

The Virgin Mary in the
Kingdom of the Divine Will

The Twenty-four Hours of
The Passion of Our
Lord Jesus Christ

The Letters of Luisa

Prayers, Meditations,
and Biography



of
The Servant of God,
Luisa Piccarreta
Little Daughter of the Divine Will

The Virgin Mary in
the

Kingdom of the
Divine Will

The Twenty-four
Hours of The Passion

of Our Lord Jesus
Christ

The Letters of Luisa

Prayers,
Meditations, and
Biography

of

The Servant of God,

Luisa Piccarreta

Little Daughter of the
Divine Will

for private use only

TABLE OF CONTENTS

* THE THREE APPEALS

* *LUISA PICCARRETA THE
LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE
DIVINE WILL*

WRITTEN BY FATHER
BERNARDINO GIUSEPPE
BUCCI

* LUISA PICCARRETA A
COLLECTION OF
MEMORIES OF THE
SERVANT OF GOD BY
BERNARDINO GIUSEPPE
BUCCI, O.F.M

* NOTEBOOK OF
"CHILDHOOD MEMORIES"

* CHRISTMAS NOVENA

* THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE
KINGDOM OF THE DIVINE
WILL

* THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS
OF THE PASSION OF OUR
LORD JESUS CHRIST

* ROUND OF THE SOUL IN
THE DIVINE WILL

* LETTERS OF LUISA
PICCARRETA

* A LIGHT ON YOUR JOURNEY
FOR EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

* MEDITATIONS FOR THE
HOLY ROSARY

* MEDITATIONS FOR THE

STATIONS OF THE CROSS

* LITANY OF THE DIVINE WILL

* GOOD-BYE IN THE EVENING
TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED
SACRAMENT

* GOOD MORNING TO JESUS
IN THE BLESSED
SACRAMENT

* LITTLE CHAPLET OF THE
DIVINE WILL

* THE CHAPLET OF THE
ROUNDS OF THE SOUL IN THE

DIVINE WILL

* PRAYER OF CONSECRATION
TO THE DIVINE WILL

* PRAYER FOR THE
BEATIFICATION OF THE
SERVANT OF GOD,

LUISA PICCARRETA

The Three Appeals

DIVINE APPEAL

With His Father and the Holy Spirit, the Divine King appeals to His children on earth to come now and enter into the Kingdom of His Will.

My dear and beloved children,

I come into your midst with My

Heart all drowned in flames of Love. I come as a Father to be among My children because I love you so very much. My Love is so great that I come to remain with you so that we may live together with one, single Will; with one, single Love.... As I come to you, I bring with Me My pains, My Blood, My works, and even My very death.

Look at Me. Each drop of My Blood, each of My pains and steps, and all the things I did compete with one another because they want to give you My Divine Will. Even My death wants to give rebirth to the Life of My Will in you.

I have prepared everything for you in My Humanity; and I have prayed for and obtained graces, helps, light and strength for you to receive a Gift so Great. On My part I have done everything; so now I am waiting for you to do your part. Who would be so ungrateful as to turn Me away and not welcome the Gift I am bringing to you?

Know that My Love is so great that I will forget about your past life, your sins, all your evils; and I will bury them in the ocean of My Love to burn them all away; and then we will begin a new life together, all of My Will.

Who would have the heart to refuse Me and send Me away without accepting My visit which is so full of a Father's Love? But, if you will welcome Me, I will remain with you as a Father in the midst of His children. Then we must be in the greatest accord and live together with one Will alone.

Oh, how much I long for this! How I moan, how I cry, even going into delirium, and weeping because I want My dearest children to gather around Me and live with My very own Will.

It has been almost six thousand years; and My Humanity has sighed so

much and shed so many bitter tears because I want My children to come back and live together with Me. I want them around Me to make them holy and happy again. I weep and weep as I call to them to come back to Me. Who would not be moved to compassion over My tears and My Love which goes so far as to suffocate Me, even choking Me. Among sighs and agonies of Love, I go about repeating: "My children, where are you? Why don't you come back to your Father? Why do you go away from Me? Why do you want to wander about poor, and full of so many miseries? Your misfortunes are wounds to My Heart. I am weary of waiting for you." And,

since you do not come back to Me, I come in search of you because I can no longer contain the Love that consumes Me; and I am bringing you the great Gift of My Will. Oh, I beg you, I plead with you, be moved to compassion for My so many tears and ardent sighs!

I come to you not only as a Father but also as a Teacher among His disciples... I want you to listen to Me because I will be teaching you surprising things, lessons of Heaven, which will carry with them a Light that will never go out and a blazing Love which endures forever.... My lessons

will give you a divine strength, an invincible courage, a holiness which keeps growing more and more. These lessons will light the way for your steps and will guide you along the way to your Heavenly Fatherland.

I come as a King to live among His people, but not for the purpose of levying taxes and heaping burdens upon you. No, no! I come because I want your will, your miseries, your weaknesses, all your evils. My sovereignty is really this: I want everything that distresses you and causes you to be unhappy and restless so that I can hide it within My Love and burn it all away. As the

beneficent, pacific, and magnanimous King that I am, I want to exchange My Will for yours, filling you with My most tender Love, with My riches and happiness, with My peace and most pure joy.

If you will give Me your will, all will be done just as I have said; and you will make Me happy, and you will be happy too. I long for nothing else than for My Will to reign among you. Heaven and earth will be smiling at you. My Heavenly Mama will be sure to be a Mother and Queen to you. She knows the great good that the Kingdom of My Will will bring to you; and, in order to satisfy

My ardent desires and to stop My weeping, and because She loves you as Her true children, She is traveling amongst the people of the nations disposing and preparing them to receive the dominion of the Kingdom of My Will. It was She who prepared the people for Me so that I could descend from Heaven to earth. And now I am entrusting to Her, and to Her Maternal Love, the task of disposing the souls of our people to receive a Gift so great.

So please listen to Me. And I beg you, My children, to read very attentively these pages that I am placing before you. If you will do this, you will

feel the need to live in My Will and I will be standing right beside you when you read, touching your mind and your heart so that you will understand what you read and truly want the Gift of My Divine "Fiat."

MATERNAL APPEAL

**The Appeal of the Queen of Heaven
for Her Children to Come**

into the Kingdom of the Divine Will

From *The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*

Dearest daughter, I feel the irresistible need to come down from Heaven to make you My maternal visits. If you assure Me of your filial love and faithfulness, I will remain always with you in your soul, to be your teacher, model, example and most tender Mother.

I come to invite you to enter the Kingdom of your Mama-the Kingdom of the Divine Will-and I knock at the door of your heart, that you may open it to Me. You know, with My own hands I

bring you this book as a gift; I offer it to you with maternal care so that, in reading it, you may learn in your turn to live from Heaven and no longer from the earth.

This book is of gold, My daughter. It will form your spiritual fortune and your happiness also on earth. In it you will find the fount of all goods: if you are weak, you will acquire strength; if you are tempted, you will achieve victory; if you have fallen into sin, you will find the compassionate and powerful hand which will raise you again. If you feel afflicted, you will find comfort; if cold, the surest way to get

warm; if hungry, you will enjoy the delicious food of the Divine Will. With It you will lack nothing; you will no longer be alone, because your Mama will keep you sweet company and with all her maternal care will take on the commitment of making you happy. I, Celestial Empress, will take care of all your needs, provided that you agree to live united with Me.

If you knew My anxiety, My ardent sighs, and also the tears I shed for My children! If you knew how I burn with desire that you listen to My lessons, all of Heaven, and learn to live from the Divine Will!

In this book you will see wonders; you will find a Mama who loves you so much as to sacrifice her own beloved Son for you, in order to allow you to live of that very life from which she lived on earth.

Do not give Me this sorrow-do not reject Me. Accept this gift of Heaven I am bringing you; welcome My visit and My lessons. Know that I will go all over the world; I will go to each individual, to all families, to religious communities, to every nation, to all peoples, and if needed, I will go about for entire centuries until, as Queen, I have formed My people, and as Mother,

My children, who may know the Divine Will and let It reign everywhere. Here is the purpose of this book. Those who will welcome it with love will be the first fortunate children to belong to the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat, and with gold characters I will write their names in My Maternal Heart.

Do you see, My daughter? That same infinite love of God, Who wanted to use Me in the Redemption to make the Eternal Word descend upon earth, calls Me into the field once again, entrusting to Me the difficult task, the sublime mandate to form the children of the

Kingdom of His Divine Will on earth. Therefore, with maternal care I put Myself to work, preparing for you the way which will lead you to this happy Kingdom. For this purpose I will give you sublime and celestial lessons, and, finally, I will teach you special and new prayers, through which you will bind the heavens, the sun, the creation, My own life and that of My Son, and all the acts of the saints, so that in your name they may beseech the adorable Kingdom of the Divine Volition. These prayers are the most powerful because they bind the divine work itself. Through them God will feel disarmed and won over by the creature. Confident of this help, you will

hasten the coming of His most happy Kingdom, and with Me you will obtain that the Divine Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven, according to the desire of the Divine Master

. Courage, My daughter; make Me content, and I will bless you.

LUISA'S APPEAL

My sweet Jesus, I am here in Your

arms to ask Your help. Ah, You know the anguish of my soul, how my heart bleeds, my great repugnance in making known all that which You have told me about Your Most Holy Volition [because of Luisa's desire to remain anonymous]. .. Obedience imposes herself! You want it ... And though I should be crushed, I am constrained by a Supreme Force to accomplish the sacrifice. But remember, oh my Jesus, that You Yourself have called me the little newborn of Your Most Holy Will. A newborn hardly knows how to stammer. Therefore, what shall I do? I shall scarcely stammer about Your Volition. You will do all the rest. Will You not, oh my Jesus?

Rather, grant that I may disappear completely; and let it be Your Volition which, with divine and indelible letters, dips the pen in that Eternal Sun, and with golden letters writes the concepts, the effects, the value, the power of the Supreme Will; and how the soul that lives in It, living as in its center, is ennobled, is divinized, deposes its natural remains, returns to its beginning and, triumphant over all its miseries, regains its original state: beautiful, pure and all ordered towards its Creator, as it came forth from His Creative Hands.

You write on this paper the long history of Your Will, Your pain in seeing

Yourself driven back by creatures into the Celestial Regions. And as a sun on high, although rejected, You dart Your rays over all the human generations; You want to come down to come to reign in their midst, and therefore You send the rays of Your sighs, of Your groanings, of Your tears, of Your intense and eternal pain in seeing Yourself exiled and the union of Your Will, as it were, broken off from the will of human creatures. And therefore You are waiting for them to call You into their midst, to receive You as triumphant King, and to make You reign on earth as in Heaven.

Descend, oh Supreme Volition! I

am she who first calls You.

Come to reign upon the earth! You Who created man so that he do only Your Volition (which he, ungrateful, broke by rebelling against You), come to retie anew this human will to Yourself, in order that Heaven and earth and all may be re-ordered in You!

Oh, how I would give my life so that Your Volition be known! I would take flight in Its interminable confines, to bring to every creature Its eternal kiss, Its knowledge, Its goods, Its value, Your inexpressible groans because You want to come to reign upon the earth so that by

knowing You, they receive You with love, and with festivity make You reign!

Oh Holy Volition, with Your luminous rays shoot forth the arrows of Your knowledge! Make known to all that You come to us to make us happy, but not with a human happiness, but divine, to give us the lost dominion over ourselves, and that light which makes known the true Good to possess it and the true evil to flee it, that renders us stable and strong, but with a divine strength and stability!

Open the current between the Divine Will and the human, and paint

with the brush of Your Creative Hand all those divine lineaments upon our souls which we lost by withdrawing ourselves from It! Your Volition will paint in us that freshness which never grows old, that beauty which never fades, that light which is never overshadowed, that Grace which always grows, that Love which always burns and is never extinguished ... Oh Holy Volition, make Your way; You make the way to make Yourself known ... Manifest to all, Who You are and the great good that You want to give to all, so that attracted, enraptured by such a good, all become the prey of Your Will; and thus You will be able to reign freely on earth as in

Heaven.

Therefore I pray You that You Yourself write all the knowledge that You have manifested to me on It; and may every word, every saying, every effect and knowledge of It be to those who read, darts and arrows, which, wounding them, make them fall at Your feet and receive You with open arms, to make You reign in their hearts.

To the so many prodigies of Your Volition, work this one as well that as they know You, may they not make You pass on; no. But may they open the doors

to You, to receive You and to make You reign ... The little newborn of Your Will asks this of You. If You have wanted the sacrifice from me, and with so much insistence, of manifesting the secrets that You have communicated to me on Your Volition; I want another from You: that as It is known, It work this prodigy: that It take Its place of triumph and reign in the hearts that know It. This alone do I ask You, oh my Jesus: I ask You nothing else; I want nothing but the requital of my sacrifice: that Your Volition be known and reign with Its full dominion.

You know, my Love, how great has been my sacrifice, my interior

struggles, unto feeling myself die; but for Your love, and to obey Your representative on earth I have submitted myself to all. Therefore, I want the prodigy to be great: that as they come to know Your sayings on Your Volition, may the souls be enraptured, enchained and attracted more than by a powerful magnet and may they make that Divine "FIAT" reign which You, with so much Love, want to reign upon the earth.

And if You please, my Life: before these writings come to the light of day, and go through the hands of Your brothers and sisters, and mine, ah, bring Your little newborn of Your Will into the

Celestial Fatherland. Ah, do not give me this pain: that I should be spectator of our secrets becoming known by the other creatures. If You have given me the first pain, spare me the second, but always: "not my will but Yours be done."

And now a word to all you who will read these writings: I pray you, I supplicate you to receive with love that which Jesus wants to give you, that is, His Will. But to give you His, He wants yours, otherwise It will not be able to reign. If you only knew with how much Love my Jesus wants to give you the greatest gift that exists both in Heaven and on Earth, which is His Will!

Oh how many bitter tears He sheds, because He sees that by living with your volition, you drag [on] the ground, sickly, impoverished... You are not capable of maintaining a good resolution. And do you know why? Because His Volition does not reign in you.

Oh, how Jesus cries and sighs over your lot ... And sobbing, He prays you to make His Volition reign in you. He wants to change your fortune: from sick to healthy, from poor to rich, from weak to strong, from mutable to immutable, from slaves to kings. It is not

great penances that He wants, or long prayers, nor anything else, but that His Volition reign in you, and that your will no longer have life.

For pity's sake, listen to Him! I am ready to give my life for each one of you, to suffer whatever pain, provided that you open the door of your soul to grant that the Volition of my Jesus reign and triumph over the human generations.

And now I invite all:

Come with me into Eden, where our origin had its beginning, where the

Supreme Being created man, and making him King, gave him a Kingdom to dominate. This Kingdom was the whole universe; but his scepter, his crown, his command came from the depths of this soul, in which resided, as dominating King, the Divine "FIAT," which constituted the true royalty in man. His garments were royal, more refulgent than the sun; his acts were noble, his beauty enrapturing. God loved him so much, He played with him, He called him "My little King and Son." .. All was happiness, order and harmony.

This man, our first father, betrayed himself, he betrayed his Kingdom; and

by doing his will, he embittered his Creator, Who had so exalted and loved him; and he lost his Kingdom, the Kingdom of the Divine Will, in which everything had been given him. The doors of the Kingdom were closed to him and God withdrew to Himself the Kingdom given to man.

Now I must tell you a secret:

God, in withdrawing to Himself the Kingdom of the Divine Will, did not say: "I will no longer give It to man;" but He kept It on reserve, awaiting the future generations, to assail them with

surprising graces, with dazzling lights such as to eclipse the human volition which caused us to lose a Kingdom so Holy-and with such attractions of admirable and prodigious knowledge of the Divine Will, as to make us feel the necessity, the desire to put aside our volition which makes us unhappy, and hurl ourselves into the Divine Will, as our permanent Kingdom.

Therefore the Kingdom is ours; take courage! ... The Supreme "FIAT" awaits us, calls us, presses us to take possession of It. Who would be so bold, who would be so perfidious as to not listen to Its call, and to not accept so

much happiness? .. Only, we must leave the miserable rags of our will, the mourning garment of our slavery into which this has cast us, to clothe ourselves as queens, and adorn ourselves with divine ornaments.

Therefore, I appeal to all; I do not believe that you will not want to listen to me ... Did you know this? I am a tiny, little child, the smallest of all creatures; and bilocating myself in the Divine Volition together with Jesus, I will come as [a] little one onto your lap, and I will knock at your hearts with moanings and tears to ask you, as a little beggar, for your rags, your mourning garments, your

unhappy volition, to give it to Jesus in order that He burn all, and giving you anew His Volition, [that] He return to you His Kingdom, His happiness, the whiteness of His royal garments.

If you only knew what the Will of God means! ... This encloses Heaven and earth. If we are with It, everything is ours, everything lends from us; on the contrary, if we are not with It, everything is against us; and if we have something, we are true robbers of our Creator, and we sustain ourselves by means of fraud and rapine.

Therefore, if you want to know It,

read these pages. In them you will find the balsam for the wounds that the human will has cruelly inflicted on us, the new air all divine, the Life all celestial. You will feel Heaven in your soul; you will see horizons, new Suns, and often you will find Jesus with His Countenance bathed in tears because He wants to give you His Volition. He cries because He wants to see you happy; and seeing you unhappy, He sobs, sighs and prays for the happiness of His children; and asking you for your volition to snatch from you your unhappiness, He offers you His as the confirmation of the Gift of His Kingdom.

Therefore, I appeal to all; and I make this appeal together with Jesus, with His own tears, with His ardent sighs, with His Heart that burns, that wants to give Its "FIAT." .. From within the "FIAT" we have come forth; It has given us life. It is just, it is our obligation and duty to return into It, into our dear and interminable heritage.

And in the first place, I appeal to the Highest Hierarch, to the Roman Pontiff, to His Holiness, to the representative of the Holy Church, and therefore the representative of the Kingdom of the Divine Will. At his holy feet, this little, tiny child places this

Kingdom, so that he dominate It and make It known, and with his paternal and authoritative voice, call his sons to live in this Kingdom so holy. May the Sun of the Supreme "FIAT" invest him and form the first Sun of the Divine Volition in Its Representative on earth; and forming Its primary Life in Him who is the Head of all, It will spread Its interminable rays in all the world; and eclipsing all with Its Light, It will form one flock and one Shepherd

The second appeal I make to all priests. Prostrate at the feet of each one, I pray, I implore them to interest themselves in knowing the Divine Will.

Take your first movement, your first act from It; rather, enclose yourselves in the "FIAT," and you will feel how sweet and dear Its Life is. Draw from It all your workings; you will feel a Divine strength in you, a voice that always speaks, that will say admirable things to you that you have never heard. You will feel a light that will eclipse all your evils, and eclipsing the peoples, will give you the dominion over them. How many labors you do without fruit, because the Life of the Divine Will is lacking. You have broken a bread for the peoples without the leaven of the "FIAT," and they therefore, in eating it, have found it hard, almost indigestible; and not feeling the

Life in themselves, they do not submit to your teachings. Therefore, you eat this bread of the Divine "FIAT!" Thus you will have sufficient bread to give to the peoples. Thus you will form with all, one single Life and one single Will.

The third appeal I make to all, to the entire world, for you are all my brothers and sisters and my children. Do you know why I am calling all? Because I want to give to all the Life of the Divine Will. This is more than air that we can all breathe. It is as Sun from which we can all receive the good of the light; It is as palpitation of the heart that wants to beat in all. And, as a little baby,

I want, I yearn for you to take the Life of the "FIAT" ... Oh, if you knew how many goods you would receive; you would consume your life to make It reign in all of you! This little, tiny one wants to tell you another secret that Jesus has confided to her; and I tell you it so that you give me your will, and in exchange you will receive that of God which will make you happy in soul and in body.

Do you want to know why the earth does not produce? .. Why in various points of the earth the ground opens frequently with earthquakes, and buries in its bosom cities and persons? .. Why the wind and the water form storms

and devastate all, and so many other evils that you all know? .. Because created things possess a Divine Will that dominates them and therefore they are powerful and dominating; they are more noble than we. We, on the contrary, are dominated by a human will, and degraded; and therefore we are weak and impotent. If, for our fortune, we will put aside our human will and will take the Life of the Divine Volition, we too will be strong, dominating ... We will be brothers with all things created, which not only will no longer trouble us, but will give us the dominion over them, and we will be happy in time and in Eternity.

Are you not content? .. Therefore, hurry: listen to this poor little one who loves you very much; and then I will be content when I will be able to say that all my brothers and sisters are Kings and Queens, because all possess the Life of the Divine Will.

Therefore, take courage all; respond to my appeal. And I yearn even more for all to respond to me in chorus to the appeal, because it is not I alone who call you, who pray you; but united to me, my sweet Jesus calls you with tender and moving voice, and many times, even crying, He says to you: "Take for your life, My Will; come into

Its Kingdom."

Furthermore, you must know that the first to pray to the Heavenly Father—that His Kingdom come and that His Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven—was Our Lord in the "Our Father." .. And in transmitting His prayer to us, He appealed and prayed to all to ask the "Your Will be done" on earth as It is in Heaven. The Love of Jesus is such (for He wants to give you His Kingdom, His "FIAT"), that every time you recite the "Our Father," He runs to say together with you: "My Father, it is I Who ask You It for My sons; hurry!" Therefore, the first to pray is Jesus Himself; and

then, you also ask for It in the "Our Father." Therefore, do you not want such a Good?

Now, I say to you one last word:

You must know that the yearnings, the sighs, the anxieties of this little child to see you all in the Kingdom of the Divine Will, to see you all happy, to make Jesus smile, are such (in seeing the yearnings, the deliriums, the tears of Jesus, Who wants to give you His Kingdom, His "FIAT"), that if she is not successful through her prayers and with her tears, she wants to succeed with

caprices both with Jesus as well as with you.

Therefore, everyone: listen to this little, tiny one ... Do not make her sigh any more! ... Tell me, please: "So be it, so be it; we all want the Kingdom of the Divine Will."

Corato (Bari, Italy), 1924

Luisa, the little daughter of the Divine Will

Luisa Piccarreta *The
Little Daughter of the
Divine Will*

Written by Father
Bernardino Giuseppe Bucci
Parish Priest Cappuccino

Immaculate Church - Trinitapoli
(Foggia) 1980

With Ecclesiastical Approval

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The following pages contain the translation from the original text in Italian of a Biography of Luisa Piccarreta written by Father Bernardino Giuseppe Bucci, in 1980.

Father Bucci is one of the last living personal witnesses of Luisa. He is a Franciscan Priest, and lives currently in Trinitapoli (Foggia), not far from Corato. Father Bucci is the nephew of *Rosaria Bucci*, "*Luisa's faithful and silent confidant*," who lived with her and assisted her for forty years.

Father Bernardino Bucci visited the house of Luisa between 1942 and 1947-the last five years of her life-when he was still a child. In the following pages, he presents highlights from the life of Luisa, and also unique anecdotes and circumstances from his personal and direct encounters with Her.

*To dearest aunt ROSARIA BUCCI
humble and faithful confidant, who, for
forty years, lived in the shadow of a
creature so close to God, whose Secrets
and Spirituality she gathered. G.B.*

INDEX

LUISA PICCARRETA

* The Little
Daughter of the
Divine Will.

* Childhood of
Luisa.

* Suffering
Christ.

* Humiliations
and Sufferings.

* Desire to Become a Nun.

* The Calvary.

* The Gift of God.

* The Victim.

* Toward the Sunset.

* Extraordinary Phenomena at her death.

* Prayers to Beseech the Beatification of the Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta.

TO THE READER

This is not a preface-nor does it intend to be so; it is only the expression of a feeling, as one might say, in the warmth of the moment, after reading the pages which follow, and which deeply touched (it is fair to say it now) the soul of one who, like me, had the privilege to be among the first, if not the first, to read them and meditate on them; to read the life of Luisa Piccarreta of Corato, "the Little Daughter of the Divine Will."

On the one hand, in this book one can find a woman-a life, which is certainly that of a saint; on the other, a priest who wrote of this creature with a simplicity which is all Franciscan, and with an ardent spirit of filial love. He has had the fortune to know Luisa "the little Daughter of the Divine Will" - for many years, nailed to a bed, which would have been a bed of sorrow for anyone else, but which was for Her an anticipation of Heaven upon earth, in spite of the atrocious sufferings caused by the assaults of the evil spirit. But the "visits" of the Divine Lover, Christ, Who had wanted to make of Luisa the

servant of the "Divine Will," consoled Her, giving Her the ineffable certainty of Paradise - the smile of God.

It is not easy to write about any human being, and especially about an exceptional person, like Luisa Piccarreta. Yet, the author of this biography, which I have the honor to present to the reader, fully succeeded in portraying her character; allowing the reader to penetrate, little by little, with no strain, into the intimate life of this sublime creature, who remained crucified in a bed for seventy years, managing to transform her room into an ardent cenacle of love for Christ;

teaching through her own life-and this is the most beautiful "lesson" - to love that Jesus of Nazareth, Who calls whomever He wants, and nobody can resist His call.

The author of this biography was also able to describe the environment, the places and the people, in an admirable way, as though expressing it in prayer, or as though listening to arcane melodies. He evoked images and moments of his childhood, of his youth, and of his maturity as a man and priest, with extreme delicacy, remaining always in the shadow - or better, in the light-of Luisa Piccarreta. This excelling

soul, who had attended school only up to the second elementary grade, wrote something like thirty-six volumes (in the form of a diary), charged with highest spirituality, extraordinary uniqueness, and finest theological intuition, which only a direct and continuous relationship with Christ could have inspired!

With sober but incisive words, the author described the scenery in which this story of love and sacrifice takes place: the sunny and generous Puglia; a Puglia with its strong people, who can still speak of God with the vehemence of the prophets of the Old Testament.

With prudence, but without reticence, the author described the incomprehensions and the bitternesses which were also present in the life of Luisa Piccarreta; and here his voice rises, clear and serene, though veiled with sadness. But soon the voice of the author revives again, and its tones becomes sonorous like bells on Easter Day, when he remembers the work of courageous priests who followed Luisa on her difficult but joyful journey. From the limpid and measured style of the author, the figure of Luisa Piccarreta arises more than ever, vivid and real, powerful and sculptural, though preserving her humility.

When Luisa died, all the people crowded streets and balconies to see the transit of the "Little Daughter of the Divine Will," accompanied by illustrious Prelates and by all the clergy. But Luisa Piccarreta is not dead: She continues to live in the memory of those who had the fortune to know Her and love Her. This biography delineates very effectively the outlines, which fade into the infinite heaven of the souls chosen by God.

Antonio Basso Alonzo

LUISA PICCARRETA

THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE DIVINE WILL

I was only a little child when, on the knees of my mother, I heard her speak for the first time of "Luisa, la Santa."

My mother took a framed photograph of Luisa, showed it to me, and said: *"Give her a kiss because Luisa is the Protector of our home. She*

is a very, very good lady, so much so, that the Lord is always near her, and grants her anything she asks. "

This was the first contact I had with Luisa, which aroused great curiosity in me, and a great desire to know her and speak to her.

This was not difficult for me, because my aunt Rosaria Bucci had been living close to Luisa from her childhood.

Finally, the day came, so longed for. To reward me for a good action I

had done, my aunt took me to the house of Luisa. It was an unforgettable encounter for me, which will always remain etched in my mind: as soon as I entered her little room, a little old lady with a most sweet and penetrating gaze appeared before my eyes of a child. She was all in white, sitting on her bed, and working at the *tombolo*. Luisa smiled sweetly at me, called me close to her, and talked to me about many things. I cannot remember well all of her words, but I know that she spoke to me about Baby Jesus, and asked me to make a little sacrifice for him: "*Today is Sunday, and you will have meat at home. You will leave, for love of Jesus,*

a little piece of meat, and you will see that Jesus will always love you and ... "

This first encounter with Luisa will remain in my life as a point of reference along the paths, not always flowery, of my youth and of my priesthood.

Many other encounters followed this one, ever more familiar.

In fact, when I grew enough to be able to go to school by myself, I used to go to the house of Luisa on various errands. I used to bring big fresh flowers that my father had just picked in the country. At other times, I used to go together with

my sister Gemma, who, for a period of time, went to Luisa almost every day in order to learn the work of *tombolo*. Being in the room with the pious lady, our office was to pick up from the floor all the needles that had fallen while Rosaria and Luisa were working at the *tombolo*. A contest to pick up the needles arose between me and my sister, under the pleased and benevolent eyes of Luisa, who rewarded us every time by giving us little holy pictures.

These have been the most characteristic encounters and the most beautiful memories of my childhood.

To these personal memories, I cannot do without adding that which is described by an authoritative witness, Msgr. Don Luigi Doria, Archpriest of Corato and Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Trani, highest figure of priest and shepherd of souls:

"While still a child, I kept hearing the name of a woman who had been bedridden for more than forty years. My mother was fond of her, and often spoke about her. Especially in the moments of sorrow and oppression, she would run to her to implore her prayers. After twenty years, I went back to visit this soul again, and I found her always the

same: placid and smiling, working with the *fusetti* of the *tombolo* in her hands, or with the rosary between her fingers, in attitude of prayer.

For all those who saw her and visited her, she had always the sweet word of the **Will of God** on her lips, and was able to bring to everyone peace to their souls and consciences, and smiles to families.

Upon entering her little room, turning the eyes to the right, the visitor found a bed surrounded by a curtain. On this bed a woman had been lying for about seventy years, always serene and

fresh as a daisy. Small in stature, lively eyes, penetrating look, her head slightly leaning toward the right, this virgin lived alone with her sister-never a lament, never an act of anger. One could see her always sitting, leaning on three pillows, with a crucifix-on which she wanted to model her entire existence-in front of her, hanging from the bar of the curtain. Lifting the veil of the curtain, one could see an altar, upon which every morning a Priest celebrated the Sacrifice of the Mass. Near it, a closet in which the sacred vestments were kept. Nothing else, except for a balcony from which, every once in a while, she used to get some air and sun.

Seventy years in bed! One entire long existence. Well, from 1878 to 1947, this soul spent her life in solitude, in suffering, in silence, and in prayer.

This soul had a name known to many: *Luisa Piccarreta*, called "*Luisa, the Saint.*"

CHILDHOOD OF LUISA

Luisa was a lively and a sturdy girl, like many other girls of those healthy and patriarchal families which still exist in our land, who love to live

in the open countryside, among the fragrance of thyme, the bleating of the sheep and the harmony of the domestic animals which still populate our farmyards.

Our Puglia, austere and rough, industrious and sober, reflected the nature of its inhabitants. A tenacious land, a land with a heart of stone, in which God wanted to fulfill His ancient promise: " .. ! *will give you a new heart and a new mind. I will take away your stubborn heart of stone and give you an obedient heart. I will put My Spirit in you and will see to it that you follow My laws and keep all the commands I*

have given you" (Ez. 36, 26-27). Indeed the Lord blessed this land, giving numerous souls, who, in recent times, have drawn crowds of faithful to God. Everyone remembers Padre Pio of Pietrelcina, who transformed the stone of Gargano into a beacon of light for both faithful and unbelievers.

In this wondrous plan of God, not least, comes Luisa Piccarreta, "THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE DIVINE WILL."

Luisa was born in Corato, province of Bari, on the morning of April 23, 1865. Her parents, Vito

Nicola Piccarreta and Rosa Tarantino, had four daughters: Maria, Rachele, Luisa and Angela. Luisa was born on Sunday morning "in Albis" (the first Sunday after Easter); for her family, this event was a happy premonition, and in this joy, on the same evening, her father took her to the Church where she received the Sacrament of Holy Baptism.

On the knees of her mother and of her dear father, Luisa learned the first elements of the faith. Her parents were for her the first witnesses of that faith, strong and clear, which forms the true richness of our families.

During her tender years, Luisa was of rather fearful temperament; this was the consequence of some visions (Luisa calls them dreams) of the evil spirit, who terrorized her continuously, to the point of making her shiver, bathed in cold sweat. She tried to conquer this emotional state by hiding behind her bed, or in seeking refuge in the arms of her mother, in which she felt safe. These things happened to her especially when she went with her family to the farmhouse, called "*Torre Disperata*", located in the territory of *Murge*, 27 Km (~ 17 miles) from Corato.

Those who know these places can appreciate the solemnity of the silence which reigns there, and the hills, sunny, bare and stony.

When she was assailed by the evil spirit, in that solitude, Luisa turned to prayer. She prayed incessantly to the Most Holy Virgin, asking with tears and filial trust to be freed from such anguish. Her tender years went on like this, embittered and unhappy, living always isolated, without ever taking part in the innocent games, typical of children.

Divine Providence was leading this child along these mysterious paths, in such a way that Luisa knew no joy other than God and His Grace. In fact, one day the Lord will say to her: *"Listen, I went around the earth, over and over again; I looked at all creatures, one by one, in order to find the littlest of all. And among them all I found you, the littlest of all. I liked your littleness, and I chose you. I entrusted you to My Angels to guard you, not to make you great, but to preserve your littleness. Now I want to begin the great work of the fulfillment of My Will. You will not feel greater because of this; on the contrary, My*

Will will make you smaller, and you will continue to be the little daughter of your Jesus-the little daughter of My Will" (Vol. 12,3-23-1921).

One day, being assailed by the evil spirit, terrorized, Luisa turned to her Celestial Mama, who benignly spoke to her: *"Why do you fear? Your Angel is by your side, Jesus is in your heart, and your Celestial Mama keeps you under Her mantle. Why do you fear then? Who is stronger? Your guardian Angel, your Jesus, your Celestial Mama, or the infernal enemy? Therefore, do not run away, but stay, pray, and do not fear. "* At that instant

everything disappeared; serenity invaded her, and nothing else happened to her.

When she was nine years old, with her heart filled with joy, she received Eucharistic Jesus for the first time, and since then, she learned to remain in prayer and adoration for hours before the Most Blessed Sacrament, in her Parish Church of Santa Maria Greca.

She became "daughter of Mary" at eleven, and with great fervor diffused the devotion to her Celestial Mother

among the girls of the same age. This will be one of the fundamental characteristics of her spirituality; in fact, one day she will write a Book of Meditation on Our Lady (The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will).

The voice of Jesus led Luisa to complete detachment from everyone and everything. For this purpose, He gave her as a model, the humble, hidden and silent life of the Holy Family of Nazareth. All her life, Luisa will be submitted to the cares and obedience of her confessors, although, extraordinarily, they were never her spiritual directors.

This role was assumed by Jesus Himself, Who molded her among a thousand sufferings and humiliations, to make of her a vessel of election and Grace, and to promote the Kingdom of the DIVINE WILL among men.

SUFFERING CHRIST

When she was thirteen, while being at home, Luisa heard a great uproar coming from the street, and she went out to the balcony to see what was happening.

A terrible vision appeared before her eyes: the street was crowded with shouting people, and with armed soldiers who, containing the crowd, were leading three prisoners. Among these, Luisa recognized Jesus, carrying the cross on His shoulders. Afflicted and terrorized, Luisa contemplated this sad procession, but when the Divine Convict was under her balcony, He raised His head and said: "*Anima, aiutami!*" (*t'Soul. help Me!* ").

At this scene, Luisa cried out and lost her senses.

This extraordinary event marked

for Luisa a decisive turning point in her life, because on that day she accepted her state of victim of expiation for the sins of men.

HUMILIATIONS AND SUFFERINGS

After she accepted her state of victim, Luisa found herself very often in a state of complete unconsciousness: her body would stiffen, becoming hard like stone, to the point that they were not able to move it or raise it. These were phenomena so particular and unique as to be considered strange even by the people of her own family, who railed against her, and humiliated her

continuously. However, her family was immensely worried, especially her parents, who subjected her to visits by doctors, who remained mute and dumbfounded before such an extraordinary clinical case, unable to make any diagnosis. All of this was for Luisa a trial of unheard-of suffering, which the Lord would make her go through.

When the hopes of the doctors were completely exhausted, her family turned, in anguish, to the last hope: the priests. Father Lojodice was called to her home; a Passionist Priest of a holy life, who lived with his family because

of the suppression of the religious orders, which occurred after the unification of Italy.

Father Lojodice drew near the bed of Luisa, he blessed her, and to the stupefaction of all, she immediately regained her normal faculties. This fact, so extraordinary, produced the conviction, in Luisa and her relatives, that Father Lojodice was a Saint. From that day, Father Lojodice went to Luisa every time he was called by her family; and every time, without fail, his blessing freed Luisa from her state of immobility.

After a short time, Father

Lojodice left Corato, being called back to the Convent by his Superiors. This event caused great sorrow to both Luisa and her family. Luisa lamented with her Jesus: *"Why do you cause all these things when you come in me? Can we not love each other without others knowing anything? Have pity on me! Free me from this terrible humiliation."*

But Jesus responded: *"Have you not promised to suffer for Me? So now let yourself be led by Me along the ways of suffering."*

After the departure of Father

Lojodice, another priest was called, who blessed her, and to the stupefaction of the priest himself and of all who were present, Luisa regained consciousness. This fact produced in Luisa the conviction that all priests were saints. However, one day the Lord said to her:

"Not because all of them are saints - if only they were so! They all have this power because they are priests, and all the faithful are submitted to their priestly authority, created and wanted by Me. You must always be submitted to their priestly authority, you must obey always, and never go against their will, because they are the continuation of My Priesthood in the world The

unworthiness of some does not annul their priesthood"

The humiliations and the sufferings which Luisa had to bear this period were unspeakable. She was misunderstood by all considered proud, false, a cheater, and a person who wanted to draw attention upon herself. These ideas were also shared by her parents, who would think of any way—from the understanding to the violent—in order to change this *crazy head*. But the most terrible humiliations she received from the priests. When they were called by her family in order to free her from her usual state of immobility, they would

refuse to go; and if they did go, they would overwhelm her with the most bitter reproaches. Once they left her in that state for as long as twenty-five days.

THE DESIRE TO BECOME A NUN

During this period, Luisa expressed to her parents her desire to become a cloistered nun. On hearing this, her parents were absolutely opposed. One day, after her insistence, her mama took her by gig to Trani, to the cloistered nuns, where they spoke with Mother Superior. But her mama, not really wanting her little Luisa to cloister

herself in a monastery, revealed, in extreme detail, all the defects and the strange phenomena surrounding her daughter, adding that she was a sickly girl of weak constitution. Obviously, these details provoked a definitive refusal on the part of the Superior, who immediately dismissed her, saying that life in the monastery was very hard, and that her health would not have borne the monastic rule.

So Luisa went back to Corato with her heart full of sadness and melancholy, pouring out her sorrow to Jesus:

"Had You not promised me that I

would become a nun?"

The Lord answered: *"You will be a nun, but the true little nun of My Heart. You will remain closed in a room, without ever moving, in which you will pray, suffer, and be always with Me. "*

And so it happened. Luisa remained nailed to her bed of suffering for about seventy years.

THE CALVARY

In seeing that Luisa wasted away

more and more every day, her family decided to bring her to the countryside, to their own farmhouse, to regain her health. There was the Lord waiting for her, to make her pass into a new state of life. One day, while she was meditating in the solemn silence of the country of *Murge*, the evil one made his final assault-so violent as to make her completely lose consciousness. Reduced to a most pitiful state, she had a vision of Jesus suffering for sinners, and conquered by Grace, she fully consented to the Divine Will, accepting the *perennial* state of victim, to which Jesus and the Most Holy Virgin were calling her.

She was only sixteen; and from this age began those atrocious sufferings which immobilized her for the rest of her life on her bed of suffering. One day, still in the farmhouse, Luisa lost consciousness again, not because of the evil one, but by the Will of Jesus, who made her share in the sufferings of His Passion. As she came round from the ecstasy, Luisa felt great repugnance for any food; so she refused everything, and if sometimes, forced by her parents, she ate something, she would bring it up immediately. Her family attributed this to a new and unheard-of fuss, and therefore she had to suffer new and bitter reproaches. However, this was the

Will of God, Who was preparing Luisa to live only from the Divine Will, in such a way that it would be her only food. In fact, this extraordinary phenomenon lasted until her death.

Luisa ate very little, only once a day and out of obedience to her confessor; but immediately after, she would sweetly bring up the food, whole, fresh and fragrant.

I write these pages and I confirm this phenomenon because I have been a spectator of it. One day, while I was in the house of Luisa, my aunt Rosaria

Bucci, her faithful and silent confidant, prepared food for four people: for herself, for me, for Angelina, Luisa's sister, and for Luisa.

I was surprised upon seeing that the lunch of Luisa consisted of just 4 or 5 *orecchiette* [pasta with the shape of "little ears", typical food from Puglia] and a few grapes, which I myself had brought an hour before. Everything was placed on a little plate. After my aunt put grated cheese on it, she told me: "*Take it to Luisa*". Surprised by this strange meal, I brought the food to the little room of Luisa. She welcomed me with a smile, placed the plate on the

appropriate bed table, made the sign of the cross, and began to eat. Feeling my state of amazement, Luisa smiled at me again, then took a grape and offered it to me. When Luisa finished her lunch (so to speak), she rang a little bell, and soon my aunt appeared, carrying a little tray in her hands. Here began the scene, which I will never be able to forget:

Luisa brought up everything in a strange way; I say this, because I felt no repugnance; on the contrary, a strange fragrance diffused throughout the room. Then, removing the little bed table, my aunt closed the shutters and said: "*Come Peppino, let's go eat, for Luisa has to*

sleep." My aunt brought to the table the food brought up by Luisa, and there it remained during our lunch. I counted the orecchiette - they were six, and all the grapes, whole and bright precisely eleven.

This fact so impressed me that, after lunch, I ran home and told everything to my mother, who showed no surprise, since she already knew of it. I remember her saying this sentence: *"Blessed Rosaria... how many times have I told her to bring me those leftovers, but she never made me content."*

The confessors were opposed to this new prodigy, and ordered her to eat, even if she brought up everything after a little while.

Up to the age of twenty-two, the life of Luisa was tormented by her need to offer herself perennially to the Lord, and by the atrocious humiliations that came from her family and especially from the priests, who, as has already been mentioned, refused to go to her house to call her back to normality, when she was caught by her state of petrification.

This entered into the Divine design, which, for Luisa, was a most heavy cross to carry. The need of the priestly authority to give or remove her sufferings constituted the greatest suffering for Luisa. The mother of Luisa, greatly grieved by the continuous mortifications received from priests—who considered these phenomena to be spells, or, at the most, follies of a fanatical girl—turned crying to the Bishop of that time, who, against every expectation, took interest in the case, and gave dispositions so that the priests would go to Luisa's home every time the circumstance required it. After a mature

reflection, the Bishop found it appropriate to delegate a specific confessor, who, bothered with having to go there continuously-almost every day-to wake her up from her particular state, prohibited her the repetition of this phenomenon. But Our Lord intervened directly to cause the confessor to change his decision, using the cholera epidemic, which, in 1887, claimed many victims in Corato. Luisa asked her confessor to be able to continue her state of victim of reparation and expiation for men. The confessor granted her permission on the condition that she would pray to the Lord to make the scourge of cholera cease.

The cholera disappeared immediately after three days of sufferings by Luisa—who had remained motionless in her bed of suffering. The confessor had to bend to the evidence of the prodigy. The Bishop appointed a shining figure of a priest as Luisa's ordinary confessor—Don Michele De Benedictis—to whom Luisa opened her soul minutely; this had not been possible for her with other priests. She herself could never explain why.

In order to understand this soul well, Don Michele imposed limits to her sufferings; even more, she could do nothing without his consent, and if

necessary, she had to resist even the Lord.

One day Luisa asked the confessor permission to suffer in bed for a certain time, about forty days. "*If this is the Will of God, stay*", Don Michele said; but the bed was never again abandoned by Luisa, who was then, in 1888, twenty-three years old, and remained, always sitting, nailed to the bed, for the fifty-nine years until her death, which occurred on March 4, 1947.

It is to be noticed that until then, even though she had accepted the state of victim, Luisa had remained in bed

from time to time, because obedience to her confessors had never allowed her to remain bedridden in a continuous way.

After the forty days, Don Michele too, bothered with having to go every day to wake her up, brusquely ordered her not to fall again into that state. Luisa's reasons, which affirmed that this was the will expressed by God, could do nothing; therefore Luisa had to resist our Lord so as not to fall into her usual state of petrification.

But the Lord wanted this soul all to Himself, to lead her along the paths of

His celestial graces. So, in order to convince the confessor, the Lord revealed to Luisa the imminent war which was to break out between Italy and Ethiopia.

Don Michele, always firm in his decision, was skeptical in the face of such news, but what was not his stupefaction when, a few days later, he verified its accuracy in the event. We must consider that, in those times, means of communication were not available to everyone, and in a little out-of-the-way town of Southern Italy the news did not arrive very easily-and what was thought in Rome was unknown to most. Though

reluctantly, Don Michele had to bend to the Will of God; and so Luisa did not abandon her bed, ever again, for all the rest of her life. It was new year's eve of 1889.

In 1898, Don Gennaro Di Gennaro was the new confessor delegated by the bishop, and so he remained for 24 years.

As the first thing, Don Gennaro, an "*enlightened and prudent Priest*", realizing the wonders that the Lord was working in this soul, ordered her to put into writing all that the Grace of God operated in her.

Luisa certainly did not expect this order, to which she had to submit with docility, even though it strongly clashed with her humility.

Luisa was to write everything from the very beginning, without neglecting anything; and she was to give everything to him, day by day. Though weeping, Luisa submitted herself. The excuse of being an illiterate woman (she had attended only up to the second elementary grade) had no success: her confessor was immovable. So she began to write her volumes (36) in the form of a diary. It was February 28, 1899. She wrote the last chapter of Volume 36 on

December 28, 1938. As soon as the order to do it ceased, she no longer wrote.

THE GIFT OF GOD

The Lord makes known to Luisa that He wants to give her an extraordinary gift: **THE GIFT OF THE DIVINE WILL**. This particular grace which God gives to the creature from Himself, constitutes a special and free gift ...

Into the most complete silence and in the greatest hiddenness of this Soul,

God wanted to send the message of the Divine Will, in which *the Holy Spirit wants to renew the face of the earth: the*

Kingdom of God on earth as it is in Heaven. So a new event of grace begins in souls, through which God wants to enrich humanity. It is November 1900 - the century which will see the forces of evil being unleashed, the Christian values compromised, the voice of the Vicar of Christ little listened to, and protestations at all levels. Also the Holy Church of God will suffer her silent martyrdom, and in the face of the human disasters, only the Will of God will be

Her strength on Her thorny path. And precisely in this century, so troubled, the Lord gives a new era, which will invade His Church and all men of good will, and in which the triumph of Grace will be the ultimate goal: "Do not fear: I will be with you until the end of time. "

In order to be worthy of this marvelous gift, the Lord Communicates with Luisa, as with a soul who must dispose herself to:

"Perfect conformity to My Will, because you will never be able to love Me perfectly if you do not love Me with My own Will. Even more, I tell you that

if you love Me with My own Will, you will come to loving Me and your neighbor with My own way of loving.

Profound humility, placing yourself before Me and before creatures as the last among them.

Purity in everything, because any slight spot against purity, both in loving and in working, is reflected in the heart, and this remains stained.

Free obedience, which must be conformed to My Will; and it regards both the Superiors I sent to you on earth, and obedience directly to Me.

Such obedience cannot be separated, whether it regards God or men, because one is its value, as I Myself acted on earth, submitting Myself both to men and to the Father, unto death, and death on the Cross. " Then He added: "Know that from now on you will live with

My Heart; you must feel in the way My Heart feels, that I may find My satisfaction in you. Your heart is no longer yours, but Mine."

This happened on November 20, 1900. Such a special gift from God is an

exclusive prerogative of Luisa, but must be extended to all men who accept this new event of grace.

THE VICTIM

Luisa never abandoned her bed of suffering and remained sitting in the same position for 64 consecutive years-not counting the first six years-without ever contracting the wounds on her body, which are inevitable during long illnesses.

In the morning Luisa found herself

huddled in her bed, as though petrified, to the extent that no one could manage to move her, until her confessor or any other priest would come in prayer to bless her; only then would Luisa begin to move and be released. So her sister Angelina and faithful Rosaria would place her again in her usual position (sitting), while the priest would begin Holy Mass on a movable altar, which was in her room. Luisa participated in the Mass with great devotion; she received Communion every day, and then remained in meditation for about two hours. Afterwards, she would begin her work of *tombolo*. Many girls attended her home, working and praying

with Luisa, and meditating together on the Passion of Jesus Christ. Every morning, before starting her day, out of obedience Luisa had to read to her confessor all that she had written the night before, and give it to him. This lasted until 1938. These writings formed 36 volumes, some of which have been published.

Around one o'clock Luisa ate a small amount of food, which she would punctually bring up. Afterwards, she would remain in meditation for a few hours, and then begin her ordinary work. Around midnight Luisa would begin to write all that the Lord had worked in her

during that day. In this way her day would end. This way of life lasted until her death.

In 1922, her confessor, Fr. Gennaro, died and by order of the bishop Fr. Francesco De Benedictis took his place. Fr. Francesco died in January, 1926. The Bishop, then, appointed a young priest, Fr, Benedetto Calvi, parish priest of Santa Maria Greca, who assisted her until her death. This extraordinary figure of a priest received with maternal care all the concerns, the joys and the sufferings of this soul, privileged by God.

Luisa was struck by unheard-of storms, which would certainly have crushed any other person, but which were surpassed by her profound humility, obedience and faith - true food of this chosen soul. Her confessor and the persons who were close to her especially her faithful Rosaria - suffered tremendously, and while the weak abandoned her, they remained at her side with humility and faith, until the triumph of the Work of God.

TOWARD THE SUNSET

After the storm passed by, and the waters were calmed, Luisa continued

her humble and silent life, always assisted with love by her faithful Rosaria and by all the souls who had been conquered by her spirituality, especially the sisters Cimadomo.

It was in this last period that I had the singular fortune to know her: specifically, my contact with Luisa goes from 1942 until 1947. Luisa wrote 36 volumes of highest spirituality, some of which were published in different editions and spread throughout the world.

At the age of 81 years, ten months and nine days, her parenthesis in history

ended-to be projected into God. The joyful transit happened on March 4, 1947, at six o'clock in the morning.

Her illness (bronchitis), the only clinical illness she actually ever reported, had lasted only fifteen days.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA AT HER DEATH

As it appears in the picture, the dead body of Luisa is sitting on the little bed, just as when she was alive; nor was it possible to stretch it out through the

strength of various people. She remained in that position; so a special casket had to be built. Her body was not subject to the "*rigor mortis*" typical of all human bodies after death. This was noticed each day she was exposed to the eyes of the people of Corato, and to those of many foreigners who came to Corato for the purpose of seeing and touching with their own hands this unique and marvelous case: all were able, with no effort, to move the head to all sides, raise her arms and bend them, bend her hands and all the fingers. Even the eyelids could be lifted and her bright eyes, which were not veiled, could be observed. Luisa seemed to be alive, as

though sleeping, while a group of doctors, convened for the purpose, after a careful examination of her body, declared *that Luisa was actually dead, and therefore it was to be considered a true death and not an apparent death,* as everyone had imagined.

They were forced, with the consent of the Civil Authority and of the Health Officer, to keep her on her little deathbed for 4 days-I repeat, *fours days-without* reporting any sign of corruption, in order to satisfy the crowd that thronged around, especially the people who were not from Corato, and which poured into the house, even with

violence."

Luisa used to say that she was born *upside down*, therefore it was just that her life be *upside down*, compared to the lives of other creatures.

Also her death was upside down ... She remained seated, as she had always lived, and sitting, was she to go the cemetery in a casket which was built for the purpose, with the sides and the front of glass, so that all might see her, as a queen on her throne, clothed in white, with the "FIAT" on her breast - the little daughter of the Divine Will, whom the Lord wanted to remove from

her silence and humility only at her death.

More than forty priests, the *Capitolo* [the Ecclesiastical authorities] and the local Clergy, were present; the sisters, who brought her on their shoulders in turns, and an immense crowd of citizens. The streets along which the procession was to pass, were packed-incredibly; even the balconies and the roofs of the houses were crammed with people, and the procession proceeded with great difficulty. The funeral was celebrated in the Matrice Church by the entire *Capitolo*.

All the people of Corato followed the body of Luisa to the cemetery, and everyone tried to bring home a souvenir of the flowers which had accompanied and touched the body.

A few years later, the body of Luisa was transferred to her Parish Church of Santa Maria Greca, where she is humbly waiting for her glorification.

Luisa Piccarreta

*A collection of
memories of the
Servant of God*

**By Bernardino
Giuseppe Bucci, O.P.M..**

*To Aunt
Rosaria, faithful
custodian of the life*

*of the Servant of
God Luisa
Piccarreta*

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

PREFACE

CHAPTER

ONE

*Biographical
notes*

*Important
dates*

*Confessors and
spiritual advisers
Bishops List of
Luisa Piccarreta 's
diaries*

CHAPTER TWO

*The Kingdom of the Divine Will
Some unpublished prayers*

CHAPTER THREE

The

*healing
of the
epileptic
The bell
of
discord*

A perfect lace-maker

The mysterious sores

Saint Padre Pio, Luisa

Piccarreta and Rosaria

Bucci Aunt Rosaria 's secret

CHAPTER FOUR

*Annibale Maria di
Francia and Luisa
Piccarreta Rosaria
Bucci's memories*

*Saint Annibale and the Capuchin
Friars of the Monastic Province of
Puglia*

Luisa's special love for the Capuchins

*Fr. Salvatore from
Corato and Luisa
Piccarreta*

CHAPTER FIVE

A strange lunch

*The broken
promise of
mortification A
prophecy*

A rough sea

CHAPTER SIX

*Promotion to the
cardinalate
foretold The
bishop healed*

CHAPTER SEVEN

Luisa and the children of Corato

The soldier who never was

The baby brought back to life

Isa Bucci and

Luisa

Piccarreta

Gemma Bucci

and Luisa

Piccarreta

CHAPTER EIGHT

A healing

The horses' whim

*The "upper
room" of Via
Panseri The
horse cured*

*The soldier
who became
engaged*

CHAPTER NINE

*Luisa, the
terror of*

demonic forces
The holy death
of Luisa
Piccarreta

The young man
killed and restored
to life

**BIOGRAPHY OF
THE AUTHOR**

INTRODUCTION

His loving care to keep alive the memory of the people of our land who with their humble daily work and acceptance of life's sufferings were distinguished for their love of God and neighbor, was what prompted Fr. Bernardino Bucci, our Capuchin Friar, to write these "family memoirs" of Luisa Piccarreta, nicknamed "*Luisa the Saint*."

The interest in Luisa is worth mentioning, both because of the attention devoted today to acquiring a deeper knowledge of this mystic (and Luisa is

such since with her contemplation and acceptance of physical and spiritual sufferings she attained a remarkable intimacy with Jesus) and because Luisa was known and visited by several of our friars (Fr. Fedele from Montescaglioso, Fr. Guglielmo from Barletta, Fr. Salvatore from Corato, Fr. Terenzio from Campi Salentina, Fr. Daniele from Triggiano, Fr. Antonio from Stigliano, Fr. Giuseppe from Francavilla Fontana, to mention but a few), who were able to communicate to her essential elements of Franciscan spirituality, while from her they assimilated love for Christ and commitment in doing God's will.

May this book which involved Fr. Bernardino with such love and enthusiasm give enjoyment to all who read it, so that they feel impelled to learn more of Luisa's spirituality and to further her beatification.

Fr. Mariano Bubbico

Provincial Minister of the Friars Minor
Capuchin of Puglia

PREFACE

The warm insistence of

Archbishop Carata of Trani - now emeritus - impelled me to put down in writing the testimonies about Luisa Piccarreta. They were told to me by friends and others who knew the Servant of God personally. **In** some episodes I was directly involved.

During my childhood I had continuous and direct contact with the Servant of God, made easier by my aunt, Rosaria Bucci, who assisted her day and night for about forty years. The two of them worked together at lace-making and embroidery by which they earned a living. My relatives were connected to the Piccarreta family by many family

ties. My sisters, Isa, Maria and Gemma, were frequent visitors to Luisa's house, where they learned how to make lace. Gemma, the little one, was the favorite of Luisa who, when she was born, suggested she be given that name. Luisa's sister, Angelina, was godmother at the baptism and sponsor at my sisters' confirmations. We were therefore so intimate with her that everyone in the family called her "Aunt Angelina".

We spoke to Luisa with great familiarity. I remember that my mother used to go regularly to Luisa's house and have long conversations with her. Nothing is known of what they said. I

think Luisa foretold her premature death. I presume this from the fact that my mother would often speak of her own death and stressed to us that she had not long to live. She died at the age of fifty-one, three years after Luisa, wearing one of the Servant of God's nightdresses.

I myself was given holy pictures and images by the Servant of God. Despite our familiarity, I was tongue-tied in Luisa's presence, spell-bound by her fascination.

I have collected and sorted a wealth of material, but I am unable to organize it all for printing; this would

require a lot of work and time which is denied me. I have had to choose and publish what I considered most interesting. By this I do not mean that other episodes recorded do not deserve to be known. I am absolutely convinced that any episode concerning Luisa Piccarreta serves to set her in the context of her time.

I have promised myself to continue the task of organizing and researching the memoirs and to give the printer a more exhaustive biography of the Servant of God, a work I began some time ago, and which I hope I shall complete as soon as possible.

*Father Bernadino Giuseppe
Bucci*

CHAPTER ONE

Biographical notes

The Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta was born in Corato in the Province of Bari, on April 23, 1865 and died there in the odor of sanctity on March 4, 1947.

Luisa had the good fortune to be born into one of those patriarchal families that still survive in our realm of Puglia and like to live deep in the country, peopling our farmhouses. Her

parents, Vito Nicola and Rosa Tarantino, had five children: Maria, Rachele, Filomena, Luisa and Angela. Maria, Rachele and Filomena married. Angela, commonly called Angelina, remained single and looked after her sister until she died.

Luisa was born on the Sunday after Easter and was baptized that same day. Her father - a few hours after her birth - wrapped her in a blanket and carried her to the parish church where holy Baptism was administered to her.

Nicola Piccarreta was a worker on a farm belonging to the Mastroilli

family, located at the middle of Via delle Murge in a neighborhood called *Torre Disperata*, 27 kilometers from Corato. Those who know these places, set among the sunny, bare and stony hills, can appreciate the solemnity of the silence that envelops them. Luisa spent many years of her childhood and adolescence on this farm. In front of the old house, the impressive, centuries-old mulberry tree still stands, with the great hollow in its trunk where Luisa used to hide when she was little in order to pray, far from prying eyes. It was in this lonely, sunny spot place that Luisa's divine adventure began which was to lead her down the paths of suffering and

holiness. Indeed, it was in this very place that she came to suffer unspeakably from the attacks of the devil who at times even tormented her physically. Luisa, to be rid of this suffering, turned ceaselessly to prayer, addressing in particular the Virgin Most Holy, who comforted her by her presence.

Divine Providence led the little girl down paths so mysterious that she knew no joys other than God and his grace. One day, in fact, the Lord said to her: *"I have gone round and round the world again and again, and I looked one by one at all My creatures to find*

the smallest one of all. Among so many I found you. Your littleness pleased Me and I chose you; I entrusted you to My angels so that they would care for you, not to make you great, but to preserve your littleness, and now I want to begin the great work of fulfilling My Will. Nor will you feel any greater through this, indeed it is My Will to make you even smaller, and you will continue to be the little daughter of the Divine Will" (cf. Volume XII, March 23, 1921).

When she was nine, Luisa received Jesus in the Eucharist for the first time and Holy Confirmation, and

from that moment learned to remain for hours praying before the Blessed Sacrament. When she was eleven she wanted to enroll in the Association of the Daughters of Mary - flourishing at the time - in the Church of San Giuseppe. At the age of eighteen, Luisa became a Dominican Tertiary taking the name of Sr. Maddalena. She was one of the first to enroll in the Third Order, which her parish priest was promoting. Luisa's devotion to the Mother of God was to develop into a profound Marian spirituality, a prelude to what she would one day write about Our Lady.

Jesus' voice led Luisa to

detachment from herself and from everyone. At about eighteen, from the balcony of her house in Via Nazario Sauro, she had a vision of Jesus suffering under the weight of the Cross, who raised his eyes to her saying: "*O soul, help Me!*". From that moment an insatiable longing to suffer for Jesus and for the salvation of souls was enkindled in Luisa. So began those physical sufferings which, in addition to her spiritual and moral sufferings, reached the point of heroism.

The family mistook these phenomena for sickness and sought medical help. But all the doctors

consulted were perplexed at such an unusual clinical case. Luisa was subject to a state of corpse-like rigidity - although she showed signs of life - and no treatment could relieve her of this unspeakable torment. When all the resources of science had been exhausted, her family turned to their last hope: priests. An Augustinian priest, Fr. Cosma Loiodice, at home because of the Siccardian* laws, was summoned to her bedside: to the wonder of all present, the sign of the Cross which this priest made over the poor body, sufficed to restore her normal faculties instantly to the sick girl. After Fr. Loiodice had left for his friary, certain secular priests

were called in who restored Luisa to normality with the sign of the Cross. She was convinced that all priests were holy, but one day the Lord told her: *"Not because they are all holy - indeed, if they only were! - but simply because they are the continuation of My Priesthood in the world you must always submit to their priestly authority; never oppose them, whether they are good or bad"* (cf. Volume I). Throughout her life, Luisa was to be submissive to priestly authority. This was to be one of the greatest sources of her suffering. Her daily need for the priestly authority in order to return to her usual tasks was her deepest

mortification. In the beginning, she suffered the most humiliating misunderstandings on the part of the priests themselves who considered her a lunatic filled with exalted ideas, who simply wanted to attract attention. Once they left her in that state for more than twenty days. Luisa, having accepted the role of victim, came to experience a most peculiar condition: every morning she found herself rigid, immobile, huddled up in bed, and no one was able to stretch her out, to raise her arms or move her head or legs. As we know, it required the presence of a priest who, by blessing her with the sign of the Cross, dispelled that corpse-like rigidity

and enabled her to return to her usual tasks (lace-making). She was a unique case in that her confessors were never spiritual directors, a task that Our Lord wanted to keep for himself. Jesus made her hear his voice directly, training her, correcting her, reprimanding her if necessary and gradually leading her to the loftiest peaks of perfection. Luisa was wisely instructed and prepared during many years to receive the gift of the Divine Will.

The archbishop at that time, Giuseppe Bianchi Dottula (December 22, 1848-September 22, 1892), came to

know of what was happening in Corato; having heard the opinion of several priests, he wished to exercise his authority and assume responsibility for this case. After mature reflection he thought it right to delegate to Luisa a special confessor, Fr. Michele De Benedictis, a splendid figure of a priest, to whom she opened every nook and cranny of her soul. Fr. Michele, a prudent priest with holy ways, imposed limits on her suffering and instructed her to do nothing without his permission. Indeed, it was Fr. Michele who ordered her to eat at least once a day, even if she immediately threw up everything she had swallowed. Luisa was to live on the

Divine Will alone. It was under this priest that she received permission to stay in bed all the time as a victim of expiation. This was in 1888. Luisa remained nailed to her bed of pain, sitting there for another 59 years, until her death. It should be noted that until that time, although she had accepted her state as a victim, she had only occasionally stayed in bed, since obedience had never permitted her to stay in bed all the time. However, from New Year 1889 she was to remain there permanently.

In 1898 the new prelate, Archbishop Tommaso de Stefano (March

24, 1898-13 May 1906) delegated as her new confessor Fr. Gennaro Di Gennaro, who carried out this task for twenty-four years. The new confessor, glimpsing the marvels that the Lord was working in this soul, categorically ordered Luisa to put down in writing all that God's grace was working within her. None of the excuses made by the Servant of God to avoid obeying her confessor in this were to any avail. Not even her scant literary education could excuse her from obedience to her confessor. Fr. Gennaro Di Gennaro remained cold and implacable, although he knew that the poor woman had only been to elementary school. Thus on February 28,

1899, she began to write her diary, of which there are thirty-six large volumes! The last chapter was written on December 28, 1939, the day on which she was ordered to stop writing.

Her confessor, who died on September 10, 1922, was succeeded by the canon, Fr. Francesco De Benedictis, who only assisted her for four years, because he died on January 30, 1926. Archbishop Giuseppe Leo (January 17, 1920-January 20, 1939) delegated a young priest, Fr. Benedetto Calvi, as her ordinary confessor. He stayed with Luisa until she died, sharing all those

sufferings and misunderstandings that beset the Servant of God in the last years of her life.

At the beginning of the century, our people were lucky enough to have Saint Annibale Maria Di Francia present in Puglia. He wanted to open in Trani male and female branches of his newly founded congregation. When he heard about Luisa Piccarreta, he paid her a visit and from that time these two souls were inseparably linked by their common aims. Other famous priests also visited Luisa, such as, for example, Fr. Gennaro Braccali, the Jesuit, Fr. Eustachio Montemurro, who died in the

odor of sanctity, and Fr. Ferdinando Cento, Apostolic Nuncio and Cardinal of Holy Mother Church. Saint Annibale became her extraordinary confessor and edited her writings, which were little by little properly examined and approved by the ecclesiastical authorities. **In** about 1926, Saint Annibale ordered Luisa to write a book of memoirs of her childhood and adolescence. He published various writings of Luisa's, including the book *L'orologio della Passione*, which acquired widespread fame and was reprinted four times. On October 7, 1928, when the house of the sisters of the Congregation of Divine Zeal in Corato was ready, Luisa was

taken to the convent in accordance with the wishes of Saint Annibale. Saint Annibale had already died in the odor of sanctity in Messina.

In 1938, a tremendous storm was unleashed upon Luisa Piccarreta: she was publicly disowned by Rome and her books were put on the Index. At the publication of the condemnation by the Holy Office, she immediately submitted to the authority of the Church. A priest was sent from Rome by the ecclesiastical authorities, who asked her for all her manuscripts, which Luisa handed over promptly and without a fuss. Thus all her writings were hidden

away in the secrecy of the Holy Office.

On October 7, 1938, because of orders from above, Luisa was obliged to leave the convent and find a new place to live. She spent the last nine years of her life in a house in Via Maddalena, a place which the elderly of Corato know well and from where, on March 8, 1947, they saw her body carried out.

Luisa's life was very modest; she possessed little or nothing. She lived in a rented house, cared for lovingly by her sister Angela and a few devout women. The little she had was not even enough to pay the rent. To support herself she

worked diligently at making lace, earning from this the pittance she needed to keep her sister, since she herself needed neither clothes nor shoes. Her sustenance consisted of a few grams of food, which were prepared for her by her assistant, Rosaria Bucci. Luisa ordered nothing, desired nothing, and instantly vomited the food she swallowed. She did not look like a person near death's door, but nor did she appear perfectly healthy. Yet she was never idle, she spent her energy either in her daily suffering or her work, and her life, for those who knew her well, was considered a continuous miracle.

Her detachment from any payments that did not come from her daily work was marvelous! She firmly refused money and the various presents offered to her on any pretext. She never accepted money for the publication of her books. Thus one day she told Saint Annibale that she wanted to give him the money from her author's royalties: "*I have no right to it, because what is written there is not mine*" (cf. Preface of the *L'orologio della Passione*, Messina, 1926). She scornfully refused and returned the money that pious people sometimes sent her.

Luisa's house was like a

monastery, not to be entered by any curious person. She was always surrounded by a few women who lived according to her own spirituality, and by several girls who came to her house to learn lace-making. Many religious vocations emerged from this "upper room." However, her work of formation was not limited to girls alone, many young men were also sent by her to various religious institutes and to the priesthood.

Her day began at about 5.00 a.m., when the priest came to the house to bless it and to celebrate Holy Mass. Either her confessor officiated, or some

delegate of his: a privileged granted by Leo XIII and confirmed by St. Pius X in 1907. After Holy Mass, Luisa would remain in prayer and thanksgiving for about two hours. At about 8.00 a.m. she would begin her work which she continued until midday; after her frugal lunch she would stay alone in her room in meditation. In the afternoon - after several hours of work she would recite the holy Rosary. In the evening, towards 8.00 p.m., Luisa would begin to write her diary; at about midnight she would fall asleep. In the morning she would be found immobile, rigid, huddled up on her bed, her head turned to the right, and the intervention of priestly authority

would be necessary to recall her to her daily tasks and allow her to sit up in bed.

Luisa died at the age of eighty-one years, ten months and nine days, on March 4, 1947, after a fortnight of illness, the only one diagnosed in her life, a bad attack of pneumonia. She died at the end of the night, at the same hour when every day the priest's blessing had freed her from her state of rigidity. Archbishop Francesco Petronelli (May 25, 1939-June 16, 1947) archbishop at the time. Luisa remained sitting up in bed. It was impossible to lay her out and

- an extraordinary phenomenon - her body never suffered *rigor mortis* and remained in the position in which it had always been.

Hardly had the news of Luisa's death spread, like a river in full spate, all the people streamed into her house and police intervention was necessary to control the crowds that flocked there day and night to visit Luisa, a woman very dear to them. A voice rang out: "*Luisa the Saint has died.*" To contain all the people who were going to see her, with the permission of the civil authorities and health officials, her body was exposed for four days with no sign of

corruption. Luisa did not seem dead, she was sitting up in bed, dressed in white; it was as though she were asleep, because as has already been said, her body did not suffer *rigor mortis*. Indeed, without any effort her head could be moved in all directions, her arms raised, her hands and all her fingers bent. It was even possible to lift her eyelids and see her shining eyes that had not grown dim. Everyone believed that she was still alive, immersed in a deep sleep. A council of doctors, summoned for this purpose, declared, after attentively examining the corpse, that Luisa was truly dead and that her death should be accepted as real and not merely

apparent, as everyone had imagined.

Luisa had said that she was born "upside down," and that therefore it was right that her death should be "upside down" in comparison with that of other creatures. She remained in a sitting position as she had always lived, and had to be carried to the cemetery in this position, in a coffin specially made for her with a glass front and sides, so that she could be seen by everyone, like a queen upon her throne, dressed in white with the *Fiat* on her breast. More than forty priests, the chapter and the local clergy took part in the funeral procession; the sisters took turns to

carry her on their shoulders, and an immense crowd of citizens surrounded her: the streets were incredibly full; even the balconies and rooftops of the houses were swarming with people, so that the procession wound slowly onwards with great difficulty. The funeral rite of the little daughter of the Divine Will was celebrated in the main church by the entire chapter. All the people of Corato followed the body to the cemetery. Everyone tried to take home a keepsake or a flower, after having touched her body with it; a few years later, her remains were translated to the parish of Santa Maria Greca.

In 1994, on the day of the Feast of Christ the King, in the main church, Archbishop Carmelo Cassati, in the presence of a large crowd including foreign representatives, officially opened the beatification cause of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta.

Important dates

1865-Luisa Piccarreta was born on April 23, the Sunday after Easter, in Corato, Bari, to Nicola Vito and Rosa Tarantino, who had five daughters: Maria, Rachele, Filomena, Luisa and Angela. A few hours after Luisa's birth,

her father wrapped her in a blanket and took her to the main church for baptism. Her mother had not suffered the pangs of labor: her birth was painless.

1872-She received Jesus in the Eucharist on the Sunday after Easter, and the sacrament of Confirmation was administered to her on that same day by Archbishop Giuseppe Bianchi Dottula of Trani.

1883-At the age of eighteen, from the balcony of her house, she saw Jesus, bent beneath the weight of the Cross, who said to her: "*O soul! Help Me!*". From that moment, solitary soul that she

was, she lived in continuous union with the ineffable sufferings of her Divine Bridegroom.

1888-She became a Daughter of Mary and a Dominican Tertiary with the name of Sr. Maddalena

1885-1947 -A chosen soul, a seraphic bride of Christ, humble and devout, whom God had endowed with extraordinary gifts, an innocent victim, a lightening conductor of Divine Justice, bedridden for sixty-two years without interruption, she was a herald of the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

March 4-Full of merits, in the eternal light of the Divine Will she ended her days as she had lived them, to triumph with the angels and saints in the eternal splendor of the Divine Will.

March 7-For four days her mortal remains were exposed for the veneration of an immense throng of the faithful who went to her house to have a last look at Luisa the Saint, so dear to their hearts. The funeral was a realm triumph; Luisa passed like a queen, borne aloft on shoulders among the lines of people. All the clergy, secular and religious, accompanied Luisa's body. The funeral liturgy took place in the main church

with the participation of the entire chapter. In the afternoon, Luisa was buried in the family Chapel of the Calvi family.

July 3, 1963-Her mortal remains were definitively laid to rest in Santa Maria Greca.

Nov 20, 1994-Feast of Christ the King: Archbishop Cassati officially opened the beatification cause of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta in the principal church of Corato, in the presence of a huge crowd of people, locals and foreigners.

Confessors and spiritual advisors

1. Fr. Cosma Loiodice Friar and first confessor

Luisa's confessor in
childhood,

2. Fr. Michele De
Benedictis appointed in 1884 as her
official

confessor by order of
Bishop

Giuseppe B. Dottula

parish priest of San
Giuseppe, her

confessor from 1898 to
1922; he

3. Fr. Gennaro di
Gennaro

ordered the Servant of God
to

keep a record of what the
Lord

revealed to her day by day.

From 1919 to 1927, at the

bishop's orders, he was her

4. St. Annibale Maria di
Francia

extraordinary confessor,
the

ecclesiastical editor of the

Servant of God's writings;
he

published some of her
works,

including *L'orologio della*

Passione

5. Mgr. Ferdinando Cento Apostolic Nuncio and
Cardinal of

the Holy Roman Church

Confessor from 1922 to
1926,

6. Fr. Francesco De
Benedictis

successor to Fr. Gennaro di

Gennaro

7. Fr. Felice Torelli

Parish priest of Santa
Maria

Greca

8. Fr. Ciccio Bevilacqua

Coadjutor of the principal
church,

occasional confessor

9. Fr. Luca Mazzilli

Coadjutor, occasional
confessor

Regular confessor from
1926 to

10. Fr. Benedetto Calvi

1947, appointed by
Archbishop

Giuseppe Leo

Fr. Peppmo Ferrara,
occasional celebrant.

Fr. Vitantonio Patruno,
occasional celebrant.

Fr. Clemente Ferrara, archpriest and
occasional celebrant.

Fr. Cataldo Tota, rector of the Seminary
of Bisceglie and parish priest of the
Church of San Francesco.

Mgr. Michele Samarelli,
Vicar General of Bari.

Mgr. Ernesto Balducci,

Vicar General of Salerno.

Mgr. Luigi D'Oria, Spiritual Director of the regional Seminary of Molfetta and Vicar General of Trani.

Many other religious and secular priests, who are not listed here, also regularly visited the house of the Servant of God for various reasons.

Fr. Benedetto Calvi, Luisa Piccarreta's last confessor.

Bishops

Archbishop Giuseppe Bianchi Dottula,
1848-1892

Archbishop Domenico Marinangeli,
1893-1898

Archbishop Tommaso de Stefano, 1898-
1906 [Luisa begins to write her diaries]

Archbishop Giulio Vaccaro, 1906,
administrator

Archbishop Francesco P. Carraro, 1906-
1915

Archbishop Giovanni Regime, 1915-1918

Archbishop Eugenio Tosi, 1918-1920, administrator

Archbishop Giuseppe M. Leo, 1920-1939

Archbishop Francesco Petronelli, 1939-1947. He died on June 16, 1947, three months after the pious death of Luisa Piccarreta.

Archbishop Reginaldo G.M. Addazzi, 1947-1971. He gave Luisa the title of Servant of God and authorized the issue

of the figurine with the prayer.

Archbishop Giuseppe Carata, from 1971, emeritus. He began the Association of the Divine Will with canonical approval in 1986 after procedures which had lasted for ten years. At the same time, he gave orders, at the request of Cardinal Palazzini, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Causes of Saints, for testimonies to be collected regarding the Servant of God.

Archbishop emeritus Carmelo Cassati. He opened Luisa Piccarreta's cause of beatification on the day of the Feast of

Christ the King in 1994.

Archbishop Giovanni Battista Picchierri, current Archbishop of Trani. It is he who requested that the cause of beatification of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta be continued.

List of Luisa Piccarreta's diaries

Dates of the diaries written by Luisa Piccarreta out of obedience to her confessors. Even in her personal writings, Luisa depended solely on the authority of the Church. Indeed, it was with extreme reluctance and out of obedience that she began to write on

February 28, 1899.

Volumes Dates

Volumes I and II from February 28, to October 30, 1899

Volume III from November 1, 1899 to September 4, 1900

Volume IV from September 5, 1900 to March 18, 1903

Volume V from March 19, 1903 to October 30, 1903

Volume VI from November

1,1903 to January 16, 1906

Volume VII from January 30,
1906 to May 30, 1907

Volume VIII from June 23, 1907
to January 30, 1909

Volume IX from March 10,
1909 to November 3, 1910

Volume X from November 9,
1910 to February 10, 1912

Volume XI from February 14,
1912 to February24, 1917

Volume XII from March 16,
1917 to April 26, 1921

Volume XIII from May 1, 1921 to
February 4, 1922

Volume XIV from February 4,
1922 to November 24, 1922

Volume XV from November 28,
1922 to July 14, 1923

Volume XVI from July 23, 1923
to June 6, 1924

Volume XVII from June 10, 1924
to August 4, 1925

Volume XVIII from August 9, 1925
to February 21, 1926

Volume XIX from February 23,
1926 to September 15, 1926

Volume XX from September 17,
1926 to February 21, 1927

Volume XXI from February 23 to
May 26, 1927

Volume XXII from June 1 to September

14, 1927

Volume XXIII from September
17, 1927 to March 11, 1928

Volume XXIV from March 19 to
October 3, 1928

Volume XXV from October
7, 1928 to April 4, 1929

Volume XXVI from April 7
to September 20, 1929

Volume XXVII from September 23,

1929 to February 17, 1930

Volume XXVIII from February
22, 1930 to February 8, 1931

Volume XXIX from February 13 to
October 26, 1931

Volume XXX from November 4, 1931 to
July 14, 1932

Volume XXXI from July 24, 1932 to
March 5, 1933

Volume XXXII from March 12 to
November 10, 1933

Volume XXXIII from November 19,
1933 to November 24, 1935

Volume XXXIV from December 2,
1935 to August 2, 1937

Volume XXXV from August 9, 1937 to
April 10, 1938

Volume XXXVI from April 12 to
December 28, 1938.

CHAPTER TWO

The Kingdom of the Divine Will

"And now a word to all of you who read these writings... I beg you, I implore you to receive with love what Jesus wants to give us, that is, His Will.

But to give you His Will, He wants yours, otherwise His own cannot reign. If you only knew... With this love my Jesus wants to give you the greatest gift that exists in both heaven and earth: His Will!

Oh, what bitter tears He sheds, for He sees that in following your own will you wander all over the wretched earth! You are no good at keeping a good resolution, and do you know why? Because His Will does not reign in you.

Oh, how Jesus weeps and sighs over your destiny! And sobbing, He begs you to make His will reign in you. He wants to make you change your lot: from sick to healthy, from poor to rich, from weak to strong, from hesitant to steadfast, from slaves to kings. He wants no great penances, no lengthy prayers nor anything else; except that His Will reign in you and that yours live no more.

Ah, listen to Him, and I am ready to give my life for each one of you, to suffer any hardship so that you open the doors of your soul and the Will of my Jesus can reign and triumph over the human generations!

Now will you all deign to accept my invitation? Come with me to Eden, the place of your origins where the Supreme One created man, made him king and gave him a kingdom to rule over; this kingdom was the whole universe; but his scepter, his crown and his orders came from the depths of his soul in which the Divine *Fiat* dwells as a ruling King and constitutes man's true

kinship. His robes were royal, brighter than the sun, his acts noble, his beauty entrancing. God so loved him, entertained himself with him, called him My little king and son. All was happiness, order and harmony

This man, our first father, betrayed himself, betrayed his Kingdom and in doing his own will, saddened his Creator who had so exalted and loved him; and he lost his Kingdom, the Kingdom of the Divine Will, in which all things had been given to him. The gates of the kingdom were closed to him and God reclaimed the Kingdom he had given man. Meanwhile, listen to my

secret.

In reclaiming the Kingdom of the Divine Will, God did not say He would never return It to man, but kept It in reserve, awaiting future generations to assail them with amazing graces, with blinding light, thus eclipsing the human will that had caused man to lose such a holy Kingdom; and through the appeal of miraculous and prodigious knowledge of the Divine Will, to make them feel the need, the desire to ban our own will which makes us unhappy, and to embrace the Divine Will. Therefore the Kingdom is ours; so, courage!

The Supreme *Fiat* awaits us, calls us, urges us to take possession. Will anyone have the heart to refuse, be so devious as to not hear the call and not to accept such happiness?

Let us leave the miserable rags and tatters of our own will, the mourning clothes in which our slavery has decked us, let us dress ourselves in royal robes and adorn ourselves with divine ornaments!

I therefore appeal to everyone: listen to me! May you know that I am a *Piccina* (Little One), the smallest of all creatures.... I will bilocate to be in the

Divine Will together with Jesus, I will come like a tiny child to your womb, and with groans and cries I will knock at the doors of your hearts, to ask you, like a little beggar girl, for your donations, your rags and tatters, your mourning clothes, your unhappy will, to give it to Jesus; so that He will burn it all and in restoring His Will to you, will give you His Kingdom, His happiness, the brightness of His royal robes. If you but knew what God's Will means! It contains Heaven and earth; if we are with It, everything is ours and everything derives from us; if we are not with It, everything is against us; and if we have anything at all, we are true thieves of

our Creator and live by fraud and stealing.

Therefore if you would like to become acquainted with It, read these pages: you will find in them the balm for the cruelty inflicted upon us by the human will, together with new, entirely divine air, a new, entirely heavenly life; you will feel Heaven within your soul, you will see new horizons, new suns and will often find Jesus, His face bathed in tears, who is longing to give you His Will. He weeps because He wants to see you happy, and seeing you unhappy He sobs, sighs and prays for His children's happiness; and, in asking

you for your will, to tear you away from your misery, He offers you His own Will, as He confirms with the gift of His Kingdom.

I therefore appeal to everyone. And I am making this appeal with Jesus, with His own tears, His ardent sighs, His burning Heart which longs to give His *Fiat*. From within the *Fiat* we emerged, we had life; it is right, it is our duty to return to It, our dear and never-ending heritage.

First of all I appeal to the Supreme Pontiff, to His Holiness, the

Representative of Holy Church and consequently the Representative of the Kingdom of the Divine Will. At his holy feet this tiny *Piccina* places this Kingdom, so that he will make it known; and so that with his authoritative fatherly voice he may summon his children to dwell in this most holy Kingdom. May the Supreme *Fiat* invest him and form the first Sun of the Divine Will in His Representative on earth; and, in forming His primary life in him who is the Head of the whole Church, may He spread His never ending rays throughout the world; and eclipsing everyone with His light, may He form one fold and one Shepherd!

I make my second appeal to all Priests. Prostrate at the feet of each one, I pray, I implore them to be concerned with knowing the Divine Will. And I say to them: let It inspire your first movement, your first act, indeed, enclose yourselves in the *Fiat*, and you will feel how sweet and dear your life is; you will draw from It all your activity; you will feel a divine power within you, a voice that speaks continuously that will tell you wonderful things that have never been heard, you will feel a light that will eclipse all evils, and in stirring peoples, will give you dominion over them.

How many fruitless efforts,

because the life of the Divine Will is lacking! You have broken bread for the people which did not contain the leaven of the *Fiat*, so that in eating it they found it hard, almost indigestible; and feeling no life within them, they were not receptive to your teachings. May you therefore partake of this bread of the Divine *Fiat*, thus you will form them with Its full life and one will.

I make the third appeal to the whole world, to all my brothers and sisters and children. Do you know why I am calling you all? Because I want to give the life of the Divine Will to you all! It is more than air that we can all

breathe; It is like a sun, from which we can all receive the good of light; It is like the beating of a heart that wants to beat in everyone; and like a little child, I would like, I long for everyone to draw life from the *Fiat!* Oh, if you but knew the good you would receive, you would give your life to make It reign within all of you!

This little *Piccina* wants to tell you another secret which Jesus has entrusted to her; and I am telling it to you so that you give me your will and in exchange receive God's, which will make you happy in body and soul.

Do you want to know why the earth is unproductive? Why it is that at various points in the world there are earthquakes and the earth's crust often gapes open and buries cities and people in its depths? Why the wind and the waters whip up storms that destroy everything? Why there are so many evils, as you all know?

Because created things possess a Divine Will which dominates them, and therefore they are powerful and imperious; they are nobler than us because we are dominated by a human will and so we are degraded, weak and helpless. If, through our good fortune,

we ban our human will and take the life of the Divine Will, we too will be strong and imperious; we will be brothers and sisters of all created things, which will not only trouble us no longer, but will give us dominion over them and we will be happy for ever and ever!

Are you glad? So make haste: listen to this poor *Piccina* who loves you so. Then how happy I will be when I can say that all my brothers and sisters are Kings and Queens because they all possess the life of the Divine Will.

So courage, respond to my appeal!

Yes, I hope that you will all respond to me unanimously, and far more, for it is not only I who am calling you, imploring you. With me, my sweet Jesus calls you in a tender, touching voice, telling us over and over again, even in tears: "*Take My Will for your life; and come into Its Kingdom.*"

Know that Our Lord was the first to pray to the heavenly Father that His Kingdom might come and His Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven, when He said the *Pater Noster*, and passing His prayer on to us, He appealed to us, begging us all to ask: "*Fiat Voluntas Tua sicut in coelo et in terra.*"

Therefore, every time you recite the *Pater* Jesus is overcome by such a longing to give you His Kingdom, His *Fiat*, that He hastens to say, with us, "*My Father, it is I who ask this for My children, do it quickly.*" Thus the first to pray is Jesus himself, and then you too ask this in the *Pater*. So don't you want all this goodness?

One last word.

Know that in seeing the longings, raptures and tears of Jesus, who yearns to give you his Kingdom, his *Fiat*, this little Child so longs, sighs and yearns to see you all in the Kingdom of the Divine

Will, all happy at making Jesus smile, that if she does not succeed with prayers and tears, she will try making scenes to succeed, both with Jesus and with you.

So listen to this little *Piccina*, cause her no further sighs, tell her, through grace: "*so be it, so be it... we all want the Kingdom of the Divine Will. Fiat.*"]

Some unpublished prayers

I enclose myself in your Will

My Jesus, I enclose myself in your Will so that I may breathe with your

breath to breathe with the breath of all
and turn them into so many affectionate
kisses.

I make my heartbeat beat in your
Will, to tell You in its every pulsation,
"I love You, I love You", and moving
within your Will, I offer to You
everyone's embrace, so that in clasping
You, embraced by your arms, no one
will ever offend You again and
everyone will love You, adore You,
bless You and do your holy Will.

Be my guide

My sweet Jesus, immure me in

your Will so that I see nothing, feel nothing, touch nothing but your holy Will, and with your power, make me holy, Jesus, in my acts to fill Heaven and earth with the Divine life.

O Queen, my Mother, be my teacher and my guide, and do not let me draw a single breath without the Divine Will.

Take my will

My Jesus, give me your Will and take my own, so that I may be sanctified with your holiness, love with your love, beat with your heart, walk with your

footsteps, repair with your reparation,
and form a Jesus with my words in the
hearts of all who hear me.

Queen, my Mother, hide me
beneath your mantle, to keep me safe
from all things and all people.

CHAPTER THREE

The healing of the epileptic

Aunt Rosaria, the last of numerous
offspring, was born on April 4, 1898.
My grandmother claimed that she was

the only "unlucky" member of the family in that she was subject to epileptic attacks. **In** addition, the middle, fourth and little fingers of her right hand had been amputated at the joints because of a minor accident.

My grandmother, in the hope of a cure, took her to Luisa; a group of girls to whom she taught lace-making were on their way to her house. She asked Luisa to let her join them, so that she could learn this craft. Aunt Rosaria was barely nine years old at the time, although she looked older. It was a cold, rainy day in January 1907. Luisa was already famous throughout Corato and everyone called

her Luisa the Saint. She was not only a woman who lived a holy life, respected by all, but was also a social worker. Indeed, at home she had set up a lace-making school which in those times was a significant social advancement for many girls, who left their homes and the farming environment. 1

This is how the meeting occurred
....

It was about 10:00 in the morning when my grandmother went with my aunt to Luisa's house in Via Nazario Sauro, known as Via dell'Ospedale. Luisa's mother, an elderly woman, came to open

the door and stayed chatting to my grandmother, asking her for news of some relatives.'

At the end of the discussion, Luisa's mother took them both into her daughter's room where Luisa was giving the girls embroidery lessons from her bed.

Angelina, Luisa's sister, had the girls who were making lace leave the room and brought in a chair for my grandmother. My grandmother sat down and the two began to talk.

This is my aunt's testimony: *"They both talked about different matters that I don't remember clearly, like two old friends who had not seen one another for some time. Finally, my mother kissed Luisa and left. I had the impression that they had also been talking about me and that Luisa had consented to my mother's request. When I was left alone with Luisa, she looked at me with a profoundly benevolent expression, as though she wished to encourage me. I had no suspicion of what was to happen to me later, that I would remain beside her without interruption for forty years. "*

Several days later, my aunt was stricken with a sudden epileptic fit, just as she was being taught the basic elements of lacemaking. My aunt never related this episode, because she was rather shy and reserved about all that concerned Luisa and rarely mentioned her at home. My mother told me of the event; she had heard it from a friend of hers who was present when it happened.

As soon as my aunt fell to the ground in a fit, foaming at the mouth and with her tongue protruding, the girls in the room were frightened and fled, while my aunt was helped by Angelina, Luisa's sister. In the meantime, Luisa

was not in the least upset, but continued her work as if she had not the slightest interest in the event. One girl, who had stayed where she was despite the shock, attests: "*Luisa, seeing Rosaria on the ground, raised her eyes to heaven and spoke these words: 'Lord, if you have put her beside me, I want her healthy.' And she continued her work.*" Because of the great commotion, no one attached any importance to Luisa's prayer.

Whether or not this prayer is true, from that moment Aunt Rosaria suffered no more epileptic fits. She lived to the age of eighty, and died from a diabetic

crisis (this is what it was diagnosed as). Her illness lasted a day and a half.

The bell of discord

Aunt Rosaria, the co-owner of family property, had renounced in our favor practically half her income, which at that time could be considered a substantial sum, because we were a large family, six children, all at school. She would come for a meal at home almost every day and felt in command of the situation. The work my aunt did at home was invaluable, especially as regards domestic chores: she assisted

with the cooking, set the table and helped to clear before she left.

Her contribution was much appreciated, for my mother was a teacher and we were all at school and found it difficult to attend to the housework. The few times that Aunt Rosaria did not come, there was pandemonium and everything was rushed. I remember that when we got back from school we would always find Aunt Rosaria ready to encourage us to wash our hands and make the sign of the cross before we started eating.

Sometimes however, she gave

signs of a strangeness that prompted us, especially my mother, to protest. Her behavior seemed to us insolent, challenging, as though she wanted to assert that it was she who was mistress of the house.

This also depended on her strong and independent character, which made her reluctant to confide in others.

Her presence threw everyone into a certain confusion, no one daring to say a word out of place, and she seldom complied with any of our wishes: she

never gave us little gifts or pocketmoney. She was only available when we showed a desire to go to confession or to church, especially vespers, which she never missed. She regularly attended the parish of Santa Maria Greca and she was to be found in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament kneeling in her usual place. When we looked for her for some family matter, if she was not at Luisa's house we would find her kneeling in the church in her customary place. One day I said to her: "Don't your knees hurt?" .. She smiled at me and, not answering the question, added:

"This is the place where Luisa knelt when she could come to church. And this is where Luisa spoke to Jesus."

Her strange conduct was annoying, and as a result some rather harsh remarks were made in our household. The causes of the family quarrels, especially between my aunt and my mother, were the following.

Very often, while we were eating, our aunt would leave the table in a hurry, put on her overcoat and go.

On other occasions, when important family affairs were being discussed, she would cut the conversation and disappear. This behavior of hers left everyone speechless, because it had no logical explanation. Aunt Rosaria was therefore considered a false and hypocritical woman and my mother attributed this attitude to her pride. Only my father, who was very fond of his sister, kept the balance and always made excuses for her, provoking the anger of my mother who felt offended by the lack of consideration he showed for her observations on our aunt.

