingly hide from her how much I suffer - where would my freedom be? Ah, everything is in my Will. If the soul takes It, she takes all the substance of my Being, and encloses everything within herself. So, as she does good, keeping within herself the substance of my Life, she makes that good come out from Myself. Coming from Me, that good runs like a ray of light for the benefit of all creatures."

### **April 1, 1916**

*One who really loves Jesus and does His Will, forms one single heartbeat with Him. However, in order to achieve this, perfect stripping is needed.*

This morning my sweet Jesus made Himself seen in my heart, and His heartbeat was beating in mine. I looked at Him, and He told me: "My daughter, for the one who really loves Me and does my Will in everything, her heartbeat and Mine become one. So I call them my heartbeats, and I want them as such, around and even inside the heartbeat of my Heart - all intent to console Me, and sweeten all my sorrowful heartbeats. Her heartbeat in Mine will form a sweet harmony, which will repeat for Me all my Life, and will speak to Me of souls, forcing Me to save them.

But, my daughter, what stripping is required to be the echo of my heartbeat! It must be a life more of Heaven than of earth - more Divine than human! Even one shadow, one tiny thing is sufficient to prevent the soul from feeling the strength, the harmonies, the sanctity of my Heartbeat; so she is not the echo of my Heartbeat, she does not harmonize together with Me, and I am forced to remain alone in my sorrow and in my joys. And I receive these sorrows from souls who - ...who knows how much they had promised Me. But when it came to the decisions, I was left disappointed by their promises."

## **April 15, 1916**

*Jesus is the Word which multiplies in every act of all creatures, together with the one who lives in His Volition.*

I was dying because of the continuous privations of my sweet Jesus. This morning I found myself completely in Jesus, as if I were swimming in the immensity of my Highest Good. Then, I looked inside myself and I saw Jesus in me. I could hear the whole Being of Jesus speaking: His feet, His hands, His Heart, His mouth - in sum, everything. Not only were they voices, but the wonder is that these voices became immense, multiplying themselves for every creature. The feet of Jesus spoke to the feet and to each step of the creatures; His hands to their works; His eyes to their glances; His thoughts to each one of their thoughts... What harmonies between Creator and creatures! What an enchanting sight! What love! But - alas, all these harmonies were broken by ingratitude and sins. Love was repaid with offenses. And Jesus, all afflicted, told me: "My daughter, I am the Word, and my Love toward the creature is so great that I multiply Myself into as many voices for as many acts, thoughts, affections, desires, etc. as each creature does, in order to receive from them the return of those acts done for love of Me. I give love and I want love, but I receive offenses instead. I give life, but if they could, they would give Me death. But in spite of all this, I continue my loving office.

However, know that the soul who lives united with Me and from my Volition, swimming in my immensity, becomes one voice together with Me. Therefore, if she walks, her steps speak, pursuing the sinner; her thoughts are voices to the minds; and so on with everything else. Only from these souls do I find my reward, beginning with the work of Creation. And in seeing that, unable to do anything by themselves to correspond to my Love and maintain the harmonies between Myself and them, they enter into my Will, taking ownership and acting in a Divine manner - my Love finds its outpouring and I love them more than all other creatures."

## **April 21, 1916**

*The privation of Jesus which Luisa suffers. The sins of the world have surrounded the Most Holy Humanity of Jesus with thorns, preventing Him from pouring His grace upon creatures.*

I continue my most bitter days. I fear that some day Jesus may not even come in passing, and in my pain I keep repeating: 'Jesus, don't do this to me. If You don't want to speak - so be it; if You don't want to give me the gift of your charisms - FIAT! But not coming at all - not this! You know that it would cost me my life, and that my very nature, left without You until evening, would melt.' As I was saying this, blessed Jesus, increasing my bitterness, made Himself seen telling me: "Know that if I do not come to pour Myself out with you for a little while, it is because the world is receiving the last blow of destruction and all sorts of scourges."

What fright! I remained terrified and petrified for the pain. So I continued to pray, saying: 'My Jesus, for every moment of your privation I ask You that a new Life of Yours be created within the souls. You must give me this grace. Only on this condition do I accept your privation. I don't deprive myself of a trifle - but of You, immense, infinite, eternal Good. The cost is immense; therefore, let's come to a deal.' Jesus stretched His arms around my neck, as if He were accepting. And looking at Him - ah, what a painful sight! Not only His head, but all His Most Holy Humanity was surrounded by thorns, to the extent that I was pricked in hugging Him, but I wanted to enter into Jesus at any cost. And He, all goodness, broke that garment of thorns at the point of His Heart, and placed me inside. I could see the Divinity of Jesus, and although His Divinity was one with His Humanity, while His Humanity was tortured, His Divinity remained untouchable.

Jesus told me: "My daughter, have you seen what a painful garment creatures made for Me, and how these thorns have penetrated into my Humanity? These thorns have closed the door to the Divinity, having surrounded all my Humanity, only from which could my Divinity come out for the good of creatures. Now it is necessary that I remove part of these thorns, and that I pour them on the creatures so that, as the Light of my Divinity flows from these thorns, I may save their souls. Therefore, it is necessary that the earth be invested by chastisements, earthquakes, famines, wars, etc., in order to break this garment of thorns that creatures made for Me. In this way, as the Light of the Divinity penetrates into their souls, I will be able to disillusion them, and to make better times arise."

## **April 23, 1916**

*Every thought on the Passion of Jesus is a light drawn from His Most Holy Humanity in order to be like Him.*

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen all surrounded with Light, which came out from His Most Holy Humanity, and which embellished Him in such a way as to form an enchanting and enrapturing sight. I remained surprised, and He told me: "My daughter, each pain that I suffered, every drop of Blood, every wound, prayer, word, action, step, etc., produced a Light within my Humanity, to embellish Me in such a way as to keep all the Blessed enraptured. Now, for every thought that the creature has about my Passion, for every act of compassion, reparation, etc., she does nothing other than draw Light from my Humanity, and be embellished to my likeness. Therefore, every additional thought about my Passion will be an additional Light which will bring her eternal joy."

### **May 3, 1916**

*Universal prayer. How Jesus prayed in the Divine Will.*

While I was praying, my adorable Jesus placed Himself close to me, and I could hear that He too was praying. So I began to listen to Him. Jesus told me: "My daughter, pray, but pray as I pray. Pour yourself entirely into my Will, and you will find God and all the creatures in It. You will give them to God as if they were one single creature, because the Divine Volition is the Owner of all; then you will place at the feet of the Divinity the good acts in order to give honor to It, and the bad ones in order to repair for them through the Sanctity, Power and Immensity of the Divine Will, from which nothing can escape.

This was the life of my Humanity upon earth. As Holy as It was, I still needed this Divine Volition in order to give complete satisfaction to the Father, and to redeem the human generations. In fact, only in this Divine Volition could I find all generations, past, present and future, and all their thoughts, words, acts, etc., as though in act. In this Holy Will, I took all the thoughts into my Mind - nothing could escape Me - and for each one of them in particular I placed Myself before the Supreme Majesty and I repaired them. In this same Will, I descended into the mind of each creature, giving them the good which I had pleaded for their intelligences. In my glances I took the eyes of all creatures; their words in my voice; their movements in my movements; their works in my hands; their steps in my feet; their affections and desires in my Heart; and making them my own, in the Divine Will my Humanity satisfied the Father, and I saved the poor creatures. And the Divine Father remained satisfied. He could not reject Me, He Himself being the Holy Will. Would He perhaps reject Himself? Certainly not. More so, since in these acts He found perfect Sanctity, unreachable and enrapturing Beauty, highest Love, immense and eternal acts, invincible Power... This was the whole Life of my Humanity upon earth, which continues in Heaven and in the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Now, why can't you also do this? For one who loves Me, united with Me, everything is possible. In my Will, pray and bring before the Divine Majesty the thoughts of all within your thoughts; the glances of all in your eyes; in your words, movements, affections and desires, those of your brothers, in order to repair them and plead Light, Grace and Love for them. In my Will you will find yourself in Me and in all, you will live my Life, and will pray with Me. The Divine Father will be happy, and the whole of Heaven will say: 'Who is calling us from earth? Who is the one who wants to compress this Holy Will within herself, enclosing all of us together?' And how much good the earth can obtain, making Heaven descend upon earth!"

### **May 25, 1916**

*The current war will intensify, and Italy will be invaded. How Jesus cultivates the soul, so that she may produce fruit.*

Continuing in my usual state, I was all afflicted, especially because in the past days blessed Jesus had shown me how foreign soldiers were invading Italy, the great massacre of our soldiers, and rivers of blood at sight of which Jesus Himself remained horrified. I felt my poor heart bursting with pain, and I said to Jesus: 'Save my brothers, your images, from this lake of blood! Do not permit that any soul plunge into hell!'

In seeing that the Divine Justice will ignite Its fury even more against the poor creatures, I felt like dying. Almost to distract me from such tormenting scenes, Jesus told me: "My daughter, my Love for the creatures is so great that as soon as the soul decides to give herself to Me, I surround her with so much Grace - I caress her, I move her, I pick her up, I provide her with sensible graces, fervor, inspirations, squeezes to my Heart. So, in seeing herself graceful, the soul begins to love Me, forming like a foundation of prayers and pious practices inside her heart; and she begins to exercise the virtues. All this forms a flowery field in the soul.

But my Love is not happy just with flowers - It wants fruits. So It begins to make the flowers fall - that is, It strips her of sensible love, of fervor and of everything else - in order to make the fruits be born. If the soul is loyal, she continues her pious practices, her virtues, and she has no taste for any other human thing, not thinking about herself, but only of Me. With trust in Me, she will give flavor to the fruits; with loyalty, she will let them mature; and with courage, tolerance and tranquillity, they will grow and become rich fruits. And I, the Celestial Farmer, will pick these fruits and make of them my food. Then I will plant another field, more flowery and beautiful, in which heroic fruits will grow, such as to pull unheard-of graces from my Heart... But if she is unfaithful, mistrustful, agitated, and has a taste for human things, etc., these fruits will be unripe, insipid, bitter, covered with mud, and will serve to embitter Me and to make Me withdraw from the soul."