As children, we sided with our mother, considering Aunt Rosaria the black sheep of the family and the object of our sarcasm. Our mother's intervention was required to moderate our indiscreet insistence. In spite of all this, my mother held Aunt Rosaria in high esteem and warned us: "*Remember, she is nonetheless a consecrated soul!*"

Perhaps what most upset us was that the following day Aunt Rosaria would present herself at home as though nothing had happened, and never responded to my mother's requests for an explanation of her attitude.

As a priest, when my aunt was already very old and the object of the family's veneration, I asked her the reason for her behavior. She said to me: "*Do you really want to know? Are you so very interested?*" .. "Yes," I answered.

So she began to speak: "*I suffered deeply from misunderstandings, but those were the tremendous tests to which the Lord subjected me, to make me a worthy custodian of Luisa. She used to spend many hours of the day in prayer. I guessed when she wanted to be left alone, without her saying*

anything to me. I would get up from my work, take her lace-making pillow from her, put it on the table and make everyone leave the room. I would draw the curtains round the bed, and close her door, and work would continue in silence in the next room. Many hours would pass and when I heard the bell, I would enter Luisa's room alone; I would draw back the curtains round the bed and I would put the lace cushion in her hands, so that everyone, returning to her room would find her as they had left her, intent on her work. In the morning, too, while I was still in bed, I was the only one who heard her bell, sometimes at about three or four o

'clock. Her sister, Angelina, grumbled because she was woken by hearing me getting up. I would go to Luisa's room and find her as though dead, showing no signs of life, motionless. I would arrange her hair and put the pillows, which I often found on the floor, behind her back. It should be noted that pillows (three) were placed behind Luisa, but she never leaned back on them, they only served to fill the space between her body and the bed-head. Having tidied Luisa, I would prepare the altar for Holy Mass. When the priest arrived for the celebration, I would let him in to the room alone. He would make the sign of the cross over

her body and call her back to life. Once Luisa had returned to normality, all the others would enter to take part in Holy Mass, including the ever present altar-boy. Luisa participated in Holy Mass as though she were in ecstasy, with very great devotion and responding in perfect Latin. After communion, everyone left, while Luisa immersed herself in a lengthy and deep thanksgiving which lasted several hours. Towards nine o'clock in the morning she would ring her bell, at which we would enter her room and begin the lace-making. I worked beside Luisa and we used the same bobbins, the same thread and the same pins, and

I would correct Luisa's work because her stitches were somewhat loose since she had not the strength to pull the threads tight, because of the pain in her hands due to the stigmata she had received. "

At this point I interrupted her and said: "But I never saw the stigmata on her hands!"

She answered me: "*Of course not, because they were internal and only I and a few other people saw them. Among these were her*

corifessors and the Cimadomo sisters, and I think her niece, Giuseppina, too. In fact, if one took Luisa's hand and held it up to the light, the internal hole was visible. When I entered her room during the night, I would frequently find her covered in blood: so much blood was seeping from her feet, her hands and her side, that her nightdress and the bed were soaked in it. Sometimes, the blood was even dripping onto the floor. Not only her body, but her head and face were also covered in blood: she seemed crucified. The first time I was deeply shocked, believing her to be dead through loss of blood, and I ran to

fetch cloths to clean her, but when I returned I found her absolutely clean, except for the sheet. It had all disappeared. This phenomenon would occur two or three times a year."

"But you," I said to her, "you never told anyone about this phenomenon?"

"No," she replied, "only Fr. Benedetto Calvi knew of it. He absolutely forbade me to speak of it, and said that he would deny me absolution if I were ever foolish

enough to tell anyone about it. You are the only one to know, and I hope that Luisa will not take it badly."

After a pause she continued. *"I beg you not to tell of this phenomenon."*

She gave me the impression that she regretted having told me of it. Indeed, it was the first time that she had ever mentioned it.

This is one of the many phenomena concerning Luisa's life

which had continued to be unknown.

My aunt, after a long pause, went on: "*Luisa usually worked only for churches, she would make pieces of lace for altar cloths, vestments and cassocks for priests. Sometimes, when they pestered her, she would make lace bedspreads for young couples. Luisa had a special soft spot for the sanctification of families, and many young husbands and wives would go to her for advice. How much good she did, and how many families did she save from ruin! I would leave the house when Luisa withdrew into prayer and when I returned, shortly afterwards,*

she would ring her bell, so I was not at all worried. Whenever I had to go away for a few days, her niece, Giuseppina, replaced me. But sometimes when I was somewhere else, at home, in church or at some friend's house, I would hear her bell; I would interrupt anything, even lunch, and hurry to Luisa's house. Because of my way of doing things I was considered odd, not only by the family but also by strangers. I could give no explanations because I alone could hear the sound of her bell and if I had told others, they would have taken me for a mental case and a visionary, so I was silent and when pressed to give a reason for this

attitude, I always tried to change the subject, pretending not to hear. All this caused me immense suffering. Often after a great rush to get to her, I would find Luisa still praying."

I asked her: "And who was ringing the bell?"

"I don't know," she replied.

"And what did Luisa say?"

"Nothing."

"And what did you do?"

"I knelt down beside her bed and prayed"

"But didn't you notice anything while Luisa was praying?"

Is what has been said of Luisa true, that she was often suspended in the air?"

"I cannot speak of these things, Luisa always forbade me to speak of them. Her confessor was the only one to know everything, and he was the repository of her extraordinary phenomena. Luisa, for her part, always pretended that nothing had happened, nor did she allow a single word to be

said of it. It all had to be submitted to the authority of the priest and he alone could decide whether the phenomena were to be divulged. Luisa did nothing and wrote nothing without the authorization of her confessor, she was so submissive to the Church's authority that nothing was to be known or written and divulged without his permission. It is on these lines that it will be possible to know all about Luisa; it is all recorded in her writings"

I added: "But her writings can't reveal everything about Luisa's life,

because it was far more complex."

"That's true" she answered. "I could tell of many things that no one knows."

"So why do you insistently refuse to speak?" "If Luisa had wished them to be known she would have written them down, or the Church would have ordered her to write them; it is clear that certain phenomena which occurred, which I and others witnessed, do not serve for the sanctification of souls. The Lord permitted to be known all that is of use to the Church and to souls, the rest serves no purpose. In

speaking of these things I feel as if I were profaning the intimacy that was built up between God and Luisa, human beings would not understand. The message bequeathed by Luisa exceeds her very person. Luisa wanted the Lord alone to have all the honor and glory, and she was to disappear into nothingness; this is why she loved solitude and silence, and showed great distress when she noticed that she was the object of people's veneration, for she considered herself only a poor sick person, in need of everything. I and others knew very well that Luisa had no need of anything, and that we had to be the custodians of her mystery. How

often in the morning did I find Luisa all tidy and the altar already prepared for Holy Mass with the candles lit."

"And how did this happen, if Luisa never set foot out of bed for about sixty years? Are you sure of what you say?"

"Absolutely certain! Because I was the only one who entered her room. "

"Did you never wonder what the explanation was?"

"I thought that Angels served her, especially her guardian Angel, to whom she was deeply devoted. Her room was often found full of fragrance."

"And did others smell this fragrance?"

"Yes, those who took part in Holy Mass. I remember that once Fr. Cataldo De Benedictis, who had come to celebrate Holy Mass in the absence of her confessor, said to me: 'Don't scent the room, or I will come out with a

headache '. I assured him that no one had put scent in the room, but he did not believe me."

"Is it true that Luisa vomited everything she ate?"

"Yes. However, this phenomenon was common knowledge, because Luisa was to live on God's Will alone. But many did not believe it, and thought that she must be eating something."

"I saw this too, several times, when I came to visit you in Luisa's house."

"So then what else do you want to know? A lot of food was wasted, and at the time, as you know, poverty was widespread. I also pointed this out to Luisa, even if her food was so scant that it would have hardly sufficed to keep a new born baby alive. Her answer was: 'Let us obey'. In fact her confessors were adamant, harsh and inflexible about this phenomenon. It seems to me that there was a precise order from the Bishop. Once the confessor told me very firmly: she must eat every day and everyone must know that she eats, or they will set the police at her door as they did with

Teresa Newman, with all the publicity of the newspapers. "

"But did she drink water or other liquids?"

"I never gave her water to drink; she drank nothing but the juice of bitter almonds which the Cimadomo sisters would bring her. Sometimes your sister Isa also prepared this juice, which she extracted from Aunt Nunzia's almonds."

"But don't bitter almonds contain a poisonous substance?"

And in the long term don't they harm the organism?"

"That I can't say, but I can assert with a clear conscience that it was the only liquid she drank without vomiting. "

"Was it at least sweetened?"

"No, "she replied, "now that's enough, I have said almost all that I could say, which moreover, was common knowledge. " "But I would like to know more!"

"No! That is merely curiosity; if Luisa

so wishes, I will be able to tell you a great many other things, and then it will be I who call you."

So ended my conversation with Aunt Rosaria." It was October 15, 1970.

A perfect lace-maker

Despite the mutilation of her fingers on one hand, Aunt Rosaria became a perfect lace-maker, to the wonder of all. She perfected Luisa's work and taught all the girls who took the lacemaking and embroidery course. In addition, she made herself indispensable and in fact, after the death

of Luisa's parents, became her housekeeper. It was she who received the commissions and finalized the work contracts. However, she told no one which pieces of lace had been made by Luisa, because the Servant of God did not want her own work to be the object of special attention or admiration. After Luisa's death, the embroidery work did not cease, for Aunt Rosaria kept alive the tradition of lace-making and embroidery which Luisa had caused to flourish. That Aunt Rosaria was a perfect lace-maker was considered by all as a never-ending miracle, since her physical handicap was such as to prevent from her doing this kind of

delicate craft. For work that could have earned millions - since it required years to complete - extremely modest sums were requested. This is why we nephews and nieces complained to our aunt, at which she used to reply: "*Money does not matter much. What is important is to be able to live.*" .. Aunt Rosaria told us that Luisa had categorically forbidden her to accept money for any reason, especially donations. If, by chance, sums of money arrived in letters, these letters were immediately returned to the sender. Luisa would say that what she possessed was too much for her and that she had no need of anything. The small sums which

they earned from their work were sufficient to support Aunt Rosaria and Luisa's sister, Angelina. The way the Servant of God answered Saint Annibale when he tried to give her the royalties for the works she had published is typical: "*I have no right,*" she said, refusing the money the blessed had offered her, "*because what was written is not mine.*"

The mysterious sores

In about 1940, my Aunt Rosaria, a robust woman shining with health, developed sores which in time grew bigger and more purulent, *although she*

felt no pain. Two big sores in particular, like two large swollen boils, were visible under her chin. These boils secreted pus almost all the time, and a few drops even fell into her plate while we were having lunch. I felt a sense of disgust during these unpleasant situations and tried to keep away from the table, but my mother, in order not to aggravate the embarrassment this caused us, would restrain me with her hand and, from time to time, pinch me. Aunt Rosaria, as a co-owner of the family possessions, often came home for meals. Her sores, which spread all over her body, especially on her breast and shoulders, were lovingly disinfected by

my mother, who urged her to go to Bari to see a specialist. But one day my aunt sat down to eat completely cured. In fact, there were small scars where the sores had been. No one made any comment; only when my aunt was leaving did my father retort, remembering previous and new episodes: "*Ched femn c fatt' vdai caus nov*" (that woman has always made us see new things), referring to Luisa. My father also had a great devotion for Luisa the Saint and on his deathbed he wanted to clasp her nightdress to his breast. My mother was wearing this same nightdress at the time of her own departure for heaven.

But what had happened to my aunt?

This is her account of what occurred, given during one of the visits I regularly paid her when I was curate at the Friary of Barletta.

My aunt, urged by my mother, consulted a dermatologist in Bari. The diagnosis was terrible: "*Dear lady,*" the doctor said to her. "*these are cancerous sores which will spread increasingly over your whole body. You have a form of leprosy, a very rare disease.*" Just imagine my aunt's state of mind on hearing these words. After wandering

about in Bari for several hours, in the evening she returned to Luisa's house. Aunt Rosaria gave vent to her feelings with the Servant of God and said to her with irritation: *"I'm with you all the time, and yet do you allow certain things? I have no children to take care of me."* Luisa let her speak and then said to her, *"Rosaria, Rosaria... you have gone round all these doctors and you have neglected the one true doctor."* On hearing these words, my aunt immediately took all the medicines, gauze and cotton wool, and flung them away, from the balcony (this happened in the house in the Via Maddalena, where they then lived). Then she said:

"I now entrust myself to Our Lord and to your prayers." Before she went to bed, Luisa called her, made her kneel beside her bed and together they spent a long time praying. My aunt then went to bed. She slept in a double bed beside Angelina. That night, Aunt Rosaria felt her body flooded with a sense of well-being. When she rose the next morning she found that all her sores had dried up; they were covered only by thin scabs which came off during the day: she was perfectly cured. Rumors of the miracle spread, but no one dared to speak of it openly although everyone knew that Luisa had had a hand in it. The reason for this was that Luisa did not want these

phenomena to be attributed to her. *"I cannot work miracles, it is Our Lord who does them,"* she asserted. This is why no extraordinary episode that occurred through her intervention was made public; all the same, news of such matters spread in silence.

Saint Padre Pio, Luisa Piccarreta and Rosaria Bucci

Luisa Piccarreta and Saint Padre Pio of Pietrelcina knew one another for some time without ever having met, for Luisa was always confined to the bed where she sat, while Padre Pio was enclosed in the friary of the Capuchin

Fathers of San Giovanni Rotondo."

One question naturally arises, how did they come to know one another?

This is difficult to discover, yet one thing is certain, that the two did know and esteem one another.

My aunt recounts how Luisa would speak with respect and veneration of the blessed father, describing him as a "*true man of God*," who still had great suffering to face for the good of souls.

In about 1930, a well-known figure arrived at Luisa's house, sent personally by Padre Pio. He was Federico Abresch, a convert of Padre Pio. Federico spoke at length with Luisa. What they said we are not given to know; but one thing is certain. Federico Abresch became an apostle of the Divine Will and regularly visited Luisa, with whom he always had long conversations.

When his little son received his first communion from Padre Pio's hands, he was also immediately taken to see Luisa who, according to the story, foretold that he would become a priest.

The small boy of that time is now a priest and works at the Congregation for Bishops in Rome; he is known by the name of Mgr. Pio Abresch.

When Luisa was condemned by the Holy Office and her works put on the Index, Padre Pio sent her this message though Federico Abresch: "*Dear Luisa, saints serve for the good of souls, but their suffering knows no bounds.*" .. At that time Padre Pio was also in very great difficulties.

Saint Padre Pio sent many people to Luisa Piccarreta and would say to the people of Corato who went to San

Giovanni Rotondo: *"What have you come here for? You have Luisa, go to her."*

Padre Pio recommended to certain of his faithful (including Federico Abresch) that they open a spirituality center at San Giovanni Rotondo, inspired by the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta.

Miss Adriana Pallotti (a spiritual daughter of Padre Pio) is currently an heir to Padre Pio's wishes. She has opened a House of the Divine Will at San Giovanni Rotondo, keeping alive the torch lit by Padre Pio with Federico

Abresch. Miss Adriana Pallotti says that it was Saint Padre Pio who encouraged her to spread Luisa Piccarreta's spirituality in San Giovanni Rotondo and to help disseminate the Divine Will throughout the world, as Padre Pio desired.

Aunt Rosaria went regularly to San Giovanni Rotondo, especially after Luisa's death. Padre Pio knew her very well, and when Luisa was still alive he would ask Aunt Rosaria when he saw her: "*Rosa', how is Luisa?* "

Aunt Rosaria would answer him:
"She is well!".

After Luisa's death, Aunt Rosaria increased her visits to San Giovanni Rotondo, in order to receive enlightenment and advice from Padre Pio.

Aunt Rosaria was the one lamp that stayed alight to resolve Luisa Piccarreta's case regarding the sentence of the Holy Office, visiting various ecclesiastical figures and, in addition, confronting the Congregation of the Holy Office. Once she managed - it is not known how - to enter the office of the Cardinal Prefect, Ottaviani, who heard her kindly and promised to take up the case.

Indeed, a few days later, Aunt Rosaria was summoned by Archbishop Addazi of Trani, who said to her: *"Miss Rosaria, I do not know whether to reprimand you or to admire you for your courage. You have faced the guard dog of the Church, the great defender of the faith, without being bitten."*

The conclusion was that permission was obtained to move Luisa's body from the cemetery to the Church of Santa Maria Greca.

Luisa said to my aunt: *"You will be my witness"* and one day Padre Pio

told her point-blank in his Benevento dialect: " *'Rosa', va nanz, va nanz ca Luisa ie gran e u munn sara chin di Luisa*" (Rosaria, go ahead, go ahead for Luisa is great and the world will be full of Luisa). My aunt often recounted this episode, but things were not going well: everything indicated that Luisa would soon be forgotten. After the venerated Padre Pio' s death, my aunt said one day: "*Padre Pio prophesied that Luisa would be known throughout the world.*" .. And she repeated the phrase Padre Pio had said in his dialect.

I answered that there would be no

easy solution to the case of Luisa Piccarreta. Indeed nothing further was said of it in Corato either, and Padre Pio's words could have been considered merely a comforting remark. But Aunt Rosaria retorted: *"No! During my confession Padre Pio told me that Luisa is not a human factor, she is a work of God and He Himself will make her emerge. The world will be astounded at her greatness; not many years will pass before this happens. The new millennium will see Luisa's light."*

I was silent at this assertion and my aunt asked me: *"But do you believe*

in Luisa? "

I answered her that I did.

Then she said to me: "*Come to my house in a few days' time, because I have something very important to tell you. "*

It was during the 70s and Padre Pio had been dead for a several years.

Aunt Rosaria's secret

In 1975, on 2 February to be exact - I remember it was a very chilly day - my aunt summoned me to her house. She

was very old and was beginning to have problems with her sight, due to diabetes. My nephew and niece, Vincenzo and Sara, went to her house to keep her company.

That day, I found her sitting at the window as she recited the Rosary.

I sat down next to her, and having greeted her, asked her what it was she wanted to tell me that was so important.

She looked at me and said: *"What I am going to tell you now is of the utmost importance. Try to use it well*

and I urge you to meditate on the miracles of the Lord who gave us Luisa, a precious creature in God's eyes and an instrument of his mercy. You would find it hard to discover such a precious, great soul. Luisa goes beyond herself, and you can only contemplate her folly in God's mystery. Mary was the One who brought Redemption into the world with her Fiat, which is why the Lord enriched her in such a wonderful way that she became a creature who was raised to the dignity of Mother of God. Mary is the Mother of God, and no other creature will ever equal her in greatness and power; after God it is

she alone who expresses the Lord's marvels to the world. After Our Lady comes Luisa, who brings the world the third Fiat, the Fiat of Sanctification. "

She said this quietly, marking her words well, convinced of what she was asserting. I was overwhelmed by these assertions.

"That is why Luisa was always nailed to her bed and every day offered to the Divine Majesty as a victim of expiation to God's Most Holy Will," she continued. "God was pleased with this creature and so jealously guarded

her that He removed her from human beings, entrusting her only to His Church, so that she could preserve her and humanly forge her with infinite penances and misunderstandings. My Luisa knew no human consolations but only divine ones; her body was continually suspended between heaven and earth, and her earthly life was a continuous contradiction in comparison with normal human lives. Even in her body, she had to belong entirely to God. "

She then confided to me: "*One day the Lord said to Luisa: 'all those who have seen and known you will be*

saved' . „6

"Dear Peppino, this is an extraordinary gift of God and it has remained shrouded in silence because Luisa did not want knowledge of it broadcast, or she would have become the object of curiosity or veneration which, she said, she did not deserve. Except that one day her confessor told me that I could speak of it and spread it with discretion. Now I have told you, in the hope that you may be able to make good use of it. "

That day I was left enchanted by the language used by Aunt Rosaria, who expressed theological concepts perfectly, and even in a poetic vein.

By accident, the notes I had made were lost and I have limited myself to writing what I remember.

Her death, almost unexpected, gave me no time to ask her further questions, which would have provided a clear explanation of what she had told me.

Aunt Rosaria died in 1978.

CHAPTER FOUR

Saint Annibale Maria di Francia and Luisa Piccarreta

Aunt Rosaria would often and willingly speak of Saint Annibale Maria di Francia, founder of the Rogationist Fathers and the Sisters of Divine Zeal.

She spoke of the blessed as though he were intimately familiar to her, using the name "Fr. Francia."!! personally took great interest in this figure and often asked the Rogationist Fathers if by chance there might be anything in their archives about the relations between Luisa and Saint Annibale. I even went to the Sant' Antonio Institute in Corato, a house which the blessed had wanted personally, in order to move Luisa there to be with the sisters.

My aunt told me that Fr. Annibale had conceived of the project of taking Luisa to the Institute of sisters opened in

Trani, but that Luisa had made him see that the Lord wanted her to stay in Corato. Fr. Annibale's project was implemented in 1928, after his holy death.

Annibale di Francia was the extraordinary confessor of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta, and it was he who published her works. Saint Annibale belonged to that array of priests who built up the Church of God with their holiness and their institutions for orphans and abandoned children. The work of these men was of great benefit to Italy and the Church, in a period when anticlericalism was

triumphant.

According to Aunt Rosaria, the blessed enjoyed the great esteem of St. Pius X who willingly granted him private audiences. It seems that St. Pius X paid great attention to Luisa Piccarreta: our blessed submitted her writings to him before having them printed.

Aunt Rosaria affirmed that after reading some of Luisa's writings, especially her famous work on the Passion of Our Lord, published under the title *L'orologio della Passione*, St. Pius X said to him: "Dear father, you

must read these writings on your knees, because it is Our Lord Jesus Christ who is speaking in them." .. And it was the holy Pontiff who urged Fr. Annibale to publish them.'

Annibale called on Luisa regularly, at her house in Via Nazario Sauro, staying with her for several hours, conversing with her on spiritual matters.

He often took some Italian or foreign bishop to visit Luisa, and my aunt remembers the visit of a prelate from Hungary. To dispel certain doubts, the blessed father took several

theologians to Luisa; having spoken to the Servant of God at length, they would gather in another room for long discussions of what they had heard.

My aunt recalls that one Hungarian bishop, after talking to Luisa, emerged from her room in deep distress and said the following words in his imperfect Italian: "*Pray for my people,*" for Luisa had informed him of the far from rosy future that awaited his homeland. Aunt Rosaria could not tell me precisely who the bishop was, nor exactly where he came from, she only told me: "*a Magyar bishop.*" I realized that he must have been a Hungarian

bishop.

Fr. Annibale did not only visit Luisa to talk to her; he gave lectures to all those who frequented Luisa's house, especially the young people. These lectures bore abundant fruits. Indeed, many of the girls became sisters, many of the young men were initiated to the priesthood and quite a few were admitted to his new congregation.

Many people went to Luisa's house to confess to Fr.

Annibale. This was confirmed to me by Canon Andrea Bevilacqua who, as a

young seminarian, would also go to Luisa's house to confess to Fr. Annibale, who was also the extraordinary and deeply loved confessor of Archbishop Leo of Trani.

In my earlier publication I did not mention Saint Annibale di Francia, because I was advised to say nothing, to avoid creating obstacles to his cause of beatification under way.

It would be most interesting to consult the archives of the Rogationists and of the Sisters of Divine Zeal, where there must certainly be traces of the long correspondence between the Servant of

God Luisa Piccarreta and Saint Fr. Annibale. My aunt told me that Luisa's spirituality was impressed upon the institute's Rule. It would be most interesting to read the institute's old Rule and Constitutions. I hope, now that Fr. Annibale has been beatified by the Church, that the Rogationists and the Sisters of Divine Zeal will be able to re-evaluate the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta who contributed so much to their development with her prayers, her advice and her writings.

Much still remains to be said about the relations between Saint Annibale, the Servant of God Luisa

Piccarreta and St. Pius X, for whom Luisa had great veneration. At that time she already revered him as a saint, and on various occasions said these words:

"The Lord has given the Church two great Pontiffs in these times; the first, a beloved son of Our Lady," with reference to Pius IX, *"the second, a great defender of the faith and of the Eucharist."*

Saint Annibale di Francia had to overcome enormous obstacles in order to put into practice his plan to have Luisa taken to one of the houses of his

congregation to be with the sisters. He often used to say these words: "*The acceptance of Luisa in a house of my Institute will be a blessing of God for the whole Congregation.*"

Indeed, although there were already two houses of the Congregation of Divine Zeal in Trani, with holy persistence he opened a female house in Corato, close to Luisa's birthplace. His project was not easy to implement: the holy founder died before the house had been completed.

Two years after his death, Luisa entered the house of the Sisters of

Divine Zeal in Via delle Murge.

Rosaria Bucci's memories

Saint Annibale Maria di Francia paid frequent visits to the Servant of God, with whom he had long conversations, staying for hours in Luisa's little room, where he also often celebrated Holy Mass.

This is what I remember of what Aunt Rosaria told me.

In 1910, a priest arrived at Luisa's house and asked to speak to her. This was the first of the many encounters

between the two "saints." .. That day, it was Aunt Rosaria who opened the door to him, then a young girl who had become familiar with Luisa's milieu, who had been visiting her for four years and so collaborated with Angelina in the household affairs. Moreover, since Aunt Rosaria had mastered lace-making, she was acting as teacher for the other girls, who were apprentices; she was also called by Luisa to set right her own work that was often defective, for the Servant of God was unable to pull the knots tight enough because of the stigmata, hidden beneath her skin and a source of pain.'

Aunt Rosaria, on many occasions, prepared a little bed in a room in Luisa's house on which Saint Annibale would sometimes rest, especially when he was a guest of the Piccarreta family for more than a day.

The saint's stays in Luisa's house were dictated by the fact that before giving her writings to Annibale, she had to read through them all and provide explanations on doubtful or incomprehensible points.

It was my aunt herself who gave Saint Annibale the manuscript of the famous book on meditation of the

Passion. Saint Annibale had it printed with the name *L'orologio dell'Passione*, a title about which Luisa was not at first enthusiastic. The publication, with a long preface by the Saint, went into several editions, four to be precise.

Aunt Rosaria remembered that Saint Annibale once urged all the girls and Luisa's regular visitors to read and meditate upon the work. In giving it to them, the saint said: "*Before having the manuscript printed, I was received in audience by His Holiness Pius X, to whom I gave a copy. Several days later, having returned to see the Holy Father for matters concerning my new*

Congregation, he said these words: 'Have Luisa Piccarreta's L' orologio della Passione printed immediately. Read it on your knees, because it is Our Lord who is speaking in it. '"

Since we have no other documents available, we cannot but trust the testimony of Rosaria Bucci.

Saint Annibale and the Capuchin Friars of the Monastic Province of Puglia

It seems that the Franciscan fathers, and particularly the Capuchins,

suggested to Saint Annibale that he place his works under the protection of St. Anthony of Padua. It is certain that there was a deep reciprocal esteem between Saint Annibale and the Capuchins.

I personally heard a lot about Saint Annibale Maria di Francia from our older fathers.

Fr. Annibale published Luisa's writings, many of which were given to our friars, whom he warmly commended not to disclose the author's name to anyone since the devout writer wished to remain anonymous.

The Capuchin friar who had the most to say about this was Fr. Isaia from Triggiano, who was simple and humble, the figure of an authentic priest. This father had a deep veneration for Luisa Piccarreta and jealously preserved her writings and a few objects that had belonged to the Servant of God. Among these was a holy card with a picture on which a prayer had been written by Luisa in her own hand.

Fr. Isaia often used to say: *"Luisa is a great saint and Fr.*

Annibale another great saint, because he enabled us to know her. Saints

understand one another. It is God who brings them together."

In far off 1917, Fr. Isaia from Triggiano was a Capuchin student at our friary in Francavilla Fontana, where on several occasions the friars gave hospitality to Fr. Annibale Maria di Francia, who was establishing one of his works in nearby Oria.

These are Fr. Isaia's impressions of Fr. Annibale: *"He was a priest who truly belonged to God, and at the sight of him, we students would gather round him with great sympathy. We all went to him for confession. He had an unusual*

appearance, as well as an unusual manner of speech and gestures, always moderate and with a reserve that did not command fear but filial trust. He constantly spoke to us of God's Will and exhorted us to bear with hardships and contradictions. He told us that a soul who was consecrated entirely to God was suffering and praying for us all."

*"This soul," Saint Annibale said to Fr. Isaia, "is a daughter of your region, and this is a sign that the Lord is blessing the people of Bari", To comfort him in his doubts and sufferings, he gave him *L'orologio della Passione*,*

which he himself had had printed. Fra Isaia, a Capuchin student at the time, asked him where this holy soul lived and who she was, but Fr. Annibale answered: *"just think about preparing yourself properly for the priesthood and always doing God's Will, and in due course you will discover who this soul is."*

Fr. Isaia, become a priest, went to see Luisa Piccarreta, from whom he sought advice and - not infrequently - comfort in his apostolate, threatened by malicious gossip.

At that time the Monastic

Province of Puglia was passing through a difficult period because of various disagreements between the two Provinces of Bari and Lecce, united in a single Monastic Province. Certain fathers headed a reform that was blocked by St. Pius X.

The majority submitted, but others resisted and ended by being expelled from the Order and excommunicated. One of these was Fr. Gerardo, superior and director of the studentate of Francavilla.

This father had extraordinary ideas about running the students'

community with a draconian discipline; he frequently left the students fasting, because they had to mortify themselves and resemble the crucified Christ. The worst thing was that he did not even allow them to study. Their studying was to consist of the crucifix and penance; he consequently placed in the students' rooms a large crucifix and a scourge. It is easy to grasp the state of mind of all the students, many of whom fell ill. Fr. Annibale di Francia, on one of his visits, called Fr. Gerardo and made him understand that young men who were still growing could not be treated with such a regime. And he himself set the example, by taking a great many

provisions to the friary and begging them to eat their fill, at least sometimes. Fr. Annibale was very sensitive to the young students' health, and would often say to them: *"This is not God's Will."*

It seems that Fr. Gerardo was not totally unmoved by the exhortations of Fr. Annibale, who could speak with such conviction and love that he had an impact on even the hardest of hearts. In fact, the results were immediately noticed: books were bought for the priestly formation of the young men, and slightly larger portions of bread and soup began to appear.

Shortly afterwards Fr. Gerardo left the Order and was excommunicated for his bizarre ideas and his rebellion against the Church. The Venerable Annibale's words came true. Indeed, when the despairing students knelt at his feet for confession, he would often say: *"Continue to live God's Will intensely, because in a little while everything will change. Courage!"*

Many fathers were in contact with Fr. Annibale and through him became acquainted with Luisa. How is it possible to forget Fr. Daniel from Triggiano, a splendid figure of a Capuchin, a man who was a true little

flower of St. Francis. Still today, his simplicity, his words and his acts live on throughout our Monastic Province.

Fr. Daniele spoke of Luisa Piccarreta as though she were a heavenly creature and when, as a young seminarian, I went to his room for confession, he always said this to me:

"Are you Bucci from Corato? Did you know Luisa? You should know that she is a great saint and you should never stop praying to her if you want to be a priest. "

Fr. Daniele was the historian of Triggiano and also published several devotional manuals, drawing heavily from Luisa Piccarreta's books. The way he spoke of Luisa suggests that he was in direct contact with the Servant of God and with Venerable Annibale.

I also heard the following fathers talk a lot about the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta. Fr. Giovanni De Bellis, who was frequently invited to Corato to preach, went to Luisa's house on these occasions. Fr. Giovanni, my confrere in the community of the Friary of Trinitapoli when I was superior and parish priest, often spoke to me of Luisa

Piccarreta and Saint Annibale Maria di Francia, whom he had known personally. I had the good fortune to be present at Fr. Giovanni's last moments. This father died while he was completely immersed in prayer, his hands joined, the beads of the rosary between them. His last words were: *"May God's Will be done."* . .It was 1982.

Fr. Terenzio from Campi Salentina also deeply venerated the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta and would talk of her every time he met me. It was he who told me that the beatification cause of Fr. Annibale, Luisa's confessor, had been

initiated. When I was a young novice at the Friary of Alessandro, Fr. Terenzio was superior. One day he offered me this testimony: *"There was a period when I was going through a crisis in my faith, and one day I went to Luisa, who listened to me kindly. She clarified all my doubts, and gave me such clear and profound theological explanations that they were a revelation to me. All the doubts that my theological studies had not clarified were dispelled by Luisa. There is no doubt that Luisa had the gift of infused knowledge."*

Fr. Guglielmo from Barletta, one of the most distinguished priests of the

Province who had several times been Minister Provincial and was rector of our theology center for students, spoke one day, during a lesson on ascetics, of Venerable Fr. Annibale and his works. He spoke at length of *L 'orologio della Passione* and of the book *Maria nel Regno della Divina Volunta*. Referring to Luisa Piccarreta, he said: "*She is a great and marvelous soul. We are not even worthy to be her finger-nail.*" .. Fr. Giuglielmo did not tell me whether he had known Luisa personally.

Almost all our older fathers had direct or indirect contact with the Venerable Annibale and Luisa

Piccarreta. Among them those to be remembered are: Fr. Zaccaria from Triggiano, several times Provincial; Fr. Fedele from Montescaglioso; Fr. Giuseppe from Francavilla Fontana; Fr. Tobia from Trigiano; Fr. Antonio from Stigliano, who left some writings on the Servant of God; Fr. Dionisio from Barletta; Fr. Arcangelo from Barletta, also Provincial; Fr. Pio from Triggiano, Provincial; Fr. Gabriele from Corato; Fr. Timoteo from Aquarica, a great friend of Luisa's last confessor, Fr. Benedetto Calvi, in whose parish he often preached (he also assisted at the translation of Luisa's body from the cemetery to the church, and

concelebrated at the Mass in the main church for the opening of the beatification cause of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta); Fr. Salvatore from Corato, of whom I shall speak in a separate chapter. Many lay brothers who went to Corato to beg for alms never failed to visit Luisa: Fra Ignazio, Fra Abele, Fra Rosario, Fra Vito and Fra Crispino, who often spoke to me enthusiastically of Luisa, whom they greatly revered.

**Luisa's special love for the Capuchins.
Fr. Salvatore from Corato and Luisa
Piccarreta**

Fr. Salvatore from Corato was a Capuchin totally focused on Luisa the Saint. I knew him when I was a student at the seminary of Giovinazzo (the 4th and 5th years of secondary school). Fr. Salvatore came to spend his holidays with us. During our walks down the alleys in the friary garden, he always spoke about Luisa to me and about how his Capuchin vocation developed.

Fr. Salvatore was a splendid figure of a Capuchin. He came from a well-to-do family, he had very gentle manners and showed a delicacy of mind that I have rarely encountered in other friars. His Capuchin and priestly

vocation caused him great suffering and gave rise to much opposition. As an orphan, he had been brought up by an aunt who often took him to visit Luisa the Saint, who regarded him with great kindness and gladly engaged in conversation with the young lad.

One day she said to him: "*The Lord wants you to be a priest,*" but the boy did not attach much importance to her words. Having become a good-looking young man, rich and sought after by all the girls, he embarked upon a career in the navy and made many voyages. During the long ocean

crossings, which sometimes lasted for months on end, the brilliant sailor would stay on the bridge of the ship to contemplate the infinite sea and the stars. He often remembered Luisa's words: "*The Lord wants you to be a priest.*"

Finding himself in danger of death, all that was left to him was to call upon Luisa: "*Luisa, if you want me to be a priest, save me!*" Chance had it that many of his companions died, whereas he was saved by a strange miracle. Shortly afterwards he abandoned his career, returned to Corato and went to see Luisa. After a long conversation,

Luisa advised him to enter the Capuchins, telling him that he would encounter enormous difficulties. The Lord would be putting his vocation to the test.

Indeed, he had difficulty in being accepted by the Order, meeting with opposition from those in charge of the students' formation. They cited his age, for he was already older than the normal students, his life as a sailor, certainly ridden with vice, and it was also said that coming from a well-off family, he would find it very difficult to embrace a Rule so strict in itself. The letters of introduction from the archpriest, Fr.

Clemente Ferrara, and from Fr. Andrea Bevilacqua, who personally accompanied him to the novitiate in Montescaglioso, were to no avail.

The novice master and superior did not accept him nor did they allow him even to enter the friary. Thus the poor young man had to stay outside the friary for three days, awaiting an answer from the Father Provincial, to whom the superior and novice master had perhaps turned.

Luisa's words came true.

Fr. Salvatore, received into the Capuchin Order, generously relinquished all his family possessions and embarked upon studies for the priesthood. Ordained a priest, he wanted to go to Luisa's house to celebrate a thanksgiving Mass. He would end his stories with this words *"Luisa is in my heart and in my life, I feel her very close, as though she still wanted to speak to me."* .. And he added: *"I am sure that I will not have a long life, because Luisa is in a hurry to bring me to heaven,"* and he would say this with a smile so heavenly that it is impossible to describe.

Fr. Salvatore was used by his superiors as teacher and director of our boys in the minor seminaries, and was highly appreciated and loved by all. His spiritual and human gifts enriched the exercise of his priestly ministry. His health, which had been shaky since his entry into the Order, was a sign of God's Will which matured him for his Kingdom through suffering.

When I asked him if I could read Luisa's writings which had been condemned by the Holy Office, he answered no, saying:

"Luisa belongs entirely to the Church and in the Church, which often tells us to renounce even beautiful things. Remember that all the Church does is God's Will, which has its own times. Perhaps the world is not yet ready to receive and understand this great saint. I believe that in a little while the Lord himself will put her on the lamp stand."

Fr. Salvatore died on 3 September 1956, at the age of forty.

CHAPTER FIVE

A strange lunch

I began to visit Luisa Piccarreta's house when I was five years old, taken there by Aunt Rosaria.

When I became a little older, I would often take Luisa baskets of fresh fruit which my father picked on our land.

On various occasions my aunt made me stay to lunch at the Piccarreta house. Luisa did not eat with us, because she was in bed in her room and it was there that she ate the few grams of

food that she took every day.

One day, curious, I watched the menu that was being prepared for Luisa: her whole meal was on the same plate. It was a Sunday, the day our family ate *orecchiette* (ear-shaped pasta shells) with meat sauce. No more than five or six *orecchiette* had been put on a plate with three or four grapes. My aunt, seeing my surprise, looked at me compassionately and smiled. At a certain point she said: "Take this plate in to Luisa." .. More surprised than ever, I took the plate and carried it to the room of Luisa who was in bed. She had just put down her lace-making work; a

stool had been set before her on which a cloth was spread, where I put the plate. She gave me a deep look with her large eyes without saying a word, took a grape and popped it into my mouth. I left the room while Luisa was beginning to eat her strange lunch. I had hardly sat down at table when we heard a bell ring. My aunt got up quickly, took a tray and went to Luisa's room. I followed her instinctively and unwittingly saw something that left me perplexed. Luisa vomited all the food that she had eaten, unspoiled and whole. The most extraordinary thing is that she felt none of the discomfort or unpleasantness that usually accompanies vomiting. My aunt

removed the stool from her knees, put it aside, drew the curtains round her bed, closed the shutters and said to me: "Let's go now because Luisa has to pray." When I got home, I told my mother all about it. She was not in the least surprised, since she had known of this phenomenon for some time. Luisa actually never ate nor drank; she lived on the Divine Will alone. This phenomenon lasted for almost seventy years, through thick and thin. Out of obedience to her confessors, she was obliged to eat at least once a day, even if she vomited everything immediately afterwards.

The broken promise of mortification

One day, it was a Sunday, I was at Luisa's house, when she called me and said: "Today is Sunday, at home you will be eating meat, leave a little for Baby Jesus." . I assured her I would do so. However, having left Luisa's house, I forgot everything, including the promise to leave some meat for Baby Jesus.

It should be emphasized that in those days meat was a luxury food, only eaten on feast days and in small quantities.

I enjoyed eating my meat, having

forgotten the morning's promise. Luisa, on the contrary, had not forgotten at all and as soon as I arrived at her house in the afternoon, the first thing she said to me was: "You forgot the promise you made to Baby Jesus." . .I was dumbfounded and did not know what excuse to make. Aunt Rosaria alleviated my embarrassment by saying: "He's only a little boy, what can he understand!" .. But I realized that her unsolicited answer did not satisfy Luisa.

A prophecy

My family, deeply religious, wanted one of us boys to be a priest,

given that my father's branch of the family had been richly endowed with priests and a cousin of my mother's was then Vicar General of the Diocese of Salerno, at the time of the famous Bishop Balducci Monterisi. My mother had kept up a correspondence with this cousin, with whom we were not personally acquainted. I only remember that she spoke enthusiastically of him.

The eyes of the family were focused on my brother Agostino, a tidy, well-educated, hard-working and reserved boy: in brief, a suitable type for an ecclesiastical career. Aunt Rosaria was very pleased when my

brother expressed the wish to enter a seminary; the opinion of our parish priest, Fr. Cataldo Tota, of venerable and holy *memory*, was very flattering.

His clothes were prepared. My aunt prepared a cassock with lace borders. Everything was ready for my brother Agostino to enter the Seminary of Bisceglie. However, an unexpected event then occurred which upset everything, so that my brother never did enter the seminary. The cause of it all was Fr. Andrea Bevilacqua, who recommended that Agostino, his pupil in middle school, not be sent to the seminary, but wait until he had

completed at least the fifth year of secondary school; he would then enter Molfetta Seminary directly without having been to the minor seminary, which Fr. Andrea did not think could guarantee an adequate formation. Aunt Rosaria was very upset at this event and one day complained to Luisa: "After having spent so much, Agostino will not even be entering the seminary."

It should be said that Luisa had already previously proved silent and indifferent to this plan. Although Agostino diligently visited her house and although she knew of his intentions, Luisa never gave him a word of

encouragement as she had to other boys who had expressed the same wish. Luisa responded to my aunt's complaints in my presence, by saying: "Rosaria, Rosaria.... You are trying to substitute God's Will with your own! The Lord does not want him," and turning her eyes to me, she said to her: "Look after this one! Because the Lord wants this one and not that one." Aunt Rosaria was amazed to hear the words of Luisa who said: "Yes, this very one who is the rebel of the family!"

In fact, I loved street life. I was very lively and surrounded myself with poor children. My companions

systematically played truant from school, they went about barefoot, smelling of the hens, sheep and rabbits that were raised in their homes. Therefore I did not work very hard at school either, and was the despair of my middle-class family (my mother was a teacher and my father, a municipal employee).

I did not attach much importance to Luisa's words; I was only in the fourth year of elementary school; there were big social problems; the collapse of Fascism, the German occupation; schools were closed and food was scarce. I completely forgot Luisa's

words. After Luisa's death, on 4 March 1947, my Aunt Rosaria often thought of what Luisa had said and began to look at me inquiringly, as though she wanted to detect any signs of my inclination. Later, to the great wonder of all, Peppino, the rowdiest boy in the district of Via Andria, entered the seminary, not the diocesan seminary but the Seraphic Seminary of the Friars Minor Capuchin of Barletta. It was 1948. A year had passed since Luisa Piccarreta's death. Many bet, given my character, that my stay in the seminary would not last long, and that I would be a nuisance there too. Many even criticized my mother for rashly having allowed me to enter it.

Time proved these inauspicious predictions wrong and the townspeople began to give credit to the words of my Aunt Rosaria, who proudly told everyone how Luisa had prophesied that I would be a priest. Aunt Rosaria would say with determination: "Peppino will succeed in becoming a priest. It is God's Will, expressed by Luisa."

A rough sea

Several years passed. My mother and father had died prematurely; our

large family was dispersed. Three of us were married, one sister in Trieste, another in Bologna, my brother in Switzerland: the house, emptied of us, was lived in with our consent by Aunt Rosaria.

By then I was a theology student at the studentate in Santa Fara; I had already received the minor orders and the diaconate.

During the summer, all the students moved to the Friary of Giovinazzo. The building, virtually overlooking the sea, was an ideal place

to spend a holiday and the major seminary was also based there. One day in August we went to the beach. The sea was very rough; a rash student flung himself into the water and was instantly submerged by the breakers. I and another two companions, expert swimmers, dived in after our confrere, but because of the turbulent water we were swept away by the waves, flung against the rocks and sucked back repeatedly.

In these circumstances, half dazed I meditated on my death and said to myself: "I will not be a priest after all!" Then I called upon Luisa and said:

"Luisa the Saint, help me!" and abandoned myself without reacting. At a certain point I felt my body grasped by the hands of other confreres, who dragged me to safety before the waves sucked me back again once and for all.

I emerged from the water, bleeding and with cuts all over me, but alive. Luisa had saved me, together with the other three students, my companions in misfortune.

The following night I dreamed of Luisa who looked at me with those great eyes of hers that were imprinted upon my mind, but she said nothing.

Was it a premonitory dream or delirium? It is true that during the next days I had a very high temperature, but I then recovered from the illness.

The following year I became a priest. I was ordained by the Archbishop of Bari, at that time Archbishop Enrico Cicodemo, in the Capuchins' church at Triggiano on March 14, 1964.

CHAPTER SIX

Promotion to the cardinalate foretold

Another person who was very close to Luisa Piccarreta was the venerable Cardinal Cento of holy *memory*.

From the early days of his priesthood, Cardinal Cento had been a regular visitor to Luisa's house. Aunt Rosaria often spoke to me of Cardinal Cento and although he had attained the high rank of cardinal, she always referred to him simply as Father or Fr. Cento.

At first I did not realize that she

meant Cardinal Cento.

Once, when I was at home, the postman handed me a letter covered in Vatican stamps, and bearing a cardinal's coat of arms; only then did I understand who Fr. Cento was, whom I had heard my aunt mention so often. I asked her to explain why she called a cardinal by that name, but she answered: *"I was very close to Fr. Cento, I treated him as if he were my brother. Every time he came to Corato, to Luisa's house, it was I who accompanied him to various places, to see the archpriest or the Bishop in Trani, and I showed him the sights of*

Corato many times. He was a cheerful, jocular person, and when he celebrated Holy Mass he seemed an angel. I knew Fr. Cento from the days of my youth and on various occasions we had a meal together at Luisa's house with Angelina. Cardinal Cento would spend a long time talking to Luisa, and he once said to me 'Luisa always tells me that they will 'dye me red' (make me a Cardinal), but,' and he said this jokingly, 'I shall try not to have myself rigged out in fancy dress! ', One day I saw Fr. Cento with a dark look on his face, and it was the only time that he did not joke and had very little to say. It was when Luisa was condemned

Despite the censure of the Holy Office, Fr. Cento did not interrupt his visits to Luisa and he answered my question as to what had led to this disaster with these dry words: 'Rosaria, please don't talk about all this, because it is we who are the most hurt by it '. And after a long silence, he added: These are tremendous trials that the Lord is sending us. '"

As is common knowledge, Fr. Cento was an outstanding figure in the Roman Curia.

Aunt Rosaria kept in touch with Cardinal Cento by letter, and it seems

that he used all his influence when it was a question of translating Luisa's body from the cemetery to the Church of Santa Maria Greca.

At this point I must confess that I am seriously remiss: I was unable to save the letters that Cardinal Cento sent to my aunt. Indeed, at the pious death of Aunt Rosaria, my nephew and niece, in emptying the house, threw away all the material which, in their eyes had no importance, including Cardinal Cento's letters.

This was a great loss. Such a source would have given great value to

what I have explained above, and in addition, we would have known what Cardinal Cento thought of Luisa Piccarreta. The cardinal's family archives should be researched, in order to recover this valuable material.

The bishop healed

It was during the year 1917. The new Archbishop of Trani, Archbishop Regime, perhaps influenced by that part of the clergy, who not only attached no importance to all that was happening to Luisa Piccarreta but openly manifested their hostility to the Servant of God, had established a very severe decree with

regard to Luisa: priests were prohibited from entering her house and from celebrating Holy Mass there, a privilege which had been granted to Luisa by Pope Leo XIII and confirmed by Pope Pius X in 1907.

This measure was to be read out in all the churches of the diocese.

This is what happened.'

While he was signing his "famous decree," he was suddenly afflicted by partial paralysis. When the priests present at that moment came to his help, he made them understand that he wanted

to be taken to Luisa's house.

Aunt Rosaria described this unusual episode in this way: *"It was about eleven o'clock when we heard the sound of a carriage that stopped right outside the porch of Luisa's house. I looked out from the balcony to see who it was and saw three priests, one of them, as it were, supported by the other two. Luisa said to me: 'Open the door, the bishop is coming'. In fact, Archbishop Regime was at the door, supported by two other priests,"* probably the vicar and chancellor of the Curia of Trani, *"the bishop was uttering incomprehensible*

words. He was immediately ushered into Luisa's room. It was his first visit to the home of the Servant of God, who, as soon as she saw him, said: "Bless me, Your Excellency." .. The bishop raised his hand as though nothing had happened and blessed her. He was completely cured!

Archbishop Regime remained in Luisa's room in a secret conversation for about two hours, and to the wonder of all, especially the priests, he emerged from her room smiling. He blessed those present and left."

An effort was made to keep the case secret, and so it remained to the wider public. As long as he was in Trani, Archbishop Regime regularly visited Luisa Piccarreta, with whom he would have spiritual conversations. This episode inspired a sacred fear in the clergy and Luisa's holy confessor, Gennaro di Gennaro, was able to continue his ministry more peacefully. After this event, Annibale Maria di Francia also visited the Servant of God more often.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Luisa and the children of Corato

In Corato it was said among the elderly women, also during my childhood, that whenever Luisa went out, at night and in a closed carriage so as not to be seen, the children of Corato, would scamper in front of her carriage shouting: "*Here comes Luisa the Saint!*" .. Luisa only went out when it was dark as the ecclesiastical authority had

prescribed, to avoid crowds gathering and scenes of fanaticism. At least once a year - usually in the summer - Luisa was taken to another house, so that the spring-cleaning could be done: the rooms whitewashed, and the straw or wool in the mattresses changed, washed and softened.

Many well-off families of Corato vied with one another to offer Luisa hospitality on these occasions. These included the Capano, Cimadomo, Padroni Griffi, Azzariti families and others who would send their own carriage to fetch Luisa. During this secret transportation, it would happen

that the children of Corato, as though suddenly inspired, would gather together and shout out along the way the news that Luisa was passing, saying: "*Come out everyone, Luisa the Saint is passing!*," and everyone would come to the doors of their houses with lighted lamps.

One day I discovered that my father had frequently taken part in these nocturnal gatherings with the other village children when Luisa was passing. As an adult and a Capuchin student, I asked my father: "*Did anyone warn you she would be passing?* " .. He answered me: "*No, we sensed*

something and understood that the carriage with Luisa in it would be passing by. "

The soldier who never was

Due to a variety of events in the past and financial calamities, our family, from being well to do, had been reduced almost to dire poverty. Because of the various misfortunes which befell the family (the death of my aunt's two sisters, the partial paralysis of her father, the emigration of her elder brother who had gone to Argentina to seek his fortune) the whole property

was sold or mortgaged.

The very young brother, Francesco, was the only one left to administer the patrimony which consisted of a wood-burning baker's oven, sufficient to relieve the family's plight.

In the meantime the First World War had broken out and Francesco was called up.

My aunt's mother begged her daughter to speak to Luisa, because only she could find a remedy for their situation. But Aunt Rosaria turned a deaf

ear to her until one day her mother, using strong words, said to her: *"If you don't speak to Luisa, as from tomorrow I won't visit her any more and you will have to stay at home to do the housework."*

As soon as Aunt Rosaria, a scowl on her face, arrived at Luisa's, Luisa called her and said: *"Why don't you tell me anything?'. I have known it all for ages. Tell your mother that Francesco will not leave."* .. And so it came to pass

The day on which my father had to

present himself for recruitment, without causing any pain his neck swelled up enormously, so that he was considered unfit for service. On the journey home, the swelling disappeared. This same phenomenon happened for three consecutive years until he was rejected.

This was confirmed to me by my father, who said in the Corato dialect: "*Ched femn mafatt vdai aus nov*" (that woman has made me see new things), and with words and gestures, he explained to me what had happened.

Indeed, by running the bakery, my father managed to repair at least part of

the damage to the family's financial situation.

The baby boy brought back to life

I was told of this incredible event by Miss Benedetta Mangione, a very old lady, the same age as Aunt Rosaria, who was also part of the group of girls who went to Luisa to learn to make lace.

This is her tale. *"One morning in about 1920-21, while I was at Luisa's house, after taking part in Holy Mass celebrated by her corifessor, Gennaro di Gennaro, a deeply distressed young*

woman burst into the room of the Servant of God with cries of despair, and placed her dead baby on Luisa's lap, whilst she knelt at her bedside, weeping desperate tears. Everyone was amazed and Rosaria tried to get the woman to her feet. From her way of speaking, I realized that she was one of her relatives. Luisa was not upset by the scene and began to caress the child that lay on her knees; she said to the mother: 'What are you thinking of, Serafina? Take Luigi and give him some milk, he is hungry, ' and thereupon she put him in her arms. "

Aunt Rosaria then asked her to

leave the room and go home.

The young woman wasted no time in obeying.

Miss Mangione, like all those in the room, had the feeling that the infant had been resuscitated. However, knowing that Luisa did not want certain things to be broadcast, they said nothing to anyone about what had happened.

Rosaria closed the curtains round Luisa's bed and showed everyone out of the room, telling them that Luisa had to give thanks for the communion she had just received.

Nor did her confessor say a word, but left immediately, together with the baby boy's mother.

A few days after this episode, Aunt Rosaria said to Angelina: "*That couple,*" referring to her brother and sister-in-law, "*should stop going to the theater, or they will both end up in prison.*"

This is the sequence of events that led to the presumed death of the new baby.

The young couple, Francesco Bucci and Serafina Garofalo, had a

passion for the theater to which they went regularly. A son was born to them, whom they called Luigi. One evening at the theater in Corato, a Verdi opera was being performed, I think it was *Rigoletto*. The temptation was so strong that the two of them settled their baby in his cradle and went to the theater. On their return - it was almost dawn - they found that the baby, who had turned over in the cradle, had suffocated. Panicking, the father, Francesco, fled from Corato, while the mother, Serafina, overcome with despair, wrapped the baby in a shawl and carried him to Luisa. **In** the family this episode was never mentioned. Only once did my mother,

Serafina Garofalo, tell the story of a baby boy restored to life but, perhaps feeling guilty, she did not say who was involved.

I can testify that my mother was very close to her first-born son and had such a deep veneration for Luisa the Saint that she often talked about her. My brother Luigi had the same veneration for Luisa. Indeed, after the condemnation of 1938, Aunt Rosaria came to our house wanting to burn all the objects that belonged to Luisa, but my brother, who was eighteen years old and on the point of leaving for military service, opposed this with all his might.

And when he was told that those who disobey the Church go to hell, he answered: *"I will go to hell, but her things will not be burned"* and as a precaution, he put all the objects belonging to Luisa into a small box and took it away with him.

Today they are in the care of my sister-in-law, Rita Tarantino, and her children, who guard them jealously.

Isa Bucci and Luisa Piccarreta

My sisters, Luisa, Maria and Gemma, and my brothers Agostino, Luigi and also the youngest member of

the family, Giuseppe, known as Peppino, would go frequently to Luisa's house.

They all gave written testimonies on Luisa Piccarreta but, through a certain sense of modesty, limited themselves to the essentials. Indeed I know of other events which were recounted in the family.

My sister Luisa, the oldest, was the one who visited the Servant of God most often, not as an apprentice lace-maker but as Aunt Rosaria's niece. On various occasions she helped Angelina and Aunt Rosaria with the domestic

chores, and had a relationship of great familiarity with Luisa. Indeed it was she who nursed Luisa at night during her last illness. When the doctor had ascertained that Luisa was dead, it was she who took the initiative of undressing her, redressing her and trying to lay her out on the bed.

This is what she said when she came home.

"Luisa's death created an atmosphere of veneration mingled with fear. No one dared touch her. Aunt Rosaria and Angelina had been taken

out of Luisa's room crying. I attempted to lay her out on the bed but the task was beyond me. Either her legs would bend or her mouth would open, as if she wanted to say: 'let me be'. Then I suggested to those present, including her niece Giuseppina, that we change her clothes immediately, before the stiffness set in. This is what we tried to do. Then we took her into the next room, where a sort of bier had been prepared, all in white. What astonished me most was that in carrying Luisa I had the impression that she was as light as a feather. Hence I understood how it was that very often when Aunt Rosaria was making her bed, she would

carry her with extreme ease to her wheel-chair. A sort of bib was placed on Luisa's breast, with the letters FIAT and the cross of the Dominican Tertiaries."

The nightdress that was taken off Luisa was folded by my sister and given to Aunt Rosaria who said to her: "*Take it home.*" .. *This nightdress is now in the possession of my sister Gemma.*

Gemma Bucci and Luisa Piccarreta

As children, we all visited Luisa's house, especially my sisters who would also go there to learn the rudiments of

lacemaking. My sister Gemma was very close to me in age, and willingly went to Luisa Piccarreta's house with Aunt Rosaria, almost every day. Gemma was a little whisp of a girl. Aunt Rosaria and Luisa were very fond of her. In fact, Gemma's name had been given to her by Luisa herself. She suggested to my parents that they call me Giuseppe and have my sister's name changed from Giuseppina to Gemma. This was done: I was given the name of Jesus' earthly father; and my sister, from the age of two, was always called by the name of Gemma, although it proved impossible to change her name at the records office, because of the bureaucratic

complications involved.

Gemma would come and go very confidently from Luisa's room. Luisa liked her vivacity and gave her the task of picking up the pins that fell on the floor. Once, little Gemma hid under Luisa's bed, perhaps to give Aunt Rosaria a surprise, and unwittingly witnessed a mystical phenomenon. Luisa had a bedside table on which stood a glass bell containing a figurine of the Child Jesus.

At a certain point my sister was aware of something unusual. A great silence fell, not even the chatter of the

girls working in the next room could be heard.

Then Gemma came out from under the bed and saw the Child who had come to life, whom Luisa had taken in her arms and was covering with kisses. Gemma does not remember how long she kept still, contemplating this scene, she only remembers that, at a certain point, everything returned to normal. Aunt Rosaria entered the little room as usual, and Luisa was working at her lace-making as was her custom. My sister never told me of this episode in her childhood. She jealously stored up the event in her heart. I only came to

know of it after the testimony (now in the acts) which she gave at the diocesan cause for her canonization. I believe that Luisa's assistance to my sister Gemma has been continuous. In this regard, I witnessed a special grace.

At the birth of her second son, because of the incompetence of the doctor and his assistants, my sister came close to death. In fact, during the birth her uterus ruptured, causing a terrible hemorrhage. The doctor left the operating theater and said these chilling words to her relatives: "*We have saved the child, but nothing more can be done for the mother.*" .. While the others were

bursting into tears, I remembered Luisa's nightdress. I hastened to Corato and went to my parent's home. I awoke Aunt Rosaria in the middle of the night and told her what had happened; I then asked her for the nightgown which, weeping, she immediately took from the chest. We went back to the hospital of Bisceglie together. We suggested to a nurse that the nightgown be placed under Gemma's head, and this was immediately done. The doctor in charge had already left. Immediately afterwards we saw his assistant who said: *"If you give me permission, I will operate on her immediately."* .. Permission was given, although Gemma's husband had said: *"If*

she is unconscious, operate; otherwise it is pointless making her suffer any more."

A friend of my brother-in-law, a nurse at the psychiatric hospital of Bisceglie, arrived and donated the six liters of blood necessary for the transfusion. The operation was successful and Gemma recovered. Aunt Rosaria was convinced that Luisa had intervened.

This is Gemma's account. *"While the doctor was operating on me, I saw Luisa at the foot of my bed with the baby in her arms. She said: 'He is*

destined for heaven; you, instead, will live a long life'. And I was aware, I don't know how, that my head was resting upon Luisa's nightdress." The next day the baby sickened mysteriously with acute bronchitis. I baptized him, and immediately afterwards the newborn child died. This episode was considered a true and proper miracle by the whole family. Unfortunately, there was no thought at that time of the cause of canonization, so no one had the idea of gathering the testimonies of the surgeon and the nurses, who were also convinced that my sister recovered only by a miracle, since hers was a unique and inexplicable clinical case.

CHAPTER EIGHT

A healing

A lady, one of our neighbors, told of an event which occurred in 1935.

A relative of hers, her sister-in-law, was dying from a tumor on her head.

Only one daughter, Nunzia, was

left at home, because her father and two brothers had been called up for the conquest of Ethiopia.

This family possessed a great many hectares of land.

The girl turned to Aunt Rosaria to have a talk with Luisa, with a secret hope of a cure in her heart.

Aunt Rosaria, moved by the girl's entreaty, promised to help her and spoke of the event to Luisa, who said: *"She must not come to see me because I am*

not capable of working miracles; but if she does not come, I will pray the Lord for her all the same. In the meantime, give her this message. At Santa Maria Greca they have the Quarantore (forty hours of devotion). She should go there and pray to the Lord and she will be able to ask him for all the graces she needs, but tell her to do so with deep faith. "

The girl was disappointed to receive this message. She would have liked to meet Luisa and discuss her problems with her.

Aunt Rosaria noticed how the girl felt and said to her: "*Do as Luisa said!*" . . .Indeed, Aunt Rosaria knew Luisa well and could interpret her words.

The girl went to church, knelt before the Holy Sacrament and unburdened herself of all her sorrow.

About two hours later, on returning home, she noticed a deep silence. A relative of hers, whom she had left to care for her mother in her absence, had departed.

Entering the bedroom, Nunzia was devastated by the scene: her mother was lying in a pool of blood; the bed was soaked in it.

At this sight, the poor girl uttered a cry of pain, believing her mother to be dead; but something incredible occurred. She awoke as though from a long coma, asking her daughter with surprise why she had cried out in that way.

The tumor had liquefied, draining from her swollen head through her nose

and spreading all over the bed.

She was completely cured.

A few days later, Nunzia went with her mother to thank Luisa; but the Servant of God did not receive them, because she made it clear that she knew nothing about this grace nor would she have anything to do with it, saying: "*Let them go and thank the Lord for the grace received.*"]

The horses' whim

In 1970, when I was curate of the Immacolata Parish in Barletta and the local and regional assistant of Franciscan Youth, while I was taking off my sacred vestments after the 10 o' clock celebration of Holy Mass for the young people on Sunday morning, Mrs. Livia D' Adduzzio came into the sacristy. Having heard me speak of Luisa Piccarreta in the homily, she told me she was from Corato and had known Luisa in her youth.

I paid great attention to the words of Mrs. D' Aduzzio, a Franciscan Tertiary who took part regularly in

parish activities.

This lady was the wife of Savino D' Adduzzio, a great benefactor of the friary; it was he who funded the graffitti done by Fr. Ugolino da Belluno to decorate the sanctuary.

The D'Adduzzio family was very rich and owned a lot of land, but the couple Savino and Livia had had no children.

I made an appointment with Mrs.

D' Adduzzio to record her memories of the Servant of God. The next day, at 9 o'clock in the morning, I went to her house, located in a road crossing Via Milano, about 500 meters from the parish church.

Mrs. D'Adduzzio was well informed of Luisa's life and the phenomena concerning her, about some of which I knew nothing at all. She also told me that she had known Aunt Rosaria and Angelina, Luisa's sister, very well and had also been at the funeral of the Servant of God.

Among the many things she

enthusiastically recounted, she drew my attention to the phenomenon of the horses, unknown to me. I had her repeat the episode several times and took notes.

Here is her testimony: *"In 1915 I was ten years old and was with my mother in Santa Maria Greca, where the Holy 'Forty hours' was being solemnly celebrated. While we were listening to the priest's Eucharistic reflection, we heard a noise outside the church, a man's voice crying 'gee up, gee up,' and the cracking of a whip.*

Overcome by curiosity, all the children immediately rushed out of the church, followed by the priest and some of the faithful. We saw two horses kneeling before the church, harnessed to a closed carriage.

The priest immediately understood what was going on and, kneeling, said: 'It is Luisa the Saint who is adoring Jesus in the Eucharist' .

We all knelt down in deep silence and, I'm not sure how much later it was, the priest opened the door of the carriage; he said a few words to Luisa; then the horses suddenly stood up and

trotted off.

We all went back into the church, and continued to listen to the priest's meditation."

After the story, I asked her several questions. "Are you sure that it really was Luisa in that carriage? I know that Luisa never went out."

"That's true," she replied, "her outings were very rare and at night, and only for reasons of hygiene, so that the straw or wool mattresses could be

cleansed of parasites, especially fleas and lice, common in a farming environment."

"How can you say that the horses were kneeling to give Luisa the opportunity to adore Jesus in the Eucharist?"

"I can only say that everyone believed it was a miracle and the phenomenon was the topic of discussion in all Corato. Of course, there were many who didn't believe it, especially the priests, who lectured

people saying that Luisa had nothing to do with it, that it was only a whim of the horses which had happened by chance to stop in front of the Church of Santa Maria Greca; they denied that Luisa had been in the carriage. "

I asked her a last question: "Are you sure that Luisa was in that carriage?" .. "Absolutely certain," she answered. "I saw Luisa in the carriage when the priest opened the door and spoke to her. I think that the priest was Fr. Gennaro di Gennaro."

"But wasn't he Luisa's confessor, delegated by the bishop?," I continued.

"I don't know about that, I can only say that he was a very holy priest, esteemed by all Corato, who had received a grace from Luisa."

The conversation with Mrs. D'Adduzzio ended with these words.'

The "upper room" of Via Panseri

In 1943-44, my family had a bakery with a wood-burning oven which was very profitable.

Next door to the bakery lived Aunt Nunzia, my mother's sister, who having been left a widow, had married a man, also widowed, whom she called, *zi' Ciccil*, a farmer by trade.

Opposite Aunt Nunzia's house lived a very poor family with numerous children; their heritage consisted of a single cow. They lived by selling the milk and by other expedients, such as petty theft and the like.

The mother was called Maria, and was known to all as Marietta the Cow Woman.

However, there was something special about this family: the inhabitants of the street would gather at its home around a great fire and a blind old man was invited who would sing of the typical episodes of the town's events, old and new, accompanying his songs with his mandolin. They enchanted everyone: what a pity that we did not have the means of recording him then, so as to have been able to collect all his ballads!

He sang, recounting on request events that had really happened.

He was a rhapsodist, a miniature Homer. His lovely tales ranged from the religious to the tragic, from the exemplary to the heroic, such as the story of the mother who had herself killed to save her son when he was pursued by the Garibaldini.

I, a boy of nine or ten, used to like visiting this "upper room" in Aunt Nunzia's company. I remember that I sat on the knee of Marietta's eldest son, who was called Pasquale.

One bitterly cold evening the blind man sang of the deeds of Luisa the Saint.

He described her as a great heroine, suspended between heaven and earth, between angels and saints. Two episodes impressed me in particular: Jesus who spoke while he carried the cross upon his shoulders, and the episode of Torre Disperata, where the Baby Jesus played and ran in the cornfields, holding the *Piccirella* (little Luisa) by the hand.

When I spoke of these things at home, my mother forbade me to visit that family and even scolded Aunt Nunzia.

When Aunt Rosaria heard things of this kind about Luisa, she would be deeply distressed and would beg my father to summon the blind old singer so that he might remove Luisa the Saint from his repertoire.

To my aunt, all this was a profanation.

When I grew up, I thought again and again of the blind old man: if only we had been able to record all his ballads about Luisa, perhaps we would have had an entire poem on the Servant of God. One thing is certain, Luisa had made such a deep impression on Corato as to be considered a heroine of holiness.

The horse cured

In Corato, especially on winter evenings, several families might meet around the hearth in one of the houses,

and it was lovely to listen to the old people's stories.

Among the ancient and recent events involving the townspeople that were told, there were many whose subject was Luisa.

It was precisely at one of these popular gatherings that the episode of the horse was heard. A hoary old man who was almost a hundred recounted the episode of the horse in vivid words with evocative gestures, using the Corato dialect, which was still pure at that time.

Here is his tale.

"When I was little, I lived in Via delle Murge, close to the house of Luisa the Saint. I was a young man" - in the vernacular 'carusiddu' - "when a misfortune befell her poor family. One morning their horse was found dying on the floor in its stall. The veterinarian was called and advised Luisa's father to sell the animal to the butcher immediately to make something out of it, since the poor beast had not long to live.

This news caused the whole Piccarretafamily great anxiety, because the horse was a necessary

means for their survival.

The Piccarreta family was not rich; its only income was the fruit of the father's work. Nicola, on hearing this news said with deep sorrow: 'And now how are we going to survive? Who will feed these five women? "' - referring to the daughters.

"The whole family and the neighborhood were in the stable, except for Luisa, who was four years old at the time and very fond of the horse. Luisa's mother did not let her enter the stable, for fear she would be

upset.

The entire family lived in an apartment in the building belonging to the landowner who employed her father and for whom he worked on the farm of Torre Disperata.

But the little girl," in the local dialect 'Mnen', "made such a fuss that she was allowed into the stable.

I personally witnessed this scene.

Luisa approached the horse, stroked its head, spoke its name and

said: 'Don't die, because I love you'.

Whereupon the horse stood up.

The vet noted that the horse's fever had disappeared, and that the horse had recovered and was as 'fit as a fiddle',

Her Mother Rosa took her daughter in her arms, said: 'my darling daughter', and took her away.

We were all overwhelmed by this event, and for some time in the neighborhood of the Via delle Murge

there was nothing but talk of the healing of the horse. One old woman said: 'God has laid his hand upon that little girl, and all Corata will be spell-bound by the things that will happen,'

So ended the tale of the old man who was almost a hundred years old.

The soldier who became engaged

A very elderly lady called Maria Doria, someone I knew, told how her mother who was Luisa's age used to go in summer to the district of *Torre*

Disperata, to a farm near the one where the Piccarreta family lived.

This lady was perfectly informed of the phenomena concerning Luisa when she was a little girl, and knew of episodes full of details that her mother had told her.

Her mother, as a child, would talk to and play with Luisa and her sisters who were close friends.

Many people often noticed that Luisa was playing with an unknown boy.

At first, they thought he came from

one of the homesteads nearby.

What was unusual was that he only played with and spoke to Luisa, and at a certain point would leave.

The sisters and friends asked her who he was.

Smiling, Luisa would refuse to reply. Once she said "yes," in response to the mischievous question: "Is he your boy friend?"

In time, they came to understand that they were dealing with a supernatural phenomenon: it really was

the Child Jesus who was manifesting himself as a teenager. This happened every time that Luisa was assaulted by diabolical forces.

The apparition was a consolation for what she had suffered.

Once she found herself trapped like a spring between the iron bars of her bed, and the locksmith had to be called to set her free.

The wonder was that her body remained unharmed.

Another time, she was found

hanging from the ceiling of the room, on the hook on which a ham or a string of onions was usually strung.

Luisa was generally liberated from these phenomena by prayers to the Most Holy Virgin, and would seek refuge in the hollow of the great trunk of a mulberry tree which still stands in the same place today.

On another occasion, a great flame was seen to flare up from a little hill not far from the farm. Since Luisa liked to play on that hill, her mother and father hastened there immediately to put out the fire. It turned out to be unnecessary:

Luisa was quietly sitting on a rocky peak, gazing into the sky without a trace of fire around her.

Luisa would often contemplate the fierce midday sun, without suffering any damage to her eyes. Aunt Rosaria confided to me that this phenomenon continued until her death. In fact, we can glean from her writings that the sun was a privileged heavenly body for Luisa. She associated it with the Blessed Trinity.

Years had passed, Luisa was already renowned throughout Corato,

and it was in the midst of the World War. The soldier brother of Mrs. Maria Doria announced in a letter from Sicily that he had become engaged to a girl of that island.

His mother was deeply distressed, because her son was already engaged to a "good match," a rich girl of Corato. This engagement had been arranged by the parents, as was normal at the time. The mother wept and exclaimed, "*my poor son, he has been bewitched, the Mafia has entered our home!*" . . . In those times the bandit Giuliani was on the rampage.

One day she told her eldest daughter to go to Luisa's house and tell her that she was the daughter of her childhood friend, and listen carefully to what Luisa might say.

The girl went to Luisa's house in via Maddalena; she brought greetings from her mother, much appreciated by Luisa, and the conversation turned to the period when they had been at the *Torre Disperata* farm. Luisa added: "*So many prayers and mortifications in that place!*" .. Thanking the girl for her visit, Luisa told the girl to tell her mother to pray a lot, as they had done when they were on the farm, and to do all the

devotional exercises which were never to be forgotten, so that God's Will might be done.

Then looking at her, she asked point-blank: "*But why are you sad?*" .. And the daughter told her the story of her brother and her mother's worries.

Luisa told her: "*How can she tell that this girl is worse than the previous one? Let her pray to the Lord and her heart will be consoled.* "

The girl took Luisa's answer home

to her mother who exclaimed: "*My son is saved!*" . .Indeed, she discovered that the Sicilian girl came from a good family and was most devout: she even had two uncles who were priests.

The young man was therefore married on the island, brought up an excellent family and thus made his mother happy.

CHAPTER NINE

Luisa, the terror of demonic forces

Reading Luisa's biography, it is easy to see that in the early days she had to face tremendous struggles against demonic forces which did not even spare her body. At a certain point - in her writings - one reads these words: "*1 have touched you, 1 have not made you immaculate because I am not to become incarnate again, but 1 have removed from you the incitement to sin.*" . .It was the Lord Jesus who was speaking. It is easy for those who

believe to see the impact of these words which appear theologically incredible. Some might well cry scandal and dismiss it all as heresy. I do not wish to join the discussion; the Church tribunals will have all the time they need to examine and judge the case. One thing is sure: at a certain point in her life, Luisa acquired an inner peace, a serene calm which emanated from her and impressed those who were fortunate enough to meet and talk to her. Anything could happen around her and she remained unscathed. When she was condemned by the Holy Office, in 1938, everyone was scared, all the clergy and the faithful were agitated; it seemed as though an

earthquake had struck and destroyed a great edifice. But Luisa remained calm and serene, as if the case did not concern her. She complied with the will of the Church in docility, handed over all her manuscripts to the official of the Holy Office, quietly and serenely pursued her life of prayer and continued with her lace-making.

So it seems that Luisa had been strengthened in grace and therefore became the terror of the demons that fled from her noisily. Certain episodes seem to confirm this.

It is said that when Luisa was

passing some spot - when she was being transported in a closed carriage for the annual springcleaning - some houses shook from the foundations to the roof and cries, the clanking of chains and sounds of people leaving were heard. This happened especially in a building that was still in the stages of restoration on the market square of Corato. Indeed it was said that appalling things had occurred there, murders, hangings, torture, etc.

One lady said that she had gone to live in a house at Rotondella in the Province of Matera, where she had been appointed to teach at an elementary

school. However, she had felt very ill at ease in that house because there was frequently a man in it with a terrible look who would try to grab her; but the lady defended herself by holding up the rosary she had in her hands; at the sight of it he would flee. The distraught lady left everything and returned to Corato with her children. No one believed the poor soul and she was thought to be out of her mind, especially by her husband who had Masonic leanings. Completely at a loss as to what she should do, she went to see Luisa, who listened to her kindly, comforted her, told her not to be frightened because the devil had no power over her, and urged her to return

to her work. The lady took her advice, but wanted to take a photograph of Luisa with her: she had it framed and put it on her bedside table. One evening, while she was reciting the Holy Rosary with her children, she saw the man again. He approached the bed, took the picture of Luisa, threw it on the floor and fled shrieking. From that moment nothing further happened; peace and serenity returned to the house. The photograph of Luisa which had been violently thrown on the floor was not damaged, indeed the glass did not even break. This framed photograph is now in the house of the lady's daughter-in-law, on her bedside table.

Another very recent episode was the theft of the furniture.

While we were at an international convention in Costa Rica, we received the news that Luisa's house had been burgled. The thieves had stolen the antique furniture which had belonged to the parents of the Servant of God. This news upset us. On our return, we made it publicly known that the pieces of furniture could be dangerous because demons had danced on them when they had had the power to tempt Luisa. And she alone knew how to keep them at bay: the demons could go wild if they were free from the influence of Luisa the

Saint. In fact, it is not known how - perhaps the demons really had gone wild - yet wherever those pieces of furniture were put, incredible things happened. A unique case in history: one night the thieves brought back the furniture, which they left outside the front door of Luisa's house. Any comment would be superfluous.

Something else happened to me personally. Last year, I was taking part in an exorcism at a church in San Severo, which was being carried out by Fr. Cipriano, dean of the Italian exorcists. The church was full of people

who thought they were possessed by the devil. I had taken with me a picture of Luisa which I showed to a lady asking her: "*Do you know her?*" The woman looked at it and said no, but at a certain point she narrowed her eyes and a voice could be heard coming from deep inside her chest saying: "I know her ... I know her. .. away with you, away!" and she kicked me to make me go away, trying to tear off my stole. I always carry a picture or relic of Luisa about with me.

The holy death of Luisa Piccarreta

At the news of Luisa's death which

occurred on March 4, 1947, it seemed that the people of Corato paused to live a unique and extraordinary event. Their Luisa, their Saint, was no more. And like a river in full spate they poured into Luisa's house to look at her and express their affection to her, for so many years esteemed and beloved by all. On the day of her funeral official mourning was declared in the town. Luisa's body remained exposed for public veneration (with the permission of the health service's doctor) to satisfy the thousands of people of Corato and the surrounding area who poured into the house day and night. It was necessary to have recourse to the police to control the flow of

people. Everyone was under the impression that Luisa had fallen asleep and was not dead. In fact, her body, laid on the bed, did not undergo *rigor mortis*. It was possible to raise her hands, move her head in all directions, bend her fingers without forcing them, and raise and bend her arms. Her eyelids could be lifted and one could see her shining eyes, undimmed by death: everyone - strangers, priests, ecclesiastical and civil figures - wanted to see this unique and marvelous case. A great many skeptics left the mortuary chamber shocked, crying and renewed. Luisa seemed alive, as if a placid and serene sleep had stopped her for an

instant. Everyone was convinced that she wasn't dead, and some said: "*Call the bishop and you will see that by making the sign of the cross he will awaken her; isn't Luisa a daughter of obedience?*" .. This hope expressed the love they all felt for the Servant of God. But a council of doctors, summoned by the religious, civil and health authorities, declared after a careful examination that beloved Luisa really was dead. As long as she remained exposed for public veneration, she gave no sign of corruption nor did her body emanate any odors of putrefaction. Like a queen, she remained sitting on her bed. It proved impossible to lay her out, so

that a special "p" shaped coffin had to be built for her, the front and sides of glass so that everyone could see her for the last time. Luisa the Saint, who for about 70 years had always remained sitting up in bed without ever leaving her room, passed among the immense lines of people, borne on the shoulders of a numerous group of sisters of all orders and surrounded by an unspecified number of priests and religious. Her funeral was celebrated by the entire chapter in the main church, with the participation of all the confraternities of Corato.

I visited Luisa's body several times during the four days that she remained exposed, touching her several times and taking some of the flowers that were constantly placed upon her feet and legs, which I have guarded jealously for many years among my books. Many were given to the sick who were healed when they touched them and were able to attend her funeral. As the coffin passed, the bed-ridden were carried to the doors of their houses and many, it was said, received special graces. Luisa was buried in the Calvi family chapel. On July 3, 1963, her mortal remains were returned to Corato, to rest

permanently in the parish Church of Santa Maria Greca.

The young man killed and restored to life

Before I end these memoirs, I cannot omit to record a most outstanding episode.

I had always heard tell of a young man who had been killed and was restored to life by Luisa. I had heard the story told by the old blind singer in the "upper room" of Via Panseri.

One day a young man was found

dead, lying on the ground in a pool of blood. When his mother heard this fatal news, she did not rush to see her son but ran howling and disheveled to Luisa's house where she knelt on the doorstep, crying: "*Luisa, Luisa, they've killed my son!*"

The holy little one - as the singer called Luisa - was moved and said: "*Go and fetch your son, the Lord is giving him back to you.*"

The mother was helped to her feet and accompanied by a few devout persons to the place where her son lay dead.

At the sight of him, ignoring the police, the mother flung herself on the body, cradled it in her arms and kissed it desperately like the sorrowful Mary at the foot of the cross.

But suddenly the young man opened his eyes and said:

"Mamma, sto ca nan pianger" (Mother, I'm here, don't cry).

On hearing this story, the whole gathering was in tears, especially the older women whose sons were serving in the war.

Sometimes - though in hushed tones - I even heard this story told in my own home. I remember Aunt Rosaria addressing my father with these words: *"Don't start talking such nonsense, concentrate on eating your food."* .. My father had in fact been telling the story of the man brought back to life by Luisa the Saint.

In my parish I once heard Miss Redda, Minister of the Franciscan Third Order, speaking of this miracle to a group of women. When she became aware of my presence, she immediately put her hand to her mouth, regretting her imprudence. Indeed, the parish priest,

Fr. Cataldo Tota, who was present said:
"Certain things should not be said in public while those concerned are still alive."

I never attached much importance to this episode - always spoken of in hushed tones - because it seemed incredible to me. Aunt Rosaria never wanted to discuss the matter. Whenever I asked about it, she would answer:
"Leave that nonsense alone!"

I realized that talking about the event was totally forbidden, both by Luisa and by the clergy.

It seemed to me that the story told by the blind old man was too fantastic, too embellished and sounded more like a Greek tragedy than an event which had actually occurred. I never previously wanted to write anything about it so as not to make a laughing-stock of the Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta (and I was also convinced that this episode was merely the fruit of popular imagination).

Later, having read a letter by the Saint Annibale M. di Francia, which speaks of the miracle of the resuscitation of a young man who had been killed, I thought it appropriate to mention here

the phenomenon about which I had heard so much.

Saint Annibale confirms, bringing to bear all his authority as a saint, that it was due to Luisa Piccarreta's prayers that this young man was restored to life.

His letter is dated May 5, 1927. A few days later, on June 1, 1927, Saint Annibale died serenely in the town of Messina.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR

Father Bernardino Giuseppe Bucci was born in Corato on June 15, 1935. His parents were Francesco Bucci and Serafina Garofalo. He was the tenth of twelve children and in 1940, he was taken for the first time by his Aunt Rosaria to the home of Luisa Piccarreta who in 1944 prophesied that he would become a priest.

In 1947, he attended the solemn funeral of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta and in 1948 he entered the Seraphic Seminary of Barletta.

In 1951, while he was studying at the Seraphic Seminary of Francavilla

Fontana, he lost his mother, to whom he was very close.

In 1955, he entered the Novitiate of the Capuchin Friars at Alessano, in the Province of Lecce, and completed his philosophical studies at the Studentate of Scorrano.

In 1959, his father died and in 1960 he was transferred to the Theological Studentate of S. Fara. On March 14, 1964, he was ordained a priest by Archbishop Nicodemo of Bari in the Capuchin church of Triggiano.

He was sent to the International College in Rome to specialize in Missionary Theology. When he returned to his Province, he was appointed Spiritual Director of the Seraphic Seminary at Scorrano.

In 1968, he was sent to Portugal to learn Portuguese in preparation for his departure as a missionary to Mozambique.

For political reasons, his departure for the mission was postponed indefinitely. On his return to the Province, he was made vice-parish

priest of the Capuchins' parish at Barletta and was appointed Provincial Assistant to Franciscan Youth.

He studied for a licentiate and a doctorate at the Ecumenical Faculty of St. Nicholas of Bari; where at the same time he acquired a degree in literature.

In 1976, he was promoted to the office of superior-parish priest at the friary of the Friars Minor Capuchin at Trinitapoli in the Province of Foggia. This was where he received the news of the death of his beloved Aunt Rosaria (1978), who had spent at least forty years of her life assisting Luisa

Piccarreta.

In 1980, at the request of Archbishop Giuseppe Carata of Trani, with instructions not to mention Saint Annibale M. di Francia so as not to hinder the cause for beatification that was under way, he gathered testimonies about the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta and went to press with 30 thousand copies of the first short biography of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta, translated into various languages, thus contributing to the knowledge of the Servant of God.

In 1988, he was appointed

Superior and parish priest of the Triggiano Friary and served at the same time as Provincial Secretary for Parishes.

In 1994, after being elected Provincial Definitor, he returned to Trinitapoli as parish priest. He still lives there as Provincial Definitor, Provincial Secretary of the parishes and Councilor of the National Secretariat for Parishes.

As Co-Founder with Sr. Assunta Marigliano of the Association of the Divine Will, he spent many years as spiritual adviser to the Association

which was canonically established in Corato on March 4, 1987.

He is currently a member of the Tribunal for the cause of the beatification of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta, which was opened in the principal church of Corato on the Feast of Christ the King, 1994, by Archbishop Carmello Cassati, now emeritus, in his role as Promoter of the Faith.

**ARCHBISHOP REGINALDO
ADDAZI, O.P.**

Prayer on the holy picture of Luisa (with relic) printed immediately after Luisa Piccarreta's death was done with the authorization of Archbishop Reginaldo Addazi O.P.

The interest in Luisa is worthy of note both because of the attention that is currently being paid to understanding mystics (and Luisa was one, because through her contemplation and acceptance of physical and spiritual sufferings she achieved considerable intimacy with Jesus) and because Luisa was known and visited by many of our friars (Fr. Fedele from Montescaglioso, Fr. Guglielmo from Barletta, Fr.

Salvatore from Corato, Fr. Terenzio from Campi Salentina, Fr. Daniele from Triggiano, Fr. Antonio from Stigliano, Fr. Giuseppe from Francavilla Fontana, to name but a few) who were able to communicate to her the essential elements of Franciscan spirituality, while from her they assimilated her love for Christ and commitment in doing the Divine Will (from the *Introduction* by Fr. Mariano Bucci).

Father Bernardino Giuseppe Bucci was born in Corato on 15 June 1935.

In 1955, he entered the Novitiate

of the Capuchin Friars at Alessano, in the Province of Lecce and completed his philosophical studies at the Studentate in Scorrano. On 14 March 1964, in the Capuchin church of Triggiano, he was ordained a priest by Archbishop Nicodemo of Bari.

He was sent to the International College in Rome to specialize in Missionary Theology. When he returned to his Province, he was appointed Spiritual Director of the Seraphic Seminary of Scorrano. He studied for a licentiate and a doctorate, taking the course at the Ecumenical Faculty of St. Nicholas of Bari; where at the same

time, in 1972, he acquired a degree in Literature.

As co-founder with Sr. Assunta Marigliano of the Association of the Divine Will, he spent many years as the spiritual adviser of the Association which was canonically erected in Corato on March 4, 1987. He is currently a member of the Tribunal for the cause for beatification of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarretta, which was opened on the Feast of Christ the King, 1994, in the main church of Corato by Archbishop Carmello Cassati, now emeritus, in his role as Promoter of the Faith.

1 The list includes all the bishops of the Archdiocese of Trani during Luisa Piccarreta's lifetime, as well as those involved in her cause for beatification.

1 This appeal was written by the Servant of God in 1924.

2 The titles have been added. For the most part, they are words taken from the prayers and expressing their themes. The prayers were found among

the personal effects of Rosaria Bucci. They now belong to my private archives on the Servant of God.

1 This is one aspect of Luisa Piccarreta which has never been examined and which would deserve greater attention.: what effect did Luisa have on the agricultural environment?

2 Luisa Piccarreta's mother died a few months after the meeting with Aunt Rosaria, on 19 March 1907, the Feast of St Joseph; her father died barely a fortnight later. Luisa speaks of this at length in her writings.

3 Aunt Nunzia was my mother's sister, whose husband was a farmer.

4 Aunt Rosaria often gave the impression that she was talking to Luisa before answering the

questions she was asked. This was recounted by my nephew, Vincenzo, and confirmed by a Mexican lady who had taken part in the International Convention on Luisa Piccarreta in Costarica. This lady, on a visit to Corato, had had long talks with my aunt.

5 It is said that when Luisa was condemned, the archpriest of Corato, Fr. Clemente Ferrara, preached in the main church that no one could go to Luisa's house or they would suffer the penalty of excommunication. The prohibition was also extended to priests who also preached about her in their churches. To the wonder of all, especially of the Cimadomo sisters who never abandoned Luisa, one day a friar presented himself. He remained for several hours in conversation with Luisa. No one could say who this Capuchin friar was. Some said

they recognized him as Padre Pio, who must have gone to comfort Luisa. There is no confirmation of this anywhere, and Aunt Rosaria did not want to prompt any discussion of the event. Nor is it possible to question Angelina or the Cimadomo sisters, dead long since.

6 I believe that the Lord meant that knowledge of Luisa ought not to be limited to her person, but should be centered on her message.

1 Various editions of *L'orologio della Passione* were published, edited by Fr. Annibale, as can be seen from their long prefaces.

2 That Rosaria Bucci had become expert at embroidery and lace-making was considered a living miracle, because she had four fingers missing on her left hand, a circumstance which would logically make this work impossible. Everyone was enchanted by the speed and perfection of her work, which was widely sought after.

1 The episode was recounted to me by my Aunt Rosaria and confirmed by my parish priest, Fr. Cataldo Tota, by Miss Mangione, and by Miss Lina Petrone, who was then a minister of the Dominican Third Order.

Addressing some of his faithful, one day Fr. Cataldo said the following: *"One should not make fun of saints, or one risks*

encountering some misfortune. The saints belong to God, they are not men. Therefore be careful that what happened to Archbishop Regime, who was in too much of a hurry to add his famous signature, does not happen to you."

1 I have collected many other accounts of healing, but I did not consider it appropriate to publish them because there is no documentation to support the events. Many of the episodes collected, by authorization of venerable

Archbishop Giuseppe Carata were made under oath and signed, and are now kept in the archives of the cause of beatification of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta. I decided to publish the above-mentioned miracle because it

seems to me to be the most authentic, it happened long ago and does not lend itself to ambiguous interpretations. It should also be said that this episode did not become part of the official legend, because I heard it confirmed only by my aunt, clearly and concisely.

2 Fr. Gennaro di Gennaro was the confessor who obliged Luisa to put down her daily experiences in writing. He was a priest who lived a very holy life, he was considered a saint by the people of Corato. He had had a major speech defect which at a certain point disappeared: Luisa had obtained his cure from the Lord so that her holy confessor could proclaim the Word of God in a dignified manner..

*Notebook of
"Childhood
Memories"*

J.M.J.

FIAT

July 15, 1926

My Jesus, my Love, my Celestial

Mama and Sovereign Queen, come to my assistance, take my poor heart in your hands. Don't you see how it bleeds because of the hard fight of having to start all over again, talking about my poor existence, my childhood? At any cost would I want to escape this most painful and hard sacrifice, and even more painful because unexpected; but a new obedience comes out into the field to torture my poor and insignificant existence. Jesus, Mama, come to my aid, otherwise I feel that my will would want to enter the field again, in order to have life and to be able to say a curt "no" to the one who commands me. Ah, Jesus, will You perhaps allow me to

have anything to do with my will, after You have kept it bound at your feet with so much jealousy for so long, as gift and triumph of your little daughter?

They imposed it on me to pray in order to know from You, whether I have to do it or not, and instead of being with me, You told me: *"This will serve to make known the land which the Sun of My Will had to illumine, in order to form Its Kingdom. "*

Ah, Jesus, what do I care of making my little land known!

And You should care to make your Will known; isn't that true, O Jesus? But Jesus kept silent and disappeared; and with all the intense bitterness of my soul I say, "*Fiat! Fiat!*" and I begin.

So, at the beginning I will say what I have been told by my own family.

I was born in 1865, on April 23, Sunday "in Albis", in the morning; on the same evening I was baptized. My mother said that I was born upside down although she did not suffer at all during the delivery; and in fact in the

encounters and circumstances of my poor existence I usually say: "I was born upside down! It is right that my life be upside down compared to the life of other creatures."

I remember that during the tender age of three or four up to about the age of ten, I was of fearful temperament, and the fear was such that I could neither be alone nor take one step by myself. But the reason for this was that from the age of three, at night I had always had frightening dreams. I dreamed of the devil who gave me such fright as to make me tremble. Many times I dreamed that he wanted to take me with him

pulling me strongly, and I made every effort to escape. In this dream I would break out into a cold sweat, hide, and run into the arms of my Mama. Then the following day I would remain with the impression of those dreams, and with such fear that I felt as though the devil was coming out from all sides.