#### **June 4, 1916**

*The very sins and bitternesses of people pour themselves down upon them, since Luisa cannot contain them completely.*

This morning, my always adorable Jesus seemed to come. I squeezed Him to my heart, and Jesus gave me a kiss; but as He was kissing me, I felt a most bitter liquid flow from His mouth into mine. I remained amazed in seeing that, without begging Him, sweet Jesus was pouring His bitternesses into me, while at other times I had begged Him so much and He didn't concede that to me. Then, when I was filled with that most bitter liquid, Jesus continued to pour it. It spilled outside; it went on the ground, and He still kept pouring, in such a way that a lake of that most bitter liquid was formed around me and blessed Jesus.

Afterwards, as if He felt relieved a little, He told me: "Daughter, have you seen how many bitternesses the creatures give Me? So much that, unable to contain them any longer, I wanted to pour them into you. But you could not contain them either; so they went on the ground, and they will pour upon the people."

While He was saying this, He marked the various points and towns which had to be stricken by the invasions of strangers - some people were running away, some remained naked and starved, some mixed-up, some killed. Horror and fright were everywhere. Jesus Himself wanted to withdraw His glance from such tragedy. Frightened and terrorized I wanted to prevent Jesus from doing this, but He seemed unshakable; and told me: "My daughter, the Divine Justice is pouring their own bitternesses down upon them. I wanted to pour them in you first, in order to spare some points to make you content; then I poured the rest upon them. My Justice demands Its satisfaction."

And I: 'My Love and my Life, I don't know much about Justice; if I pray to You, it is for Mercy. I make appeal to your Love, to your wounds, to your Blood. After all, they are still your children, your dear images. Poor brothers of mine, what can they do? In what constraints will they be placed? To make me content, You tell me that You poured into Me, but the points that You save are too few.' And He: "On the contrary, it's too much. It is because I love you, otherwise I would have spared nothing. And even then, didn't you see that you could not contain any more of it?"

I burst into tears, and I said: 'Yet, You tell me that You love me. Where is all this love that You have for me? True love knows how to make the beloved one content in everything. And then, why don't You make me larger, so that I can contain more bitterness and spare my brothers?' Jesus cried with me, and disappeared.

#### **June 15, 1916**

*In the Divine Will everything is complete. The most powerful prayers over the Heart of Jesus, and those which move Him the most, are to clothe oneself with all that He Himself did and suffered.*

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came, He transformed me completely in Him, and then He told me: "Daughter, pour yourself into my Will to make complete reparations for Me. My love feels an irresistible need for them; after so many offenses of creatures, it wants one at least who, placing herself between Me and them, would give Me complete reparations, love for all, and would snatch from Me graces for all. But you can do this only in my Will, in which you will find Me and all creatures. Oh, with what yearnings am I waiting for you to enter into my Will, to be able to find in you the satisfactions and the reparations of all! Only in my Will will you find all things in act, because I am engine, actor and spectator of everything." Now, while He was saying this, I poured myself into His Will - but who can say what I saw? I was in contact with every thought of creature, the life of which came from God; and I, in His Will, multiplied myself in each thought, and with the sanctity of His Will I repaired everything, I had a 'Thank You' for all, a love for all. Then

I multiplied myself in the gazes, in the words and in everything else – but who can say what was happening? I lack the terms, and maybe the very angelic tongues would stammer; therefore I stop here.

So I spent the whole night with Jesus in His Will. Then I felt the Queen Mama near me, and She told me: "My daughter, pray." And I: 'My Mama, let us pray together, for by myself I don't know how to pray.' And She added: "The most powerful prayers over the Heart of my Son, and those which move Him the most, are for the creature to clothe herself with everything He Himself did and suffered, since He gave everything as gift to the creature. Therefore, my daughter, surround your head with the thorns of Jesus, bead your eyes with His tears, impregnate your tongue with His bitterness, clothe your soul with His Blood, adorn yourself with His wounds, pierce your hands and feet with His nails, and like another Christ present yourself before His Divine Majesty. This sight will move Him in such a way that He will not be able to deny anything to the soul who is clothed with His own insignia. But – oh, how little do creatures know how to make use of the gifts which my Son gave them! These were my prayers upon earth, and these are my prayers in Heaven." So, together we clothed ourselves with the insignia of Jesus, and together we presented ourselves before the Divine Throne. This moved all; the Angels made way for us and remained as though surprised. I thanked Mama, and I found myself inside myself.

**August 3, 1916**

***Each act the creature does is one more paradise she acquires in Heaven.***

As I continue in my usual state, my lovable Jesus makes Himself seen in passing, or He says a few words and then He runs away, or He hides in my interior. I remember that one day He told me: "My daughter, I am the center, and all Creation receives life from this center. So, I am life of every thought, of every word, of every action - of everything; but creatures make use of this life I give them to take the occasion to offend Me. I give life, and if they could, they would give Me death." I also remember that as I prayed Him to hold back the scourges, He told me: "Daughter, do you think I am the one who wants to scourge them? Ah, no! On the contrary, my love is so great that I consumed my whole life in redoing what man was obliged to do for the Supreme Majesty; and since my acts were divine, I multiplied them into so many as to redo them for all and for each one, in such a way as to fill Heaven and earth, and to keep man defended so that Justice might not strike him. But man, with sin, breaks this defense, and once the defense is broken, the scourges strike man."