Now, I believe that this was good for me, because from that age I recited many "Hail Marys" and "Our Fathers" to all the Saints whose names I knew, in order to obtain the grace of not dreaming of the devil; and if anyone mentioned another Saint whom I didn't know, I

immediately added a "Father" if he was male, or a "Hail" if she was female, because I said that if I did not honor all of them, they would have made me dream of the devil. I remember that from that age I always recited the seven "Hails" to the Sorrowful Mama, so I had a great length of "Fathers" and "Hail Marys"; so, while the other little girls and my little sisters were playing, I remained a short distance from them-or together with them because I was scared-but I did not participate in their innocent games in order to recite my long series of "Hails" and "Our Fathers" ... I also remember that sometimes I dreamed of the Virgin who cast the devil

away from me, and once said to me: "*My daughter, cry, for My Son is dead.*" I was shaken and I felt compassion for Her; but this made me unhappy. When I reached a more capable age in which I was able to meditate and read, I could not be by myself because of the fear, and therefore I could not do what I wanted.

Now, after I became a daughter of Mary at the age of eleven, one day, as I wanted to pray and meditate, I was caught up by fear and I was about to run to my family, when I felt a strength in my interior holding me back, and in the

depth of my soul I heard a voice telling me: *"Why do you fear? Your Angel is by your side, Jesus is in your heart, and your Celestial Mama keeps you under her mantle; why do you fear then? Who is stronger: your guardian Angel, your Jesus, your Celestial Mama, or the infernal enemy? Therefore, do not run away, but stay, pray, and do not fear. "*

This voice in my interior gave me so much strength, courage and firmness that the fear went away, and every time I was caught up by fear, I heard this voice in my interior again, and I felt I was being carried by the hand, by my angel,

by the Sovereign Queen and by sweet Jesus. I felt triumphant in their midst, so much so, that I acquired such courage that all the fear went away; and even more, the frightening dreams ceased completely. So I was able to be alone, walk alone, go to the garden by myself when we stayed at the farm house; while before, if I did go, I would run away if I saw only a tree branch moving, because I thought that the devil was up there.

I remember that one day, recalling the fear of my young age, the many dreams about the enemy, which rendered my childhood unhappy, I said to Jesus:

"What's the purpose, my Love, of having spent my young age with so much fear, with so many bad dreams which made me shake and sweat, and embittered an age so tender? I could understand nothing, nor did I think that the enemy had any purpose, given that my age was so small; and Jesus said to me: *"My daughter, the enemy had an inkling of something about you-that I could use you in something for My great Glory, and that he would receive a great defeat, never before received; more so, since he saw that, as much as he tried, he could not make any affection or thought less pure penetrate into you, because I kept the doors closed to him,*

and he could find no way to enter. In seeing this, he became angry and, unable to do anything else, he tried to terrify you with dreams of fear and fright. Moreover, since he did not know the reason for My great designs upon you which were to serve for the destruction of his kingdom, he came to attention in order to investigate the cause, hoping to be able to harm you in someway.

Our Lord has been very good to me, giving me good parents, who were mostly attentive not to letting us hear even one word of blasphemy or that was

less than honest. They loved me, but with a dignified and serious love. I remember that when I was a little child, my father never took me in his arms, and that I never gave or received kisses from him. I do not remember having kissed my mother either; and when I was grown up and bedridden, as she had to go to the farm house and be absent for many months, on taking leave of me, my mama made the motion of wanting to kiss me; in seeing this, I kissed her hand before she could, and so she abstained from that expression, so maternal.

Daddy and mama were angels of purity and modesty. They were generous

with their employees: fraud and deceit had no place in our house. Their custody was such that never did they entrust us to strange people, but kept us always with them. I hope that blessed Jesus rewarded so much virtue, by giving them the Celestial Fatherland as residence.

I also remember that I was of shy temperament, and if relatives or other people came to visit us, I ran upstairs so as not to be found, or I hid behind a bed and prayed; and I came out only when they called me telling me that they had left. When my mama went to visit some relatives and wanted to take me with her, I cried because I did not want to go;

so, I and one of my little sisters, with almost the same temperament, were content with remaining alone and locked in instead of going out. This shyness prevented me from participating in anything-either feast or amusements, even innocent ones-which were usual among families. I was the sacrificed one of shyness, and if my parents forced me, I felt crucified because shyness rendered all things alien to me.

As I remembered all this, which somehow rendered my childhood unhappy, sweet Jesus said to me: *"My daughter, even the shyness with which I surrounded you in your tender age was*

one of My greatest jealousies of love for you. I wanted that no one would enter into you, either world or people; I wanted to render you apart from everyone. I did not want you to participate in anything, or that anything be pleasing to you, because, having established from that time that I was to form the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat within you, and since you were to take part in Its feasts and joys- it was right that you enjoy no other feast, and that you be deprived of all pleasures and amusements which are on earth. Aren't you happy?" But although I was shy and fearful, I was of lively and happy temperament: I ran, I

jumped, and I even did some impertinences.

Then, at about the age of twelve, a new period of my life began: I started to hear the interior voice of Jesus, especially at Communion. I had First Communion at nine, and on the same day I received the Sacrament of Holy Confirmation.

Not rarely did Jesus make Himself heard in my interior when I received Holy Communion. Sometimes I remained several hours kneeling, almost motionless, after Communion,

and I heard the interior voice speaking, and sometimes reproaching me if I had not been good and attentive. And if sometimes during the course of the day I had been a little distracted, oh, how it reprimanded me, and ended up saying: *"Yet, you say that you love Me; and where is this love of yours?"* I felt like dying in hearing this, and promised to be more attentive, and Jesus added: *"I will see, I will see if it is true ... ; words are not enough for Me; I want facts. "*

Communion became my predominant passion. In It I centralized all my affections. I was certain to hear

Our Lord speaking; and how much it cost me to be deprived of It, being forced by my family to go with them to the farm house, and having to be many months without Mass and without Communion. How many times I burst into tears in seeing trees, flowers, the whole Creation ... ! I said to myself: "The works of Jesus are around me; only Jesus is not with me... Please, speak to me, you flower, you sun, you heavens, you crystal clear water flowing in our little pondspeak to me about Jesus. You are works of His hands, give me news of Him ... !" And it seemed that all things spoke to me about Him. Each created thing spoke to me

about each quality of Jesus, and crying because I could not receive the One Whom all things loved, things which could narrate so well the beauty, the love, the goodness of Jesus-I wept and reached the point of falling ill.

Also during meditation I heard the voice of Jesus, but sometimes it was missing; but at Communion, never. And how many times, while meditating, I would remain two or three hours without being able to move. As I read the point and stopped, I heard the voice of Jesus in my interior, Who, acting as Teacher, explained the meditation to me. Since that time in my interior lovable

Jesus gave me lessons on the Cross, on meekness, on obedience, on His hidden Life... Talking about His hidden Life, I remember that He said to me: *"My daughter, your life must be in our midst in the home of Nazareth. If you work, if you pray, if you take food, if you walk, you must give one hand to Me, the other to our Mama, and your gaze to Saint Joseph, to see whether your acts correspond to ours, so as to be able to say: first I make my model what Jesus, the Celestial Mama and Saint Joseph do, and then I follow it. According to the model you have made, I want to be repeated by you in My hidden Life; I want to find in you the*

works of My Mama, those of My dear Saint Joseph, and My own works. "

I was confused and said to Him: "My beloved Jesus, I don't know how to do it." And He: "*My daughter, courage, do not lose heart; if you do not know how to do it, ask Me to teach you, and I will soon teach you. I will tell you of our way-My intentions, the continuous love among the three of us; of how I, as sea, and they, as little rivers, were always swollen in such a way that one overflowed into the other, to the extent of having little time to talk to each other, so much were we absorbed in love. Do you see how behind you are?*"

Much do you have to do in order to reach us. Much silence and attention would be convenient for you, for I do not want you behind, but in our midst.
"

So, when I didn't know what to do, I asked Jesus, and He taught me in my interior. I tried almost always to withdraw from my family as much as I could, in order to be alone, to maintain silence. I took my work and I asked mama for permission to go upstairs, and she allowed me to do so. So my mind was in the house of Nazareth-and I looked now at one, now at the other, and

I felt confused in seeing them so attentive in their humble works, so absorbed in the flames of love, which rose so high that their works remained inflamed and transformed into love. And I, astonished, thought to myself: "They love so much, and what is my love? Can I say that my works, my prayers, the food I take, the steps I take, are flames which rise to the Throne of God, and form a river which overflows into the sea of Jesus? In seeing that it was not so, I remained afflicted, and in my interior Jesus said to me: *"What is it? Do not afflict yourself; little by little you will make it. I will be over you, and you-follow Me and do not fear. "*

If I wanted to say everything which occurred in my interior during my childhood, I would be too long; more so, since in the first Volume I have written-without specifying the period, whether before or after, whether I was younger or grown up-there is mention of the crafting of grace in the depth of my soul, because so I was told: that it did not matter if! didn't put the order of age-what had happened before, or what happened later-as long as I said what had occurred in me. More so, since after many years, it was difficult for me to maintain the order of what had occurred in my interior. So now, in order not to

make repetitions, I move forward.

I remember that, as a girl, I had almost a yearning for becoming a nun, and since I went to school to the nuns, I felt an affection a little pronounced for them; but I loved them because I wanted to be one of them. However, in my interior I felt reproached because of this affection, and while I promised to love no one else but Jesus, I fell again, and Jesus returned to give me bitter reproaches. This was the only affection I remember, which I felt in my life in a special way, since afterwards I no longer felt in love with anyone. What tyranny a natural affection is, even

though innocent, for the poor human heart! I remember it with terror; the internal reproaches crucified me; it seemed to me that my affection kept Jesus crucified, and that Jesus, in return, crucified me; so I did not enjoy true peace, because the nature of human love is to wage war against a poor heart. To have peace and to love people in a special way, does not exist in the world, and if it does, it means having no conscience; even if it were with a holy and indifferent intention.

But blessed Jesus put a stop to it soon, and here is how. One morning I asked my mama to send me to visit

Mother Superior, and I obtained this with hardship and sacrifice. Upon going there, I asked for Mother Superior, and after a while I got the answer that she was busy and could not come. On hearing this I was wounded. I went to church and poured out my pain with Jesus; and from this He took the occasion to make me stop. He spoke to me of His Love, of the inconstancy of the love of creatures, and of how He absolutely wanted me to stop it, telling me: "When a heart is not empty, I refuse it, nor can I begin the crafting which I had planned to do in the depth of the soul." But who can tell all that He said to me in my interior? I remember that it

did end there, and my heart remained intrepid, no longer able to love anyone.

But I always prayed Jesus to let me become a nun, and I often asked Him when I felt Him in my interior, whether my religious vocation was going to be fulfilled. And Jesus assured me, telling me: "Yes, I will make you content; you will see that you will be a nun." I remained all content in being assured by Jesus, and I tried to dispose my family in order to obtain their consent; but they were opposed, especially my mother. She even cried, and said to me that she would have made me content if I wanted to become a cloistered nun; but to be an

active nun, she would have never let me Will.

However, to tell the truth, I wanted to become an active nun, because those I knew had been my teachers; but my long illness occurred, and put an end to my vocation. Many times I lamented with Jesus and said to Him: "Yet, You told me a lie-You made fun of me, promising that I was going to become a nun." And many times Jesus assured me that He was telling the truth, saying to me: *"I can neither deceive nor make fun. The call which I made upon you was more special: who, in becoming a nun, even in the most strict*

religious lives, cannot walk, cannot take air, cannot enjoy anything? And how many times in religious orders do they let the little world in, and amuse themselves magnificently? And I remain as if aside... Ah, My daughter, when I call to a state, I know how to fulfill the call. The place is indifferent to Me; the religious habit tells Me nothing, when in substance the soul is what she should be if she had entered religious life. Therefore I tell you that you are and will be the true little nun of My Heart. "

Christmas Novena

**Preparation for Holy
Christmas during the
Season of Advent**

**The Nine Excesses of Love
in the Incarnation of the
Word**

Let us prepare ourselves for the
Great Feast of Holy Christmas by
meditating on the Mystery of the

Incarnation of the Word, attentively and continuously, during the Season of Advent, with the Christmas Novena (the Nine Excesses of Love) which Luisa did for the first time at the age of seventeen, and which she never abandoned during the course of her life.

May God grant us abundant graces, light and consuming love, to be reborn with Him in the Life of the Divine Will. Amen.

Christmas Novena

From the Writings of Luisa Piccarreta, Volume 1

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

FIRST EXCESS OF LOVE

As for example, for one hour, with my thought, I brought myself to Paradise, and I imagined the Most Holy Trinity: the Father, sending the Son upon earth; the Son, promptly obeying the Will of the Father; the Holy Spirit, consenting.

My mind was confused in contemplating a mystery so great, a love so reciprocal, so equal, so strong among Themselves and toward men; and then, the ingratitude of men, and especially my own. I would have remained there,

not for one hour, but for the whole day; but an interior voice told me: "Enough - come and see other greater excesses of my love."

SECOND EXCESS OF LOVE

Then, my mind brought itself into the maternal womb, and remained stupefied in considering a God so great in Heaven, now so annihilated, restricted, constrained, as to be unable to move, and almost even to breathe.

The interior voice told me: "Do

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

My heart was consumed; I asked for His forgiveness, I promised to be completely His own, I poured myself out in crying; but - I say this to my confusion - I would go back to my usual defects. Oh Jesus, how good You are with this miserable creature!

THIRD EXCESS OF LOVE

As I moved on from the second to the third meditation, an interior voice told me: "My daughter, place your head upon the womb of My Mama, and look deep into it at My little Humanity. My love devoured Me; the fires, the oceans, the immense seas of love of My Divinity inundated Me, burned Me to ashes, and sent their flames so high as to rise and reach everywhere-all generations, from the first to the last man. My little Humanity was devoured in the midst of

such flames; but do you know what My eternal love wants Me to devour? Ah! Souls! And only then was I content, when I devoured them all, to remain conceived with Me. I was God, and I was to operate as God-I had to take them all. My love would have given Me no peace, had I excluded any of them. Ah! My daughter, look well into the womb of My Mama; fix well your eyes on My conceived Humanity, and you will find your soul conceived with Me, and the flames of My love that devour you. Oh! How much I loved you, and I do love you!"

I felt dissolved in the midst of so

much love, nor was I able to go out of it; but a voice called me loudly, saying: "My daughter, this is nothing yet; cling more tightly to Me, and give your hands to My dear Mama, that She may hold you to her maternal womb. And you, take another look at My little conceived Humanity, and watch the fourth excess of My love."

FOURTH EXCESS OF LOVE

"My daughter, from the devouring love, move on to look at My operative

love. Each conceived soul brought Me the burden of her sins, of her weaknesses and passions, and My love commanded Me to take the burden of each one of them. And it conceived not only the souls, but the pains of each one, as well as the satisfaction which each one of them was to give to My Celestial Father. So My Passion was conceived together with Me. Look well at Me in the womb of My Celestial Mama. Oh! How tortured was My little Humanity. Look well at My little head, surrounded by a crown of thorns, which, pressed tightly around My temples, made rivers of tears pour out from My eyes; nor was I able to make a move to dry them. 0

Please! Be moved to compassion for Me, dry My eyes from so much crying-you, who have free arms to be able to do it. These thorns are the crown of the so many evil thoughts which crowd the human minds. Oh! How they prick Me, more than thorns which sprout from the earth. But, look again - what a long crucifixion of nine months: I could not move a finger or a hand or a foot. I was always immobile; there was no room to be able to move even a tiny bit. What a long and hard crucifixion, with the addition that all evil works, assuming the form of nails, continuously pierced My hands and feet." .. So He continued to narrate to me pains upon pains - all

the martyrdoms of His little Humanity, such that, if I wanted to tell them all, I would be too long.

I abandoned myself to crying, and I heard in my interior:

"My daughter, I would like to hug you, but I am unable to do so there is no room, I am immobile, I cannot do it. I would like to come to you, but I am unable to walk. For now, you hug Me and you come to Me; then, when I come out of the maternal womb, I will come to you."

.. But as I hugged Him and squeezed Him tightly to my heart with my imagination, an interior voice told me:

"Enough for now, My daughter; move on to consider the fifth excess of My love."

FIFTH EXCESS OF LOVE

And the interior voice continued: "My daughter, do not move away from Me, do not leave Me alone; My love wants your company. This is another excess of My love, which does not want to be alone. But do you know whose company it wants? That of the creature. See, in the womb of My Mama, all of the creatures are together with Me - conceived together with Me. I am with them, all love. I want to tell them how

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

crying. Oh! How lonely I am, though in the midst of many. Oh! How loneliness weighs upon Me. I have no one to whom to say a word, with whom to pour Myself out, not even in love. I am always sad and taciturn, because if I speak, I am not listened to. Ah! My daughter, I beg you, I implore you, do not leave Me alone in so much loneliness; give Me the good of letting Me speak by listening to Me; lend your ear to My teachings. I am the master of masters. How many things do I want to teach you! If you listen to Me, you will stop My crying and I will amuse Myself with you. Don't you want to amuse yourself with Me?"

And as I abandoned myself in Him, giving Him my compassion in His loneliness, the interior voice continued: "Enough, enough; move on to consider the sixth excess of My love."

SIXTH EXCESS OF LOVE

"My daughter, come, pray My dear Mama to set aside a little space for you within her maternal womb, that you yourself may see the painful state in which I find Myself." .. So, in my thoughts, it seemed that our Queen Mama made me a little room to make

Jesus content, and placed me in it. But the darkness was such that I could not see Him; I could only hear His breathing, while He continued to say in my interior: "My daughter, look at another excess of My love. I am the eternal light; the sun is a shadow of My light. But do you see where My love led Me-in what a dark prison I am? There is not a glimmer of light; it is always night for Me - but a night without stars, without rest. I am always awake ... what pain! The narrowness of this prison-without being able to make the slightest movement; the thick darkness ... ; even My breathing, as I breathe through the breathing of My Mama - oh, how

labored it is! To this, add the darkness of the sins of creatures. Each sin was a night for Me, and combined together they formed an abyss of darkness, with no boundaries. What pain! Oh, excess of My lovemaking Me pass from an immensity of light and space into an abyss of thick darkness, so narrow as to lose the freedom to breathe; and all this, for love of creatures."

As He was saying this, He moaned-moans almost suffocated because of the lack of space; and He cried. I was consumed with crying. I thanked Him, I compassionated Him; I wanted to make Him a little light with

my love, as He told me to. But who can say all? Then, the same interior voice added: "Enough for now; move on to the seventh excess of My love."

SEVENTH EXCESS OF LOVE

The interior voice continued: "My daughter, do not leave Me alone in so much loneliness and in so much darkness. Do not leave the womb of My Mama, so you may see the seventh excess of My love. Listen to Me: in the womb of My Celestial Father I was fully happy; there was no good which I did not possess; joy, happiness-everything was at My disposal. The angels adored

Me reverently, hanging upon My every wish. Ah, excess of My love! I could say that it made Me change My destiny; it restrained Me within this gloomy prison; it stripped Me of all My joys, happinesses and goods, to clothe Me with all the unhappinesses of creatures - and all this in order to make an exchange, to give them My destiny, My joys and My eternal happiness. But this would have been nothing had I not found in them highest ingratitude and obstinate perfidy. Oh, how My eternal love was surprised in the face of so much ingratitude, and how it cried over the stubbornness and perfidy of man. Ingratitude was the sharpest thorn that

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

EIGHTH EXCESS OF LOVE

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

My love wanted to push itself further. It should have stopped; but no, it wanted to overflow even more from within its boundaries; and from the womb of My Mama, it made My voice reach every heart, with the most insinuating manners, with the most fervent prayers, with the most penetrating words. And do you know what I said to them? 'My child, give me your heart; I will give you everything you want, provided that you give Me your heart in exchange. I have descended from Heaven to make a prey of it. Oh please, do not deny it to Me! Do not delude My hopes!' And in seeing him reluctant - even more, many turned their backs to Me-I passed on to

moaning; I joined My little hands and, crying, with a voice suffocated by sobs, I added: 'Ohh! Ohh! I am the little beggar; you don't want to give Me your heart-not even as alms? Is this not a greater excess of My love; that the Creator, in order to approach the creature, takes the form of a little baby so as not to strike fear in him; that He asks for the heart of the creature, at least as alms, and in seeing that he does not want to give it, He supplicates, moans and cries?'"

Then I heard Him say: "And you, don't you want to give Me your heart?"

Or maybe you too want Me to moan, beg and cry in order to give Me your heart? Do you want to deny Me the alms I ask of you?" .. And as He was saying this I heard Him as though sobbing, and I: 'My Jesus, do not cry, I give You my heart and all of myself.' Then, the interior voice continued: "Move further; pass on to the ninth excess of My love."

NINTH EXCESS OF LOVE

"My daughter, My state is ever more painful. If you love Me, keep your

gaze fixed on Me, to see if you can offer some relief to your Jesus; a little word of love, a caress, a kiss, will give respite to My crying and to My afflictions. Listen My daughter, after I gave eight excesses of My love, and man requited them so badly, My love did not give up and wanted to add the ninth excess to the eighth. And this was yearnings, sighs of fire, flames of desire, for I wanted to go out of the maternal womb to embrace man. This reduced My little Humanity, not yet born, to such an agony as to reach the point of breathing My last. But as I was about to breathe My last, My Divinity, which was inseparable from Me, gave Me sips of

life, and so I regained life to continue My agony, and return again to the point of death. This was the ninth excess of My love: to agonize and to die of love continuously for the creature. Oh! What a long agony of nine months! Oh! How love suffocated Me and made Me die. Had I not had the Divinity with Me, which gave Me life again every time I was about to finish, love would have consumed Me before coming out to the light of day." ..

Then He added: "Look at Me, listen to Me, how I agonize, how My heart beats, pants, burns. Look at Me - now I die." .. And He remained in deep

silence. I felt like dying. My blood froze in My veins, and trembling, I said to Him: 'My Love, my Life, do not die, do not leave me alone. You want love, and I will love You; I will not leave You ever again. Give me your flames to be able to love You more, and be consumed completely for You.'

THE BIRTH OF JESUS

December 25,1900 Volume 4

As I was in my usual state, I felt I was outside of myself; after wandering

around, I found myself inside a cave, and I saw the Queen Mama in the act of giving birth to Little Baby Jesus. What a wonderful prodigy! It seemed that both Mother and Son were transmuted into most pure light. But in that light one could see very well the human nature of Jesus containing the Divinity within Itself, and serving as a veil to cover the Divinity; in such a way that, in tearing the veil of human nature, He was God, while covered by that veil, He was Man. Here is the prodigy of prodigies: God and Man, Man and God! Without leaving the Father and the Holy Spirit because true love never separates-He comes to dwell in our midst, taking on human

flesh. Now, it seemed to me that Mother and Son, in that most happy instant, remained as though spiritualized, and without the slightest difficulty Jesus came out of the Maternal womb, while both of them overflowed with excess of Love. In other words, those Most Pure Bodies were transformed into Light, and without the slightest impediment, Light Jesus came out of the Light of the Mother, while both One and the Other remained whole and intact, returning, then, to their natural state.

Who can tell the beauty of the Little Baby who, at the moment of His birth, transfused, also externally, the rays

of the Divinity? Who can tell the beauty of the Mother, who remained all absorbed in those Divine rays? And Saint Joseph? It seemed to me that he was not present at the act of the birth, but remained in another corner of the cave, all engrossed in that profound Mystery. And if he did not see with the eyes of the body, he saw very well with the eyes of the soul, because he remained enraptured in sublime ecstasy.

Now, in the act in which the Little Baby came out to the light, I had wanted to fly and take Him in my arms, but the Angels prevented me, saying that the honor of holding Him first belonged to

the Mother. Then, the Most Holy Virgin, as though stirred, returned into Herself and from the hands of an Angel received Her Son in Her arms. In Her ardor of love, She squeezed Him so tightly that it seemed that She wanted to draw Him into Her womb again. Then, wanting to let Her ardent love pour out, She placed Him at Her breast to suckle. In the meantime, I was completely annihilated, waiting to be called so as not to be scolded again by the Angels. Then the Queen said to me: "Come, come and take your Beloved, and you too, enjoy Him-pour out your love with Him." .. As She was saying this, I drew near Mama, and She gave Him to me, into my arms. Who

can say my contentment, the kisses, the squeezes, the tendernesses? After I poured myself out a little, I said to Him: "My beloved, You have suckled the milk of our Mama, share it with me." .. And He, all condescending, poured part of that milk from His mouth into mine, and then He told me: "My beloved, I was conceived united to suffering, I was born to suffering, and I died in suffering. And with the three nails with which they crucified Me, I nailed the three powers-intellect, memory and will-of those souls who yearn to love Me, keeping them all drawn to Myself, because sin had rendered them infirm and dispersed from their Creator without any restraint." .. As

He was saying this, He gazed at the world and began to cry over its miseries. On seeing Him cry, I said:

"Lovable Baby, do not sadden with your tears a night so happy for one who loves you. Instead of pouring ourselves out in crying, let us pour ourselves out in singing;" and as I said this, I began to sing. Jesus was amused at hearing me sing, and He stopped crying; and completing my verse, He sang His own, with a voice so powerful and harmonious that all other voices disappeared at the sound of His most sweet voice

**From a letter of Saint Annibale Maria
di Francia to Luisa:**

J.M.J.A.

Messina,
February
14, 1927

Most esteemed one in the Lord,

... I also tell you that in reading the nine Exercises of Christmas, of which we have already prepared the proofs, one remains astounded at the immense Love and the immense suffering of Our blessed Lord Jesus Christ for love of us, and for the salvation of souls. I have never read in any other book on this topic a Revelation so touching and penetrating! ...

From the Writings of Luisa:

**December 16, 1928 Volume
25**

*The nine excesses of Jesus in
the Incarnation.*

*Contentments of Jesus. His
word is creation. Jesus sees
the scenes of His love being
repeated. Preludes of His
Kingdom.*

I was doing my meditation, and

since today it was the beginning of the Novena of Baby Jesus, I was thinking about the nine excesses of His Incarnation, which Jesus had narrated to me with so much tenderness, and which are written in the first Volume. I felt great reluctance at reminding the confessor about this, because, in reading them, he had told me that he wanted to read them in public in our chapel.

Now, while I was thinking of this, my little Baby Jesus made Himself seen in my arms, so very little, caressing me with His tiny little hands, and saying to me: "How beautiful is my little daughter! How beautiful! How I must thank you for

having listened to Me."

And I: "My Love, what are You saying? It is I who must thank You for speaking to me, and for giving me, with so much love, as my own teacher, so many lessons which I did not deserve."

And Jesus: "Ah, My daughter! To how many do I want to speak, and they do not listen to Me, reducing Me to silence, and suffocating My flames. So, we must thank each other - you thank Me, and I thank you. And then, why do you want to oppose the reading of the nine excesses? Ah! You do not know how much life, how much love and grace

they contain. You must know that My word is creation, and in narrating to you the nine excesses of My love in the Incarnation, I not only renewed the love I had in incarnating Myself, but I created new love in order to invest the creatures and conquer them, so that they would give themselves to Me. With these nine excesses of My love, manifested with so much love of tenderness and simplicity, I formed the prelude of the many lessons I was to give you about My Divine Fiat, in order to form Its Kingdom. And now, as you read them, My love is renewed and redoubled. Don't you want, then, that My love, being redoubled, overflow outside and invest other hearts, so that, as a

prelude, they may dispose themselves for the lessons of My Will, to make It known and reign?" (...)

Afterwards, the confessor was reading in the chapel the first excess of the love of Jesus in the Incarnation; and my sweet Jesus, from my interior, pricked up His ears in order to listen. And drawing me to Himself, He said to me: "My daughter, how happy I feel in listening to them. But My happiness increases in keeping you in this house of My Will, as both of us are listeners: I, of what I have told you, and you, of what you have heard from Me. My love swells, boils and overflows. Listen,

listen - how beautiful it is! The word contains the breath, and in being spoken, the word carries the breath which, like air, goes around from mouth to mouth, and communicates the strength of My creative word. And so the new creation which My word contains descends into the hearts.

Listen, My daughter: in Redemption I had the cortege of My Apostles, and I was in their midst, all love, in order to instruct them. I spared no toil in order to form the foundation of My Church. Now, in this house, I feel the cortege of the first children of My Will, and I feel My loving scenes being

repeated, in seeing you in their midst, all love, wanting to impart the lessons about My Divine Fiat, in order to form the foundations of the Kingdom of My Will. If you knew how happy I feel in seeing you speak about My Divine Will! I anxiously await the moment when you begin to speak, in order to listen to you, and to feel the happiness that My Divine Will brings Me".

December 21,1928 Volume 25

I continue the Novena of Holy Christmas; and continuing to hear the nine excesses of the Incarnation, my

beloved Jesus drew me to Himself, and showed me how each excess of His love was a sea with no boundaries. And from this sea rose gigantic waves, in which one could see all souls devoured by those flames. Just as the fish swim in the waters of the sea, and the waters of the sea form the life of the fish, the guide, the defense, the food, the bed and the amusement of these fish, so much so, that if they get out of the sea, they can say, "our life is ended, because we have left our inheritance - the fatherland given to us by our Creator"; in the same way, these immense waves of flames which rose from those seas of fire, by devouring the creatures, wanted to be

the life, the guide, the defense, the food, the bed, the fatherland of the creatures. But as these go out of this sea of love, all at once, they find death.

"If the sea does not cry," - Jesus says - "how can I not cry, in seeing that while My love has devoured all creatures, ungrateful, they do not want to live in My sea of love, but wriggling free from My flames, they go into exile, away from My fatherland, losing the guidance, the defense, the food, the bed, and even the life? They came from Me - they were created by Me, and were devoured by My flames of love, which I had in incarnating Myself for love of all

creatures.

"As I hear the narration of the nine excesses, the sea of My love swells-it boils; and forming immense waves, it roars so much as to want to deafen everyone, that they may hear nothing but My moans of love, My cries of sorrow, My repeated sobs, saying: 'Don't make Me cry any more; let us exchange the kiss of peace. Let us love each other, and we will all be happy - the Creator and the creature.'"

***THE VIRGIN MARY
IN THE KINGDOM
OF THE DIVINE
WILL***

**Meditations for the Month of
May.**

May 6, 1930

Maternal Appeal of the Queen of

Heaven

Dearest child, I feel the irresistible need to come down from Heaven to make you My maternal visits. If you assure Me of your filial love and faithfulness, I will remain always with you in your soul, to be your teacher, model, example and most tender Mother.

I come to invite you to enter the Kingdom of your Mamathe Kingdom of the Divine Will-and I knock at the door of your heart, that you may open it to Me. You know, with My own hands I bring you this book as a gift; I offer it to

you with maternal care so that, in reading it, you may learn in your turn to live from Heaven and no longer from the earth.

This book is of gold, My child. It will form your spiritual fortune and your happiness also on earth. In it you will find the fount of all goods: if you are weak, you will acquire strength; if you are tempted, you will achieve victory; if you have fallen into sin, you will find the compassionate and powerful hand which will raise you again. If you feel afflicted, you will find comfort; if cold, the surest way to get warm; if hungry, you will enjoy the delicious food of the

Divine Will. With It you will lack nothing; you will no longer be alone, because your Mama will keep you sweet company and with all her maternal care will take on the commitment of making you happy. I, Celestial Empress, will take care of all your needs, provided that you agree to live united with Me.

If you knew My anxiety, My ardent sighs, and also the tears I shed for My children! If you knew how I burn with desire that you listen to My lessons, all of Heaven, and learn to live from the Divine Will!

In this book you will see wonders;

you will find a Mama who loves you so much as to sacrifice her own beloved Son for you, in order to allow you to live of that very life from which she lived on earth.

Do not give Me this sorrow-do not reject Me. Accept this gift of Heaven I am bringing you; welcome My visit and My lessons. Know that I will go all over the world; I will go to each individual, to all families, to religious communities, to every nation, to all peoples, and if needed, I will go about for entire centuries until, as Queen, I have formed My people, and as Mother, My children, who may know the Divine

Will and let It reign everywhere. Here is the purpose of this book. Those who will welcome it with love will be the first fortunate children to belong to the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat, and with gold characters I will write their names in My maternal heart.

Do you see, My child? That same infinite love of God, Who wanted to use Me in the Redemption to make the Eternal Word descend upon earth, calls Me into the field once again, entrusting to Me the difficult task, the sublime mandate to form the children of the Kingdom of His Divine Will on earth. Therefore, with maternal care I put

Myself to work, preparing for you the way which will lead you to this happy Kingdom. For this purpose I will give you sublime and celestial lessons, and, finally, I will teach you special and new prayers, through which you will bind the heavens, the sun, the creation, My own life and that of My Son, and all the acts of the saints, so that in your name they may beseech the adorable Kingdom of the Divine Volition. These prayers are the most powerful because they bind the divine work itself. Through them God will feel disarmed and won over by the creature. Confident of this help, you will hasten the coming of His most happy Kingdom, and with Me you will obtain

that the Divine Will be done on earth as
It is in Heaven, according to the desire
of the Divine Master.

Courage, My child; make Me
content, and I will bless you.

**Prayer to the
Celestial Queen**

**For each day of
the Month of
May**

Immaculate Queen, my celestial
Mother, I come onto your maternal knees

to abandon myself in your arms as your dear child, and to ask of you, with the most ardent sighs - in this month consecrated to you - the greatest of graces: that you admit me to live in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Holy Mama, you who are the Queen of this Kingdom, admit me to live in It as your child, that It may no longer be desert, but populated by your children. Therefore, Sovereign Queen, I entrust myself to you, that you may lead my steps into the Kingdom of the Divine Will; and clinging to your maternal hand, you will lead all my being to live perennial life in the Divine Will. You

will be my Mama, and to you, my Mama, do I give my will, so that you may exchange it with the Divine Will; in this way I can be sure I will not leave Its Kingdom. Therefore I beg you to illumine me in order to make me understand what "*Divine Will*" means.

Hail Mary ...

Little Sacrifice of the Month:

Each morning, midday and night - three times a day - let us go onto the knees of our celestial Mama, and say to her: "My Mama, I love you; and you - love me, and give a sip of Divine Will

to my soul. Give me your blessing, that I may do all my actions under your maternal gaze."

Day One

**The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom
of the Divine Will.**

**The First Step of the Divine Will
in the Immaculate Conception of
the Celestial Mama.**

The soul to her Immaculate Queen:

Here I am, O most sweet Mama,
prostrate before you.

Today is the first day of the month of May, sacred to you, in which all your children want to offer you their little flowers to prove to you their love, and to bind your love to loving them; and I see you descending from the celestial Fatherland, attended by cohorts of angels, to receive the beautiful roses, the humble violets, the chaste lilies of your

children, giving them your smiles of love, your graces and blessings in return. And pressing the gifts of your children to your maternal womb, you bring them to Heaven, to keep them as pledges and crowns for the moment of their death.

Celestial Mama, in the midst of many, I, who am the littlest, the neediest of your children, want to come up onto your maternal lap, to bring you, not flowers and roses, but a sun every day. But my mama must help her child, giving me your lessons of Heaven, to teach me how to form these divine suns, in order to give you the most beautiful homage and the most pure love. Dear Mama, you

have understood what your child wants: I want you to teach me how to live from the Divine Will. And I, transforming my acts and all of myself into Divine Will according to your teachings, will bring to your lap every day, all my acts changed into suns.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Blessed child, your prayer wounded My Maternal Heart, and drawing Me from Heaven, I am already close to My child, to give her My lessons, all of Heaven.

Look at Me, dear child: thousands

of angels surround Me, and, reverent, are all in waiting, to hear Me speak of that Divine Fiat, whose fount I possess, more than anyone; I know Its admirable secrets, Its infinite joys, Its indescribable happiness, and Its incalculable value. To hear My child calling Me, because she wants My lessons on the Divine Will, is the greatest feast for Me-the purest joy. If you listen to My lessons, I will call Myself fortunate to be your mother. Oh, how I sigh to have a child who wants to live only from the Divine Will! Tell Me, O child, will you make Me content? Will you give your heart, your will, all of yourself, into My maternal hands, that I

may prepare you, dispose you, fortify you, empty you of everything, so as to be able to fill you completely with the light of the Divine Will, and form in you Its Divine Life? Place your head upon the heart of your celestial Mama, and be attentive in listening to Me, so that My sublime lessons may make you decide never to do your will, but always that of God.

My child, listen to Me: it is My maternal heart that loves you very much, and wants to pour itself out upon you. Know that I have you here, inscribed in My heart, and that I love you truly, as My child. But I feel a sorrow, because I

do not see you as similar to your Mama. Do you know what renders us dissimilar? It is your will, that takes away from you the freshness of grace, the beauty that enamors your Creator, the strength that conquers and bears everything, the love that consumes everything. In sum, it is not that Will which animates your celestial Mama.

You must know that I knew My human will only to keep it sacrificed in homage to My Creator; My life was all of Divine Will. From the first instant of My Conception, I was molded, warmed and placed into Its light, which purified My human seed with Its power, in such a

way that I was conceived without original sin. Therefore, if My Conception was spotless, and so glorious as to form the honor of the Divine Family, it was only because the Omnipotent Fiat poured Itself upon My seed, and pure and holy I was conceived. If the Divine Will had not, more than a tender mother, poured Itself upon My seed in order to prevent the effects of original sin, I would have encountered the sad destiny of the other creatures - that of being conceived with original sin. Therefore, the primary cause was, wholly, the Divine Will; to It be honor, glory, thanksgiving, for having been conceived without original sin.

Now, child of My Heart, listen to your Mama: banish your human will; content yourself with dying rather than concede one act of life to it. Your celestial Mama would have been content with dying thousands and thousands of times, rather than do one single act of My will. Do you not want to imitate Me? Ah, if you will keep it sacrificed in honor of your Creator, the Divine Will will take the first step in your soul, and you will feel molded with a celestial aura, purified and warmed, in such a way as to feel the seeds of your passions being annihilated. You will feel placed on the first steps of the Kingdom of the Divine Will. Therefore, be attentive; if

you are faithful in listening to Me, I will guide you, I will lead you by the hand along the interminable ways of the Divine Fiat; I will keep you sheltered under My blue mantel, and you will be My Heart, My glory, My victory as well as yours.

The soul:

Immaculate Virgin, take me on your maternal knees, and be my mama. With your holy hands, take possession of my will; purify it, mold it, warm it with the touch of your maternal fingers. Teach me to live only of Divine Will.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, from the morning, and in all your actions, you will place your will into My hands, telling Me: "My Mama, You Yourself offer the sacrifice of my will to my Creator."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

My Mama, enclose the Divine Will in my soul, that It may take Its prime place, and form in it Its throne and dwelling.

Day Two

**The Second Step of the Divine Will in
the Queen of Heaven.**

**The First Smile of the Most
Holy
Trinity
over
Her
Immaculate
Conception**

The soul:

Here I am again upon your maternal knees, to listen to your lessons. Celestial Mama, this poor child entrusts herself to your power. I am too poor, I know, but I know that you love me as a mother, and this is enough for me to fling myself into your arms, that you may have compassion for me; and opening the ears of my heart, you will make me hear your most sweet voice, in order to give me your sublime lessons. You, holy Mama, will purify my heart by the touch of your maternal fingers, in order to enclose in it the celestial dew of your celestial teachings.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My child, listen to Me: if you knew how much I love you, you would have more confidence in your Mama, and you would let not even one of My words escape you. You must know that I not only keep you inscribed in My Heart, but in this heart I have a maternal fiber that, more than mother, makes Me love My child. Therefore I want you to hear the great prodigy that the Supreme Fiat operated in Me, so that you, in imitating Me, may give Me the great honor of being My queen daughter. How My Heart sighs, drowned in love, to have around Me the noble cohort of My little queens.

So listen to Me, My beloved child.

As soon as the Divine Fiat poured Itself over My human seed in order to prevent the sad effects of sin, the Divinity smiled, and put Itself in feast in seeing in My seed that human seed, pure and holy, just as it came out of their creative hands in the creation of man. So the Divine Fiat took the second step in Me, by carrying My human seed, purified and sanctified by It, before the Divinity, that It might pour out in torrents upon My littleness in the act of being conceived. Recognizing in Me Its

creative work, beautiful and pure, the Divinity smiled with satisfaction, and wanting to celebrate Me, the celestial Father poured upon Me seas of power; the Son, seas of wisdom; the Holy Spirit, seas of love. So I was conceived in the never ending light of the Divine Will. In the midst of these divine seas, which My littleness could not contain, I formed highest waves in order to send them back as homage of love and glory to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.

The Divinity was all eyes over Me, and not to be won over by Me in love, smiling and caressing Me, sent Me

more seas, which so much embellished Me that as soon as My little humanity was formed, I acquired the enrapturing virtue of enrapturing My Creator. And He really let Himself be enraptured; so much so, that between Me and God, it was always feast. We denied nothing to each other. I never denied Him anything, nor did He. But do you know who animated Me with this enrapturing power? The Divine Will, reigning in Me as life. This is why the power of the Supreme Being was mine, and this is why we had equal power to enrapture each other.

Now, My child, listen to your

Mama: know that I love you very much, and would like to see your soul filled with My own seas. These seas of mine are swollen, and want to pour themselves out; but in order to do this, you must empty yourself of your will, so that the Divine Will may take the second step over you, and becoming the principle of life in your soul, It may call the attention of the celestial Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, to pour themselves upon you with their overflowing seas. But in order to do this, they want to entrust to your human will their seas of power, of wisdom and of unspeakable beauty.

Child most dear to Me, listen to your Mama; place your hand upon your heart and tell Me your secrets: how many times have you been unhappy, tortured, embittered, because you did your will? Know that you have cast out a Divine Will, and fell into the abyss of evils. It wanted to render you pure and holy, happy and beautiful-of an enchanting beauty; and you, by doing your own will, waged war against It, and, in sorrow, you cast It out of Its dear dwelling - your soul.

Listen, child of My Heart, it is a sorrow for your Mama not to see the sun

of the Divine Fiat in you, but the darkness of the night of your human will.

But, get up-courage! If you promise to place your will into My hands, I, your celestial Mama, will take you in My arms. I will place you upon My knees, and reorder the life of the Divine Will in you; so you too, after so many tears, will make My smile, My feast, and the smile and the feast of the Most Holy Trinity.

The soul:

Celestial Mama, if you love me so

much, I beg you not to allow me to come down from your maternal knees; and as soon as you see that I am about to do my will, watch over my poor soul, and enclosing me in your heart, burn my will with the power of your Love. In this way, I will change your tears into smiles of delight.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will come onto My knees three times, and giving Me your will, you will say to Me: "My Mama, I want this will of mine to be yours, that you may exchange it with

the Divine Will."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Sovereign Queen, with your Divine Rule, throw down my will, so that the seed of the Divine Will may spring up within me.

Day Three

**The Third Step of the Divine Will in
the Queen of Heaven.**

The Smile of all Creation for

the Conception of the Celestial Baby.

The soul to the Sovereign Virgin:

Mama, this little child of yours, enraptured by your celestial lessons, feels the extreme need to come every day upon your maternal knees, to listen to you and to place your maternal teachings into my heart. Your love, your sweet accent, your pressing me to your heart in your maternal arms, infuse courage in me, and the confidence that

my Mama will give me the great grace of making me understand the great evil of my will, to make me live from the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My child, listen to Me; it is the heart of a mother that speaks to you, and as I see that you want to listen to Me, My heart rejoices and feels the certain hope that My child will take possession of the Kingdom of the Divine Will, which I possess within My Maternal Heart to give to My children. Therefore, be attentive in listening to Me, and write all My words within your heart, that you

may always meditate on them, and mold your life according to My teachings.

Listen, My child: as soon as the Divinity smiled and celebrated My Conception, the Supreme Fiat took the third step over My little humanity. Tiny, tiny as I was, It endowed Me with divine reason; and moving the whole Creation in feast, It caused Me to be recognized by all created things as their Queen. They recognized in Me the life of the Divine Will, and the whole universe prostrated itself at My feet, even though I was tiny and not yet born. Singing My praises, the sun made feast for Me and smiled at Me with its light;

the heavens celebrated Me with their stars, which smiled at Me with their meek and sweet flickering and offered themselves as a radiant crown upon My head; the sea made feast for Me with its waves, rising and falling peacefully. In sum, there was not one created thing that did not unite itself to the smile and to the feast of the Most Holy Trinity.

All accepted My dominion, My rule, My command, and they felt honored because, after so many centuries from the time Adam had lost his command and dominion as king by withdrawing from the Divine Will, they found their Queen in Me. All Creation

proclaimed Me Queen of Heaven and earth.

My dear child, you must know that when the Divine Will reigns in the soul, It does not know how to do small things-only great. It wants to centralize all Its divine qualities within the fortunate creature, and everything that came from Its Omnipotent Fiat surrounds her and remains obedient to her wishes. What did the Divine Fiat not give to Me? It gave Me everything-Heaven and earth were in My power; I felt dominator of all-even of My Creator.

Now, My child, listen to your

Mama. Oh, how My heart grieves in seeing you weak, poor, and without true dominion over yourself. Fears, doubts, apprehensions, are the things that dominate you - all miserable rags of your human will. Do you know why? Because the life of the Divine Will, intact, is missing in you; life which, putting to flight all the evils of the human will, may make you happy and fill you with all the goods It possesses.

Ah, if with a firm resolution you decide no longer to give life to your human will, you will feel all evils die within you, and all goods come back to life. And then, everything will smile at

you; the Divine Will will take the third step, also in you, and all Creation will make feast for the newly arrived in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

So, My child, tell Me - will you listen to Me? Do you give Me your word that you will never do your will-never again? Know that if you do this, I will never leave you, I will place Myself as guardian of your soul; I will envelope you within My light, so that no one would dare to disturb My child; and I will give you My rule, that you may rule over all the evils of your will.

The soul:

Celestial Mama, your lessons descend into my heart and fill it with celestial balm. I thank you for lowering yourself so much toward me, poor little one. But listen, O my Mama-I fear myself; but if you want it - and I can do anything with you - I will abandon myself like a little baby in the arms of my Mama, and I am certain I will satisfy your maternal yearnings.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will look at the heavens, the sun and the earth, and uniting yourself with all, you will recite three *Glory Be's*, three times, in order to

thank God for having constituted Me
Queen of all.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Powerful Queen, dominate over
my will, to convert it into Divine Will.

Day Four

**The Fourth Step of the Divine Will in
the Queen of Heaven:**

The Test.

The soul to the Virgin:

Here I am again, on the maternal knees of my dear celestial Mama. My heart beats very strongly. I am anxious with love for the desire to hear your beautiful lessons; therefore, give me your hand and take me in your arms. In your arms I spend moments of Paradise - I feel happy. Oh, how I sigh to hear your voice! A new life descends into my heart. Therefore, talk to me, and I promise I will put into practice your teachings.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My child, if you knew how much I love to hold you tightly in My arms, leaning on My Maternal Heart, to let you hear the celestial secrets of the Divine Fiat! And if you sigh so much to listen to Me, they are My sighs that echo in your heart; it is your Mama that wants her child, and wants to entrust Her secrets to her, and to narrate to her the story of that which the Divine Will operated in Me.

Child of My Heart, pay attention to Me: it is My Heart of Mother that wants to pour itself out with her child. I want to tell you My secrets, which have not been revealed to anyone until now, because the hour of God had not yet

come. Wanting to bestow upon the creatures surprising graces, which He has not conceded in the whole history of the world, He wants to make known the prodigies of the Divine Fiat, and all that It can work in the creature who lets herself be dominated. This is why He wants to place Me in the sight of all, as model, since I had the great honor to form all My life in the Divine Will.

Now, My child, know that as soon as I was conceived, I put the Divinity in feast. Heaven and earth made feast, and recognized Me as their Queen. I remained so identified with My Creator that I felt like the owner within the

divine dominions. I did not know what separation from My Creator was; that same Divine Will which reigned in Me, reigned in Them [the Divine Persons], and rendered us inseparable.

But while all was smile and feast between Me and Them, I saw that They could not trust Me if They did not receive a proof. My child, the test is the flag that claims victory. The test places all the goods that God wants to give us in safekeeping; the test matures and disposes the soul to gains of great conquests. I too saw the necessity of this test, because I wanted to give proof to My Creator with an act of loyalty which

would cost Me the sacrifice of My whole life, in exchange for the many seas of grace that He had given Me. How beautiful it is to be able to say: "You have loved me, I have loved You!" .. But without the test, it can never be said.

Now know, My child, that the Divine Fiat made Me know the creation of man, innocent and holy. For him too, everything was happiness. He had command over all creation, and all the elements were obedient to his wishes. Since the Divine Will was reigning in Adam, by virtue of It, he too was inseparable from His Creator. After God

had given so many goods to him, in order to receive one act of faithfulness in Adam, He commanded him not to touch one fruit, only, of the many which were in the terrestrial Eden. That was the proof that God wanted to confirm his innocence, sanctity and happiness, and to give him the right of command over the whole of creation. But Adam was not faithful in the test, and because he was not faithful, God could not trust him. So he lost command, innocence and happiness, and one can say that he turned the work of creation upside down.

Now know, child of My Heart, that in knowing the grave evils of the human will in Adam and in all his offspring, I, your celestial Mama, though just conceived, cried bitterly and with hot tears over decayed man. In seeing Me crying, the Divine Will asked Me, as proof, to surrender My human will to It. The Divine Fiat said to Me: "I do not ask of you a fruit, as with Adam; no, no-I ask for your will. You will keep it, as if you did not have it, under the empire of My Divine Will, which will be your life, and will feel confident to make of you whatever It wants."

So the Supreme Fiat took the fourth step in My soul: asking Me for My will as proof; waiting for My Fiat, and for My acceptance of such a test.

Tomorrow I will wait for you again to come upon My knees, to let you hear the outcome of the test; and since I want you to imitate your Mama, I ask you, as a mother, never to deny anything to your God, even though they might be sacrifices that would last all your life. Remaining ever unwavering in the test which God asks of you-your loyalty, is the call of the divine designs upon you, and the reflection of His virtues, which, like many brushes, make of the soul the

masterpiece of the Supreme Being. One can say that the test offers the raw material into the divine hands, so that they may accomplish their crafting in the soul. God does not know what to do with one who is not faithful in the test; not only this, he upsets the most beautiful works of his Creator.

Therefore, My dear child, be attentive: if you are faithful in the test, you will make your Mama happier. Do not cause Me to be worried, give Me your word and I will guide you and sustain you in everything, as My own child.

The soul:

Holy Mama, I know my weakness, but your maternal goodness infuses so much confidence in me that I hope for everything from you, and with you I feel safe. Even more, I place into your hands all the tests that God will dispose for me, so that you may give me all the graces I need in order not to send the divine designs to ruin.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will come three times onto My maternal

knees, and you will bring Me all your pains, of soul and body. You will bring everything to your Mama, and I will bless them in order to infuse in them the strength, the light and the grace that is needed.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Celestial Mama, take me into your arms, and write in my heart: "*Fiat, Fiat, Fiat.* "

Day Five

The Fifth Step of the Divine Will in the Queen of Heaven.

The Triumph over the Test.

The soul to the Virgin:

Celestial Sovereign, I see you stretching out your arms, to take me onto your maternal knees; and I run - I fly, to enjoy the chaste embraces and the celestial smiles of my celestial Mama. Holy Mama, your appearance today is

triumphant, and with an air of triumph you want to narrate to me your triumph over the test. Ah, yes, I will gladly listen to you, and I ask you to give me the grace to be able to triumph in the tests that the Lord will dispose for me.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Child most dear to Me, oh!, how I long to confide My secrets to My child, secrets which will give Me much glory, and which will glorify that Divine Fiat that was the primary cause of My Immaculate Conception, of My sanctity, sovereignty and maternity. I owe everything to the Fiat - I know nothing

else; all of My sublime qualities for which the holy Church so much honors Me, are nothing other than the effects of that Divine Will which dominated Me, reigned and lived in Me. This is why I yearn so much that that which produced in Me so many qualities and admirable effects as to astonish Heaven and earth, be known.

Now listen to Me, dear child: as soon as the Supreme Being asked for My human will, I understood the great evil that the human will can do in the creature, and how it puts everything in danger, even the most beautiful works of her Creator. The creature, with her

human will, is all vacillations; she is weak, inconstant, disordered. And this, because God, in creating her, had created her, as though by nature, united with His Divine Will, in such a way that It was to be the strength, the prime motion, the support, the food and the life of the human will. Therefore, by not giving life to the Divine Will in our own, we reject the goods we received from God in the creation, and the rights we received, by nature, in the act in which we were created.

Oh, how well I understood the grave offense that is given to God, and

the evils that pour upon the creature! I had such great horror and fear of doing My will-and I feared with reason, because Adam too was created innocent by God, yet, by doing his own will, into how many evils did he not plunge himself, and all the generations?

Therefore, I, your Mama, taken by terror, and even more, by love for My Creator, swore never to do My will. And to be more sure and to better attest My sacrifice to the One Who had given Me so many seas of graces and privileges, I took My human will and bound it to the foot of the Divine Throne, in continuous homage of love and

sacrifice, promising never to use My will, not even for one instant of My life, but always that of God.

My child, to you My sacrifice of living without My will may not seem great, but I tell you that there is no sacrifice similar to mine - even more, all other sacrifices of the whole history of the world can be called shadows in comparison with mine. To sacrifice oneself for one day - now yes, now no - is easy; but to sacrifice oneself in every instant, in every act, even in the very good one wants to do, for one's entire life, without ever giving life to one's own will, is the sacrifice of sacrifices; it

is the greatest proof that can be offered; it is the purest love-filtered through the Divine Will Itself-that can be given to our Creator. This sacrifice is so great that God cannot ask anything more of the creature, nor can she find how to sacrifice more for her Creator.

Now, My most dear child, as soon as I offered My will to My Creator, I felt triumphant in the test asked of Me, and God felt triumphant in My human will. God was waiting for My test - that is, that a creature would live without [her] will - in order to adjust the balance with mankind, and to assume the attitude of clemency and mercy.

Therefore, I will wait for you again, to narrate the story of what the Divine Will did after the triumph over the test.

And now, a little word to you, My child: if you knew how I yearn to see you living without your will! You know that I am your Mother, and a Mama wants to see her child happy; but how can you be happy if you do not decide to live without [your] will, as your Mama lived? If you do so, I will give you everything; I will place Myself at your disposal, and be all for My child,

provided that I receive the good, the contentment, the happiness, of having a child who lives all from the Divine Will.

The soul:

Triumphant Sovereign, into your hands of mother do I place my will, so that you yourself, as my Mama, may purify it and embellish it, and bind it together with your own, to the foot of the Divine Throne, that I may live not with my will, but always with That of God.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, in every act you do, you will give your will into My maternal hands, asking Me to let the Divine Will flow in place of your own.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Triumphant Queen, steal my will from me, and give me the Divine Will in return.

Day Six

**The Sixth Step of the Divine Will in
the Queen of Heaven.**

After the Triumph in the Test, the Possession.

The soul to the Virgin:

Queen Mama, I see that you are waiting for me again, and stretching out your hand, you take me on your knees and squeeze me to your heart, to let me feel the life of that Divine Fiat, which you possess. Oh, how refreshing is Its warmth! How penetrating is Its light! Holy Mama, if you love me so much, plunge the little atom of my soul into the sun of the Divine Will which you conceal, that I may say: "My will is

ended, it will have life no more; my life will be the Divine Will."

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Dearest child, trust your Mama and pay attention to My lessons; they will serve you to make you abhor your will and yearn for the Divine Fiat within you; the Fiat which loved so much to form Its life in you.

My child, you must know that the Divine Will was assured about Me through the test It wanted, while everyone believes that I had no trial, and that it was enough for God to make the

great portent of conceiving Me without original sin! Oh, how they deceive themselves! On the contrary, He asked of Me a proof which He has asked of no one. And He did this with justice and with highest wisdom, because since the Eternal Word had to come down into Me, not only was it not decorous that He find original sin in Me, but it was also not decorous for Him to find a human will operating in Me. It would have been too unbecoming for God to descend into a creature in whom the human will reigned. Here is why He wanted a test from Me, and for all of My life: My will-in order to secure the Kingdom of the Divine Will within My soul. Once

He secured this in Me, God could do with Me anything He wanted; He could give Me everything, and I can say that He could deny Me nothing.

For now, let us go back to the point we reached. I will reserve the narration of what this Divine Will did in Me during the course of My lessons.

Now listen, My child: after the triumph in the test, the Divine Fiat took the sixth step in My soul by allowing Me to take possession of all the divine qualities, as much as is possible and imaginable for a creature. Everything was mine - Heaven, earth, and even God

Himself, whose very Will I possessed. I felt I possessed the divine sanctity, the love, the beauty, the power, the wisdom, and the divine goodness. I felt I was Queen of everything; nor did I feel a stranger in the house of My Celestial Father. I felt vividly His paternity and the happiness of being His faithful daughter. I can say that I grew up on the paternal knees of God, nor did I know other love or science, if not that which My Creator administered to Me. Who can tell you all that this Divine Will did in Me? It raised Me so high, It embellished Me so much, that the very angels remain mute, nor do they know where to start to talk about Me.

Now, My dearest child, you must know that as soon as the Divine Fiat had Me take possession of all, I felt I possessed everything and everyone. With Its power, immensity and allseeingness, the Divine Will enclosed all creatures within My soul, and I felt a little place in My heart for each one of them. From the moment I was conceived I carried you in My Heart, and - oh, how much I loved you, and I do love you! I love you so much that I became your mother before God; My prayers and My sighs were for you, and in the delirium of a mother, I said: "Oh, how I wish to see My child possessor of everything, as I am!" ..

Therefore, listen to your Mama: do not want to recognize your human will any more. If you do so, everything will be in common between you and Me; you will have a divine strength in your power; all things will turn into sanctity, love and divine beauty. And in the ardor of My love, just as the Most High sang to Me, "All beautiful, all holy, all pure are you, 0 Mary", I will say: "Beautiful, pure and holy is My child, because she possesses the Divine Will."

The soul:

Queen of Heaven, I too hail you,
"All beautiful, pure and holy is my

celestial Mama". I beg you, if you have a place for me in your maternal heart, enclose me in it, so I will be sure that I will no longer do my will, but always that of God; and we will both be happy - mother and child.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will recite three *Glory Be's* for three times, in thanksgiving to the Most Holy Trinity for the Kingdom of the Divine Will which It established in Me, giving Me possession of everything. And making the words of the Supreme Being your own, at each *Glory Be*, you will say to

Me: "All beautiful, pure and holy is my
Mama."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Queen of Heaven, make me
possessed by the Divine Will.

Day Seven

**The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom
of the Divine Will takes the Scepter of
Command,**

and the Most Holy Trinity constitutes Her Its Secretary.

The soul to the Divine Secretary:

Queen Mama, here I am, prostrate at your feet. I feel that, as your child, I cannot be without my celestial Mama; and even though today you come to me with the glory of your scepter of command, and with the crown of Queen, yet you are always my Mama. So, though trembling, I fling myself into your arms, that you may heal the wounds which my bad will has made to my poor soul. Listen, my Sovereign Mama, if you do

not make a prodigy if you do not take your scepter of command in order to guide me and hold your empire over all my acts, so that my will may have no life-I will not have the beautiful destiny of coming into the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dear child, come into the arms of your Mama, and pay attention in listening to Me: you will hear the unheard-of prodigies that the Divine Fiat worked in your celestial Mama.

As I took possession of the

Kingdom of the Divine Will, Its steps within Me ended, and Its full life began, whole and perfect, within My soul. Oh, at what divine heights was I placed by the Most High! The Heavens could neither reach Me nor contain Me. The light of the sun was little before My light. No created thing could reach Me. I crossed the divine seas as if they were My own; My Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, longed for Me to be in Their arms, to enjoy Their little daughter. Oh, what contentment They felt on hearing that, in loving Them, I prayed to Them and adored Their Supreme Height. My love, My prayer and adoration, came out from within My soul

- from the center of the Divine Will. They felt, coming out from Me, waves of divine love, chaste fragrances and unusual joys, starting from within the heaven which their own Divine Will had formed in My littleness-to the extent that They could not stop repeating: "All beautiful, all pure, all holy, is Our little daughter. Her words are chains that bind Us; her gazes are darts that wound Us; her heartbeats are arrows that, darting upon Us, make Us go into delirium of love!" .. They felt the Power, the Strength of their Divine Will coming out from Me, which rendered us inseparable; and They called Me "Our invincible daughter, who will bring

victory even over Our Divine Being."

Now, listen to Me, My child; the Divinity, taken by excess of love for Me, told Me: "Our beloved daughter, Our Love cannot resist; It feels suffocated if We do not entrust to you Our secrets. Therefore We elect you Our faithful secretary; We want to entrust to you Our sorrows and Our decrees. We want to save man at any cost-look how he is falling; his rebellious will drags him continuously toward evil. Without the life, the strength and the support of Our Divine Will, he has deviated from the path of his Creator, and walks crawling on the earth - weak, ill, and full of all

vices. But there are no other ways to save him - no other ways out, other than for the Eternal Word to descend, assume his guise, his miseries, his sins upon Himself; become his brother, conquer him through love and unheard-of pains, and give him so much confidence as to be able to bring him back again into Our paternal arms. Oh, how We grieve over the destiny of man! Our sorrow is great, nor could We confide it to anyone, because not having a Divine Will to dominate them, they could never have understood either Our sorrow, or the grave evil of man fallen into sin. To you, who possess Our Fiat, is allowed the ability to understand it; therefore, as if to

Our own secretary, We want to unveil
Our secrets to you, and place the scepter
of command into your hands, that you
may dominate and rule over all, and that
your dominion may win over God and
men, bringing them to Us as reborn
children, within your maternal heart."

Who can tell you, dear child, all
that My Heart felt at these divine words?
A vein of intense sorrow opened in Me,
and I committed Myself, even at the cost
of My life, to winning over God and the
creature, and to uniting them together.

Now, My child, listen to your
Mama: I saw that you were surprised in

hearing Me narrate the story of the possession, in the Kingdom of the Divine Will. Know that this destiny is given also to you; if you decide never to do your will, the Divine Volition will form Its heaven in your soul. You will feel the divine inseparability; the scepter of command over yourself, over your passions, will be given to you. You will no longer be slave to yourself, because the human will alone puts the poor creature into slavery, clips the wings of love for the One who created her, and takes away from her the strength, the support and the confidence to fling herself into the arms of her celestial Father - to the extent that she is unable to

know either His secrets, or the great love with which He loves her, living like a stranger in the house of her Divine Father. What a distance the human will throws between Creator and creature!

Therefore, listen to Me, make Me content. Tell Me you will no longer give life to your will, and I will fill you completely with the Divine Will.

The soul:

Holy Mama, help me; don't you see how weak I am? Your beautiful lessons move me to tears, and I cry over my great misfortune of having fallen

many times into the maze of doing my own will, detaching myself from that of my Creator. Be my Mama, do not leave me to myself. With your power, unite the Divine Will to mine; enclose me in your maternal heart, in which I will be sure never to do my will.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will remain under My mantle, to learn to live under My gaze; and reciting three "Hail Marys" for Me, you will ask Me to make everyone know the Divine Will.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Celestial Mama, enclose me in your heart, that I may learn from you to live from the Divine Will.

Day Eight

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will received the Mandate from Her Creator

to place into Safety the Destiny of Mankind.

The soul to the Divine Agent:

Here I am, celestial Mama. I feel I cannot be without my dear Mama; my poor heart is restless, and only then do I feel it at peace-when I am in your heart like a tiny little one, clinging to your heart, to listen to your lessons. Your sweet accent sweetens all my bitteresses, and sweetly binds my will; and placing it like a footstool under the Divine Will, it makes me feel Its sweet empire, Its life, and Its happiness.

Lesson of the Celestial Agent:

Dearest child of mine, know that I love you very much; trust in your Mama, and be sure that you will obtain victory over your will. If you are faithful to Me, I will take complete responsibility over you, and be your true Mama. Therefore, listen to what I did for you before the Most High.

I did nothing other than go onto the knees of My Celestial Father. I was little, not yet born; but the Divine Will, whose life I possessed, rendered My visits to My Creator accessible to Me. All doors and all ways were open for Me, nor was I fearful or afraid of Them. Only the human will causes fear, fright

and mistrust, keeping the poor creature away from the One Who loves her so much, and Who wants to be surrounded by His children. Therefore, if the creature is afraid and fears, and does not know how to be as a child with her Father, it is a sign that the Divine Will does not reign in her. These creatures are the tortured and martyred ones of the human will. Therefore, never do your will; do not want to torture and martyr yourself, for this is the most horrible of martyrdoms with no support and no strength.

Listen to Me: I took Myself into the arms of the Divinity; even more,

because they awaited Me, and made feast in seeing Me. They loved Me so much that at My appearance They would pour more seas of love and sanctity into My soul. I do not remember ever having departed from Them, without Them adding more surprising gifts for Me.

So, while I was in Their arms, I prayed for mankind; and many times, with tears and sighs, I prayed for you, My child, and for all. I cried because of your rebellious will, because of your sad lot of seeing yourself reduced to slavery by it, which made you unhappy. To see My child unhappy made Me shed bitter tears, to the point of wetting the

hands of My Celestial Father with My tears. And the Divinity, moved by My crying, continued to tell Me: "Our beloved daughter, your love binds Us, your tears extinguish the fire of Divine Justice; your prayers draw Us toward the creatures, to the extent that We do not know how to resist. Therefore We give to you the mandate to rescue the destiny of mankind. You will be Our agent in their midst. To you do We entrust their souls; you will defend Our rights, prejudiced by their sins; you will be in the middle, between Ourselves and them, to restore balance on both sides. We feel in you the invincible strength of Our Divine Will, which prays and cries

through you. Who can resist you? Your prayers are commands, your tears rule over Our Divine Being therefore, forward in your enterprise!"

My dearest child, My Heart felt consumed with love at the loving ways of the divine speaking; and with all My love I accepted their mandate, saying: "Highest Majesty, I am here in Your arms; dispose of Me in whatever way You want. I will put even My life and if I had as many lives for as many as are the creatures, I would put them at their disposal and Yours, to bring them into your paternal arms, all safe."

Without knowing then that I was going to be the Mother of the Divine Word, I felt a double maternity in Me: maternity toward God, in order to defend His just rights; and maternity toward the creatures, to bring them to safety. I felt I was the Mother of all. The Divine Will which reigned in Me, and which knows not how to do isolated works, brought God and all creatures from all centuries into Me. **In My Maternal Heart I felt My God offended, wanting to be satisfied-and I felt the creatures under the rule of Divine Justice. Oh, how many tears I shed! I wanted to make My tears descend into every heart, in order to let everyone**

know My maternity, all of love. I cried for you and for all, My child. Therefore, listen to Me; have pity on My crying. Take My tears in order to extinguish your passions, and to make your will lose life. Accept My mandate - that you do always the Will of your Creator.

The soul:

Celestial Mama, my poor heart does not resist, as I hear how much you love me. Ah, you love me so much, to the point of crying for me! I feel your tears descending into my heart, and like many wounds, they wound me and make

me comprehend how much you love me. I want to unite my tears to yours, and pray to you crying, that you may never leave me alone, and watch over me in everything, and even beat me, if necessary. Be my Mama, and I, your little child, will let you do anything with me, so that your mandate may be welcomed, and you may bring me in your arms to our celestial Father, as accomplished act of your divine mandate.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will give Me your will, your pains, your tears,

your anxieties, your doubts and fears, into My maternal hands, so that, as your Mama, I may keep them in deposit within My Maternal Heart, as pledges of My child. And I will give you the precious pledge of the Divine Will.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Celestial Mama, pour your tears into my soul, that they may heal the wounds caused by my human will.

Day Nine

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will is constituted by God Celestial Peacemaker and Bond of Peace between the Creator and the Creature.

The soul to her Celestial Queen:

Sovereign Lady and my dearest Mama, I see that you call me as you feel the ardor of love that burns in your heart, because you want to narrate to me what you did for your child in the Kingdom of the Divine Will. How beautiful it is to

see you direct your steps toward your Creator; and as the Divine Persons hear the treading of your feet, They look at you and feel wounded by the purity of your gazes; and They await you in order to be spectators of your innocent smile, to smile at you, and to amuse Themselves with you. O holy Mama, in your joys, in your chaste smiles with your Creator, do not forget your child who lives in exile, and is so much in need, and whose own will, peeping out, would want to overwhelm me, to snatch me from the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Child of My Maternal Heart, do not fear, I will never forget you. On the contrary, if you always do the Divine Will and live in Its Kingdom, we will be inseparable, and I will carry you always, holding you tightly with My hand to lead you, be your guide, and to teach you how to live in the Supreme Fiat. Therefore, banish all fear; in It, everything is peace and safety.

The human will is what disturbs souls, and puts in danger the most beautiful works, the most holy things. Everything is unsafe in it: sanctity, virtues, and even the salvation of the soul are in danger; and the characteristic

of one who lives from the human will is volubility. Who could ever trust one who lets herself be dominated by the human will? No one - either God, or man. She looks like those hollow canes which turn at every gust of wind. Therefore, dearest child of mine, if a gust of wind wants to render you inconstant, dive into the sea of the Divine Will, and come to hide yourself in the womb of your Mama, that I may defend you from the wind of the human will; and holding you tightly in My arms, I may render you firm and confident along the path of Its Divine Kingdom.

Now, My child, follow Me before the Supreme Majesty, and listen to Me. With My rapid flights, I reached Their divine arms, and as I arrived, I felt Their overflowing love, which, like impetuous waves, covered Me with Their love. Oh, how beautiful it is to be loved by God! **In** this love the creature feels happiness, sanctity, infinite joys, and she feels so embellished by God that God Himself feels enraptured by the striking beauty He infuses into the creature in loving her.

I wanted to imitate Them, and although little, I did not want to remain

behind Their love. So, from the waves of love They had given Me, I formed My own waves, in order to cover My Creator with My own love. **In** doing this, I smiled, because I knew that My love could never cover the immensity of Their love. But in spite of this, I tried, and My innocent smile arose on My lips. The Supreme Being smiled at My smile, made feast, and amused Himself with My littleness.

Now, at the height of our loving stratagems, I remembered the painful state of My human family upon earth, and that I too was of their offspring. Oh, how I grieved and prayed that the

Eternal Word would descend and put a remedy to it! And I said this with such tenderness that I arrived at changing smile and feast into crying. The Most High was so moved by My tears - more so, since they were the tears of a little one - that squeezing Me to His Divine Womb, He dried My tears and said: "Daughter, do not cry; have courage. Into your hands We have placed the destiny of mankind; We have given you the mandate, and now, in order to console you, We make of you the peacemaker between Us and the human family. To you, it is given to reconcile us. The power of Our Will that reigns in you compels Us to give the kiss of peace to

poor humanity, decayed and vacillating."

Who can tell you, My child, what My heart felt at this divine condescension? My love was so great that I felt like fainting, and I fidgeted in delirium, looking for more love as relief for My love.

Now a word to you, My child. If you listen to Me by banishing your will and giving the royal place to the Divine Fiat, you too will be loved with a unique love by your Creator. You will be His smile; you will put Him in feast, and will be bond of peace between the

world and God.

The soul:

Beautiful Mama, help your child. Place me into the sea of the Divine Will, and cover me with the waves of the eternal love, that I may see and hear nothing but Divine Will and love.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will ask for all My acts, and will enclose them in your heart, so that you may feel the

strength of the Divine Will which reigned in Me. Then, you will offer them to the Most High, to thank Him for all the offices which He gave Me in order to save the creatures.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Queen of Peace, let the Divine Will give me Its kiss of peace.

Day Ten

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

**The rising Dawn which puts to Flight
the Night of the Human Will:**

Her Glorious Birth.

The soul to the Queen of Heaven:

Here I am, holy Mama, near your cradle, to be spectator of your prodigious birth. The Heavens are stupefied, the sun is fixed upon you with its light, the earth exults with joy and feels honored because it is inhabited by its little newborn Queen, and the angels

compete among themselves to be around your cradle, to honor you and to be ready for your every wish. Everyone honors you and wants to celebrate your birth. I too unite myself with everyone, and, prostrate before your cradle-where I see, as though enraptured, your mother Anne and your father Joachim - I want to tell you my first word; I want to entrust to you my first secret. I want to empty my heart into yours, and say to you: "My Mama, you who are the dawn, bearer of the Divine Fiat upon the earth, put to flight the gloomy night of the human will within my soul and in the whole world! Ah, yes, may your birth be our wisdom which, like a new dawn of grace,

regenerates us in the Kingdom of the Divine Will!"

Lesson of the Newborn Queen:

Child of My Heart, My birth was prodigious. No other birth can be said to be similar to mine. I enclosed in Myself the heaven, the sun, of the Divine Will, and also the earth of My humanity - a blessed and holy earth, which enclosed the most beautiful flowerings. And even though I was just newborn, I enclosed the prodigy of the greatest prodigies: the Divine Will reigning in Me. It enclosed within Me a heaven more beautiful, a sun more refulgent, than those of

creation, of which I was also Queen. It included also a sea of graces without boundaries, which constantly murmured:

"Love, love to My Creator." .. My birth was the true dawn which put to flight the night of the human will; and as it rose, it formed the daybreak and called for the brightest part of day-to make the sun of the Eternal Word rise over the earth.

My child, come to My cradle to listen to your little Mama.

As soon as I was born, I opened My

eyes to see this low world, to go in search of all My children, to enclose them within My Heart, to give them My maternal love; and, regenerating them to the new life of love and grace, to give them the step which would let them enter into the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat, which I possessed. I wanted to be Queen and Mother, enclosing everyone in My Heart, to bring everyone to safety, and to give them the great gift of the Divine Kingdom. In My Heart I had a place for everyone because, for one who possesses the Divine Will, there are no constraints-but infinite abundance. I looked also at you, My child; no one escaped Me. And since on that day

everyone celebrated My birth, it was also feast for Me. But in opening My eyes to the light, I had the sorrow of seeing the creatures in the thick night of the human will.

Oh, in what an abyss of darkness is the creature who lets herself be dominated by her will! It is the true night, but a night with no stars - with, at most, a few fleeting lightnings - lightnings easily followed by thunders, which, in roaring, thicken the darkness even more, and unload the storm over the poor creature - storms of fear, of weakness, of danger, of falling into evil.

My poor heart was pierced in seeing My children under this horrible storm, into which the night of the human will had dragged them.

Now listen to your little Mama: I am still in the cradle, I am little. Look at the tears I shed for you! Every time you do your will, it is a night that you form for yourself; and if you knew how much this night harms you, you would cry with Me. It makes you lose the light of the day of the holy Will; it turns you upside down; it paralyzes you to good; it breaks true love in you, and you remain like a poor ill one, who lacks the necessary things to be healed. Ah, dear child,

listen to Me: never do your will; give Me your word that you will make your little Mama content.

The soul:

Little holy Mama, I feel trembling in hearing of the ugly night of my human will. Therefore I am here, at your cradle, to ask of you the grace that, by your prodigious birth, you make me be reborn in the Divine Will. I will be always near you, celestial little baby; I will unite my prayers and my tears to yours, to impetrate for myself and for all, the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will come three times to visit Me in My cradle, saying to Me each time: "Celestial little baby, make me be reborn together with you in the life of the Divine Will."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

My little Mama, make the dawn of the Divine Will rise within my soul.

Day Eleven

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will, in the first Years of her Life here, forms a most Refulgent Daybreak, to make rise the longed for Day of Light and Grace within Hearts.

The soul to the Little Baby Queen:

Here I am again near your cradle, little celestial Mama. My little heart

feels charmed by your beauty and I cannot remove my gaze from a beauty so rare. How sweet is your gaze! The motion of your little hands calls me to hug you and to cling to your heart, which is drowned in love. Little holy Mama, give me your flames, that they may burn away my human will, and so that I may make you content, living together with you from the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My child, if you knew how My maternal little Heart rejoices in seeing you close to My cradle to listen to Me! I feel, in fact, Queen and Mother, because

in having you near Me, I am not a sterile mother or a queen without people, but I have My dear child who loves Me very much, and who wants Me to be her mother and queen. Therefore, you are bearer of joy to your Mama; more so, since you come onto My lap, that I may teach you how to live in the Kingdom of the Divine Will. To have a child who wants to live with Me in this Kingdom so holy, is the greatest glory, honor and feast for your Mama. Therefore, pay attention to Me, My dear child, and I will continue to narrate to you the wonders of My birth.

My cradle was surrounded by

angels, who competed among themselves to sing Me lullabies, as to their sovereign Queen. And since I was endowed with reason and science, which had been infused in Me by My Creator, I fulfilled My duty to adore the Most Holy adorable Trinity with My intelligence and also with My babbling voice of a child. And the ardor of My love for a Majesty so holy was so great that, languishing, I felt delirious with the desire of being in the arms of the Divinity, to receive Their embraces, and to give Them My own. And since My desires were commands for the angels, they picked Me up, and carrying Me on their wings, brought Me into the loving

arms of My Celestial Father. Oh, with how much love were the Divine Persons awaiting Me! I was coming from the exile, and the brief pauses of separation between Me and Them were the cause of new fires of love; they meant new gifts prepared for Me by Them, while I would find new devices to ask for pity and mercy for My children, who, living in exile, were under the lashes of Divine Justice. And dissolving all of Myself in love, I said to Them: "Adorable Trinity, I feel happy-I feel a Queen, nor do I know what unhappiness and slavery is; on the contrary, the joys and the happiness of your Will reigning in Me are so great and so many that, little as I

am, I cannot embrace them all. But in so much happiness, a vein of intense bitterness remains in My little Heart: I feel in it My unhappy children-slave to their own rebellious will. Have mercy, holy Father-have mercy! Make My happiness whole; make happy these unhappy children, whom I carry, more than mother, within My maternal womb. Let the Divine Word descend upon the earth, and everything will be granted! I will not come down off of your paternal knees if You do not give Me a guarantee of grace, that I may bring to My children the good news of their redemption."

The Divinity was moved at My

prayers, and filling Me with new gifts, the Divine Persons said to Me: "Return to the exile and continue your prayers. Extend the Kingdom of Our Will in all of your acts, and at the appropriate time We will make you content." .. But They did not tell Me either when or where He would descend.

So I departed from Heaven only to do the Divine Will. This was the most heroic sacrifice for Me, but I did it gladly, so that the Divine Will alone might have dominion over Me.

Now, listen to Me, My child. How much did your soul cost Me, to the point

of embittering the immense sea of My joys and happiness! Every time you do your will, you render yourself a slave, and you feel your unhappiness; and I, being your Mama, feel the unhappiness of My child within My Heart. Oh, how painful it is to have unhappy children- and how you should take to heart doing the Divine Will, when you see that I even departed from Heaven, so that My will might have no life in Me.

Now, My child, continue to listen to Me. In each one of your acts, may your first duty be to adore your Creator, to know Him and to love Him. This places you in the order of creation, and

you come to recognize the One who created you. This is the most holy duty of every creature: to recognize her origin.

Now you must know that bringing Myself to Heaven, My descending, My praying-formed a dawn around Me, which, spreading all over the world, surrounded the hearts of My children, so that the daybreak might follow the dawn, to make arise the serene day of expectation for the Divine Word upon earth.

The soul:

Little celestial Mama, in seeing you, just newly born, giving me lessons so holy, I feel enraptured and I understand how much you love, to the point of becoming unhappy because of me. Holy Mama, you who love me so much, let the power, the love and the joys which inundate you descend into my heart, so that, being filled with them, my will may find no room to live in me, and may freely give up its place to the dominion of the Divine Will.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will make three acts of adoration to your

Creator, reciting three Glory Be's to thank Him for the many times I received the grace to be admitted into Their presence.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Celestial Mama, let the daybreak of the Divine Will rise within my soul.

Day Twelve

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom

**of the Divine Will leaves Her Cradle,
takes Her first Steps,**

**and with her childlike Acts, calls God
to descend upon Earth,**

**and calls the Creatures to live in the
Divine Will.**

**The soul to the Little Celestial
Queen:**

Here I come again to you, my dear little baby, in the house of Nazareth. I want to be spectator of your tender age; I

want to give you my hand as you take your first steps and speak with your holy mama and with your father Joachim. Little as you are, after you had been weaned and are walking, you help Saint Anne in the little jobs. My little Mama, how dear, how all striking you are to me! Give me your lessons, that I may follow your childhood and learn from you-even in the little human actions-to live in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Little Queen of Heaven:

My dear child, My only desire is to keep My child near Me.

Without you I feel lonely, and I have no one with whom to confide My secrets. It is My maternal caring that yearns for My child to be near Me - a child who is in My Heart, in order to give you My lessons, and so make you understand how to live in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

But the human will cannot enter into It: it remains crushed and in act of receiving continual deaths before the light, the sanctity and the power of the Divine Will. But do you think that the human will remains afflicted because the Divine Will keeps it in the act of dying continually? Ah, no, no. Rather, it feels

happy, because on its dying will, the Divine Will is born again and rises victorious and triumphant over it, bringing endless joy and happiness. It is enough to understand, dear child, what it means to let herself be dominated by It and to experience It, for the creature to abhor her own will-to the extent that she would rather be torn to pieces than leave the Divine Will!

Now listen to Me. I departed from Heaven only to do the Will of the Eternal One. Even though I had My heaven within Me which was the Divine Will-and I was inseparable from My Creator, yet did I enjoy being in the

Celestial Fatherland. More so, since the Divine Will was in Me and therefore I felt My rights, as daughter, to be with Them, to let Myself be rocked as a tiny little one in Their paternal arms, and to share in all the joys and happiness, riches and sanctity, which the Divine Persons possessed-as much as I could take; filling Myself so much, to the point of not being able to contain them. The Supreme Entity was pleased in seeing that, without fear, but rather, with highest love, I filled Myself with Their goods; nor was I surprised that They would let Me take as much as I wanted. I was Their daughter - one was the Will which animated us, and whatever They wanted,

I wanted as well. Therefore, I felt that the qualities of My Father were My own. The only difference is that I was little, and could not embrace or take all of Their goods. As much as I took, others would remain, which I had no capacity to contain, since I remained always a creature. On the other hand, the Divinity is great - immense; and in one single act It embraces everything.

But, in spite of this, at the moment They made Me understand that I was to deprive Myself of Their celestial joys and of the chaste embraces which we gave each other, I would depart from

heaven without hesitation, and come back to the midst of My dear parents. They loved Me very much; I was all lovable, striking, cheerful, peaceful, and filled with childlike grace, such as to capture their affection. They were all attentive over Me-I was their jewel. When they took Me in their arms, they felt unusual things, and a divine life palpitating in Me.

Now, child of My Heart, you must know that as My life down here began, the Divine Will extended Its Kingdom in all My acts. My prayers, My words, My steps, the food and the sleep I took, the little services with which I helped My

mother, were animated by the Divine Will. And since I always carried you in My Heart, I called you as My child in all of My acts. I called your acts to be together with mine, so that in your acts too, even indifferent ones, the Kingdom of the Divine Will might be laid. Listen to how much I loved you: if I prayed, I called your prayer into mine, so that both mine and yours might receive one single value and power - the value and the power of a Divine Will. If I spoke, I called your word; if I walked, I called your steps; and if I did the little human actions, indispensable to human nature - such as taking water, sweeping, helping My mother to fix the wood in order to

start the fire, and many other similar things - I called these acts of yours, that they might receive the value of a Divine Will, and so that, in both mine and in yours, It might extend Its Kingdom. And while calling you in every act, I called the Divine Word to descend upon earth. Oh, how much I loved you, My child! I wanted your acts within mine in order to make you happy and let you reign together with Me. Oh, how many times I called you and your acts, but, to My greatest sorrow, mine remained alone and I saw yours as if lost within your human will, forming - horrible to say it - the kingdom, not divine, but human; the kingdom of passions and the kingdom of

sin, of unhappiness and of misfortunes. Your Mama cried over your misfortune, and My tears are still pouring into every act of human will that you do, knowing the unhappy kingdom into which they lead you-to make you understand the great evil that you do.

Therefore, listen to your Mama: if you do the Divine Will, joys and happiness will be given to you as though by right; everything will be in common with your Creator; weaknesses and miseries will be banished from you, and you will be the dearest of My children. I will keep you in My own Kingdom, to

make you live always from the Divine Will.

The soul:

Holy Mama, who can resist upon seeing you cry, and not listen to your holy lessons? With all my heart, I promise-I swear never to do my will-never again. And you, Divine Mama-never leave me alone, so that the empire of your presence may subdue mine, to let me reign, always-always, in the Will of God.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will give Me all your acts to keep Me company during My tender age, saying to Me three acts of love, in memory of the three years which I lived with My mother, Saint Anne.

Ejaculatory Prayer.

Powerful Queen, capture my heart, to enclose it in the Will of God.

Day Thirteen

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will departs for the Temple and gives the example of total Triumph in the Sacrifice.

The soul to the Triumphant Queen:

Celestial Mama, today I come to prostrate myself before you, to ask for

your invincible strength in all my pains; and you know how full my heart is, to the point of feeling drowned with pains. If you love so much being my mother, take my heart in your hands and pour into it the love, the grace and the strength to triumph in my pains, and to convert them all into Divine Will.

Lesson of the Triumphant Queen:

My child, courage, do not fear; your Mama is all for you, and today I was waiting for you, so that My heroism and My triumph in the sacrifice might infuse in you strength and courage, and I might see My child triumphant in her

pains, and with the heroism of bearing them with love in order to do the Divine Will.

Now, My child, listen to Me. I had just turned three years old when My parents let Me know that they wanted to consecrate Me to the Lord in the temple. My heart rejoiced in hearing this-of having to consecrate Myself and spend My years in the house of God. But beneath My joy there was a sorrow for the privation of the dearest persons one can have on earth-My dear parents. I was little, I needed their paternal cares; I was depriving Myself of the presence of two great saints. Moreover, I saw that

as the day approached on which they were to deprive themselves of Me, who rendered their life full of joy and happiness, they felt such bitterness as to feel like dying. But while they suffered, they were disposed to make the heroic act of taking Me to the Lord.

My parents loved Me in the order of God, and considered Me a great gift, given to them by the Lord. This gave them the strength to make the painful sacrifice.

Therefore, My child, if you want to have an invincible strength to suffer the hardest pains, let all your things be

in the order of God, and keep them as precious gifts given by God.

Now, you must know that I prepared Myself with courage for My departure for the temple, because, along with Myself, I gave My will to the Divine Being, and the supreme Fiat took possession of all My being. I acquired all virtues in nature; I was dominator over Myself; all virtues were in Me like many noble princesses, and according to the circumstances of My life, they promptly showed themselves, to fulfill their office without any resistance. In vain would they have called Me Queen, had I not possessed the virtue of being

Queen over Myself. I had in My dominion the perfect charity, the invincible patience, the enrapturing sweetness, the profound humility, and the whole dowry of the other virtues. The Divine Will rendered the little earth of My humanity fortunate, always flowery, and without thorns of vices.

Do you see then, dear child, what it means to live of Divine Will? Its light, Its sanctity and power convert all virtues into nature; nor does It lower Itself to reign in a soul where nature is rebelliousno, no. It is sanctity, and It wants nature to be ordered and holy where It is to reign.

Therefore, it was conquests that I made, by My sacrifice of going to the temple; and over this sacrifice, the triumph of a Divine Will was formed within Me. These triumphs brought new seas of grace, of sanctity and of light into Me-to the extent of feeling happy in My very pains, in order to be able to conquer more triumphs.

Now, My child, place your hand upon your heart, and tell your Mama: do you feel your nature changed into virtue? Or, do you feel the thorns of impatience, the noxious herbs of agitation, the bad moods of affections which are not holy? Listen - let your Mama do it; put your

will in My hands, firm in not wanting to see it any more, and I will let you be possessed by the Divine Will. It will banish everything from you, and all that you have not done in many years, you will do in one day - a day which will be the beginning of true life, of happiness and of sanctity.

The soul:

Holy Mama, help your child; make a visit to my soul, and with your maternal hands, snatch from me everything you find which is not Will of God. Bum away thorns and noxious herbs, and you, yourself, call the Divine

Will to reign in my soul.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will call Me three times to visit your soul, and will give Me all the freedom to do with you whatever I want.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Sovereign Queen, take my soul in your hands, and transform it completely into Will of God.

Day Fourteen

**The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom
of the Divine Will arrives at the
Temple,**

**Her Dwelling, and becomes the Model
for Souls consecrated to the Lord.**

**The soul to the Celestial Queen,
Model for Souls:**

Celestial Mama, I, your poor

child, feel the irresistible need to be with you, to follow your steps, to look at your actions in order to copy them, to make of them my model, and to keep them as guide of my life. I feel so much the need of being guided, because by myself I can do nothing; but with my Mama who loves me so much, I will be able to do also the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven, Molder of Souls:

My dear child, it is My ardent desire to let you be spectator of My actions, so that you may be enamored and imitate your Mama. Therefore, place

your hand into mine; I will feel happy to have My child together with Me. Pay attention to Me, and listen.

I left the house of Nazareth accompanied by My holy parents. Upon leaving it, I wanted to give one last glance to that little house in which I was born, to thank My Creator for having given Me a place in which to be born, and to leave it in the Divine Will, so that My childhood and so many dear memories - since being full of reason I understood everything - might be kept in the Divine Will and deposited in It, as pledges of My love for the One who had

created Me.

My child, thanking the Lord and placing all of our acts into His hands as pledges of our love, causes new channels of graces and communications to be opened between God and the soul, and it is the most beautiful homage that one can render to the One who loves us so much. Therefore, learn from Me to thank the Lord for all that He disposes for you, and in anything you are about to do, may your word be: "Thank You, O Lord; I place everything in your hands."

Now, while I left everything in the Divine Fiat, which reigned in Me and

never left Me for one instant of My life, yet I carried it as though in triumph within My little soul. Oh, the prodigies of the Divine Will! With Its preserving virtue It maintained the order of all of My acts, small and big, as though in act within Myself-as though in triumph-Its own and mine; so I never lost the memory of one single act of mine. And this gave Me so much glory and honor that I felt Queen, because each one of My acts done in the Divine Will was more than sun, and I was studded with light, with happiness and with joys. The Divine Will brought Me Its Paradise.

My child, to live of Divine Will

should be the desire, the yearning, and almost the passion of all, so much is the beauty that one acquires and the goods one feels. The human will is completely the opposite; it has the virtue of embittering the poor creature; it oppresses her, it forms the night for her; and she gropes her way, always staggering in good, and many times she loses the memory of the little good she has done.

Now, My child, I departed from My paternal house with courage and detachment, because I looked only at the Divine Will, in which I kept My Heart fixed-and this was enough for Me in

everything. But while I was walking to the temple, I looked at all creation, and—oh, marvel! I felt the heartbeat of the Divine Will in the sun, in the wind, in the stars, in the heavens; and even beneath My steps, I felt It palpitate. The Divine Fiat which reigned in Me commanded all creation, which concealed It as a veil, to bow and pay Me the honors of Queen. And all bowed, giving Me signs of their obeisance. Even the tiny little flower in the field did not spare itself from giving Me its little homage. I put all in feast, and when of necessity I went outside the town limits, creation placed itself in the act of giving Me signs of honor, and I was forced to

command them to remain in their places, and to follow the order of our Creator.

Now, listen to your Mama. Tell Me: do you feel in your heart joy, peace, detachment from everything and from everyone, and the courage to do anything in order to fulfill the Divine Will, in such a way as to feel continuous feast within yourself? My child, peace, detachment and courage form the empty space in the soul in which the Divine Will can take Its place; and being untouchable by any pain, the Divine Will brings perennial feast into the creature. Therefore, courage My child; tell Me you want to live of Divine Will, and

your Mama will take care of everything.

The soul:

My Mama, your lessons enrapture me, and descend deep into my heart. You, who love so much that your child live from the Divine Will, with your empire, empty me of everything; infuse in me the necessary courage to give death to my human will. And I, trusting in you, will say: "I want to live of Divine Will."

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will give

Me all your acts as a pledge of love for Me, saying to Me: "I love you, my Mama"; and I will deposit them in the Divine Will.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Celestial Mama, empty me of everything, to hide me in the Will of God.

Day Fifteen

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

On the same Topic: Her Life in the Temple.

The soul to the Queen of Heaven:

Queen Mama, here I am at your side as your child, to follow your steps as you enter the temple. Oh, how I wish my Mama would take my little soul and enclose it in the living temple of the Will of God, isolating me from everyone, except my Jesus and his sweet

company.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dearest child, how sweet is your whispering to My ears - hearing you say that you want to be enclosed in the living temple of the Divine Will, and that you want no other company but that of your Jesus and mine. Ah, dear child, you make the joys of a true mother arise in My Maternal heart. If you let Me do it, I am certain that My child will be happy, and My joys will be hers. To have a happy child is the greatest happiness and glory of a maternal heart.