But who can say all the little things He told me? Then, this morning, I was praying and lamenting to Jesus for He was not answering me, especially because He does not stop chastising, and I said to Him: 'Why pray if You do not want to answer me? On the contrary, You tell me that the evils will get worse.' And He: "My daughter, good is always good. Even more, you must know that each prayer, each reparation, each act of love, any holy thing that the creature does, is one more paradise that she acquires. So, the simplest holy act will be one more paradise; one act less, a paradise less. In fact, every good act comes from God, and therefore in every good act the soul takes God; and since God contains infinite, innumerable, eternal, immense joys - so many that the very Blessed will not arrive at enjoying them all throughout all eternity - it is no wonder, then, that since each good act acquires God, God is almost bound to substitute them with as many contentments. So, if the soul suffers even distractions for love of Me, in Heaven her intelligence will have more light and will enjoy as many more paradises for as many times as she has sacrificed her intelligence; and so much more will she comprehend God. If she suffers coldness for love of Me, so many paradises will she enjoy of the variety of contentments which are present in my love; if darkness, so many more contentments in my inaccessible light; and so with all the rest. This is what one prayer more or one less means."

**August 6, 1916**

***Need of Jesus for souls who live in the Divine Will to multiply.***

As I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus came for just a little and in passing, and He said to me: "My daughter, my love feels an irresistible need for souls who live in my Will to multiply, because they are the places of my quarters. My love wants to do good to all, but sins prevent Me from pouring my benefits upon them, therefore I keep searching for these quarters; in them I am not prevented from pouring my graces, and through them, the towns and the people that surround them take part in them. Therefore, the more quarters I

have on earth, the greater vent can I give to my love, and the more it pours itself out into benefits for the good of humanity."

**August 10, 1916**

***How in the Divine Will our pains are together with those of Jesus.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was feeling embittered because of the privation of my lovable Jesus, and I was lamenting to Him that each privation He caused me was a death that He gave me – and a cruel death, such that while one feels death, one cannot die. And I said: ‘How can You have the heart to give me so many deaths?’ And Jesus, in passing, told me: "My daughter, do not lose heart; when my Humanity was on earth It contained all the lives of creatures, and these lives came all from Me. But how many of them would not return into Me because they would die and bury themselves in hell - and I felt the death of each one, which tormented my Humanity. These deaths were the most sorrowful and cruel pain of my whole life, up to my last breath. My daughter, don't you want to take part in my pains? The death you feel because of my privation is nothing but a shadow of the pains of death which I felt because of the loss of souls. Therefore, give it to Me to sweeten the so many cruel deaths that my Humanity suffered. Let this pain flow in my Will, and you will find Mine; and uniting with it, it will run for the good of all, especially for those who are about to fall into the abyss. If you keep it for yourself, clouds will form between you and Me, and the current of my Will will be broken between you and Me; your pains will not find Mine, you will not be able to diffuse yourself for the good of all, and will feel all the weight of it. On the other hand, if you think of how to let everything which you may suffer flow in my Will, there will be no clouds for you, the very pains will bring you light, and will open new currents of union, of love and of graces."

**August 12, 1916**

***Glory of the souls who will live in the Divine Will on earth.***

I was fusing myself in the Most Holy Will, and my sweet Jesus told me: "My daughter, only by one who lives in my Will do I feel as though repaid for Creation, Redemption and Sanctification, and she glorifies Me in the way in which the creature must glorify Me. Therefore these souls will be the gems of my throne and will take within themselves all the contentments and the glory which each Blessed will have for himself alone. These souls will be as though queens around my throne, and all the Blessed will be around them; and just as the Blessed will be as many suns that will shine in the Celestial Jerusalem, the souls who have lived in my Will will shine in my own Sun. They will be as though circumfused with my Sun, and these souls will see the Blessed from within Me, because it is right that, having lived on earth united with Me, with my Will, as they lived no life of their own, they have a place distinct from all others in Heaven, and they continue in Heaven the life which they lived on earth – completely transformed in Me and immersed in the sea of my contentments."

**September 8, 1916**

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

This morning, after Communion, I felt that my lovable Jesus absorbed me completely in His Will in a special way, and I swam inside of It. But who can say what I felt? I have no words to express myself. Then Jesus told me: "My daughter, for as long as the soul is in my Will, so much of Divine Life can she say she lives on earth. How I like it when I see that the soul enters into my Will to live Divine Life in It! I like very much to see souls who repeat in my Will what my Humanity did in It! I received Communion, I received Myself in the Will of the Father, and with this I not only repaired everything, but finding immensity and all-seeingness of everything and everyone in the Divine Will, I embraced all, I gave Communion to all; and in seeing that many would not take part in the Sacrament and that the Father was offended for they did not want to receive my Life, I gave to the Father the satisfaction and the glory as if all had received Communion, giving to the Father the satisfaction and the glory of a Divine Life for each one. You too – receive Communion in my Will, repeat what I did, and in this way you will not only repair everything, but will give Me to all as I intended to give Myself to all, and will give Me the glory as if all had received Communion. My Heart feels moved in seeing that, unable to give Me anything from her own which is worthy of Me, the creature takes my things, she makes them her

own, she imitates the way I did them, and to please Me, she gives them to Me. And I, in my delight, keep repeating: "*Brava*, my daughter, you have done exactly what I did."