Now listen to Me, My child; I arrived at the Temple only to do the Divine Will. My holy parents delivered Me to the superiors of the temple, consecrating Me to the Lord; and while they were doing so, I was dressed up in a festal manner, and hymns and prophecies were sung, which regarded the future Messiah. Oh, how My Heart rejoiced!

Afterwards, with courage, I said good-bye to My dear and holy parents; I kissed their right hands, and I thanked them for the care they took of My childhood, and for having consecrated Me to the Lord with so much love and

sacrifice. My peaceful presence, without crying and courageous, infused in them so much courage that they had the strength to leave Me and to depart from Me. The Divine Will ruled over Me and extended Its Kingdom in all these acts of mine. Oh, power of the Fiat - you alone could give Me the heroism to separate Myself from those who loved Me so much, even though I was so little and I saw that they felt their hearts break in separating themselves from Me.

Now, My child, listen to Me: I enclosed Myself in the temple; the Lord wanted it so, in order to let Me place My acts which I was to do in it - in the

Kingdom of the Divine Will; to let Me prepare the ground with My human acts, and the heavens which were to be formed over this ground of the Divine Will, for all souls consecrated to the Lord. I was most attentive to all the duties which were normally done in that holy place. I was peaceful with everyone, nor did I ever cause any bitterness or bother to anyone. I submitted Myself to the most humble tasks; I found no problem in anything, either in sweeping or in doing the dishes. Any sacrifice was, for Me, an honor - a triumph. But do you want to know why? I looked at nothing; everything was Will of God for Me.

Therefore, the little bell that called Me was the Fiat; I heard the mysterious sound of the Divine Will which called Me in the sound of the little bell, and My Heart rejoiced and ran to go wherever the Fiat was calling Me. My rule was the Divine Will, and I saw My superiors as the ones in command of a Will so holy. So, the little bell, the rule, the superiors, and My actions-even the most humble ones-were joys and feasts which the Divine Fiat prepared for Me; and extending Itself also outside of Me, It called Me to extend Its Will in order to form Its Kingdom in My most tiny acts. And I acted like the sea, which hides everything it possesses, and lets nothing

but water be seen. So I did.: I hid everything in the immense sea of the Divine Fiat; I could see nothing but seas of Divine Will, and so all things brought Me joys and feasts. Ah, My child, you and all souls ran in My acts. I could do nothing without My child; it was precisely for My children that I prepared the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Ah, if all the souls consecrated to the Lord in holy places would make everything disappear in the Divine Will, how happy they would be, converting the communities into many celestial families, and filling the earth with many

holy souls! But, alas, with the sorrow of a mother I must say to them: how many bitternesses, disturbances and discords are there not? -when sanctity is not in the office given to them, but in doing the Divine Will, in any office which might be entrusted to them; It is the peacemaker of the souls, the strength and support in the greatest sacrifices.

The soul:

O holy Mama, how beautiful are your lessons! How sweetly they descend into my heart! I ask you to extend within me the sea of the Divine Fiat, and to

place it around me, so that your child may see and know nothing but Divine Will-in such a way that, journeying always through It, I may know Its secrets, Its joys and Its happiness.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will do twelve acts of love for Me, to honor the twelve years which I spent in the temple, asking Me to admit you to union with My acts.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Queen Mama, enclose me in the
sacred temple of the Will of God.

Day Sixteen

**The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom
of the Divine Will.**

**She continues Her Life in the Temple
and forms the New Day to let the
Refulgent Sun of the Divine Word rise
upon the Earth.**

The soul to her Celestial Mama:

Most sweet Mama, I feel that you have stolen my heart, and I run to my Mama, who keeps my heart within hers as a pledge of my love, and wants to put the Divine Will in place of my heart, as a pledge of the love of a mother. So I come into your arms, that you may prepare me as your child, give me your lessons, and do with me whatever you want. Therefore I ask you never to leave your child alone, but to keep me always-always together with you.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dearest child, oh, how I long to keep you always together with Me! I would like to be your heartbeat, your breath, the works of your hands, the step of your feet, to let you feel, through Me, how the Divine Will operated in Me. I would like to pour Its life into you! Oh, how sweet, lovable, enchanting and enrapturing it is! Oh, how you would double My happiness, if I had you My child, under the total empire of that Divine Fiat which formed all of My fortune, My happiness and My glory.

Now, pay attention to Me, and listen to your Mama, who wants to share her fortune with you.

I continued My life in the temple, but Heaven was not closed for Me; I could go there anytime I wanted. I had free passage to ascend and to descend. In Heaven I had My Divine Family, and I burned and sighed to be with Them. The Divinity Itself, the Three Divine Persons, awaited Me with great love in order to converse with Me, to be happy and to make Me more happy, more beautiful and more dear in Their eyes. Besides, They had not created Me to keep Me far away, no, no. They wanted to enjoy Me as Their daughter; They wanted to hear Me - to hear how My words animated by the Fiat had the power to put peace between God and

creatures. They loved to be won by Their little daughter, and to hear Me repeat to Them: "Descend - may the Word descend upon earth!" . I can say that the Divinity Itself called Me; and I ranI flew into Their midst. Since I had never done My human will, My presence gave Them return of the love and glory of the great work of all creation, and so They entrusted to Me the secret of the history of mankind. And I prayed and prayed for peace to come between God and man.

Now, My child, you must know that only the human will closed heaven, and therefore it was not given to it to

penetrate into those celestial regions, or to have a familiar relationship with the Creator. On the contrary, the human will had cast the creature away from the One who had created her. At the moment man withdrew from the Divine Will, he became fearful, timid, and lost dominion over himself and the whole creation. All the elements, being dominated by the Fiat, were superior to him and could harm him. Man was afraid of everything. And do you think it is a small thing, My child, that the one who had been created king and dominator of all, reached the point of being afraid of the One who had created him? It is strange, My child, and I would say almost against nature, that a

son would be afraid of his Father; when it is according to nature that, as one generates, he generates also love and trust between father and child. This can be called the prime inheritance which is due to the child, and the prime right which is due to the Father. Therefore, Adam, by doing his will, lost the inheritance of His Father; he lost his Kingdom, and became the taunt of all created things.

My child, listen to your Mama, and ponder well the great evil of the human will. It removes the eyes of the soul, and blinds her, in such a way that everything is darkness and fear for the

poor creature. Therefore, place your hand upon your heart and swear to your Mama that you would rather die than do your will. By never doing My will, I had no fear of My Creator. How could I be afraid if He loved Me so much? So much did His Kingdom extend within Me that, with My acts I was forming the full day to let the new Sun of the Eternal Word rise upon the earth. And as I saw that this day was being formed, I increased My pleas to obtain the longed for day of peace between Heaven and earth.

Tomorrow I will wait for you to narrate to you another surprise of My

life down here.

The soul:

My Sovereign Mama, how sweet are your lessons! Oh, how they make me understand the great evil of my human will! Oh, how many times I too felt fear and timidity within me, and I felt as if I were far away from my Creator. It was my human will that reigned in me, not the divine! So I felt its sad effects.

Therefore, if you love me as your child, take my heart in your hands and remove from me the fear and the timidity which prevent my flight toward my

Creator. In their place, put in me that Fiat, which you love so much, and want to reign in my soul.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will place into My hands everything you feel as bother, fear and distrust, that I may convert it into Will of God; saying to Me, three times: "My Mama, let the Divine Will reign in my soul."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

My Mama, my trust, form the day of the Divine Will in my soul.

Day Seventeen

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will leaves the Temple. Marriage with Saint Joseph. Divine Mirror to which She calls, to reflect themselves, all those who are called by God to the Marital State.

The soul to her Celestial Mama:

Holy Mama, today more than ever I feel the need to be held tightly in the arms of my Mama, so that the Divine Will which reigns in you may form a sweet enchantment for my will, that it may be kept subdued and dare to do nothing which is not Will of God. Your lesson of yesterday made me understand the life imprisonment into which the human will throws the poor creature, and I so much fear that it may make little escape from me, and take its place in me again. So I entrust myself to my Mama, that she may watch me carefully, and that I may be certain to live always from the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Cheer up, My child - have courage and trust in your Mama, and an iron resolution never to give life to your will. Oh, how I would love to hear from your lips: "My Mama, my will is finished, and the Divine Fiat has total empire within me." .. These are the weapons which make it die continuously, and which win the heart of your Mama to use all the loving devices of Mother, so that her child may live in the Kingdom of her Mama. For you it will be a sweet death which will give you true life, and for Me it will be the most beautiful victory I can achieve in the Kingdom of the Divine

Will. Therefore, have courage and trust in Me. Distrust is of the cowardly, and of those who are not really committed to obtaining victory, and therefore they are always without weapons. But without weapons one cannot win, and is always inconstant and vacillating in doing good.

Now, My child, listen to Me: I continued My life in the Temple and My little escapes up there to My Celestial Fatherland. I had My rights as daughter to make My little visits to My Divine Family which, more than Father, belonged to Me. But what was not My surprise when in one of these visits the Divine Persons made Me know that it

was Their Will for Me to leave the Temple; first, to unite Myself in bond of marriage, according to the manner of those times, to a holy man called Joseph, and then, to withdraw together with him to live in the house of Nazareth.

My child, in this step of My life it apparently seemed that God wanted to put Me in a trial. I had never loved anyone in the world, and since the Divine Will extended Itself through My whole being, My human will never had one act of life; therefore, the seed of human love was missing in Me. How could I love a man in the human order, even though he might be a great saint? It

is true that I love everyone, and that My love for all was so great that My love of a mother kept them inscribed in My Maternal Heart, one by one, with indelible characters of fire; but this was all in the divine order. Human love, compared to the divine, can be called shadows, shadings-atoms of love. Yet, My child, what apparently seemed to be a trial and as though alien to the sanctity of My life, was admirably used by God to fulfill His designs, and concede to Me the grace for which I so much longed - that is, the descent of the Word upon earth. God gave Me the safeguard, the defense, the help, such that no one could talk about Me - about My honesty. St.

Joseph was to be the cooperator-the tutor, who was to take care of that bit of the human which we needed-as well as the shadow of the celestial paternity, in which our little celestial family on earth was to be formed.

So, in spite of My surprise, soon I said: "Fiat!", knowing that the Divine Will would not have harmed Me, or prejudiced My Sanctity. Oh, had I wanted to put My human will in act, even in the aspect of not wanting to know man, I would have sent to ruin the plans of the coming of the Word upon earth! Therefore, it is not the diversity of states that prejudices sanctity, but the

lack of Divine Will, and the fulfillment of one's own duties to which God calls the creature. All states are holy, marriage too, provided that the Divine Will is present, as well as the exact sacrifice of one's own duty. But the great part are indolent and lazy, and not only do they not become saints, but of their own state, some make a purgatory, and some a hell.

So, as I learned I was to leave the temple, I did not say a word to anyone, waiting for God Himself to move the external circumstances to make Me fulfill His adorable Will, as in fact happened.

The Superiors of the temple called Me and let Me know that it was their will, and also the custom of those times, that I prepare Myself for marriage. I accepted. Miraculously, among many, the choice fell upon St. Joseph; so the marriage was made and I left the temple.

Therefore, I beg you, child of My Heart, that in all circumstances you may take to heart the Divine Will alone, if you want the divine designs to be accomplished over you.

The soul:

Celestial Queen, your child

entrusts herself to you. With my trust, I want to wound your heart; and may this wound in your maternal heart say always: "Fiat! Fiat! Fiat!" .. So does your little child always ask.

Little sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will come onto My knees and recite fifteen Glory Be's to thank God for all the graces He conceded to Me up to the fifteenth year of My life, and especially for having given Me the company of a man so holy, as St. Joseph.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Powerful Queen, give me the weapons to wage war and let myself be won by the Will of God.

Day Eighteen

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will in the House of Nazareth. Heaven and Earth are about to exchange the Kiss of Peace. The Divine Hour is Near.

The soul to her Queen Mama:

My Sovereign Mama, I am back again to follow your steps.

Your love binds me, and like a powerful magnet it keeps me fixed and all intent on listening to the beautiful lessons of my Mama. But this is not enough; if you love me as your child, enclose me in the Kingdom of the Divine Will in which you lived, and do live, and close the doors in such a way that, even if I wanted, I would not be able to leave.

So, as Mother and child, we will live a life in common and will both be happy.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dearest child, if you knew how I long to keep you enclosed in the Kingdom of the Divine Will! Each one of My lessons is a fence which I form to block your step, and your leaving; it is a fortress to wall up your will, that it may understand and love to be under the sweet empire of the Supreme Fiat. Therefore, be attentive in listening to Me, because these are nothing less than the works your Mama does to entice and capture your will, and to let the Divine

Will win over you.

Now, My dear child, listen to Me: I left the temple with the same courage with which I entered it, and only to do the Divine Will. I went to Nazareth and I no longer found My dear and holy parents. I went alone, accompanied by Saint Joseph, and I saw in him My good angel whom God had given Me for My custody, though I had cohorts of angels that accompanied Me on the journey. All created things made bows of honor for Me, and, thanking them, I gave each created thing My kiss and My greeting as Queen. And so we arrived at Nazareth.

You must know that Saint Joseph and I looked at each other with modesty and felt our hearts swollen, since each one wanted to let the other know that we were bound to God with a vow of perennial virginity. Finally, silence was broken, and both of us manifested our vow. Oh, how happy we felt, and thanking the Lord, we promised to live together as brother and sister! I was most attentive in serving him; we looked at each other with veneration, and the dawn of peace reigned in our midst. Oh, if all would reflect themselves in Me by imitating Me! I very well adapted Myself to a common life; I let nothing appear outside of the great seas of grace

I possessed.

Now, listen to Me, My child: in the house of Nazareth I felt enflamed more than ever, and I prayed that the Divine Word would descend upon earth. The Divine Will which reigned in Me, did nothing but invest all My acts with light, with beauty, with sanctity, with power. I felt It was forming the reign of light within Me - but a light which constantly arises; the kingdom of beauty, sanctity and power, which constantly grows. Therefore, all the divine qualities which the Divine Fiat laid in Me with Its reign, gave Me fecundity. The light which invaded Me was so

great, and My very humanity remained so embellished and invested by this sun of the Divine Will, that it did nothing but produce celestial flowers. I felt the heavens lowering themselves to Me, and the earth of My humanity rising. So Heaven and earth embraced, reconciled, and exchanged the kiss of peace and love. The earth disposed itself to produce the seed of the Just One, the Holy One, and the heavens opened to let the Word descend into this seed.

I did nothing but descend and ascend to My Celestial Fatherland, and throw Myself into the paternal arms of

My Celestial Father, saying to Him from My heart: "Holy Father, I cannot resist any longer! I feel enflamed, and while I burn, I feel a powerful force in Me, wanting to win over Me. I want to bind You with the chains of My love in order to disarm you, that You may no longer delay; but on the wings of My love I want to carry the Divine Word from Heaven to earth." .. And I prayed and cried that He would listen to Me.

And the Divinity, conquered by My tears and prayers, assured Me by saying to Me: "Daughter, who can resist you? You have won! The divine hour is near. Return to the earth and continue

your acts in the power of My Will, and with these, all will remain shaken, and heaven and earth will exchange the kiss of peace." .. But in spite of this, I did not yet know that I was to be the Mother of the Eternal Word.

Now, My child, listen to Me, and understand well what it means to live of Divine Will. By living from It, I formed the heavens and Its Divine Kingdom within My soul. Had I not formed this Kingdom in Me, the Word could never have descended from Heaven to earth. If He did descend, it was because He descended into His own Kingdom, which the Divine Will had formed in

Me. He found in Me His heaven, His divine joys; nor would the Word ever have descended into a foreign kingdom. Oh, no, no; first he wanted to form His Kingdom in Me, and then descend as conqueror into It.

Not only this, but by living always from the Divine Will, I acquired by grace, that which is in God by nature: the divine fecundity, in order to form, without human intervention, the seed to let the humanity of the Eternal Word germinate from Me. What can the Divine Will, operating in a creature, not do? Everything, and all possible imaginable goods. Therefore, may you take it to

heart, that everything be Divine Will in you, if you want to imitate your Mama, and make Me content and happy.

The soul:

Holy Mama, if you want, you can. Just as you had the power to win over God, to the extent of making Him descend from Heaven to earth, in the same way you will not lack the power to win over my will, that it may no longer have life. I trust in you and will obtain everything from you.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will make Me a little visit in the house of Nazareth, and will give all your acts as homage, that I may unite them to mine in order to convert them into Divine Will.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Celestial Empress, bring the kiss of the Will of God to my soul.

Day Nineteen

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom

of the Divine Will.

The Doors of Heaven open, the Sun of the Eternal Word places Itself on the lookout and sends Its Angel to tell the Virgin that the Hour of God has come.

The soul to her Celestial Mama:

Holy Mama, here I am again on the knees of my Mama. I am your child, who wants to be fed with the food of your most sweet word, which brings me the

balm to heal the wounds of my miserable human will. My Mama, talk to me; let your powerful words descend into my heart and make a new creation, in order to form the seed of the Divine Will within my soul.

Lesson of the Sovereign Queen:

Dearest child, this is precisely why I love so much to let you hear the celestial secrets of the Divine Fiat, the portents It can operate where It reigns completely, and the great harm of those who let themselves be dominated by the human will: that you may love the

Divine Fiat to let It form Its throne within yourself, and abhor the human will, to make of it the footstool of the Divine Will, keeping it sacrificed at Its divine feet.

Now, My child, listen to Me. I continued My life in Nazareth; the Divine Fiat continued to expand Its Kingdom in Me. It used My most tiny acts, even the most indifferent ones - such as keeping the little house in order, starting the fire, sweeping, and all the acts which are usual in families - to let Me feel Its life palpitating in the fire, in the water, in the food, in the air I breathed in everything. And investing My

little acts, It formed over them seas of light, of grace, of sanctity, because wherever It reigns, the Divine Will has the power of forming, even from little trifles, new heavens of enchanting beauty. Being immense, It does not know how to do little things, but with Its power It gives value to trifles, making of the them the greatest things, such as to astonish Heaven and earth. Everything is holy, everything is sacred, for one who lives in the Divine Will.

Now, child of My Heart, pay attention to Me and listen: several days before the descent of the Eternal Word

upon earth, I could see the heavens opened and the Sun of the Divine Word at its doors, as though to look out for the one upon whom He was to take His flight, to render Himself celestial prisoner of one creature. Oh, how beautiful it was to see Him at the doors of Heaven, as though on the lookout to spy the fortunate creature who was to host her Creator! The Divine Persons of the Most Holy Trinity no longer looked at the earth as estranged to them, because there was little Mary, who, by possessing the Divine Will, had formed Its Divine Kingdom; Mary, in whom the Word could descend safely, as if into His own residence, in which He could

find Heaven and the many suns of the many acts of Divine Will done within My soul. The Divinity overflowed with love, and removing the mantle of Justice which They had worn with the creature for so many centuries, the Divine Persons covered Themselves with the mantle of infinite mercy, and decreed among Themselves the descent of the Word. They were in the act of sounding the hour of the fulfillment. At this sound, Heaven and earth were astounded, and all stood at attention, to be spectators of such a great excess of love, and a prodigy so unheard-of.

Your Mama felt ignited with love,

and echoing the love of My Creator, I wanted to form one single sea of love, so that the Word might descend upon earth within it. My prayers were incessant, and while I was praying in My little room, an angel came, sent from Heaven as messenger of the great King. He came before Me, and bowing, he hailed Me: "Hail, O Mary, our Queen; the Divine Fiat has filled you with grace. He has already pronounced His Fiat, for He wants to descend; He is just behind my shoulders, but He wants your Fiat to form the fulfillment of His Fiat."

At such a great announcement, so much desired by Me although I had

never thought I was to be the chosen one - I was stupefied and I hesitated one instant. But the angel of the Lord told Me: "Do not fear, our Queen, for you have found grace before God. You have conquered your Creator; therefore, to complete the victory - pronounce your Fiat."

I pronounced My Fiat, and - oh, marvel! The two Fiats fused together and the Divine Word descended into Me. My Fiat, receiving the same value as the Divine Fiat, from the seed of My humanity, formed the tiny little humanity which was to enclose the Word, and so the great prodigy of the Incarnation was

accomplished.

Oh, power of the Supreme Fiat! You raised Me so high as to render Me powerful, to the point of being able to create within Myself that humanity which was to enclose the Eternal Word, Whom Heaven and earth could not contain! The heavens were shaken, and all creation assumed the attitude of feast. Exulting with joy, they echoed around the little house of Nazareth, to give homage and obsequies to the Creator made man; and in their mute language, they said: "Oh, prodigy of prodigies, which only a God can do! Immensity has

become little, power has become powerless, His unreachable height lowered itself to the abyss of the womb of a Virgin, and He is little and immense, powerful and powerless, strong and weak-at the same time!"

My dear child, you cannot comprehend what your Mama felt in the act of the Incarnation of the Word. Everyone yearned for and awaited My Fiat, which I could call omnipotent.

Now, dear child, listen to Me: how much you should take to your heart doing the Divine Will and living from It! My power still exists: let Me pronounce

My Fiat over your soul. But in order to do this, I want your own. One alone cannot do true good; the greatest works are always done between two. God Himself did not want to do it by Himself, but wanted Me together with Him, in order to form the great prodigy of the Incarnation. In My Fiat, and in Yours was the life of the Man God formed; the destiny of mankind was restored, Heaven was no longer closed, and all goods were enclosed between the two Fiats. Therefore, let us say together, "Fiat! Fiat!", and within My maternal love I will enclose in you the life of the Divine Will.

Enough for now; tomorrow I will wait for you again, to narrate to My child what followed the incarnation.

The soul:

Beautiful Mama, I feel stupefied in hearing your beautiful lessons. I beg you to pronounce your Fiat over me; and I will pronounce my own, so that the Fiat you so much long to reign as life in me, may be conceived within me.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, You will come to give the first kiss to Jesus, and will say to Him nine times that you want to do His Will; and I will repeat the prodigy of letting Jesus be conceived in your soul.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Powerful Queen, pronounce your Fiat, and create in me the Divine Will.

Day Twenty

**The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom
of the Divine Will.**

**The Virgin is a Heaven studded with
Stars. In This Heaven the Sun of
the Divine Fiat blazes with Its
Most Refulgent Rays, filling
Heaven and earth. Jesus in the
Womb of His Mama!**

The soul to her Queen Mama:

Here I am again, my celestial Mama; I come to rejoice with you, and bowing at your holy feet, I hail you, full of grace and Mother of Jesus. Oh, I will no longer find my Mama alone, but I will find with you, my little prisoner Jesus! So we will be three, no longer two: altogether, Mama, Jesus and I. What a fortune for me if I want to find my little King Jesus, I just need to find His Mama and mine! Holy Mama, at the height of Mother of a God at which you are, have mercy on your miserable and little child, and say, for me, the first word to little prisoner Jesus - so that He would give me the great grace to live from His Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven, Mother of Jesus:

My dear child, today I await you more than ever. My maternal heart is swollen-I feel the need to pour out My ardent love with My child: I want to say to you that I am the Mother of Jesus. My joys are infinite; seas of happiness inundate Me. I can say: I am the Mother of Jesus; His creature, His servant, is Mother of Jesus and I owe this only to the Fiat. It rendered Me full of grace; It prepared the worthy dwelling for My Creator. Therefore, always glory, honor and thanksgiving be to the Supreme Fiat.

Now listen to Me, child of My Heart. As soon as the little humanity of Jesus was formed in My womb by the power of the Supreme Fiat, the sun of the Eternal Word incarnated Himself in it. I had My heaven, formed by the Fiat, all studded with most refulgent stars which glittered with joys, beatitudes, harmonies of

¹ See also Appendix 1 Meditation

divine beauty; and the sun of the Eternal Word, refulgent with inaccessible light, came to take His place within this

heaven, hidden in His little humanity. And unable to contain it, the center of this sun remained in It, but its light overflowed outside, and investing Heaven and earth, it reached every heart; with the pounding of its light, it knocked at every creature, and with voices of penetrating light, it said to them: "My children, open to Me; give Me a place in your heart. I have descended from Heaven to earth in order to form My life in each one of you. My Mother is the center in which I reside, and all My children will be the circumference, in which I want to form as many of My lives for as many as are My children."

And the light knocked, over and over again, without ever ceasing, while the little humanity of Jesus was moaning, crying, and longing; making His tears, His moans and His pangs of love and pain flow within that light which reached into the hearts.

Now, you must know that your Mama began a new life. I was aware of everything that My Son did. I saw Him devoured by seas of flames of love; each one of His heartbeats, breaths and pains, were seas of love that He unleashed, with which He enveloped all creatures to make them His own by force of love

and suffering. In fact, you must know that as His little humanity was conceived, He conceived all the pains He was to suffer, up to the last day of His life. He enclosed all souls within Himself, because, being God, no one could escape Him. His immensity enclosed all creatures, His all-seeingness rendered them all present to Him. Therefore, My Jesus, My Son, felt the weight and the burden of all sins of each creature. And I, your Mama, followed Him in everything, and felt within My Maternal Heart this new generation of the pains of My Jesus, and the new generation of all the souls, whom, as Mother, I was to generate with Jesus to the grace, to the

light and to the new life which My dear Son came to bring upon earth.

My child, you must know that from the moment I was conceived, I loved you as mother, I felt you within My Heart, I burned with love for you, but I did not know why. The Divine Fiat made Me do things, but kept their secret hidden from Me. But as He incarnated himself, He revealed the secret to Me, and I understood the fecundity of My maternity - that I was to be not only Mother of Jesus, but Mother of all. This maternity was to be formed on the stake of suffering and of love. My child, how much I loved you, and do love you!

Now listen, dear child, to the point one can reach, when the Divine Will takes operating life in the creature, and the human will lets It work, without impeding Its step. This Fiat, which by nature possesses the generative virtue, generates all goods in the creature:

It renders her fecund, giving her maternity over all - over all goods, and over the One Who created her. Maternity says and means true love: heroic love-love which is content with dying to give life to the one it has generated. Without this, the word maternity is sterile, it is empty, and is reduced to a mere word, but does not exist in fact. Therefore, My

child, if you want the generation of all goods, let the Fiat take Its operating life in you, which will give you maternity, and you will love everyone with the love of a mother. And I, your Mama, will teach you how to fecundate this maternity, all holy and divine, within you.

The soul:

Holy Mama, I abandon myself in your arms. Oh, how I would like to wet your maternal hands with my tears, to move you to compassion for the state of my poor soul! If you love me as mother, enclose me in your heart, and let your

love bum away my miseries, my weaknesses. And may the power of the Divine Fiat, which you possess as Queen, form Its operating life in me, that I may be able to say: "My Mama is all for me, and I am all for her."

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, three times, and in the name of all, you will thank the Lord, Who incarnated Himself and became prisoner within My womb, giving Me the great honor of electing Me His Mother.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Mama of Jesus, be my Mama and
guide me along the way of the Will of
God.

Day Twenty-One

**The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom
of the Divine Will.**

**Rising Sun. Full Day: the Eternal
Word in our Midst.**

The soul to her Queen Mama:

Most sweet Mama, my poor heart feels the extreme need to come onto your maternal knees to confide to you my little secrets and to entrust them to your maternal heart. Listen, O my Mama, in looking at the great prodigies which the Divine Fiat worked in you, I feel it is not given to me to imitate you because I am little and weak, and because of the tremendous struggles of my existence, which crush me and leave me only a breath of life.

My Mama, oh, how I would want to pour my heart into yours, to let you feel the pains that embitter me and the fear that tortures me-that I may fail to do

the Divine Will. Have pity, O Celestial Mother, have pity! Hide me in your heart and I will lose the memory of my evils, to remember only to live of Divine Will.

**Lesson of the Queen of Heaven,
Mother of Jesus:**

Dearest child, do not fear. Trust your Mama, pour everything into My Heart, and I will take everything into account. I will be your Mama; I will change your pains into light, and will use them to expand the boundaries of the Kingdom of the Divine Will within your soul.

So, put everything aside for now, and listen to Me. I want to tell you what little king Jesus worked in My maternal womb, and how your Mama did not lose even one breath of little Jesus.

My child, the little humanity of Jesus continued to grow, united hypostatically with the Divinity. My maternal womb was very narrow - obscure; there was not a glimmer of light, and I saw Him in My maternal womb, immobile, enwrapped in a deep night. But do you know what formed this obscurity, so intense, for the infant Jesus? The human will, in which man had voluntarily enwrapped himself, and

for as many sins as he committed, so many abysses of darkness did he form around and within himself, in such a way as to be rendered immobile in doing good. And so My dear Jesus, in order to put to flight the darkness of such a deep night, in which man had made himself the prisoner of his own tenebrous will - to the point of losing the motion of doing good - chose the sweet prison of His Mama and, voluntarily, exposed Himself to immobility for nine months.

My child, if you knew how martyred was My Maternal Heart in seeing little Jesus immobile, crying and sighing in My little womb! His ardent

heartbeat palpitated very strongly and was fidgety with love; He made His heartbeat heard in every heart, to ask for pity for their own souls, since for love of them, He had voluntarily exchanged the light for darkness so that all might obtain true light in order to reach safety.

My dearest child, who can tell you what My little Jesus suffered in My womb? Unheard-of and indescribable pains! He was endowed with full reason - He was God and man - and His love was so great that it was as if He put aside the infinite seas of joys, of happiness, of light, and plunged His tiny Humanity into the seas of darkness, of

bitterness, of unhappiness and miseries, which the creatures had prepared for Him. And little Jesus took them all upon His shoulders, as if they were His own. My child, true love never says "enough." . .It does not look at pains, and through pains it searches for the loved one-only then is it content, when it gives its own life to give life back to the beloved.

My child, listen to your Mama; do you see what a great evil it is to do your will? Not only do you prepare a night for your Jesus and for yourself, but you form seas of bitterness, of unhappiness and of miseries, in which you remain so engulfed as to be unable to escape.

Therefore, be attentive; make Me happy by saying to Me: "I want always to do the Divine Will."

Now listen, My child; little Jesus, in spasms of love, was in the act of taking the step to come out to the light of the day. His anxieties, His ardent sighs and desires to embrace the creature, to make Himself seen, and to look at her in order to enrapture her to Himself, gave Him no more rest. And just as one day He had put Himself on the lookout at the doors of heaven in order to enclose Himself in My womb, so was He now in the act of putting Himself on the lookout at the doors of My womb, which was

more than heaven. The sun of the Eternal Word rises in the world and forms in it the full day. There will be night no longer for poor creatures, nor dawn, nor daybreak - but always sun, more than at the fullness of the day.

Your Mama felt she could no longer contain Him within herself. Seas of light and love inundated Me, and just as I conceived Him within a sea of light, within a sea of light He came out of My maternal womb. Dear child, for one who lives of Divine Will everything is light, and everything converts into light.

Enraptured in this light, I awaited to hug My little Jesus in My arms, and as he came out of My womb, I heard His first loving wailings. The angel of the Lord placed Him in My arms and I squeezed Him very tightly to My Heart; I gave Him My first kiss and little Jesus gave Me His.

Enough for now; tomorrow I will wait for you again, to continue the narration of the birth of Jesus.

The soul:

Holy Mama, oh, how fortunate you are; you are the true blessed one among

all women! For the sake of the joys you felt when you pressed Jesus to your breast and when you gave Him your first kiss, I ask you to give little Jesus to me, for a few instants, into my arms, that I may give Him contentment by saying to Him that I swear to always - always love Him, and that I want to know nothing but His Divine Will.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will come to kiss the little feet of baby Jesus, and you will place your will into his little hands to let Him play with it and smile.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

My Mama, enclose little Jesus in my heart, that He may transform it completely into Will of God.

Day Twenty-Two

**The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom
of the Divine Will.**

Little King Jesus is Born. The Angels

**point to Him and call the Shepherds to
adore Him. Heaven and Earth rejoice,
and the Sun of the Eternal Word,
following Its Course, Dispels the Night
of Sin, and gives start to the Full Day
of Grace.**

The Home of Bethlehem.

The soul to her Celestial Mama:

Today, holy Mama, I feel an ardor
of love, and I feel that I cannot be
without coming onto your maternal knees
to find the celestial Little Baby in your

arms. His beauty enraptures me, His gazes wound me, His lips, in the act of moaning and bursting into tears, steal my heart to love Him. My dearest Mama, I know that you love me, and therefore I ask you to give me a little place in your arms, so that I may give Him my first kiss, pour my heart into little king Jesus, and entrust to Him my interesting secrets, which so much oppress me. And in order to make Him smile, I will say to Him: "Your Will is mine and mine is yours; so, form the Kingdom of your Divine Fiat in me."

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven to her child:

My dearest child, oh, how I long for you to come into My arms, to have the great contentment of being able to say to our little baby king: "Don't cry, My pretty one. See, here with us is My little child, who wants to recognize you as king and give you dominion within her soul, to let you lay in her the Kingdom of your Will."

Now, child of My heart, while you are all attentive in longing for little baby Jesus, pay attention to Me and listen. You must know that it was midnight when the little newborn king came out from My maternal womb. The night turned into day; the one who was the

lord of light put to flight the night of the human will, the night of sin, the night of all evils; and as a sign of what He was doing in the order of souls with His usual omnipotent Fiat, the midnight turned into most refulgent daylight. All created things ran to praise their Creator in that little humanity. The sun ran to give its first kisses of light to little baby Jesus, and warm Him with its heat; the ruling wind purified the air of the stable with Its waves, and with its sweet moaning said to Him: "I love you"; the heavens were shaken from their very foundations; the earth exulted and trembled down to the abyss; the sea roared with its gigantic waves. **In** sum,

all created things recognized that their Creator was in their midst, and they all competed in praising Him. The very angels, forming light in the air, with melodious voices which all could hear, said:

"Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will! The celestial baby is born in the grotto of Bethlehem, wrapped in poor little swaddling clothes ... " -so much so, that the shepherds who were in vigil, listened to the angelic voices and ran to visit the little Divine King.

My dear child, continue to listen to Me. As I received Him into My arms and gave Him My first kiss, I felt the need of love to give something of My own to My little Son; and offering Him My breast, I gave Him abundant milk - milk formed in My person by the Divine Fiat Itself, in order to nourish little king Jesus. But who can tell you what I felt in doing this, and the seas of grace, of love, of sanctity, that My Son gave to Me in return? Then I wrapped Him in poor but clean little clothes, and I placed Him in the manger. This was His Will, and I could not do without executing it. But before doing this, I shared Him with

dear Saint Joseph, placing Him into his arms. Oh, how he rejoiced; he squeezed Him to his heart, and the sweet little baby poured torrents of graces into his soul. Then, together with Saint Joseph, we fixed a little hay in the manger, and detaching Him from My maternal arms, I laid Him in it. Your Mama, enraptured by the beauty of the Divine Infant, remained kneeling before Him most of the time. I put all My seas of love into motion, which the Divine Will had formed in Me, to love Him, adore Him, and thank Him.

And what did the little celestial baby do in the manger? A continuous act

of the Will of our celestial Father, which was also His. Moaning and sighing, He wailed, cried and called to everyone, saying in His loving wailing: "Come, you all, children of mine; for love of you I am born to suffering and to tears. Come all of you, to know the excess of My love! Give Me shelter in your hearts. And there were shepherds, coming and going, to visit Him, and to all He gave His sweet gaze and His loving smile, even within His tears.

Now, My child, a little word to you: You must know that My whole joy was to hold My dear Son Jesus on My lap, but the Divine Will made Me

understand that I should place Him in the manger, at everyone's disposal, so that whoever wanted, could caress Him, kiss Him, and take Him in their arms, as if He were their own. He was the little King of all; therefore, they had the right to make of Him a sweet pledge of love. And I, in order to fulfill the Supreme Volition, deprived Myself of My innocent joys, beginning, with works and sacrifices, the office of Mother - giving Him to all.

My child, the Divine Will is demanding and wants everything, even the sacrifice of the holiest things; and

according to circumstances, even the great sacrifice of depriving oneself of Jesus. However, It does so in order to extend Its Kingdom even more, and to multiply the life of Jesus Himself; because when the creature deprives herself of Him out of love for Him, her heroism and sacrifice is so great that she has the virtue of producing a new life of Jesus, in order to form another home for Jesus. Therefore, dear child, be attentive, and never deny anything to the Divine Will, under any pretext.

The soul:

Holy Mama, your beautiful lessons confuse me; but if you want me to put them into practice do not leave me alone; so that, when you see me succumb under the enormous weight of divine privations, I may cling to your maternal heart and feel the strength never to deny anything to the Divine Will.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will come three times to visit little baby Jesus, and kiss His little hands; and you will make five acts of love for Him, to

honor His tears and calm His crying.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Holy Mama, pour the tears of Jesus into my heart, that He may dispose in me the triumph of the Will of God.

Day Twenty-Three

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will. The First Hour of Sorrow sounds. A Star, with mute

**Voice, calls the Magi to adore Jesus. A
Prophet reveals the Sorrows of the
Sovereign Queen.'**

The soul to her Queen Mama:

My most sweet Mama, here I am again at your knees; this child of yours cannot be without you, my Mama. The sweet enchantment of the celestial Baby, whom you now hold tightly in your arms, and now, kneeling, adore and love in the manger, enraptures me-thinking that your happy destiny and little King Jesus

Himself are nothing other than the fruits, and the sweet and precious pledges of that Fiat which laid Its Kingdom in you. O Mama, give me your word that you will use your power in order to form in me the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Celestial Mama:

My dearest child, how happy I am to have you close to Me, to be able to teach you how the Kingdom of the Divine Will can lay Itself in all things. All crosses, sorrows and humiliations, invested by the life of the Divine Fiat, are like raw material in Its hands, in order to nourish Its Kingdom and extend

It more and more.

Therefore, pay attention to Me, and listen to your Mama. I continued My stay in the grotto of Bethlehem with Jesus and dear Saint Joseph. How happy we were! Through the presence of the Divine Infant and of the Divine Will operating in us, that little grotto had changed into paradise. It is true that pains and tears were not lacking, but compared to the immense seas of joy, of happiness and of light which the Divine Fiat made arise in each one of our acts, they were just little drops plunged into these seas. And then, the sweet and loving presence of My dear Son was a

happiness of the greatest kind.

Now, dear child, you must know that the eighth day arrived after the birth of the celestial baby into the light of the day, and the Divine Fiat sounded the hour of sorrow, ordering us to circumcise the charming little baby. It was a most painful cut which little Jesus had to go through. It was the law of those times that all the firstborn had to undergo this painful cut. It can be called the law of sin, but My Son was innocent and His law was the law of love; in spite of all this, since He came to find, not the man king, but the decayed man, in order to become brother and to raise

him, He wanted to lower Himself, submitting Himself to the law.

My child, Saint Joseph and I felt a shiver of pain, but fearless and without hesitation, we called the Minister and we had Him circumcised with a most painful cut. In the bitter pain, baby Jesus cried and flung Himself into My arms, asking for help. Saint Joseph and I blended our tears with His; we gathered the first blood shed by Jesus for love of the creatures; we gave Him the name of Jesus - powerful name-which was to make Heaven and earth tremble, and even hell; a name which was to be balm, defense and help for every heart.

Now, My child, this cut was the image of the cruel cut that man had made to his own soul by doing his own will; and My dear Son allowed Himself to receive this cut in order to heal that hard cut of the human wills - to heal with His blood the wounds of the many sins that the poison of the human will has caused in the creatures. Every act of human will is a cut which is inflicted, and a wound that is opened; and the celestial baby, with His most painful cut, prepared the remedy for all the human wounds.

Now, My child, another surprise: a new star shines under the vault of the

heavens, and with its light it is searching for adorers, to lead them to recognize and adore baby Jesus. Three individuals, each distant from the other, are touched by it, and invested by supernatural light, follow the star, which leads them to the grotto of Bethlehem, to the feet of the baby Jesus. What was not the astonishment of these Magi Kings, in recognizing in that Divine Infant the King of Heaven and earth - the One Who had come to love and to save all? In fact, when the Magi were in the act of adoring Him, enraptured by that celestial beauty, the newborn baby made His Divinity shine forth from His little humanity, and the grotto turned into

paradise; so much so, that they were not able to separate themselves from the feet of the Divine Infant-not before He again withdrew the light of the Divinity within His humanity. And I, exercising the office of mother, spoke at length of the descent of the Word, and fortified them in faith, hope and charity, symbolized by the gifts offered to Jesus. Then, full of joy, they withdrew to their regions, to be the first propagators.

My dear child, do not move from My side; follow Me everywhere. Forty days from the birth of little King Jesus are about to sound-when the Divine Fiat calls us to the temple in order to fulfill

the law of the Presentation of My Son. So, we went to the temple. It was the first time that we went out together with My sweet Baby. A vein of sorrow opened in My Heart: I was going to offer Him as victim for the salvation of all! We entered the temple, and first we adored the Divine Majesty; then we called the priest, and placing Him in his arms, I made the offering of the celestial baby to the eternal Father-offering Him in sacrifice for the salvation of all. The priest was Simeon, and as I placed Him in his arms, he recognized that He was the Divine Word and exulted with immense joy; and after the offering, assuming the attitude of prophet, he

prophesied all My sorrows ... Oh, how the Supreme Fiat sounded over My Maternal Heart-thoroughly, with vibrating sound,

² See also Appendix: Meditations 2,3 and 4.

the cruel tragedy of all the pains of My little Son! But that which pierced Me the most were the words that the holy prophet said to Me: "This dear baby will be the salvation and ruin of many, and will be the target of contradictions."

If the Divine Will had not sustained Me, I would have died instantly of pure pain. But It gave Me life, and used it to form in Me the Kingdom of sorrows, within the Kingdom of Its Will. Therefore, in addition to the right of Mother which I had over all, I acquired the right of Mother and Queen of all Sorrows. Ah, yes, with My sorrows, I acquired the little coin to pay the debts of My children, and even those of the ungrateful children.

Now, My child, you must know that in the light of the Divine Will I

already knew all the sorrows I was to suffer-and even more than that which the holy prophet had told Me. But in that act, so solemn, of offering My own Son-in hearing it all being repeated to Me-I felt so pierced that My Heart bled, and deep lacerations opened in My soul.

Now, listen to your Mama: in your sufferings, in the painful encounters which are not lacking for you, never lose heart; but with heroic love let the Divine Will assume Its royal place in your pains, so that It may convert them into little coins of infinite value, with which you will be able to pay the debts of your brothers-to ransom them from the

slavery of the human will, and make them enter again, as free children, into the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat.

The soul:

Holy Mama, in your pierced heart do I place all my pains; and you know how they pierce my heart. Be my mother, and pour the balm of your sorrows into my heart, that I may share in your same destiny - to use my pains as little coins in order to conquer the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will come into My arms, that I may pour in you the first blood that the celestial baby shed in order to heal the wounds caused by your human will; and you will recite three acts of love in order to mitigate the spasm of the wound of the baby.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

My Mama, pour your sorrow into my soul, and convert all my pains into Will of God.

Day Twenty-Four

**The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom
of the Divine Will.**

**A Cruel Tyrant. Little King Jesus is
brought by His Mama and by Saint
Joseph into a foreign Land, where
They go as Poor Exiled Ones. Return
to Nazareth.**

**The soul to her Queen, overwhelmed
by Sorrow:**

My sovereign Mama, your little

child feels the need to come to your maternal knees to keep you a little company. I see your face veiled with sadness, and a few fleeting tears flowing from your eyes. The sweet little Baby is shivering, and He cries, sobbing. Holy Mama, I unite my pains to yours, to comfort you and to calm the crying of the Celestial Baby. But, O Mama, do not refuse to reveal to me your secret. What is it that is so gloomy for my dear Little Baby?

Lesson of the Mother Queen:

My dearest child, today the heart of your Mama is swollen with love and

with sorrow, to the extent that I cannot refrain from crying. You know of the coming of the Magi Kings, who caused rumor in Jerusalem, asking for the new King. And cruel Herod, for fear of being removed from his throne, has already given the order to kill My sweet Jesus, My dear life, together with all of the other children.

My child, what pain! The One who has come to give life to all, and to bring into the world the new era of peace, of happiness and of grace ... they want to kill Him! What ingratitude! What perfidy! Ah, My child, to what extent the blindness of the human will reaches To

the extent of becoming ferocious, of tying the hands of the Creator Himself, and of becoming the owner of the One who created it. Give Me your compassion, My child, and try to calm the crying of the sweet Baby. He cries because of human ingratitude, because, only a newborn, they want Him dead; so, in order to save Him, we are forced to flee. Dear Saint Joseph has already been advised by the angel to leave for a foreign land. Accompany us, dear child; do not leave us alone, and I will continue to give you My lessons on the great evils of the human will.

Now, you must know that as man

withdrew from the Divine Will, he broke off with his Creator. Everything on earth had been made by God for him - everything was his; but man, by not wanting to do the Divine Will, lost all rights, and one could say that he did not know where to place his foot. He became a poor exiled one, a pilgrim who could not have a permanent residence; and this, not only for the soul, but also for the body. All things became mutable for poor man; and if he did possess any fleeting thing, it was by virtue of the foreseen merits of this Celestial Baby. This, because the whole magnificence of creation was destined by God for all those who would have

done the Divine Will and lived in Its Kingdom. The rest, if they manage to take anything, are the true petty thieves of their Creator; and with reason: they do not want to do the Divine Will, but they want the goods which belong to It?

Now, dear child, listen to how much this dear Baby and I love you. At the first dawn of His life, He goes into exile and into a foreign land, in order to free you from the exile in which your human will placed you; to call you to live, not in a foreign land, but in your fatherland - the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat - which was given to you when you were created. Child of My Heart, have

pity on the tears of your Mother, and on the tears of this sweet dear Baby-crying, we ask you never to do your will. But we beg you, we implore you: come back into the womb of the Divine Will, which so much longs for you!

Now, dear child, in the midst of the sorrow for human ingratitude, and in the midst of the immense joys and happiness that the Divine Fiat gave us and the feast that all creation made for the sweet baby, the earth became green and flowery again under our steps, to give homage to its Creator. The sun was fixed on Him, and praising Him with its light, it felt honored to give Him its light

and heat. The wind caressed Him; the birds, almost like clouds, came down around us, and with their trills and songs, made the most beautiful lullabies for the dear Baby, to calm His crying and favor His sleep. My child, since the Divine Will was in us, we had power over everything.

So we arrived in Egypt, and after a long period of time, the angel of the Lord told Saint Joseph to return to the house of Nazareth, because the cruel tyrant was dead. And we repatriated to our homeland.

Now, Egypt symbolizes the human

will - a land full of idols; and wherever baby Jesus passed, He would knock down these idols and cast them into hell. How many idols does the human will possess! Idols of vainglory, of self-esteem and of passion, which tyrannize the poor creature! Therefore, be attentive; listen to your Mama. I would make any sacrifice never to let you do your will; and I would also give My life, to give you the great good of living always in the womb of the Divine Will.

The soul:

Most sweet Mama, how much I thank you for making me understand the

great evil of the human will! And so, for the sake of the sorrow you suffered in the exile of Egypt, I ask you to free my soul from the exile of my will, and to let me repatriate to the dear fatherland of the Divine Will.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will offer your actions united with mine, in act of gratitude to the Holy Baby, asking Him to enter into the Egypt of your heart to change it completely into Will of God.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

My Mama, enclose little Jesus in my heart, that He may reorder it all in the Divine Will.

Day Twenty-Five

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Nazareth, Symbol and Reality of the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat. Hidden Life. She is the Depository, the Source and the Perennial Channel of

the Goods of Jesus.'

The soul to her Sovereign Queen:

Most sweet Mama, here I am again at your maternal knees. You are together with the little child Jesus, and caressing Him, you tell Him your love story, and Jesus tells you His. Oh, how beautiful it is to find Jesus and His Mama talking to each other. The ardor of their love is so great that they remain mute - enraptured: the Mother in the Son, and the Son in the Mother. Holy Mama, do not put me aside, but keep me with you, so that, in

listening to what you say, I may learn to love you and to do always the Most Holy Will of God.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Dearest child, oh, how I longed for you to continue My lessons on the Kingdom which the Supreme Fiat ever more extended in Me.

Now, you must know that the little house of Nazareth was a paradise for your Mama, for dear and sweet Jesus, and for Saint Joseph. Being the Eternal Word, My dear Son possessed the Divine Will within Himself, of His own

virtue; infinite seas of light, of sanctity, of infinite joys and beauties resided in that little humanity. I possessed the Divine Will by grace, and even though I could not embrace immensity, as did beloved Jesus - since He was God and Man, while I was always His finite creature - still, the Divine Fiat filled Me so much as to form Its seas of light, of sanctity, of love, of beauties and of happiness in Me. And the light, the Love, and all that a Divine Will can possess, were so great that Saint Joseph remained eclipsed, inundated, and lived from our reflections.

Dear child, in this house, the Kingdom of the Divine Will was in full force. Every little act of ours - working, starting the fire, preparing the food - were all animated by the Supreme Volition, and were formed on the solidity of the sanctity of pure love. Therefore, from the tiniest to the greatest of our acts, immense joys, happinesses and beatitudes, were unleashed. And we remained so inundated as to feel ourselves as though under a pouring rain of new joys and indescribable contentments.

My child, you must know that the

Divine Will possesses, by nature, the source of joys, and when It reigns in the creature It delights in giving, in each one of her acts, the new and continuous act of Its joys and happinesses. Oh, how happy we were! Everything was peace, highest union, and each of us felt honored in obeying the other. Also My dear Son competed in wanting to be commanded by Me and by dear Saint Joseph in the little jobs. Oh, how beautiful it was to see Him in the act of helping His foster father in the smith-work, or in seeing Him take food! But how many seas of grace did He let flow in those acts for the good of creatures?

Now, dear child, listen to Me: in this house of Nazareth, the Kingdom of the Divine Will was formed in your Mama and in the humanity of My Son, to make of It a gift for the human family, when they would dispose themselves to receive the good of this Kingdom. But even though My Son was King and I was Queen, we were King and Queen without a people. Our Kingdom, even though It could enclose all and give life to all, was desert, because Redemption was needed first, in order to prepare and dispose man to come into this Kingdom, so holy. More so, since It was possessed by Me and by My Son, who belonged to the human family according

to the human order-as well as to the Divine Family by virtue of the Divine Fiat and of the incarnate Word, and therefore the creatures received the right to enter into this Kingdom. The Divinity conceded this right, and left the doors opened to those who wanted to enter. So, our hidden life of so many years served to prepare the Kingdom of the Divine Will for the creatures. This is why I want to let you know what this Supreme Fiat worked in Me, so that you may forget your will, and, holding the hand of your Mama, I may lead you to the goods which I have prepared for you with so much love.

Tell Me, child of My Heart, will you make Me content, and also your, and My dear Jesus, who await you with so much love in this Kingdom, so holy-to live together with us, and to live only from the Divine Will?

Now, dear child, listen to another expression of love which My dear Jesus made in the house of Nazareth: He made of Me the depository of His own life. When God does a work, He does not leave it suspended, or in empty space, but he always looks for a creature in whom to enclose and place all His work.

Otherwise, there would be the danger that God would expose His works to uselessness - which cannot be. Therefore, My dear Son placed in Me His works, His words, His pains - everything. He deposited even His breath into His Mama. And when, withdrawn in our little room, He spoke sweetly and narrated to Me all the Gospels He was to preach to the public, and the Sacraments He was to institute - He entrusted everything to

³ See also Appendix: Meditations 5 and 6

Me, and constituted Me as perennial

channel and source because His life and all His goods were to come from Me for the good of all creatures. Oh, how rich and happy I felt in feeling that all that My dear Son Jesus did, was being deposited in Me! The Divine Will which reigned in Me gave Me the capacity to be able to receive everything, and Jesus felt He was receiving from His Mama return of the love and glory of the great work of Redemption. What did I not receive from God, because I never did My will, but always His? [I received] everything; even the life of My Son was at My disposal; and while it remained always with Me, I could bilocate it, to give it to whomever would ask for it

with love.

Now, My child, a little word to you. If you always do the Divine Will and never your own, and if you live in It, I, your Mama, will place the deposit of all the goods of My Son into your soul. Oh, how fortunate you will feel! You will have a divine life at your disposal, which will give you everything. And I, being your true Mama, will watch over you, so that this divine life may grow in you, forming in you the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

The soul:

Holy Mama, I abandon myself into your arms. I am a little child who feels the extreme need of your maternal cares. I ask you to take this will of mine and to enclose it in your heart. Never give it to me again, that I may be happy to live always from the Divine Will-so I will make you and my dear Jesus content.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will come to make three little visits in the house of Nazareth to honor the Holy Family, reciting three Paters, Aves and Glorias, asking us to admit you to live in

our midst.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, take me with you to live in the Kingdom of the Will of God.

Day Twenty-Six

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

**The Hour of Sorrow approaches.
Painful Separation.**

Jesus in His Public and Apostolic Life.

The soul to her Celestial Mama:

Here I come again to you, my Queen Mama. Today, my love of child toward you makes me run to be spectator of the time when my sweet Jesus, separating from you, goes on His way to form His apostolic life in the midst of creatures. Holy Mama, I know you will suffer very much; each moment of separation from Jesus will cost you your life, and I, your child, do not want to leave you alone. I want to dry your tears, and with my company, I want to break

your loneliness. And as we remain together, you will continue to give me your beautiful lessons on the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dearest child, your company will be very pleasing to Me, because in you, I will feel the first gift that Jesus gives to Me a gift made of pure love, produced by His sacrifice and mine; a gift which will cost Me the life of My Son.

Now, pay attention to Me and listen. Listen, My child: a new life of

sorrow, of loneliness, and of long separations from My Highest Good, Jesus, begins for your Mama. The hidden life is ended, and He feels the irresistible need of love, to go out in public, to make Himself known, and to go in search for man, lost in the maze of his will, and prey to all evils. Dear Saint Joseph had already died. Jesus was leaving, and I remained alone in the little house.

When My beloved Jesus asked Me to give Him the obedience to leave - because He used to do nothing without first telling Me - I felt a blow in My Heart, but knowing that this was the

Supreme Will, I promptly said My Fiat-I did not hesitate one instant; and with the Fiat of My Son, and My own, we separated. In the ardor of our love, He blessed Me, and He left Me. I followed Him with My gaze while I could, and then, withdrawing, I abandoned Myself in that Divine Will which was My life. But, oh, power of the Divine Fiat. This holy Will never let Me lose sight of My Son, nor did He lose Me; on the contrary, I felt His heartbeat in mine, and Jesus felt mine in His.

Dear child, I had received My Son from the Divine Volition, and what this

holy Will gives, is not subject either to end or to suffer separation. Its gifts are permanent and eternal. Therefore My Son was mine; no one could take Him away from Me-neither death, nor sorrow, nor separation - because the Divine Will had given Him to Me. Our separation was the appearance, but in reality we were fused together; more so, since one was the Will which animated us. How could we separate?

Now, you must know that the light of the Divine Will allowed Me to see how badly and with how much ingratitude they treated My Son. He directed His step toward Jerusalem. His

first visit was to the holy temple, in which He began the series of His preachings. But, what pain! His word which was full of life, bearer of peace, of love and of order, was misinterpreted and badly listened to-especially from the erudite and the learned of those times! And when My Son said He was the Son of God, the Word of the Father, the One who had come to save them, they took it so badly that they wanted to devour Him with their furious gazes. Oh, how My beloved good, Jesus, suffered! The rejection of His creative word made Him feel the death which they gave to His divine word, and I was all attentive - all eyes-in looking at that bleeding

Divine Heart; and I offered Him My Maternal Heart to receive the same wounds, to console him, and to give Him support when He was in the act of succumbing. Oh, how many times, after imparting His word, I saw Him forgotten by all, without anyone who would offer Him a refreshment; alone - alone, outside of the city walls; outside, under the vault of the starry sky, leaning on a tree, crying and praying for the salvation of all. And I, your Mama, dear child, cried with Him from My little house; and in the light of the Divine Fiat, I sent Him My tears as refreshment, My chaste embraces and My kisses as comfort.

But in seeing Himself rejected by the great, the learned, My beloved Son did not stop, nor could He stop. His love ran, because He wanted souls. So He surrounded Himself with the poor, the afflicted, the sick, the lame, the blind, the dumb, and with the many other afflictions by which the poor creatures were oppressed - all of them images of the many evils which their human will had produced. And dear Jesus healed everyone; He consoled and instructed everyone. So He became the friend, the father, the doctor, and the master of the poor.

My child, one can say that as the

poor shepherds were the ones who received Him with their visits at His birth, so the poor are those who followed Him in the last years of His life down here, unto His death. In fact, the poor, the ignorant, are more simple-
less attached to their own judgment, and therefore more favored, more blessed, and preferred by My dear Son; to the extent that He chose poor fishermen as apostles and pillars of the future Church.

Now, dearest child, if I wanted to tell you all that My Son did and suffered, and I with Him, during these three years of his public life, I would be too long. In the Fiat we separated, I from My Son,

and the Fiat gave Me the strength to make the sacrifice. What I recommend to you is that in everything you may do and suffer, you let the Divine Fiat be your first and last act. In this way, if you enclose everything in the eternal Fiat, you will find strength for everything, even in the pains that cost you your life. Therefore, give your word to your Mama, that you will let yourself be found always in the Divine Will. In this way, you too will feel your inseparability from Me and from our Highest Good, Jesus.

The soul:

Most sweet Mama, how I compassionate you in seeing you suffer so much! I beg you, pour your tears and those of Jesus into my soul, to reorder it and enclose it in the Divine Fiat.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will give Me all your pains as company for My loneliness, and in each pain you will place an "I love you" for Me and for your Jesus, to repair for those who do not want to listen to the teachings of Jesus.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Divine Mama, may your word and that of Jesus descend into my heart and form in me the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Day Twenty-Seven

**The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom
of the Divine Will.**

**Here sounds the Hour of Sorrow: the
Passion.**

A Deicide. The Crying of all Nature.

The soul to her Sorrowful Mother:

My dear sorrowful Mother, today, more than ever, I feel the irresistible need to be close to you. No, I will not move from your side, to be spectator of your bitter pains and to ask you, as your child, for the grace to place in me your sorrows and those of your Son Jesus, and also His very death; so that His death and your pains may give me the grace to make me die continually to my will, and make me rise again above it, to the life of the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Sorrows:

Dearest child, do not deny Me your company in so much bitterness. The Divinity has already decreed the last day of My Son down here. One of His apostles has already betrayed Him, giving Him up into the hands of the Jews, to make Him die. My dear Son, taken by excess of love and not wanting to leave His children, for whom He came to search upon earth, has already left Himself in the Sacrament of the Eucharist, so that whoever wants Him, can possess Him. So, the life of My Son is about to end, and He is about to take flight for His celestial Fatherland.

Ah, dear child, the Divine Fiat gave Him to Me, and in the Divine Fiat I received Him; and now, in that same Fiat, I give Him back.

My heart is torn; immense seas of sorrows inundate Me; in the atrocious spasm, I feel life leaving Me. But nothing could I deny to the Divine Fiat; on the contrary, I felt disposed to sacrifice Him in the Divine and Omnipotent Fiat. I felt such strength by virtue of It, that I would have been content with dying rather than deny anything to the Divine Will.

Now, My child listen to Me: My

Maternal Heart is drowned with pains; only thinking that My Son, My God, My life, has to die, is more than death for your Mama. Yet, I know I must live! What torment! What profound lacerations form in My Heart, piercing it all the way through, like sharp swords! Yet, dear child-I grieve in saying this to you, but I must: in these pains and profound lacerations, and in the pains of My beloved Son, there was your soul-your human will. Since it did not allow itself to be dominated by the Will of God, we covered it with pains; we embalmed it, we fortified it with our pain, so that it would dispose itself to receive the life of the Divine Will.

Ah, if the Divine Fiat had not sustained Me and continued Its course with infinite seas of light, of joy, of happiness, along side the seas of My bitter pains, I would have died as many times for as many the pains My dear Son suffered! Oh, how tortured I felt, when He made Himself seen for the last time—pale, with a sadness of death on His face, and with trembling voice, as if He wanted to burst into sobs, told Me: "Good-bye Mama! Bless your Son, and give Me the obedience to die. My Divine Fiat and yours made Me be conceived, and My and your Divine Fiat must let Me die. Hurry, O dear Mama,

pronounce your Fiat, and tell Me: 'I bless You and I give You the obedience to die crucified! So does the Eternal Will want, and so I too want' ."

My child, what a blow to My pierced heart! Yet, I had to say it, because there were no forced pains in us, but all voluntary. So, we blessed each other, and exchanging that gaze which is not able to detach itself from the beloved one, My dear Son, My sweet life, departed; and I, your sorrowful Mama, let Him go. But the eye of My soul never lost sight of Him. I followed Him into the Garden, in His terrible agony, and - oh, how My heart

bled in seeing Him abandoned by all, even by His most faithful and dear apostles!

Dear child, the abandonment of dear ones is one of the greatest pains for a human heart in the stormy hours of life; especially for My Son, Who had loved them so much and done good to them, and Who was in the act of giving His life for the very ones who had just abandoned Him in the extreme hours of His life - even more, they had run away! What pain-what pain! And I, in seeing Him sweat blood - agonize, agonized together with Him and sustained Him in My maternal arms. I was inseparable

from My Son; His pains were reflected in My Heart, liquefied by pain and love, and I felt them more than if they were My own. So I followed Him all night. There was not one pain or accusation which they gave Him that did not resound in My Heart. But at the dawn of the morning, unable to resist any longer, accompanied by the disciple John, Magdalene and other pious women, I wanted to follow Him step by step, also corporally, from one tribunal to another.

My dearest child, I heard the roaring of the blows that fell upon the naked body of My Son; I heard the mockeries, the satanic laughter, and the

blows they gave Him on His head, when they crowned Him with thorns. I saw Him when Pilate showed Him to the people - disfigured, unrecognizable. I felt deafened by the "Crucify Him, Crucify Him!" I saw Him taking the cross on His shoulders, exhausted and panting. And I, unable to refrain, hastened My step to give Him My last embrace and to dry His face, all wet with blood. But, no! There was no pity for us. The cruel soldiers pulled Him by the ropes and made Him fall. Dear child, what harrowing pain, not being able to sustain My dear Jesus in so many pains! Every pain opened a sea of sorrow in My pierced Heart. Finally, I

followed Him to Calvary, where, in the midst of unheardof pains and horrible contortions, He was crucified and lifted up on the Cross. Only then was it conceded to Me to be at the foot of the cross, to receive from His dying lips the gift of all My children, and the right and seal of My maternity over all creatures. Shortly after, in the midst of unheard-of spasms, He breathed His last. All nature wore mourning, and cried over the death of its Creator. The sun cried, obscuring itself and withdrawing, horrified, from the face of the earth. The earth cried with an intense trembling, ripping open in various places, for the death of its Creator. All cried: the sepulchers by

opening, the dead by rising; even the veil of the temple cried with sorrow, and was tom. All lost joy, and felt terror and fright. My child, your Mama remained petrified with pain, waiting to receive Him into My arms, to close Him in the sepulcher.

Now, listen to Me in My intense pain: with the pains of My Son I want to speak to you of the great evils of your human will. Look at Him in My sorrowful arms, how disfigured He is! He is the true portrait of the evil the human will does to the poor creatures. My dear Son wanted to suffer so many pains in order to raise this will again-

fallen into the abyss of all miseries; each pain of Jesus and each one of My sorrows called it to rise again in the Divine Will. Our love was so great that in order to rescue this human will, we filled it with our pains, up to the point of drowning it, and enclosing it inside the immense seas of My pains, and those of My beloved Son.

Therefore, on this day of sorrows for your sorrowful Mama, a day which is all for you, give Me, in return, your will into My hands; that I may enclose it within the bleeding wounds of Jesus, as the most beautiful victory of His Passion and death, and as the triumph of My

most bitter pains.

The soul:

Sorrowful Mama, your words wound my heart; I feel like dying upon hearing that it was my rebellious will that made you suffer so much. Therefore, I beg you to enclose it in the wounds of Jesus, that I may live from His pains and from your bitter sorrows.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will kiss the wounds of Jesus, saying five acts of

love, and praying to Me that My sorrows may seal your will in the opening of His sacred side.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

May the wounds of Jesus and the sorrows of my Mama give me the grace to make my will rise again in the Will of God.

Day Twenty-Eight

**The Queen of Heaven in the
Kingdom of the Divine Will. Limbo.
The Expectation. The Victory over
Death. The Resurrection.**

The soul to her Mother Queen:

My pierced Mama, your little child, knowing that you are alone, without your beloved Good, Jesus, wants to cling to you to keep you company in your most bitter desolation. Without Jesus, all things change into sorrow for you. The memory of his

harrowing pains, the sweet sound of His voice which still resounds in your ear, the charming gaze of dear Jesus, now sweet, now sad, now swollen with tears, but which always enraptured your maternal heart-not having them with you any more, they are like sharp swords which pierce your maternal heart through, side to side.

Desolate Mama, your dear child wants to give you relief and compassion for each pain. Even more, I would like to be Jesus, to be able to give you all the love, the comforts, the reliefs, and the compassion, which Jesus Himself would have given you in your state of bitter

desolation. Sweet Jesus gave me to you as your child; therefore, put me in His place in your maternal heart, and I will be all for my Mama; I will dry your tears, and I will always keep you company.

Lesson of the Desolate Queen and Mother:

Dearest child, thank you for your company; but if you want your company to be sweet and dear to Me, and bearer of relief to My pierced heart, I want to find in you the Divine Will, operating and dominating - and, that you do not

surrender even one breath of life to your will. Then will I exchange you with My Son Jesus, because, His Will being in you, in It I will feel Jesus in your heart. Oh, how happy I will be to find in you the first fruit of His pains and of His death. In finding My beloved Jesus in My child, My pains will change into joys, and My sorrows into conquests.

Now, listen to Me, child of My sorrows. As My dear Son breathed His last, He descended into Limbo, triumphant bearer of glory and happiness to that prison in which were all the Patriarchs and the Prophets, the first

father Adam, dear Saint Joseph, My holy parents, and all those who had been saved by virtue of the foreseen merits of the future Redeemer. I was inseparable from My Son, and not even death could take Him away from Me. So, in the ardor of My sorrows I followed Him into Limbo, and was spectator of the feast and thanksgiving which that great crowd of people gave for My Son, who had suffered so much, and whose first step had been toward them, to beatify them and to bring them with Himself into celestial glory. So, at His death began the conquests and the glory for Jesus and for all those who loved Him.

This, dear child, is symbol of how the conquests, the glory and the joy begin in the divine order-even in the midst of the greatest sorrows-when the creature makes her will die through union with the Divine Will. So, even though the eyes of My soul followed My Son and I never lost sight of Him, at the same time, during those three days in which He was buried, I felt such yearning to see Him risen, that in the ardor of My love I kept repeating: "Rise, My Glory! Rise, My Life!" .. My desires were ardent, My sighs, of fire to the point of feeling consumed.

Now, in this yearning, I saw My

dear Son, accompanied by that great crowd of people, leaving Limbo and going back to the sepulcher. It was the dawn of the third day, and just as all nature cried over Him, now it rejoiced; so much so, that the sun anticipated its course to be present at the act in which My Son was rising. But oh wonder! Before rising again He showed that crowd of people His Most holy Humanity-bleeding, wounded, disfigured; the way it had been reduced for love of them and for all. All were moved, and admired the excesses of love and the great portent of Redemption.

Now, My child, oh, how I wish you to be present in the act of the Resurrection of My Son! He was all Majesty. From His Divinity, united to His soul, He unleashed enchanting seas of light and beauty, such as to fill Heaven and earth. Then, triumphantly, making use of His power, He commanded His dead humanity to receive His soul again, and to rise, triumphantly and gloriously, to immortal life. What a solemn act! My dear Jesus triumphed over death, saying: "Death, you will be death no longer, but life!" ..

With this act of triumph, He placed the seal on the fact that He was

Man and God; and with His Resurrection, He confirmed His doctrine, His miracles, the life of the Sacraments, and the whole life of the Church. And not only this: He obtained triumph over the human wills, weakened and almost extinguished to true good, to let triumph over them the life of that Divine Will which was to bring the fullness of Sanctity and of all goods to the creatures. And at the same time, by virtue of His Resurrection, He sowed the seed of resurrection to eternal glory into the bodies. My child, the Resurrection of My Son encloses everything, and is the most solemn act that he did for love of creatures.

Now, listen to Me, My child; I want to speak to you as a Mother who loves her child very much. I want to tell you what it means to do the Divine Will and to live of It; the example is given to you by My Son and by Myself. Our life was strewn with pains, with poverty, with humiliations, to the point of seeing My beloved Son die of pains; but in all this, ran the Divine Will. It was the life of our pains, and we felt triumphant, and conquerors to the extent of changing even death into life; so much so, that, in seeing Its great good, we voluntarily exposed ourselves to sufferings, because, since the Divine Will was in us, no one could impose himself on It, or

on us. Suffering was in our power, and we called upon it as nourishment and triumph of the Redemption-such as to be able to bring all good to the entire world.

Now, dear child, if your life and your pains have the Divine Will as their center, be certain that sweet Jesus will use you and your pains to give help, light and grace to the whole universe. Therefore, pluck up courage; the Divine Will can do great things where It reigns. In all circumstances, reflect yourself in Me and in your sweet Jesus, and move forward.

The soul:

Holy Mama, if you help me and keep me sheltered under your mantle, being my celestial sentry, I am certain that I will convert all my pains into Will of God; and I will follow you, step by step, along the unending ways of the Supreme Fiat, because I know that your charming love of a Mother and your power will win over my will, keep it in your power and exchange it with the Divine Will. Therefore, my Mama, I entrust myself to you, and I abandon myself into your arms.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will say seven times: "Not my will, but yours be done," offering Me My sorrows to ask for the grace always to do the Divine Will.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

My Mama, for the sake of the Resurrection of your Son, make me rise again in the Will of God.

Day Twenty-nine

**The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom
of the Divine Will. The Hour of the
Triumph. Apparitions of Jesus. The
Fugitives cling to the Virgin as the Ark
of Salvation and Forgiveness.**

Jesus departs for Heaven.

The soul to her Mother Queen:

Admirable Mother, here I am
again on your maternal knees, to unite
myself with you in the feast and triumph
of the Resurrection of our dear Jesus.

How beautiful is your appearance today - all loveliness, all sweetness, all joy. I seem to see you risen together with Jesus. O holy Mama, in so much joy and triumph, do not forget your child. Enclose the seed of the Resurrection of Jesus in my soul, so that, by virtue of It, I may fully rise again in the Divine Will, and always live united with you and with my sweet Jesus.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Blessed child of My Maternal Heart, great was My joy and My triumph in the Resurrection of My Son; I felt reborn and risen in Him. All of My

sorrows changed into joys and into seas of grace, of light, of love, of forgiveness for the creatures-and laid My maternity, with the seal of My sorrows, over all My children, given to Me by Jesus.

Now, listen to Me, dear child. You must know that after the death of My Son I withdrew in the cenacle, together with beloved John and Magdalene. But My Heart was pierced because only John was near Me, and in My sorrow I said: "And the other apostles ... where are they?"

But as they heard that Jesus had died, touched by special graces, all

moved and weeping, the fugitives drew around Me, one by one, surrounding Me like a crown; and with tears and sighs, they asked for My forgiveness for having so cravenly abandoned their Master, and having run away. I welcomed them maternally in the ark of refuge and salvation of My Heart; I assured them of the forgiveness of My Son, and I encouraged them not to fear. I said to them that their destiny was in My hands, because He had given them all to Me as My children, and I recognized them as such.

Blessed child, you know that I

was present at the Resurrection of My Son. But I did not say a word to anyone, waiting for Jesus Himself, to manifest Himself as risen, gloriously and triumphantly. The first one to see him risen was the fortunate Magdalene; then the pious women. And all came to Me telling Me that they had seen Jesus risen, and that the sepulcher was empty; and I listened to all; and with an air of triumph I confirmed all in the faith of the Resurrection. By the evening, almost all of the apostles had seen Him, and all felt triumphant at having been the apostles of Jesus. What change of scene, dear child! -symbol of those who have first let themselves be dominated by the human

will, represented by the apostles who run away, abandoning their Master; and their fear and fright is such that they hide, and Peter reaches the point of denying Him. Oh, if they had been dominated by the Divine Will, they would never have fled from their Master, but, courageous and triumphant, would never have departed from His side, and would have felt honored to give their life to defend Him.

Now, dear child, My beloved Son Jesus spent forty days, risen, on the earth. Very often He appeared to His apostles and disciples to confirm them in the faith and certainty of His

Resurrection; and when He was not with the apostles, He was with His Mama in the cenacle, surrounded by the souls who had come out of Limbo. But at the end of the forty days, Jesus instructed the apostles, and leaving His Mama as their guide and teacher, He promised us the descent of the Holy Spirit. Then, blessing us all, He departed, taking flight for the vault of the heavens, together with that great crowd of people who had left Limbo. All those who were there, and they were a great number, saw Him ascend; but as He got up high, a cloud of light removed Him from their sight.

Now, My child, your Mama followed Him into Heaven, and was present at the great feast of the Ascension. More so, since the celestial Fatherland was not foreign to Me; and then, the feast of My Son, Ascended into Heaven, would not have been complete without Me.

Now a little word to you, dearest child. All that you have heard and admired has been nothing other than the power of the Divine Will operating in Me and in My Son. This is why I so much love to enclose in you the life of the Divine Will; It is an operative life, because everyone has it-but the majority

of them keep It suffocated and to their service. And while It could operate prodigies of sanctity, of grace, and works worthy of Its power, It is forced by the creatures to remain with folded arms, without being able to display its power. Therefore, be attentive, and let the Heaven of the Divine Will extend within you, and with Its power, work whatever It wants, and however It wants.

The soul:

Most holy Mama, your beautiful lessons enrapture me, and - oh, how I wish and sigh for the operating life of

the Divine Will in my soul! I too want to be inseparable from my Jesus and from you, my Mama. But to be sure of this, you must take on the commitment to keep my will enclosed in your maternal heart; and even if I should see that it costs me much, you must never give it to me. Only then will I be certain; otherwise, they will always be words, but I will never do facts. Therefore, your child commends herself to you, and hopes for everything from you.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor Me, you will make three genuflections in the act in

which My Son ascended into Heaven,
and pray to Him that He might let you
ascend in the Divine Will.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

My Mama, with your power,
triumph in my soul, and let me stay in
the Will of God.

Day Thirty

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will. The Teacher of the Apostles, the Dwelling and Center of the Rising Church, and Ship of Refuge. The Descent of the Holy Spirit.

The soul to her Celestial Mother:

Here I come again to you, Sovereign of Heaven. I feel so drawn to you that I count the minutes, waiting for your Supreme Highness to call me in order to give me the beautiful surprises

of your maternal lessons. Your love of mother enraptures me, and my heart rejoices in knowing that you love me. I feel great confidence that my Mama will give me so much love and so much grace as to form a sweet enchantment for my human will; in such a way that the Divine Volition will extend Its seas of light within my soul, and will place the seal of the Fiat in all my acts. O holy Mama, never leave me alone again, and let the Holy Spirit descend into me, that He may burn away all that does not belong to the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My blessed child, your words echo in My heart, and feeling wounded, I pour Myself into you with My seas of graces. Oh, how they run toward My child, to give you the life of the Divine Will. If you are faithful to me, I will leave you no more. I will always be with you, to give you the food of the Divine Will in each one of your acts, words and heartbeats.

Now listen to me, My child. Our Highest Good, Jesus, has departed for Heaven and is now before His Celestial Father, pleading for His children and brothers, whom He has left upon earth. From the Celestial Fatherland, He looks

at everyone; no one escapes Him. And His love is so great that He leaves His Mama on earth as comfort, help, lesson and company for His children and mme.

Now, you must know that as My Son departed for Heaven, I remained together with the apostles in the cenacle, waiting for the Holy Spirit. They were all around me, clinging to me, and we prayed together; they did nothing without My advice. And when I began to speak to instruct them and to narrate some anecdotes about My Son that they didn't know - as for example, the details of His birth, His baby tears, His loving traits, the incidents which happened in Egypt,

and the so many wonders of the hidden life in Nazareth oh, how attentive they were in listening to me, and how enraptured they were in hearing of the so many surprises, the so many teachings that He gave me, which were to serve for them; since My Son had said little or nothing about Himself to the apostles, reserving for me the task of letting them know how much He had loved them, and the details which only His Mother knew. So, My child, I was in the midst of My apostles more than the sun in the midst of the day. I was the anchor, the wheel, the ship in which they found refuge, to be safe and sheltered from every danger. Therefore, I can say that I delivered the

nascent Church upon My maternal knees, and that My arms were the ship in which I led her to a safe shore, and I still do.

Then the time came for the descent of the Holy Spirit, promised by My Son in the cenacle. What a transformation, My child! As they were invested, they acquired new science, invincible strength, ardent love. A new life flowed within them, which rendered them brave and courageous, in such a way that they scattered throughout the whole world to make Redemption known, and to give their lives for their Master. I remained with beloved John, and was forced to leave Jerusalem, as the storm of

persecution began.

My dearest child, you must know that I still continue My Magisterium in the Church. There is nothing which does not descend from me. I can say that I pour Myself out for love of My children, and that I nourish them with My maternal milk. Now, during these times, I want to display an even more special love by making known how My whole life was formed in the Kingdom of the Divine Will. So I call you onto My knees, into My maternal arms, so that, forming your ship, you may be sure to live in the sea of the Divine Will. Greater grace I could

not give you. I beg you, make your Mama content! Come to live in this Kingdom so holy! And when you see that your will wants to have an act of life, come and take refuge in the safe boat of My arms, saying to me: "My Mama, my will wants to betray me, and I deliver it to you, that you may put the Divine Will in its place."

Oh, how happy I will be, in being able to say: "My child is all mine, because she lives from Divine Will." .. And I will make the Holy Spirit descend into your soul, that he may burn away from you all that is human; and by His refreshing breath, He may rule over you

and confirm you in the Divine Will.

The soul:

Divine Teacher, today your little child feels her heart swollen, to the point of pouring myself out in crying, and wetting your maternal hands with my tears. A veil of sadness invades me, and I fear that I will not profit from your teachings and from your more than maternal cares. My Mama, help me, strengthen my weakness; put to flight my fears, and abandoning myself in your arms, I will be certain to live fully from the Divine Will.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor me, you will recite seven Glory Be's in honor of the Holy Spirit, praying to me that His prodigies may be renewed over the whole Church.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Celestial Mama, pour fire and flames into my heart, that they may consume me, and burn away all that is not Will of God.

Day Thirty-One

**The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom
of the Divine Will.**

**Transit from Earth to Heaven. Happy
Entrance.**

**Heaven and Earth celebrate the new
comer.**

The soul to her Glorious Queen:

My dear celestial Mama, I am
back again in your maternal arms, and in

looking at you, I see a sweet smile on your most pure lips. Today your attitude is all festive; it seems that you want to narrate to me and confide to your child something that will surprise me even more. Holy Mama, I beg you, with your maternal hands, touch my mind and empty my heart, that I may understand your holy teachings and put them into practice.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Dearest child, today your Mama is in feast, because I want to talk to you of My departure from earth to Heaven, on the day in which I completed the

fulfillment of the Divine Will on earth. In fact, there was not one breath, or heartbeat, or step in me, in which the Divine Fiat did not have Its complete act; and this embellished me, enriched me, sanctified me so much, that even the angels remained enraptured.

Now, you must know that before leaving for the Celestial Fatherland, I returned again to Jerusalem with My beloved John. It was the last time that I went through the earth in mortal flesh, and the whole creation, as if realizing it, prostrated itself around me. From the fish of the sea which I crossed, to the most tiny little bird, they wanted to be

blessed by their Queen; and I blessed them all, giving them My last good-bye. So I arrived in Jerusalem, and withdrawing into an apartment where John brought me, I enclosed Myself in it never to leave again.

Now, blessed child, you must know that I began to feel within me such a martyrdom of love, united to ardent anxiousness to reach My Son in Heaven—to the point of feeling ill with love, having intense deliriums and swoonings, all of love. I did not know illness or even a slight indisposition; to My nature conceived without sin and lived completely from the Divine Will, the

seed of natural evils was lacking. If pains courted me so much, they were all of a supernatural order, and these pains were triumphs and honors for your celestial Mama, giving me the field so that My maternity would not be sterile, but conqueror of many children. Do you see then, dear child, what it means to live from the Divine Will? To lose the seed of natural evils, which produce not honors and triumphs, but weaknesses, miseries and defeats.

Therefore, dearest child, listen to the last word of your Mama who is about to leave for Heaven; I would not

leave content, if I did not leave My child safe. Before departing, I want to make My testament to you, leaving you as dowry that same Will which your Mama possesses, and which so much graced me, to the point of making of me the Mother of the Word, Lady and Queen of the Heart of Jesus, and Mother and Queen of all.

Listen, dear child, this is the last day of the month consecrated to me. I spoke to you with great love of that which the Divine Will operated within me; of the great good It can do, and of what it means to let oneself be dominated by It. I also spoke to you of

the grave evils of the human will. But do you think that it was only to make you a simple narration? No, no. When your Mama speaks, She wants to give. In the ardor of My love, in each word I said to you, I bound your soul to the Divine Fiat, and I prepared for you the dowry with which you might live rich, happy, and endowed with Divine strength.

Now that I am about to leave, accept My testament; may your soul be the paper on which I write the testimony of the dowry I leave to you, with the gold pen of the Divine Will, and with the ink of the ardent love that consumes me. Blessed child, assure me that you will

not do your will, ever again; place your hand on My maternal heart, and promise me that you will enclose your will in My heart, so that, not feeling it, you will not have any occasion to do it, and I will bring it to Heaven with me, as triumph and conquest of My child.

Dear child, listen to the last word of your Mama, dying of pure love; receive My last blessing as seal of the life of the Divine Will I leave in you, which will form your heaven, your sun, your sea of love and of grace. In these last moments, your celestial Mama wants to drown you with love-pour herself out into you, in order to obtain

My intent of hearing your last word - that you will be content with dying, and will make any sacrifice, rather than give one act of life to your will. Say it to me, My child! Say it to me!

The soul:

Holy Mama, in the ardor of my sorrow, I say it to you in tears: if you see that I am about to do one act of my will, make me die; come, yourself, to take my soul into your arms, and take me up there; and from my heart I promise you-I swear-never, never, to do my will.

The Queen of love:

Blessed child, how happy I am! I could not decide to narrate to you My departure for Heaven if My child would not remain safe on earth, being provided with Divine Will. But know that from Heaven I will not leave you; I will not leave you orphan- I will guide you in everything. From your tiniest need, up to the greatest one - call me, and soon will I come to you, to be your mama.

Now, dear child, listen to me. I was already ill with love.

In order to console the apostles, and also Myself, the Divine Fiat allowed, in a prodigious way, that all the apostles, except one, would surround me in the act of departing for Heaven. All felt a blow to their hearts, and cried bitterly. I consoled them. To all I entrusted, in a special way, the rising holy Church, and imparted My maternal blessing to all, leaving, by virtue of it, the paternity of love toward souls within their hearts. My dear Son did nothing but come and go from Heaven; He could no longer be without His Mama. And as I gave My last breath of pure love in the endlessness of the Divine Will, My Son

received me in His arms and took me to Heaven, in the midst of the angelic choirs which praised me as their Queen. I can say that Heaven emptied Itself to come toward me. All celebrated, and in looking at me, remained enraptured and said in chorus: "Who is She, who comes from the exile, all cleaving to her Lord? All beautiful, all holy, with the scepter of Queen? Her greatness is such that the heavens have lowered themselves to receive Her. No other creature has entered the celestial regions so adorned and so striking-so powerful as to hold supremacy over all."

Now, My child, do you want to

know who She is-for Whom the whole of Heaven sings and remains enraptured? It is I-She who never did her own will. The Divine Will abounded so much with me as to extend more beautiful heaven, more refulgent suns, seas of beauty, of love, of sanctity, with which I could give light to all, love and sanctity to all, and enclose everything and everyone within My heaven. It was the work of the Divine Will operating in me to accomplish such a great prodigy; I was the only creature entering Heaven, to have formed Its Kingdom in My soul. Now, in looking at me, all the celestial Court remained amazed, because as they looked at me, they found me heaven; and

looking at me again, they found me sun; and unable to take their gaze away from me, looking at me more deeply, they saw me sea, finding in me also the most clear earth of My humanity, with the most beautiful flowerings. Enraptured, they exclaimed: "How beautiful She is! She has centralized everything within herself. She lacks nothing! Among all the works of her Creator, She is the only complete work of the whole creation!"

Now, blessed child, you must know that this was the first feast made in Heaven for the Divine Will, which had worked so many prodigies in Its

creature. Therefore, at My entrance into Heaven, the whole celestial Court celebrated all the beautiful and great things that the Divine Fiat can work in the creature. Since then, these feasts have never been repeated, and this is why your Mama loves, so much, that the Divine Will reign in souls in an absolute way: to give It the field in order to let It repeat Its great prodigies and Its marvelous feasts.

The soul:

Mama of love, Sovereign Empress, from the Heaven in which you

gloriously reign, turn your merciful gaze to the earth and have pity on me! Oh, how I feel the need of my dear Mama! I feel life missing without you; everything vacillates without my Mama. Therefore, do not leave me halfway on my path, but continue to guide me until all things will convert into Will of God for me, so that It may form Its life and Its Kingdom in me.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor me, you will recite three Glory Be's to the Most Holy Trinity, to thank It in My name for the

great glory It gave me when I was Assumed into Heaven; and you will ask me to come to assist you at the moment of your death.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Celestial Mama, enclose my will in your heart, and leave the sun of the Divine Will within my soul.

Offering of our human will to the Celestial Queen:

Most sweet Mama, here I am, prostrate at the foot of your throne. I am your little child, I want to give you all my filial love, and as your child, I want to braid together all the little sacrifices, the ejaculatory prayers, and my promises of never doing my will, which I have made many times during this month of graces. And forming a crown, I want to place it on your lap, as proof of love and thanksgiving for my Mama.

But this is not enough; I want you to take it in your hands as a sign that you accept my gift, and so that at the touch of your maternal fingers, you may convert it

into many suns, for at least as many times as I tried to do the Divine Will in my little acts.

Ah, yes, Mother Queen, your child wants to give you homages of light and of most refulgent suns. I know you have many of these suns, but they are not the suns of your child; so I want to give you mine, to tell you that I love you, and to bind you to loving me. Holy Mama, you smile at me and, all goodness, you accept my gift; I thank you from my heart. But I want to tell you many things; I want to enclose my pains, my fears, my weaknesses, and all my being in your maternal heart, as the place of my

refuge. I want to consecrate my will to you. My Mama, accept it; make of it a triumph of grace, and a field upon which the Divine Will may extend Its Kingdom! This will of mine, consecrated to you, will render us inseparable, and will keep us in continuous relation. The doors of heaven will not be closed for me, because, as I consecrated my will to you, you will give me yours in exchange. Therefore, either Mama will come and stay with her child on earth, or her child will go to live with her Mama in Heaven. Oh, how happy I will be!

Listen, dearest Mama, in order to make the consecration of my will to you

more solemn, I call upon the Most Holy Trinity, the angels and all the saints, and before all of them, I promise-and with an oath-to make a solemn consecration of my will to my celestial Mama.

And now, Sovereign Queen, as a fulfillment, I ask for your holy blessing, for myself and for all. May your blessing be the celestial dew which descends upon sinners to convert them, and upon the afflicted to console them. May it descend upon the whole world and transform it into good; may it descend upon the purging souls and extinguish the fire that burns them. May your maternal blessing be a pledge of salvation for all

souls. **Amen.**

APPENDIX

Meditation

1

**The Queen of Heaven in the
Kingdom of the Divine Will.**

**In Her Ardor of Love, Feeling
as the Mother of Jesus,**

**Mary goes out in search for
Hearts to be Sanctified.**

**Visit to St. Elisabeth;
Sanctification of John.**

The soul to her Celestial Mother:

Celestial Mama, your poor child
has extreme need of you!

Since you are my Mother and the Mother of Jesus, I feel the right to be near you, to place myself at your side, and to follow your steps in order to model mine. Holy Mama, give me your hand, and take me with you, that I may learn to behave well in the different actions of my life.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Blessed child, how sweet is your company to me! In seeing that you want to follow me to imitate me, I feel refreshment for the flames of love which devour me. Oh, yes, having you near me,

I will be able to teach you more easily how to live of Divine Will. While you follow me, listen to me.

As I became Mother of Jesus and your Mother, My seas of love redoubled, and, unable to contain them all, I felt the need to pour them out, and to be the first bearer of Jesus to the creatures, even at the cost of great sacrifices. But, what am I saying sacrifices? When one really loves, sacrifices and pains are refreshments; they are reliefs and outpourings of the love one possesses. Oh, My child, if you do not feel the good of sacrifice, if you do not feel how it brings the most intimate joys, it is a sign

that the divine love does not fill all your soul, and therefore that the Divine Will does not reign as Queen in you. It alone gives such strength to the soul as to render her invincible and capable of bearing any pain.

Place your hand upon your heart, and observe how many voids of love there are in it. Reflect: that secret self-esteem, your being disturbed by every slightest adversity, those little attachments you feel to things and to people, that tiredness in good, that bother caused by that which you don't like, are equivalent to as many voids of love within your heart; voids which, like

little fevers, deprive you of the strength and of the desire to be filled with Divine Will. Oh, how you too will feel the refreshing and conquering virtue in your sacrifices, if you fill these voids with love!

My child, give me your hands now, and follow me, as I continue to give you My lessons.

So I departed from Nazareth, accompanied by Saint Joseph, facing a long journey, and crossing mountains to go visit Elisabeth in Judea, who, in her advanced age, had miraculously become

a mother.

I went to her, not to make a simple visit, but because I burned with the desire to bring her Jesus. The fullness of grace, love and light which I felt in me, pushed me to bring, to multiply to increase a hundredfold the life of My Son in creatures.

Yes, My child, the love of Mother which I had for all men, and for you in particular, was so great that I felt the extreme need to give My dear Jesus to everyone, that all might possess Him and love Him. The right of Mother, given to me by the Fiat, enriched me

with such power as to multiply Jesus as many times as there are creatures who want to receive Him. This was the greatest miracle I could perform: to have Jesus ready to give to whomever desired Him. How happy I felt!

How I wish that you too, My child, in approaching and visiting people, would always be the bearer of Jesus, capable of making Him known, and yearning to make Him loved.

After many days of travel, we finally arrived in Judea, and I hastened to the house of Elisabeth. She came toward me in feast. At the greeting I

gave her, marvelous phenomena occurred. My little Jesus exulted in My womb, and fixing little John in the womb of his mother with the rays of His Divinity, He sanctified him, gave him the use of reason, and let him know that He was the Son of God. And John started so vigorously with love and joy that Elisabeth was shaken; touched by the light of the Divinity of My Son, she too recognized that I had become the Mother of God. And in the emphasis of her love, trembling with gratitude, she exclaimed: "How to me, so much honor, that the Mother of the Lord would come to me?" ..

I did not deny the highest mystery; rather, I humbly confirmed it. Praising God with the song of the Magnificat-sublime canticle, through which the Church continuously honors me, I announced that the Lord had done great things in me, His servant, and that because of this, all people would call me blessed.

My child, I felt devoured with the desire to pour out the flames of love that consumed me, and to reveal My secret to Elisabeth, who also longed for the Messiah to come upon earth. A secret is a need of the heart which is revealed, irresistibly, to people who are capable

of understanding each other.

Who can ever tell you how much good My visit brought to Elisabeth, to John, and to their house? Everyone was sanctified, filled with gladness, felt unusual joys, and comprehended things unheard of. John, in particular, received all the graces which were necessary for him, to prepare himself to be the Precursor of My Son.

Dearest child, the Divine Will does great and unheard-of things wherever It reigns. If I worked many prodigies, it was because It had Its royal

place in me. If you let the Divine Will reign in your soul, you too will become the bearer of Jesus to the creatures - you too will feel the irresistible need to give Him to all!

The soul:

Holy Mama, how I thank you for your beautiful lessons! I feel that they have such power over me as to make me yearn continuously to live in the Divine Will. But to obtain this grace come, descend into my soul together with Jesus; renew in me the visit you made to St. Elisabeth and the prodigies you

worked for her. Ah, yes, my Mama, bring me Jesus-sanctify me. With Jesus I will be able to do His Most Holy Will.

Little Sacrifice:

To honor me, you will recite the Magnificat three times, in thanksgiving for the visit I made to St. Elisabeth.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Holy Mama, visit my soul, and prepare me a worthy dwelling for the Divine Will.

Meditation 2

**The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom
of the Divine Will.**

**Here sounds the First Hour of Sorrow.
Heroism in submitting the Infant Jesus
to the Cruel Cut of Circumcision.**

The soul to her Celestial Mother:

Divine Mama, your love calls me powerfully toward you, because you want to let me share in your joys and in your sorrows, to enclose them in my heart as pledge of your love and of the love of little baby Jesus, that I may understand how much you loved me and how obliged I am to imitate you; keeping the model of your life to make of it a perfect copy. And you, holy Mama, help me, that I may be able to imitate you.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Dearest child, how I long for your company, to narrate to you our story of

love and of sorrow! Company renders joy more sweet, gentle and dear, while sorrow is mitigated and compensated by the company of the one who loves us.

Now, you must know that only eight days had passed from the birth of the Divine Infant. Everything was feast and happiness; the very creation, taking a festive attitude, celebrated its baby Creator. But duty interrupted our joys, because in those times there was a law that all firstborn sons were to undergo the cruel cut of circumcision. My heart of a Mother bled with sorrow in having to submit My dear Son, My Life, My own Creator, to such a bitter pain. Oh,

how I would have wanted to take His place! But the Supreme Volition imposed Itself on My love, and giving me heroism, commanded me to circumcise the baby God. My child, you cannot understand how much it cost me; but the Divine Fiat won, and I obeyed, united with Saint Joseph. In mutual agreement, we had My little Son circumcised. At the painful cut, I felt My heart torn, and I cried. Saint Joseph cried too, and My dear baby sobbed, and His pain was such that He shivered and looking at me, He asked for help. What an hour of pain and spasm for the three of us! It was such that, more than a sea, it engulfed all creatures, bringing them the first pledge

and even the Life of My Son to take them to safety.

Now, blessed child, you must know that this cut enclosed profound mysteries: first, it was the seal that His brotherhood with the whole human family impressed in the little humanity of the celestial baby; and the blood He shed was the first disbursement before the Divine Justice in order to ransom all human generations. The dear baby was innocent; He was not obliged by the law. But He wanted to submit Himself, first, to give example; and then, to give trust and courage, saying to all: "Do not fear; I am your little brother, similar to you.

Let us love one another, and I will bring you all to safety. I will bring you all to My Celestial Father, as My dear brothers." ..

My child, what an example the celestial baby gives! He, Who is the Author of the law, obeys the law. He is born only eight days ago, yet He takes it as a duty, submitting Himself to the cruel cut of circumcision; an indelible cut-as indelible as the union He has come to form with degraded humanity. This says that sanctity is in doing one's own duty, in the observance of the laws, and in doing the Divine Will. Sanctity without duty does not exist. It is duty that places

order, harmony, and the seal on sanctity.

Furthermore, My child, you must know that as Adam withdrew from the Divine Will, after his short life of innocence, his human will was wounded, more than by a deadly knife, and through this wound entered sin and passions. He lost the beautiful day of the Divine Will, and was so degraded as to move to pity. So, after the joys of His birth, My dear Son wanted to be circumcised, so that His wound might heal the wound that Adam made in himself by doing his own will. And with His blood, He prepared for him the bath,

to wash him of all his sins, to strengthen him and to embellish him, in such a way as to render him worthy to receive again that Divine Will he had rejected, which formed his sanctity and his happiness. Child, there was not one work or pain He suffered, which did not seek to reorder again the Divine Will in creatures.

Therefore, in all circumstances, even the painful and humiliating ones, take to heart doing the Divine Will in everything, because these are the raw material in which It hides in order to operate in the creature, and to let her acquire His life acting in the creature.

Now, dearest child, in so much pain, the most beautiful joy arises, such as to stop our tears. As He was circumcised, we gave Him the Most Holy Name of Jesus, wanted by the angel. In pronouncing this Most Holy Name, the joy, the contentment, was such as to sweeten our sorrow. More so, since in this name, all those who wanted, would find balm for their pains, defense in dangers, victory in temptations, a hand, so as not to fall into sin, and the medicine to all their evils. This Most Holy Name of Jesus makes hell tremble; the angels revere It, and It sounds sweet to the ear of the Celestial Father. Before this name, all bow down

and adore. Powerful name, holy name, great name; whoever invokes It with faith will feel marvels-the miraculous secret of the virtue of this Most Holy name.

Now, My child, I recommend to you: pronounce always this name, "Jesus." .. When you see that your human will, weak and vacillating, hesitates in doing the Divine, the name of Jesus will make it rise again in the Divine Fiat. If you are oppressed, call upon Jesus; if you work, call upon Jesus; if you sleep, call upon Jesus; and when you wake up, may your first word be "Jesus." .. Call Him always; it is a name that contains

seas of grace, which He gives to those who call Him and love Him.

The soul to her Queen:

Celestial Mama, how I must thank you for the beautiful lessons you have given me. I beg you, inscribe them in my heart, that I may never forget them. And I ask you to give the bath of the blood of the celestial baby to my soul, that it may heal the wounds of my human will and enclose it in the Divine, and that you write over each wound, as a guard, the Most Holy Name of Jesus.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor me, you will do five acts of love for the Most Holy name of Jesus, and you will offer me your compassion for the sorrow I suffered in the circumcision of My Son Jesus.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

My Mama, write "Jesus" into my heart, that He may give me the grace to live of Divine Will.

Meditation 3

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will leaves Bethlehem.

The Divine Fiat calls Her to the Heroic Sacrifice of offering Baby Jesus for the Salvation of Mankind.

The Purification.

The soul to her Celestial Mother:

Holy Mama, here I am near you, to accompany you to the temple, where you go to make the greatest of sacrifices - to place the life of the celestial infant at the mercy of every creature, that they may

use it to reach safety and to be sanctified. But, what pain - many use it to offend Him, and even to become lost! My Mama, put little Jesus in my heart, and I promise you - I swear-always to love Him, and to keep Him as the life of my poor heart.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Dearest child, how happy I am to have you near me! My maternal heart feels the need to pour My love out and to confide to you My secrets. Be attentive to My lessons, and listen to me. You must know that we have been forty days, now, in this grotto of Bethlehem, the first

home of My Son down here; but, how many wonders in this grotto! The celestial infant, in an outpouring of love, descended from Heaven to earth; He was conceived, and was born-and felt the need to display what this love was doing. Each tear, wail and moan, was an outpouring of love; also, feeling numb with cold, His lips, livid and shivering - these were all outpourings of love that He displayed; and He looked for His Mama in order to deposit this love, which He could no longer contain, and I was prey to His love. I felt I was being continuously wounded, and I felt My dear little one palpitate, breathe and move within My maternal heart. I felt

Him crying, moaning and wailing, and I remained inundated by the flames of His love. The circumcision had already opened deep wounds, into which He poured so much love that I felt Queen and Mother of love. I felt enraptured in seeing that in every pain, tear and movement of My sweet Jesus, He looked for and called upon His Mama, as the dear refuge of His acts and of His life. Who can tell you, My child, what passed between me and the celestial baby during these forty days? His acts repeated together with me, His tears, His pains, His love, were as though transfused-whatever He did, I did.

Now, at the end of the forty days, the dear baby, drowned more than ever in His love, wanted to obey the law, presenting Himself to the temple to offer Himself for the salvation of everyone. It was the Divine Will that called us to the great sacrifice, and we promptly obeyed. My child, when this Divine Fiat finds promptness in doing what It wants, It puts at the creature's disposal Its divine strength, Its sanctity, Its creative power to multiply that act-that sacrifice, for all, and for each one; It places in that sacrifice the little coin of infinite value, with which one can pay for, and satisfy for all.

It was the first time that your Mama and Saint Joseph went out together with baby Jesus. All creation recognized its Creator; they felt honored at having Him in their midst, and in a festive attitude, they accompanied us along the way. As we arrived at the temple, we prostrated ourselves and adored the Supreme Majesty. Then we placed Him in the arms of the priest, who was Simeon, who made of Him an offering to the Eternal Father-offering Him for the salvation of all. And while he offered Him, inspired by God, he recognized the Divine Word, and exulting with immense joy, he adored and thanked the dear baby. After the

offering, he assumed the attitude of prophet, and predicted all of My sorrows. Oh, how painfully did the Supreme Fiat make My maternal heart feel, with vibrating sound, the cruel tragedy of all the pains which My Divine Son was to suffer! Each word was a sharp sword that pierced me. But that which pierced My heart the most was to hear that this celestial infant was to be, not only the salvation, but also the ruin of many, and the target of contradictions! What pain! What sorrow! If the Divine Will had not sustained me, I would have died instantly of pure pain. But It gave me life, to begin to form in me the Kingdom

of Sorrows within the Kingdom of Its own Divine Will. Therefore, with the right of Mother which I had over all, I acquired also the right of Mother and Queen of all Sorrows. Oh, yes, with My sorrows, I acquired the little coin with which to pay the debts of My children, and also those of My ungrateful children.

Now, My child, you must know that through the light of the Divine Will which reigned in me, I already knew all the sorrows I was to suffer-and even more than those about which the holy Prophet told me. I can say that he prophesied for me the sorrows which I

was to receive from the outside, but he said not a word on My interior pains, which were to pierce me even more, or the interior pains which passed between me and My Son. But in spite of this, in that act, so solemn, of the offering of My Son-in hearing them being repeated, I felt so pierced that My heart bled, and new veins of sorrow and deep wounds opened within My soul.

Now, listen to your Mama. In your pains, in the painful encounters which you also do not lack, and when you know that the Divine Will wants a sacrifice from you, be ready-do not lose heart, but rather, repeat quickly the dear

and sweet Fiat : "Whatever You want, I want," and with heroic love, let the Divine Will take Its royal place in your sufferings, that It may convert them into a little coin of infinite value, with which you will be able to pay your debts, as well as those of your brothers-to ransom them from the slavery of the human will, and to let them enter, as free children, into the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat. In fact, you must know that the Divine Will is so pleased by the sacrifice which It wanted of the creature, that It gives her all Its divine rights, and constitutes her queen of the sacrifice and of the good which will arise in the midst of creatures.

The soul to her Celestial Mother:

Holy Mama, I place all my pains in your pierced heart, and you know how much they afflict me. Be my mama, and pour the balm of your sorrows into my heart, that I may share your own destiny-to use my pains to court Jesus, keeping Him defended and sheltered from all the offenses, and as the sure means to conquer the Kingdom of the Divine Will, and let It reign upon the earth.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor me, you will come into My arms, that I may offer you to the Celestial Father together with My Son, to obtain the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Holy Mama, pour your sorrow into my soul, and convert all my pains into Will of God.

Meditation 4

The Queen of Heaven in the

Kingdom of the Divine Will.

**A New Star, with Its Sweet
Glittering,**

**calls the Magi to adore Jesus. The
Epiphany.**

The soul to her Celestial Mother:

Here I am again, holy Mama, on your maternal knees. The sweet Baby you hold to your breast and your enrapturing beauty bind me, in such a way that I cannot separate from you. But

today your appearance is even more beautiful. It seems to me that the sorrow of the circumcision has rendered you more beautiful. Your sweet eyes gaze far away, to see if people dear to you arrive, as you languish for the desire of making Jesus known. I will not move from your knees, that I too may listen to your beautiful lessons and learn to know Him and love Him more.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Dearest child, you are right in saying that you see me as more beautiful. You must know that when I saw My Son being circumcised and His blood

pouring from the wound, I loved that blood, that wound, and I became Mother twice: Mother of My Son, and Mother of His blood-of His cruel pain. Therefore I acquired a double right of maternity-a double right of graces before the Supreme Majesty, for Myself and for all mankind. This is why you see me as more beautiful.

My child, how beautiful it is to do good, to suffer in peace for love of the One who created us. This binds the Divinity to the creature, and gives her so much grace and love-to the extent of drowning her. This love and these graces cannot remain idle, but want to

run and give themselves to all, to make known the one who has given so much. This is why I felt the need to make My Son known.

Now, My blessed child, the Divinity, Who can deny nothing to one who loves It, makes a new star, more beautiful and radiant, arise under the blue heavens. And with its light, it goes in search of adorers, to say to the whole world, with its mute glittering: "The One Who has come to save you is born! Come to adore Him and to know Him as your Savior!"

But ... human ingratitude! Among

many, only three People paid attention, and without considering the sacrifices, put themselves on the path to follow the star. And just as a star guided their persons along the path, so also My prayers, My love, My sighs and My graces, in My desire of making known the Celestial Baby-the Awaited One from all centuries-like many stars descending into their hearts, illuminated their minds and guided their interiors, in such a way that, without yet knowing Him, they felt that they loved the One for whom they were looking, and they hastened their step in order to reach and see the One whom they so much loved.

My dearest child, My heart of a Mother rejoiced for the faithfulness, the correspondence and the sacrifice of these Magi Kings, to come to know and adore My Son. But I cannot hide from you a secret sorrow of mine: among many, only three. In the history of the centuries, how many times is this sorrow of mine and this human ingratitude not repeated! My Son and I do nothing but make stars arise, one more beautiful than the other, to call some to know their Creator, some to sanctity, some to rise again from sin, some to the heroism of a sacrifice ... But do you want to know what these stars are? A painful encounter is a star; a truth that one comes to know

is a star; a love unrequited by other creatures is a star; a setback, a suffering, a disillusion, an unexpected fortune, are many stars which shed light in the minds of creatures. Caressing them, they want to make them find the Celestial Infant, who is fidgeting with love, shivering with cold, and seeking a refuge in their hearts to be known and loved. But, alas, I who hold Him in My arms, wait in vain for the stars to bring me the creatures, in order to place Him in their hearts-and My maternity is restrained, hindered. While I am the Mother of Jesus, I am prevented from being the mother of all, because they are not around me, and do not look for Jesus. So the stars hide, and

they remain in the Jerusalems of the world, without Jesus. What sorrow, My child, what sorrow! It takes correspondence, fidelity and sacrifice to follow the stars; and if the Sun of the Divine Will rises within the soul - how much attention does it not take. Otherwise, one remains in the darkness of the human will.

Now, My child, as they entered Jerusalem, the holy Magi Kings lost the star, but, still, they did not stop looking for Jesus. But as they went outside the city, the star reappeared and led them, festive, into the grotto of Bethlehem. I received them with the love of a Mother,

and the dear Baby looked at them with great love and majesty, letting His Divinity shine through His little humanity. Bowing down, they knelt at His feet, and adoring and contemplating that celestial Beauty, they recognized Him as true God. They remained enraptured, ecstatic-enjoying Him; so much so, that the Celestial Baby had to withdraw His Divinity into His Humanity, otherwise they would have remained there, unable to move from His divine feet.

Then, as they came round from their rapture, in which they offered the

gold of their souls, the incense of their faith and adoration, the myrrh of all of their beings and of any sacrifice He might have wanted, they added the offering of the external gifts, symbol of their interior acts: gold, incense and myrrh. But My love of Mother was not yet content; I wanted to place the sweet Baby in their arms, and - oh, with how much love did they kiss Him and press Him to their chests! They felt paradise, in advance, within them. Through this, My Son bound all the gentile nations to the knowledge of the true God, and placed the goods of Redemption, the return to faith of all peoples, in common for all. He constituted Himself King of

the dominators, and ruling over all, with the weapons of His love, of His pains and of His tears, He called the Kingdom of His Will upon earth. And I, your Mama, wanted to be the first apostle. I instructed them; I told them the story of My Son, of His ardent love; I recommended that they make Him known to all, and assuming the first place of Mother and Queen of all Apostles, I blessed them, I had them blessed by the dear Baby, and happy and in tears, they left again for their regions. I did not leave them, I accompanied them with maternal affection, and to repay them, I let them feel Jesus in their hearts. How happy they were! You must know that

only when I see that My Son has dominion, possession, and forms His perennial dwelling in the hearts of those who search for Him and love Him - only then do I feel a true Mother.

Now a little word to you, My child: if you want me to act as your true Mother, let me place Jesus in your heart. You will make Him happy with your love; you will feed Him with the food of His Will, because He takes no other food; You will clothe Him with the sanctity of your works. And I will come into your heart, I will raise My dear child again together with you, and I will perform for you and for Him, the office

of Mother. **In** this way, I will feel the pure joys of My maternal fecundity. You must know that anything which does not begin with Jesus, who is inside the heart-even though they may be the most beautiful works on the outside-cannot please me, because they are empty of the life of My dear Son.

The soul to her Celestial Mother:

Holy Mama, how I must thank you for wanting to place the celestial baby into my heart! How happy I am! I ask you to hide me under your mantle, that I may see no one but the Baby who is in

my heart; and that, making of all my being one single act of love of the Divine Will, I may raise Him - to the point of being filled completely with Jesus, and so that all that is left of me may be the veil to hide Him.

Little Sacrifice:

Today, to honor me, you will come three times to kiss the celestial little one, giving Him the gold of your will, the incense of your adorations, and the myrrh of your sufferings; and you will pray me to enclose Him in your heart.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Celestial Mama, enclose me in the wall of the Divine Will, that I may nourish my dear Jesus.

Meditation 5

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Visit to the Temple. Mary, Model of Prayer.

Loss of Jesus. Joys and Sorrows.

The soul to her Celestial Mother:

Holy Mama, your maternal love calls me to you with an ever more powerful voice. Now I see you all busy, ready to leave Nazareth. My Mama, do not leave me, take me with you, and I will listen attentively to the rest of your sublime lessons.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Beloved child, your company and the care you show in listening to My celestial lessons in order to imitate me,

are the most pure joys you can give to My maternal heart. I enjoy this because I am able to share with you the immense riches of My inheritance. Pay attention to me, turning your gaze now on Jesus, now to me. I will narrate to you an episode of My life which, though it had a consoling outcome, was most painful to me. Imagine that if the Divine Will had not given me continuous and new sips of strength and of grace, I would have died of a pure spasm of pain.

We continued to spend our lives in the quiet little house of Nazareth, and My dear Son grew in grace and in wisdom. He was charming because of

the sweetness and the gentleness of His voice, the sweet enchantment of His eyes, and the loveliness of His whole person. Yes, My Son was truly beautiful, highly beautiful!

He had recently reached the age of twelve, when we went to Jerusalem according to custom, in order to solemnize Passover. We set out on the journey - He, Saint Joseph and I. Very often, as we walked, with devotion and recollected, My Jesus broke the silence and spoke now of His celestial Father, now of the immense love for souls which He felt in His heart.

In Jerusalem, we went directly to the temple, and as we arrived, we prostrated ourselves with our faces to the ground, adoring God profoundly, and praying for a long time. Our prayer was so fervent and recollected as to open the heavens, draw and bind the celestial Father, and therefore hasten the reconciliation between Him and men.

Now, My child, I want to confide to you a pain that tortures me. Unfortunately there are many who, although they go to Church to pray, the prayer that they direct to God remains on their lips, because their hearts and minds flee far away from Him! How

many go to church out of pure habit, or to spend time uselessly! They close Heaven, instead of opening It. How numerous are the irreverences committed in the house of God! How many scourges would be spared to the world, and how many chastisements would convert into graces, if all souls made an effort to imitate our example!

Only the prayer which comes from a soul in whom the Divine Will reigns, acts in an irresistible way on the heart of God. It is so powerful as to conquer Him, and to obtain the highest graces from Him. Therefore, take care to live in the Divine Will, and your Mama, who

loves you, will give to your prayer the rights of her powerful intercession.

After we had fulfilled our duty in the temple and celebrated Passover, we prepared to return to Nazareth. In the confusion of the crowd, we were separated; I remained with the women, and Joseph joined the men.

I looked around to see whether My Jesus had come with me, but not seeing Him, I thought He had remained with his father Joseph. But what was not the stupefaction and the concern I felt when, as we arrived at the point at which we were to reunite, I did not see

Him at his side! Unaware of what had happened, we felt such fright and such pain that we both remained mute. Overcome with sorrow, we went back hurriedly, anxiously asking those whom we met: "Oh tell us if you have seen Jesus, our Son, for we can not live without Him!"

And crying, we described His features: "He is all lovable; His beautiful azure eyes sparkle with light and speak to the heart; His gaze strikes, enraptures and binds; His forehead is majestic; His face is beautiful, of an enchanting beauty; His most sweet voice descends deep into the heart and

sweetens all bitternesses; His hair, curly and like finest gold, renders Him striking and charming. All is majesty, dignity and sanctity in Him. He is the most beautiful among the sons of men!"

But in spite of our searching, nobody was able to tell us anything. The sorrow I felt was so cruel as to make me weep bitterly, opening, every instant, deep gashes in My soul, which caused me true spasms of death.

Dear child, if Jesus was My Son, He was also My God; therefore My sorrow was wholly within the divine

order - so powerful and immense as to surpass all other possible torments together.

If the Fiat which I possessed, had not sustained me continuously with Its divine strength, I would have died of shock.

In seeing that no one was able to give us information, I anxiously questioned the angels who surrounded me: "But tell me, where is My beloved Jesus? Where should I direct My steps in order to find Him? Oh, tell Him I can take it no more; bring Him into My arms

on your wings! My angels, have pity on My tears, help me-bring me Jesus!"

In the meantime, as every search had turned out in vain, we returned to Jerusalem. After three days of most bitter sighs, tears, anxieties and fears, we entered the temple. I was all eyes and looked everywhere, when, finally, overcome with jubilation, I saw My Son in the midst of the doctors of the law! He was speaking with such wisdom and majesty as to make those who were listening remain enraptured and amazed. Only in seeing Him, I felt life come back to me, and soon I understood the secret reason of His being lost.

And now, a little word to you, dearest child. In this mystery, My Son wanted to give to me and to you, a sublime teaching. Could you perhaps assume that He was ignoring what I was suffering?

On the contrary, My tears, My searching, and My cruel and intense sorrow, resounded in His heart. Yet, during those hours, so painful, He sacrificed to the Divine Will, His own Mama, the one whom He loves so much, in order to show me how I too, one day, was to sacrifice His own Life to the Supreme Will.

In this unspeakable pain, I did not forget you, My beloved one. Thinking that it would serve as an example for you, I kept it at your disposal, so that you too, at the appropriate time, might have the strength to sacrifice everything to the Divine Will. As Jesus finished speaking, we approached Him reverently, and addressed Him with a sweet reproach: "Son, why have you done this to us?" .. And He, with divine dignity, answered us: "Why did you look for me? Did you not know that I came to the world to glorify My Father?" .. Having comprehended the high meaning of His answer, and adored in it the Divine Will, we returned to Nazareth.

Child of My maternal heart, listen. When I lost My Jesus, the pain I felt was so very intense; yet, a second one was added to this - that of losing you.

In fact, in foreseeing that you would have gone far from the Divine Will, I felt at one time deprived of the Son and of the daughter, and so My maternity suffered a double blow.

My child, when you are in the act of doing your own will rather than that of God, think that by abandoning the Divine Fiat, you are about to lose Jesus and me, and fall into the kingdom of miseries and vices.

Keep then, the promise you made me - to remain indissolubly united to me - and I will grant you the grace of never again letting you be dominated by your will, but only by the Divine.

The soul:

Holy Mama, I tremble in thinking of the abysses into which my will is capable of making me fall. Because of it, I can lose you, I can lose Jesus, and all the celestial goods. Mama, if you do not help me, if you do not surround me with the power of the light of the Divine Will, I feel it is not possible for me to live of Divine Will with constancy. So I place

all my hope in you, in you I trust, from you I hope for everything. Amen.

Little Sacrifice:

You will recite three Hail Marys to compassionate the intense sorrow I felt during the three days in which I remained deprived of My Jesus.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Holy Mama, let me lose my will forever, that I may live only in the Divine Will.

Meditation 6

**The Queen of Heaven in the
Kingdom of the Divine Will upon
Earth.**

**Queen of Families, Queen of
Miracles.**

**Bond of Marriage between the Fiat
and the Creature.**

The Wedding of Cana.

The soul to her Celestial Mother:

Holy Mama, here I am together with you and with sweet Jesus, to be present at a new marriage, to see its prodigies, to comprehend its great mystery, and the extent of your maternal love for me and for all. My Mother, take my hand in yours, place me on your knees, invest me with your love, purify my intelligence, and tell me why you wanted to be present at this wedding.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dearest child, My heart is swollen with love, and I felt the need to

tell you the reason why, together with My Son, I wanted to be present at this wedding of Cana. Do you think it was because of a simple ceremony? No, child; there are profound mysteries. Pay attention to me, and I will tell you new things: how My love of mother was displayed in an incredible way, and how the love of My Son gave true signs of paternity and royalty for the creatures.

Now listen to me. My Son had come back from the desert, and was preparing Himself for the public life; but first, He wanted to be present at this wedding, and therefore He allowed Himself to be invited. We went there, not

to celebrate, but to work great things for the human generations. My Son took the place of Father and King within the families, and I took the place of Mother and Queen. With our presence, we renewed the sanctity, the beauty, the order of marriage formed by God in the Garden of Eden - that of Adam and Eve - married by the Supreme Being in order to populate the earth, and to multiply and raise the future generations. Marriage is the substance from which arises the life of the generations; it can be called the trunk from which the earth is populated. The priests, the religious, are the branches; but if it wasn't for the trunk, not even the branches would have life.

Therefore, through sin, withdrawing from the Divine Will, Adam and Eve caused the family to lose its sanctity, beauty and order. And I, your Mama, your innocent Eve, together with My Son, went to reorder that which God did in Eden; I constituted Myself Queen of families, and pleaded for the grace that the Divine Fiat would reign in them, that I might have families which would belong to me, holding the place of Queen in their midst.

But this is not all, My child. Our love was burning, and we wanted to let them know how much we loved them, giving them the most sublime of lessons.

And here is how: at the height of the lunch, wine lacked, and My heart of mother felt consumed with love, wanting to give help. Knowing that My Son can do anything, with imploring tone, but certain that He would listen to me, I say to Him: "My Son, the bride and the groom have no more wine." .. And He answers me: "My hour to do miracles has not yet come." .. And knowing that He certainly would not deny what His Mama asked of Him, I say to those who are serving the table: "Do what My Son tells you, and you will have what you want; even more, you will receive in addition, and in superabundance."

My child, in these few words, I gave a lesson, the most useful, necessary and sublime for the creature. I spoke with the heart of a mother and I said: "My children, do you want to be holy? Do the Will of My Son. Do not move from what He tells you, and you will have His likeness, His sanctity in your power. Do you want all evils to cease? Do whatever My Son tells you. Do you want any grace, even a difficult one? Do whatever He tells you, and wants. Do you want also the necessary things of natural life? Do whatever My Son tells you. Because in His words, in everything He tells you and wants, He encloses such power that, as He speaks,

His word contains what you ask, and makes the graces you desire arise within your souls. How many see themselves as full of passions, weak, afflicted, unfortunate and miserable. Yet, they pray and pray, but because they do not do what My Son asks, they obtain nothing; Heaven seems to be closed for them. This is a sorrow for your Mama, because I see that while they pray, they go far away from the source, in which all goods reside - the Will of My Son.

Now, those who were serving did precisely what My Son said to them - that is: "Fill the jars with water and take them to the table." .. My dear Jesus

blessed that water, and it turned into delicious wine. Oh, a thousand times blessed, the one who does what He says and wants! With this, My Son gave me the greatest honor, He constituted me Queen of miracles; therefore He wanted My union and My prayer in doing His first miracle. He loved me too much-so much that He wanted to give me first place as Queen, even in miracles. And with facts, not with words, He said: "If you want graces and miracles, come to My Mother; I will never deny anything she wants."

In addition to this, My child, in having been present at this wedding, I

looked at the future centuries. I saw the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth; I looked at families, and I pleaded that they would symbolize the love of the Most Holy Trinity, that Its Reign may be in full force. And with My rights of Mother and Queen, I took to heart My rule over It, and possessing the source of It, I placed at the creature's disposal all of the graces, the help and the sanctity needed to live in a Kingdom so holy. And so I keep repeating: "Do whatever My Son tells you."

My child, listen to me: look for nothing else, if you want to have

everything in your power, and give me the contentment of being able to make of you My true child, and child of the Divine Will. Then will I take on the commitment of forming the marriage between you and the Fiat; and acting as your true Mother, I will bind the marriage by giving you the very life of My Son as dowry, and My maternity and all My virtues as gift.

The soul:

Celestial Mama, how much I must thank you for the great love you have for me, for having always a thought for me

in everything you do, and for preparing for me and giving me such graces, that Heaven and earth are moved and enraptured along with me; and we all say: "Thank you! Thank you!" .. Holy Mama, engrave your holy words within my heart: "Do whatever My Son tells you;" that He may generate in me the life of the Divine Will, which I so much long for and desire. And you, seal my will, that it may always be submitted to the Divine.

Little Sacrifice:

In all our actions, let us prick up

our ears to listen to our celestial Mama, who says to us: "Do whatever My Son tells you," that we may do everything in order to fulfill the Divine Will.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Holy Mama, come into my soul, and perform the miracle of making me be possessed by the Divine Will.

***THE TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS OF THE
PASSION OF OUR
LORD JESUS
CHRIST***

**Preface by Saint Annibale M. di
Francia**

J.M.J.A.

Messina, October 29, 1926

Intelligentes quae sit voluntas Dei.

We begin, with this first printing, the publication of more than 20 handwritten volumes of sublime revelations which, always excepting the judgments of the Holy Church, we believe to have been given by Our Lord Jesus Christ to a soul, a dearest daughter and disciple of His, who is the pious author of the **Hours of the Passion.**

Even now we make known that these revelations, which are continuing and will continue, we don't know for how much longer, have as their goal the establishment of the complete Triumph of the **Kingdom of the Divine Will** upon earth.

Who is this beloved daughter and disciple of Our Lord, the author of the Hours of the Passion, who, up to now, has written 20 volumes of divine revelations?

We cannot disclose her name and address because this would mean prostrating her to the most severe

affliction, and to the most deeply felt crushing of soul and body.

She wants to live solitary, hidden and unknown. For no reason in the world would she have put into writing the intimate and prolonged communications with adorable Jesus, from her tenderest age until today, which still continue, who knows until when, if Our Lord Himself had not repeatedly obliged her to, both personally and through holy obedience to her Directors, to which she always surrenders with enormous violence to herself, and also with great strength and generosity, because her concept of holy obedience

would make her refuse even an entrance into Paradise, as did actually occur, and will be seen in the revelations of October 11 and 30, 1909.

So very gracious are her discourses and dialogues with Lady Obedience, as she calls her, almost wanting to get even for the subjection to which she is forced. Now she speaks to her as to a great Princess and Queen who imposes herself severely, now she portrays her as a most powerful Warrior, who arms himself from head to foot, ready to strike the moment one dares to contradict him.

In substance, this soul is in a tremendous fight between an overwhelming love of hiddenness and the inexorable empire of Obedience to which she absolutely must surrender - and Obedience always wins. This constitutes one of the most important traits of a true spirit-of a solid and tested virtue, because she has been submitting to the dominion of the great Lady Obedience, with the greatest violence to herself, for about forty years!

This solitary soul is a most pure virgin, wholly of God, who appears to be the object of singular predilection of

Jesus, Divine Redeemer. It seems that Our Lord, who century after century increases the wonders of His Love more and more, wanted to make of this virgin with no education, whom He calls the littlest one that He found on earth, *the instrument of a mission so sublime that no other can be compared to it-that is, the triumph of the Divine Will upon the whole earth, in conformity with what is said in the "Our Father:" Fiat Voluntas Tua sicut in Coelo et in terra.*

This Virgin of the Lord has been placed in bed as victim of Divine Love for more than 40 years, from the time when she was still adolescent. It has

been a state of a long series of sufferings, both natural and supernatural, and of inebriations of the eternal Charity of the Heart of Jesus. The origin of these pains, which exceed every natural order, has been, almost continuously, an intermittent privation of God, which constitutes that dark night of the soul, called "bitter and terrible" by the mystic and Doctor, St. John of the Cross, so much so, as to compare it to the pains which the souls in Purgatory suffer because of the privation of God. He compares it somehow to a suffocation of the soul, as when someone is breathless, because the breath of the soul is God: *Christus spiritus oris nostri* (Jesus

Christ, the breath of our mouth).

In the course of these publications one will be able to read the laments of this wounded dove searching for her Beloved - so intimate, sharp, sensible, as to leave a profound impression of this Victim of Divine Love. But sometimes the thick veil is torn, the soul sees Jesus, they embrace, they delight in each other, and the soul asks for the mystical kiss of the Sacred Spouse of the Canticles. At times, the inebriation is such that, in a delirium of love, her human resistance grows weak, and the soul exclaims: *"Enough, enough! No more, Lord, for I cannot sustain it!"*, as once St. Francis

Saverio exclaimed in similar circumstances.

All of these operations of Divine Love take place mostly in the silence of the night, and in the morning, after Holy Communion, when she remains cloistered and recollected for a couple of hours.

The sufferings of the body add to those of the soul, and occur at a mystical level for the most part. With no sign appearing on her hands, feet, side or forehead, she receives frequent crucifixion from Our Lord Himself. Jesus Himself lays her upon a cross, and

pierces her with nails. And then, what Saint Teresa described when she received the wound from the Seraphim, happens within her: a pain most sharp, such as to make her faint, and at the same time, a rapture of love.

But if Jesus did not do so, it would be for this soul an infinitely greater spiritual suffering, because, with the Seraphim of Carmel, she also says: to suffer or to die.

Here is another sign of her true spirit. Often times, when Our Lord appears to her crowned with thoms, after He has abstracted her from her

senses, she gracefully removes the crown of thorns from His head and drives it onto hers, experiencing atrocious spasms, but mystical contentments.

In the course of these publications one will remain astonished in noticing an extraordinary intimacy of Our Lord with this soul, which is in nothing inferior to those of St. Getrude, St. Metilde, the Saints Margherite or any other Saint. Often times, as the aforementioned mystic and Doctor observes in similar cases, the familiarity and intimacy with which Our Lord deals with this soul, renders her daring in

using certain expressions and in advancing certain demands, which would appear excessive if one did not consider that Adorable Jesus, in the matters of Faith, has given us proofs of His love even greater than those which can be found in the intimate conversations between Jesus and any privileged soul. It is enough, above all, that He has given Himself to us even as food in the Most Holy Eucharist.

After having mentioned her long and continuous stay in bed as victim, for years and years, with the experience of many spiritual and physical sufferings, it might seem that the sight of this unknown

virgin would be afflicting, as though seeing a person lying with all the marks of past pains, of current sufferings, and the like.

Yet, here there is something admirable. In seeing this Spouse of Jesus Crucified, who spends the night in painful ecstasies and in sufferings of every kind, during the day, sitting on her bed doing her needlework-nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing appears, of one who has suffered so much during the night; there is nothing, not one thing extraordinary or supernatural in her air. On the contrary, she appears as a healthy person, happy and jovial. She speaks,

converses, laughs when appropriate, but receives few friends.

Sometimes, some troubled heart confides in her, and asks for her prayers. She listens kindly and comforts, but never advances to make prophecies, never a word which might hint at revelations. The great comfort which she presents is always one, always the same: the **Divine Will**.

Although she possesses no human knowledge, she is abundantly endowed with a Wisdom all celestial-with the Science of the Saints. Her words

illuminate and console. By nature her intellect is not poor. She studied to the first grade when she was a child; her writing is filled with mistakes, although she does not lack appropriate terms, in conformity with the revelations; terms which seem to be infused by Our Lord.

The Hours of the Passion

At the same time as the sublime Revelations about the virtues in general, and about the Divine Will in particular, for many years, at nighttime, this soul

has entered the contemplation of the sufferings of Our Lord Jesus Christ, with the addition of distinct information about many scenes of the Passion.

The method was that of going through the 24 hours of the Adorable Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, which begin with the Legal Supper and end with His death on the Cross. These visions were sometimes accompanied by corresponding revelations of Our Lord.

Since nothing was published of the visions and revelations of this soul, in her excessive desire to keep

everything hidden, fearing that a publication, even anonymous, might uncover her, she wanted to bury this Treasure of divine knowledges, of superhuman compassion, of a superhuman fount of the most loving affections within herself.

But her Spiritual Father placed the majestic Lady Obedience, the strong Warrior armed from head to foot, before her; and Our Lord Himself pushed her to manifest them for the good of many souls.

She surrendered, and to the author of this Preface was entrusted the printing

of the writings which she put on paper regarding this topic so important.

As the first Edition of this admirable Treatise of the 24 Hours of the Passion of Our Lord appeared, the blessing of God seemed evident. In a short time all copies were depleted, which at that time were 5,000, without being sent to specific addresses. It was enough to send one copy to some devout person, that requests would begin to arrive. An announcement was placed in the periodical of our Anthonian Orphanages "Dio e il Prossimo" ["God and Neighbor"] under the name of a **Book of Gold**, and immediately the

requests increased, in such a way that the Edition was soon exhausted.

Most Eminent Cardinal Cassetta, to whom nothing had been sent directly, requested 50 copies at once.

Then came the 2nd Edition, a larger one, and then the 3rd. Both of them were rapidly depleted.

For the purpose of promotion, sales were made at moderate prices, just to cover the expenses.

At that time a pleasant circumstance occurred, which we remember with pleasure. A letter, addressed directly to me, arrived from the Vatican, written by that angelic Bishop-today Apostolic Nuncio of Venezuela, at that time the Secretary of Bishop Msgr. Tacci (who is today an emeritus Cardinal)-Msgr. Cento, who was then appointed Bishop of Acireale, and will perhaps be a Cardinal of the Holy Church. There had been no previous contacts between this lovable person and myself. In this letter he appeared enthusiastic from the reading of the Hours of the Passion by an

"unknown author," and he prayed me to reveal to him her name and address, because he wanted to correspond with her about things of the spirit.

In truth, I was unable to refuse. But he was not content with an epistolary correspondence, and wanted to go to visit this chosen one of the Lord in person. Even more, in order to legitimize his trip of such a long distance, he offered to preach in a Triduum for the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Chiesa Madre. Every day he was near the bed of the "pious author" in spiritual conversations, to his great contentment. After he departed from that

town, he always kept the most pleasant memory of this soul, so dear to Jesus.

Once the 3rd Edition was depleted, the 4th one came, enriched with other writings of the Servant of God. This time the printing was executed at our press managed by the Sisters of my faithful one in Messina, and 15,000 copies were printed. As the announcement was repeated, requests arrived at all of our Houses.

It is not without reason that this book has provoked so much enthusiasm. Indeed, it is dictated with such surges of love, with such penetration into the

sufferings of the Incarnate Word, as to enrapture the soul of one who reads it, and much more of one who meditates on it.

But, even more, there is an undeniable concurrence of Grace which, one could say, begs two things: one is extensive reparations for all the sins of the world of every kind, like the very ones which Our Lord Jesus Christ presented to His Eternal Father interiorly at the time of His most bitter Passion. Because of these reparations of the author of the Hours, Our Lord promised - as is fully believed - many exemptions from divine chastisements to

those who meditate these hours and in the places in which they are meditated. Another divine goal is precisely that of placating Divine Justice, by holding back the scourges which the Lord prepares.

In the course of these publications which we are beginning, there are chapters which foresee divine scourges of earthquakes, wars, fire, cloudbursts, devastation of lands, epidemics, famines and the like. Everything, everything has been predicted several years before, and everything has come about, and much yet is left to come about. But the state of victim of this soul, her prayers, her

tears, her sufferings and her daringness of love with Jesus have held back part of these scourges, and will hold back yet more.

A sign of the great detachment of this soul from any earthly thing is her firmness and constancy in accepting no gifts, either of money or anything else. On more than one occasion, people who read the Hours of the Passion and in whom a sense of sacred affection for this solitary and unknown soul arose, wrote to me that they wanted to send her money. But she was so firmly opposed, it was as if they had offended her.

Her way of living is very modest. She possesses little, and lives with a loving relative who assists her. Since the little that they have is not enough to pay the rent or for their support in these sad times of expensive living, she peacefully works, as mentioned before, and earns something from her work, which has to serve especially for her loving relative, because she has no expense for clothing or shoes. Her food is of a few ounces per day, and is offered to her by her assistant, because she never asks for anything. Furthermore, a few hours after she has taken that bit of food, she brings it up. However, her appearance is not of a

dying person, but not really that of a perfectly healthy person. Yet, she is not inactive; rather, she consumes her strengths, both in the supernatural events of sufferings and strain during the night, and with her work during the day. *Her life is therefore almost a perennial miracle.*

To her great detachment from any earnings which are not procured with her hands, one must add her firmness in never accepting anything from the publication and sale of the Hours of the Passion, which would be due to her by right as literary property. As I pressed her not to refuse it, she answered: "*I*

have no right, because the work is not mine, but of God. "

I will not continue further. *The life of this virgin, Spouse of Jesus, is more celestial than terrestrial.* She wants to be ignored and unknown in the world, looking for nothing but her Jesus and Her Most Holy Mother, whom she calls Mama, and who has a special predilection for this chosen soul.

As the voluminous manuscripts which Our Lord has dictated to her are gradually published, from the tenderness with which Jesus treats her, from the

sweet words with which He calls her, from His celestial embraces and her loving correspondence, admirable things will be revealed about the singular virtues of this soul, who-who knows-one day, coming out triumphantly from the infallible judgments of the Church, will be placed on the altar as protection of many.

Overview of the Writings of the Pious Author of the Hours of the Passion

These writings which were entrusted to us by the Servant of God by the authoritative order of Msgr. the Archbishop to whom she belongs, can be divided into three parts.

The first part is a brief summary of her infancy and childhood, before she was confined in a bed. It is truly a succinct account, written recently out of obedience, without which, for no reason in the world, would she have revealed those ancient memories of hers. However, this is information which makes us learn how Our Lord predestined her for very high things.

When she received this obedience, she consulted with Our Lord, and would have wanted to have this chalice removed without having to drink it. But Our Lord supported the obedience.

The second part, which goes from Volume 1 to Volume 10, is composed of writings which date back to her youth. In them begin the revelations attributed to Our Lord, who instructs her in the direction of pious practices, mortification, and the exercise of all the holy virtues of Faith, of Hope, of Charity, of Humility, of Purity, of Obedience, of Meekness, of constancy

in operating good; as well as about Divine Love and similar things.

These are admirable lessons which reveal a spirit more than human, with an extremely simple style.

The third part encompasses the whole purpose for which Our Lord Jesus Christ wanted to choose a soul as the instrument of His omnipotent hand, and wanted to mold her according to His way and make of her a vehicle in order to manifest to the world a doctrine all new, to illustrate what **Divine Will**

means, and thus to prepare the great triumph of the third *Fiat* upon earth.

The first *Fiat* extracted the whole Universe from nothing. The second *Fiat*, pronounced by the Most Holy Virgin Mary, hailed by the Angel, determined the Incarnation of the Divine Word in Her most pure Womb and the subsequent Redemption of mankind.

The third *Fiat* was left to us by Our Lord Jesus Christ in the great Prayer of the Our Father, with those divine words: "*Fiat Voluntas Tua Sicut in Coelo et in terra*" - Thy Will be done on

earth as it is in Heaven.

This supplication of the third *Fiat* which has resounded for twenty centuries on the lips of the children of the Holy Church, in the Royal Priesthood of the great Sacrifice of Holy Mass - this supplication, in spite of all the human oppositions and iniquities, must have its great fulfillment. It cannot remain unanswered. All Saints, all Doctors, all Preachers, all the Scholars of Ascetic Theology, have sung the praises of the fulfillment of the Will of God as the highest perfection. They have defined the three degrees of uniformity with the Divine Volition, of conformity

to It, and of transformation-that is, of the annihilation of our will for the Divine.

But the revelations on this topic which fill the manuscripts of the Author of the Hours of the Passion, have the character of an instruction all new and celestial, and always in the simplest and most persuasive way. The similes illustrate this doctrine in an admirable way, dictated at times with authority; so much so, as to remind one of the words of Saint John in the Gospel: "Jesus taught with authority."

To the three degrees of uniformity, of conformity and of transformation, this

new doctrine adds a fourth quality which encompasses everything, which has not been expressed by any writer until now, but which somehow hovers in Sacred Books, especially in the Psalmist and in the Apostle of the gentiles. And it is: to operate completely IN the Divine Will.

This formula, as it first appeared in the two little treatises of the Hours of the Passion, seemed to be not very understandable to many, or rather, we could say, to all.

Yet, something should be understood at first sight in considering the preposition in, which opens the gate

to great meanings. The Apostles' Creed makes us say: "I believe in God Almighty," which is very different from saying "I believe God Almighty," or "to God Almighty."

Not few, after reading the Hours of the Passion, have asked for explanations on the meaning of this operating and living in the Divine Will.

These admirable writings, which we fully believe to have been dictated by the Divine Incarnate Word, lead one who reads them with Faith, always of love, step by step, to the understanding of this formula. In many ways these

revelations open new horizons, not yet contemplated until now, concerning the mysteries of the Divine Will, and about operating and living in It. And one thing is certain: even before arriving at the complete knowledge of what it means to operate and live in the Divine Volition, one who reads these writings cannot not remain enamored with the Will of God, and not feel new strong impulses, and a divine commitment to transforming all of himself in the Divine Will.

These revelations say that this science of the Divine Will will form Saints of a perfection more sublime than

that of all the Saints who ever existed. And if this expression should seem exaggerated to some, I invite them to read the treaty on True Devotion to the Most Holy Virgin Mary by Blessed [now Saint] Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort, in which they will find a page where it is written that men would arise in the Holy Church of a sanctity before which the greatest saints of the Church will be but shrubs before gigantic trees.

Exhortation

O souls who love Jesus Christ, O souls who make a profession of spiritual life, and especially you, Spouses of Jesus Christ, consecrated to Him either through vows or by belonging to sacred Congregations, consider from all that has been said above, how much pleasure you give to the Most Holy Heart of Jesus by practicing these Hours of the Passion. It is for you, in a special way, that these Hours of the Passion have been inspired by Our Lord in that solitary and contemplative soul, who has been practicing them for many years with great profit to herself and to the whole Holy Church. Special graces have been

reserved for you if you take to heart this holy daily exercise, penetrating the same sentiments and the same dispositions as those of the soul who dictated it, and who has been practicing it for many years.

From the sentiments, so intimate, and from the dispositions, so loving, of this soul, you will pass into the very sentiments and dispositions of Jesus Christ Our Lord, during the 24 Hours in which He suffered for love of us. And it is impossible for the soul, in this compassionating exercise, not to encounter the most sorrowful Mother Mary, and not to unite to the same

compassion and the very incomprehensible affections of the Sorrowful Mother of God! It will be like living with Jesus suffering, and with Mary coredeeming, gathering immense eternal goods for oneself and for all!

What to say about how great this tool would be for each Religious Community in order to advance in holiness, to be preserved, to grow in the number of chosen souls, and to obtain true prosperity? How much commitment, then, should each Community have in the constant practice of this pious exercise! And the souls of that Community who

attend Holy Mass daily would receive Communion with such dispositions of fervor, and with such love for Jesus, that each Communion would be a renewed marriage of the soul with Jesus in the most intimate and increasing union of love!

If because of one soul alone doing these Hours, Jesus would spare a city chastisements, and would give grace to as many souls for as many as are the words of these sorrowful Hours, how many graces could a Community [or any group of faithful] hope for; from how many defects and relaxations would it be healed or preserved; and for how

many souls would it obtain sanctification and salvation by practicing this pious exercise!

If only there were one soul in each Community, who would apply herself to practicing it with more attention during the day, at times even in the midst of daily occupations, and also in the evening, and at nighttime with a little bit of vigil. .. ! But it would be the summit of the divine, and the maximum profit for that Community and for the whole world, if this exercise were practiced by all, in turns-day and night!

How these Hours of the Passion can be done

One method is that of meditating one Hour each day by reading it alone, or with one's family, or with others. In this way, in the round of 24 days, one would complete the 24 Hours. A good clock never stops - life never stops ...

A second method would be that of forming groups of various people - 4, 8, 12 or possibly 24 and more - each one committed seriously to doing one of the Hours, assigned for a period of time, before changing the Hour. A good clock marks all the hours-it skips none of them

...

A third method, then, is that of doing at least one hour per day, at the time of the day which coincides to that hour, but in any case, to reach such familiarity with the Hours of the Passion, and to assimilate them in such a way, as to be able to follow their content mentally during the whole day. For this purpose it is very helpful to learn by heart the succession of the 24 Hours with the corresponding title, which is reported on the next page.

To "do" an Hour of the Passion means to read it attentively, meditating

on it, contemplating it, making it one's own life ... It is not just remembering and compassionating the sufferings of Jesus as something that happened many centuries ago in a far away place; but rather, it is, first of all, to enter into the Divine Will, in which everything is present and *in act*, and to participate in the interior acts and sufferings of Our Lord, which are present and *in act* at this precise moment, so as to repeat His life within us, to grow in His likeness, and to pour upon everyone the infinite value, merits and effects of His Passion.

Jesus Himself explains this very important difference: "*To repeat My*

Passion in act in the creature, is different from one who only thinks of My pains and compassionates them. The first is an act of My Life, which takes My place in order to repeat My pains, and I feel I am given back the effects and the value of a Divine Life; while in thinking of My pains and in compassionating Me, it is only the company of the creature that I feel. But do you know in whom I can repeat My pains, in act, of My Passion? In one who has My Will as center of life. (October 24, 1925 Vol. 18)

One can comprehend, then, how

the Hours of the Passion are not just a reading, and not even a devotion, but a *formation of life*: the interior life of Jesus. In this way, day after day, we will feel more and more that Jesus is truly living in us not just our life, but His very Divine Life.

THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF THE PASSION

Preparation to each hour

O my Lord Jesus Christ, prostrate in your divine presence, I implore your most loving Heart to admit me to the sorrowful meditation of the 24 hours in which for love of us You wanted to suffer so much, in your adorable body and in your most holy soul, unto death on the Cross. O please, give me help, grace,

love, deep compassion and understanding of your sufferings, as I now meditate theHour.

And for those which I cannot meditate, I offer You my will to meditate on them, and I willingly intend to meditate on them in all the hours in which I have to apply myself to my duties, or sleep.

Accept, O merciful Lord, my loving intention, and let it be beneficial for me and for all, as if I effectively and in a saintly way accomplished what I wish to practice.

Meanwhile, I give You thanks, O my Jesus, for calling me to union with You by means of prayer. And to please You more, I take your thoughts, your tongue, your Heart, and with this I intend to pray, fusing all of myself in your Will and in your love; and stretching out my arms to hug You, I place my head on your Heart, and I begin.

Thanksgiving after each hour

My lovable Jesus, You have called me in this hour of your Passion to keep You company, and I have come. I seemed to hear You praying, repairing

and suffering, in anguish and sorrow, pleading for the salvation of souls in the most touching and eloquent VOICES.

I tried to follow You in everything; and now, having to leave You for my usual occupations, I feel the duty to say to You, "Thank You" and "I bless You. "

Yes, O Jesus, I repeat to You "Thank You" thousands and thousands of times, and "I bless You" for all that You have done and suffered for me and for all. I thank You and I bless You for every drop of Blood You shed, for every breath, for every heartbeat, for every step, word, glance, bitterness and

offense which You endured. In everything, O my Jesus, I intend to seal You with a "Thank You" and an "I bless You. "

Please, O Jesus, let my whole being send You a continuous flow of thanks and blessings, so as to draw upon me and upon everyone the flow of your blessings and thanks. Please, O Jesus, press me to your Heart, and with your most holy hands seal every particle of my being with your "I bless you," so that nothing other than a continuous hymn to You may come from me.

First Hour

From 5 to 6 PM

Jesus takes leave of His Most Holy Mother

O Celestial Mama, the hour of the separation is approaching, and I come to You. O Mother, give me your love and your reparations; give me your sorrow, because together with You I want to follow, step by step, adored Jesus.

And now Jesus comes to You, and You, with heart overflowing with love, run toward Him and in seeing Him so

pale and sad, your Heart aches with pain, your strengths leave You and You are about to fall at His feet.

O my sweet Mama, do You know why adorable Jesus has come to You? Ah, He has come to say the last good-bye, to tell You the last word, to receive the last embrace!

O Mother, I cling to You with all the tenderness of which my poor heart is capable, so that clinging and bound to You, I too may receive the embraces of adored Jesus. Will You perhaps disdain me? Isn't it rather a comfort for your Heart to have a soul near You, who

would share its pains, affections and reparations?

O Jesus, in such a harrowing hour for your most tender Heart, what a lesson of filial and loving obedience to your Mama You give us! What a sweet harmony passes between You and Mary! What a sweet enchantment of love rises up to the throne of the Eternal One and extends for the salvation of all creatures of the earth!

O my Celestial Mama, do You know what adored Jesus wants from You? Nothing but your last blessing. It is true that from every particle of your

being nothing but blessings and praises come out for your Creator; but Jesus, in taking leave of You, wants to hear the sweet word: "*I bless You, O Son.*" .. And that "*I bless You*" removes all the blasphemies from His hearing, and descends, sweet and gentle, into His Heart. Jesus wants your "*I bless You,*" almost to place it as a shelter from all the offenses of the creatures.

I too unite myself to You, O sweet Mama. Upon the wings of the winds I want to go around the heavens to ask the Father, the Holy Spirit and all the Angels, for an "*I bless You*" for Jesus, so that, as I go to Him, I may bring Him

their blessings. And here on earth, I want to go to all creatures and ask, from every lip, from every heartbeat, from every step, from every breath, from every gaze, from every thought-blessings and praises for Jesus. And if no one wants to give them to me, I intend to give them for them.

O sweet Mama, after going round and round, to ask the Sacrosanct Trinity, the Angels, all the creatures, the light of the sun, the fragrance of the flowers, the waves of the sea, every breath of wind, every spark of fire, every moving leaf, the twinkling of the stars, every

movement of nature, for an "*I bless You,*" I come to You and I place all my blessings together with yours.

My sweet Mama, I see that You receive comfort and relief, and that You offer Jesus all my blessings in reparation for the blasphemies and the maledictions which He receives from creatures. But as I offer You everything, I hear your trembling voice saying:

"Son, bless me too!"

O my sweet Love, Jesus, bless also me, together with your Mama; bless

my thoughts, my heart, my hands, my works, my steps, and with your Mother, all creatures.

O my Mother, in looking at the face of sorrowful Jesus, pale, sad, harrowing, the *memory* of the pains which He is about to suffer awakens in You. You foresee His face covered with spit and You bless it, His head pierced by the thorns, His eyes blinded, His body tortured by the scourges, His hands and feet pierced by the nails; and wherever He is about to go, You follow Him with your blessings. And I too will follow Him together with You. When Jesus is struck by the scourges, crowned

with thorns, slapped, pierced by the nails, everywhere He will find my"]
bless You" together with yours.

O Jesus, O Mother, I
compassionate You. Immense is your
pain in these last moments. The Heart of
one seems to tear the Heart of the other.

O Mother, snatch my heart from
the earth and bind it tightly to Jesus, so
that, clinging to Him, I may share in His
pains, and as You cling to each other, as
You embrace, as You exchange the last
glances, the last kisses, being in
between your two Hearts, may I receive
your last kisses, your last embraces.

Don't You see that I cannot be without You, in spite of my misery and my coldness?

Jesus, Mama, keep me close to You; give me your love, your Will. Dart through my poor heart, hold me tightly in your arms; and together with You, O sweet Mother, I want to follow, step by step, adored Jesus, with the intention of giving Him comfort, relief, love and reparation for all.

O Jesus, together with your Mama, I kiss your left foot, asking You to forgive me and all creatures, for all

the times we have not walked toward God.

I kiss your right foot: forgive me and all, for all the times we have not followed the perfection You wanted from us.

I kiss your left hand: communicate to us your purity.

I kiss your right hand: bless all of my heartbeats, thoughts, affections, so that, given value by your blessing, they all may be sanctified. And with me, bless all creatures, and seal the

salvation of their souls with your blessing.

O Jesus, I embrace You together with your Mama, and kissing your Heart, I beg You to place my heart between your two Hearts, that it may be nourished continuously by your love, by your sorrows, by your very affections and desires, and by your own Life. Amen.

Reflections and Practices

Before beginning His Passion, Jesus goes to His Mother to ask for Her blessing. In this act Jesus teaches

us obedience, not only external but also interior, which we must have in order to reciprocate the inspirations of grace. Sometimes we are not ready to put into practice a good inspiration, either because we are held back by love of self united to temptation, or because of human respect, or in order not to use holy violence on ourselves.

But rejecting the good inspiration of exercising a virtue, of accomplishing a virtuous act, of doing a good work, or of practicing a devotion, makes the Lord withdraw, depriving us of new inspirations.

On the other hand, the prompt correspondence, pious and prudent, to holy inspirations attracts more lights and graces upon us.

In the cases of doubt, one should turn promptly and with righteous intention to the great means of prayer and to upright and experienced advice. In this way, the good God will enlighten the soul to execute the healthy inspiration, increasing it for her greater benefit.

We must do our actions, our acts, our prayers, the Hours of the Passion, with the same intentions of Jesus, in

His Will, sacrificing ourselves as He did, for the glory of the Father and for the good of souls.

We must place ourselves in the disposition of sacrificing ourselves in everything for love of our lovable Jesus, conforming to His spirit, operating with His own sentiments, and abandoning ourselves in Him, not only in all the external sufferings and adversities, but much more in all that He will dispose in our interior. In this way, at any time, we will find ourselves ready to accept any suffering. By doing this, we will give sweet sips to our Jesus. Then, if we do

all this in the Will of God which contains all sweetnesses and all contentments in immense proportion, we will give to Jesus large sweet sips, so as to mitigate the poisoning which other creatures cause Him, and to console His Divine Heart.

Before beginning any action, let us always invoke the blessing of God, so that our actions may have the touch of the Divinity, and may attract His blessings not only on us, but upon all creatures.

My Jesus, may your blessing precede me, accompany me and follow

me, so that everything I do may carry the seal of your "I bless you."

Second Hour

From 6 to 7 PM

**Jesus departs from His Most Holy
Mother**

and sets out for the Cenacle

My adorable Jesus, as I have shared in your sufferings together with You, and in those of your afflicted

Mama, I see that You are about to leave to go there, where the Will of the Father calls You. The love between Son and Mother is so great as to render You inseparable, so You leave Yourself in the Heart of your Mama, and the Queen and sweet Mama places Herself into yours; otherwise it would have been impossible for You to separate. But then, blessing each other, You give Her the last kiss to strengthen Her in the bitter pains She is about to suffer; and giving Her your last good-bye, You leave.

But the paleness of your face, your trembling lips, your suffocated voice, as though wanting to burst into tears in

saying good-bye - ah, everything tells me how much You love Her and how much You suffer in leaving Her!

But to fulfill the Will of the Father, with your Hearts fused into each other, You submit Yourselves to everything, wanting to repair for those who, unwilling to overcome the tendernesses of relatives and friends, and bonds and attachments, do not care about fulfilling the Holy Will of God and corresponding to the state of sanctity to which God calls them. What sorrow do these souls not give You, in rejecting from their hearts the love You want to give them, contenting themselves with the love of

creatures!

My lovable Love, as I repair with You, allow me to remain with your Mama in order to console Her and sustain Her, while You leave. Then I will hasten my steps to come and reach You. But to my greatest sorrow, I see that my anguishing Mama shivers, and Her pain is such that, as She tries to say good-bye to Her Son, Her voice dies on Her lips, and She is unable to utter a word. She is about to faint, and in Her swoon of love, She says: "*My Son, My Son! I bless You! What a bitter separation - more cruel than any death!*" But the pain yet prevents Her

from uttering a word, and makes Her mute!

Disconsolate Queen, let me sustain You, dry your tears and compassionate You in your bitter sorrow! My Mama, I will not leave You alone; and You-take me with You and teach me, in these moments so painful for You and for Jesus, what I have to do, how to defend Him, repair Him and console Him, and whether I must give my life to defend His.

No, I will not move from under your mantle. At your wish, I will fly to Jesus; I will bring Him your love, your

affections, your kisses together with mine, and I will place them in each wound, in every drop of His blood, in every pain and insult, so that, in feeling the kisses and the love of His Mama in each pain, His sufferings may be sweetened. Then I will come again under your mantle, bringing You His kisses to sweeten your pierced Heart. My Mama, my heart is pounding, I want to go to Jesus. And as I kiss your maternal hands, bless me as You blessed Jesus, and allow me to go to Him.

My sweet Jesus, love directs me toward your steps and I reach You, as You walk along the streets of Jerusalem

together with your beloved disciples. I look at You and I see You still pale. I hear your voice, sweet, yes, but sad-so much as to break the heart of your disciples, who feel troubled.

"This is the last time," You say, *"that I walk along these streets by Myself. Tomorrow I will walk through them, bound and dragged among a thousand insults."* And pointing out the places where You will be most insulted and tortured, You continue: *"My life down here is about to set, just as the Sun is now setting, and tomorrow at this hour I will no longer be here! But,*

like the Sun, I will rise again on the third day! "

At your words, the apostles become sad and taciturn, not knowing what to answer. But You add: "*Courage, do not lose heart; I will not leave you, I will be always with you. But it is necessary that I die for the good of you all. "*

In saying these words, You are moved, but with trembling voice You continue to instruct them. And before enclosing Yourself in the cenacle, You look at the sun which is setting, just as your life is setting; You offer your steps

for those who find themselves at the setting of their life, giving them the grace to let it set in You, and repairing for those who, in spite of the sorrows and disillusion of life, are obstinate in not wanting to surrender to You.

Then You look at Jerusalem again, the center of your prodigies and of the predilections of your Heart-Jerusalem which, in return, is preparing your cross and is sharpening the nails to commit the deicide; and You tremble, your Heart breaks-and You cry over its destruction.

With this, You repair for many

souls consecrated to You, whom You tried to form with so much care as portents of your love, but ungrateful and unrequiting, they make You suffer more bitternesses! I want to repair together with You, to sweeten the stabbing of your Heart.

But I see that You are horrified at the sight of Jerusalem, and withdrawing your gaze, You enter the cenacle. My Love, hold me tightly to your Heart, that I may make your bitternesses my own, to offer them together with You. And You, look with pity upon my soul, and pouring your Love into it-bless me.

Reflections and Practices

Jesus promptly departs from His Mother, although His most tender Heart undergoes a shock.

Are we ready to sacrifice even the most legitimate and holy affections in order to fulfill the Divine Volition?

(Let us examine ourselves especially in the cases of separation from the sense of the Divine Presence and from sensible devotion).

Jesus did not make His last steps

in vain. In them, He glorified the Father and asked for the salvation of souls. We must place in our steps the same intentions which Jesus placed—that is, to sacrifice ourselves for the glory of the Father and for the good of souls. We must also imagine placing our steps in those of Jesus Christ; and as Jesus Christ did not make them in vain, but enclosed in His steps those of the creatures, repairing for all their missteps, to give the glory due to the Father, and life to all the missteps of creatures so that they might walk along the path of good—we should do it in the same way, placing our steps in those of Jesus Christ with His own intentions.

Do we walk on the street modest and composed, so as to be an example for others? As the afflicted Jesus walked, He talked to the Apostles every once in a while, speaking to them about His imminent Passion. What do we say in our conversations?

When the opportunity arises, do we make the Passion of the Divine Redeemer the object of our conversations?

In seeing the Apostles sad and discouraged, loving Jesus tried to comfort them. Do we place in our

conversations the intention of relieving Jesus Christ? Do we try to do them in the Will of God, infusing in others the spirit of Jesus Christ? Jesus goes to the Cenacle. We must enclose our thoughts, affections, heartbeats, prayers, actions, food and work in the Heart of Jesus Christ in the act of operating. By doing this, our actions will acquire the divine attitude.

However, since it is difficult to always keep this divine attitude, because it is hard for the soul to fuse her acts continuously in Him, the soul can compensate with the attitude of her good will. Jesus will be very pleased He will become the vigilant sentry of

each of her thoughts, words and heartbeats. He will place these acts as cortege inside and outside Himself, watching them with great love, as the fruit of the good will of the creature. Then, when the soul, fusing herself in Him, will do her immediate acts with Jesus, good Jesus will feel so attracted toward that soul that He will do what she does together with her, turning the work of the creature into Divine work. All this is the effect of the Goodness of God which takes everything into account and rewards everything, even a tiny act in the Will of God, so that the creature may not be defrauded of anything.

O my Life and my All, may your steps direct mine, and as I tread the earth, let my thoughts be in Heaven!

Third Hour

From 7 to 8 PM

The Legal Supper

O Jesus, You now arrive at the cenacle together with your beloved disciples and You begin your supper with them. How much sweetness, how much affability You show through all

your person, as You lower Yourself to taking material food for the last time! Everything is love in You; also in this, You not only repair for the sins of gluttony, but You impetrate the sanctification of food.

Jesus, my life, your sweet and penetrating gaze seems to search all of the apostles; and also in this act of taking food your Heart remains pierced in seeing your dear apostles still weak and listless, especially the perfidious Judas, who has already put a foot in hell. And You, from the bottom of your Heart, say bitterly:

"What is the utility of My blood? Here is a soul so favored by Me yet, he is lost!"

And You look at him with your eyes refulgent with light and love, as though wanting to make him understand the great evil he is about to commit. But your supreme charity makes You bear this sorrow and You do not make it manifest even to your beloved disciples.

And while You grieve for Judas, your Heart is filled with joy in seeing, on your left, your beloved disciple John; so much so, that unable to contain your

love any longer, drawing him sweetly to Yourself, You let him place his head upon your Heart, letting him experience paradise in advance.

It is in this solemn hour that the two peoples, the reprobate and the elect, are portrayed by the two disciples: the reprobate in Judas, who already feels hell in his heart; the elect in John, who rests and delights in You.

O my sweet Good, I too place myself near You, and together with your beloved disciple I want to place my weary head upon your adorable Heart, praying You to let me experience the

delights of Heaven, also on this earth; so that, enraptured by the sweet harmonies of your Heart, the earth may no longer be earth for me, but Heaven.

But in the midst of those most sweet and divine harmonies, I hear sorrowful heartbeats escaping You: these are for lost souls! O Jesus, O please, do not allow any more souls to be lost. Let your heartbeat, flowing through them, make them feel the heartbeats of the life of Heaven, just as your beloved disciple John felt them; so that, attracted by the gentleness and sweetness of your love, they may all surrender to You.

O Jesus, as I remain upon your Heart, give food also to me, as You gave it to the apostles: the food of love, the food of the divine word, the food of your Divine Will. O my Jesus, do not deny me this food, which You so much desire to give me so that your very Life may be formed in me.

My sweet Good, while I remain close to You, I see that the food You are taking together with your dear disciples is nothing but a lamb. This is a figurative lamb: just as this lamb has no vital humor left by force of fire, so You, mystical Lamb, having to consume Yourself completely for creatures by

force of love, will keep not even a drop of blood for Yourself, but will pour it all out for love of us.

O Jesus, there is nothing You do which does not portray vividly your most sorrowful passion, which You keep always present in your mind, in your heart-in everything. And this teaches me that if I too had the thought of your passion before my mind and in my heart, You would never deny me the food of your love. How much I thank You!

O my Jesus, not one act escapes

You which does not keep me present and which does not intend to do me a special good. So I pray You that your passion be always in my mind, in my heart, in my gazes, in my steps and in my pains, so that, wherever I turn, inside and outside of myself, I may always find You present in me. And You, give me the grace never to forget what You have borne and suffered for me. May this be the magnet which, drawing my whole being into You, will never again allow me to go far away from You.

Reflections and Practices

Before taking food, let us unite our intentions to those of our lovable and good Jesus, imagining having the mouth of Jesus in our mouth, and moving our tongue and cheeks together with His. By doing this, we will not only draw the life of Jesus Christ into ourselves, but we will unite to Him in order to give to the Father complete glory, praise, love, thanksgiving and reparation owed by creatures, which Jesus Himself offered in the act of taking food. Let us also imagine being at the table near Jesus Christ, now looking at Him, now praying Him to share a bite with us, now kissing the hem of His mantle, now contemplating

the movements of His /ips and of His celestial eyes, now noticing the sudden clouding of His most lovable Face inforeseeing so much human ingratitude!

Just as loving Jesus spoke about His Passion during supper, as we take our food, we will make some reflections on how we meditated the Hours of the Passion. The Angels hang on our words, to gather our prayers, our reparations, and take them before the Father in order to somehow mitigate the just indignation for the so many offenses received from creatures-

just as they carried them when Jesus was on earth. And when we pray, can we say that the Angels were pleased; that we have been recollected and reverent, in such a way that they were able to joyously carry our prayers to Heaven, just as they carried those of our Jesus? Or did they rather remain saddened?

While afflicted Jesus was taking food, He remained transfixed at the sight of the loss of Judas; and in Judas He saw all the souls who were going to be lost. Since the loss of souls is the greatest of His pains, unable to contain it, He drew John to Himself in order to

find relief In the same way, we will remain always close to Him like John, compassionating Him in His pains, relieving Him, and giving Him rest in our heart. We will make His pain our own, we will identify ourselves with Him, to feel the heartbeats of that Divine Heart, pierced by the loss of souls. We will give Him our own heartbeats in order to remove those wounds; and in the place of those wounds we will put the souls who want to be lost, so that they may convert and be saved.

Every beat of the Heart of Jesus is one "I love you" which resounds in

all the heartbeats of creatures, wanting to enclose all of them in His Heart in order to receive their heartbeats in return. But loving Jesus does not receive it from many, and therefore His heartbeat remains as though suffocated and embittered. Let us pray Jesus to seal our heartbeat with His "I love you," so that our hearts too may live the life of His Heart and, resounding in the heartbeats of creatures, may force them to say, "I love You, Jesus!" Even more, we will fuse ourselves in Him, and loving Jesus will let us hear His "I love you" which fills Heaven and earth, circulates through the Saints, and descends into Purgatory. All the hearts

of creatures are touched by this "I love you;" even the elements feel new life, and all feel its effects. In His breathing too, Jesus feels as though suffocating for the loss of souls. And we will give Him our breath of love for His relief" and, taking His breath, we will touch the souls who detach themselves from His arms in order to give them the life of the divine breath, so that, instead of running away, they may return to Him, and cling more tightly to Him.

When we are in pain and almost feel that our breath cannot come out freely, let us think of Jesus, Who

contains the breath of the creatures in His own breath. He too, as souls become lost, feels His breath being taken away. So, let us place our sorrowful and labored breath in the breath of Jesus in order to relieve Him; and let us run after the sinner with our pain, so as to force him to enclose himself in the Heart of Jesus.

My beloved Good, may my breath be a continuous cry at every creature's breath, forcing her to enclose herself in your breath.

The first word which loving Jesus pronounced on the Cross was a word of

forgiveness, to justify all souls before the Father, and turn justice into mercy. We will give Him our acts to excuse the sinner, so that, moved by our apologies, He may not allow any soul to go to hell. We will unite with Him as sentries of the hearts of creatures, so that nobody may offend Him. We will let Him pour out His love, willingly accepting all that He may dispose for uscoldness, hardness, darkness, oppressions, temptations, distractions, slanders, illnesses and other things, so as to relieve Him from all that He receives from creatures. It is not by love alone that Jesus pours Himself out to souls. Many times, when He feels the

coldness of other creatures, He goes to the soul and makes her feel His cold, to release Himself through her. If the soul accepts it, He will feel relieved from all the coldness of creatures, and this cold will be the sentry to someone else's heart, to make loving Jesus loved.

Other times, Jesus feels the hardness of hearts in His own, and unable to contain it, He wants to pour Himself out, and comes to us. He touches our heart with His Heart, making us share in His pain. Making His pain our own, we will place it

around the heart of the sinner in order to melt his hardness, and take him back to Him.

My beloved Good, You suffer greatly for the loss of souls, and for compassion, I place my being at your disposal. I will take your pains and the pains of the sinners upon myself, leaving You relieved, and the sinner clinging to You.

O my Jesus, please, let my whole being be melted in love, so that I may be a continuous relief and soothe all

your bitternesses.

Fourth Hour

From 8 to 9 PM

The Eucharistic Supper

My sweet Love, always insatiable in your love, I see that as You finish the legal supper together with your dear disciples, You stand up, and united with them, You raise the hymn of thanksgiving to the Father for having

given you food, wanting to repair for all the lack of thanksgiving of the creatures, and for all the means He gives us for the preservation of corporal life. This is why, 0 Jesus, in anything You do, touch or see, You always have on your lips the words, "*Thanks be to You, 0 Father.*" .. I too, Jesus, united with You, take the words from your very lips, and I will say, always and in everything: "*Thank You for myself and for all,*" in order to continue the reparations for the lack of thanksgiving.

The washing of the feet

But, 0 my Jesus, it seems that your

love has no respite. I see that You make your beloved disciples sit down again; You take a bucket of water, wrap a white cloth around your waist and prostrate Yourself at the apostles' feet, with a gesture so humble as to draw the attention of all Heaven, and to make It remain ecstatic. The apostles themselves stay almost motionless in seeing You prostrate at their feet. But tell me, my Love, what do You want? What do You intend to do with this act so humble? A humility never before seen, and which will never be seen!

"Ah, My child, I want all souls,

and prostrate at their feet like a poor beggar, I ask for them, I importune them and, crying, I plot love traps around them in order to obtain them!

Prostrate at their feet, with this bucket of water mixed with My tears, I want to wash them of any imperfection and prepare them to receive Me in the Sacrament.

I so much cherish this act of receiving Me in the Eucharist, that I do not want to entrust this office to the angels, and not even to My dear Mama, but I Myself want to purify them, down to the most intimate fibers, in order to

dispose them to receive the fruit of the Sacrament; and in the apostles I intended to prepare all souls.

I intend to repair for all the holy works and for the administration of Sacraments, especially those made by priests with a spirit of pride, empty of divine spirit and of disinterest. Ah, how many good works reach Me more to dishonor Me than to honor Me! More to embitter Me than to please Me! More to give Me death than to give Me life! These are the offenses which sadden Me the most. Ah, yes, My child, count all the most intimate offenses which they give Me, and repair with

My own reparations. Console My embittered Heart. "

O my afflicted Good, I make your life my own, and together with You I intend to repair for all these offenses. I want to enter into the most intimate hiding places of your Divine Heart and repair with your own Heart for the most intimate and secret offenses, which You receive from your dearest ones. O my Jesus, I want to follow You in everything, and together with You I want to go through all the souls who are about to receive You in the Eucharist, enter into their hearts, and place my hands together with yours, to purify them.

O please, O Jesus, with these tears of yours and this water with which You washed the feet of the apostles, let us wash the souls who must receive You; let us purify their hearts; let us inflame them, and shake off the dust with which they are dirtied, so that, when they receive You, You may find in them your satisfactions, instead of your bitternesses.

But, my affectionate Good, while You are all intent on washing the feet of the apostles, I look at You, and I see another sorrow which pierces your Most Holy Heart. These apostles represent all

the future children of the Church, and each of them, the series of each one of your sorrows. **In** some, weaknesses, in some, deceits; in one, hypocrisies, in the other, excessive love for interests; in Saint Peter the lack of firmness and all the offenses of the leaders of the Church; in Saint John the offenses of your most faithful ones; in Judas all of the apostates, with all the series of great evils which they commit.

Ah, your sorrow is suffocated by pain and by love; so much so, that unable to contain it, You pause at the feet of each apostle and burst into tears, praying and repairing for each one of

these offenses, and impetrating the appropriate remedy for all.

My Jesus, I too unite myself to You; I make your prayers, your reparations and your appropriate remedies for each soul, my own. I want to mix my tears with yours, that You may never be alone, but may always have me with You, to share in your pains.

But, sweet Love of mine, as You continue to wash the feet of the apostles, I see that You are now at Judas' feet. I hear your labored breath. I see that You not only cry, but sob, and as You wash those feet, You kiss them, You press

them to your Heart; and unable to speak with your voice because it is suffocated by crying, You look at him with eyes swollen with tears, and say to him with your Heart: *"My child, O please, I beg you with the voices of My tears-do not go to hell! Give Me your soul, which I ask of you, prostrate at your feet. Tell Me, what do you want? What do you demand? I will give you everything, provided that you do not lose yourself. O please, spare this sorrow to Me, your God!"* And again, You press those feet to your Heart. But in seeing the hardness of Judas, your Heart is cornered; your Heart suffocates You, and You are about to faint. My Heart and my Life, allow me

to sustain You in my arms. I understand that these are your loving devices, which You use with each obstinate sinner.

O please, I beg You, my Heart-as I compassionate You and repair for the offenses which You receive from the souls who are obstinate in not wanting to convert, let us go around the earth, and wherever there are obstinate sinners, let us give them your tears to soften them, your kisses and your squeezes of love to bind them to You, in such a way that they will not be able to escape, and therefore relieve You from the pain of the loss of Judas.

Institution of the Eucharist

My Jesus, my joy and delight, I see that your Love runs, and runs rapidly. You stand up, sorrowful as You are, and You almost run to the altar where there is bread and wine ready for the consecration. I see You, my heart, assuming a look wholly new and never seen before: your Divine Person acquires a tender, loving, affectionate appearance; your eyes blaze with light, more than if they were suns; your rosy face is radiant; your lips are smiling and burning with love; your creative hands assume the attitude of creating. I see

You, my Love, all transformed: your Divinity seems to overflow from your Humanity.

My Heart and my Life, Jesus, this appearance of yours, never before seen, draws the attention of all the apostles. They are caught by a sweet enchantment and do not dare even to breathe. Your sweet Mama runs in spirit to the foot of the altar, to admire the portents of your Love. The Angels descend from Heaven, asking themselves: *"What is this? What is this? These are true follies, true excesses! A God who creates, not heaven or earth, but Himself. And where? In the most*

wretched matter of a little bread and a little wine. "

But while they are all around You, O insatiable Love, I see that You take the bread in your hands; You offer it to the Father, and I hear your most sweet voice say: *"Holy Father, thanks be to You, for always answering your Son. Holy Father, concur with Me. One day, You sent Me from Heaven to earth to be incarnated in the womb of My Mama, to come and save Our children. Now, allow Me to be incarnated in each Host, to continue their salvation and be life of each one of My children. Do You see, O Father? Few hours of My life are*

*left: who would have the heart to leave
My children orphaned and alone?
Many are their enemies-the obscurities,
the passions, the weaknesses to which
they are subject. Who will help them? O
please, I supplicate You to let Me stay
in each Host, to be life of each one, and
therefore put to flight their enemies; to
be their light, strength and help in
everything. Otherwise, where shall they
go? Who will help them? Our works are
eternal, My Love is irresistible - I
cannot leave My children, nor do I
want to. "*

The Father is moved at the tender

and affectionate voice of the Son. He descends from Heaven; He is already on the altar, and united with the Holy Spirit, concurs with the Son. And Jesus, with sonorous and moving voice, pronounces the words of the Consecration, and without leaving Himself, creates Himself in that bread and wine.

Then You communicate your apostles, and I believe that our celestial Mama did not remain without receiving You. Ah, Jesus, the heavens bow down and all send to You an act of adoration in your new state of profound

annihilation.

But, O sweet Jesus, while your love remains pleased and satisfied, having nothing left to do, I see, O my Good, on this altar, Hosts which will perpetuate until the end of centuries; and lined up in each Host, your whole sorrowful passion, because the creatures, at the excesses of your love, prepare for You excesses of ingratitude and enormous crimes. And I, Heart of my heart, want to be always with You in each Tabernacle, in all the pyxes and in each consecrated Host which will ever be until the end of the world, to emit my acts of reparation, according to the

offenses You receive.

O Jesus, I contemplate You in the Holy Host, and as though seeing You in your adorable Person, I kiss your majestic forehead; but in kissing You, I feel the pricks of your thorns. O my Jesus, in this Holy Host, how many creatures do not spare You thorns. They come before You, and instead of sending You the homage of their good thoughts, they send You their evil thoughts; and You lower your head again as You did in the Passion, receiving and bearing the thorns of these evil thoughts. O my Love, I draw near You to share in your pains; I place all my thoughts in your mind in

order to expel these thorns which sadden You so much. May each one of my thoughts flow in each one of your thoughts, to make an act of reparation for each evil thought, and therefore console your sad mind. Jesus, my Good, I kiss your beautiful eyes; I see your loving gaze toward those who come before your presence, anxious to receive the return of their gazes of love. But how many come before You, and instead of looking at You and searching for You, look at things which distract them, and so deprive You of the pleasure You feel in the exchange of gazes of love! You cry, and as I kiss You, I feel my lips wet with your tears. My Jesus, do not cry; I

want to place my eyes in yours to share in these pains with You, and to cry with You. And wanting to repair for all the distracted gazes of creatures, I offer You my gazes, always fixed in You.

Jesus, my Love, I kiss your Most Holy ears; I now see You intent on listening to what the creatures want from You, in order to console them. But, instead, they send to your ears prayers badly said, full of diffidence, prayers done out of habit; and in this Holy Host, your hearing is molested more than in your very Passion. O my Jesus, I want to take all the harmonies of Heaven and place them in your ears to repair You,

and I want to place my ears in yours, not only to share these pains with You, but to offer You my continuous act of reparation, and to console You.

Jesus, my Life, I kiss your Most Holy Face; I see it bleeding, bruised and swollen. The creatures, O Jesus, come before the Holy Host, and with their indecent postures and evil discourses, instead of giving You honor, seem to send You slaps and spittle. And You, just like in the Passion, receive them in all peace and patience, and You bear everything! O Jesus, I want to place my face close to yours, not only to kiss You

and to receive the insults which come to You from your creatures, but to share with You all your pains. With my hands, I intend to caress You, wipe off the spit, and press You tightly to my heart; and of my being, to make many tiny little pieces, placing them before You, like many souls who adore You; and to turn my movements into continuous prostrations, to repair for the dishonors You receive from all creatures.

My Jesus, I kiss your Most Holy lips; I see that in descending sacramentally into the hearts of your creatures, You are forced to lean on many cutting, impure, evil tongues. Oh,

how embittered You remain! You feel as though poisoned by these tongues, and it is even worse when You descend into their hearts! O Jesus, if it were possible, I would want to be in the mouth of each creature, to turn into praises all the offenses You receive from them!

My weary Good, I kiss your Most Holy head. I see it tired, exhausted, and all occupied in your crafting of love. Tell me, what do You do? And You: *"My child, in this Host I work from morning to evening, forming chains of love; and as souls come to Me, I bind them to My Heart. But do you know what they do to*

Me? Many wriggle free by force, shattering My loving chains; and since these chains are linked to My Heart, I am tortured and become delirious. Then, in breaking My chains, they render My crafting useless, looking for the chains of the creatures. And they do this even in My presence, using Me in order to reach their own ends. This grieves Me so much as to make Me faint and rave. "

How much compassion I feel for You, O Jesus! Your love is cornered, and in order to relieve you from the offenses You receive from these souls, I ask You

to chain my heart with those chains broken by them, in order to give You my return of love in their place.

My Jesus, my Divine Archer, I kiss your breast. The fire You contain in it is such that, in order to give a little vent to your flames and to take a little break from your work, You begin to play with the souls who come to You, shooting arrows of love which come out from your breast toward them. Your game is to form arrows, darts, spears; and when they strike souls, You become festive. But many, O Jesus, reject them, sending You arrows of coldness, darts of lukewarmness, and spears of ingratitude

in return. And You remain so afflicted as to cry bitterly! O Jesus, here is my breast, ready to receive not only your arrows destined to me, but also those which the other souls reject; so You will no longer remain defeated in your love game. **In** this way, I will also repair for the coldness, the lukewarmness and the ingratitude, which You receive from them.

O Jesus, I kiss your left hand, and I intend to repair for all the illicit or blameworthy touches, done in your presence; and I beg You always to hold me tightly to your Heart!

O Jesus, I kiss your right hand, and I intend to repair for all the sacrileges, especially the Masses badly celebrated! How many times, my Love, You are forced to descend from Heaven into unworthy hands and breasts; and even though You feel nausea for being in those hands, Love forces You to stay. Even more, in some of your ministers, You find the ones who renew your Passion, because, with their enormous crimes and sacrileges, they renew the Deicide! Jesus, I am frightened at this thought! But, alas, just as in the Passion You were in the hands of the Jews, You are in those unworthy hands, like a meek lamb, waiting, again, for your death and

also for their conversion. O Jesus, how much You suffer! You would like a loving hand to free You from those bloodthirsty hands. O Jesus, when You are in those hands, I beg You to call me near You, and in order to repair You, I will cover You with the purity of the Angels, I will perfume You with your virtues to reduce the nausea You feel in being in those hands, and I will offer You my heart as escape and refuge. While You are in me, I will pray for Priests, that they may be your worthy Ministers. Amen.

O Jesus, I kiss your left foot, and I intend to repair for those who receive

You out of habit and without the necessary dispositions.

O Jesus, I kiss your right foot, and I intend to repair for those who receive You to offend You. O please, when they dare to do this, I beg You to renew the miracle You made with Longinus. Just as You healed him and converted him at the touch of the Blood which gushed forth from your Heart, pierced by his lance, in the same way, at your sacramental touch, convert the offenses into love, and the offenders into lovers!

O Jesus, I kiss your most sweet

Heart, into which all offenses pour, and I intend to repair for everything, to give You return of love for all, and to share in your pains, always together with You!

O Celestial Archer, if any offense escapes my reparation, I beg You to imprison me in your Heart and in your Will, so that I may repair for everything. I will pray the sweet Mama to keep me always with Her, in order to repair everything, and for everyone. We will kiss You together, and keeping You sheltered, we will drive away from You the waves of bitterness which You receive from the creatures. O please, O Jesus, remember that I too am a poor

sinful soul. Enclose me in your Heart, and with the chains of your love, not only imprison me, but bind, one by one, my thoughts, my affections, my desires. Chain my hands and my feet to your Heart, that I may have no other hands and feet but Yours!

And so, my Love, my prison will be your Heart, my chains will be made of Love; your flames will be my food, your breath will be mine, the fences preventing me from going out will be your Most Holy Will. So I will see nothing but flames, I will touch nothing but fire; and while they give me life, they will give me death, like that You

suffer in the Holy Host. I will give You my life, and so, while I remain imprisoned in You, You will be released in me. Is this not your intent in imprisoning Yourself in the Host, in order to be released by the souls who receive You, becoming alive in them? And now, as a sign of love, bless me, give the mystical kiss of love to my soul, while I remain clasped and clinging to You.

O my sweet Heart, I see that after You have instituted the Most Holy Sacrament and have seen the enormous ingratitude and the offenses of the creatures at the excesses of your love,

although wounded and embittered, You do not draw back; rather, You want to drown everything in the immensity of your love.

I see You, O Jesus, as You administer Yourself to your apostles, and then You add that they too must do what You have done, giving them authority to consecrate; so You ordain them priests and institute the other Sacraments. You take care of everything, and You repair for everything: the sermons badly given, the Sacraments administered and received without disposition, and therefore without effects; the mistaken vocations of

priests, on their part and on the part of those who ordain them, not using all means in order to discern the true vocations. Ah, nothing escapes You, O Jesus, and I intend to follow You and to repair for all these offenses.

Then, after You have given fulfillment to everything, You gather your apostles and set out for the Garden of Gethsemani, to begin your sorrowful Passion. I will follow You in everything, to keep You faithful company.

Reflections and Practices

Jesus is hidden in the Host to give life to all. In His hiddenness, He embraces all centuries and gives light to all. In the same way, hiding ourselves in Him, we will give life and light to all with our prayers and reparations, even to the heretics and to the unfaithful, because Jesus does not exclude anyone.

What should we do in our hiddenness? In order to become similar to Jesus Christ, we must hide everything in Him: thoughts, glances, words, heartbeats, affections, desires, steps and works; even our prayers-we

should hide them in the prayers of Jesus. And just as loving Jesus embraces all centuries in the Eucharist, we will also embrace them. Clinging to Him, we will be the thought of every mind, the word of every tongue, desire of every heart, step of every foot, work of every arm. By doing this, we will divert from the Heart of Jesus all the evils which all the creatures would do to Him, trying to substitute for this evil with all the good we can do, and pressing Jesus to give salvation, sanctity and love to all souls.

In order to reciprocate the life of Jesus, our life must be fully conformed

to His own. The soul must have the intention of being in all the Tabernacles of the world in order to continuously keep Him company, and to give Him continuous relief and reparation; and with this intention do all the actions of the day. The first tabernacle is within us, in our heart; therefore we must pay great attention to all that good Jesus wants to do in us. Many times, being in our heart, Jesus makes us feel the need of prayer. Ah, it is Jesus that wants to pray, and wants us together with Him, almost identifying Himself with our voice, with our affection and with all our heart in order to make our prayer be one with

His own! So, in order to give honor to the prayer of Jesus, we will be attentive to give Him all our being, so that loving Jesus may raise His prayer to speak to the Father, and renew in the world the effects of His own prayer.

We need to pay attention to each one of our interior motions, because good Jesus now makes us suffer, now wants us in prayer, now places us in one interior state, now in another, in order to repeat His own life in us.

Let us suppose that Jesus places us in the circumstance of exercising patience. He receives so grave and so

many offenses from creatures, that He feels moved to recur to chastisements to strike the creatures. And here He gives us the opportunity to exercise patience. We must give Him honor, bearing everything with peace, just as Jesus does. Our patience will snatch from His hands the chastisements which other creatures draw from Him, because He will exercise His own Divine Patience within us. The same with all the other virtues, just as with patience. In the Sacrament, loving Jesus exercises all virtues; from Him we will draw fortitude, docility, patience, tolerance, humility, obedience.

Good Jesus gives us His flesh for food, and we will give Him our love, will, desires, thoughts and affections for His nourishment. In this way we will compete with the love of Jesus. We will let nothing enter into us which is not Him; therefore, everything we will do-everything must serve to nourish our beloved Jesus. Our thought must feed the divine thought-that is, thinking that Jesus is hidden in us, and wants the nourishment of our thought. So, by thinking in a saintly way, we nourish the divine thought. Our words, heartbeats, affections, desires, steps, workseverything must serve to nourish Jesus. We must place the intention of

feeding the creatures in Jesus.

*O my sweet Love, in this hour
You transubstantiated Yourself into
bread and wine. Please, O Jesus, let all
that I say and do be a continuous
consecration of Yourself in me and in
souls.*

*Sweet Life of mine, when You
come into me, let my every heartbeat,
desire, affection, thought and word feel
the power of the sacramental
consecration, so that, being
consecrated, all my little being may
become as many hosts in order to give
You to souls.*

*O Jesus, sweet Love of mine,
may I be your little host in order to
enclose all of Yourself in me, like a
living Host.*

Fifth Hour

From 9 to 10 PM

**First Hour of Agony in the Garden of
Gethsemani**

My afflicted Jesus, I feel drawn to this Garden as by an electric current. I comprehend that You, powerful magnet of my wounded heart, are calling me; and I run, thinking to myself: "What are these attractions of love that I feel within me? Ah, maybe my persecuted Jesus is in such a state of bitterness as to feel the need of my company." .. And I fly.

But - no! I feel horrified upon entering this Garden. The darkness of the night, the intensity of the cold, the slow moving of the leaves which, like feeble voices, announce pains, sadness and death for my sorrowful Jesus; the

sweet glittering of the stars which, like crying eyes, are all intent on looking, reproach me for my ingratitude. And I tremble; gropingly, I go in search of Him, and I call Him: "*Jesus, where are You? You call me, and You do not show Yourself? You call me, and You hide?*"

Everything is terror, everything is fright and profound silence. But I prick up my ears: I hear a labored breath, and it is Jesus Himself that I find. But what a dismal change! No longer is He the sweet Jesus of the Eucharistic Supper, whose face shone with radiant and enrapturing beauty; but He is sad, of a mortal sadness, such as to disfigure His

native beauty. He already agonizes, and I feel troubled in thinking that maybe I will no longer hear His voice, because He seems to be dying. So I cling to His feet; I become more brave - I draw near His arms and I place my hand on His forehead in order to sustain Him, and softly, I call Him:

"Jesus, Jesus!"