Then He added: "The acts in my Will are the simplest acts, but, because they are simple, they communicate themselves to all. The light of the Sun, because it is simple, is light of every eye – yet the Sun is one. One act alone in my Will, like most simple light, diffuses itself in every heart, in every work, in everyone – yet the act is one. My very Being, because It is most simple, is one single act, but an act which contains everything; it has no feet but is the step of all; no eyes, but is the eye and the light of all; it gives life to everything, but with no effort, with no toil, yet it gives the act of operating to all. So, the soul in my Will becomes simple, and together with Me she multiplies in all, and does good to all. Oh, if all comprehended the immense value of the acts, even the littlest, done in my Will – they would let not one act escape them!"

**October 2, 1916**

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

This morning I received Communion in the way Jesus had taught me – that is, united with His Humanity, His Divinity and His Will; and Jesus, on coming, made Himself seen and I kissed Him and clasped Him to my heart. He returned my kiss and my embrace, and told me: "My daughter, how content I am that you have come to receive Me united with my Humanity, Divinity and Will! You have renewed in Me all the contentment I received when I communicated Myself; and while you were kissing Me and embracing Me, since all of Myself was in you, you contained all creatures, and I felt I was given the kiss of all, the embraces of all, because this was your will, as was Mine in communicating Myself - to return to the Father all the love of creatures, even though many would not love Him. The Father made up for their love in Me, and I make up for the love of all creatures in you; and having found in my Will one who loves Me, repairs Me... in the name of all – because in my Will there is nothing that the creature cannot give Me – I feel like loving creatures even if they offend Me, and I keep inventing stratagems of love around the hardest hearts in order to convert them. Only for love of these souls who do everything in my Will, do I feel as though chained, captured; and I concede to them the prodigies of the greatest conversions."

**October 13, 1916**

***How the Angels are around the soul who does the Hours of the Passion. These Hours are sweet little sips that souls give to Jesus.***

I was doing the Hours of the Passion, and blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, in the course of my mortal Life, thousands and thousands of Angels were the cortege of my Humanity, gathering everything I did – my steps, my works, my words, and even my sighs, my pains, the drops of my Blood – in sum, everything. They were the Angels in charge of my custody, and of paying Me honor; obedient to my every wish, they would rise to and descend from Heaven, to bring to the Father what I was doing. Now these Angels have a special office, and as the soul remembers my Life, my Passion, my Blood, my wounds, my prayers, they come around this soul and gather her words, her prayers, her acts of compassion for Me, her tears and her offerings; they unite them to Mine, and they bring them before my Majesty to renew for Me the glory of my own Life. The delight of the Angels is so great that, reverent, they listen to what the soul says, and pray together with her. So, with what attention and respect must the soul do these Hours, thinking that the Angels hang upon her lips to repeat after her what she says."

Then He added: "After the so many bitternesses that creatures give Me, these Hours are sweet little sips that souls give Me; but for the many bitter sips I receive, the sweet ones are too few. Therefore, more diffusion, more diffusion!"

**October 20, 1916**

***Grace, like sunlight, gives Itself to all.***

I was fusing myself in the Divine Will and the thought came to me of commending to It various people in a special way; and blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, specificity goes by itself even if you should not place any intention. In the order of Grace it happens as in the natural order: the sun gives light to all, yet not everyone enjoys the same effects; however, this is not because of the sun, but because of creatures. One uses the

light of the sun in order to work, to be industrious, to learn, to appreciate things; this one makes herself rich, she constitutes herself, and does not go around begging for bread from others. Someone else, then, keeps lazing about, she does not want to meddle in anything, the light of the sun inundates her everywhere but for her it is useless, she wants to do nothing with it. This one is poor and sickly because sloth produces many evils, physical and moral, and if she feels hungry, she needs to beg for someone else's bread. Now, is the light of the sun perhaps responsible for these two? Or, does it give more to one and less to the other? Certainly not; the only difference is that one takes advantage of the light in a special way, while the other does not. Now, the same happens in the order of Grace which, more than light, inundates souls, and now It makes Itself all voice to call them, voice to instruct them and to correct them; now It makes Itself fire and burns away from them the things of down here, and with Its flames It puts to flight creatures and pleasures from them, and with Its burns It forms pains and crosses in order to give to the soul the shape of sanctity It wants from her; now It makes Itself water, and purifies her, embellishes her and impregnates her completely with Grace. But who is attentive on receiving all these flows of Grace – who corresponds to Me? Ah, too few! And then some dare to say that to these I give Grace for them to make themselves saints, and to others I do not, almost wanting to hold Me responsible, while they content themselves with conducting their lives lazing about, as if the light of Grace were not there for them."