And He, shaken by my voice, looks at me and says: *"Child, are you here? I was waiting for you. This was the sadness which oppressed Me the most: the total abandonment of all. And*

I was waiting for you, to let you be the spectator of My pains, and to let you drink, together with Me, the chalice of bitternesses which, in a little while, My Celestial Father will send Me through the Angel. We will sip from it together, because it will not be a chalice of comfort, but of intense bitternesses, and I feel the need of a few loving souls who would drink at least a few drops of it. This is why I called you - that you may accept it, share with Me the pains, and assure Me that you will not leave Me alone in such great abandonment. "

"Ah, yes my panting Jesus, we

will drink together the chalice of your bitternesses; we will suffer your pains, and I will never move from your side! "

And afflicted Jesus, assured by me, enters into mortal agony, and suffers pains never before seen or understood. And I, unable to resist and wanting to compassionate Him and relieve Him, say to Him: *"Tell me, why are You so sad, afflicted and alone in this Garden and on this night? This is the last night of your life on earth; a few hours are left for You to begin your Passion. I thought I would find at least the Celestial Mama, the loving Magdalene, the faithful Apostles; but*

instead, I find You all alone, prey to a sadness which gives You a ruthless death, without making You die. O my Good and my All, You do not answer me? Speak to me! But it seems You have no speech, so much is the sadness which oppresses You. But, O my Jesus, that gaze of yours, full of light, yes, but afflicted and searching, such that it seems to be looking for help; your pale face, your lips parched with love, your Divine Person, trembling from head to foot, your heart, beating so intensely - and those heartbeats search for souls and cause You such a labor that it seems that, any moment now, You are about to breathe your last everything

tells me that You are alone, and therefore You want my company.

Here I am, O Jesus, together with You. But I don't have the heart to see You cast on the ground. I take You in my arms, I press You to my heart; I want to count, one by one, your strainings, and, one by one, the offenses which advance toward You, in order to give You relief for everything, reparation for everything, and to give You at least one act of my compassion, for everything.

But, O my Jesus, while I hold You in my arms, your sufferings increase.

My Life, I feel fire flowing in your veins, and I feel your blood boiling, wanting to burst the veins to come out. Tell me, my Love, what is it? I do not see scourges, nor thorns, nor nails, nor cross; yet, as I place my head upon your Heart, I feel that cruel thorns pierce your head, that ruthless scourges spare not even one smallest part, inside and outside of your Divine Person, and that your hands are paralyzed and contorted, more than by nails. Tell me, my sweet Good, who has so much power, also in Your interior, as to torment You and make You suffer as many deaths for as many torments as he gives You?"

Ah, it seems that blessed Jesus opens His lips, faint and dying, and says to me: *"My child, do you want to know what it is that torments Me more than the very executioners? Rather, those are nothing compared to this! It is the Eternal Love, which, wanting primacy in everything, is making Me suffer, all at once and in the most intimate parts, what the executioners will make Me suffer little by little. Ah, My child, it is Love which prevails in everything, over Me and within Me. Love is nail for Me, Love is scourge, Love is crown of thorns - Love is everything for Me. Love is My perennial passion, while that of men is in time. Ah, My child,*

enter into My Heart, come to be dissolved in My love, and only in My love will you comprehend how much I suffered and how much I loved you, and you will learn to love Me and to suffer only out of love. "

O my Jesus, since You call me into your Heart to show me what love made You suffer, I enter into It. But as I enter, I see the portents of love, which crowns your head, not with material thorns, but with thorns of fire; which scourges You, not with lashes of ropes, but with lashes of fire; which crucifies You with nails, not made of iron, but of

fire. Everything is fire, which penetrates deep into your bones and into your very marrow; and distilling all of your Most Holy Humanity into fire, it gives You mortal pains, certainly greater than the very passion, and prepares a bath of love for all the souls who will want to be washed of any stain and acquire the right of children of love.

Oh, Love without end, I feel like drawing back before such immensity of love, and I see that in order to enter into love and to comprehend it, I should be all love! O my Jesus, I am not so! But since You want my company, and You want me to enter into You, I beg You to

make me become all love.

And so I supplicate You to crown my head and each one of my thoughts with the crown of love. I implore You, O Jesus, to scourge my soul, my body, my powers, my feelings, my desires, my affections - in sum, everything, with the scourge of love; so that, in everything, I may be scourged and sealed by love. O endless Love, let there be nothing in me which does not take life from love.

O Jesus, center of all loves, I beg You to nail my hands and my feet, with the nails of love, so that, completely nailed by love I may become, love I

may comprehend, with love I may be clothed, with love I may be nourished, and love may keep me completely nailed within You, so that nothing, inside and outside of me, may dare to divert me and take me away from Love, O Jesus!

Reflections and Practices

In this hour, abandoned by His Eternal Father, Jesus Christ suffered such a burning fire of love as to be able to destroy all possible imaginable sins, and to enflame with His love all creatures, even from millions and millions of worlds, and the lost souls of

*hell if they were not eternally
obstinate in their evil. Let us enter into
Jesus, and after we have penetrated
into His whole interior, in His most
intimate fibers, in those heartbeats of
fire, in His intelligence which was as
though enflamed, let us take this love
and clothe ourselves inside and out
with the fire that burned Jesus. Then,
coming out of Him and pouring
ourselves into His Will, we will find
there all the creatures. Let us give the
love of Jesus to each one of them, and
touching their hearts and minds with
this love let us try to transform them
completely into love. Then, with the
desires, with the heartbeats, with the*

thoughts of Jesus, let us form Jesus in every creature's heart. And then we will bring Him all the creatures who have Jesus in their heart, and we will place them around Him, saying: "O Jesus, we bring You all creatures with as many Jesuses in their hearts to give You relief and comfort. We have no other way to give relief to your love other than to bring every creature into your Heart!" By doing this, we will give true relief to Jesus, since the flames that burn Him are such that He keeps repeating: "I burn, and there is nobody who takes My Love. O please, give Me relief, take My love and give Me love!"

In order to conform to Jesus in everything, we must go back into ourselves, applying these reflections to ourselves: in all that we do, can we say that there is a continuous flow of love running between us and God? Our life is a continuous flow of love which we receive from God; if we think, there is a flow of love; if we work, there is a flow of love. The word is love, the heartbeat is love; we receive everything from God. But do all these actions run toward God with love? Does Jesus find in us the sweet enchantment of His Love running toward Him, so that, enraptured by this enchantment, He may overflow with us with more

abundant love?

If we have not placed the intention of running together in the love of Jesus in all that we have done, we will enter into ourselves and ask Him forgiveness for causing Him the loss of the sweet enchantment of His love toward us.

Do we let ourselves be worked by the divine hands, as the Humanity of Jesus Christ let Itself be worked? We must take everything that happens within ourselves, which is not sin, as a divine crafting. If we do not do so, we deny the glory to the Father, we make

divine life escape, and we lose sanctity. Everything we feel within ourselves- inspirations, mortifications, graces-is nothing other than a crafting of love. Do we take those things as God wants? Do we give Jesus the freedom to work, or by taking everything in a human manner and as meaningless, do we rather reject the divine crafting, forcing Him to fold His arms? Do we abandon ourselves in His arms as though we were dead in order to receive all the blows which the Lord will dispose for our sanctification?

My Love and my all, may your love inundate me everywhere, and burn

*all that is not yours. Let my love run
always toward You, to burn away all
that may sadden your Heart.*

Sixth Hour

From 10 to 11 PM

Second Hour of Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani

O my sweet Jesus, one hour has already passed since You came to this Garden. Love took primacy over everything, making You suffer, all at once, everything which the executioners will make You suffer through the whole

course of your most bitter Passion. Even more, Love compensates for it, and reaches the point of making You suffer what they cannot do to You, in the most interior parts of your Divine Person.

O my Jesus, I see You now staggering in your steps; yet, You want to walk. Tell me, O my Good, where do You want to go? Ah, I understand - to see your beloved disciples. I too want to accompany You, so that if You stagger, I may sustain You.

But, O my Jesus, another bitterness for your Heart: they are already sleeping. And You, always

compassionate, call them, wake them up, and with love all paternal, admonish them and recommend to them vigil and prayer. Then You return to the Garden, but You carry another wound in your Heart. In that wound I see, O my Love, all the piercings of the consecrated souls who, because of temptation, mood, or lack of mortification, instead of clinging to You, being in vigil and praying, abandon themselves to themselves and, sleepy, instead of making progress in love and in the union with You, draw back. How much compassion I feel for You, O passionate Lover; and I repair You for all the ingratitude of your most faithful ones. These are the offenses

which most sadden your adorable Heart, and their bitterness is such that they make You become delirious.

But, O Love without boundaries, your love which is already boiling in your veins, conquers everything and forgets everything. I see You prostrate to the ground as You pray, offer Yourself, repair and, in everything, try to glorify the Father for the offenses given to Him by the creatures. I too, O my Jesus, prostrate myself with You, and with You I intend to do what You do.

But, O Jesus, delight of my heart, I see that crowds upon crowds, all sins,

our miseries, our weaknesses, the most enormous crimes, the gravest ingratitude, advance toward You, assail You, crush You, wound You, bite You. And You - what do You do? The blood which boils in your veins comes to face all these offenses, bursts the veins and pours out in large torrents; it makes You all wet, It flows to the ground, and You give blood for offenses-life for death. Ah Love, to what a state I see You reduced! You are about to breathe your last. Oh, my Good, my sweet Life, Oh please, do not die! Raise your face from this ground, which You wet with your Most Holy Blood! Come into my arms! Let me die in your place!

But I hear the trembling and dying voice of my sweet Jesus, which says: *"Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me; yet, not My will, but Yours be done."*

It is now the second time I hear this from my sweet Jesus.

But what do You make me understand from this *"Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me?"* .. O Jesus, all the rebellions of creatures advance toward You; You see that *"Fiat Voluntas Tua,"* that *"Your Will be done,"* which was to be the life of each creature, being

rejected by almost all of them, and instead of finding life, they find death. And wanting to give life to all, and make a solemn reparation to the Father for the rebellions of the creature, as many as three times, You repeat: *"Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me: that the souls, withdrawing from Our Will, become lost. This chalice is very bitter for Me; however, not My will, but Yours be done."*

But while You say this, your bitterness is so intense and so great, that You reach the extreme-You agonize, and are about to breathe your last.

O my Jesus, my Good, since You are in my arms, I too want to unite myself to You; I want to repair and compassionate You for all the faults and the sins committed against your Most Holy Will, and also pray to You that I may always do your Most Holy Will. May your Will be my breath, my air; may your Will be my heartbeat, my heart, my thought, my life and my death.

But, please, do not die! Where shall I go without You? To whom shall I turn? Who will give me help? Everything will end for me! O please, do not leave me, keep me as You want, as You best please, but keep me with You -

always with You! May it never happen that I be separated from You, even for one instant! Rather, let me soothe You, repair You and compassionate You for all, as I see that all sins, of every kind, weigh upon You.

Therefore, my Love, I kiss your Most Holy head. But, what do I see? All the evil thoughts; and You feel disgust for them. For your most sacred head, each evil thought is a thorn which pricks You bitterly. Ah, the crown of thorns which the Jews will place upon You cannot be compared with these! How many crowns of thorns the evil thoughts of creatures place upon your adorable

head, to the point that your Blood drips everywhere, from your forehead and from your hair! Jesus, I compassionate You, and would like to place upon You as many crowns of glory; and in order to soothe You, I offer You all the angelic intelligences and your own intelligence, to give You an act of compassion and of reparation for all.

O Jesus, I kiss your pitying eyes, and in them I see all the evil gazes of creatures, which make tears and blood flow over your face. I compassionate You, and I would like to soothe your sight by placing before You all the pleasures that can be found in Heaven

and on earth through union of love with You.

Jesus, my Good, I kiss your Most Holy ears. But, what do I hear? I hear in them the echo of horrendous blasphemies, of shouts of revenge, and of malicious gossip. There is not one voice which does not resound in your most chaste hearing. O insatiable Love, I compassionate You, and I want to console You by making resound in it all the harmonies of Heaven, the most sweet voice of dear Mama, the ardent accents of Magdalene, and of all the loving souls.

Jesus, my Life, I want to impress a more fervent kiss on your face, whose beauty has no equal. Ah, this is the face on which the Angels, like cupids, desire to fix, for the great beauty that enraptures them. Yet, the creatures dirty it with spit, beat it with slaps, and trample it under foot. My Love, what daring! I would like to shout so loudly as to put them to flight! I compassionate You, and in order to repair for these insults, I go to the Most Holy Trinity, to ask for the kiss of the Father and of the Holy Spirit, and the divine caresses of Their creative hands. I also go to the Celestial Mama, that She may give me Her kisses, the caresses of Her maternal hands, and Her profound

adorations; and I offer You everything, to repair for the offenses made to your Most Holy Face.

My sweet Good, I kiss your Most Holy mouth, embittered by horrible blasphemies, by the nausea of drunkenness and gluttony, by obscene discourses, by prayers done badly, by evil teachings, and by all the evil that man does with his tongue. Jesus, I compassionate You, and I want to sweeten your mouth by offering You all the angelic praises and the good use of the tongue made by many holy Christians.

My oppressed Love, I kiss your neck, and I see it loaded down with ropes and chains, because of the attachments and the sins of creatures. I compassionate You, and in order to relieve You, I offer You the indissoluble union of the Divine Persons; and fusing myself in this union, I extend my arms toward You, and forming a sweet chain of love around your neck, I want to remove the ropes of the attachments, which almost suffocate You; and to console You, I press You tightly to my heart.

Divine Fortress, I kiss your Most

Holy shoulders. I see them lacerated, and your flesh almost torn to pieces by the scandals and the evil examples of the creatures. I compassionate You, and in order to relieve You, I offer You your most holy examples, the examples of the Queen Mama, and those of all the saints. And I, O my Jesus, letting my kisses flow over each one of these wounds, want to enclose in them the souls who, by force of scandals, have been snatched from your Heart, and so rejoin the flesh of your Most Holy Humanity.

My labored Jesus, I kiss your breast, which I see wounded by coldness, lukewarmness, lack of

correspondence and ingratitude of the creatures. I compassionate You, and in order to relieve You, I offer You the reciprocal love of the Father and the Holy Spirit-the perfect correspondence of the Three Divine Persons. And plunging into your love, O my Jesus, I want to shelter You in order to reject the new blows that the creatures throw at You with their sins; and taking your love, I want to wound them with it, that they may never again dare to offend You; and I want to pour it upon your breast, to soothe You and to heal You.

My Jesus, I kiss your creative hands. I see all the evil actions of the

creatures which, like as many nails, pierce your Most Holy hands. Therefore, You remain pierced, not with three nails, as on the Cross, but with as many nails for as many evil works as the creatures commit. I compassionate You, and to give You relief, I offer You all the holy works, and the courage of the martyrs in giving their blood and life for love of You. In sum, O my Jesus, I would like to offer You all the good works, in order to remove from You the many nails of the evil works.

O Jesus, I kiss your Most Holy feet, always untiring in searching for souls. In them You enclose all the steps

of the creatures; but You feel many of them run away, and You would want to stop them. At each of their evil steps, You feel a nail being driven into You, and You want to use their very nails in order to nail them to your love; and the pain You feel, and the effort You make in order to nail them to your love is so intense and so great, that You tremble all over. My God and my Good, I compassionate You, and in order to console You, I offer You the steps of the good religious and of all the faithful souls, who expose their lives in order to save souls.

O Jesus, I kiss your Heart. You continue to agonize, not for what the Jews will make You suffer, but for the pain which all the offenses of the creatures cause You.

In these hours You want to give primacy to love, the second place to all sins, for which You expiate, repair, glorify the Father, and placate the Divine Justice; and the third to the Jews. In this way You show that the passion which the Jews will make You suffer will be nothing but the representation of the double, most bitter passion which

love and sin make You suffer. And this is why I see, all concentrated in your Heart: the lance of love, the lance of sin; and you wait for the third one, the lance of the Jews. Your Heart, suffocated by love, suffers violent movements, impatient rushes of love, desires which consume You, and burning heartbeats, which would want to give life to every heart.

And it is exactly here, in your Heart, that You feel all the pain that creatures cause You, who, with their evil desires, disordered affections, profaned heartbeats, instead of wanting your love, look for other loves. Jesus,

how much You suffer! I see You faint, submerged by the waves of our iniquities. I compassionate You, and I want to soothe the bitterness of your Heart, pierced three times, by offering You the eternal sweetnesses and the most sweet love of dear Mama Mary, as well as those of all your true lovers.

And now, O my Jesus, let my poor heart draw life from your Heart, that I may live only with your Heart; and in each offense You will receive, let me be ever ready to offer You a relief, a comfort, a reparation, an act of love, never interrupted.

Reflections and Practices

In the second hour in Gethsemani, all sins from all times, past, present and future, present themselves before Jesus, and He loads upon Himself all these sins to give complete Glory to the Father. So, Jesus Christ expiated, prayed, and felt all our moods in His Heart without ever ceasing to pray. Do we always pray, in whatever mood we may be-cold, hard, tempted? Do we give Jesus the pains of our soul as reparation and relief in order to copy Him completely, thinking that each mood of ours is a pain of Jesus? We must place it around Him as

a pain of Jesus, to compassionate Him and relieve Him. And if possible we must say to Him: "You have suffered too much. Take rest, and we will suffer in your place. "

Do we lose heart, or do we remain at the feet of Jesus with courage, giving Him all that we suffer, so that Jesus may find His own Humanity in us? That is, are we His Humanity for Jesus? What did the Humanity of Jesus do? It glorified Its Father, expiated, and pleaded the salvation of souls. And we-do we enclose within ourselves these three intentions of Jesus in everything we do,

so as to be able to say, "We enclose within ourselves all the Humanity of Jesus Christ? "

In our moments of darkness, do we place the intention of making the light of truth shine in others? And when we pray with fervor, do we place the intention of melting the ice of many hearts hardened in sin?

My Jesus, in order to compassionate You and relieve You from the total exhaustion in which You find Yourself, I rise up to Heaven and make your own Divinity my own; and

placing It around You, I want to move all the offenses of creatures away from You. I want to offer You your Beauty to move the ugliness of sin away from You; your Sanctity to move away the horror of all those souls who make You feel repugnance, because they are dead to grace; your Peace to move the discords, the rebellions and the disturbances of all creatures away from You; your harmonies to relieve your hearing from the waves of many evil voices. My Jesus, I intend to offer You as many divine acts of reparation for as many offenses as assault You, almost wanting to give You death. I intend to give You life with your own

acts. Then, O Jesus, I want to throw a wave of your Divinity upon all creatures, so that, at your divine contact, they may no longer dare to offend You.

Only in this way, O Jesus, will I be able to offer You compassion for all the offenses which You receive from creatures.

O Jesus, sweet Life of mine, may my prayers and my pains rise always toward Heaven, so as to let the light of grace rain upon all, and absorb your own Life in me.

Seventh Hour

From 11 PM to Midnight

Third Hour of Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani

My sweet Good, my heart can no longer bear it; I look at You and I see that You continue to agonize. Blood flows, in torrents, from all your body, and with such abundance, that unable to keep standing, You have fallen into a pool of it. O my Love, my heart breaks in seeing You so weak and exhausted! Your adorable Face and your creative hands lean into the ground and are

smear'd with blood. It seems to me that to the rivers of iniquities that the creatures send You, You want to answer with rivers of blood, so that these sins may be drowned in it, and with it You may give to each one the deed of your forgiveness. But, please, O my Jesus, rise; what You suffer is too much. Let it be enough for your Love!

And while my lovable Jesus seems to be dying in His own Blood, Love gives Him new life. I see Him move with difficulty. He stands up, and soaked as He is with blood and mud, He seems to want to walk, but not having

strength, He can barely drag Himself. Sweet Life of mine, let me carry You in my arms. Are You perhaps going to your dear disciples? But what is not the sorrow of your adorable Heart in finding them asleep again!

And You, with trembling and feeble voice, call them: *"My sons, do not sleep! The hour is near. Do you not see how I have reduced Myself? Oh please, help Me, do not abandon Me in these extreme hours! "*

And almost staggering, You are

about to fall near them, while John extends his arms to sustain You. You are so unrecognizable that, if it wasn't for the tenderness and sweetness of your voice, they would not have recognized You. Then, recommending vigil and prayer to them, You return to the Garden, but with a second piercing to your Heart. In this piercing, my Good, I see all the sins of those souls who, in spite of the manifestations of your favors, in gifts, kisses and caresses, in the nights of trial, forgetting about your Love and your gifts, have remained as though drowsy and sleepy, therefore losing the spirit of continuous prayer and of vigil.

My Jesus, it is yet true that after having seen You, after having enjoyed your gifts, when one is deprived of them, it takes great strength in order to persist. Only a miracle can allow these souls to endure the trial.

Therefore, as I compassionate You for these souls, whose negligences, fickleness and offenses are the most bitter for your Heart, I pray that, if they came to taking one single step which might slightly displease You, You will surround them with so much Grace as to stop them, so as not to lose the spirit of continuous prayer!

My sweet Jesus, as You return to the Garden, it seems You cannot take any more. You raise your face, soaked with Blood and earth, to Heaven, and You repeat for the third time: *"Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me. Holy Father, help Me! I need comfort! It is true that because of the sins which weigh upon Me, I am nauseating, repugnant, the least among men, before your infinite Majesty; your Justice is angry with Me - but look at Me, O Father, I am always your Son, who forms one single thing with You. O please, help-pity, O Father! Do not leave Me without comfort!"*

Then, O my sweet Good, I seem to hear You call your dear Mama to your help: *"Sweet Mama, hold Me in your arms, as You did when I was a Child! Give Me that milk which I suckled from You, to refresh Me and to sweeten the bitternesses of My agony. Give Me your Heart, which formed all My contentment. My Mama, Magdalene, dear Apostles, all of you who love Me - help Me, comfort Me! Do not leave Me alone in these extreme moments; gather all around Me like a crown; give Me the comfort of your company, of your love!"*

Jesus, my Love, who can resist in

seeing You in these extreme conditions? What heart will ever be so hard as to not break in seeing You so drowned in Blood? Who will not pour bitter tears in torrents, upon hearing your sorrowful accents, looking for help and comfort?

My Jesus, be consoled, I now see that the Father sends You an Angel as comfort and help, that You may leave this state of agony and give Yourself into the hands of the Jews. And while You are with the Angel, I will go around Heaven and earth. You will allow me to take this Blood that You have shed, that I may give It to all men, as pledge of salvation for each one, and bring You as

comfort and in exchange, their affections, heartbeats, thoughts, steps and works.

My Celestial Mama, I come to You in order to go to all souls, to give to them the Blood of Jesus. Sweet Mama, Jesus wants comfort, and the greatest comfort we can give Him is to bring Him souls.

Magdalene, accompany us! All of you, Angels, come and see how Jesus is reduced! He wants comfort from all, and His state of exhaustion is such that He refuses no one.

My Jesus, while You drink the chalice full of intense bittermesses, which the Celestial Father has sent You, I hear You sigh, moan, rave more, and with suffocated voice, You say: *"Souls, souls, come, relieve Me! Take a place in My Humanity; I want you, I long for you! O please, do not be deaf to My voices; do not render vain My ardent desires, My Blood, My Love, My pains! Come, souls, come!"*

Delirious Jesus, each one of your moans and sighs is a wound to my heart, which gives me no peace. So I make your Blood, your Will, your ardent zeal, your Love, my own, and wandering

around Heaven and earth, I want to go through all souls, to give them your Blood as a pledge for their salvation, and bring them to You, to calm your restlessness, your delirium, and to sweeten the bitternesses of your agony. And while I do this, You, accompany me with your gaze.

My Mama, I come to You, because Jesus wants souls - He wants comfort. Therefore, give me your maternal hand, and let us go around together, throughout the whole world, searching for souls. Let us enclose in His Blood the affections, the desires, the thoughts, the

works, the steps of all creatures, and let us throw the flames of His Heart into their souls, that they may surrender, and so, enclosed in His Blood and transformed within His flames, we will bring them around Jesus, to soothe the pains of His most bitter agony.

My guardian Angel, precede us; go and dispose the souls who must receive this Blood, so that not one drop may remain without its abundant effect. My Mama, hurry, let us go around! I see the gaze of Jesus that follows us; I hear His repeated sobs, pushing us to hasten our task.

And here we are, Mama, at the first steps, already at the door of the houses where the sick are lying. How many tormented limbs; how many, in the atrocity of the spasms, burst into blasphemies and try to take their own lives away. Others are abandoned by all, and have no one who would offer them a word of comfort, the most necessary aids, and so they swear and despair even more. Ah, Mama, I hear the sobs of Jesus, who sees, repaid with offenses, the most dear predilections of love, which make the souls suffer in order to render them similar to Him. O please, let us give them His Blood, that It may administer to them the necessary aids,

and with Its light, It may make them understand the good which is in suffering and the likeness to Jesus they acquire. And You, my Mama, place Yourself near them, and as affectionate mother, touch their suffering limbs with your maternal hands; soothe their pains; take them in your arms, and pour from your Heart torrents of graces over all of their pains. Keep company with the abandoned; console the afflicted. For those who lack the necessary means, dispose generous souls to help them; for those who find themselves under the atrocity of the spasms, impetrate respite and rest, so that, relieved, they may bear with more patience whatever Jesus

disposes for them.

Let us continue to go around, and let us enter into the rooms of the dying. My Mama what terror! How many souls are about to fall into hell! How many, after a life of sin, want to give the last sorrow to that Heart, repeatedly pierced, by crowning their last breath with an act of desperation. Many demons are around them, striking into their hearts terror and fright of the divine judgments, and therefore wage against them the final assault, to lead them to hell. They would want to unleash the infernal flames in order to enwrap them, and therefore prevent the rising of hope. Others,

entangled by the bonds of the earth, are unable to resign themselves to take the last step. Please, O Mama, the moments are extreme, they need much help. Don't You see how they tremble, how they wriggle about in the midst of the spasms of agony, how they ask for help and for pity? The earth has already disappeared for them! Holy Mama, place your maternal hand upon their ice-cold forehead; receive their last breaths. Let us give the Blood of Jesus to each of the dying, so that, putting the demons to flight, It may dispose them all to receive the last Sacraments, and to a good and holy death. For comfort, let us give them the agonies of Jesus, His kisses, His

tears, His wounds. Let us tear the snares which keep them entangled; let us make everyone hear the word of forgiveness, and let us place such confidence in their heart, as to make them fling themselves into the arms of Jesus. When Jesus will judge them, He will find them covered with His own Blood, abandoned in His arms, and so He will give His forgiveness to all.

Let us continue to go around, O Mama. Let your maternal gaze look with love to the earth, and be moved to compassion for many poor creatures who need this Blood. My Mama, I feel pushed to run by the searching gaze of

Jesus, because He wants souls. I hear His moans in the depth of my heart, repeating to me: *"My child, help Me, give Me souls!"*

But see, O Mama, how the earth is filled with souls who are about to fall into sin, and Jesus bursts into crying in seeing His Blood suffer new profanations. It would take a miracle to prevent their fall; therefore, let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that they may find in It the strength and the grace not to fall into sin.

One more step, O Mama, and here are the souls already fallen into guilt,

who would like a hand in order to stand up again. Jesus loves them, but He looks at them with horror, because they are covered with mud, and His agony becomes more intense. Let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that they may find the hand which raises them up again. See O Mama, these are souls who need this Blood - souls who are dead to grace. Oh, how deplorable is their state! Heaven looks at them and cries with sorrow; the earth fixes on them with disgust; all the elements are against them and would want to destroy them, because they are enemies of the Creator. Please, O Mama, the Blood of Jesus contains life, so let us give It to them, so

that, at Its touch, these souls may rise again-and may rise again more beautiful, so as to make all Heaven and all earth smile.

Let us continue to wander, O Mama. See, there are souls who carry the mark of perdition; souls who sin and run away from Jesus; who offend Him and despair of His forgiveness. These are the new Judases, spread throughout the earth, who pierce that Heart, so embittered. Let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that It may erase from them the mark of perdition, and impress that of salvation. May It place in their hearts

such confidence and love after sin, as to make them run to the feet of Jesus, and cling to those divine feet, never to detach again.

See, O Mama, there are souls who are hurling themselves toward perdition, and there is no one to arrest their race. O please, let us place this Blood before their feet, so that, at Its touch, at Its light, and at Its supplicating voices which want to save them, they may draw back and place themselves on the path of salvation!

Let us continue to go around, O Mama. See, there are good souls,

innocent souls, in whom Jesus finds His delights and His rest in creation. But creatures are around them with many snares and scandals, to snatch this innocence away, and to turn the delights and rest of Jesus into crying and bitternesses, as if they had no other aim than to cause continuous sorrows to that Divine Heart. So, let us seal and surround their innocence with the Blood of Jesus, like a wall of defense, so that sin may not enter into them. With It, put to flight whomever wanted to contaminate them, and preserve them spotless and pure, so that Jesus may find, through them, His rest in creation and all His delights; and for love of them, He

may be moved to pity for many other poor creatures. My Mama, let us place these souls in the Blood of Jesus; let us bind them, and bind them all over, with the Holy Will of God; let us place them in His arms, and let us bind them to His Heart with the sweet chains of His love, in order to soothe the bitternesses of His mortal agony.

But listen, O Mama, this Blood cries out and wants yet more souls. Let us run together, and let us go to the regions of the heretics and of the unbelievers. How much sorrow does Jesus not feel in these regions. He, who is the life of all, receives not even a tiny

act of love in return; He is not known by His very creatures. Please, 0 Mama, let us give them this Blood, that It may cast away the darkness of ignorance and of heresy. Let them comprehend that they have a soul, and open the Heavens for them. Then, let us place them all in the Blood of Jesus; let us lead them around Him, like many orphaned and exiled children, who find their Father; and so Jesus will feel comforted in His most bitter agony.

But Jesus seems to be not yet satisfied, because He wants yet more souls. He feels the dying souls of these

regions being snatched from His arms, to fall into hell. These souls are now about to breathe their last and fall into the abyss. No one is near them to save them. Time is short, the moments are extreme - they will certainly be lost! No, Mama, this Blood will not be shed uselessly for them; therefore, let us quickly fly to them; let us pour the Blood of Jesus over their heads, that It may serve them as baptism and infuse in them faith, hope and love. Place Yourself near them, O Mama; make up for all that they lack. Even more, make Yourself seen. On your face shines the beauty of Jesus; your manners are all similar to His; and so, in seeing You, they will certainly be

able to know Jesus. Then, press them to your maternal Heart; infuse in them the life of Jesus, which You possess; tell them that, as their Mother, You want them to be happy forever, with You in Heaven; and as they breathe their last, receive them into your arms, and let them pass from yours into those of Jesus. And if Jesus, according to the rights of Justice, will show He does not want to receive them, remind Him of the love with which He entrusted them to You at the foot of the Cross. Claim your rights as Mother, so that He will not be able to resist your love and prayers, and while making your Heart content, He will also content His ardent desires.

And now, O Mama, let us take this Blood and let us give It to all: to the afflicted, that they may receive comfort; to the poor, that they may suffer resigned to their poverty; to those who are tempted, that they may obtain victory; to the disbelieving, that the virtue of Faith may triumph in them; to the blasphemers, that they may turn the blasphemies into benedictions; to the Priests, that they may understand their mission and be worthy ministers of Jesus. With this Blood, touch their lips, that they may say no words which are not of glory to God; touch their feet, that they may let them fly to go in search for souls to lead to Jesus.

Let us give this Blood to the leaders of the peoples, that they may be united among themselves, and feel meekness and love for their subjects.

Let us fly now into Purgatory, and let us give It also to the purging souls, because they so much cry for and claim this Blood for their liberation. Don't You hear, O Mama, their moans, the fidgets of love, the tortures, and how they feel continuously drawn to the Highest Good? See how Jesus Himself wants to purge them more quickly in order to have them with Himself. He attracts them with His love, and they requite Him with continuous rushes toward

Him. But as they find themselves in His presence, unable to yet sustain the purity of His divine gaze, they are forced to draw back and to plunge again into the flames!

My Mama, let us descend into this profound prison, and pouring this Blood over them, let us bring them light; let us calm their fidgets of love; let us dampen the fire that burns them; let us purify their stains; and so, free of every pain, they will fly into the arms of the Highest Good. Let us give this Blood to the most abandoned souls, that they may find in It all the suffrages that creatures deny to

them. To all, 0 Mama, let us give this Blood; let us not deprive any of them, so that, by virtue of It, all may find relief and liberation. Be Queen in these regions of crying and of lamentations; extend your maternal hands and, one by one, take them out of these ardent flames, and allow them all to take flight toward Heaven. And now, we too, let us fly toward Heaven; let us place ourselves at the gates of eternity and allow me, 0 Mama, to give this Blood also to You, for your greater glory. May this Blood inundate You with new light and with new contentments. And let this light descend for the good of all creatures, to give graces and salvation to

all.

My Mama, give this Blood also to me; You know how much I need It. With your own maternal hands, retouch me completely with this Blood; and while retouching me, purify my stains, heal my wounds, enrich my poverty; let this Blood circulate in my veins and give me again all the life of Jesus. May It descend into my heart, and transform it into His very Heart; may It embellish me so much that Jesus may find all His contentments in me. Finally, O Mama, let us enter the celestial regions, and let us give this Blood to all the Saints, to all the Angels, that they may receive greater

glory, burst into thanksgivings to Jesus, and pray for us, that we may reach them, by virtue of this Blood. And after having given this Blood to all, let us go to Jesus again. Angels, Saints, come with us. Ah, He sighs for souls; He wants to let them all enter His Humanity, to give to all the fruits of His Blood. Let us place them around Him, and He will feel restored to life, and repaid for the most bitter agony He has suffered. And now, Holy Mama, let us call all the elements to keep Him company, that they too may give honor to Jesus.

O light of the sun, come to dispel

the darkness of this night, to give comfort to Jesus. O stars, with your flickering rays, descend from heaven; come and give comfort to Jesus. Flowers of the earth, come with your fragrances; birds, come with your warblings; all elements of the earth, come to comfort Jesus. Come, O sea, to refresh and wash Jesus. He is our Creator, our life, our All; come all of you to comfort Him, to pay Him homage as our Sovereign Lord. But - ah, Jesus does not look for light, stars, flowers, birds ... He wants souls - souls!

Here they are, O my sweet Good,
all together with me.

Your dear Mama is close to You-please rest in Her arms; She too will receive comfort by pressing You to Her womb, because She greatly shared in your sorrowful agony. Magdalene also is here; Mary is here, and all the loving souls of all centuries. Please, O Jesus, accept them, and say a word of forgiveness and of love to all. Bind them all to your love, so that not one more soul may escape You!

But - ah, it seems to me that You say: "*O child, how many souls escape Me by force, and fall into eternal ruin!*"

So, how can My sorrow ever be soothed, if I love one single soul so much-as much as I love all souls together?"

Agonizing Jesus, it seems that your life is extinguishing. I already hear the rattle of agony, your beautiful eyes eclipsed by the nearness of death, all of your limbs abandoned; and often it seems that You no longer breathe. I feel my heart burst with pain. I hug You and I feel You ice-cold. I shake You and You give no sign of life! Jesus, are You dead? Afflicted Mama, Angels of Heaven, come to cry over Jesus, and do

not permit that I continue to live without Him. Ah, I cannot! I press Him more tightly to myself, and I hear Him taking another breath-and then, again, He gives no sign of life! I call Him: "*Jesus, Jesus, my Life, do not die!*"

But I already hear the clamor of your enemies, who are coming to take You. Who will defend You in your state? But here You are, stirring Yourself as though rising again from death to life, looking at me, saying: "*O soul, are you here? Have you then been spectator of My pains and of the so many deaths I suffered? Know that in these three*

hours of most bitter agony in the Garden, I enclosed in Myself all the lives of the creatures, and I suffered all of their pains, and their very death, giving My own life to each one of them. My agonies will sustain theirs; My bitternesses and My death will turn into a fount of sweetness and life for them. How much souls cost Me! Were I at least requited! You have seen that while I was dying, I would return to breathe again: those were the deaths of the creatures that I felt within Me!"

My panting Jesus, since You also wanted to enclose my life in You, and

therefore also my death, I pray You, for this most bitter agony of yours, to come to my assistance at the moment of my death. I have given You my heart as refuge and rest, my arms to sustain You, and all of my being at your disposal; and - oh, how gladly I would give myself into the hands of your enemies, to die in your place! Come, O life of my heart, at that moment, to return to me all I have given You: your company, your Heart as bed and rest, your arms as support, your labored breath to relieve my toils; in such a way that, in breathing, I will breathe through your breath which, like purifying air, will purify me of any stain, and will dispose me to enter the eternal

beatitude.

Even more, my sweet Jesus, then You will give your very Most Holy Humanity to my soul, so that, in looking at me, You may see me through Yourself; and in looking at Yourself, You may find nothing for which to judge me. Then You will bathe me in your Blood; You will clothe me with the candid garment of your Most Holy Will; You will adorn me with your Love, and giving me the last kiss, You will let me take flight from earth unto Heaven. And what I want for myself, do it for all the agonizing; clasp them all in your embrace of love, and giving them the

kiss of their union with You, save them all and allow no one to be lost!

My afflicted Good, I offer You this holy Hour in memory of your Passion and Death, to disarm the just anger of God for the so many sins, for the triumph of the Holy Church, for the conversion of all sinners, for peace among peoples, especially our country, for our sanctification, and in suffrage for the purging souls.

But I see that your enemies are near, and You want to leave me in order to go toward them. Jesus, allow me to offer You all the holy kisses of your

Most Holy Mother; let me kiss those lips, which Judas is about to dare to kiss with his infernal kiss. Let me dry your Face, wet with Blood, and upon which slaps and spit are about to pour. I cling tightly to your Heart, I do not leave You - I will follow You. And You, bless me and assist me. Amen.

Reflections and Practices

In this third hour of Gethsemani, Jesus asked for help from Heaven. His pains were so many that He also asked for the comfort of His disciples. And we-do we always ask for help from Heaven in any painful circumstance?

And if we turn also to creatures, do we do this with order, and with those who can comfort us in a saintly way? Are we at least resigned, if we do not receive those comforts which we were hoping for, using the indifference of creatures to abandon ourselves more in the arms of Jesus? Jesus was comforted by an Angel. And we-can we say that we are the angels of Jesus by remaining around Him to comfort Him and share in His bitterness? However, in order to be as a true Angel for Jesus, it is necessary to take sufferings as sent by Him, and therefore as divine sufferings. Only then can we dare to console a God so embittered.

Otherwise, if we take pains in a human way, we cannot use them to comfort this Man-God, and therefore we cannot be His Angels.

In the pains which Jesus sends to us, it seems that He sends us the chalice in which we must place the fruit of those pains. These pains, suffered with love and resignation, will turn into a most sweet nectar for Jesus. In every pain we will say: "Jesus is calling us around Him to be His angel. He wants our comforts, so He makes us share in His pains. "

My love, Jesus, in my pains I look for your Heart to rest, and in your pains I intend to give You shelter with my pains, so that we may exchange them, and I may be your consoling angel.

Eighth Hour

From Midnight to 1 AM

Jesus is arrested

O my Jesus, it is already midnight. You feel that your enemies are drawing

near; tidying Yourself up and drying up your Blood, strengthened by the comforts received, You go to your disciples again. You call them, You admonish them, and You take them with You, as You go to meet your enemies, wanting to repair, with your promptness, my slowness, indolence and laziness in working and suffering for love of You.

But, O sweet Jesus, my Good,
what a touching scene I see!

You first meet the perfidious Judas, who, drawing near You and throwing his arms around your neck, greets You and

kisses You. And You, most passionate Love, do not disdain to kiss those infernal lips; You embrace him and press him to your Heart, wanting to snatch him from hell, and giving him signs of new love. My Jesus, how is it possible not to love You? The tenderness of your Love is such that it should snatch every heart to love You; yet, they do not love You! And You, O my Jesus, in bearing this kiss of Judas, repair for the betrayals, the pretenses, the deceptions under the aspect of friendship and sanctity, especially of priests. Your kiss, then, shows that, not to one sinner, provided that he comes humiliated to You, would You refuse

your forgiveness.

My most tender Jesus, You now give Yourself into the hands of the enemies, giving them the power to make You suffer whatever they want. I too, O my Jesus, give myself into your hands, that You may do with me, freely, whatever You best please; and together with You, I want to follow your Will, your reparations, and suffer your pains. I want to be always around You, that there may be no offense which I do not repair; no bitterness which I do not soothe; no spit or blows that You receive, which are not followed by one kiss and caress

of mine. In the falls You will suffer, my hands will always be ready to help You in order to lift You. So, I want to be always with You, O my Jesus; I do not want to leave You alone even for one minute. And to be more certain, place me inside of Yourself, and I will be in your mind, in your gazes, in your Heart, and in all of You, so that whatever You do, I may do as well. In this way, I will be able to keep You faithful company, and nothing of your pains will escape me, in order to give You my return of love for everything.

My sweet Good, I will be at your side to defend You, to learn your

teachings, to count, one by one, all of your words. Ah, how sweetly does the word with which You addressed Judas, descend into my heart: "*Friend, why have you come?*" .. And I feel that You address me too with the same word-not calling me friend, but by the sweet name of child: "*Child, why have you come?*" to hear me answer: "*Jesus - to love You.*" .. "*Why have you come?*" You repeat to me when I wake up in the morning; "*Why have you come?*" if I pray; "*Why have you come?*" You repeat to me in the Holy Host, if I come to receive You into my heart.

What a beautiful call for me and

for all! But how many, to your "*Why have you come?*" answer: "*I come to offend You!*" .. Others, pretending not to hear You, give themselves to all kinds of sins, and answer your "*Why have you come?*" by going to hell! How much compassion I feel for You, O my Jesus! I would like to take the very ropes with which your enemies are about to bind You, in order to bind these souls and spare You this sorrow.

But, again, I hear your most tender voice which says, as You go to meet your enemies: "*Who are you looking for?*" .. And they answer: "*Jesus the Nazarene.*" .. And You, to them: "*It is I*

" With only this word You say everything, and You let Yourself be known for who You are; so much so, that the enemies tremble and fall to the ground, as though dead. And You, Love which has no equal, repeating again, "*It is I,*" call them back to life and You give Yourself, on your own, into the power of the enemies. Perfidious and ungrateful, instead of falling at your feet, humbled and palpitating, to ask for your forgiveness, taking advantage of your goodness and despising your graces and prodigies, they lay hands on You, they bind You with ropes and chains, they grip You, they throw You to the ground, they trample upon You, they tear your

hair. And You, with unheard-of patience, remain silent, suffering and repairing for the offenses of those who, in spite of miracles, do not surrender to your Grace, and become more obstinate.

With those ropes and chains, You impetrate from the Father the grace to snap the chains of our sins, and You bind us with the sweet chain of Love. And, lovingly, You correct Peter, who wants to defend You to the point of cutting off the ear of Malchus. With this, You intend to repair for the good works, which are not done with holy prudence, or which fall into sin because of excessive zeal.

My most patient Jesus, it seems that these ropes and chains give something more beautiful to your Divine Person: your forehead becomes more majestic, so much so, as to draw the attention of your enemies themselves; your eyes blaze with more light; your Divine Face assumes a supreme peace and sweetness, such as to enamor your very executioners. With your sweet and penetrating accents, though few, You make them tremble; so much so, that if they dare to offend You, it is because You Yourself allow them to do so.

Oh chained and bound Love, can You ever allow Yourself to be bound for

me, making a greater display of your love toward me, while I, your little child, remain without chains? No, no; rather, with your Most Holy hands, bind me with your own ropes and chains.

Therefore I beg You, as I kiss your divine forehead, to bind all of my thoughts, my eyes, my ears, my tongue, my heart, my affections, and all of me; and together with me, bind all creatures, so that, in feeling the sweetnesses of your loving chains, they may never again dare to offend You.

My sweet Good, it is now one o'clock. My mind begins to doze off. I

will do the best I can in order to stay awake; but if sleep surprises me, I leave myself inside of You, in order to follow whatever You do; even more, You Yourself will do it for me. In You I leave my thoughts, to defend You from your enemies; my breathing, as cortege and company; my heartbeat, to tell You, constantly, that I love You and to make up for the love which the others do not give You; the drops of my blood, to repair You and to render back to You the honor and the esteem which they will take away from You with insults, spit and slaps. My Jesus, bless me and let me sleep in your adorable Heart; and from your heartbeats, accelerated by Love or

by sorrow, I will be able to wake up often, so as not to interrupt our company. Let us make this agreement, O Jesus!

Reflections and Practices

Jesus promptly gave Himself into the hands of the enemies, seeing the Will of the Father in His enemies.

In the deceptions, in the betrayals of creatures, are we ready to forgive as Jesus forgave? Do we take from the hands of God all the evil that we receive from creatures? Are we ready to do all that Jesus wants from

us? In the crosses, in the strains, can we say that our patience imitates that of Jesus?

My chained Jesus, may your chains bind my heart and keep it still, to make it ready to suffer everything You want.

Ninth Hour

From 1 to 2AM

Thrown from a ledge, Jesus falls into the Cedron stream

My beloved Good, my poor mind follows You between vigil and sleep. How can I leave myself prey to sleep, when I see that everyone leaves You and runs away from You? The Apostles themselves, the fervent Peter, who a little while ago said he wanted to give his life for You; the beloved disciple whom, with so much love, You allowed to rest upon your Heart - ah, they all abandon You, and leave You at the mercy of your cruel enemies!

My Jesus, You are alone! Your most pure eyes look around to see if at least one of those favored by You is following You to prove to You his love

and to defend You. And as You see that no one - no one has remained faithful to You, your Heart catches, and You burst into crying. You feel more pain for the abandonment of your most faithful ones, than for what the very enemies are doing to You. My Jesus, do not cry; or rather, let me cry together with You. And lovable Jesus seems to say: *"Ah, child, let us cry together over the lot of so many souls consecrated to Me, who, over little trials, over incidents of life, no longer take care of Me and leave Me alone; for many others, timid and cowardly, who, for lack of courage and trust, abandon Me; for many upon many who, not finding their own*

advantage in holy things, do not care about Me; for many priests who preach, who celebrate, who confess for love of interest and of self-glory. These show that they are around Me, but I remain always alone! Ah, child, how hard is this abandonment for Me! Not only do My eyes cry, but My Heart bleeds! O please, I beg you to repair My bitter pain by promising that you will not leave Me alone. "

Yes, O my Jesus, I promise, helped by your grace, identifying myself with your Divine Will. But, O Jesus, while You cry over the abandonment of your

dear ones, the enemies spare no outrage that they can do to You. Gripped and bound as You are, O my Good, to the point that You cannot even take a step by Yourself, they trample on You; they drag You along those ways full of rocks and thorns, such that there is no movement which does not make You knock against the rocks and be pricked by the thorns. Ah, my Jesus, I see that as they drag You, You leave behind Yourself your precious Blood, and your golden hair which they tear from your head! My Life and my All, allow me to gather it, that I may bind all the steps of the creatures who do not spare You even at nighttime; rather, they use the night to offend You

more - some for gatherings, some for pleasures, some for theatricals, some for committing sacrilegious thefts! My Jesus, I unite myself to You in order to repair for all these offenses.

But, O my Jesus, we are now at the Cedron stream, and the perfidious Jews prepare to throw You into it. They make You bump against a rock which is there, with such violence as to make You shed Your most precious Blood from your mouth, with which You mark that rock! Then, pulling You, they cast You down into those putrid waters, in such a way that these enter into your ears, into your mouth, into your nostrils. Oh,

unreachable love, You remain inundated and as though wrapped by those putrid, nauseating and cold waters. In this way, You represent, vividly, the heart-rending state of creatures when they commit sin! Oh, how they remain covered, inside and out, by a mantle of filth, such as to be disgusting to Heaven and to whomever can see them, therefore attracting the lightnings of Divine Justice upon themselves! Oh, Life of my life, can there ever be greater love? In order to remove from us this mantle of filth, You allow your enemies to throw You into this stream, and You suffer everything to repair for the sacrileges and the coldness of the souls who

receive You sacrilegiously, and who, more than the stream, force You to enter into their hearts, and to make You feel all of their nausea! You also permit that these waters penetrate deep into your bowels; so much so, that the enemies, fearing that You may be drowned, in order to spare You for greater torments, lift You up. But You are so disgusting that they themselves, feel nausea in touching You.

My tender Jesus, You are now out of the stream. My heart cannot bear seeing You so wettened by those nauseating waters. I see You shivering

from head to foot because of the cold. You look around, searching with your eyes, what You cannot do with your voice, for one at least who would dry You, clean You and warm You. But, in vain - no one is moved to pity for You: the enemies mock You and deride You; your own have abandoned You; your sweet Mama is far away, because the Father so disposes!

Here I am, O Jesus-come into my arms. I want to cry so much as to form a bath for You in order to wash You, clean You, and with my hands, fix your hair, which is all disheveled. My love, I want to enclose You in my heart to warm You

with the warmth of my affections; I want to perfume You with my holy desires; I want to repair for all these offenses, and place my life together with Yours, in order to save all souls. I want to offer You my heart as a place of rest, to be able to somehow relieve You from the pains You have suffered up to now; and then, we will continue together the way of your Passion.

Reflections and Practices

In this hour Jesus abandoned Himself at the mercy of His enemies, who reached the point of throwing Him into the Cedron stream. But the

Humanity of Jesus looked at all of them with love, bearing everything for love of them.

And we-do we abandon ourselves at the mercy of the Will of

God?

In our weaknesses and falls, are we ready to stand up again to throw ourselves into the arms of Jesus? Tormented Jesus was thrown into the Cedron stream, feeling suffocation, nausea and repugnance. And we-do we abhor any stain and shadow of sin? Are

we ready to give shelter to Jesus in our heart, so as not to make Him feel the nausea which other souls give Him with sin, and to compensate for the nausea that we ourselves have given Him many times?

My tormented Jesus, do not spare me in anything, and let me be the object of your divine and loving aims!

Tenth Hour

From 2 to 3AM

Jesus is presented to Annas

Jesus, be always with me. Sweet Mama, let us follow Jesus together. My Jesus, Divine Sentry, watching over me in your Heart, and not wanting to remain alone without me, You wake me up and let me be present with You in the house of Annas.

You are now at the moment in which Annas questions You about your doctrine and your disciples. And You, O Jesus, in order to defend the glory of the Father, open your most sacred mouth, and with sonorous and dignified voice, answer: *"I have spoken in public, and all those here present have heard Me. "*

At your dignified accents, all feel trembling, but their perfidy is such that a servant, wanting to honor Annas, comes close to You and with a fierce hand gives You a slap, but so violent as to make You stagger, and to bruise your Most Holy Face.

Now I understand, my sweet Life, why You woke me up.

You were right; who would sustain You at this moment, as You are about to fall? Your enemies burst into satanic laughter, whistling and clapping, applauding an act so unjust. And You, staggering, have

no one to lean on. My Jesus, I hug You; even more, I want to form a wall with my being and I offer you my cheek with courage, ready to bear any suffering for love of You. I compassionate You for this outrage, and together with You I repair for the fearfulness of many souls, who get easily discouraged. I repair for all those who, out of fear, do not speak the truth; for the lack of respect due to Priests, and for murmuring.

But, my afflicted Jesus, I see that Annas sends You to Caiphas. Your enemies hurl You down the stairs, and You, my Love, in this painful fall repair for those who at nighttime fall into sin

with the favor of darkness, and You call the heretics and the unbelievers to the light of Faith.

I too want to follow You in these reparations, and on the way to Caiphas, I send You my sighs in order to defend You from your enemies. While I sleep, continue to be my sentry, and wake me up whenever You need to. Give me your kiss and your blessing, and I kiss your Heart, and in It I continue my sleep.

Reflections and Practices

Jesus, brought before Annas, is questioned by him about His doctrine

and about His disciples. He answers about His doctrine in order to glorify the Father, but He does not touch His disciples so as not to fail in Charity. And we-are we intrepid and courageous when it comes to glorifying the Lord, or do we let ourselves be won by human respect? We must always say the truth, even in front of distinguished people. In our speaking, do we always look for the glory of God? In order to exalt the glory of God, do we bear everything with patience like Jesus? Do we always avoid speaking ill of our neighbor, and do we excuse him if we hear that others run him down? Jesus watches over our heart. Do we watch over the Heart of

Jesus, so that He may not receive any offense which has not been repaired by us? Do we watch over ourselves in everything, so that each one of our thoughts, gazes, words, affections, heartbeats and desires may be as many sentries around Jesus, watching over His Heart, and repairing for all the offenses? And in order to do this, do we pray Jesus to watch over each one of our acts, and to help us to watch over our own heart? Every act that we do in God is a divine life that we take within ourselves. And since we are very limited, while God is immense, we cannot enclose a God in our simple act. Therefore, let us multiply them as

much as we can in order to at least enlarge our capacity of understanding and love. Are we ready to answer when our Jesus calls us? The call from God can make itself heard in many ways: with inspirations, with the reading of good books, by example. It can make itself heard tangibly with the attractions of grace, and even with the very intemperances of the air.

My sweet Jesus, may your voice resound always in my heart; may everything that surrounds me, inside and out, be the continuous voice which calls me to love You always; and may the harmony of your divine voice

*prevent me from hearing any other
distractive human voice.*

Eleventh Hour

From 3 to 4 AM

Jesus in the house of Caiphas

My afflicted and abandoned
Good, while my weak nature sleeps in
your sorrowful Heart, my sleep is often
interrupted by the pangs of love and
sorrow of your Divine Heart. Between
vigil and sleep, I hear the blows that

they give You, so I wake up and I say:

My poor Jesus, abandoned by everyone! There is no one who takes your part. But from within your Heart I offer You my life as support for You, as they knock You about. And I fall asleep again; but another pang of love of your Divine Heart wakes me up, and I am deafened by the insults that they send You, by the whispering, the shouting and the running of people.

My Love, how is it that they are all against You? What have You done that they want to tear You to pieces like

many rabid wolves? I feel my blood freeze in hearing the preparations of your enemies, and I tremble in anguish thinking of what to do in order to defend You.

But my afflicted Jesus, keeping me in His Heart, squeezes me more tightly, and says to me: *"My child, I have done nothing wrong, and I have done everything: Mine is the crime of love, which contains all sacrifices, and love of immeasurable cost. We are still at the beginning; remain in My Heart, observe everything, love Me, be silent, and learn. Let your ice cold blood flow in My veins so as to refresh My Blood*

which is all in flames. Let your trembling flow within My limbs, so that, being identified with Me, you may be strengthened and warmed in order to feel part of My pains, and you may also acquire strength in seeing Me suffer so much. This will be the most beautiful defense that you can make for Me. Be faithful to Me, and be attentive."

Sweet Love of mine, the clamor of your enemies is so intense and so great that I can no longer sleep. The shoves become more violent. I hear the noise of the chains with which they bound You, and so tightly as to make living blood ooze from your wrists, with which You

mark those streets. Remember that my blood is in Yours, and as You shed It, mine kisses It, adores It and repairs It. May your Blood be light to all those who offend You at night, and a magnet to draw all hearts around You, my Love and my All.

While they drag You, the air seems to be deafened by shouts and whistles. And You arrive before Caiphas. You are all meek, modest, humble; your sweetness and patience is such as to terrorize even your enemies; and Caiphas, full of rage, would want to devour You. Ah, how well can Innocence and sin be distinguished!

My Love, You are before Caiphas as the most guilty, in the act of being condemned. Caiphas asks the witnesses what your crimes are. Ah, he should rather have asked what is your Love! And some accuse You of one thing, some of another, speaking nonsense and contradicting themselves. As they accuse You, the soldiers who are near You tear your hair, and unload horrible slaps on your Most Holy Face, such as to resound through the whole room; they twist your lips, they hit You, while You remain silent and suffer. And if You look at them, the light of your eyes descends into their hearts, and unable to sustain it, they move away from You. But others

take their place, to make of You a greater slaughter.

But in the midst of many accusations and offenses, I see You pricking up your ears. Your Heart beats strongly, and is about to burst with pain. Tell me, my afflicted Good, what is it? I see that your Love is so great that You anxiously await that which your enemies are doing to You, and You offer it for our salvation. In total calm, your Heart repairs for slanders, hatred, false witnessings, and for the evil done to innocents with premeditation; and You repair for those who offend You upon the instigation of leaders, and for the

offenses of the ecclesiastics. And while I am united with You, following your own reparations, I feel a change in You—from a new sorrow, never before felt. Tell me, tell me, what is it? Share everything with me, O Jesus.

"Child, do you want to know? I hear the voice of Peter who says he does not know Me. Then he swore, and then, again, he perjured and anathematized knowing Me. O Peter, what! You do not know Me? Don't you remember with how many gifts I filled you? Ah, if others make Me die of pains, you make Me die of sorrow! Ah,

*how wrong it was of you to follow Me
from a distance, and so expose yourself
to the occasions! "*

My denied Good, how quickly the offenses of your dearest ones can be recognized! O Jesus, I want to make my heartbeat flow within Yours to soothe the harrowing spasm that You suffer. And my heartbeat in Yours swears loyalty and love to You, and repeats and swears thousands and thousands of times that I know You.

But your Love is not yet calmed, and You try to look at Peter. At your loving glances, dripping with tears

because of his denial, Peter is moved, and he cries and leaves. Having led him to safety, You calm Yourself, and in this way repair the offenses of the Popes and of the leaders of the Church, especially of those who expose themselves to occasions.

Meanwhile, your enemies continue to accuse You; and in seeing that You do not answer to their accusations, Caiphas says to You: "*I beseech You, for the sake of the living God, tell me-are You really the true Son of God? "*

And You, my Love, having the

word of truth always on your lips, with supreme Majesty, and with sonorous and gentle voice, such that all are struck, and the very demons plunge themselves into the abyss, answer: "*You say so. Yes, I am the true Son of God, and one day I will descend on the clouds of Heaven to judge all nations.*"

At your creative words, all remain silent-they shudder and feel frightened. But Caiphas, recovering after a few moments of fright, full of rage, more than a fierce animal, says to all: "*What need do we have of more witnesses? He has already uttered a*

great blasphemy! What more are we waiting for to condemn him? He is already guilty to death! "

And to give more strength to his words, he tears his clothes with such rage and fury that all, as though one, hurl themselves at You, my Good; some punch your head, some tear your hair, some slap You, some spit on your Face, some trample upon You. The torments that they give You are so intense and so many that the earth trembles and the Heavens are shaken.

My Love and my Life, Jesus, as

they torment You, my poor heart is lacerated by the pain. O please, allow me to leave your sorrowful Heart and face all these offenses in your place. Ah, if it were possible, I would like to snatch You from the hands of your enemies. But You do not want it, because the salvation of all requires it, and I am forced to resign myself. But, sweet Love of mine, let me tidy You up, fix your hair, remove the spit, dry your Blood, and enclose myself in your Heart, as I see that Caiphias, tired, wants to withdraw, delivering You into the hands of the soldiers.

Therefore, I bless You; and You,

bless me and give me the kiss of your Love. And I enclose myself in the furnace of your Divine Heart to sleep. I place my mouth on your Heart, so that in breathing, I may kiss You, and from the differences in your heartbeats, more or less suffering, I may sense whether You are suffering or resting. Therefore, making wings of my arms to keep You sheltered, I hug You, I cling tightly to your Heart, and I fall asleep.

Reflections and Practices

Jesus, presented to Caiphas, is unjustly accused and subjected to unheard-of tortures. Questioned, He

always says the truth.

And we-when the Lord allows that we be slandered and unjustly accused, do we look only for God, Who knows our innocence; or do we rather beg esteem and honor from creatures? Does truth always arise on our lips? Are we averse to any trick and lie? Do we bear with patience the mockeries and the confusions that creatures give us? Are we ready to give our life for their salvation?

O my sweet Jesus, how different I am from you! Please, let my lips speak always the truth so as to wound the

heart of those who listen to me, and lead everyone to You!

Twelfth Hour

From 4 to 5 AM

Jesus at the mercy of the soldiers

My most sweet Life, Jesus, while sleeping, clinging to your Heart, I often feel the pricks of the thorns which prick your Most Holy Heart. Wanting to wake up together with You, that You may have at least one who notices all of your pains and feels compassion for You, I cling more tightly to your Heart; and feeling

your pricks more vividly, I wake up. But, what do I see? What do I hear? I would like to hide You in my heart to expose myself in your place, and receive upon myself pains so intense, insults and humiliations so incredible. But only your Love could bear so many outrages. My most patient Jesus, what could You expect from people so inhuman?

I now see that they are making fun of You. They cover your Face with thick spit; the light of your beautiful eyes is covered by the spit; and You, pouring rivers of tears for our salvation, push that spit away from your eyes, and your enemies, with hearts incapable of seeing

the light of your eyes, cover them with spit again. Others, becoming more brave in evil, open your most sweet mouth and fill it with disgusting spit, to the point that they themselves feel nausea. And since some of that spit flows away, revealing, in part, the majesty of your Face and your superhuman sweetness, they shudder and feel ashamed of themselves. In order to feel more free, they blindfold You with a miserable rag, to be able to hurl themselves, unrestrained, at your adorable Person. And so they beat You up without pity; they drag You; they trample You under their feet; they repeat blows and slaps to your Face and over your Head,

scratching You, tearing your hair, and pushing You from one point to another.

Jesus, my Love, my heart cannot bear seeing You in the midst of so many pains. You want me to notice everything, but I feel I would rather cover my eyes so as not to see scenes so painful, which tear the heart from any chest. But my love for You forces me to look at what happens to You.

I see that You utter not a breath, that You say not a word to defend Yourself; that You are in the hands of these soldiers like a rag, and they can do with You whatever they want. And in

seeing them jumping over You, I fear
You may die under their feet.

My Good and my All, the sorrow I
feel for your pains is so great, that I
would like to shout so loudly as to be
heard up there in Heaven, and call the
Father, the Holy Spirit and all the
Angels; and here on earth, from one
point to another, to call sweet Mama
first, and all the souls who love You, so
that, forming a circle around You, we
may prevent these insolent soldiers from
drawing near You to insult You and
torment You more. Together with You,
we repair for all the night sins,
especially those committed at night by

sectarians, over your Sacramental Person, and for all the offenses of the souls who do not remain faithful in the night of trial.

But I see, my insulted Good, that the soldiers, tired and drunk, would like to rest, and my poor heart, oppressed and lacerated by your so many pains, does not want to remain alone with You - it feels the need of another company. O please, my sweet Mama, be my inseparable company; let us embrace Jesus together, in order to console Him! O Jesus, together with Mama, I kiss You and I bless You; and with Her, I will

have the sleep of love upon your adorable Heart.

Reflections and Practices

In this hour Jesus is in the midst of the soldiers with imperturbability and iron constancy. God as He is, He suffers all the strains which the soldiers inflict upon Him, and looks at them with so much love that He seems to invite them to give Him more pains. And we-are we constant during repeated sufferings, or do we lament, get irritated and lose peace; that peace of the heart which is necessary to allow Jesus to find a happy dwelling within

us?

Firmness is that virtue which makes us know whether God really reigns in us. If ours is true virtue, we will be firm in trial, with a firmness which is not inconstant, but always balanced. The more we become firm in good, in suffering, in working, the more we enlarge the field around us, in which Jesus will expand His graces. Therefore, if we are inconstant, our field will be small, and Jesus will have little or no space. But if we are firm and constant, as Jesus finds a very extensive field, He will find in us His shelf and support, and the place in

which to extend His graces.

If we want our beloved Jesus to rest in us, let us surround Him with His own firmness, with which He operated for the salvation of our souls. Being sheltered, He will remain in our heart in sweet rest. Jesus looked with love at those who mistreated Him. Do we look at those who offend us with the same love? Is the love we show to them so great as to be a voice for their hearts—so powerful as to convert them to Jesus?

My Jesus, boundless Love, give me this love and let each pain of mine

call souls to You.

Thirteenth Hour

From 5 to 6 AM

Jesus in prison

My Prisoner Jesus, I have awakened and I do not find You. My heart beats very strongly; it fidgets with love. Tell me, where are You? My Angel, bring me to the house of Caiphas.

But I go around and around, I search everywhere, and I do not find You. My Love, hurry, with your hands move the chains with which You keep my heart bound to Yours, and draw me to You, that I may take flight and come to throw myself into your arms. And You, Jesus, my Love, wounded by my voice and wanting my company, draw me toward You; and I see that they have put You in prison. My heart exults with joy in finding You, but I feel it wounded with sorrow in seeing the state to which they have reduced You.

I see You with your hands tied behind You to a column, and with your

feet bound and gripped. I see your Most Holy Face bruised, swollen and bleeding from the horrible slaps received. Your most pure eyes are blackened; your pupils are tired and sad from the vigil; your hair is all disarranged; your Most Holy Person is all beaten up, and You cannot even help Yourself and clean Yourself, because You are bound.

And I, O my Jesus, with a sob of crying, clinging to your feet, say: *"Alas, how You have been reduced, OJesus!"*

And Jesus, looking at me, answers: *"Come, O My child, and be attentive to everything you see Me doing, in order to do it together with Me, that I may continue My Life in you."*

To my amazement, I now see that instead of occupying Yourself with your pains, with an indescribable love, You think about glorifying the Father, to compensate Him for all that we owe; and You call all souls around You, to take all of their evils upon Yourself and give to them all goods. And since the day is dawning, I hear your most sweet

voice say: *"Holy Father, I give You thanks for all I have suffered and for all that is left for Me to suffer. And just as this dawn calls the day and the day makes the sun rise, so may the dawn of Grace arise in all hearts; and as daylight rises, may I, Divine Sun, rise in all hearts and reign over all. Do you see these souls, O Father? I want to answer You for all of them, for their thoughts, words, works and steps-at the cost of Blood and death. "*

My Jesus, Love with no boundaries, I unite myself to You, and I too thank You for all that You have made

me suffer, and for all that is left for me to suffer. And I beg You to make the dawn of Grace arise within all hearts, so that You, Divine Sun, may rise again in all hearts and reign over them.

But I also see, my sweet Jesus, that You repair for all the very first thoughts, affections and words, which, at the rising of the day, are not offered to You to honor You; and that You call to Yourself, as though in custody, the thoughts, the affections and the words of the creatures, in order to repair for them and give to the Father the glory they owe Him.

My Jesus, Divine Master, since we have one hour free in this prison and we are alone, not only do I want to do what You are doing, but I want to clean You, to fix your hair, and to fuse myself completely in You. So I draw near your most sacred head, and in rearranging your hair, I want to repair for so many minds, distraught and full of earth, which have not one thought for You. Fusing myself in your mind, I want to reunite all the thoughts of the creatures within You and fuse them in your thoughts, in order to find sufficient reparation for all evil thoughts, and for so many suffocated enlightenments and inspirations. I would like to make all thoughts one with Yours,

to give You true reparation and perfect glory.

My afflicted Jesus, I kiss your eyes, sad and filled with tears. Having your hands bound to the column, You cannot dry them, nor remove the spit with which they smeared You. And since the position in which they bound You is excruciating, You cannot close your tired eyes to take rest. My Love, how gladly would I offer You my arms as bed, to give You rest. I want to dry your eyes, ask for your forgiveness, and repair for all the times we have not had the aim of pleasing You, and of looking at You to see what You wanted from us, what we

were supposed to do, and where You wanted us to go. I want to fuse my eyes in Yours, and also those of all creatures, to be able to repair with your own eyes for all the evil we have done with our sight.

My compassionate Jesus, I kiss your most holy ears, tired from the insults of the whole night, and much more so from the echo of all the offenses of the creatures which resounds in your hearing. I ask for your forgiveness, and I repair for all the times You called us and we have been deaf, or we have pretended not to hear You; and You, my weary Good, have repeated your calls -

but in vain! I want to fuse my hearing in Yours, and also that of all creatures, to make a continuous and complete reparation.

Enamored Jesus, I adore and kiss your Most Holy Face, all bruised by the slapping. I ask for forgiveness and I repair for all the times You have called us to offer reparation, and we, uniting to your enemies, have given You slaps and spit. My Jesus, I want to fuse my face in Yours, to restore your natural beauty, giving You full reparation for all the contempt given to your adorable Majesty.

My embittered Good, I kiss your most sweet mouth, hurt by blows and parched by love. I want to fuse my tongue in Yours, and also the tongues of all creatures, in order to repair with your own tongue for all sins and evil discourses. And I want, my thirsty Jesus, to unite all voices into one with Yours, so that, when we are about to offend You, as your voice flows in those of all creatures, it may suffocate the voices of sin and turn them into voices of praise and of love.

Chained Jesus, I kiss your neck, oppressed by heavy chains and by ropes, which, going from your chest to the back

of your shoulders and passing through your arms, keep You bound, very tightly, to the column. Your hands are already swollen and black from the tightness of the knots, and they spurt blood from several points. O please, allow me to release You, my bound Jesus; and if You love to be bound, allow me to bind You with the chains of love, which, being sweet, instead of making You suffer, will soothe You. And as I release You, I want to fuse myself in your neck, in your chest, in your shoulders, in your hands, in your feet, to be able to repair together with You for all attachments, and therefore give to all the chains of your Love; to be able to repair with You for

all the coldness, and so fill the breasts of all creatures with your fire, as I see that You have so much of it, that You are unable to contain it; and to be able to repair with You for all illicit pleasures and for love of comforts, to give to everyone the spirit of sacrifice and love of suffering.

And I want to fuse myself in your hands to repair for all the evil works, for the good done badly and with presumptuousness, and give to all the fragrance of your works. I want to fuse myself in your feet, to block all the steps of the creatures, and so repair for them and give your steps to all, to make them

walk in a saintly way.

Finally, my sweet Life, as I fuse myself in your Heart, allow me to enclose all the affections, heartbeats and desires, to repair for them together with You, and to give to everyone your affections, heartbeats and desires, so that no one may ever again offend You.

But I hear the noise of the creaking of the key: your enemies are now coming to take You out of prison. And I tremble, Jesus; I feel my blood running cold. You will again be in the hands of your enemies. What will happen to You? I seem also to hear the creaking of the

keys of the tabernacles. How many desecrating hands come to open them, and maybe to make You descend into sacrilegious hearts? Into how many unworthy hands You are forced to find Yourself My prisoner Jesus, I want to be in all of your prisons of love, to be spectator when your ministers release You, and to keep You company and repair for the offenses You may receive.

I see that your enemies are near, while You greet the rising sun on the last of your days. As they release You, in seeing that You are all majesty and that You look at them with so much

love, in return they unload onto your Face slaps so violent as to make It turn red with your most precious Blood.

Jesus, my Love, before leaving the prison, in my sorrow I ask You to bless me, in order to receive the strength to follow You along the rest of your Passion.

Reflections and Practices

In prison, tied to a pillar and immobilized, Jesus is smeared with spittle and mud. He looks for our soul to keep Him company. And we-are we happy to be alone with Jesus, or do we

look for the company of creatures? Is Jesus alone our only breath and our only heartbeat?

In order to make us become like Him, loving Jesus binds our souls with aridity, with oppressions, with sufferings, and with any other kind of mortification. Are we happy to be bound by Jesus in that prison in which His love places us-that is, obscurity, oppressions and the like?

Jesus is in prison. Do we feel the firmness and the promptness to imprison ourselves in Jesus for love of Him? Afflicted Jesus longed for our

soul in order to be untied and sustained in the painful position in which He found Himself. Do we long for Jesus alone to come and keep us company, to free us from the chains of every passion, and to bind us with the stronger chains of His Heart? Do we place our pains as cortege around suffering Jesus in order to remove from Him the spit and the mud which sinners send to Him? Jesus prays in prison. Is our prayer constant with Jesus?

My chained Jesus, You became a prisoner for love of me, and I pray You to imprison my mind, my tongue, my heart and all of myself within You, that

*I may have no freedom, and You may
have absolute lordship over me.*

Fourteenth Hour

From 6 to 7 AM

**Jesus before Caiphas again, who
confirms**

**His condemnation to death and sends
Him to Pilate**

My sorrowful Jesus, You are now

out of the prison; You are so exhausted that You stagger at each step. I want to place myself at your side in order to sustain You, when I see that You are about to fall.

But I see that the soldiers take You before Caiphas; and You, O my Jesus, reappear in their midst like a Sun, and even though disfigured, You spread light everywhere. I now see that Caiphas is overjoyed in seeing You reduced so badly. At the reflections of your Light, He becomes more blinded, and in his fury, He asks You again: "*So, are You really the true Son of God?* "

And You, my Love, with supreme majesty, with the grace of your word, and with your usual sweet and moving tone, such as to enrapture the hearts, answer: *"Yes, I am the true Son of God."*

And your enemies, though feeling all the power of your word within themselves, suffocating everything, wanting to know nothing else - in one voice, cry out: *"He is guilty to death, he is guilty to death!"*

Caiphas confirms the sentence to death, and sends You to Pilate. And You, my condemned Jesus, accept this

sentence with so much love and resignation, as to almost snatch it from the iniquitous Pontiff. You repair for all the sins committed deliberately and with all malice, and for those who, instead of afflicting themselves because of evil, rejoice and exult over sin itself, and this leads them to blindness and to suffocating any enlightenment and grace. My Life, Jesus, your reparations and prayers echo in my heart, and I repair and pray together with You.

My sweet Love, I see that, having lost any bit of esteem for You, seeing You sentenced to death, the soldiers grab You, add ropes and chains, and

bind You so tightly as to almost prevent any movement of your Divine Person; and pushing You and dragging You, they put You out of the palace of Caiphas.

Crowds of people await You - but no one to defend You.

And You, my Divine Sun, come out into their midst, wanting to envelop everyone with your Light. As You move the first steps, wanting to enclose all the steps of the creatures within Yours, You pray and repair for those who move the first steps to operate with evil purposes - some to take revenge, some to steal, some to

betray, some to kill, and more. Oh, how all these sins wound your Heart! And in order to prevent so much evil, You pray, You repair, and You offer all of Yourself.

But, as I follow You, I see that at the moment of descending from the palace of Caiphas, You, my Sun, Jesus, meet beautiful Mary, our sweet Mama. Your gazes meet and wound each other; and even though you feel relieved in seeing each other, yet new sorrows arise: for You, in seeing the beautiful Mama pierced, pale and wrapped in mourning; and for dear Mama, in seeing

You, Divine Sun, eclipsed and covered with so much opprobrium-crying and wrapped in Blood. But you cannot enjoy the exchange of your gazes for too long, and with the sorrow of being unable to say even a word to each other, your Hearts say everything; and one fused within the other, you stop looking at each other, because the soldiers are pushing You.

So, trampled upon and dragged, You arrive at Pilate. My Jesus, I unite myself to your pierced Mama in following You, to fuse myself in You together with Her. And You, give me your gaze of love, and bless me.

Reflections and Practices

Jesus goes out to the light of the day and is brought before Caiphas. With firmness He confirms that He is the Son of God.

When we go out, do we let ourselves be directed by Jesus?

Is our composure an example for others, and our steps like magnets which call souls around Jesus? The whole life of Jesus is a continuous cry for souls. If we conform to His Will—that is, if our feet call souls as they walk, if our heartbeats, echoing the

divine heartbeats, harmonize with them and ask for souls, and so on with all the rest-as we operate in this way, we will form the very Humanity of Jesus within ourselves. Therefore, every additional cry for souls that we make, is an additional mark that we receive from our Jesus. Is our life always the same, or do we change it for the worse, depending on the encounters that we have?

My Jesus, sanctity which has no equal, guide me, and let also my outward appearance manifest all your divine life.

Fifteenth Hour

From 7 to 8 AM

**Jesus before Pilate. Pilate sends Him
to Herod.**

My bound Good, Jesus, your enemies, together with the priests, present You to Pilate; and faking sanctity and scrupulousness, because they have to celebrate the Passover, they remain outside the lobby. And You, my Love, seeing the depth of their malice, repair for all the hypocrisies of the religious body. I too repair together with You. But

while You occupy Yourself with their good, they begin to accuse You before Pilate, vomiting all the poison they have against You.

Showing himself unsatisfied with the accusations they make against You, Pilate calls You aside, to be able to condemn You with reason, and, alone, He examines You and asks You: *"Are You the King of the Jews?"*

And You, Jesus, my true King, answer: *"My Kingdom is not of this world; otherwise, thousands of legions of Angels would defend Me."*

And Pilate, moved by the
sweetness and the dignity of your words,
surprised, says to You: "*So, You are
King?*"

And You: "*You say it-I am, and I
have come into the world to teach the
Truth. "*

Without wanting to know anything else, convinced of your innocence, Pilate goes out to the lobby and says: "*I find no guilt in this Man.*"

Enraged, the Jews accuse You of many other things, and You remain silent; You do not defend Yourself. You repair for the weaknesses of the judges, when they are faced by the arrogant; You repair for their injustices, and You pray for the innocent, oppressed and abandoned.

Then, seeing the fury of your

enemies, Pilate sends You to Herod, to get rid of You.

Jesus before Herod

My Divine King, I want to repeat your prayers and reparations, as I accompany You to Herod.

I see that your enemies, enraged, would want to devour You, and they lead You among insults, mockeries and derisions. So, they make You arrive before Herod, who, swelling up, asks You many questions. You do not answer

him and do not even look at him. And Herod, irritated because he does not see his curiosity satisfied, and feeling humiliated by your long silence, declares to all that You are crazy and mindless, and he orders that You be treated as such. And to mock You, he has You clothed with a white garment, and he delivers You into the hands of the soldiers, that they may do with You the worst they can.

My innocent Jesus, no one finds guilt in You - only the Jews, because their faked religiosity does not deserve that the light of Truth may shine in their minds.

My Jesus, infinite Wisdom, how much it costs You being declared insane! Abusing You, the soldiers cast You to the ground, trample You, smear You with spit, despise You, beat You with rods, and the blows are so many that You feel You are dying. The pains, the ignominies, the humiliations they inflict on You, are so great and so many that the Angels weep, and cover their face with their wings in order not to see them.

My crazy Jesus, I too want to call You crazy - but crazy with love. And your folly of love is such that, instead of becoming upset, You pray and repair for

the ambitions of the kings and of the leaders, who aspire to kingdoms for the ruin of the peoples; for the many slaughters they cause, and the so much blood they cause to be shed for their whims; for the sins committed in the courts, in the palaces, and in the militia.

My Jesus, how tender it is to see You pray and repair in the midst of so many outrages! Your voice resounds in my heart, and I follow whatever You do. And now, let me place myself at your side, share in your pains, and console You with my love. Driving the enemies away from You, I take You in my arms to refresh You, and to kiss your forehead.

My sweet Love, I see that they give You no peace - Herod sends You to Pilate. If coming was painful, going back will be more tragic, because I see that the Jews are more furious than before, and they are determined to make You die at any cost.

Therefore, before You leave the palace of Herod, I want to kiss You to prove my love to You, in the midst of so many pains. And You, strengthen me with your kiss and with your blessing, that I may follow You before Pilate.

Reflections and Practices

Presented to Pilate, in the midst of many insults and scorns, Jesus is always sweet; He disdains no one, and tries to make the light of truth shine in everyone. Do we feel the same with everyone? Do we try to conquer our natural evil if someone does not sympathize with us? In dealing with creatures, do we always try to make Jesus known, and to make the light of truth shine in them?

O Jesus, sweet life of mine, place your word on my lips, and let me always speak with your tongue.

Clothed as a madman before

Herod, Jesus remains silent, suffering unheard-of pains. And we-when we are slandered, mocked, insulted or derided, do we think that the Lord wants to give us a divine likeness? In the pains, in the scorns, and in all that our poor heart may feel, do we think that it is Jesus Who gives us sorrow with His touch, Who transforms us into Himself with His touch, and gives us His likeness? And as suffering returns to us, do we think that Jesus, in looking at us, is not satisfied with us, and therefore gives us another squeeze in order to render us completely like Him? Following the example of Jesus, can we scry that we have dominion

over ourselves; and that, in adversities, we prefer to remain silent instead of answering? Do we ever let ourselves be won by curiosity? In every pain that we may suffer, we must place the intention that it be a life which we give to Jesus in order to plead for souls. Placing souls in the Will of God, our pain becomes a circle, in which we enclose God and the souls in order to join them to Jesus.

My Love and my All, You alone, take dominion over this heart of mine and keep it in your hands, so that in any encounter I may copy within me your infinite patience.

Sixteenth Hour

From 8 to 9 AM

Jesus is brought back to Pilate and placed after Barabbas.

Jesus is scourged.

My tormented Jesus, my poor heart follows You in the midst of anxieties and pains, and in seeing You clothed as a madman, knowing Who You are-Infinite Wisdom, Who gives reason to all-I become delirious, and I say:

"How can it be! Jesus insane? Jesus - a criminal? And as if it was not enough, You will now be placed after Barabbas!"

My Jesus, Sanctity which has no equal, You are already before Pilate, once again. In seeing You reduced so badly, clothed as a madman, that not even Herod has condemned You, He becomes more indignant against the Jews, and is even more convinced of your innocence, and that he should not condemn You. But he, still wanting to give some satisfaction to the Jews, almost to dampen their hatred, their fury, their rage, and their ardent thirst for

your Blood, proposes You, with Barabbas, for their choice. But the Jews cry out: *"We do not want Jesus free, but Barabbas!"*

And Pilate, not knowing what to do to calm them, condemns You to the scourging.

My Jesus, placed last-my heart breaks in seeing that, while the Jews occupy themselves with You to make You die, You, instead, recollected within Yourself, think about giving Life to all. And as I prick up my ear, I hear You say: *"Holy Father, look at your Son, clothed as a madman. May this*

repair before You for the madness of many creatures fallen into sin. May this white garment be like a defense before You, for many souls who clothe themselves with the dismal garment of sin. Do You see, O Father, their hatred, their fury, their rage against Me, which almost makes them lose the light of reason, for thirst for My Blood? And I want to repair for all of the hatreds, the revenges, the anger, the murders, and impetrate the light of reason for all.

*Look at Me again, My Father;
can there be greater insult?*

They have placed Me after the greatest criminal. And I want to repair for all the misplacements they do. Ah, the whole world is full of misplacements: some place Us after a vile interest, some after honors, some after vanities, some after pleasures, some after their own attachments, some after dignities, some after gluttonies, and even after sin. All creatures unanimously place Us after even a tiny little trifle. And I am ready to accept being placed after Barabbas, in order to repair for the misplacements the creatures make with

TT "

us.

My Jesus, I feel I am dying with sorrow and confusion in seeing your great Love in the midst of so many pains, and the heroism of your virtues in the midst of so many pains and insults. Your words and reparations resound in my poor heart like many wounds, and in my torment, I repeat your prayers and your reparations. Not even for one instant do I want to detach myself from You, otherwise many of the things You do would escape me. And now, what do I see? The soldiers take You to a pillar in order to scourge You. My Love, I follow You; and You, look at me with your loving gaze, and give me the strength to

be present at your painful massacre.

Jesus is scourged

My most pure Jesus, You are now near the pillar. Enraged, the soldiers untie You in order to bind You to it. But this is not enough - they strip You of your garments to make a cruel massacre of your Most Holy Body. My Love, my Life, I feel faint for the sorrow of seeing You naked. You tremble from head to foot, and your Most Holy Face blushes with virginal modesty. Your confusion, your exhaustion, are such that, unable to

keep standing, You are about to fall at the foot of the pillar; but the soldiers sustain You - not to help You, but to bind You; and they do not let You fall.

They now take the ropes and bind your arms so tightly, that they swell immediately, and blood spurts from the ends of your fingers. Then, from the ring of the pillar, they make ropes and chains pass around your Most Holy Person, down to your feet; and to be able to freely hurl themselves at You, they bind You to the pillar so tightly that You cannot make one movement.

My stripped Jesus, allow me to pour myself out, otherwise I cannot go on seeing You suffer so much. How can this be? You, who clothe all created things - the Sun with light, the heavens with stars, the plants with leaves, the birds with feathers - You, stripped!?

What daring! But my loving Jesus, through the light He sends forth from His eyes, tells me: *"Be silent, O child-it was necessary that I be stripped, in order to repair for many who strip themselves of every modesty, of purity and of innocence; who strip themselves of every good and virtue, and of My Grace, clothing themselves with every*

brutality, and living like brutes. With My virginal blush I wanted to repair for so many dishonesties, luxuries and brutal pleasures. Therefore, be attentive to everything I do; pray and repair with Me, and calm yourself. "

Scourged Jesus, your Love moves from one excess to another. I see that the executioners take the ropes, and beat You without pity, to the point of bruising all of your Most Holy Body. Their fierceness, their fury in beating You is such that they are already tired. But two more take their place; they take thorny rods, and they beat You so much that,

soon, rivers of Blood begin to pour from your Most Holy Body. Then they lash it all over, forming furrows, and filling it with wounds. But this is not all; two more take their turn, and with hooked iron chains, they continue the excruciating massacre. At the first blows, that flesh, beaten and wounded, rips open even more, and falls to the ground, tom into pieces. The bones are uncovered, the Blood pours down - so much, as to form a pool of Blood around the pillar.

My Jesus, my stripped Love, while You are under this storm of blows, I cling to your feet, to take part in

your pains and be covered completely by your most precious Blood. But each blow You receive is a wound to my heart; more so, since in pricking up my ears, I hear your moans. But they are not heard, because the storm of the blows deafens the air all around. And in those moans, You say: *"All of you who love Me, come to learn the heroism of true love! Come to dampen in My Blood the thirst of your passions, your thirst for so many ambitions, for so many intoxications and pleasures, for so much sensuality! In this Blood of Mine you will find the remedy for all of your evils. "*

Your moans continue to say:
"Look at Me, O Father, all wounded under this storm of blows. But this is not enough; I want to form so many wounds in My Body as to give enough rooms to all souls within the Heaven of My Humanity, in such a way as to form their salvation within Myself, and then let them pass into the Heaven of the Divinity. My Father, may each blow of these scourges repair before You for each kind of sin - one by one. And as they strike Me, let them justify those who commit them. May these blows strike the hearts of the creatures, and speak to them about My Love, to the point of forcing them to surrender to

Me. "

And as You say this, your Love is so great, though great is the pain, that You almost incite the executioners to beat You more. My Jesus, stripped of your own flesh, your Love crushes me - I feel I am going mad. Your love is not tired, while the executioners are exhausted and cannot continue your painful massacre.

They now cut the ropes, and You, almost dead, fall into your own Blood. And in seeing the shreds of your flesh, You feel like dying of grief, because in those detached pieces of flesh You see

the reprobate souls. And your sorrow is such, that You gasp in your own Blood.

My Jesus, allow Me to take You in my arms, in order to refresh You a little with my love. I kiss You, and with my kiss, I enclose all souls in You, so no one will be lost; and You-bless me.

Reflections and Practices

From 8 to 9 Jesus is stripped naked and subjected to cruel scourging. And we-are we stripped of everything? Jesus is tied to the pillar. Do we let ourselves be bound by love? Jesus is tied to the pillar, while we add

our own ropes, with our sins and attachments, and sometimes even with things which are indifferent or good in themselves, not being satisfied with the ropes with which the Jews tied Him. In the meantime, with His pitying gaze Jesus calls us to untie Him. Don't we see that in that gaze there is also a reproach for us, since we too contributed to binding Him? In order to relieve afflicted Jesus, we must remove our chains first, to be able to arrive at removing the chains of other creatures. Many times these little chains of ours are nothing other than little attachments to our own will, to our self-love which is a little resentful;

to our little vanities which, forming a braid, pairifully bind loving Jesus.

Sometimes, taken by love for our poor soul, Jesus Himself wants to take these chains away from us, so that we may not repeat His painful binding. Ah, when we lament because we don't want to be bound alone with Jesus, we force Him, saddened, to withdraw from us.

While He suffers, our tormented Jesus repairs all the sins against modesty. And we-are we pure in the mind, in the gaze, in the words, in the affections, so as not to add more blows on that innocent Body? Are we always

bound to Jesus, so as to be ready to defend Him, when creatures strike Him with their offenses?

My chained Jesus, may your chains be my own, so that I may always feel You in Me, and You may always feel me within You.

Seventeenth Hour

From 9 to 10 AM

Jesus is crowned with thorns.

Presented to the people: "Ecce Homo!"

Jesus is condemned to death.

My Jesus, infinite Love, the more I look at You, the more I understand how much You suffer. You are already completely lacerated - there is not one point left whole in You. The executioners, enraged in seeing that, in so many pains, You look at them with so much love, and that your loving gaze, forming a sweet enchantment, almost like many voices, prays and supplicates for more pains and new pains-though inhuman, yet forced by your Love, make

You stand on your feet. Unable to stand Yourself, You fall again into your own Blood, and, irritated, with kicks and shoves, they make You reach the place where they will crown You with thorns.

My Love, if You do not sustain me with your gaze of love, I cannot go on seeing You suffer. I feel a shiver in my bones, my heart throbs, I feel I am dying. Jesus, Jesus - help me!

And my lovable Jesus says to me:
"My child, courage, do not miss anything of what I suffered. Be attentive to My teachings. I have to redo man in everything. Sin has

removed the crown from him, and has crowned him with opprobrium and with confusion; so he cannot stand before My Majesty. Sin has dishonored him, making him lose any right to honors and to glory. This is why I want to be crowned with thorns - to place the crown on man's forehead, and to return to him all rights to every honor and glory. Before My Father, My thorns will be reparations and voices of defense for many sins of thought, especially pride; and for each created mind they will be voices of light and supplication, that they may not offend Me. Therefore, unite yourself to Me, and pray and repair together with Me.

Crowned Jesus, your cruel enemies make You sit; they place a rag of purple on You, they take the crown of thorns, and with infernal *fury*, they put it on your adorable Head. Then, by blow of rod, they make the thorns penetrate into your forehead, and some of them reach into your eyes, into your ears, into your skull, and even behind your neck. My Love, what torment, what unspeakable pains! How many cruel deaths You suffer!

Your Blood pours down upon your Face, in such a way that one can see

nothing but blood. But under those thorns and that Blood, your Most Holy Face appears, radiant with sweetness, with peace, and with love. And the executioners, wanting to complete the tragedy, blindfold You, place a reed in your hand as scepter, and begin their mockeries. They hail You King of the Jews, they beat You on the crown, they slap You, and say to You: "*Guess who hit You!*"

And You remain silent - You answer by repairing for the ambition of those who aspire to kingdoms, to dignities, to honors, and for those who, finding themselves in positions of

authority and behaving incorrectly, cause the ruin of the peoples and of their souls, which had been entrusted to them; and their evil examples push others toward evil and cause the loss of souls.

With this reed You hold in your hand, You repair for so many works-good, but empty of interior spirit and also done with evil intentions. In the insults and the blindfold, You repair for those who ridicule the holiest things, discrediting them and profaning them; You also repair for those who blindfold the sight of their intelligence in order not to see the light of Truth. With this blindfold, You impetrate that the

blindfolds of passions, of riches and of pleasures may be removed from us.

My King Jesus, your enemies continue with their insults.

The Blood which flows from your Most Holy Head is so much, that reaching your mouth, It prevents You from letting me hear clearly your most sweet voice, so I cannot do what You do. Therefore I come into your arms; I want to sustain your pierced and suffering head, and I want to place my head under those thorns in order to feel their pricks.

But as I say this, my Jesus calls me with His loving gaze, and quickly I embrace His Heart, and I try to sustain His Head. Oh, how beautiful it is to be with Jesus, even in the midst of a thousand torments! And He says to me: *"My child, these thorns say that I want to be constituted King of each heart; to Me belongs every dominion. Take these thorns and prick your heart; let everything that does not belong to Me come out, and then leave one thorn inside, as the seal that I am your King, and to prevent any other thing from entering into you. Then, go through every heart, and pricking them, let all*

the fumes of pride and the rottenness which they contain come out, and constitute Me King of all. "

My Love, my heart breaks in leaving You; therefore I beg You to deafen my ears with your thorns, that I may hear only your voice; cover my eyes with your thorns, that I may look at You alone; fill my mouth with your thorns, that my tongue be mute to everything that may offend You, and be free to praise You and bless You in everything. O my King Jesus, surround me with thorns, that they may hold me in custody, defend me, and keep me all

intent on You. And now I want to dry your Blood and kiss You, because I see that your enemies take You to Pilate, who will condemn You to death. My Love, help me to follow your Sorrowful Way, and bless me.

Jesus once again before Pilate, who shows Him to the people

My crowned Jesus, wounded by your love and transfixed by your pains, my poor heart cannot live without You, so I search for You, and I find You before Pilate, once again.

But, what a moving scene! The Heavens are horrified, and hell trembles with fear and rage! Life of my heart, my gaze cannot bear the sight of You, without feeling like dying. But the enrapturing power of your love forces me to look at You, that I may comprehend your pains well; and I contemplate You, amid tears and sighs.

My Jesus, You are naked, but still, You clothe Yourself - I see You are clothed with blood, your flesh torn, your bones uncovered, your Most Holy Face unrecognizable. The thorns stuck in your Most Holy Head reach into your eyes -

into your Face, and I see nothing but blood which, pouring down to the ground, forms a bloody torrent beneath your feet.

My Jesus, I can no longer recognize You because of the way You have been reduced! Your state has reached the most profound excesses of humiliations and spasms! Ah, I can no longer bear the sight of You, so sorrowful - I feel I am dying. I would want to snatch You from the presence of Pilate, to enclose You in my heart and give You rest. I would want to heal your wounds with my love, and flood the whole world with your Blood, to

enclose all souls in it and conduct them to You, as the conquest of your pains!

And You, O patient Jesus, seem to look at me with difficulty through the thorns, and You say to me: *"My child, come into these bound arms of Mine, place your head on My breast, and you will see pains more intense and bitter, because what you see on the outside of My Humanity is nothing but the outpouring of My interior pains. Pay attention to the beats of My Heart, and you will hear that I repair for the injustices of those who command, for the oppressions against the poor and the innocents subordinated to kings, for*

the pride of those who, in order to preserve dignities, positions, riches, do not hesitate to break any law and to harm their neighbor, closing their eyes to the light of truth. With these thorns I want to shatter the spirit of pride of their lordships; and with the holes which they form in My head, I want to open My way into their minds, in order to reorder all things in them, according to the light of truth. By remaining so humiliated before this unjust judge, I want to make everyone understand that only virtue is that which constitutes man king of himself; and I teach to those who command, that virtue alone, united to upright knowledge, is worthy

and capable of governing and ruling others, while all other dignities, without virtue, are dangerous and deplorable things. My child, echo My reparations, and continue to be attentive to My pains. "

My Love, I see that in seeing You reduced so badly, Pilate shudders, and deeply impressed, exclaims: "*How can there be so much cruelty in human breasts? Ah, this was not my will in condemning Him to the scourging!* " .. And wanting to free You from the hands of the enemies-in order to find more convenient reasons, all humbled,

removing his gaze from You because he cannot sustain your sight, too painful-he questions You again: *"But, tell me, what have You done? Your people gave You into my hands - tell me, are You a king? What is your kingdom?"*

At the storming questions of Pilate, You, O my Jesus, do not answer, and recollected within Yourself, You think about saving my poor soul, at the cost of so many pains!

Since You do not answer, Pilate adds: *"Do You not know that it is in my power to release You or to condemn*

You?" But You, O my Love, wanting to make the light of truth shine in the mind of Pilate, answer: "You would have no power over Me, if it did not come to you from above. However, those who gave Me into your hands, have committed a sin graver than yours. "

Almost moved by the sweetness of your voice, irresolute as he is, with his heart in a tempest, thinking that the Jews would be more compassionate, Pilate decides to show You from the balcony, hoping that they may be moved to compassion in seeing You so tortured, so as to be able to release You.

Sorrowful Jesus, my heart faints in seeing You follow Pilate. You walk with difficulty, bent over, under that horrible crown of thorns. Your Blood marks your steps, and as You go out, You hear the tumultuous crowd anxiously awaiting your condemnation. Imposing silence, in order to call the attention of all and to be heard by all, Pilate, with repugnance, takes two hems of the purple [cloth] which covers your chest and shoulders. He lifts it, so that all may see how You are reduced, and says in a loud voice:

"Ecce Homo! [Here is the Man!] Look

at Him - He no longer has the features of a man. Observe his wounds - He can no longer be recognized. If He has done evil, He has already suffered enough-or rather, too much. I already regret having made Him suffer so much; therefore, let us set Him free. "

Jesus, my Love, allow me to sustain You, because I see that, unable to stand under the weight of so many pains, You stagger. Ah, in this solemn moment, your destiny is decided. At the words of Pilate, all become silent - in Heaven, on earth, and in hell! And then, as though in one single voice, I hear the cry of all: "*Crucify Him, crucify Him - we want*

Him dead at any cost!"

My Life, Jesus, I see You tremble. The cry of death descends into your Heart, and among these voices, You recognize the voice of your dear Father, which says: *"My Son, I want You dead, and dead crucified!"* Ah, You hear also your Mama who, though pierced and desolate, echoes your dear Father: *"Son, I want You dead!"* The Angels, the Saints, hell - everyone, in one voice cries out: *"Crucify Him, crucify Him!"* There is not one soul who wants You alive. And - ah, ah! to my deepest blush, sorrow and horror, I too feel forced to cry out, by an irresistible force:

"Crucify Him!"

My Jesus, forgive me if I too, a miserable sinful soul, want You dead! But, I beg You to make me die together with You.

In the meantime, O my tormented Jesus, moved by my sorrow, You seem to say to me: *"My child, cling to My Heart, and take part in My pains and in My reparations. This moment is solemn: either My death or the death of all creatures must be decided. In this moment, two currents pour into My*

Heart. In one there are all the souls who, if they want Me dead, it is because they want to find life in Me; and so, by My acceptance of death for them, they are released from the eternal condemnation, and the doors of Heaven open to receive them. In the other current there are those who want Me dead out of hatred and as corifirmation of their own condemnation; and My Heart is lacerated, and feels the death of each one of them, and the very pains of hell! Ah, My Heart cannot bear these bitter pains; I feel death at each heartbeat, at each breath, and I keep repeating: "Why will so much blood be shed in vain? Why will My pains be

useless for so many?" Ah, child, sustain Me, for I can take no more. Take part in My pains; may your life be a continuous offering for the salvation of souls, so as to soothe pains so excruciating for Me!"

My Heart, Jesus, your pains are mine, and I echo your reparations. But I see that Pilate is astonished, and He hastens to say: *"How can this be? Should I crucify your King? I find no guilt in Him to condemn Him."* And the Jews cry out, deafening the air:

"We have no other king but Caesar, and if you do not condemn Him, you

are not a friend of Caesar. Insane, insane-crucify Him, crucify Him! "

Not knowing what else to do, for fear of being deposed, Pilate has a bucket of water brought to him, and washing his hands, he says: *"I am not responsible for the Blood of this just one."* And he condemns You to death. But the Jews cry out: *"May His Blood fall upon us and upon our children!"* And in seeing You condemned, they make feast, they clap their hands, they whistle and shout; while You, O Jesus, repair for those who, finding themselves in high positions, out of vain fear and in order not to lose their places, break the

most sacred laws, not caring about the ruin of entire peoples, favoring the evil and condemning the innocent. You repair also for those who, after sin, provoke the divine anger to punish them.

But while You repair for this, your Heart bleeds with sorrow in seeing your chosen people, struck by the malediction of Heaven, which they themselves, with full will, have wanted, sealing it with your Blood which they cursed! Ah, your Heart faints; allow me to sustain It in my hands, making your reparations and your pains my own. But your love pushes You higher and, impatient, You already look for the

Cross!

My Life, I will follow You, but for now rest in my arms; then, we will reach mount Calvary together. Therefore, remain in me, and bless me.

Reflections and Practices

From 9 to 10, crowned with thorns, Jesus is mocked as king and subjected to unheard-of insults and pains. He repairs in a special way for the sins of pride. And we-do we avoid sentiments of pride? Do we attribute to God the good which we do? Do we consider ourselves inferior to others?

Is our mind always empty of any other thought in order to give rise to grace? Many times we do not give rise to grace by keeping our mind filled with other thoughts. Then, since our mind is not completely filled with God, we ourselves cause the devil to bother us, and maybe we even foment temptations. When our mind is filled with God, as the devil approaches us, not finding the place toward which to direct his temptations, confused, he flees. In fact, holy thoughts have so much power against the devil that, as he is about to approach us, they wound him like many swords, and cast him away.

Therefore, we lament unfairly when our mind is bothered and tempted by the enemy. It is our poor surveillance that pushes our enemy to assault us. He is spying on our mind in order to find little gaps, and attack us. Then, instead of relieving Jesus with our holy thoughts and removing the thorns from Him, ungrateful, we push them into his head, making Him feel the pricking more sharply. In this way, grace remains frustrated, and cannot carry out the crafting of its holy inspirations in our mind.

Many times we do even worse. As

we feel the weight of temptations, instead of bringing them to Jesus, making of them a bundle to be burned by the fire of His love, we worry, we become sad, and speculate on those very temptations. Therefore, not only does our mind remain occupied by evil thoughts, but all our poor being remains as though soaked with them; and so it would almost take a miracle from Jesus to free us. Jesus looks at us through those thorns and, calling us, He seems to say: "Ah, My child, you yourself do not want to cling to Me. If you had come soon to Me, I would have helped you to free yourself from the bothers which the enemy brought into

your mind, and you would not have made Me sigh so much for your return. I asked for help from you in order to be freed from thorns so sharp; but I waited in vain, because you were occupied with the work that your enemy had given you. Oh! how much less tempted you would be, if you came soon into My arms. Fearing Me, and not you, the enemy would leave you immediately. "

My Jesus, may your thorns seal my thoughts in your mind, and prevent the enemy from causing any sort of temptation.

When Jesus makes Himself felt in our mind and in our heart, do we reciprocate His inspirations, or do we place them into oblivion? Jesus is mocked as king. And we-do we respect all the holy things? Do we use all the reverence which befits them, as if we were touching Jesus Christ Himself?

My crowned Jesus, let me feel your thorns, so that I may understand from their pricks how much You suffer, and I may constitute You as King of my whole self.

Showed from the balcony, Jesus is condemned to death by those people

who had been loved and who had benefited so much from Him.

Loving Jesus accepts death for us, in order to give us life.

Are we ready to accept any pain to prevent Jesus from being offended and from suffering? Our pain must be accepted so as not to make Jesus suffer. Since He suffered infinitely in His Humanity, and since we have to continue His life on earth, we must reciprocate the pains of the Humanity of Jesus Christ with our own pains.

How do we compassionate the pains which Jesus suffers in seeing many souls being snatched from His Heart? Do we make His pains our own so as to relieve Him from all that He suffers? The Jews want Him crucified, so that He may die like a criminal, and that His name be erased from the face of the earth. Do we strive to let Jesus live on earth? With our acts, with our example, with our steps, we must put a divine mark in the world, so that Jesus may be recognized by all, and so that, through our works, His life may have a divine echo, heard from one end of the world to another. Are we ready to give our own life so that beloved Jesus may

be relieved of all the offenses, or do we rather imitate the Jews, people so much favored-almost like our own souls, which are loved so much by Jesus-and shout like them, "Crucifigatur" (let Him be crucified) ?

My condemned Jesus, may your condemnation be my own, which I accept for love of you. And in order to console You, I will pour myself continuously in You, to bring You into the hearts of all creatures, to make You known to all, and to give your life to all.

The Eighteenth Hour

From 10 to 11 AM

**Jesus takes up the Cross and walks
toward Calvary,**

where He is stripped

My Jesus, insatiable love, I see that You give Yourself no peace, I feel your fidgets of love, your pains. Your Heart beats strongly; in every heartbeat I feel bursts, tortures, violences of love; and unable to contain the fire that

devours You, You pant, moan, sigh, and in each moan I hear You say: "*Cross I*" Each drop of your blood repeats: "*Cross I*" All your pains, through which You swim as though in an interminable sea, repeat among themselves:

"Cross!" And You exclaim: "*O Cross, beloved and longed for, You alone will save My children, and I concentrate in You all My Lovel*"

Second Crowning with Thorns

Meanwhile, your enemies take You back into the Praetorium, and

remove the purple [mantle], wanting to clothe You again with your own garments. But, alas, how much pain! It would be sweeter for me to die than to see You suffer so much! The garment remains snagged to the crown, and they are unable to pull it off. So, with cruelty never before seen, they tear off everything together - garment and crown. At the cruel tearing, many thorns break, remaining stuck inside your Most Holy Head. Blood pours down in torrents, and your pain is such that You moan. But the enemies, heedless of the tortures, clothe You with your own garment, and then put the crown back, pushing it violently upon your Head.

The thorns are driven into your eyes, into your ears there is not one part of your Most Holy Head that does not feel their piercing. Your pain is such that You stagger under those cruel hands, shivering from head to foot; You are about to die among atrocious spasms of pain, and with your languishing eyes, filled with blood, You look at Me, with difficulty, asking for help in so much pain!

My Jesus, King of Sorrows, let me sustain You and hold You tightly to my heart. I would want to take the fire that devours You to bum your enemies to

ashes and rescue You; but You don't want it, because your yearnings for the Cross become more ardent, and You quickly want to immolate Yourself on It—also for your enemies! But as I hold You tightly to my heart, You, holding me tightly to Yours, tell me: *"My child, let Me pour out My love; and together with Me, repair for those who do good and yet dishonor Me. These Jews clothe Me with My own garment in order to discredit Me even more before the people, to convince them that I am a criminal. In appearance, the action of clothing Me was good, but in its essence it was evil. Ah, how many do good works, administer Sacraments or*

attend them, with human, and even evil purposes. But good, done badly, leads to hardness; so I want to be crowned for the second time, with pains sharper than the first time, in order to shatter this hardness, and with My thorns, draw them to Myself. Ah, My child, this second crowning is much more painful. I feel My head swimming in the midst of thorns; at every movement I make, or blow they give to Me, I suffer many cruel deaths. In this way I repair for the malice of the offenses; I repair for those, who, in whatever interior state they find themselves, instead of thinking of their own sanctification, waste and reject My grace, giving Me

back more piercing thorns; while I am forced to moan, to cry tears of blood, and to sigh for their salvation.

Ah, I do everything to love them, and the creatures do everything to offend Me! You, at least-do not leave Me alone in My pains and reparations.
"

Jesus embraces the Cross

My tortured Good, with You I repair, with You I suffer. But I see that your enemies hurl You down the stairs; the people await You with fury and

eagerness; they make You find the Cross ready, which You long for with many sighs. And You-with love You gaze on It, and with firm step You approach It and embrace It. But, before that, You kiss It, and as a shiver of joy runs through your Most Holy Humanity, with highest contentment You gaze on It again, measuring Its length and breadth. In It, already, You establish the portion for each creature. You dower them all, enough to bind them to the Divinity with a bond of marriage, and make them heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. Then, unable to contain the love with which You love them, You kiss the Cross again, and say: *"Adored Cross, finally I embrace you.*

You were the longing of My Heart, the martyrdom of My love. But you, O Cross, have delayed until now, while My steps were always toward you. Holy Cross, you were the goal of My desires, the purpose of My existence down here. In you I concentrate My whole being, in you I place all My children, and you will be their life, their light, defense, custody and strength. You will assist them in everything, and will bring them gloriously to Me in Heaven. O Cross, Pulpit of Wisdom, you alone will teach true sanctity; you alone will form the heroes, the athletes, the martyrs, the Saints. Beautiful Cross, you are My

Throne, and since I have to leave the earth, you will remain in My place. To you I give all souls as dowry - keep them, save them; I entrust them to you!
"

In saying this, eager, You let It be placed upon your Most Holy Shoulders. Ah, my Jesus, the Cross is too light for your love, but the weight of our sins adds to that of the Cross-enormous and immense, as the expanse of the Heavens. And You, my wearied Good, You feel crushed under the weight of so many sins. Your soul is horrified at their sight, and feels the pain of each sin. Your sanctity remains shaken before so much

ugliness, and as the Cross weighs upon your shoulders, You stagger, You pant, and a mortal sweat creeps through your Most Holy Humanity. I beg You, my Love-I don't have the heart to leave You alone-I want to share the weight of the cross with You; and to relieve You from the weight of sins, I cling to your feet. I want to give You, in the name of all creatures, love for those who do not love You, praises for those who despise You, blessings, thanksgivings, obedience on behalf of all. I promise that in any offense You receive, I intend to offer You all of myself in reparation, to do the acts opposite to the offenses the creatures give You, and to console

You with my kisses and continuous acts of love. But I see that I am too miserable; I need You to be able to really repair You. Therefore I unite myself to your Most Holy Humanity, and together with You I unite my thoughts to yours in order to repair for the evil thoughts - mine, and of all; my eyes to yours, to repair for the evil glances; my mouth to yours, to repair for the blasphemies and the evil discourses; my heart to yours, to repair for the evil tendencies, desires and affections. In a word, I want to repair everything that your most holy Humanity repairs, uniting myself to the immensity of your love for all, and to the immense good

You do to all. But I am not yet content. I want to unite myself to your Divinity, and I dissolve my nothingness in It, and in this way I give You everything. I give You your love to quench your bitternesses; I give You your Heart to relieve You from our coldness, lack of correspondence, ingratitude, and the little love of the creatures. I give You your harmonies to cheer your hearing from the deafening blasphemies It receives. I give You your beauty to relieve You from the ugliness of our souls, when we muddy ourselves in sin. I give You your purity to relieve You from the lack of righteous intention, and from the mud and rot You see in many

souls. I give You your immensity to relieve You from the voluntary constraints into which souls put themselves. I give You your ardor to burn all sins and all hearts, so that all may love You, and no one may offend You, ever again. In sum, I give You all that You are, to give You infinite satisfaction, eternal, immense and infinite love.

The Painful Way to Calvary

My most patient Jesus, I see You take the first steps under the enormous weight of the Cross. I unite my steps to yours, and when You, weak, bled dry

and staggering, are about to fall, I will be at your side to sustain You; I will place my shoulders beneath It, so as to share Its weight with You. Do not disdain me, but accept me as your faithful companion. Oh Jesus, You look at me, and I see that You repair for those who do not carry their crosses with resignation, but rather, they swear, get irritated, commit suicide, and commit murders. And for all You impetrate love and resignation to their crosses. But your pain is such that You feel crushed under the Cross. You have taken only the first steps, and You already fall under It. As You fall, You knock against the stones; the thorns are driven more into

your head, while all your wounds are embittered, and pour out new blood. And since You do not have the strength to get up, your enemies, irritated, try to make You stand with kicks and shoves.

My fallen Love, let me help You to stand, let me kiss You, dry your blood, and repair together with You for those who sin out of ignorance, fragility and weakness. I pray You to give help to these souls.

My Life, Jesus, making You suffer unheard-of spasms, your enemies have managed to put You on your feet, and as You walk, staggering, I hear your

panting breath. Your Heart beats more strongly and new pains pierce It intensely. You shake your head in order to clear your eyes from the blood that fills them, and You gaze anxiously. Ah, my Jesus, I understood everything-your Mama, who is searching for You like a moaning dove, wants to tell You one last word, and receive your last gaze; and You feel Her pains, Her heart lacerated in Yours, moved and wounded by Her love and by Yours. You see Her pushing Her way through the crowd, wanting at any cost to see You, to hug You, to give You the last good-bye. But You are more transfixed in seeing Her mortal paleness, and all of your pains

reproduced in Her by force of Love. If She lives, it is only by a miracle of your Omnipotence. You move your steps toward hers, but You can hardly exchange a glance!

Oh, pang of your two Hearts! The soldiers notice it, and with blows and shoving prevent Mama and Son from exchanging the last good-bye. The torment of both is such that your Mama remains petrified by the pain, and is about to die. Faithful John and the pious women sustain Her, while You fall again under the Cross. Then, your sorrowful Mama does with Her soul that which She cannot do with Her Body, because

She is prevented: She enters into You, makes the Will of the Eternal One Her own, and associating Herself in all your pains, performs the office of your Mother, kisses You, repairs You, soothes You, and pours the balm of Her sorrowful love into all your wounds!

My suffering Jesus, I too unite with the pierced Mama. I make all your pains, and every drop of your Blood my own; in each wound I want to act as a mama for You, and together with Her, and with You, I repair for all the dangerous encounters, and for those who expose themselves to occasions of sin, or, forced by necessity to be exposed,

remain entangled in sin.

Meanwhile, You moan, fallen under the Cross. The soldiers fear that You may die under the weight of so many martyrdoms, and from the shedding of so much Blood. In spite of this, by lashes and kicks, with difficulty, they manage to put You on your feet again. And You repair for repeated falls into sin, for mortal sins committed by every class of people, and You pray for obstinate sinners, shedding tears of blood for their conversion.

My Love, overcome with pain, while I follow You in these reparations,

I see You stagger under the enormous weight of the Cross. You are shivering all over. At the continuous shoving You receive, the thorns penetrate more and more into your Most Holy Head. The Cross, with Its heavy weight, digs into your shoulder, to the extent of forming a wound so deep that the bones are exposed. At every step, it seems that You are dying, and unable to move any further. But your love, which can do everything, gives You strength, and as You feel the Cross penetrate into your shoulder, You repair for the hidden sins; those which, not being repaired, increase the bitterness of your spasms. My Jesus, let me place my shoulder

under the Cross to relieve You and repair with You for all hidden sins.

But your enemies, for fear that You may die under It, force the Cyrenean to help You carry the Cross. Unwilling and complaining, he helps You - not out of love, but by force. Then all the complaints of those who suffer, the lack of resignation, the rebellions, the anger and despising in suffering, echo in your Heart. But You remain even more pierced in seeing that souls consecrated to You, whom You call to be your help and companions in your suffering, escape You; and if You hug them to Yourself through suffering - ah, they

wriggle free from your arms to look for pleasures, and so they leave You alone, suffering!

My Jesus, while I repair with You, I beg You to hold me in your arms, but so tightly that there may be no pain that You suffer in which I do not take part, so as to be transformed in them and make up for the abandonment of all creatures. My Jesus, overcome with weariness, all bent over, You can hardly walk; but I see that You stop and try to look. My Heart, what is it? What are You looking for? Ah, it is Veronica, who, fearless and courageous, with a cloth dries your Face all covered with blood, and You leave

your Face impressed on it, in sign of gratitude. My generous Jesus, I too want to dry You, but not with a cloth; I want to expose all of myself to relieve You, I want to enter into your interior and give You, O Jesus, heartbeat for heartbeat, breath for breath, affection for affection, desire for desire. I intend to dive into your Most Holy Intelligence, and making all these heartbeats, breaths, affections and desires flow in the immensity of your Will, I intend to multiply them to infinity. I want, O my Jesus, to form waves of heartbeats, so that not one evil heartbeat may resound in your Heart, and so soothe all your interior bitternesses. I intend to form waves of

affections and desires to cast away all evil affections and desires which might, even slightly, sadden your Heart. Still more, O my Jesus, I intend to form waves of breaths and thoughts, to cast away any breath or thought that could slightly displease You. I will be on guard, O Jesus, so that nothing else may afflict You, adding more bitterness to your interior pains. O my Jesus, please, let all of my interior swim in the immensity of yours; in this way I will be able to find enough love and will, so that no evil love may enter your interior, nor a will which may displease You.

O my Jesus, to be more certain, I

beg You to seal my thoughts with Yours, my will with Yours, my desires with Yours, my affections and heartbeats with Yours; so that, being sealed, they may take no life but from You. I ask You, again, O my Jesus, to accept my poor body which I would want to tear to shreds for love of You, and reduce it to tiny little pieces, to place over each one of your wounds. On that wound, O Jesus, which gives You pain from so many blasphemies, I place a little piece of my body, wanting it to say to You constantly: "*I bless You.*" On that wound that gives You so much pain from the many ingratitude, I intend, O Jesus, to place a portion of my body, to prove my

gratitude to You. On that wound, O Jesus, which makes You suffer so much from coldness and lack of love, I intend to place many little bits of my flesh, to say to You constantly: "*I love You, I love You, I love You!*" On that wound which gives You so much pain from the so many irreverences to your Most Holy Person, I intend to place a piece of myself, to tell You always: "*I adore You, I adore You, I adore You!*" .. O my Jesus, I want to diffuse myself in everything, and in those wounds embittered by the many misbeliefs, I desire that the shreds of my body tell You, always: "*I believe-I believe in You, O my Jesus, my God, and in your*

Holy Church, and I intend to give my life to prove my Faith to You!" .. O my Jesus, I plunge myself into the immensity of your Will, and making It my own, I want to compensate for all, and enclose the souls of all in the power of your Most Holy Will. O Jesus, I still have my blood left, which I want to pour over your wounds as balm and soothing liniment, in order to relieve You and heal You completely. Again, I intend, O Jesus, to make my thoughts flow in the heart of every sinner, to reprimand him continuously, that he may not dare to offend You. And I pray to You with the voice of your Blood, so that all may surrender to my poor prayers. In this

way I will be able to bring them into your Heart! Another grace, O my Jesus, I ask of You: that in everything I see, touch and hear, I may see, touch and hear always You; and that your most holy image and your most holy Name, always be impressed in every particle of my poor being.

In the meantime, the enemies, disapproving of this act of Veronica, flog You, push You, and shove You on the way! A few more steps and You stop again. Even under the weight of so much suffering, your love does not stop, and on seeing the pious women weeping because of your pains, You forget

Yourself and console them, saying: *"Daughters, do not weep over My pains, but over your sins and over your children."* What a sublime teaching, how sweet is your word! O Jesus, with You I repair for the lack of charity, and I ask You for the grace of making me forget myself, to remember nothing but You alone.

On hearing You speak, your enemies become furious, they pull You by the ropes, and push You with such rage as to make You fall. As You fall, You knock against the stones: the weight of the Cross crushes You, and You feel like dying! Let me sustain You, and

protect your Most Holy Face with my hands. I see You touch the ground and gasp in your Blood. But your enemies want to make You stand; they pull You by the ropes, they lift You by your hair, they kick You-but all in vain. You are dying, my Jesus! What painmy heart breaks with grief! Almost dragging You, they take You up to Mount Calvary. As they drag You, I hear You repair for all the offenses of the souls consecrated to You, which weigh upon You so much that, as much as You try to stand, You cannot! And so, dragged and trampled upon, You reach Calvary, leaving behind You the red trace of your precious Blood.

Jesus is stripped and crowned with thorns for the third time

But new sufferings await You here. They strip You again, tearing off both garment and crown of thorns. Ah, You groan in feeling the thorns being torn from inside your Head. And as they pull your garment, they tear also the lacerated flesh attached to it. The wounds rip open, your Blood flows to the ground in torrents; the pain is such that, almost dead, You fall.

But nobody is moved to
compassion for You, my Good!

On the contrary, with bestial fury they put the crown of thorns on You again. They beat it on well, and the torture they cause You because of the lacerations and the tearing of your hair clotted in the coagulated blood, is such that only the Angels could tell what You suffer, while, horrified, they turn their celestial gaze away, and weep!

My stripped Jesus, allow me to hold You to my heart to warm You, as I see that You are shivering and an icy mortal sweat invades your Most Holy Humanity. How I would want to give You my life - my blood to take the place of yours, which You have lost to give

me life!

In the meantime, barely looking at me with His languishing and dying eyes, Jesus seems to tell me: *"My child, how much souls cost Me! This is the place where I wait for everyone in order to save them, where I want to repair for the sins of those who arrive at degrading themselves lower than beasts, and are so obstinate in offending Me as to reach the point of not being able to live without committing sins. Their minds remain blinded, and they sin wildly. This is why they crown Me with thorns for the*

third time. And by being stripped, I repair for those who wear luxurious and indecent clothing, for the sins against modesty, and for those who are so bound to riches, honors and pleasures, as to make of them a god for their hearts.

Ah, yes, each one of these offenses is a death that I fee!; and if I do not die, it is because the Will of My Eternal Father has not yet decreed the moment of My death! "

My stripped Good, while I repair with You, I beg You to strip me of everything with your Most Holy hands,

and not to allow that any bad affection may enter into my heart. Watch over it; surround it with your pains; fill it with your love. May my life be nothing but the repetition of Yours; strengthen my stripping with your blessing; bless me from your Heart, and give me the strength to be present at your sorrowful crucifixion, to remain crucified with You!

Reflections and Practices

Jesus carries the Cross. The love of Jesus for the Cross, His anxious ardor to die on It for the salvation of

souls, are immense! And we-do we love suffering like Jesus? Can we say that our heartbeats echo His divine heartbeats, and that we too ask for our cross?!

When we suffer, do we have the intention of becoming companions of Jesus in order to relieve Him from the weight of His Cross? How do we accompany Him? As He receives insults, are we always ready to give Him our little suffering as relief for His pains?

In working, in praying, and when

we feel the hardship of our suffering under the weight of interior pains, do we let our pain fly to Jesus, which, like a veil, may dry up His sweat and cheer Him, as we make His hardship our own?

All: O my Jesus, call me always to be close to You, and remain always near me, so that I may comfort You always with my pains.

The Nineteenth Hour

From 11 AM to 12 PM

Jesus is Crucified

First Part: The Crucifixion

My Love, Jesus, You have already been stripped of your garments; your Most Holy Body is so lacerated that You look like a skinned lamb. I see You all shivering, and my heart breaks with pain in seeing You dripping Blood from all parts of your Most Holy Body! Your enemies, tired, but not satiated with tormenting You, in stripping You, tear the crown of thorns off of your

head, to your unspeakable pain, and then again they drive it onto You, making You feel unheard-of spasms, as they add new more painful wounds to the first.

Ah, my Jesus, in this third crowning, You repair for the perfidy of man, and for his obstinacy in sin!

My Jesus, if love had not wanted You to suffer greater pains than these, You would certainly have died from the sharpness of the pain You suffered in this third crowning with thorns. But

now I see that You can no longer bear that pain, and with your eyes covered with Blood, You look to see whether one, at least, would come close to You to sustain You in so much suffering and in such great confusion.

My sweet Good, my dear Life, here You are not alone as You were last night. There is your sorrowful Mama, who, heart pierced by intense sorrow, suffers as many deaths for as many pains as You suffer! There also, are loving Magdalene and faithful John, who are mute with sorrow at the sight of your pains. Tell me my Love, who do You want, to sustain You in so much

pain? Oh, please, let me come to You - I, who more than anyone else, feel the need to be near You in these moments. Dear Mama and the others give me their place, and here I am, O Jesus, I come to You. I hug You, and I pray You to lean your head upon my shoulder, to let me feel the piercings of your thorns, in order to repair for all the offenses of thought that creatures commit. My Love, please, hold me to Yourself; I want to kiss, one by one, the drops of Blood which flow down your Most Holy Face, and I pray You that each one of these drops may be light for every mind of the creature, so that no one may offend You with evil thoughts.

Meanwhile, my Jesus, You look at the Cross that your enemies are preparing for You. You hear the blows of the hammer with which your executioners are forming the holes into which they will drive the nails that will hold You crucified. And your Heart beats, more and more strongly, jumping with divine inebriation, yearning to lay Yourself upon that bed of pain, to seal with your death the salvation of our souls. And I hear You say: *"Please, O Cross, receive Me soon into your arms, I am impatient of waiting! Holy Cross, upon you I shall come to give completion to all. Hurry, O Cross,*

fulfill the burning desire that consumes Me, to give life to souls. Delay no more; I anxiously yearn to lay Myself upon you in order to open the Heavens to all My children.

Oh Cross, it is true that you are My martyrdom, but in a little while you will also be My victory and My most complete triumph; and through you I will give abundant inheritances, victories, triumphs and crowns to My children. "

As Jesus is saying this, His enemies command Him to lay Himself

upon It; and promptly He obeys, to repair for our disobedience.

My Love, before You lay Yourself on the Cross, allow me to hold You more tightly to my heart, and to kiss your loving and bleeding wounds. Hear me, O Jesus, I do not want to leave You; I want to come with You, to lay myself on the Cross and remain nailed to It with You. True love does not tolerate separation, and You will forgive the daring of my love. Concede that I be crucified with You. See, my tender Love, I am not the only one to ask this of You, but also your sorrowful Mama, inseparable Magdalene, faithful John: we all say to

You that it would be more bearable to be nailed with You to Your Cross, than to see You crucified alone! Therefore, together with You I offer myself to the Eternal Father identified with your Will, with your Heart, with your reparations and with all your pains.

Ah, it seems that my adored Jesus says to me: *"My child, you have anticipated My Love; this is My Will: that all those who love Me be crucified with Me. Ah, yes, come and lay yourself on the Cross with Me; I will give you life with My life, I will hold you as the beloved of My Heart. "*

And now, my sweet Good, You lay Yourself on the Cross, looking with so much love and with so much sweetness at your executioners-who already hold nails and hammers in their hands ready to pierce You-as to make a sweet invitation to hasten the crucifixion. Indeed, with inhuman fury, they grab your right hand, hold the nail on your palm, and with blows of the hammer, make it come out the opposite side of the Cross. The pain You suffer is so great that You shiver, O my Jesus; the light of your beautiful eyes eclipses, and your most holy Face turns pale and looks like death.

Blessed right hand of my Jesus, I kiss you, I compassionate you, I adore you and I thank you for myself and for all. For as many blows as you receive, so many souls do I ask you to free, at this moment, from eternal damnation. As many drops of Blood as You shed, so many souls do I beg You to wash in this most precious Blood of Yours. O my Jesus, for the bitter pain You suffer, I ask You to open the Heavens to all, and to bless all creatures. May your blessing call all sinners to conversion, and all heretics and unbelievers to the light of the Faith.

Oh Jesus, my sweet Life, your

torment has only begun, and here your executioners, having finished the nailing of your right hand, with unheard-of cruelty grab your left hand, and in order to make it reach the mark of the hole, with violence, pull it so much that the joints of your arms and shoulders are dislocated, and by the force of the pain, your legs too, are contracted and convulsed. Then, with untiring fury, they nail it to the Cross as they did with the right one.

Left hand of my Jesus, I kiss you, I compassionate you, I adore you, I thank you, and, for the blows you receive and for the bitter pains you suffer while they

drive the nail through, I ask you to concede, at this moment, liberation from Purgatory to the purging souls. Yes, O Jesus, for the Blood You shed from this hand, I beg You to extinguish the flames that burn these souls. May this Blood be refreshment and a healthy bath for all, such as to purge them from any stain and dispose them to the beatific vision. My Love and my all, for this sharp pain You suffer, I ask You to close hell to all souls, and to hold back the lightnings of Divine Justice irritated, alas, by our own sins! O Jesus, let Divine Justice be appeased, so that the divine chastisements may not pour down upon the earth, and treasures of Divine Mercy

may be opened for the benefit of all. My Jesus, I place the world and all generations into your arms, and I beg You, O my sweet Love, with the voices of your own Blood, to deny no one your forgiveness, and by the merits of your most precious Blood, to concede to all the salvation of their souls! Do not exclude anyone, O Jesus!

My Love, Jesus, your enemies are not yet content. With diabolical fury, they grab your most holy feet, contracted by the great pain suffered in the tearing of your arms, and they pull them so much that your knees, your ribs and all the

bones of your chest, are dislocated. My heart cannot sustain this, my dear Good; I see your beautiful eyes eclipsed and veiled with Blood, for the intensity of the pain. Your livid lips contort, your cheeks hollow, your teeth chatter, while your chest pounds rapidly. Ah, my Love, how willingly would I take your place to spare You so much pain! I want to place on every part of You a relief, a kiss, a comfort, a reparation for all.

My Jesus, they put your feet one on top of the other, and drive a nail without a point through them. * Blessed feet of my Jesus, I kiss you, I adore you, I thank you; and for the most bitter pains

you suffer, for the tearing and for the Blood you shed, I beg you to enclose all souls in your most sacred wounds.

O Jesus, do not disdain anyone! May your nails nail our powers, so that they may not move away from You; may they nail our hearts, so that they may always be fixed in You alone; may they nail all our feelings, so that they may have no taste which does not come from You. O my crucified Jesus, I see You all bleeding, as though swimming in a bath of Blood, which asks continuously for souls. By the power of this Blood, I ask You, O Jesus, that not one of them may escape You ever again!

O Jesus, I come close to your tortured Heart; I see that You cannot take any more, but Love cries out more loudly: "*Pains, pains, more pains.*"

My Jesus, I hug You, I kiss You, I compassionate You, I adore You and I thank You for myself and for all. Jesus, I want to place my head upon your Heart, to feel what You feel in this painful Crucifixion. Ah, I hear every blow of the hammer echoing in It; everything is centered in It - from It do your pains begin, and in It do they end. Ah, if it were not already decreed that a lance would rip your Heart, the flames of your love would open their way, and would

make It explode! These flames call loving souls to find a happy residence in your Heart, and I, O Jesus, for the sake of your most precious Blood, ask You for sanctity for these souls. O please, do not allow them ever to go out from your Heart, and with your grace, multiply the vocations of victim souls, who may continue your life upon earth. You wanted to give a distinct place in your Heart to the loving souls; let them never lose this place. Oh Jesus, may the flames of your Heart burn me and consume me; may your Blood embellish me; may your love keep me always nailed to It through suffering and reparation.

O my Jesus, the executioners have now nailed your hands and feet to the Cross, and turning It over in order to bend the nails, they force your adorable Face to touch the ground, soaked with your own Blood; and You, with your divine lips, kiss it. With this kiss, O my sweet Love, You intend to kiss all souls and bind them to your love, placing a seal on their salvation. O Jesus, let me take your place, and while your executioners pound on the nails, let these blows wound me as well, and nail me completely to your love.

My Jesus, as the thorns are driven more and more into your head, I want to

offer You, O my sweet Good, all my thoughts which, like loving kisses, may console You and soothe the bitterness of your thorns.

O Jesus, I see that your enemies are not yet satiated with insulting You and deriding You, and I want to comfort your divine gazes with my gazes of love.

Your tongue is almost attached to your palate because of the bitterness of the bile and the ardent thirst. In order to quench your thirst, O my Jesus, You would want all the hearts of creatures overflowing with love, but not having them, You burn more and more for them.

My sweet Love, I intend to send You rivers of love, to soothe in some way the bitterness of the bile and your ardent thirst. O Jesus, I see that at every movement You make the wounds of your hands rip open more and more, and the pain becomes more intense and sharp. My dear Good, to relieve and soothe this pain I offer You the holy works of all creatures. O Jesus, how much You suffer in your most holy feet! It seems that all the movements of your most sacred Body pound in them, and nobody is near You to sustain You, and somehow soothe the bitterness of your sufferings! My most sweet Life, I would want to reunite the steps of creatures of all

generations, past, present and future, and direct them all to You, to come to console You in your hard pains.

O my Jesus, alas, how tortured is your poor Heart! How to comfort so much pain? I will diffuse myself in You; I will place my heart in Yours, my ardent desires in Yours, so that any evil desire may be destroyed. I will diffuse my love in Yours, so that by means of your fire, the hearts of all creatures may be burned, and the profane loves destroyed. Your most sacred Heart will be comforted, and from now on I promise You, O Jesus, always to remain nailed to this most loving Heart, with the nails of

your desires, of your Love and of your Will.

O my Jesus - Crucified You; crucified me in you. Do not allow me, even slightly, to unnailed myself from You, but let me always be nailed to You to be able to love You and repair for all, and to soothe the pain which the creatures give You with their sins.

Second Part: Jesus Crucified.

With Him we disarm Divine Justice.

My good Jesus, I see that your enemies lift the heavy wood of the Cross and let It drop into the hole they had prepared; and You, my sweet love, remain suspended between Heaven and earth. In this solemn moment, You turn to the Father, and with weak and feeble voice, You say to Him: *"Holy Father, here I am, loaded down with all the sins of the world There is not one sin which does not pour upon Me; therefore, no longer unload the scourges of your Divine Justice upon man, but upon Me, your Son. O Father, allow Me to bind all souls to this Cross, and to plead forgiveness for them with the voices of*

My Blood and of My wounds. O Father, do You not see how I have reduced Myself? By this Cross, by virtue of these pains, concede true conversion, peace, forgiveness and sanctity to all. Arrest your fury against poor humanity, against My children. They are blind, and know not what they are doing. Look well at Me, how I have reduced Myself because of them; if You are not moved to compassion for them, may You at least be softened by this Face of mine, dirtied with spit, covered with Blood, bruised and swollen by the so many slaps and blows received Have pity, My Father! I was the most beautiful of all, and now I am all disfigured, to the

point that I no longer recognize Myself. I have become the abject of all; and so, at any cost, I want to save the poor creature!"

**

My Jesus, how is it possible that You love us so much? Your love crushes my poor heart. Oh, I would want to go into the midst of all creatures to show this Face of Yours, so disfigured because of them, to move them to compassion for their own souls and for your Love; and with the light that your Face emanates, and with the enrapturing power of your love, make them

understand Who You are, and who they are, who dare to offend You, so that they may prostrate themselves before You, to adore You and glorify You.

My Jesus, adorable Crucified, the creature continues to irritate Divine Justice, and with her tongue, she makes resound the echo of horrible blasphemies, voices of curses and maledictions, and evil discourses. Ah, all these voices deafen the earth, and penetrating even into the Heavens, while deafening the divine hearing, they curse and ask for revenge and justice against her! Oh, how Divine Justice feels pressed to hurl Its scourges! Oh, how the

many horrendous blasphemies ignite Its fury against the creature! But You, O my Jesus, loving us with highest love, face these deadly voices with your omnipotent and creative voice, and cry out for mercy, graces and love for the creature. In order to appease the indignation of the Father, all love, You say to Him: *"My Father, look at Me once again, do not listen to the voices of the creatures, but to Mine; I am the One Who satisfies for all. Therefore I beg You to look at the creature, and to look at her in Me; if You look at her outside of Me, what will happen to her? She is weak, ignorant, capable only of doing evil, and full of miseries. Have*

pity - pity on the poor creature. I answer for her with My tongue embittered by bile, parched by thirst, dried and burned by love. "

My embittered Jesus, my voice in Yours wants to face all these offenses, all the blasphemies, in order to change all human voices into voices of blessings and praises.

My Crucified Jesus, at so much love and pain of yours, the creature does not yet surrender; on the contrary, she despises You and adds sins to sins, committing enormous sacrileges, murders, suicides, duels, frauds, deceits, cruelties and

betrayals. Ah, all these evil works weigh on the arms of your celestial Father; so much so, that unable to sustain their weight, He is about to lower them and pour fury and destruction upon the earth. And You, O my Jesus, to snatch the creature from the divine fury, fearing to see her destroyed-You stretch out your arms to the Father, You disarm Him, and prevent Divine Justice from taking Its course. And to move Him to compassion for miserable Humanity and to soften Him, You say to Him with the most persuasive voice: *"My Father, look at these hands, ripped open, and the nails that pierce them, which nail them together with all these evil works. Ah,*

in these hands I feel all the spasms that these evil works give to Me. Are You not content, O My Father, with My pains? Am I perhaps not capable of satisfying You? Yes, these dislocated arms of Mine will always be chains to hold the poor creatures tightly, so that they may not escape from Me, except for those who wanted to struggle free by sheer force. These arms of mine will be loving chains that will bind You, My Father, to prevent You from destroying the poor creature. Even more, I will draw You closer and closer to her, that You may pour your graces and mercies upon her!"

My Jesus, your love is a sweet enchantment for me, and pushes me to do what You do. So, together with You, at the cost of any pain, I want to prevent Divine Justice from taking Its course against poor Humanity. With the Blood that pours out of your hands I want to extinguish the fire of sin that ignites It, and to calm Its fury. Allow me to place in your arms, the sufferings and the torments of all men, and the many hearts, grieving and oppressed. Allow me to go among all creatures and press them all into your arms, so that all of them may return to your Heart. By the power of your creative hands, allow me to stop the current of so many evil works, and

to hold everyone back from doing evil.

My lovable crucified Jesus, the creature is not yet content in offending You. She wants to drink, to the bottom, all the filth of sin, and she runs almost wildly along the path of evil. She falls from sin to sin, disobeys all of your Laws, and denying You, rebels against You, and almost out of spite, she wants to go to hell. Oh, how the Supreme Majesty becomes indignant! And You, O my Jesus, triumphing over all, even over the obstinacy of creatures, in order to appease the Divine Father, show Him all of your Most Holy Humanity,

lacerated, dislocated, tortured in a horrible way. You show your Most Holy Feet, pierced, twisted by the atrocity of the spasms, and I hear your voice, more moving than ever, as though in act of breathing its last, wanting to win over the creature by force of love and pain, and to triumph over the Paternal Heart:

"My Father, look at Me, from head to foot; there is not one part of Me which is left whole. I do not know where else to let them open more wounds and to procure more sufferings. If You do not placate Yourself at this sight of love and suffering, who will ever be able to appease You? O creatures, if you do not surrender to so much Love, what hope

remains for you to convert? These wounds and Blood of Mine will be voices that constantly call from Heaven to earth, graces of repentance, forgiveness and compassion for you!"

My Jesus, Crucified lover, I see that You can take no more.

The terrible tension that You suffer on the Cross, the continual creaking of your bones that dislocate more and more at every tiny movement, your flesh that rips more and more, the ardent thirst that consumes You, the interior pains

that suffocate You with bitterness, pain and love-and, in the face of so many martyrdoms, the human ingratitude that insults You and penetrates, like a mighty wave, into your pierced Heart, oppress You so much that your Most Holy Humanity, unable to bear the weight of so many martyrdoms, is about to end, and raving with love and suffering, cries out for help and pity! Crucified Jesus, is it possible that You, Who rule everything and give life to all, ask for help? Ah, how I wish to penetrate into each drop of your most precious Blood, and to pour my own in order to soothe each one of your wounds, to lessen and render less painful the pricks of each

thorn, and into every interior pain of your Heart to relieve the intensity of your bitternesses. I wish I could give You life for life. If it were possible, I would want to unnailed You from the Cross and put myself in your place; but I see that I am nothing and can do nothing-I am too insignificant. Therefore, give me Yourself; I will take life in You, and in You, I will give You Yourself. In this way You will satisfy my yearnings. Tortured Jesus, I see that your Most Holy Humanity is ending, not because of You, but to fulfill our Redemption in everything. You need divine aid, and so You throw Yourself into the Paternal arms and ask for help and assistance.

Oh, how moved is the Divine Father in looking at the horrible torture of your Most Holy Humanity, the terrible crafting that sin has made upon your Most Holy Members! And to satisfy your yearnings of love, He holds You to His paternal Heart, and gives You the necessary helps to accomplish our Redemption; and as He holds You tightly, You feel again in your Heart, more intensely, the blows of the nails, the lashes of the scourging, the tearing of the wounds, the pricking of the thorns. Oh, how the Father is struck! How indignant He becomes in seeing that all these pains are given to You, up into your inmost Heart, even by souls

consecrated to You! And in His sorrow, He says to You: *"Is it possible, My Son, that not even the part chosen by You is wholly with You? On the contrary, it seems that these souls ask for refuge and a hiding place in your Heart in order to embitter You and give You a more painful death. And even more, all these pains they give to You, are hidden and covered by hypocrisy. Ah, Son, I can no longer contain My indignation at the ingratitude of these souls, who grieve Me more than all the other creatures together!"*

But You, O my Jesus, triumphing

over all, defend also these souls, and with the immense love of your Heart, form a shield to the waves of bitternesses and piercings that these souls give You. And to appease the Father, You say to Him: *"My Father, look at this Heart of mine. May all these pains satisfy You; and the more bitter they are, the more powerful may they be over your Heart of Father, to plead graces, light and forgiveness for them. My Father, do not reject them; they will be My defenders who will continue My life upon earth."* ****

My Life, Crucified Jesus, I see You still agonizing on the Cross,

because your love is not yet satisfied in order to give completion to all. I too, yes, agonize together with You. And all of you, Angels and Saints - come to Mount Calvary, to admire the excesses, and the follies of the love of a God! Let us kiss His bleeding wounds; let us adore them; let us sustain those lacerated limbs; let us thank Jesus for the accomplished Redemption. Let us turn our gaze to the pierced Mother, who feels pains and deaths in Her Immaculate Heart, for as many pains as She sees in Her Son God. Her own clothes are soaked with His Blood; Mount Calvary is all covered with It. So, all together, let us take this Blood,

let us ask the sorrowful Mother to unite Herself to us; let us divide ourselves throughout the whole world, and let us go to the help of all. Let us help those who are in danger, that they may not perish; those who have fallen, that they may stand up again; those who are about to fall, that they may not fall. Let us give this Blood to the many poor blind, that the light of truth may shine in them. In a special way, let us go into the midst of the poor soldiers, to be their vigilant sentries, and if they are about to be struck by the lead of the enemy, let us receive them into our arms, to comfort them. And if they are abandoned by all, if they are desperate with their sad

destiny, let us give them this Blood that they may be resigned, and the atrocity of the pain lessened. And if we see that there are souls who are about to fall into hell, let us give them this Divine Blood, which contains the price of Redemption-let us snatch them from Satan! And while I hold Jesus tightly to my heart in order to defend Him and shelter Him from everything, I will hold everyone to this Heart, so that all may obtain effective grace of conversion, strength and salvation.

Meanwhile, O Jesus, I see that your Blood flows in torrents from your hands and from your feet. The Angels,

weeping, surrounding You like a crown,
admire the portents of your immense
love. I see your sweet Mama, pierced by
pain, at the foot of the Cross; your dear
Magdalene, beloved John - all taken by
ecstasy of awe, love and pain! O Jesus, I
unite myself to You and I cling to your
Cross; I take all the drops of your Blood
and I pour them into my heart.

When I see your Justice irritated
against sinners, I will show You this
Blood in order to appease You. When I
want the conversion of souls obstinate in
sin, I will show You this Blood, and by
virtue of It You will not reject my
prayer, because I hold its pledge in my

hands. And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: *"We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world. "*

Reflections and Practices

Crucified Jesus obeys His executioners. He accepts with love all the insults and pains which they give Him. Jesus found in the Cross His bed of rest for the great love which He felt for our poor soul. And we-do we rest in

Him in all our pains? Can we say that we prepare a bed for Jesus in our heart with our patience and with our love?

While Jesus is being crucified, there is not one interior or external part of Him which does not feel a special suffering. Do we remain completely crucified to Him, at least with our main senses? When we find our enjoyment in a futile conversation or in some other similar amusement, then it is Jesus that remains nailed to the cross. But if we sacrifice that same taste for love of Him, then we remove the nails from Jesus, and pierce ourselves.

Do we always keep our mind, our heart and all of our being as nailed with the nails of His most Holy Will? While being crucified, Jesus looks at His executioners with love. Do we look with love at those who offend us, for love of Him?

All: My crucified Jesus, may your nails be driven into my heart, so that there may be no heartbeat, affection or desire which does not feel their pricking; and may the blood which this heart of mine will shed, be the balm that soothes all of your wounds.

**The following passages are from
another translation**

of the Hours of the Passion.

* Ah, my Jesus, as the nail passes through them, permit me to place all Priests in your right foot, especially those who do not live good and holy lives, so that they may be light for all peoples; and, in your left foot all peoples, so that they may receive light from Priests and respect and obey them. And, as the nail pierces your feet, may it run in like manner through Priests and all peoples so that the one and the other

cannot separate from you.

****** Oh Jesus, while You are transfixed on the Cross, your soul is no longer on earth, but in Heaven with your Divine Father to defend and plead the cause of our souls.

Prayer to Disarm the Divine Justice

My crucified Love, I too want to follow You before the throne of the Eternal One. Together with You, I want to disarm the Divine Justice. I make my own your most Holy Humanity united to

your Will; and, together with You, I want to do what You do. What is more, my Life, permit me to make my thoughts, my love, my will and my desires flow in yours; my heartbeat in your Heart and my whole being in You so that nothing may escape me and so that I may repeat act for act and word for word all that You do.

But I see that You, my crucified Jesus, seeing the Divine Father exceedingly angered against creatures, prostrate Yourself before Him and hide all creatures in your most Holy Humanity. In this way You put us into safety so that the Father, looking at us in

You, for Love of You, may not cast the creature away from Himself! And if He looks at it with indignation, it is because so many souls have disfigured the beautiful image created by Him and think only of offending Him. And, of the intelligence which should be used to know Him, they have formed, instead, the den in which they hide all sins. O my Jesus, to calm Him, You call the attention of the Divine Father to look at your most Sacred Head pierced by the most atrocious torments.

These torments have all the intelligences of creatures nailed, as it were, in your mind; and for which, one

by one, You offer expiation to satisfy the Divine Justice. Oh how these thorns are compassionate voices before the Divine Majesty that excuse all the evil thoughts of creatures!

My Jesus, my thoughts are one with yours. Therefore, together with You, I pray, implore, make reparation, and excuse before the Divine Majesty all the evil that is done by all the intelligences of creatures. Permit me to take your thorns and your very Intelligence to go around together with You to all creatures to attach yours to theirs; and, with the sanctity of your Intelligence, I want to return to them the

original intelligence which You created. With the sanctity of your thoughts, permit me to set all the thoughts of creatures in order in You, transfix with your thorns all the minds of creatures and give back to You the dominion and the rule of everyone. Ah yes, my Jesus, You alone be the ruler of every thought, of every affection, and of all the peoples. You alone rule everything. In this way alone will the face of the earth, which causes horror and terror to our Heavenly Father, be changed.

But, crucified Jesus, I perceive that You continue to see the Divine Father indignant; for He looks at poor

creatures and finds them all stained with sins and covered with the most ugly filth, as to cause disgust to all Heaven. Oh, how the purity of the Divine gaze is horrified to the point of almost no longer recognizing the poor creature as the work of his most holy hands! Indeed, they seem to be as so many monsters that occupy the earth and draw upon themselves the indignation of the Paternal gaze. But, O my Jesus, to calm Him, You seek to soothe his indignation by exchanging your eyes for his, making Him see creatures all covered with Blood and swollen with tears. And You weep before the Divine Majesty to move It to compassion for their misfortunes.

And I hear your voice that says: "My Father, it is true that the ungrateful creature defiles itself ever more with sins, such as to no longer merit your Paternal gaze; but look at Me, O Father. I want to weep so much before You, as to form a bath of tears and of Blood to wash this filth with which creatures are covered. My Father, do You perhaps want to reject Me? No, You cannot do it. I am your Son; and while I am your Son, I am also the Head of all creatures; and they are My members. Let Us save them, O Father. Let Us save them."

My Jesus, boundless Love, I would have your eyes to cry before the

Supreme Majesty for the loss of so many poor creatures and for these times so sad! Permit me to take your tears and your very gazes, which are one with mine, and go around to all creatures. And, to move them to compassion for their souls and for your love, I will make them see that You weep on their behalf; and that, while they are dirtying themselves, You have your tears and Blood ready to wash them. And, upon seeing You cry, they will surrender. Ah, with these tears, permit me to wash all the filthinesses of creatures. Let me make these tears descend into their hearts, soften so many souls hardened in sin, and overcome the obstinacy of all

hearts. And, with your gazes, let me penetrate them in such a way as to make all gazes rise up to Heaven to love You and no longer stray upon the earth to offend You. In so doing, the Divine Father will not refuse to look at poor humanity.

Crucified Jesus, I see that the Divine Father still does not calm down in his indignation, because, while his Paternal goodness, moved by so much Love for the poor creature, has filled Heaven and earth with proofs of Love and of benefits toward it; that, at almost every step and act, it feels the Love and the Graces of that Paternal Heart flow;

still, the creature, always ungrateful, despising this Love, does not want to recognize it. Indeed, it confronts so much Love by filling Heaven and earth with insults, scorns and outrages, unto trampling it under its impure feet, wanting to destroy it if it were possible, idolatrizing itself Ah, all these offenses penetrate even into the Heavens and come before the Divine Majesty. And oh, how God becomes indignant upon seeing the vile creature that goes so far as to insult this Love and to offend it in every way!

But, O my Jesus, always intent upon defending us with the enrapturing

force of your Love, You constrain the Father to look at your most Holy Face covered with all these insults and scorns, and say to Him:

"My Father, do not look down upon the poor creatures. If You reject them, You reject Me. Ah, be placated! I have all these offenses on My Face, which responds to You for all. My Father, arrest your fury against poor creatures. They are blind and do not know what they are doing. Therefore, observe me well, how I am reduced for their cause! If You are not moved to compassion for the miserable creature, be moved to pity by this Countenance of

mine, all slimy with spit, covered with Blood, colorless and swollen from the so many slaps and blows received. Have mercy, My Father! I was the most beautiful of all and now I am so disfigured that I no longer recognize Myself. I have become the abjection of everyone. Therefore, at any cost I want the poor creature saved!"

*** My Jesus, I see that You are in a state of violence, wanting to calm the Father and to overcome the poor creature. Therefore, permit me to take your most holy feet and go around to all creatures to bind their steps to your feet so that if they should want to walk the

way of evil, by feeling the chains that You have placed between Yourself and them, they will not be able to do it. Ah, with these feet of yours make them withdraw from the way of evil and place them upon the way of good, making them more obedient to your laws. And, with your nails, close Hell so that no one else falls into it.

**** O most Loving Father, consider that if My Humanity has now reached the extremity of its sufferings that My Heart bursts as well for the bitternesses and the intimate pains and the unheard-of agonies that it has suffered for the duration of thirty-four years, beginning

from the first instant of My Incarnation. Father, You know the intensity of these interior bitternesses which would have been capable of making Me die in every moment of pure agony if Our Omnipotence had not sustained Me to prolong My suffering up to this extreme agony.

"Ah, if until now I have offered You all the pains of My most Holy Humanity to appease your Justice over everyone and to draw upon everyone your triumphant Mercy, now, in a special manner, for the preservation of the souls who are consecrated to Us, I present to You My Heart; crushed, pressed and

broken under the press of all of the moments of My mortal life. Ah observe My Father, that this is the Heart that has Loved You with infinite Love and that has always been burned with Love for My brothers, your children in Me. This is the generous Heart with which I have longed to suffer, to give You complete satisfaction for all the sins of men. Have pity on its desolations, on its continual heartaches, on its anguishes, on its tediums and its sadnesses in the face of death. O My Father, was there, perhaps, one single beat of My Heart that did not seek your Glory and the salvation of My brothers at the cost of pains and of Blood? Did there not come forth from

this always oppressed Heart of mine the ardent supplications, the groanings, the sighs and the strong cries with which for thirty-four years I have wept and cried out for Mercy in your Presence?"

"O Father, You have heard Me for an infinitude of times and of souls; and I give You infinite thanks. But look, O My Father, see how My Heart cannot be calmed in its pains if even one single soul must flee from its Love: because, We Love a single soul as much as all souls together. And will it be said that I had to expire My last sigh upon this painful instrument of execution, seeing even souls consecrated to Us miserably

perish? I am dying in a sea of anguish for the iniquity and for the eternal loss of perfidious Judas whom I so benefited unto making him Priest and Bishop as My other Apostles, and who was so hard and ungrateful that he rejected all of My loving and delicate ways. Ah, My Father, let this abyss of pains be enough! Let what I see be enough: souls chosen by Us to the same Sacred calling, one more, another less, who want to follow Judas!

"Help Me, My Father; help Me! I cannot support all these pains!

See if there is one fiber in My

Heart which is not tormented more than all of the gashes of My Divine Body together! See if all the Blood that I am shedding does not issue from My Heart which is destroyed by Love and by pain more than from all My wounds. Have pity, My Father, have pity, not on Me, for I want to suffer unto the infinite for poor souls. Rather, have pity on all souls, especially those, both men and women, who have been called to My holy service and to My nuptials of Love! Listen, O Father; for My Heart, about to die, accelerates its blazing beats, and cries: 'My Father, for these so many pains of mine, I ask You efficacious Graces of repentance and of true

conversion for all these unhappy souls! Let not one of these souls flee Us! I thirst, My Father! I thirst for all souls, especially for these. I thirst for more suffering for each of these souls! My Father, I have always done your Will. Now, this Will of mine which is also yours, ah, let it be perfectly fulfilled for Love of Me, your most beloved Son in whom You have found all your good pleasure!"

O my Jesus, I can no longer stand it! I unite myself to your supplications, to your pains, to your suffering Love! Give me this Heart of yours so that I may feel your own thirst for souls

consecrated to You and, with my heartbeats, return to You the love and the affections of all of them. Permit me to go around to everyone and place your Heart in them. And, by its contact, may the cold be warmed, the tepid shaken, the wayward called back; and may the so many Graces rejected, return to them. This Heart of yours is suffocated by the pain and by the bitterness of seeing that the designs that You had upon these consecrated souls, because of their incorrespondence, were not realized; and that so many other souls which, through them, were to have Life and salvation, suffer the sad consequences! But I will show them your Heart so

embittered for their sake. I will hurl darts of fire from your Heart into them, and I will present to them all of your supplications and all of your sufferings for them. It is not possible that they not surrender to You, and thus they will return repentant to your feet; your loving designs upon them will be reestablished, and they will be in You and around You no longer to offend You, but to make reparation to You, to console You and to defend You.

Twentieth Hour

From 12 to 1 PM

First Hour of Agony on the Cross

The first word of Jesus

My Crucified Good, I see You on the Cross, as on the Throne of your triumph, in the act of conquering everything and all hearts, and of drawing them so closely to You, that all may feel your superhuman power. Horrified at such a great crime, nature prostrates itself before You, and waits in silence for a word from You, to pay You honor and let your dominion be

recognized. The sun, crying, withdraws its light, unable to sustain your sight, too sorrowful. Hell is terrified and waits in silence. Everything is silence. Your pierced Mama, your faithful ones, are all mute; and petrified at the sight of your tom and dislocated Humanity-alas, too painful, they are silently waiting for a word from You. Your very Humanity is silent, lying in a sea of pains, among the harrowing spasms of agony; so much so that they fear You are going to die at each breath!

What more? Even the perfidious Jews and the ruthless executioners who,

up to a little while ago, were offending You, mocking You, calling You impostor, criminal; even the thieves who were cursing You - everyone is silent, mute. Remorse invades them, and if they try to launch an insult against You, it dies on their lips.

But as I penetrate into your interior, I see that love overflows; it suffocates You and You cannot contain it. And forced by your love that torments You more than the pains themselves, with strong and moving voice, You speak as the God You are; You raise your dying eyes to Heaven, and exclaim: *"Father, forgive them, for they know*

not what they are doing!" And, again,
You close Yourself in silence, immersed
in unheard-of pains.

Crucified Jesus, how can so much
love be possible? Ah, after so many
pains and insults, your first word is of
forgiveness; and You excuse us before
the Father for so many sins! Ah, You
make this word descend into each heart
after sin, and You are the first to offer
forgiveness. But how many reject it and
do not accept it; your love is then taken
by follies, because You anxiously desire
to give your forgiveness and the kiss of
peace to all!

At this word, hell trembles and recognizes You as God; nature and everyone remain astonished; they recognize your Divinity, your inextinguishable love, and silently wait to see where it reaches. And not only your voice, but also your Blood and your wounds, cry out to every heart after sin: *"Come into My arms, for I forgive you, and the seal of forgiveness is the price of My Blood. "* O my lovable Jesus, repeat this word again to all the sinners which are in the world. Beseech mercy for all; apply the infinite merits of your most precious Blood for all. O good Jesus, continue to placate Divine Justice for all, and concede your grace

to those who, finding themselves in the act of having to forgive, do not feel the strength to do it.

My Jesus, adored Crucified, in these three hours of most bitter agony, You want to give fulfillment to everything; and while, silent, You remain on this Cross, I see that in your interior You want to satisfy the Father in everything. You thank Him for all, You satisfy Him for all, You beseech forgiveness for all, and for all You impetrate the grace that they may never again offend You. In order to impetrate this from the Father You go through all

of your life, from the first instant of your conception, up to your last breath. My Jesus, endless love, let me go through all your life together with You, with the inconsolable Mama, with Saint John, and with the pious women.

**Let us go through the Life and the
pains of Jesus**

My sweet Jesus, I thank You for the many thorns that pierced your adorable head, for the drops of Blood shed by It, for the blows You received on It, and for the hair they tore from You. I thank You for all the good You have

done and impetrated for all, for the enlightenments and the good inspirations You have given us, and for all the times You have forgiven all of our sins of thought, of pride, of conceit and of self-esteem.

I ask your forgiveness in the name of all, O my Jesus, for all the times we have crowned You with thorns; for all the drops of Blood we made You shed from your most sacred Head; for all the times we have not corresponded to your inspirations. For the sake of all these pains suffered by You, I ask You, O Jesus, to impetrate for us the grace to never again commit sins of thought. I

also intend to offer You everything You suffered in your most holy Head, in order to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, had they made good use of their intelligence.

O my Jesus, I adore your Most Holy Eyes, and I thank You for all the tears and the Blood they have shed, for the cruel pricks of the thorns, for the insults, the derisions and the contempts You bore during all of your Passion. I ask your forgiveness for all those who use their sight to offend You and insult You, asking You, for the sake of the pains suffered in your most sacred eyes, to give us the grace that no one may ever

again offend You with evil gazes. I also intend to offer You all that You Yourself suffered in your Most Holy Eyes, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You if their gazes were fixed only on Heaven, on the Divinity and on You, O my Jesus.

I adore your Most Holy Ears; I thank You for all that You suffered while those wicked people on Calvary deafened them with shouts and mockeries. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all for all the evil discourses which are listened to, and I pray that the ears of all men may be opened to the eternal truths, to the voices of Grace,

and that no one may offend You, ever again, with the sense of hearing. I also intend to offer You all that You suffered in your Most Holy Hearing, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, had they made holy use of this organ.

O my Jesus, I adore and I kiss your Most Holy Face, and I thank You for all that You suffered from the spit, the slaps and the mockeries received, and for all the times You allowed Yourself to be trampled by your enemies. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all, for all the times we have dared to offend You, asking You, for the

sake of these slaps and this spit, to let your Divinity be recognized, praised and glorified by all. Even more, 0 my Jesus, I myself intend to go throughout the whole world, from the east to the west, from the south to the north, to unite all the voices of the creatures and change them into as many acts of praise, of love and of adoration. Also, 0 my Jesus, I intend to bring You all the hearts of the creatures, so that You may cast light, truth, love and compassion for your Divine Person into all. And as You forgive all, I ask You not to allow anyone to offend You, ever again; if possible, even at the cost of my blood. Finally, I intend to offer You everything

You suffered in your Most Holy Face, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, if no one had dared to offend You.

I adore your Most Holy Mouth, and I thank You for your first wails, for the milk You suckled, for all the words You said, for the ardent kisses You gave to your Most Holy Mother, for the food You took, for the bitterness of the gall and of the ardent thirst You suffered on the Cross, and for the prayers You raised to the Father. I ask your forgiveness for all the gossip and the evil and mundane discourses made by the creatures, and for all the blasphemies they utter. I

intend to offer your holy discourses in reparation for their evil discourses; the mortification of your taste to repair for their gluttonies, and for all the offenses they have given You with an evil use of their tongue. I intend to offer You everything You suffered in your Most Holy Mouth, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, if none of them had dared to offend You with the sense of taste and with the abuse of their tongue. O Jesus, I thank You for everything, and in the name of all, I raise to You a hymn of eternal and infinite thanksgiving. O my Jesus, I intend to offer You everything You have suffered in your Most Holy Person, to

give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, had they conformed their lives to Yours.

I thank You, O Jesus, for everything You have suffered in your Most Holy Shoulders, for all the blows You have received, for all the wounds You have allowed them to open on your most sacred Body, and for all the drops of Blood You have shed. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all, for all the times in which, for love of comforts, they have offended You with illicit and evil pleasures. I offer You your painful scourging to repair for all the sins committed with all the senses, for love

for one's own tastes, for sensible pleasures, for one's own self and all natural satisfactions. I also intend to offer You all that You have suffered in your shoulders, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, if they had tried to please You alone in everything, and to find shelter under the shadow of your divine protection.

My Jesus, I kiss your left foot; I thank You for all the steps You took during your mortal life, and for all the times You tired your poor limbs, going in search of souls to lead to your Heart. Therefore, O my Jesus, I offer You all of my actions, steps and movements, with

the intention of giving You reparation for everything and for everyone. I ask your forgiveness for those who do not operate with righteous intention; I unite my actions to yours in order to divinize them, and I offer them united to all the works You did with your Most Holy Humanity, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, had they operated in a saintly way and with upright purposes.

O my Jesus, I kiss your right foot, and I thank You for all You have suffered and do suffer for me, especially in this hour, in which You are hanging on the Cross. I thank You for the excruciating

crafting that the nails are making in your wounds, which rip open more and more at the weight of your most sacred Body. I ask your forgiveness for all the rebellions and disobediences committed by the creatures, offering You the pains of your Most Holy Feet in reparation for these offenses, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, had they been submitted to You in everything.

O my Jesus, I kiss your most holy left hand; I thank You for all that You have suffered for me, for all the times You have placated the Divine Justice, satisfying for everything! I kiss your

right hand, and I thank You for all the good You have done, and You do, for all. In a special way, I thank You for the works of Creation, of Redemption and of Sanctification. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all, for all the times we have been ungrateful for your benefits, for our many works done without upright intention. In reparation for all these offenses, I intend to give You all the perfection and sanctity of your works, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, had they corresponded to all of these benefits.

O my Jesus, I kiss your Most

Sacred Heart, and I thank You for all You have suffered, desired and yearned for, for love of all and for each one in particular. I ask your forgiveness for the many evil desires, and for the affections and tendencies which are not good - forgiveness, O Jesus, for many who place your love after the love of creatures. And to give You all the glory that these have denied You, I offer You everything that your most adorable Heart has done and continues to do.

Reflections and Practices

Jesus, raised on the Cross, remains suspended without touching

the earth. And we-do we try to live detached from the world, from creatures, and from everything that tastes of earth? Everything must concur to form the cross on which we must lay ourselves, and remain suspended like Jesus, far away from all that is earth, so that creatures may not be attached to us.

Suffering Jesus has no other bed than the Cross, no other relief than wounds and insults. Does our love for Jesus reach the extent of finding rest in suffering? Let us enclose everything we do prayers, sufferings and other things-in those wounds. Let us dip everything

in the Blood of Jesus, and we will find comfort nowhere but in His pains. Therefore, the wounds of Jesus will be ours; His Blood will work continuously in us in order to cleanse us and embellish us; in this way we will draw all graces for ourselves and for the salvation of souls. With the deposit of the Blood of Jesus in our heart, if we commit any error, we will pray Jesus not to keep us dirty in His presence, but to wash us with His Blood, and keep us always together with Him. If we feel weak, we will pray Jesus to give a sip of His Blood to our soul, so as to give us strength. Sweet Jesus prays for His executioners; even more, He excuses

them. Do we make the prayer of Jesus our own in order to continuously excuse sinners before the Father, and to plead mercy for them, even for those who may have offended us?

While we pray, work or walk, let us also not forget the poor souls who are about to give their last breath. Let us bring the prayers and kisses of Jesus to their aid and comfort, so that His most precious Blood may purify them, and let them take flight toward Heaven.

All: My Jesus, from your wounds

and from your Blood, I want to draw strength in order to repeat your own life in Me. In this way, I will be able to plead for all, the good which You Yourself did.

Twenty-First Hour

From 1 to 2 PM

Second Hour of Agony on the Cross

Second, third and fourth word of Jesus

Second word on the Cross

My pierced Love, while I pray with You, the enrapturing power of your love and of your pains keeps my gaze fixed on You. But my heart breaks in seeing You suffer so much. You agonize with love and with pain, and the flames that burn your Heart rise so high as to be in the act of reducing You to ashes. Your constrained love is stronger than death itself; and wanting to pour it out, looking at the thief on your right, You steal him from Hell. With your grace You touch his heart, and that thief is completely changed; he recognizes You; he professes You God, and all contrite, says:

"Lord, remember me when You are in your Kingdom." And You do not hesitate to answer: *"Today you will be with Me in Paradise;"* making of him the first triumph of your love.

But I see that, in your love, You are not stealing the heart of that thief alone, but also that of many who are dying! Ah, You place your Blood, your love, your merits at their disposal, and You use all divine devices and stratagems in order to touch their hearts and steal them all for Yourself. But, also here, your love is hindered! How many rejections, how much lack of trust, how much desperation! And the pain is such

that, again, it reduces You to silence!

O my Jesus, I intend to repair for those who despair of the Divine Mercy at the point of death. My sweet Love, inspire trust and unlimited confidence in You for all, especially for those who find themselves in the grips of agony; and by virtue of your word, concede to them light, strength and help, to be able to die in a saintly way, and fly from this earth up to Heaven. O Jesus, enclose all souls - all of them, in your Most Holy Body, in your Blood, in your wounds. And by the merits of this most precious Blood of Yours, do not allow even one soul to be lost! Together with your

voice, may your Blood cry out for all, again: *"Today you will be with Me in Paradise. "*

Third word on the Cross

My Jesus, tortured Crucified, your pains increase more and more. Ah, on this Cross You are the true King of Sorrows. In the midst of so many pains, not one soul escapes You; even more, You give your own life to each one of them. But your love sees itself hindered, despised, neglected by the creatures, and unable to pour itself out, it becomes more intense - it gives You unspeakable tortures. In these tortures, it keeps

investigating for what else it can give to man; and to conquer him, it makes You say: *"Look, O soul, how much I have loved you. If you do not want to have pity on yourself, at least have pity on My love!"* In the meantime, seeing that You have nothing else to give him, because You have given him everything, You turn your languid gaze to your Mama. She too is more than dying because of your pains; and the love that tortures Her is so great as to render Her crucified like You. Mother and Son-You understand each other, and You sigh with satisfaction and feel comforted in seeing that You can give your Mama to the creature; and considering the whole

Mankind in John, with a voice so sweet as to move all hearts, You say: "*Woman, behold your son,*" and to John: "*Behold your Mother.*" Your voice descends into Her maternal Heart, and united to the voices of your Blood, it keeps saying: "*My Mother, I entrust all of My children to You; feel for them all the love that You feel for Me. Mayall your maternal cares and tendernesses be for My children. You will save them all for Me.*" Your Mama accepts. In the meantime, the pains are so intense that, again, they reduce You to silence.

O my Jesus, I intend to repair for the offenses given to the Most Holy

Virgin, for the blasphemies and the ingritudes of many who do not want to recognize the benefits You have granted, by giving Her to us as Mother.

How can we thank You for such a great benefit? O Jesus, we turn to your own source and we offer You your Blood, your wounds, the infinite love of your Heart! O Most Holy Virgin, how moved You are, in hearing the voice of good Jesus, leaving You to us as Mother!

We thank You, O blessed Virgin, and in order to thank You as You deserve, we offer You the very

thanksgivings of your Jesus. O sweet Mama, be our Mother, take care of us, and do not allow us to offend You even slightly. Keep us always clasped to Jesus; with your hands bind us - all of us, to Him, that we may not escape Him, ever again. With your own intentions, I intend to repair for all, for the offenses given to your Jesus and to You, my sweet Mama!

O my Jesus, while You are immersed in so many pains, You plead even more the salvation of souls. But I will not remain indifferent; like a dove, I want to take flight onto your wounds,

kissing them, soothing them, and diving into your Blood, to be able to say, with You: "*Souls, souls!*" I want to sustain your pierced and sorrowful Head, to repair and ask for mercy, love and forgiveness for all.

Reign in my mind, 0 Jesus, and heal it by virtue of the thorns that pierce your Head; and do not allow any disturbance to enter into me. Majestic Forehead of my Jesus, I kiss you; draw all of my thoughts to contemplate You and to comprehend You. Most sweet Eyes of my Good, though covered with Blood, look at me look at my misery, look at my weakness, look at my poor

heart, and let it experience the admirable effects of your divine gaze. Ears of my Jesus, though deafened by the insults and the blasphemies of the wicked, and yet intent on listening to us - O please, listen to my prayers and do not disdain my reparations. Yes, O Jesus, listen to the cry of my heart; only then will it be calmed, when You have filled it with your love. Most beautiful Face of my Jesus, show yourself - let me see you, that I may detach my poor heart from everyone and from everything. May your beauty enamor me continuously, and keep me always enraptured within You. Most sweet Mouth of my Jesus, speak to me; may your voice always resound in

me, and may the power of your word destroy all that is not Will of God-all that is not love.

O Jesus, I extend my arms around your neck in order to embrace You; and You, extend Yours to embrace me. Please, O my Good, let this embrace of love be so tight, that no human strength may be able to unbind us. And while we are embraced like this, I will place my face upon your Heart, and then, with trust, I will kiss your lips, and You will give me your kiss of love. So You will make me breathe your most sweet breath, your love, your Will, your pains, and all of your Divine Life. Most Holy

Shoulders of my Jesus, always strong and constant in suffering for love of me, give me the strength, the constancy and the heroism to suffer for love of Him.

O Jesus, please, do not allow that I be inconstant in love; on the contrary, let me share in your immutability! Enflamed Breast of my Jesus, give me your flames; You can no longer contain them, and my heart anxiously searches for them through that Blood and those pains. It is the flames of your love, O Jesus, that torment You the most. O my Good, let me take part in them; does a soul so cold and poor in your love not move You to compassion? Most Holy

Hands of my Jesus, you who have created Heaven and earth, are now reduced to being unable to move! O my Jesus, continue your creation - the creation of love. Create new life - Divine Life, in all my being; pronounce your words over my poor heart, and transform it completely into Yours. Most Holy Feet of my Jesus, never leave me alone; allow me always to run with you, and to take not one step away from you. Jesus, with my love and with my reparations, I intend to relieve You from the pains You suffer in your Most Holy Feet.

O my Jesus Crucified, I adore your most precious Blood; I kiss your wounds one by one, intending to lavish in them all my love, my adorations, my most heartfelt reparations. May your Blood be for all souls, light in darkness, comfort in sufferings, strength in weakness, forgiveness in guilt, help in temptations, defense in dangers, support in death, and wings to carry them all from this earth up to Heaven.

O Jesus, I come to You, and in your Heart I form my nest and my home. O my sweet Love, I will call everyone to You from within your Heart; and if

anyone wants to draw near to offend You, I will expose my breast, and I will not permit him to wound You; even more, I will enclose him in your Heart; I will speak about your love, and I will make the offenses turn into love.

O Jesus, do not allow me ever to leave your Heart; feed me with your flames, and give me life with your life, that I may love You as You Yourself yearn to be loved.

Fourth word on the Cross

Suffering Jesus, while I remain

abandoned, clinging to your Heart and counting your pains, I see that a convulsive trembling invades your Most Holy Humanity. Your limbs are shaking, as if one wanted to detach from the other; and amid contortions, because of the atrocious spasms, You cry out loudly: "*My God, My God, why have You abandoned Me?*" At this cry, everyone trembles; the darkness becomes thicker; your Mama, petrified, turns pale and faints!

My Life! My all! My Jesus, what do I see? Ah, You are about to die; your very pains, so faithful to You, are about to leave You. And at the same time, after

so much suffering, with immense sorrow
You see that not all souls are
incorporated in You. Rather, You see
that many will be lost, and You feel the
painful separation of them, as they
detach themselves from your limbs. And
You, having to satisfy Divine Justice
also for them, feel the death of each one
of them, and the very pains they will
suffer in hell. And You cry out loudly, to
all hearts: *"Do not abandon Me. If you
want more pains, I am ready - but do
not separate yourselves from My
Humanity. This is the sorrow of
sorrows - it is the death of deaths;
everything else would be nothing, if I
did not have to suffer your separation*

from Me! O please, have pity on My Blood, on My wounds, on My death! This cry will be continuous to your hearts. O please, do not abandon Me!"

My Love, how I grieve together with You! You are panting; your Most Holy Head drops on your breast - life is abandoning You.

My Love, I feel I am dying; I too want to cry out with You:

"Souls, souls!" I will not detach myself from this Cross, from these wounds, so that I may ask for souls. And if You

want, I will descend into the hearts of creatures, I will surround them with your pains, so that they may not escape me. And if it were possible, I would like to place myself at the gate of hell, to make the souls who are destined to go there, draw back, and to conduct them to your Heart. But You agonize and remain silent, and I cry over your nearing death. O my Jesus, I compassionate You, I press your Heart tightly to mine, I kiss It, and I look at It with all the tenderness I am capable of; and to give You a greater relief, I make the divine tenderness my own, and with it I intend to compassionate You, change my heart into rivers of sweetness and pour it into

Yours, to soothe the bitterness You feel because of the loss of souls. This cry of yours, O my Jesus is, alas, painful; more than the abandonment of the Father, it is the loss of the souls who move far away from You that makes this painful lament escape from your Heart! O my Jesus, increase grace in everyone, that no one may be lost; and may my reparation be for the good of those souls who should be lost, that they may not be lost.

I also pray You, O my Jesus, for the sake of this extreme abandonment, to give help to so many loving souls, whom You seem to deprive of Yourself, leaving them in the dark, to have them as

companions in your abandonment. O Jesus, may their pains be like prayers that call souls near to You, and relieve You in your pain.

Reflections and Practices

Jesus forgives the good thief, and with so much love as to bring him immediately to Paradise with Himself. And we-do we always pray for the souls of the so many dying who need a prayer, so that hell may be closed to them, and the gates of Heaven be opened?

The pains of Jesus on the Cross

increase but, forgetful of Himself. He always prays for us. He leaves nothing for Himself. giving everything to us, even His Most Holy Mother, offering Her as the dearest gift from His Heart. And we-do we give everything to Jesus?

In all that we do-prayers, actions and other things-do we always have the intention of absorbing new love within ourselves, so as to give everything back to Him? We must absorb it in order to give it, so that everything we do may carry the seal of the works of Jesus.

When the Lord gives us fervor, light and love, do we use them for the good of others? Do we try to enclose souls in this light and in this fervor, so as to move the Heart of Jesus to convert them; or do we selfishly keep His graces for ourselves alone?

O my Jesus, may every little spark of love that I feel in my heart become a fire which may consume all the hearts of creatures, and enclose them in your Heart.

What use do we make of the great gift of His Mama, Whom He gave to us?

Do we make the love of Jesus, the tenderesses of Jesus and all that Jesus did our own, so as to make His Mama content? Can we say that our Divine Mother finds in us the contentment that She found in Jesus? Are we always close to Her, as faithful children; do we obey Her and imitate Her virtues? Do we try anything in order not to escape from Her maternal gaze, so that She may keep us always clinging to Jesus? In everything we do, do we always call the gazes of the celestial Mother to guide us, so as to be able to act in a saintly way, as true children of Hers, under Her compassionate gaze? In order to give Her the same contentment

as Her Son gave to Her, let us ask from Jesus all the love that He had for His most holy Mother, the glory that He continuously gave to Her, His tenderness and all His finesses of love. Let us make all this our own, and let us say to the Celestial Mama: "We have Jesus in ourselves; and in order to make You content, so that You may find in us all that You found in Jesus, we give everything to You. Moreover, beautiful Mama, we also want to give to Jesus all the contentments that He found in You. Therefore, we want to enter into your Heart and take all your love, all your contentments, all your tendernesses and maternal cares, and

give them all to Jesus. Our Mama, may your maternal hands be the sweet chains which keep us bound to You and to Jesus. "

Jesus does not spare Himself in anything. Loving us with highest love, He would want to save us all and, if it were possible, snatch all souls from hell, even at the cost of suffering all of their pains. In spite of this, He sees that, through continual strain, the souls want to free themselves from His arms and, unable to contain His pain, He cries out: "My God, My God, why have You abandoned Me?" And we-can

we say that our love for souls is similar to that of Jesus? Are our prayers, our pains and all of our most tiny acts united to the acts and to the prayers of Jesus in order to snatch souls from hell? How do we compassionate Jesus in His immense sorrow? If our life could be consumed in a continuous holocaust, it would not be enough to compassionate this sorrow. Every little act, suffering and thought that we do united to Jesus can be used to grab souls, so that they may not fall into hell. United with Jesus, we will have His own power in our hands. But if we do not do our acts united with Jesus, they will not serve to prevent

even one soul from going to hell.

My Love and my All, hold me tightly to your Heart, so that I may soon feel how much the sinner saddens You in detaching himself from You, and therefore be able to do my part immediately. O my Jesus, may your love bind my heart, so that, burned by your fire, I may feel the love that You Yourself had for souls. When I suffer sorrows, pains and bittermesses. then pour out Your justice upon me, O Jesus, and take the satisfaction You want. But may the sinner be saved, O Jesus; may my pains be the bond which binds You

*and the sinner; and may my soul
receive the consolation of seeing your
Justice satisfied.*

Twenty-Second Hour

From 2 to 3 PM

Third Hour of Agony on the Cross

Fifth, sixth and seventh word of Jesus.

The death of Jesus.

Fifth word on the Cross

O my dying Crucified, clinging to the Cross, I feel the fire that burns all of your Most Holy Person. Your Heart beats so strongly that, pushing out your ribs, it torments You in such a harrowing and horrible way, that all your Most Holy Humanity undergoes a transformation which renders You unrecognizable. The love that enflames your Heart withers You and burns You completely; and You, unable to contain it, feel the intense torment, not only of the corporal thirst, but of the shedding of all your Blood - and even more, of the ardent thirst for the salvation of our souls. You would want to drink us like water, in order to place us all in safety

within Yourself; therefore, gathering your weakened strengths, You cry out: "I *thirst*." Ah, You repeat this voice to every heart: "I *thirst for your will, for your affections, for your desires, for your love. A water fresher and sweeter than your soul you could not give Me. O please, do not let Me burn. My thirst is ardent, such that I not only feel My tongue and My throat burn, to the point that I can no longer utter a word, but I also feel My Heart and bowels wither. Have pity on My thirst - have pity!*" And as though delirious from the great thirst, You abandon Yourself to the Will of the Father.

Ah, my heart can no longer live in seeing the evil of your enemies who, instead of water, give You gall and vinegar; and You do not refuse them! Ah, I understand - it is the gall of the many sins, it is the vinegar of our untamed passions that they want to give You, which, instead of refreshing You, bum You even more. O my Jesus, here is my heart, my thoughts, my affections - here is all of my being, to quench your thirst and give a relief to your mouth, dried and embittered.

Everything I have, everything I am - everything is for You, O my Jesus. Should my pains be necessary in order

to save even one soul alone - here I am, I am ready to suffer everything. I offer myself wholly to You-do with me whatever best pleases You.

I intend to repair for the sorrow You suffer for all the souls who are lost, and for the pain You receive from those who, while You allow sadnesses and abandonments, instead of offering them to You as relief for the burning thirst that devours You, abandon themselves to themselves, and make You suffer even more.

Sixth word on the Cross

My dying Good, the endless sea of your pains, the fire that consumes You, and more than anything, the Supreme Will of the Father which wants You to die, no longer allow us to hope that You may continue to live. And I-how shall I live without You? Your strengths are now leaving You, your eyes become veiled, your face is transformed and covered with mortal paleness; your mouth is half-open, your breath is labored and interrupted, to the point that there is no more hope that You may revive. A chill and a cold sweat which wets your forehead, take over the fire that burns You. Your muscles and nerves contract more and more because of the

bitterness of the pains and the piercings of the nails; the wounds rip open more; and I tremble - I feel I am dying. I look at You, O my Good, and I see the last tears descend from your eyes, bearers of your nearing death; while You, with difficulty, let another word be heard: "*All is consummated.*"

O my Jesus, You have now exhausted Yourself completely; You have nothing left - love has reached its end. And I - have I consumed myself completely in your love? What thanksgiving shall I not render to You? What shall my gratitude not be for You?

O my Jesus, I intend to repair for all - repair for the lack of correspondence to your love, and console You for the offenses You receive from the creatures, while You are consuming Yourself with love on the Cross.

Seventh word on the Cross

My dying Crucified, Jesus, You are now about to give the last breaths of your mortal life; your Most Holy Humanity is already stiffened; your Heart seems to beat no longer. With Magdalene I cling to your feet and, if it were possible, I would like to give my

life to revive Yours.

Meanwhile, O Jesus, I see that You open your dying eyes again, and You look around from the Cross, as though wanting to give the last good-bye to all. You look at your dying Mama, who no longer has motion or voice, so many are the pains She feels; and You say: *"Good-bye Mama, I am leaving, but I will keep You in My Heart. You, take care of My children and yours."* You look at crying Magdalene, faithful John and your very enemies, and with your gazes You say to them: *"I forgive you; I give you the kiss of peace."* Nothing escapes your gaze; You take

leave of everyone and forgive everyone. Then, You gather all your strengths, and with a loud and thundering voice, You cry out: "*Father, into your hands I commend My spirit.* " .. And bowing your head, You breathe your last.

My Jesus, at this cry all nature is shaken and cries over your death - the death of its Creator! The earth trembles strongly; and with its trembling, it seems to be crying and wanting to shake up souls to recognize You as true God. The veil of the Temple is tom, the dead are risen; the sun, which until now had cried over your pains, has withdrawn its light with horror. At this cry, your enemies

fall on their knees, and beating their breasts, they say: "*Truly He is the Son of God.*" And your Mother, petrified and dying, suffers pains harder than death.

My dead Jesus, with this cry You also place all of us into the hands of the Father, because You do not reject us. Therefore You cry out loudly, not only with your voice, but with all your pains and with the voices of your Blood: "*Father, into your hands I commend My spirit and all souls.*" My Jesus, I too abandon myself in You; give me the grace to die completely in your love-in your Will, and I pray that You never permit me, either in life or in death, to

go out of your Most Holy Will. Meanwhile I intend to repair for all those who do not abandon themselves perfectly to your Most Holy Will, therefore losing or maiming the precious gift of your Redemption. What is not the sorrow of your Heart, O my Jesus, in seeing so many creatures escaping from your arms and abandoning themselves to themselves? Have pity on all, O my Jesus-have pity on me.

I kiss your Head crowned with thorns, and I ask your forgiveness for my many thoughts of pride, of ambition and of selfesteem. And I promise You that

every time a thought arises in me which is not completely for You, O Jesus, and that I find myself in occasions of offending You, immediately I will cry out: *"Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You. "*

O Jesus, I kiss your beautiful Eyes, still wet with tears and covered with dried Blood, and I ask your forgiveness for all the times I have offended You with evil and immodest gazes. I promise You that every time my eyes are led to look at things of the earth, immediately I will cry out: *"Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You."*

O my Jesus, I kiss your Most Sacred Ears, deafened by insults and horrible blasphemies up to the very last moments, and I ask your forgiveness for all the times I have listened to, or made others listen to discourses which move us away from You, and for all the evil discourses made by creatures. I promise You that every time I find myself in the occasion of hearing unseemly discourses, immediately I will cry out: *"Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You."*

O my Jesus, I kiss your Most Holy Face, pale, bruised and bleeding, and I ask your forgiveness for the many

scorns, offenses and insults You receive from us, most miserable creatures, with our sins. I promise You that every time I have the temptation of not giving You all the glory, the love and the adoration which is due to You, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You.*"

O my Jesus, I kiss your Most Sacred Mouth, dry and embittered. I ask your forgiveness for all the times I have offended You with my evil discourses; for all the times I have contributed to embittering You and increasing your thirst. I promise You that every time the

thought comes to me of making discourses which might offend You, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You.* "

O my Jesus, I kiss your Most Holy Neck, and I can still see the marks of the chains and ropes which have oppressed You. I ask your forgiveness for the many bonds and the many attachments of the creatures, which have increased the ropes and the chains around your most holy neck. And I promise You that every time I feel disturbed by attachments, desires and affections which are not for You, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus*

and Mary, I commend my soul to You. "

My Jesus, I kiss your Most Holy Shoulders, and I ask your forgiveness for the many illicit satisfactions; forgiveness for the many sins committed with the five senses of our body. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of taking some pleasures or satisfactions which are not for your glory, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You.*"

My Jesus, I kiss your Most Holy Breast, and I ask your forgiveness for all the coldness, indifference, lukewarmness and horrendous

ingratitude You receive from the creatures; and I promise You that every time I feel my love for You become cooler, immediately I will cry out: *"Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You."*

My Jesus, I kiss your Most Sacred Hands. I ask your forgiveness for all the evil and indifferent works; for many acts rendered malicious by love of self and self-esteem. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of not operating only for love of You, immediately I will cry out: *"Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You. "*

O my Jesus, I kiss your Most Holy Feet, and I ask your forgiveness for the many steps, the many paths covered without righteous intention; for many who move away from You to go in search of the pleasures of the earth. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of moving away from You, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You.*"

O Jesus, I kiss your Most Sacred Heart, and I intend to enclose in It, with my soul, all the souls redeemed by You, so that all may be saved - no one excluded.

O Jesus, lock me in your Heart, and close the doors, that I may see nothing but You. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of wanting to go out of this Heart, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, to You I give my heart and my soul.*"

Reflections and Practices

Jesus burns with thirst. Do we burn with thirst for Jesus?

Do our thoughts and affections always

have the purpose of quenching His ardent thirst?

Unable to bear the thirst that consumes Him, thirsty Jesus adds: "All is consummated!" So, Jesus consumed Himself completely for us. And we-do we strive, in each thing, to be a continuous consummation of love for Jesus? Each act, word and thought led Jesus toward His consummation. Do all of our acts, words and thoughts move us to be consumed for love of Jesus?

O Jesus, sweet life of mine, may your consumed breath always blow in

my poor heart, that I may receive the mark of your consummation.

On the Cross Jesus fulfills the Will of the Father in everything, and He breathes His last with a perfect act of abandonment in His Most Holy Will. Do we fulfill the Will of God in everything? Do we abandon ourselves perfectly in His Volition without looking at whether it is advantageous for us or not-just being content to find ourselves abandoned in His most holy arms? Is our dying to ourselves continuous for love of Jesus? Can we say that, although we live, we do not live; that we are dead to everything in

order to live not from our own life, but only from the life of Jesus? Does everything we do, think, desire and love call the living of Jesus within us, so as to make our word, our step, our desire and our thought die completely in Jesus?