Then He added: "My daughter, I love the creature so much, that I Myself have placed Myself as sentry of each heart to watch them, to defend them and to work their sanctification with my own hands. But to how many bitternesses do they not subject Me? Some reject Me, some do not care about Me and despise Me, some lament about my surveillance, some slam the door in my face, rendering my work useless. And I not only placed Myself to act as sentry, but on purpose do I choose the souls who live of my Will. In fact, since they are present in all of Me, I place them with Me as a second sentry of each heart. These second sentries console Me, repay Me for them, and keep Me company in the loneliness into which many hearts force Me; and they force Me not to leave them. Greater grace I could not give to creatures, by giving them these souls who live of my Will, who are the portent of portents."

**October 30, 1916**

***Threats of scourges, especially for Italy.***

I was lamenting to my always lovable Jesus for in these past days He would hardly come, or I would just barely perceive His shadow, and then He would disappear. And blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, how quickly you forget that on those days in which I do not come so much and I escape you, it is for nothing else but to give one more winding to the scourges. Things will rage more and more. Ah, man has reached such perversity that it is not enough to touch his flesh to make him surrender, but I have to come to the point of pulverizing him! Therefore one nation will invade another, and they will lacerate each other, blood will flow like water in the towns. Even more, in certain nations they will become the enemies of themselves and they will fight one another, they will kill one another, they will do crazy things. Ah, how much man grieves Me! – I Myself cry over him." At the words of Jesus I burst into crying, and I prayed Him to spare poor Italy; but Jesus continued: "Italy, Italy... ah! If you knew how much evil she is up to, how many plots against my Church! The blood she is causing to be shed in battle is not enough for her – she is thirsty for more blood, but wants the blood of my children - the blood of the primate. She wants to stain herself with such crimes as to draw upon herself the revenge of Heaven and of other nations." I remained terrorized. I fear greatly, but I hope that the Lord will placate Himself.

**November 15, 1916**

***The soul forms her paradise on earth.***

I was lamenting to my sweet Jesus that He no longer loved me as before, and He, all goodness, told me: "My daughter, not loving one who loves Me is impossible for Me. Rather, I feel so drawn toward her, that at the littlest act of love she does for Me, I respond with triple love and I place a divine vein in her heart, which administers to her divine science, divine sanctity and virtue; and the more the soul loves Me, the more this divine vein rises, and watering all the powers of the soul, it diffuses for the good of the other creatures. I have

placed this vein in you, and when you lack my presence and do not hear my voice, this vein will make up for everything, and will be voice for you and for the other creatures."

Another day, I was fusing all of myself, as usual, in the Will of blessed Jesus, and He said to me: "My daughter, the more you fuse yourself in Me, the more I fuse Myself in you. So, it is on earth that the soul forms her paradise; according to how much she fills herself with holy thoughts, with holy affections, desires, words, works and steps, so does she keep forming her paradise. To one more holy thought or word, one more contentment will correspond, and many varieties of beauty, of contentments, of glory, for as much more good as she has done. What will the surprise of this soul be when, once the prison of her body is broken, immediately she will find herself in the sea of as many pleasures and happinesses, as much light and beauty, for as much more good as she has done - be it even a thought!"

**November 30, 1916**

***The benefits of repairing for others.***

I was very afflicted because of the privation of my adorable Jesus, and I cried bitterly; and as I was doing the Hours of the Passion, a thought tormented me, saying to me: "Look at what good your reparations for others have done to you: they have caused you to let Jesus escape you"; and much more nonsense... But blessed Jesus, moved to compassion by my tears, pressed me to His Heart and told me: "My daughter, you are my good - my love is cornered by your violences. If you knew how much I suffer in seeing you suffer because of Me! But it is Justice that wants to pour Itself out, and your very violences force Me to hide. Things will rage more; therefore, patience. Besides, know that the reparations done for others have done great good to you, because in repairing for others, you intended to do what I did, and I repaired for all, and also for you; I asked forgiveness for all, I grieved for the offenses of all, and I also asked forgiveness for you, and for you also I grieved. Therefore, as you do what I did, you also take the reparations, the forgiveness and the sorrow I had for you. So, what could do more good to you - my reparations, my forgiveness, my sorrow, or yours? And then, I never let Myself be surpassed in love. When I see that, for love of Me, the soul is all intent on repairing Me, loving Me, apologizing to Me and asking forgiveness for sinners, to give her tit for tat I ask forgiveness for her in a special way, I repair and love for her, and I keep embellishing her soul with my love, with my reparations and forgiveness. Therefore, continue to repair, and do not raise conflicts between you and Me."

**December 5, 1916**

***The good that the soul who lives in the Will of God does.***

I was doing my meditation, and according to my usual way I was pouring all of myself in the Will of my sweet Jesus. In the meantime, I saw an engine before my mind, which contained innumerable fountains which spouted waves of water, of light, of fire; and rising up to Heaven, these would pour upon all creatures. There was no creature who was not inundated by these waves; the only difference was that for some they entered inside, while for others, only outside. And my always lovable Jesus told me; "My daughter, I am the engine, and my love keeps the engine in motion, and pours over everyone. But for those who want to receive these waves, if they are empty and they love Me, they enter into them, while the others are just touched in order to be disposed to receive such a great good. As for the souls who do my Will and live in It, then, they are inside the engine itself, and since they live of Me, they can dispose of the waves that gush out for the good of others, and are now light that illuminates, now fire that ignites, now water that purifies. How beautiful it is to see these souls who live of my Will, coming out from within my engine like as many other little engines, diffusing themselves for the good of all! And then they return into the engine and disappear from the midst of creatures, as they live of Me, and Me alone!"

**December 9, 1916**

***Jesus wants to find Himself and what He did in the soul. With this intention the soul must do the Hours of the Passion and every action.***

I was afflicted because of the privations of my sweet Jesus; and if He comes, while I breathe a little bit of life, I am left more afflicted in seeing Him more afflicted than I am. He does not want to hear about placating Himself, because creatures force Him, and snatch more scourges from Him. But while He scourges, He cries

over the lot of man, and He hides deep inside my heart, almost not to see what man suffers. It seems that one can no longer live in these sad times; yet, it seems that this is only the beginning.

Then, as I was worried about my hard and sad lot of having to be so very often without Him, my sweet Jesus came, and throwing one arm around my neck, told me: "My daughter, do not increase my pains by worrying – they are already too many. I do not expect this from you; on the contrary, I want you to make my pains, my prayers and all of Myself your own, in such a way that I may find in you another Me. In these times I want great satisfactions, and only one who makes Me his own can give them to Me. That which the Father found in Me – glory, delight, love, satisfactions whole and perfect, and for the good of all – I want to find in these souls, like as many other Jesuses that match Me. These intentions you must repeat in each Hour of the Passion that you do, in each action – in everything. If I do not find my satisfactions – ah, it is over for the world! The scourges will pour down in torrents. Ah, my daughter! Ah, my daughter!" And He disappeared.

**December 14, 1916**

***Jesus slept and worked in order to give true rest to souls in God.***

I was offering my sleep to Jesus, saying to Him: "I take your sleep and I make it my own, and by sleeping with your sleep, I want to give You the contentment as if another Jesus was sleeping." Without letting me finish what I was saying, He told me: "Ah, yes, my daughter, sleep with my sleep, so that, in looking at you, I may reflect Myself in you, and as I gaze at Myself, I may find all of Myself in you, because you are sleeping with my sleep; and so that, as you gaze at yourself in Me, we may be in accord in everything. I want to tell you why my Humanity subjected Itself to the weakness of sleep. My daughter, the creature was made by Me, and, as my own, I wanted to keep her on my lap, in my arms, in continuous rest. The soul was to rest in my Will and sanctity, in my love, in my beauty, power, wisdom, etc. – all these, acts which constitute true rest. But, what sorrow! The creature escapes from my lap, and trying to detach herself from my arms in which I hold her tight, she goes in search of vigil. Vigil are passions, sin, attachments, pleasures; vigil the fears, the anxieties, the agitations, etc. So, as much as I long for her and call her to rest in Me, I am not listened to. This is a great offense, an affront to my love, which the creature takes into no consideration, and she gives not a thought to repair for it. This is why I wanted to sleep – to give satisfaction to the Father for the rest which souls do not take in Him, by repaying Him for all; and while sleeping, I impetrated true rest for all, making Myself the vigil of each heart in order to free them of the vigil of sin. And I so much love this rest of the creature in Me, that I not only wanted to sleep, but I wanted to walk in order to give rest to her feet; work, to give rest to her hands; palpitate and love, to give rest to her heart. In sum, I wanted to do everything so that the soul might do everything in Me, and would take rest; and so that I might do everything for her, provided that I could keep her safe within Me."

**December 22, 1916**

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

Having received Communion, I was uniting all of myself with Jesus, pouring all of myself into His Will; and I said to Him: 'I am unable to do anything, or say anything, therefore I feel the great need to do what You do, and to repeat your own words. In your Will I find, present and as though in act, the acts You did in receiving Yourself in the Sacrament, I make them my own, and I repeat them for You.' So I tried to penetrate into everything which Jesus had done in receiving Himself in the Sacrament, and while I was doing this, He told me: "My daughter, the soul who does my Will, and whatever she does, she does in my Volition, forces Me to do whatever she does together with her. So, if she receives Communion in my Will, I repeat the acts I did in communicating Myself, and I renew the complete fruit of my Sacramental Life. If she prays in my Will, I pray with her and renew the fruit of my prayers. If she suffers, if she works, if she speaks in my Will, I suffer with her, renewing the fruit of my pains; I work and speak with her, and I renew the fruit of my works and words; and so with all the rest."

**December 30, 1916**

***How Jesus made us free in our will and in our love. The effects of this.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was thinking about the pains of my lovable Jesus, offering my interior martyrdom united to the pains of Jesus; and Jesus told me: "My daughter, my executioners were able to lacerate my body, insult Me, trample upon Me..., but they could touch neither my Will nor my Love; these I wanted free, so that, like two currents they might run and run, without anyone being able to hinder them, pouring Myself out for the good of all, and also of my very enemies. Oh, how my Will and my Love triumphed in the midst of my enemies! They would strike Me with scourges, and I would strike their hearts with my Love; and with my Will I would chain them. They would prick my head with thorns, and my Love would turn on the light in their minds to make Me known. They would open wounds on Me, and my Love would heal the wounds of their souls. They gave Me death, and my Love gave life back to them; so much so, that as I breathed my last on the Cross, the flames of my Love, touching their hearts, forced them to prostrate themselves before Me and to confess Me as true God. Never was I so glorious and triumphant as I was in my pains during the course of my mortal life down here.

Now, my daughter, in my likeness, I made the soul free in her will and in her love. So, others might take possession of the external works of the creature, but no one – no one can do so with her interior, with her will and her love. I Myself wanted her to be free in this, so that, freely, not being forced, this will and this love might run toward Me; and immersing herself in Me, she might offer Me the noblest and purest acts which a creature can give Me; and since I am free, and so is she, we might pour ourselves into each other and run - run toward Heaven to love and glorify the Father, and to dwell together with the Sacrosanct Trinity; run toward the earth to do good to all; run into the hearts of all to strike them with our Love, to chain them with our Will, and make of them conquests. Greater dowry I could not give to the creature. But where can the creature make greater display of this free will and of this love? In suffering. In it love grows, the will is magnified, and, as queen, the creature rules over herself, she binds my Heart, and her pains surround Me like a crown, they move Me to pity, and I let Myself be dominated. I cannot resist the pains of a loving soul, and I keep her at my side like a queen. In the pains, the dominion of this creature is so great, that they make her acquire noble, dignified, ingratiating, heroic, disinterested manners, similar to my manners; and the other creatures compete to let themselves be dominated by this soul. And the more the soul operates with Me, is united with Me, identifies herself with Me, the more I feel absorbed in the soul. So, as she thinks, I feel my thought being absorbed in her mind; as she looks, as she speaks, as she breathes, I feel my gaze, my voice, my breath, my action, step and heartbeat being absorbed in hers. She absorbs all of Me, and while she absorbs Me, she keeps acquiring my manners, my likeness; I keep gazing at Myself in her continuously, and I find Myself."

**January 10, 1917**

***How sanctity is formed of little things.***

This morning my lovable Jesus told me: "My daughter, sanctity is formed of little things; so, one who despises the little things cannot be holy. It would be like someone who despises the little grains of wheat which, as many of them are united together, form the mass of the wheat; and by neglecting to unite them, he would cause the necessary and daily nourishment for the human life to be lacking. In the same way, one who neglected to unite many little acts together, would cause the nourishment of sanctity to be lacking; and just as one cannot live without food, in the same way, without the food of the little acts, the true shape of sanctity, and the mass sufficient to form sanctity, would be lacking."

**February 2, 1917**

***The world has become unbalanced because it has lost the thought of the Passion.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I found my always lovable Jesus, dripping Blood all over, with a horrible crown of thorns, looking at me with difficulty through the thorns. He told me: "My daughter, the world has become unbalanced because it has lost the thought of my Passion. In darkness, it has not found the light of my Passion which would illuminate it by making known to it my love and how much souls cost Me, in such a way that it could turn to loving the One who has truly loved it; and the light of my Passion, guiding it, would put it on its guard against all dangers. In weakness, it has not found the strength of my Passion which would sustain it. In impatience, it has not found the mirror of my patience which would infuse in it calm and resignation, in such a way that, in the face of my patience, feeling ashamed, it

would make it its duty to dominate itself. In pains, it has not found the comfort of the pains of a God which, sustaining its pains, would infuse in it love of suffering. In sin, it has not found my sanctity which, placing itself in front of it, would infuse in it hate of sin. Ah, man has made an abuse of everything, because he has moved away from the One who could help him! This is why the world has lost balance. It behaved like a child who no longer wanted to recognize his mother; or like a disciple who, denying his master, no longer wanted to listen to his teachings, or learn his lessons. What will happen to this child and to this disciple? They will be the sorrow of themselves, and the terror and sorrow of society. Such has man become – terror and sorrow; but a sorrow without pity. Ah, man is getting worse and worse, and I cry over him with tears of blood!"

**February 24, 1917**

***In receiving Communion, the soul must be consumed in Jesus, and give Him the complete glory of His Sacramental Life in the name of all.***

Having received Communion, I was holding my sweet Jesus tightly to my heart, and I said: ‘My Life, how I wish I could do what You Yourself did in receiving Yourself sacramentally, so that You may find your own contentments, your own prayers, your reparations in me.’ And my always lovable Jesus told me: "My daughter, in this small circle of the host I enclose everything, and this is why I wanted to receive Myself – to do complete acts which would glorify the Father worthily, as creatures would receive a God. And I gave to creatures the complete fruit of my Sacramental Life; otherwise it would have been incomplete for the glory of the Father and for the good of creatures. This is why in each host there are my prayers, my thanksgivings, and everything else which was needed to glorify the Father, and which the creature was supposed to do for Me. So, if the creature fails, I continue my crafting in each host, as if I were receiving Myself again for each soul. Therefore, the soul must transform herself in Me, form one single thing with Me, make my life, my prayers, my moans of love, my pains her own - as well as my heartbeats of fire, with which I would want to ignite them; but I find no one who abandons herself as prey to my flames. In this host I am reborn, I live, I die and I consume Myself, but I find no one who consumes herself for Me; and if the soul repeats what I do, I feel Myself being repeated, as if I were receiving Myself once again, and I find complete glory, divine contentments, outpourings of love that match Me, and I give to the soul the grace to be consumed of my own consummation."