O my Jesus, may my death be a continuous death for love of You, and may each death I suffer be a life which I intend to give to all souls.

Twenty-Third Hour

From 3 to 4 PM

**Jesus, dead, is pierced by the thrust of
a lance**

The deposition from the Cross

My dead Jesus, all nature has sent out a cry of sorrow at your last breath, and has cried over your sorrowful death, recognizing You as its Creator. The Angels, thousands upon thousands, hover around the Cross, and cry over your death. They adore You as our true God, and accompany You to Limbo, where You go to beatify many souls who have been ardently longing for You for

centuries upon centuries. My dead Jesus, I cannot pull myself away from your Cross, nor can I be satiated of kissing and kissing again your Most Holy Wounds, which eloquently speak to me of how much You have loved me. In seeing the horrendous tearings, the depth of your wounds, to the point of uncovering your bones - ah, I feel I am dying! I would like to cry so much over these wounds as to wash them with my tears. I would like to love You so much as to heal You completely with my love, and restore the natural beauty of your unrecognizable Humanity. I would like to open my veins to fill your empty veins with my blood and call You back

to life.

O my Jesus, what can love not do? Love is life, and with my love I want to give You life; and if mine is not enough, give me your love. With your love, I will be able to do anything - yes, I will be able to give life to your Most Holy Humanity. O my Jesus, even after your death You want to show me that You love me, prove your love for me, and give me a refuge, a shelter, in your Sacred Heart. Therefore, pushed by a supreme force, to be assured of your death, a soldier rips your Heart open with a lance, opening a profound

wound. And You, my Love, shed the last drops of Blood and water contained in your enflamed Heart.

Ah, how many things does this wound, opened by love, tell me! And if your mouth is mute, your Heart speaks to me, and I hear It say: *"My child, after I gave everything, I wanted this lance to open a shelter for all souls inside this Heart of Mine. Opened, It will cry out to all, continuously: Come into Me if you want to be saved. In this Heart you will find sanctity and you will make yourselves saints; you will find relief in afflictions, strength in weakness, peace*

in doubts, company in abandonments. O souls who love Me, if you really want to love Me, come to dwell in this Heart forever. Here you will find true love in order to love Me, and ardent flames for you to be burned and consumed completely in love. Everything is centered in this Heart: here are the Sacraments, here My Church, here the life of My Church and the life of all souls. In It I also feel the profanations made against My Church, the plots of the enemies, the arrows they send, and My oppressed children there is no offense which My Heart does not feel. Therefore, My child, may your life be in this Heart - defend Me, repair Me,

bring Me everyone into It. "

My love, if a lance has wounded your Heart for me, I beg that You too, with your own hands, wound my heart, my affections, my desires - all of myself. Let there be nothing in me which is not wounded by your love. I unite everything to the harrowing pains of our dear Mama, who, for the pain of seeing your Heart being ripped open, falls into a swoon of sorrow and love; and like a dove, She flies in It to take the first place - to be the first Repairer, the Queen of your very Heart, the Mediatrix between You and the creatures. I too, with my Mama, want to fly into your

Heart, to hear how She repairs, and to repeat Her reparations for all the offenses You receive. O my Jesus, in this wounded Heart of Yours, I will find my life again; therefore, anything I may be about to do, I will always draw from It. I will no longer give life to my thoughts; but if these want life, I will take Yours. My will will no longer have life; but if it wants life, I will take your Most Holy Will. My love will no longer have life; if it wants life, I will take your Love. O my Jesus, all of your Life is mine - this is your Will, this is my will.

Jesus is deposed from the Cross

My dead Jesus, I see that your disciples hasten to depose You from the Cross. Joseph and Nicodemus, who have remained hidden until now, with courage and without fearing anything, now want to give You an honorable burial. So they take hammers and pincers, to perform the sacred and sad unnailing from the Cross, while your pierced Mama stretches out Her maternal arms to receive You on Her lap.

My Jesus, while they unnailed You, I too want to help your disciples to sustain your Most Holy Body; and with the nails they remove from You, nail me

completely to Yourself. With your Holy Mother, I want to adore You and kiss You, and then enclose myself in your Heart, never to leave again.

Reflections and Practices

After His death, Jesus wanted to be wounded by a lance for love of us. And we-do we let ourselves be wounded in everything by the love of Jesus; or do we rather let ourselves be wounded by the love of creatures, by pleasures, and by attachment to ourselves? Also coldness, obscurity and mortifications, both interior and external, are wounds which the Lord makes to the soul. If we

do not take them from the hands of God, we wound ourselves, and our wounds increase passions, weaknesses, self-esteem-in a word, every evil. On the other hand, if we take them as wounds made by Jesus, He will place His love, His virtues and His likeness in these wounds, which will make us deserve His kisses, His caresses and all the stratagems of a divine love. These wounds will be continuous voices which will call Him and force Him to dwell with us continuously.

O my Jesus, may your lance be my guard which defends me from any wound of creatures.

Jesus allows Himself to be deposed from the Cross into the arms of His Mama. And we-do we deposit all of our fears, our doubts and our anxieties in the arms of our Mama? Jesus rested on the lap of His Divine Mother. Do we let Jesus rest by casting away our fears and our agitations?

All: My Mama, with your maternal hands remove from my heart all that may prevent Jesus from resting in me.

Twenty-Fourth Hour

From 4 to 5 PM

The Burial of Jesus

Most Holy desolate Mary

My sorrowful Mama, I see that You dispose Yourself to the final sacrifice of having to give burial to your lifeless Son, Jesus. Perfectly resigned to the Will of God, You accompany Him, and You place Him in the sepulcher with your own hands. But as You compose

those limbs and are about to give Him the last good-bye and the last kiss, You feel your Heart being torn from your breast because of the pain. Love nails You to those limbs, and by force of love and sorrow, your life is about to fade together with your lifeless Son. Poor Mama, how shall You go on without Jesus? He is your Life - your All. Yet, it is the Will of the Eternal One that wants it so. You will have to fight against two insurmountable powers:

Love and Divine Will. Love nails You, in such a way that You cannot separate from Him; the Divine Will imposes Itself and wants the sacrifice. Poor

Mama, how shall You go on? How much compassion I feel for You! O please, Angels of Heaven, come to raise Her from the stiffened limbs of Jesus, otherwise She will die!

But, O portent, while She seemed to be extinguished together with Jesus, I hear Her voice, trembling and interrupted by sobs, say: *"Beloved Son, O Son, this was the only relief which was left to Me, and which halved My pains: your Most Holy Humanity pouring Myself out on these wounds, adoring them, kissing them. Now this too is taken away from Me, because the Divine Will wants it so;*

and I resign Myself. But know, Son, that I want it and I can not. At the mere thought of doing it, My strengths leave Me and life runs away from Me. Oh please, O Son, so that I may have life and strength to be able to depart, allow Me to remain all buried in You, and to take for Myself your Life, your pains, your reparations, and all that You are. Ah, only an exchange of Life between You and Me can give Me the strength to make the sacrifice of departing from You!"

So determined, my afflicted Mama, I see that You go through those limbs again, and You place your head in

the head of Jesus. Kissing it, You enclose in It your thoughts, and You take for Yourself His thorns, His afflicted and offended thoughts, and everything He suffered in His Most Holy Head. Oh, how You would want to animate the Intelligence of Jesus with your own, to be able to give life for life! You now begin to feel revived, by having taken the thoughts and the thorns of Jesus into your mind.

Sorrowful Mama, I see You kiss the lifeless Eyes of Jesus, and I feel pierced in seeing that Jesus no longer looks at You. How many times His gazes filled You with Paradise, and

made You rise again from death to life; and now, not seeing Yourself gazed upon, You feel like dying! Therefore You place your eyes in those of Jesus, and You take for Yourself His eyes, His tears, and His bitternesses in seeing the offenses of the creatures, and the many insults and scorns.

But I see, my pierced Mama, that You kiss His Most Holy Ears, and You call Him over and over again, saying: *"My Son, how can it be that You no longer listen to Me - You, who would hear My slightest motion? And now I cry, I call You, and You do not hear Me?"*

Ah, love is the most cruel tyrant! You were more than My own life for Me, and now I will have to survive so much pain? Therefore, O Son, I leave My hearing in Yours, and I take for Myself what You have suffered in your Most Holy hearing, and the echo of the offenses that resounded in it. Only this can give Me life - your pains, your sorrows!" And as You say this, the pain and the grip on your Heart is so great, that You lose your voice and remain motionless. My poor Mama, my poor Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! How many cruel deaths You suffer!

But the Divine Will imposes Itself

and gives You motion; and You look at His Most Holy Face, You kiss it, and exclaim: *"Adored Son, how disfigured You are! Ah, if love did not tell Me that You are My Son, My Life, My All, I would no longer recognize You, so unrecognizable You are! Your beauty was transformed into deformity; your cheeks into bruises, and the light, the grace of your Face - which was such that seeing You and remaining beatified was the same thing-has turned into paleness of death, O beloved Son. Son, how You are reduced! What an awful crafting sin has made upon your Most Holy Limbs! Ah, how much would your inseparable*

Mama want to give You back your original beauty! I want to fuse My face in Yours, and take for Myself your Face, and the slaps, the spit, the scorns, and everything You have suffered in your Most Holy Face. Ah, Son, if You want Me alive, give Me your pains; otherwise I will die!"

And your pain is so great that it suffocates You, it breaks your speech, and You remain as though lifeless on the Face of Jesus. Poor Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! My Angels, come to comfort my Mama; Her sorrow is immense - it inundates Her, it

suffocates Her, and leaves Her no more life or strength. But the Divine Will, breaking through these waves, gives life back to Her.

You are now at the Mouth of Jesus, and in kissing it, You feel your lips embittered by the gall which so much embittered His mouth; and sobbing, You continue: *"Son, say a last word to your Mama. How can it be that I will no longer be able to listen to your voice? All of the words You have spoken to Me in life, like many arrows, wound My Heart with sorrow and with love. And now, seeing You mute, they*

put themselves in motion once again within My lacerated Heart; they give Me many deaths, and would want to snatch, by force, a last word from You. But not receiving it, they torment Me, and they say to Me: 'So, You will no longer hear Him; You will no longer hear His sweet accent, the melody of His creative word!' He created as many Paradises in Me as words that He spoke. Ah, My Paradise is finished, and I will have nothing but bitternesses! Ah, Son, I want to give You My tongue in order to animate Yours. Give Me that which You suffered in your Most Holy Mouth - the bitterness of the gall, your ardent thirst, your reparations

and prayers; and so hearing your voice through them, My sorrow will be more bearable, and your Mama will be able to live through your pains. "

Tormented Mama, I see You hasten, because those who surround You want to close the sepulcher. Almost flying, You take the Hands of Jesus between yours, You kiss them, You press them to your Heart; and placing your hands in His, You take for Yourself the pains and the piercings of those Most Holy Hands. Then You fly over the Feet of Jesus, looking at the cruel torture which the nails have made in them; and

as You place your feet in them, You take for Yourself those wounds, and You offer Yourself to run toward sinners in the place of Jesus, in order to snatch them from hell.

Anguishing Mama, I see You give the last good-bye to the pierced Heart of Jesus. Here You pause. It is the last assault to your Maternal Heart; You feel It being torn from your breast because of the vehemence of love and pain and, alone, It runs to place Itself in the Most Holy Heart of Jesus. And You, in seeing Yourself without a heart, hasten to take His Most Holy Heart into yours-His

Love rejected by many creatures, His many ardent desires not fulfilled because of their ingratitude, and the pains and piercings of that Most Holy Heart, which will keep You crucified for the rest of your life. In looking at the wide wound, You kiss it, You lap up the Blood; and feeling the Life of Jesus in Yourself, You have the strength to fulfill the bitter separation. Then You embrace Him, and You allow the sepulchral stone to close on Him.

My Sorrowful Mama, crying, I beg You not to allow, for now, that Jesus be taken away from our gaze. Wait for me to first enclose myself in Jesus, in order to

take His Life within me. If You, who are the Spotless, the All Holy, the Full of Grace, cannot live without Jesus, much less can I do it, who am weakness, misery, and full of sins. How can I live without Jesus? Sorrowful Mama, do not leave me alone, take me with You; but first place all of myself in Jesus. Empty me of everything, in order to place all of Jesus within me, just as You placed Him within Yourself. Begin with me the maternal office which Jesus has given You on the Cross; let my extreme poverty break through your maternal Heart, and with your own hands, enclose me completely in Jesus.

Enclose the thoughts of Jesus in my mind, so that no other thought may enter into me. Enclose the eyes of Jesus within mine, that He may never escape from my gaze; and His hearing in mine, that I may always listen to Him and do His Most Holy Will in everything. Place His Face within mine, so that, by looking at Him so disfigured for love of me, I may love Him, compassionate Him, and repair; His tongue in mine, that I may speak, pray and teach with the tongue of Jesus; His hands in mine, so that each movement I make and each work I perform may have life from the works and actions of Jesus. Place His feet in mine, so that each one of my steps may

be a life of salvation, of strength and of zeal for the other creatures.

And now, my afflicted Mama, allow me to kiss His Heart and to lap up His most precious Blood; You Yourself, enclose His Heart in mine, that I may live of His Love, of His desires, of His pains. Lastly, take the stiffened right hand of Jesus, that He may give me the last blessing.

The stone closes the sepulcher. Tortured, You kiss it, and crying, You give Him the last good-bye and depart. But your pain is so great, that You

remain almost petrified as your blood runs cold. My pierced Mama, together with You, I say good-bye to Jesus; and crying, I want to compassionate You and accompany You in your bitter desolation. I want to place myself at your side, to give You a word of comfort, a gaze of compassion at each sigh, strain and sorrow of yours. I will gather your tears, and I will sustain You in my arms, if I see You faint.

But I see that You are forced to return to Jerusalem along the path from which You came. After only a few steps, You are already before the Cross on

which Jesus suffered so much, and died. You run to embrace It, and in seeing It colored with Blood, the pains that Jesus suffered on It are renewed in your Heart, one by one. Unable to contain the pain, You exclaim: "*0 Cross, how could You be so cruel with My Son? Ah, You have spared Him nothing! What wrong had He done to You? You have not permitted Me, His sorrowful Mama, to give Him even a sip of water, while He was asking for it; and to His parched mouth You gave gall and vinegar! I felt My pierced Heart melt, and I wanted to offer It to His lips to quench His thirst, but I had the sorrow of seeing Myself rejected. 0 Cross, cruel, yes, but holy,*

because divinized and sanctified by contact with My Son! Turn that cruelty which You used with Him into compassion for miserable mortals; and for the sake of the pains He suffered on You, impetrate grace and strength for the souls who suffer, so that not one of them may be lost because of tribulations and crosses. Souls cost Me too much - they cost Me the life of a Son God; and as Co-Redemptrix and Mother, I bind them to You, O Cross." And after kissing It over and over again, You leave.

Poor Mama, how much

compassion I feel for You! At each step and encounter, new pains arise, which increase in their immensity and become more bitter; they inundate You, they drown You; and You feel You are dying at each instant. You are now at the point at which You met Him this morning - exhausted, under the enormous weight of the Cross, dripping Blood, and with a bundle of thorns on His Head, which, bumping against the Cross, penetrated deeper and deeper, giving Him pains of death at each blow. In crossing your gaze, the gaze of Jesus looked for pity; but the soldiers, pushed Him and made Him fall to deny You this comfort, making Him shed new Blood. You see

the ground soaked with It; You throw Yourself to the ground, and as You kiss that Blood, I hear You say: "*My Angels, come to place yourselves as guardians of this Blood, so that not one drop of It may be tread upon and profaned.* "

Sorrowful Mama, allow me to give You my hand to lift You and raise You, because I see You faint on the Blood of Jesus. As You walk, You find new sorrows. Everywhere You see traces of Blood, and You remember the pains of Jesus; so You hasten your step and enclose Yourself in the Cenacle. I too enclose myself in the Cenacle-but

my Cenacle is the Most Holy Heart of Jesus; from there I want to come to You, to keep You company in this hour of bitter desolation. My heart cannot bear leaving You alone in so much sorrow.

But I feel pierced in seeing that, as You move your head, You feel the thorns You have taken from Jesus penetrate into it the pricks of all our sins of thought which, penetrating even into your eyes, make You cry tears of blood. Since You have the sight of Jesus in your eyes, all the offenses of the creatures pass before your sight. How embittered You remain! How You comprehend all that Jesus has suffered, having His own pains within

You! But one pain does not wait for another. As You prick up your ears, You feel deafened by the echo of the voices of the creatures and from the variety of these offenses which reach your Heart and pierce It; and You say: "*Son, how much You have suffered!*"

Desolate Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! Allow me to dry your face, wet with tears and with blood. But I feel like drawing back on seeing it now covered with bruises, unrecognizable and pale with mortal paleness. I understand - these are the mistreatments against Jesus which You have taken upon Yourself, and which

make You suffer so much that, as You move your lips in prayer or as your enflamed breast sighs, You feel your breath embittered and your lips burned by the thirst of Jesus. Poor Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! Your sorrows increase ever more, and as I take your hands in mine, I see them pierced by nails. It is in your hands that You feel the pain and see the murders, the betrayals, the sacrileges and all the evil works, repeating the blows, widening the wounds and embittering them more and more. How much compassion I feel for You! You are the true crucified Mother, so much so, that not even your feet remain without nails;

even more, You feel them not only being pierced, but torn by many iniquitous steps, and by the souls who go to hell. And You run after them, that they may not fall into the infernal flames.

But this is not all, pierced Mama. All of your pains, uniting together, echo in your Heart and pierce It-not with seven swords, but with thousands and thousands of swords. More so, since You have the Divine Heart of Jesus within You, which contains all hearts, and whose heartbeat encloses the heartbeats of all; and in beating, It says: "*Souls! Love!*". And from the heartbeat "*Souls!*", You feel all sins flow in your

heartbeat, and death being inflicted on You; while in the heartbeat "*Love!*", You feel life being given to You. Therefore, You are in a continuous act of death and of life.

Crucified Mama, as I look at You, I compassionate your sorrows - they are unspeakable. I would like to transform my being into tongue and voice in order to compassionate You; but before so much pain, my compassion is nothing. Therefore I call the Angels, the very Sacrosanct Trinity, and I pray Them to place their harmonies, their contentments and their beauty around You, to soothe and compassionate your

intense sorrows; to sustain You in their arms, and to requite all of your pains with love.

And now, desolate Mama, I thank You in the name of all for everything You have suffered; and I ask You, for the sake of your bitter desolation, to come to my assistance at the moment of my death. When I find myself alone and abandoned by all, in the midst of a thousand anxieties and fears - come then, to return to me the company which I have given You many times in life. Come to my assistance; place Yourself beside me, and put the enemy to flight. Wash my soul with your tears, cover me

with the Blood of Jesus, clothe me with His merits, embellish me and heal me with your sorrows and with all the pains and works of Jesus; and by virtue of them, let all my sins disappear, giving me total forgiveness. And as I breathe my last, receive me into your arms, place me under your mantle, hide me from the gaze of the enemy, take me straight to Heaven, and place me in the arms of Jesus. Let us make this agreement, my dear Mama!

And now, I pray You to return the company I have given You to all those who are agonizing. Be the Mama of all; these are extreme moments, and great

aids are needed. Therefore, do not deny your maternal office to anyone.

One last word: as I leave You, I pray You to enclose me in the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus; and You, my sorrowful Mama, be my sentry, so that Jesus may not put me out of it; and I, even if I wanted, may not be able to leave. So I kiss your maternal hand; and You, bless me.

Reflections and Practices

Jesus is buried. A stone seals Him and prevents His Mama from looking at Her Son any longer. And we-

do we hide from the gazes of creatures; are we indifferent if everyone forgets us? In holy things, do we remain indifferent, with that holy indifference which makes us never disobey? In the total abandonment of Jesus, do we conquer everything with a holy indifference which leads us continuously to Him? And do we form with our constancy a sweet chain, so as to draw Him toward us? Is our gaze buried in the gaze of Jesus, so that we look at nothing but that which Jesus wants? Is our voice buried in the voice of Jesus, so that if we want to speak, we do not speak but with the tongue of Jesus? Are our steps buried in His, so

that as we walk, we may leave the mark of the steps of Jesus, not of our own? And is our heart buried in His, in order to love and desire as His Heart loves and desires?

My Mama, when Jesus hides from me for the good of my soul, give me the grace that You had in the privation of Jesus, so that I may give Him all the glory that You gave Him, when He was placed in the Sepulcher.

O Jesus, I want to pray to You with your voice. And just as your voice penetrated into the Heavens and resounded in the voices of all, in the

same way, honoring your voice, may my voice penetrate even into Heaven, to give You the love and the glory of your own word.

My Jesus, my heart palpitates, but I am not content if You do not let me palpitate with your Heart; with your heartbeat, I will love as You love. I will give You the love of all creatures, and one will be the cry: "Love, Love ... I " O my Jesus, give honor to Yourself, and in everything I do, place the seal of your own power, of your love and of your glory.

Round of the Soul in the Divine Will

**The Soul Rises to Its Creator and,
Casting Itself into His Divine Bosom,**

Unites Itself with Him and

**Follows Him in All the Acts He
Performed in Creation.**

The soul therefore rises up to its very origin to find its beginning. The moment in which God was creating all things becomes present. The soul receives from Him, as though in a storehouse, all the Divine Love that emerges from his Bosom through the omnipotent *Fiat*. It offers Him with this same love, in exchange, glory and adoration. It then goes to Eden to receive the first breath that God infused into Adam, that regenerative breath that always generates. Next, it travels through the centuries to embrace all people, to make up for what is lacking in each of them. It then passes in review all

the actions of the Queen Mother and, making them its own, it gives them to its God, as though they were its own.

The soul goes on to consider the Conception of the Word, all the actions that He accomplished in his life. For each of them, the soul has a corresponding action of its own - however small - of love, of thanksgiving and of petition for the arrival of his Kingdom. It then follows Him step by step on the way to his death. It accompanies Him into Limbo. It waits for Him at the tomb to request of Him, by virtue of his Resurrection, the triumph of the Kingdom of the Divine

Will. Lastly, it accompanies Him in his Ascension into Heaven, imploring Him to send quickly upon earth the Kingdom of the Divine *Fiat*.

To facilitate the recitation of all these prayers and to make that recitation possible in all the circumstances of life, even if a person is caught up in many distracting affairs, we have divided the Rounds into 24 parts - the same number as the hours of the day. Each part we shall therefore call an "hour". Taken as a whole, they are "the hours of the day of the Divine Will".

Each soul can recite them all

together, or stagger them throughout the day, or recite just one of them, or else, in the desire to cover all the hours of each day, join with other persons in this exercise and take turns with the hours.

Hours of the Day of the Divine Will

First Hour

**The Soul Follows the Divine Will In
All Its Acts, to Keep It**

**Company and to Receive In Itself the
Divine Life. It Follows**

that Will in the Creation of the

Heavens and of the Sun.

Jesus, my Life, the beating of my poor heart, the breath of my little soul, the center of my intelligence, my littleness is engulfed in You and loses itself in You. As a tiny baby, unable to take a step, I come close to You. I hold onto your hand and, with You, I enter into the unending light of your Divine Will.

Thus it is that the Heavenly Father now pronounces the first *Fiat* and releases so much Light that we cannot see where it ends. O my Jesus, let my soul receive all the virtue, the power,

the holiness, and the light of your adorable *Fiat*, so I may experience in me nothing other than Its Life alone! Enriched by Its Life, I will be able to embrace everything, compensate for everyone and hold that *Fiat* captive upon the earth, so It may return triumphantly and reign in the midst of creatures! Let me then, my Love, wander in your Will to follow all Its acts. Oh, how beautiful it is to contemplate the Supreme Majesty, who with a single *Fiat* dots the azure sky with billions of stars that enchant us with their light! He pronounces another *Fiat* and creates the sun. He says *Fiat* again and creates the wind, the air, the sea and all the

elements, with order and harmony that captivate the soul.

My Jesus, my Love! Oh, I want to make my own all the love that your Divine *Fiat* had in creating the star-studded sky, so I may in turn spread out my sky of love in your omnipotent *Fiat*.

And so, adorning all the sky with my love, I want to give my voice to every star, so it may repeat with me: "Jesus, I love You!. .. May your Kingdom come quickly upon the earth!. .. May perennial glory be given to your Divine Will!... I praise and adore your divine strength and your indestructible

Being, so they may strengthen creatures in doing good and dispose them to receive the Kingdom of your Will."

My Love, I continue my tour and arrive at the sun. I consider You at the moment when your *Fiat* gave off so much Light from the bosom of Divinity as to form the star of day, that celestial body meant to embrace the earth and all its inhabitants and to give each of them its own kiss of light and love. Through it, everything was meant to become beautiful, fruitful, colorful, embellished and enriched.

This sun was brought forth from

your Bosom by your *Fiat*, for my pure love. Therefore, I want to receive in myself all its light, its warmth and all its effects, so I too may be able to offer you my sun, to praise, glorify and bless with it the everlasting Light, its unquenchable Love, your exquisite beauty, your infinite sweetness, your countless tastes. Yes, O Jesus, I want to embrace You with the same sunlight. I want to give You my ardent kisses with its warmth. I want to invigorate with my voice all its brilliance and all its effects to ask You, from the height of its heavenly sphere to the very bottom where its rays reach down, for the Kingdom of your *Fiat*. Are You not aware, my Love, that your Will

would like to rend asunder the veils of light to come down and reign in the midst of creatures? And I, on the wings of the sun's brightness, come to beseech you to send us quickly the Kingdom of your *Fiat*.

From the center of this sun, I ask You to let your splendor descend into the hearts of men to illumine them with your grace and to bestow your Love in order to burn away in them whatever does not belong to your Will. Ah, yes! If your Light lowers itself to their level, they will reflect the divine beauty. Hatred and bitterness will come to an end. Everyone will acquire your sweetness,

and the face of the earth will thus be renewed.

How happy I am, my Life, to be able to tell You: "A sun You have given me, and a sun I give to You! I have a celestial body in my power that asks You for the Kingdom of your *Fiat*. Can you resist this great light that beseeches You?.. Therefore, O Jesus, make haste and be quick! This sun is your divine reporter. So let its light, my Love, with its own sparkle reveal to all creatures the Kingdom of your *Fiat*, Its holiness and Its burning desire to have them bathed in It so It may make them happy and holy.

Second Hour

The Soul Follows the Divine Will in the Creation of the Sea and the Wind.

Jesus, my Life, your *Fiat* drives me on. Here I am, now, considering the creation of the sea. What sound is this? I hear a continuous murmur, the symbol of your eternal motion that never stops. I enter into that infinite and ceaseless Divine Motion that gives life to everyone, and I make it my own to give

it all to everyone and to ask You on behalf of everyone for the Kingdom of your Will. See, 0 Jesus, with your *Fiat* I am descending into the ocean abyss. Wherever I discern motion, life or murmuring, I let out my incessant cry: "I love You, I adore You, I thank You, I praise You, I glorify You!" .. And investing with my voice the murmur of the sea, the darting of the fish, the waves now stormy then calm, I ask You urgently for the Kingdom of your *Fiat!* Don't You hear, 0 Jesus, that all the water drops with their murmuring, like so many voices, are saying: "*Fiat, Fiat, Fiat!*" ... that it seems the roaring waves want to open the bosom of the sea, to let

your Will emerge, your Will that prevails over them, and to enclose It within all creatures, so they may let your Divine *Fiat* reign in them?

In this sea I come to praise and to love, in your murmur, your ceaseless motion; in its heaving waves, the Purity that knows no stain; in its grandeur, your grace and your immensity that envelops everything, that hides everything. With these sentiments I ask You, O Jesus, to make your people fair-minded, strong and pure. Let them live hidden and immersed in your Most Holy Will, so they may run in that very motion of yours from which they came!

Jesus, my Life, I now consider the wind with its cooling freshness, with its brute force and fury that demolishes things, lifts them up and carries them off; I consider that wind in order to love, to praise, to glorify and to bless the Kingdom of your Will in it.

It sounds like it's groaning, then it sounds like it's howling.

It is the Love of your Divine Will that groans in the wind and wants to be recognized. Aware that no one is listening, It howls, It speaks with mysterious voices, because It wants to reign and because It demands Its

supremacy in the midst of creatures. With the Sovereignty of your Supreme Will, make Its Kingdom come in the midst of creatures. Let It rule over them so no one will ever be able to resist It. Entice them with Its freshness; make use of Its brute force and fury to demolish the human will in them, to raise them up and hold them captive in your own Will. Let everyone listen to your continued groans. If You see they are not listening to You, then howl, speak loudly, with your mysterious voices, so that, deafened by them, every person may surrender and acknowledge your Holy Will as their Supreme Master.

So then, my Love, I too am hastening on the wings of the wind to ask You, by means of it, for the Arrival of the Kingdom of your Will. With every draft of this wind, I want to bring to everyone its kiss, Its caresses, and Its captivating embraces.

Third Hour

The Soul Follows the Divine Will.

**It Flies Over the Entire Earth and
Admires All Created Things.**

Jesus, my heart and my Life, all creation is steeped in your adorable

Will. Its acts are numberless in all created things. And I, in order to trace them better, am about to wander through the entire universe. I travel in the air and, in it, I impress my "I love You" to ask of You that creatures, in breathing, may absorb with the air the very life of your Will that reigns in it.

I want to praise, to glorify, and to seal with my "I love You" the order and harmony of all creation, to bring to everyone the order and harmony of the Kingdom of the Divine Will. I want to fly over the entire earth and impress my "I love You" on the small blade of grass, the little plants, on all the flowers, on

the highest trees, on the mountain peaks and on the deepest depths, to ask of You that the Kingdom of your *Fiat* may extend everywhere. I want to enliven everything, to give my voice to all, so that all may say: "May your Will come to reign upon the earth!"

Listen, O Jesus, as I impress my words "I love You" on the little bird that sings, warbles and trills. Together with that bird, I ask You for the Kingdom of your *Fiat*. I stamp my words "I love You" on the little lamb that bleats, on the turtledove that mournfully coos. I ask you, with the bleating and the mournful cooing, for the Kingdom of your *Fiat*.

There is no living being I do not intend to permeate, so I may with everyone and without stopping repeat my refrain: "Thy Kingdom come!" . .I want, my Jesus, to penetrate the very center of the earth and deposit there my heart, so with its own beat it may love You for everyone, give love to everyone, embrace everyone and, with everyone, cry out: "May your Kingdom come and may your Will prevail!"

Fourth Hour

The Soul Goes to Eden and Joins

in God's Festivity Over the Creation of Man.

Jesus, my Life, I feel your Love is drawing me to You. Your Will is calling me to You, because it wants me to witness all Its acts. It seems to me You won't be satisfied until I attend all the operations of your Will. Though I am incapable of doing anything, You are still content that I remain a spectator and repeat my refrain: "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You."

And here I am in Eden: I contemplate You here, my Love, while You with the Father and the Holy Spirit

are forming your precious jewel, your masterpiece: the beautiful statue of man. With how much love You are forming it, with how much beauty You are putting into it, with what divine gradations You are investing it! While You are molding it, You stop every so often to gaze at it. You admire it and enthusiastically say: "How beautiful My statue is!" .. Your Love then beats strongly, nearly flowing over! No longer able to contain that Love, You breathe into the statue; You give it life and your likeness. And thus, You create man. You fill him with your Love to the point of letting him form his own oceans of love to love his Creator. Created love then plunges with its

heaving waves into creating Love, and between Creator and creature a lively contest takes place.

O Jesus, my love too thrills in this very solemn act of the creation of man! I hear your creative voice exclaiming: "How beautiful is My creature! The echo of his love attracts Me and strikes Me. His voice sounds sweet and pleasant to My ear. Tender and strong are the embraces that this creature gives Me. Oh, how I delight in having given life to him; he will be My pride and joy! ... "

My life, I too want to receive your creative breath. I too long to love You and adore You with that same perfection and holiness with which my first father Adam loved You and adored You. Though an unworthy creature, I too want to receive your oceans of Love and of Light so I, in turn, can form heaving waves which, reaching up to You, will put me in a contest with my Creator!

Yes, I give You love in order to receive other oceans of love; and, with my waves, I ask of You that your Kingdom may come and your *Fiat* be known.

O Jesus, I now enter into the Unity of your Will, so my will may be one with yours - one in love. With this Unity that embraces everything, my voice resounds in the sky. It permeates all creation, penetrates the deepest abyss, and calls and cries out: "May the Kingdom of your Divine Will come. May your Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven!"

I make my own the holiness, the glory, the adoration, the thanksgiving, the thoughts, the looks, the words, the works, and the steps taken by innocent Adam, to offer You a repetition of his acts. And you, seeing in me your Divine

Will in act, grant me, I beseech You, that your Kingdom may come.

In Eden there was always a festivity between Creator and creature. Man had become the divine plaything, the joy, and the greatest delight of the Heavenly Father.

Possessing the Divine Will in which he lived, he enjoyed primacy over the universe. Everything was order and harmony. Even the sky, the stars, the sun and the sea were honored to serve and obey his wishes. Adam was the smile; he was the joy of all creation. Everything reminded him of his Creator;

and God, who was very attentive to him, saw that nothing was lacking to his complete happiness. In fact, seeing him alone, God wanted to make him doubly happy: He made him fall asleep in his arms. During that profound ecstasy, He removed a rib from man and made out of it a woman and gave her to man as a companion.

Oh, how this first mother of ours, Eve, who also remained in the Unity of the Divine Will, competed with Adam in heaving sublime waves of love at Him who had given them life!

My Jesus, in the unity of your

Divine Will, I too immerse my poor soul. I will never come out of these gigantic waves of love with which our first parents loved and glorified your adorable Majesty. In the middle of these waves I will keep crying out: "Thy Kingdom come! Let your Will be known and fulfilled everywhere!"

Fifth Hour

The Soul is Present at the Fall of Adam in Eden, at the Divine Sorrow, and Tries to Make Amends With its

Own Love.

My Love, the power of the Unity of your Divine Will joined into one the Creator's act with that of your first creatures. Therefore, It also placed in common with them all His goods, all His joys. O my Jesus, I too want to start my life over in this Unity of your Will together with my first parents. There, I want to establish my home. There, I want to find forever my joy, my happiness.

But, alas! To their great misfortune, Adam and Eve turned away from your Will to do their own. From the

highest degree of all joy and delight, they plunged into the abyss of all miseries. Heaven and earth were shaken, seeing that the most beautiful creatures rebelled against their adorable Majesty, felt such pain as to cloak Yourself in justice against them.

To console your Heart, here I am, Jesus my Life, as I form my fixed abode in your Divine Will. I never want to turn away from It. And this I do in order to regain at least partly the very great benefits your first creatures lost and to wipe away the mark of dishonor that was stamped on their forehead. In order for the joy and happiness my first

parents gave You in the early days of their creation to continue, I want to plant my kiss and my unending act of reparation on that very pain which clothed You in justice. I want to remove from You the mantle of indignation, so I may contemplate You clothed again in the mantle of peace. O my Jesus, let the early days of Creation return. Let the festivities, the joys, the amusements between You and your creatures be renewed through the coming of the Kingdom of your Will.

Sixth Hour

The Soul Continues Its Act of Reparation.

**It Passes In Review the Chief Figures
of the Old Testament**

and Yearns for Redemption.

My Jesus, my Life, I will never leave You alone in your sorrow. From your Will I will never turn away. I solemnly promise that I never want to do my own will. What's more, I tie it to the feet of your Throne so I may no longer have to deal with it. It will offer You deep and continued reparation for the rebellion that Adam and Eve set against

your adorable Will. In the meantime, by uniting me completely to your Will, which alone I want to recognize, I will make myself one and the same with You.

My most cherished Life, for the triumph of your Divine Will, I intend to impress on each thought - from the first one in the mind of Adam to the last thought of the creatures on earth - my "I love You," my act of reparation, the glory that I owe You, to ask You on behalf of each one of them for the Kingdom of your Will.

Grant, O my Lord, that all minds may understand what it means to do

God's Will, and that they all may let It reign and rule! ...

I want to seal every glance of your creatures, every word of theirs with my "I love You," with my reparation and with the breath I take of your Kingdom. In every work, with every step and heartbeat of others, I want to repeat to You: "I love You" and make reparation to You for all sins committed. Come, come into the world the Kingdom of your Divine *Fiat!*

Abiding in your Divine Will, I want to make up for all the glory and all the love that creatures should have given

You if they had lived in your Will. On their behalf, I ask You for your Kingdom.

O Jesus, I now pass in review the chief figures of the Old Testament. I meditate in them the marvels of your Divine Will. I impress first of all my "I love You" on the sacrifice of Abraham and the obedience of Isaac, to implore through them the Kingdom of your Divine Will.

I stamp my words "I love You" on Jacob's sorrow, on Joseph's sadness and glory. For them, I ask You for your Kingdom. I dwell with my "I love You"

on the power of Moses' miracles, on Samson's strength, on David's holiness, on Job's patience. For all these flashes of light from your Will, I ask of You that your Divine Will may reign. Observe, my Love, how I go about tracing through the centuries the acts of your Will in all creatures to ask of You, through them, that your *Fiat* may be known, loved and desired by all!

Jesus, my Life, I see that your lovable Divine Will approaches ever closer to creatures. Casting Its rays of light, It envelopes the Prophets and reveals to them your coming upon earth, specifying the time, place and

circumstances that will accompany it. O Jesus, flying over each Prophet and over each revelation You make, I envelop everyone and everything with my "I love You," I praise You, I thank You and I ask You for the Kingdom of your Will. Every promise You made, every revelation You manifested about your descent upon earth was a commitment You made. Therefore, also bound to the Kingdom of your Redemption was the Kingdom of your Will. Why don't You make haste, my Love? You never leave things half-finished. Nor do You give your riches only in part. Therefore, come quickly! If through your Redemption You gave us half of your goods, finish now your

work: Make your Will rule and prevail
in the midst of creatures!

Seventh Hour

**The Soul Plunges into the Ocean of
Light and Holiness of the Heavenly
Mother.**

**With Her, It Prays that the Kingdom
of the Divine Will May Come Upon
the Earth.**

Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son and

Holy Spirit, I feel your Love overflowing in me. I see with greatest joy that You are now laying aside your mantle of justice and getting ready for a new festivity, perhaps even greater than your festivity in the creation of man. You are displaying oceans of power, wisdom, love, and indescribable beauty. Gathering all these oceans together, You call from the very depths of these oceans, based on your omnipotent word, the life of the little Queen. And the Royal Lady, so pure, so stainless, is so exquisite in beauty as to captivate your very Divinity.

With the Conception of this

Immaculate Sovereign, the festivities begin between Heaven and earth. All creation rejoices and celebrates its Queen. I, too, pay homage to Her. She is the object of delight of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. I invite the sky, the sun, the wind, all creation, the angels and every human being to sing with me the praises of the little Queen just conceived and to acknowledge Her as Noble Lady, as Mother, as the chosen one among all creatures.

My Mother, do You see? All people are turning to You their hearts, their glances. Our fate is in your hands.

Therefore, in this first act of your Conception, all together we prevail upon our Heavenly Father and exclaim: "Let the Kingdom of the Divine Will come upon the earth!"

Holy Mother, present us to God; and He will be overcome, seeing that all creatures, gathered close around You, are saying with You: "Let the Kingdom of the Divine *Fiat* come!"

Yes, O Divine Persons, You do nothing other than continually pour love upon the newborn Queen. Nor do You ever cease granting Her new graces to extend Her oceans increasingly and

without bound. In this Heavenly Creature, You see She who has to give You everything, who has to make amends to You for everything, She who must restore to You intact the glory of creation. So, You explain to Her immediately the history of fallen man, your sorrow, your adorable Will rejected by creatures.

While You entrust everything to Her, She generously gives You the gift of her own will and swears to You that She doesn't care to recognize it. Plunging into your *Fiat*, She chooses It for her own *Fiat*. She gives It dominion over Her and in this way forms in her soul the

first Kingdom of the Divine Will. And now I hear the echo of her continual refrain: "May the Kingdom of the Redemption come; may the Word come upon earth; may peace come between the Creator and the creature. Eternal Father, I will not leave your lap if You don't give Me what I ask of You."

I, too, Heavenly Father, will repeat with my little Queen Mother, the refrain I usually say: "May the Kingdom of the Divine Will come!" .. Far from getting off your paternal lap, I will hold You with my arms until You assure me that the Divine Will not only will be known and loved by men but will reign

over them with complete triumph.

Eighth Hour

**The Soul Continues with the
Sovereign Mother to Beseech the
Heavenly Father**

**that the Divine Will May be Known To
All**

and His Kingdom May Come.

Jesus, my sweetest Life, please put my little soul with my Queen Mother upon the knee of our Heavenly Father. There, I will pray, I will weep, I will yearn for the arrival of the Kingdom of your Divine *Fiat*.

With my loving smiles, with my affectionate kisses, with the same captivating strength of your Will, I will beseech the Eternal Father to grant me your Kingdom upon earth. And you, Holy Mother, place your hand on your little daughter. Let me cross the sea of your love, so that with your love I may

more effectively ask for the coming of the Kingdom of your Divine *Fiat*. I make my own your adoration of my Creator. I make my own your prayers, your supplications and your sighs, to ask through them for the Kingdom of the Divine *Fiat*.

My Queen Mother, help me to place in the sea of your sufferings and your deep sorrows my petty misfortunes, my every distress, my setbacks and sacrifices, so I may incessantly ask with them that the Kingdom of the Divine Will may come quickly and the Divine Will may descend among creatures, and triumphantly reign and prevail in their

midst. Just as you drew the Word from Heaven to have Him descend upon earth in your womb, cause the Supreme *Fiat* to move from Its heavenly throne so It may come and reign upon earth in all creatures.

Ninth Hour

**The Soul Follows the Divine Will in
the Conception of the Divine Word**

**and Keeps the Little Prisoner Jesus
Company in the Womb of His
Mother.**

My sovereign Mother, I don't want to be without You. With your actions I unite my own to make them all one and to ask with You for the arrival of the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

While I consider the Conception of the Word, I hide in your maternal womb my continual "I love You" and all my sufferings, to render heartfelt homage to the Son of God. Through that same unbounded love that made Him descend from Heaven into the small prison of your womb, offering Him all his actions united with mine, I ask Him to grant us quickly the Kingdom of his Divine Will.

My Mother, I want to enclose myself in You so I can remain with my little Jesus and keep Him company in the loneliness He feels. I want to contemplate all his sufferings to seal them with my "I love You, I praise You, I thank You."

I see my little Baby Jesus is beginning to suffer as many agonies and as many deaths as are the rejections that men give to the Divine Will. I notice that You, sweetest Mother, would like to take upon Yourself at once all these deaths, to satisfy the Supreme Will.

O Jesus, my heart is torn as I see You, still so small, in agony. Therefore, my tender little Child, I want to give life to the Divine *Fiat* in my soul as often as creatures have rejected It. And I want my will to die as often as creatures have given life to their own wills.

Yes, I want to let this same Divine Will in your small Humanity flow out, so the agony and the pain of death You suffer may be less excruciating.

O my sweet Love, how many pains You suffer in the womb of the

Virgin Mother! You remain motionless there, for You don't have room to move even a finger or a little foot. You don't even have space to open your beautiful eyes. No glimmer of light reaches You. **In** this narrow prison, there is only deep darkness.

Therefore, my dear little Jesus, I want to bring the life of your Will into the narrow prison of your first dwelling place on earth, to dispel the darkness where You are. I want to impress my kiss, my "I love You," on your tender limbs constrained to immobility, to ask of You, through the merits of these sufferings of yours, that your Divine

Will may have motion in creatures and, through Its light, may dispel the night of the human will and form the perennial day of your *Fiat*.

My lovable Child, if You won't let Yourself be conquered by me now that You are small, tell me at least when will it be that I can capture the Kingdom of your Divine Will?

Don't You know, my Beloved, that my soul wants to conquer You through your very Love and with the power and strength of your *Fiat*? To attain my goal, I call to my aid all the acts of your Divine Will. I call on the sky with the

army of its stars around You. I call on the sun with the force of its light and heat, the wind with the forceful energy of its authority, the sea with its roaring waves. I call on all Creation. Energizing everything with my voice, I want to offer You on behalf of everyone the Kingdom of your Divine *Fiat*.

My tender Child, what I want is for You, in opening your eyes to the light, to see Yourself surrounded by the multitude of your works, with each of them saying to You with me: "I love You, I love You, I love You! I praise You, I thank You, I adore You!" .. With them all, I'd like to plant my first kiss on your

baby lips!

As soon as You were born, trembling You took refuge immediately in the arms of the Heavenly Mother, and She hugged You to her breast. She kissed You, kept You warm, fed You with her milk, and wiped away your tears. I too, dear Baby Jesus, want to place myself in your Mother's arms and I want to meet her kiss with my own. I want to let my "I love You" flow in her virginal milk so I can feed You with my love. Everything She did for You, I also want to do it for You.

My beloved Child, see! I am not

alone. With me I have everything: I have the sun to warm You; and, to dry your tears, I have all your works.

You cry and sob, because You don't see Yourself loved.

But, with my "I love You," I want to sing You a lullaby to put You to sleep. In this way I'll find it easier to beseech You, when You awake, for the Kingdom of your Divine *Fiat*.

Tenth Hour

**The Soul Follows the Little Child
Jesus in the Arms of His Heavenly
Mother**

**during the Pain of the Circumcision
and Encloses**

**All Human Wills in the Pain of that
Wound.**

My tender little Child, my "I love You, I praise You, I thank You" follows You everywhere to ask You for your *Fiat*. In your every heartbeat and breath, on your tongue, in the pupil of your eyes, in all the drops of your Blood, in your little Humanity, in each of your holy

thoughts, I want to impress my "I love You" with my kiss.

Wanting You to find my "I love You" in the embrace that our Heavenly Mother and St. Joseph give You, I place it in their arms. I want You to hear it even in the breath of the animals at your feet that keep You in warm in mute adoration.

My delightful little Child, to invoke your Divine *Fiat* I immerse my "I love You, in the pain You suffered with the cruel cut of Circumcision, with every drop of the first Blood You shed. I pour my "I love You" into the tears that the

sharp pain wrung from You and the tears shed by the Sovereign Queen and St. Joseph in seeing You suffer. That blood, that pain, those tears clamor for the triumph of your Kingdom!

My dear little Jesus, pressing You to my heart so You won't suffer so much from the painful wound, I beseech You to enclose in that wound all human wills, to grant us in exchange the life of your Divine Will.

Eleventh Hour

**The Soul Follows the Baby Jesus in
the Flight to Egypt.**

**It Invites All Creation to Caress the
Child and,**

**with Everyone, Asks for the Kingdom
of the Divine Will.**

My lovable Child, while the wound of your Circumcision is still bleeding, another pain comes upon You. A pitiless and tyrannical man desires your death, so You are forced to flee into Egypt to seek refuge.

Isn't this episode perhaps a

symbol of the treachery of the human will, which persecutes your Divine Will because it doesn't want your Will to reign.

My lovely little Child, I want my words "I love You," my affectionate kisses, and also my will to mingle with your keen suffering, to reconcile the Divine with the human will and to make of them a single will.

To ask You for your *Fiat*, I follow ceaselessly my Mother, who carries You in her arms. While She walks, I want You to hear the gentle murmur of my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I

thank You." Therefore, I impress it step by step with every speck of earth, with every blade of grass that She walks upon. Even as You flee to give me life, I want to offer my own life to defend yours and to ask for the triumph of your Will. My Love, I feel my heart is breaking as I see You cry and hear You sob bitterly at being sought after to be put to death! To still your tears with my love, I want to wander through the universe. To cheer You up, I want You to hear my "I love You" and my refrain "Give me your *Fiat*" from the depths of your sea, from every drop of water, from the fish that dart to and fro. I want to climb the highest mountain and descend

into the deepest valleys, to stir up the plants, flowers and trees, and to have them all repeat: "I love You, I love You!"

On the wings of the wind, I want the echo of my love to reach You loudly. Through the air currents, I want to blow my kisses to You and offer You my loving caresses. My dear little One, while You are in flight, I extend my invitation to all created things, so they may gladden their Creator. I call on the sunlight to illumine your beautiful Face and say "I love You." . . I call on all the birds of the air so that with their songs and trills they may form lullabies of love

for You. In a word, I unite myself with all the elements, the sky and the stars, the mountains and the seas, the plants and animals, to cry out to You in a single voice with them: "We love You. We love You very much. Therefore, we want upon the earth the arrival of your reigning and dominating will."

This unanimous cry resounds in the heart of the Queen Mother. That is why she, too, says: "My Son, do You see? My love harmonizes with that of all the creatures and reunites them. With them, penetrating deeper into your Heart, I too ask that your Will may come and reign upon the earth!"

Twelfth Hour

**The Soul with Jesus in Egypt. It
Offers Him its Heart as a Lodging
and Asks with the Queen of Heaven
for the Kingdom of the Divine Will.**

My dear little Baby Jesus, here
You are, arrived in Egypt. Accompanied
by sorrow and tears, by the thought of
being completely forgotten, and by the
abandonment of everyone, You are

forced to enter into a small open shed exposed to the wind and rain, because no one in the world has offered You a decent place to live. Oh, how You suffer, my tender little Baby, in seeing that your little Humanity experiences the same waiting periods as your adorable Will! No one volunteers to offer It his own soul as a dwelling place so It may reign. It, too, wandering for long centuries, seeks lodging and doesn't obtain it.

My Love, I see that while You are crying from the pain that so much cruelty causes You, our Mother hides her own tears to quiet your crying and to offer her beautiful soul as a perennial dwelling

place for your Divine Will. I, too, want to join with Her in drying your lovely Face and in pressing my "I love You" in your every tear. On your trembling lips I place my loving kiss and, asking You for your *Fiat*, I offer my heart to your Divine Will as a perpetual habitation.

My Beloved Child, the center of my life, while You are dwelling in this small open shed, I want to follow all your acts and those of the Sovereign Lady of Heaven. When she rocks You in the cradle, I want to rock You also and help You go to sleep with the lullaby of my gentle "I love You ... I love You ... I love You ... "

While She is preparing the baby cloths for You to wear, I want to hide in the thread that courses through her maternal fingers my words "I love You, I praise You, I thank You, I adore You," so that once our Mother has dressed You, You may be aware that your cloths are interwoven with my love and with my breath of your Divine *Fiat*.

Heart of my heart, when You begin to take your first steps, I want to impress my "I love You" on the ground beneath your feet. I want to shelter You in my arms, so that if You totter I can immediately embrace You and press You to my heart. I see, my Heavenly Child,

that as soon as You begin to walk by Yourself, though You are still very small, You now keep apart from your Mother. You bend your little knees on the bare ground and, with your arms open, You pray and weep for the salvation of all, asking with ardent sighs for the Kingdom of your Divine Will. Oh, how your little heart is beating fast! It seems like it almost wants to break from the force of your love and suffering.

My little Jesus, let me place my "I love You" under your weak knees, so the ground won't be so hard on your tender limbs. Let me impress my "I love You" in the middle of your open hands and

support your little arms with mine, so You won't have so much to suffer. And while I support You, my darling Child, take me in your lovable arms. Offer me to the Heavenly Father as a little daughter of your Will and grant me the grace that your Will may reign in me and in all creatures.

Thirteenth Hour

**The Soul is Present as the Dear
Baby Jesus Mingles for the First
Time**

**with the Children of Egypt.. It
Watches Him as He Blessed Them
and It Prays that He Will Seal also
Human Wills with His Blessing.**

My Heavenly Child, your Love now motivates You to leave the small open shed. The children of Egypt, drawn by your beauty, gather around You. You speak to them with such sweetness as to leave them rapt in wonder. After blessing them, You hasten back to your Mother because her love is drawing You, and You throw Yourself into her arms. My Love, I want to follow You in everything. I want to let my words "I

love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You" resound beneath your gentle steps, in your gestures, in your words so lovable and so full of life, in your fascinating glance, to ask You for the Kingdom of your *Fiat*. While You bless the children, bless also my soul. Seal in it with your blessing the life of your Will.

I follow You, Divine Little Child, as You walk through the fields and take delight in picking flowers. Every time You reach out for one of them, I want to repeat to You my refrain: "I love You, I love You."

Meanwhile, I ask You to offer to your Heavenly Father the flower of my little soul, so it may know, love and desire nothing else but your holy and eternal *Fiat*.

Fourteenth Hour

The Soul Follows Jesus Who, after the Exile, Returns to Nazareth.

Showering Him with its "I love You," it Asks Him with a Thousand Voices

for the Arrival of His Divine Kingdom.

Child Jesus, my Life, now that the exile is over, I see that You are on your way back to Nazareth. So, I want to follow You step by step. What's more, I want to accompany You under a shower of "I love You, I adore You, I praise You." . .1 therefore call to my aid the light of the sun: May it shed its rays full of "I love You." . .1 invite the stars to rain down on You my glittering "I love You." . .1 command the wind in its fury as it moans, howls, and whistles to spread thick gusts and puffs of "I love You, I love You." . .1 call on all the

birds of the air to accompany You with their warbling, trills, and song, repeating "I love You, I love You"; the little lambs, so they may bleat out "I love You". I ask even the sea to send its waves lapping onto the beach and accompany You with the billowing of its "I love You."

But You are now arriving in Nazareth... You are now enclosing Yourself in your little house... Allow me also to go with You inside that sacred enclosure and, there, continue to offer You the canticle of my "I love You," to win You over with love and to obtain what You Yourself want and what the Queen Mother desires: namely, that your

Will be known by all and reign in the midst of creatures.

Jesus, my life, I remain with You to seal with my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You" every action of yours and to ask unceasingly for the Kingdom of your Will.

In the food You eat, I impress my "I love You" to ask You for the food of your Will for all creatures. In the water You drink, I pour my "I love You" to ask of You that the pure water of your Will may pour into our veins and form Its Life there.

These words of mine "I love You"
follow You everywhere.

When You take up hammer and nails to do your manual labor, I ask You by this means to nail down all human wills and to give freedom of life back to your Will. When You retire to your little room to pray or go to sleep, I don't want to leave You alone. Staying close to You, if I can say nothing else, I will continually whisper into your ear: "I love You, I adore You." . . I will ask You with your same prayers for the Kingdom of your *Fiat*. With your same sleep I will ask You to put the human will to

sleep, so it may no longer have life.

My Divine Jesus, I would feel unhappy if I couldn't follow You in everything and let You hear my constant refrain: "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You!"

I then follow You at the age of 12 to the Temple, when You vanish from the sight of your Mother and cause her the bitter pain of losing You. I let my "I love You" flow into the bewilderment of your Mother and her distressing loss, to ask of You that the human will may become lost forever and creatures may want to live only in the Divine Will. Lastly, I

place my "I love You" in that same joy
You both felt on meeting again, to
beseech You, O my Jesus, that creatures
may give You the pure joy and
unspeakable contentment that arise from
the happy Kingdom of your Divine *Fiat*.

Fifteenth Hour

**The Soul Follows Jesus into the
Desert. Stopping by the Jordan,**

**It Asks Him for the Life-giving
Baptism of His Divine Will,**

so All May Receive His Life.

My Heavenly and Greatest Love, I want to follow You everywhere. I now see that You are about to go into the desert and take leave of your Mother. You say to Her: "Goodbye, Mother, I'll be gone for awhile. But I leave You My Divine *Fiat* for help, for comfort, for life. It will be a means of communication between You and Me. Because of My Will, You'll share in My every act. In this way, even though we are far apart, we'll remain so united as to feel like one single person.

Jesus, my Life, take me by the

hand and bring me with You. Let me not lose track of whatever You do, for I want to seal everything with the imprint of my love.

To ask You for the Kingdom of your Divine Will on earth, I follow You step by step as You walk alone with my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You." .. With every breath You take, I want You to inhale my "I love You." . .I want to enclose in it your every word, and I want to offer it with your every glance. As You reach the Jordan, I saturate that water with my "I love You." . .In this way, as soon as John the Baptist pours water on your Head to

baptize You, You will feel the fullness of my love mingled in it, a love that invokes for all creatures the baptismal water of your Divine Will and the arrival of Its Kingdom. Beloved, in this solemn act of your baptism, I ask You for a grace You certainly won't deny me: I ask You to purify with your holy hands my little soul through the life-giving and creative water of your Divine Will, so I may hear nothing, see nothing and know nothing outside of the life of your *Fiat*. Oh, yes, I ask You: Let my existence be nothing other than an uninterrupted act of your Will!

My Jesus, sweet Love, allow me to follow You into the desert. There, my "I love You" will never leave You alone. I will stay near You night and day. And when You are troubled, in pain and yearning for love, praying and weeping because of the isolation your Divine Will experiences, I will console You with the cry of my "I love You."

You feel deep pain, not only because your Divine Will does not reign among creatures but because It was put by them, as it were, into exile. Your Most Holy Humanity mourns, therefore, and implores on behalf of the entire

human family that the Divine and the human wills may reconcile and fuse together. O Jesus, I make your tears and your prayers my own. I take possession of the agony of your burning Heart. Interlacing it with my "I love You," I form sweet chains of love to force You to grant me the Kingdom of your Divine Will on earth! Listen to them, my Life: They are your very heartbeats, your sighs; they are your tears, your prayers and your sufferings, which desire and invoke the Kingdom of your *Fiat*. If You won't listen to me, then listen at least to Yourself; and coming out of the desert, assure me there will soon come upon earth the Kingdom of your Will.

My Jesus, Heart of my heart, here
You are now going out of the desert.
With haste, You arrive at your house in
Nazareth, where the love of your
Heavenly Mother incessantly calls and
waits for You. What a touching sight this
is! Mother and Son, driven by a mutual
and compelling need to meet again,
throw themselves into each other's arms.
O Jesus, I too want to share with the
little flame of my "I love You" in your
chaste embraces, your enthusiasm, the
fire of your love, to ask You for the
Kingdom of the Supreme Will! You also,
Holy Mother, ask for me this tremendous
grace and pray that the Divine Will may
become known and reign on earth as It is

in Heaven.

Sixteenth Hour

**The Soul Follows Jesus to the
Wedding Feast in Cana.**

**It Asks Him to Exchange the Human
Will with the Divine Will.**

**It Continues to Follow Him in His
Public Life.**

Jesus, my Love and my Life, I see

that before beginning your public life, the Love of your burning Heart leads You to attend with your Mother the wedding feast at Cana. I therefore follow You with my "I love You." . . I feel that your Heart is beating with tenderness and pain, because You recall having blessed other nuptials in Eden, i.e., those of innocent Adam and Eve. It was a double wedding feast You attended at that time: a wedding between your Divine Will and the human, wedding between man and woman. You gave them as a gift your entire creation and, above all, your Divine Will beating in their hearts and in every created thing.

Oh, my Jesus, I want to draw close to You in order to invest your tender eyes, your melodious voice and your fascinating ways with my "I love You, I adore You, I thank You." .. Through that love which moved You to answer the pleas of the Sovereign Queen, who asked You to change the water into wine, I beg You to perform the great miracle of changing the human will into the Divine Will, so the latter may reign on earth as in Heaven. Holy Mother, You who showed so much concern in coming to the aid of that married couple, please show the same attention now to having God's Holy Will reign on earth!

My dear sweet Jesus, to make You grant my wishes, I will follow You and never leave You. I invest all your acts with my "I love You," and I continually whisper into your ear: "Give me your *Fiat* that is beating in your Heart. Give me your Will that is speaking in your words, that works through your hands, that walks in your footsteps. Oh, listen to my sighs, listen to your voice in mine, and grant that we may live in your *Fiat*."

My Jesus, my dear Life, I see You are getting ready to leave your Mother, but our wills will not come apart. You're leaving to begin your public life and You turn your steps toward Jerusalem. There,

You'll announce in the Temple your Divine Word and declare that You are the One awaited by the nations, the longed-for Messiah.

But, how many crucial situations are in store for your Heart, how many pains! Those who are listening to You, instead of throwing themselves at your feet to receive You as their Heavenly Savior, look at You with scorn. Grumbling, they withdraw while You remain there alone, compelled by the ingratitude of those people to beg for bread and to get out of that village. All alone, with the ground as a bed and the starry sky as a roof, You spend the nights

in tears and in prayer, offering supplication for those who don't want to know You.

Jesus, my Love, come into my arms and take some rest. I want to cry and pray with You. I want to offer You the repetitive series of my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You" amid the pains You suffer, the tears You shed, the words You speak - words that go unheeded. I want to place my "I love You" before, behind and beneath your footsteps, so your feet may not feel the hardness of the ungrateful earth but only the softness of my love. I want to say to You: "See, O Jesus, how much You

suffer! Let your Divine Will reign among us and your sufferings will cease immediately! "

Seventeenth Hour

**The Soul Follows Jesus in
His
Miracles
and Asks
Him to
Perform**

**the Great Miracle of
Resurrecting**

**All Souls
In the
Divine
Will.**

My Jesus, Life of my poor heart, your Love does not stop. Therefore, You return to the Temple to teach your Divine Word to people. While the great and the learned don't want to recognize You, all of a sudden a crowd of poor, ignorant and suffering people gather around You. They are attracted by your gentle and pleasant ways, by your enchanting voice. While You speak, your words touch their hearts. There's a note of happiness in

your soul, because You know that You can console, instruct and heal at least those who are considered the dregs of society. In this way You become the friend, the teacher and the sympathetic physician of the poor. For everyone You have a word of comfort. You don't think it beneath You to touch their suffering limbs to heal them. It's always a moving spectacle for You to see about You the blind, the mute, the deaf, the lame, paralytics and lepers. All these human miseries go right to your Divine Heart and make it throb.

Oh, how your Heart breaks in seeing transformed into misery the same

human nature that came out so beautiful and perfect from your creative hands! It is this degraded will that, in producing its worst effects, makes humanity so unhappy. Ah, my Love, let your *Fiat* return to reign in our midst and put to flight the unhappiness that the human will has produced!

I let my "I love You" flow in the act through which You give sight to the blind, so everyone may learn about your Divine Will. How many blind people there are who don't perceive your Divine Will! ...

Oh, with what heartfelt prayers I

ask You to grant everyone the grace of knowing and observing your Most Holy Will!

I see, my Love, that You with the authority of your voice give hearing to the deaf. My words "I love You" flow in the sound of your command, and I ask You to restore hearing to so many who are deaf to your Divine Will. You loosen the tongues of the mute; and I, prostrate at your feet, take hold of your knees and beseech You to loosen the tongues unable to pronounce your Divine *Fiat*, so everyone without exception may speak the language of your adorable

Will.

My Jesus, your paternal Heart feels a stab of pain because of human misery. You are therefore multiplying miracles to restore your Divine Will and make It reign in the midst of creatures. You make the lame to walk; You cleanse the lepers and heal the paralytics. And I, my Heavenly Savior, accompanying You always with my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You," ask You to cure those who are limping in your Will, to cleanse the human generations from the leprosy of the will that made them deformed in spirit and perhaps also

in body, to heal all those who are paralyzed due to their self-will.

My Love, the human will is the sower of so many evils.

Therefore, I ask You to perform the miracle of miracles: Let your Will reign on earth as in Heaven, so every moral and physical misery may cease.

My dearly Beloved, during your public life You never stopped spreading your Divine Word; and You consoled the afflicted everywhere. Encountering a mother who is weeping as she

accompanies the body of her son to the grave, You cannot bear to see her cry. You approach the casket, bring the young man back to life and restore him to his mother. My Love, my words "I love You" accompany You as You give life back to the one who has lost it. They beg You to restore to life so many souls dead to your Divine Will in order to dry the tears of the Divine Will. More than a mother, after so many centuries It is still crying as It sees so many of Its children who are dead to It.

Eighteenth Hour

**The Soul Follows Jesus in Various
Other Episodes
of His Public Life.**

My Jesus, my most sweet Life,
your Love keeps You on the move
everywhere. Called upon to raise a little
girl from the dead, You don't refuse.
Holding her hand in your own, You
restore her to life and, raising her up,
You say: "The girl is not dead, but
asleep."

How many, my Love, are those

who sleep the sleep of their human will! I therefore want my "I love You" to flow in the act You perform in bringing the girl back to life, in order to ask You to extend your right hand over all people and bring them back to the life of your Sovereign Will. With a mere touch of your creative hand, with an act of your power, You will free these souls from their lifelessness and will form the first group of people in the Kingdom of the Divine *Fiat*.

My merciful Jesus, another moving spectacle awaits You: Martha and Mary tearfully confront You to say that their brother is dead. You are so

touched that You cry with them and ask them to take You to Lazarus' grave. Once there, You command that the tomb be opened. You shudder, shake and cry, then with an authoritative voice trembling from the force of your grief, You say: "Lazarus, come out ofthere!" .. Thus, You raise him from the dead.

My Love, why do you weep and suffer such acute pain? Because Lazarus who was dead represented all humanity mired in evil and reduced to a corpse putrefied by the human will.

Oh, yes, Life of my heart, let me

cry with You too, and invest each of your words with my "I love You" and my "I adore You," to induce You to repeat to each soul what You said to Lazarus: "Come out of the grave of your human will and return to the Life of My Divine Will!"

My lovable Jesus, I will not abandon You for a single moment. Therefore, I follow You with your disciples. Now I see that while You are sleeping in the boat (and this slumber of yours is a symbol of what You want to give to whoever lives in your Divine Will), a storm blows up and strikes fear into the hearts of the Apostles. Waking

You up, they cry: "Master, save us!
We're about to die!"

My Jesus, this cloudburst vividly reproduces the terrible storm that the human will causes. It, too, raising up its roaring waves in the sea of life, threatens to make us drown! So I, with my "I love You," join with the Apostles to implore You: "Master, save us! We're about to die!"

With that same authority through which that one day You forced the storm at sea to calm down, command today the storm of the human will to be calm and reconcile our will with yours, to make

us rest in the safe arms of your supreme
Fiat!

My dearly Beloved, I see You are turning your steps again toward Jerusalem. Therefore, I accompany You with my "I love You, I adore You, I thank You." .. But what pain does your Divine Heart suffer when You witness the Temple, your Father's House, being desecrated as though it were a marketplace ... You become angry at the sight, take up some cords and, with divine authority, begin swinging left and right. You overturn everything and drive out the desecrators. There is no opposition against your commanding act,

and everyone runs away.

My Jesus, I invest those cords with my "I love You," to ask You to take hold of them again in order to drive out our human will that dared to desecrate your living temple of our souls. Beat it down, if You will, so it may no longer dare to dominate souls but surrender fully to your Divine Will!

Nineteenth Hour

**The Soul Follows Jesus as He Enters
Jerusalem.**

**It Asks Him for the Victory of the
Divine Will over the Human
Will,**

**then Follows Him in the Institution
of the Sacraments.**

Heavenly Lover, my "I love You" follows You in the triumphant entry You made into Jerusalem. I impress it everywhere: on the palm branches, on

the cloaks thrown at your feet, on the jubilant cries of "Blessed is He who comes as King" from the crowds that received you.

My Divine King, your aspect of victorious conqueror seems to want to bring me the happy news that the Kingdom of your Divine *Fiat* will arrive soon upon the earth. With this in mind, I will not leave you. I will not get tired following You with my "I love You's" until You promise me that It will make a happy arrival.

But I already seem to hear You whispering into my ear: "O soul, follow

Me. My Love feels the need of your company. My enemies, envious of the jubilant cries of 'Blessed is He who comes as King' from the crowd, are trying to take My life. So, before I die, I want to institute the Sacrament of the Eucharist, to leave a final remembrance of the intense love I have for My children and to live perennial life among them. Take advantage of this gift of Mine to ask Me ceaselessly for My Divine *Fiat!* ... "

My Love, I bind myself to You so I can place my "I love You" in each of the Sacraments You institute. I join it to each Baptism administered, to ask You, by

virtue of it, to grant the Divine *Fiat* to each baptized person. I repeat it to You in the Sacrament of Confirmation, to invoke the victory of your Divine Will in each person being confirmed. I seal this "I love You" of mine also in the Sacrament of Anointing of the Sick, so every dying person may complete the final moment of his life in your Divine Will. I impress it in the Sacrament of Holy Orders, to ask You for Priests who conform to your Will: May they possess and spread your Holy Kingdom. My "I love You" is impressed in the Sacrament of Matrimony, to ask You for families formed in the school of your Divine *Fiat*. I introduce my "I love You" into

the Sacrament of Penance to ask You to give, in each Confession of the Faithful, death to sin and life to your Divine Will.

My Savior Jesus, I desire that my "I love You" never abandon You and may be eternal with You. Therefore, I leave it with my "I adore You, I praise You, I thank You" in every Sacramental Host, in every hidden tear You shed through each consecrated particle, in every offense You receive and in every act of reparation You accomplish, to ask with You that the Kingdom of your Divine Will may rule on earth as It does in Heaven. My Heavenly Archer, from

every tabernacle wound the human wills
and wrap your chains of Love around
them. Use every heavenly tactic You
have to overcome them. Then give us in
exchange your Will, so that It may be
one with our own, on earth as It is in
Heaven.

Twentieth Hour

**The Soul Follows Jesus to
Gethsemane**

and in the Sufferings of His Passion.

My afflicted Jesus, now that You have left Yourself in the Sacrament of the Eucharist to descend into each heart, You make Yourself available to your creatures and say to them: "I won't leave You. I will stay with all of you to form the Kingdom of My Divine Will among you, My children." .. Your Love is fulfilled, and so you enter generously into the sea of your Passion.

I now see that your steps are directed toward the Garden of Gethsemane and You prostrate Yourself on the ground to pray. In the meantime your breathing becomes heavy. You are troubled; You sigh, agonize, and sweat

blood! You see everything in front of You: the sins of men, the pains of your Passion, each of which bears the infamous imprints of the deadly weapon of the human will that fights against a God.

My agonizing Jesus, my poor heart cannot bear to see You fallen to the ground and bathed in your own Blood. Because of this cruel martyrdom of yours, I ask that your Divine Will extend Its Kingdom on earth. With Its divine weapons, may It put to death the human will, taking up Its own vital place in every heart.

My Jesus, I want to bring You some relief by making my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You" flow in every drop of Blood You shed, in your every suffering, anguish and sigh. With my "I love You," I'd like to form for You high clouds to hide from your horror-struck view the horrendous spectacle of so many sins. O Jesus, if your Divine Will were to reign, You wouldn't experience so many sufferings nor would You suffer so excruciating an agony. Therefore, assure me that the triumph of your Divine Will will not be long in coming!

My suffering Jesus, your enemies are now in the garden.

They are binding You with ropes and chains. They tread You underfoot. They drag You along and bring You from tribunal to tribunal.

My Love, I follow You step by step to seal all your sufferings with my "I love You" and to ask You, with the same ropes and chains that bind You, to bind our rebellious will so it may no longer go against your Divine Will but, rather, make It reign.

My Jesus, your enemies give You no peace. They heap sufferings upon You. They cover You with spit. They

accuse You of being an evil-doer and, after sentencing You to death, they put You in jail. My prisoner Jesus, I will not leave You. My "I love You" invests that loathsome spit, so You may not feel the nausea but find in it only the sweetness of my love. I want to cover You up with my "I love You," so it may protect You from all the insults aimed at You, soothe your pains and be transformed into a defense weapon that puts your enemies to flight.

May my "I love You" be a light to You in the dark prison where they have thrust You. May it keep You company and induce You to free us from the

prison of our will, to make us children of your Divine *Fiat*.

My tormented Jesus, your enemies release You with the barbaric intention of subjecting You to greater sufferings and putting You to death. Dragging You, they bring You before various tribunals, from Pilot to Herod, who, in making fun of You, goes so far as to have You dressed as a madman, causing You unspeakable suffering.

How much You suffer!... With my "I love You" I want to fashion a robe of light to dazzle and humiliate your enemies, persuading them to no longer

torment You but to recognize You as their King. And You, please be so merciful as to heal us from the madness which the human will leads us into, a madness that makes us lose awareness of our true good, for it hinders us from doing your Divine Will.

Twenty-First Hour

**The Soul Continues to Follow Jesus
in the Sufferings of His Passion.**

My tormented Jesus, now they are bringing You once again to Pilate! New sufferings await You there! After

condemning You to be flogged, they remove your clothes and tie You to a column to whip You barbarically. I embrace your divine feet and cause to resound with every blow You receive my "I love You." .. With every piece of flesh they tear from You, with every wound that forms in your Body, I want to exclaim "I love You," to implore You to remove from us the cloths of the human will and cover us with those of the Divine Will.

My scourged Jesus, You are now unrecognizable. My heart cannot bear to witness such torture. Yet, your enemies are still not content! I'd like to rescue

You from all this with my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You." .
.I' d like to pull You away from those wicked hands! Far from feeling sorry for You, the impious tormentors crown You with thorns. They put a purple robe on You and, treating you like a mock king, they place a reed in your hand!

My Jesus, my Life, let my "I love You" impearl every thorn that pierces your Head and soothe your atrocious agony. And You, for your part, remove from us the mock crown with which the human will has crowned us. Remove from us its purple robe and take out of our hands the reed of so many empty

works. Give us the crown of your Divine Will. Grant us its royal purple, which makes us your true children, and let the commanding scepter of your *Fiat* rule and dominate our souls.

Jesus, my King, my "I love You" penetrates the shouting of the blood-thirsty masses and manifests to You my love as there resounds in your ears the unjust condemnation to death: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

I, too, will let my cry be heard; and I'll put my "I love You" into each voice and on the lips of all creatures. O Jesus, let the human will be crucified

and let your Will reign! By the pain You suffered in being condemned to death, free us from the death to which souls condemn your *Fiat*. Make our will die to itself and make your Divine Will rise triumphant to form Its Kingdom in all our acts.

Twenty-Second Hour

**The Soul Follows Jesus to Calvary. It
Reflects on His**

**Excruciating Sufferings and Asks Him
for the Triumph of His**

Divine Will in the Midst of Creatures.

My Love, my heart can bear no more! As soon as You see the Cross presented to You, You embrace it and carry it on your shoulders. O Jesus, I want to cover your whole Cross with my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You" and ask You that, through it, all your sufferings may bring to creatures the virtue of your *Fiat* and dispose them to receive Its dominion. I want to shout in every pain You suffer, in every drop of your blood, in every fall, in every pull of your blood-stained hair, in every push You receive: "Come! Let the Kingdom of your Will come!"

My Jesus racked with pain, having been stepped on and dragged along, You finally reach Mount Calvary. They now strip You of your garments, fasten You to the Cross and, with unspeakable agony, they crucify You. My words "I love You" flow above your lacerated limbs, in your dislocated bones, in the piercings made by the nails. I ask You, O my Love, to strip us of everything that impedes your Divine Will from reigning in our hearts.

My crucified Jesus, racked with pain, You agonize on the Cross. Let my "I love You" seal your torments, the pangs of your Heart, the flames that

devour it. Let my words bring You solace, quench your burning thirst, and seal all the words You spoke on the Cross. I beseech You as You take your last breath in my "I love You," through the excruciating pains You suffered on the Cross, to give us a burning desire to live in your Divine Will.

With your death, give death to our will and life to your *Fiat* in all hearts, so it may spread triumphant and victorious throughout the human race and reign both in Heaven and on earth.

Twenty-Third Hour

**The Soul is Enclosed in the Tomb with
Jesus to Bury its Will with Him.**

**It then Descends into Limbo and Asks
with**

**All the Saints for the Kingdom of the
Divine Will.**

My love, You are now dead! Oh,
how I too would like to die with You!
But unfortunately this is not given to me

and so: *Fiat! Fiat! ...*

I want to receive You in my arms to enclose your Most Holy Humanity in my "I love You." .. Thus, it will see only my "I love You." . .It will hear only my "I love You." . .It will come in contact with only my "I love You." .. These words of mine "I love You" followed by my "I adore You, I praise You, I thank You," will not abandon You for a single moment!

My dead Jesus, I want to offer You a burial worthy of You! With my "I love You," I ask You to bury our human will,

so it may never again have the chance to return to life.

Accompanying You always with my "I love You," I follow you together with my sorrowful Mother into Limbo. Oh, what a moving sight! ... In this holy place is our first father Adam. There's Abraham, and all the Patriarchs, the Prophets, as well as dear St. Joseph, and all the good people of the Old Testament. Those holy souls, on seeing You, rejoice with unspeakable joy. Prostrating themselves at your holy feet, they adore You, love You and thank You. It seems, however, that their celebration is not complete, for all together they

declare: "Sweet Savior, we thank You for all You did and suffered for love of us! But now that You have redeemed us, complete your work: Make your Divine Will reign on earth as It is in Heaven!"

Don't You hear, my Love, the choir of voices dear to You? Don't You hear the plea of the Queen of Sorrows? Today, the day of your death, is also the day of your victory, of your triumph. Grant us, then, the triumph of your Divine Will over human wills! Jesus, my conqueror, I observe You departing from Limbo with the entire army of the just. You are going to the tomb to conquer death and to make your Most Holy

Humanity rise from the dead. What a solemn moment this is!

To celebrate it and to obtain the resurrection of your Divine Will in all creatures, I want to hide my "I love You" everywhere: in the tomb, in your act of rising from the dead, in the very light of glory that surrounds You.

And You, my Love, to celebrate this day of rejoicing, bring down our human will and make your Will rise forever victorious!

Twenty-Fourth Hour

**The Soul Follows Jesus after the
Resurrection.**

It is Present At His Ascension

**and Asks that It Might Sing Forever
its Loving Refrain:**

**"May the Kingdom of Your Divine Will
Come upon Earth!"**

My Jesus, after rising from the

dead, You do not depart for Heaven. This tells me that You want to establish the Kingdom of your Divine Will among creatures, and I won't abandon You for a single instant. I follow You step by step with my "I love You" as You appear in the risen state to your Mother. Through the joy You shared, I ask You ever more insistently for the Kingdom of your *Fiat*. .. My "I love You" accompanies You as You appear to Mary Magdalene and to the Apostles. It asks that your Divine Will be known in a special way to priests, so they in turn, as new Apostles, may make It known to all the world. My "I love You" follows You in all the acts You accomplish among your friends after

the Resurrection. Lastly, it invites Heaven and earth to be present at your glorious Ascension.

While You with your triumphant entry into Paradise open the gates that have been closed for so many centuries to poor humanity, I place my "I love You" on those eternal gates. I ask You, through that same blessing You gave to all your disciples who were present at the celebration of your Ascension, to bless all human wills, so they may know and appreciate the gift of life lived in your Will.

Through the great love with which
You open for us the gates of Heaven, I
ask You, O my glorious Jesus, to let your
Divine Will descend from those gates.
May It reign upon earth as It reigns in
Heaven.

My, Love, You are now seated at
the right hand of the Father: Entrenched
in my poor little nothingness, "I adore
You, praise You, thank You" and I
continually form with my "I love You"
long chains reaching from earth to
Heaven.

Please leave open always the
gates of the heavenly home, so I may

constantly come and kneel at your feet, climb into your arms, and repeat to You incessantly my song of love: "Send us the Kingdom of your Holy Will and may your Divine Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven!" .. Amen.

Fiat!

*Letters of Luisa
Piccarretta*

**The Little Daughter of the
Divine Will**

Index By Topic:

Topic Letter

Bearing my crosses 9, 13,
15, 46, 64, 72, 85, 93

Book of the Hours of the
Passion 12, 15, 51

Book of the Virgin Mary 11,
12, 14, 45, 75

Casting away doubts and
fears 59, 60, 62

Christmas wishes 16, 45,
66, 91, 116

Confidence, trust and hope
in Jesus 12, 50, 53, 57, 58,

78, 79, 90, 100, 108

Devotions vs. Divine Will
20

Divine martyrdom of the
soul in the 99

Divine Will

Do not listen to the enemy
59

Easter wishes 72, 81, 85

Feeling cold 43, 49

Feelings vs. Will 54, 84,
90,120

Happiness in the Divine
Will 63, 86, 102, 104, 131

Holy Communion 51, 100

How easy it is to live in the
19, 44, 67

Divine Will

Importance of Knowledge of
the 89, 112, 121, 122

Truths

Illness and Sufferings 9, 17,
18, 42, 103, 124, 129

It takes a firm decision 44,
74, 134

Jesus can do everything well
in me 3, 58, 76, 98

Jesus wants me a saint 2, 4,
5, 13, 17

Letters to Federico Abresch
20, 47, 65, 87, 88, 89, 96,
99

101, 104, 107, 110, 112, 113,

114, 120, 131, 132, 133

Love of Jesus and Mary for
those 14, 48, 65, 87, 113,
115, 132,

who desire to live in the
Divine Will 133

Making the Truths known
18, 35, 36, 47, 67, 75, 76,
83,

87, 88, 107, 109, 112, 114

Marriage 11

Letters of Luisa Piccarretta

The Little Daughter of the Divine Will

Index By Topic

Continued

Topic Letter

Name Day wishes 3, 8, 64,
95, 105, 111, 115

Never Fear 18, 100, 118,
119, 123

Never speak ill of others 10

Never think of the past 13,
17, 60

New Year's wishes 6, 70

Nothing can prevent me
from living 65, 68, 70, 73,
87

In the Divine Will

Nothing must disturb me 10,
14, 93, 97

Obedience 49, 60, 132

Padre Pio 67, 74, 89, 132

Patience, Perseverance 56,
70, 75, 85

Peace 7, 10, 14, 53, 55, 56,
57, 66,

97, 100, 102

Praying for Priests 8, 71, 95,
106, 111, 126, 128

Praying for the Great Gift 5,
41, 69, 130, 131, 132, 133

Reason for Chastisements
133

Stripping myself of
everything 52, 100, 117

Suffering loss of a dear one
1, 40, 125, 136

Suffering, persecutions, and
68, 70, 73, 74, 75, 81, 87,

92,

Humiliations 99

The Writings 58, 70, 75, 88,
92

True sanctity in the Divine
Will 61, 68, 82, 94, 109,
110

Union with Jesus and with
the 13, 15, 49, 77, 80, 125,
135

Divine Will

What living in the Divine
Will is 47, 101, 110, 113,
114

Works vs. Life 73

1. To the General Superiors of the Rogationist Fathers and of the Daughters of the Divine Zeal.

Fiat

Reverend Fathers and Mothers General,

May the Divine Consoler Jesus console you and put balm on the deep wound opened in your hearts by the loss of dear M. Gesuina. But no, you have not lost her. She has left for Heaven and you have acquired a peacemaker and protector before God, just as she was on

earth. She will continue to do, from there, the office of peacemaker; more so, since she left in a moment in which you, dear Superiors, moan, and the whole work moans, because you want the peace that you so longed for. Having completed her course, her beautiful soul, candid and pacific, had nothing else to do on earth; Heaven demanded her, in seeing that her course as creature had been accomplished, because It could no longer keep her away.

Therefore, all we can do is to say "Deo gratias" for the fortunate M. Gesuina, and "Fiat" for ourselves who have lost her, and this "Fiat" will

remedy everything. So, let us not get discouraged by sorrow and losses; they are always bearers of graces, light, and most surprising aids. We have an omnipotent Will with us; therefore there is nothing to fear. This Divine Volition will change hearts in order to form the ones who are needed. Blessed Jesus and our Celestial Mama will be together with you, to guide you and dispose all things according to their adorable Will.

My good Mother, Reverend Father, I feel great compassion for you; I know it has been a tearing in your maternal and paternal hearts. Therefore I pray to Jesus that He may give you

strength, and put Himself in the place of your hearts, so as to heal the pain and provide for everything.

I commend myself to your prayers, and leaving you in the peace of the Divine Will, I kiss your hand, reverend Mother; and kissing the hand of Father, I implore his paternal blessing.

Your most devoted servant,

Luisa Piccarreta.

Corato, February 24, 1932

2. To Sister Giovannina.

Fiat

To my dear Sister M. Giovannina, in memory of her vows, always with Jesus.

The mind toward Heaven, the gaze to the Cross, the heart loving Him, the arms always in the act of hugging Him, the steps calling Him, the words saying always "Fiat." In each thing never escape from acquiring a degree of sanctity. Make yourself a saint; Jesus wants it, make Him content.

The little
daughter of the Divine
Will

Corato, May 14, 1932

**3. To Mother General of the
Daughters of the Divine Zeal.**

J.M.J.

Fiat

My good and Reverend Mother,

I don't know what to say, because my littleness is such that I am good at nothing; therefore I ask Jesus to do Himself what I should do. And for my wishes, may He bring you His Heart, His words animated by His Will, and taking dominion within you, may It reign with all Its fullness, in such a way that not you, but Jesus Himself, will carry out the office of Mother General, and you will be only the garment that covers Jesus. He will do everything well; He will put all things in place and will give you that peace that you so much desire.

These are my wishes for your Name Day, wishes of interior and

external peace. You have great need that Jesus be the one who does everything and takes the reins, so that He may put each one in the place disposed by His Will. Therefore, courage, trust; let Jesus do everything and you will be content.

I renew my wishes together with my sister; pray for me and, from the heart, I will do it for you. Kissing your right hand with all my esteem, I say,

Most
devotedly
yours,

Luisa

Piccarreta

Corato, July
22, 1932

4. "For the good Sister Giovannina".

J.M.J.

Fiat

Blessed daughter,

Thank you for your wishes; as for

my wishes, I send you the Crucifix, so that you may look at Him and copy Him, love Him and enclose Him in your heart. And to console Him, may you place your will into His hands, so that He may reign in you, and form His heaven of love and of perennial peace.

Pray for me.

5. J.M.J.

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

I send you the greetings of the "Fiat," which will bring Its life into your mind, so as to form the Divine Trinity within it, Its love in your heart, Its motion in the pain you suffer, and Its creative virtue in such a way that you will feel It flowing in your blood-in your breath. You will feel It palpitating in all your being, and will feel Its company. It will never leave you alone, and you will often kiss It, squeeze It tightly in your arms, love It more and more, and say: "Give me the food of your Will, raise me in your arms, clothe me with your Light, heal me with your creative virtue."

Look at what a beautiful gift the

operating Divine Will is sending you, as It wants to make of you a saint. Do not get discouraged; these are works that It wants to do, and when It is determined to do them, It won't listen to reason: if It does not finish Its work, It is not content.

Therefore, my daughter, be at peace, rest in Its arms like a little baby. I repeat the greetings of the "Fiat."

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will

6. J.M.J.

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

I return to you the wishes for the new year. But my wishes are always the same-that in all things you may always do the Divine Will. It will be your breath, your heartbeat, your refuge. In It you will find true peace, and you will give it to others; more so, since by doing the Divine Will, a sweet blood will descend into your veins, which will put

to flight all troubles of soul and body.

My sister, the Cimadomos and Rosaria,
return your greetings; and leaving you in
the sea of the Divine Volition, I say,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

PS. Return my greetings to Mother
Superior, and kiss her hand for me. the
little daughter of the Divine Will

7. J.M.J.

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter,

Forgive my delay, but what I recommend to you, if you want peace-if you want to love the Lord and make yourself a saint: always do the Divine Will. With It everyone will love you; you will be welcomed by all, and also by Jesus and the Celestial Mama. Everything you do in the Divine Will will fly to Heaven, to anticipate your possession of It. Therefore, be attentive.

Greetings from my sister and

Rosaria. Pray for me. I say good-bye in
the love of the "Fiat,"

Affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will

Fiat

Most Reverend Father Vicario,

From the good teacher Angela La
Stella I received a sheet with a request
for a little gift of prayer, Communions,
etc., for your Paternity. Therefore, from

October 20th until today, on anything good I might have done, however poorly-Holy Masses, Communion and the like-I placed the intention of doing it for you; and so that it might have more value, and bring you effects of true sanctity and of surprising graces, I asked Jesus to do everything with me, so as to be able to offer you the gifts of blessed Jesus together with mine. And this, so that your Paternity might enjoy them more.

Taking this opportunity, I send you my wishes for your Name Day, and I pray dear Jesus to carry them personally, bringing you as a wish, one "Fiat" in

your heart, one "Fiat" to your words, one "Fiat" in your intelligence, so that He may convert, transform, all your being into one single act of Divine Will, and so that you may be bearer of Divine Will, Which is able to infuse peace, union and sanctity-to all.

There is an extreme need for true sanctity, especially in the Priest, and only the Omnipotent "Fiat" of God has this power: to place in us the true order of sanctity with Its creative strength.

I commend myself to your holy prayers, and respectfully kissing your right hand, on my knees I implore your

paternal blessing.

the little daughter of the Divine
Will

9. J.M.J.

The "Fiat" will give you strength

My good daughter,

Here I am. As to nature, I feel compassion for your painful state; but as to the soul, you would be worthy of envy from the very Angels... You know, as

many pains as you suffer, as many tears as you shed, so many are the Angels around you, gathering, full handed, the pearls which you form with your sufferings, and bringing them to Jesus as pledges of your love. However, I beg you not to cover these pearls with the mud of your laments, or of not being perfectly resigned to the Most Holy Will of God. Therefore, be tranquil; let's hope that everything goes well for the soul and for the body.

With all my heart I pray and will pray for you. And you, be good; dignified. Always pray to Jesus that He may assist you, as you are far away from

your family—from all of us. Learn a little bit to be alone with Jesus, and He will be with you. Be sure that I won't forget you.

Your family is doing well. Your mother will come on Sunday. Poor one, she suffers so much for you. Therefore, be cheerful; only a few days more and your purgatory will end. The Misses Cimadomo and the trainees remember you and return your greetings. I pray Jesus and the Celestial Mama to bless you always, and keep you hidden: Jesus in His Heart, and Mama under Her mantle; and I say,

Most affectionately yours, Luisa

PS. With your mother I send you the bed coverlet and the 15 embroideries for 5 Liras. Greetings to Rosina Netta.

10. To Sister Remigia, her niece.

In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

May the Divine Will give you the peace so desired by Jesus and also by me. Your letter says clearly that you do not enjoy peace. My daughter, what are

you doing? Peace makes us see things as they are before God, and not as creatures see them. And since peace gives us divine sight, in circumstances, in humiliations we see what God sees. We remain with a peace that no one can take away from us-the only treasure we can possess on this earth of exile; and it is the bearer of the Divine Will as life within us.

Therefore, my daughter, never be disturbed; these are storms that go by. Creatures who today call us saints, tomorrow will call us wicked-devils. Both things must not affect us, because God alone knows what we are. Rather,

try to be really good, to do nothing without being subordinate to Mother Superior, to trust nobody, and in speaking, never to say anything which does not regard sanctity and the Divine Will. May nobody's name ever arise on your lips. Think that Jesus continually says to you: "My daughter, forget about everything, and remember only that your Jesus wants love in order to give you love. If you love Me, you will form chains of love, and binding Me with them, you will hold Me tightly in your arms, and I will be your defense, your help, your company, your life." So, make Jesus content, and do not lose simplicity; do not lose time. Each thought of

yourself is a gap of love that you form; you deny Jesus an act of love, and keep Jesus sighing for your little love. Think about it, and be attentive.

Now, my daughter, my sorrow for you ended since the time Mother P. came and assured me that the doctor had said that there was no need for surgery. My concern was the concern of a mother who wanted to know about the health conditions of her daughter. But now everything is ended. Try to be always tranquil; thank the Lord for you don't suffer much. I hope that you will get even better, and will be able to do your office better, being attentive in making

each of the girls a tabernacle in which each one will keep her Jesus, and in teaching them how to make Him grow and be happy.

And leaving you in the Divine Volition as though in a safe place, so that you may cross Its sea with courage and peace, I stay,

the little daughter of the Divine Will

11. To Mrs. Mazari, from Bari.

In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

May Heaven reward you for the sacrifices you make, and for promoting the book of the Queen of Heaven. It seems to me that the Celestial Mama never stops saying to you, "Thank you, thank you, My daughter," and that She is preparing for you more graces, especially the great grace of making you always do the Will of Her dear Son-grace which is bearer of peace, of graces, of intimate union, and also of temporal help.

My daughter, by doing the Divine

Will, we become true children of the great Lady, and we are transformed into Tabernacles, in which Jesus forms His residence; and then everything we do is sacred, everything is prayer, even the most indifferent things. By doing the Divine Will, the very natural things necessary to our life, are transformed into prayer, adoration and love for our sweet Jesus, because by doing His Will, everything we do is holy, everything is love, and so our being becomes.

Now, considering all you have told me about your son, in my feeble opinion, it seems to me that he is still too young; let him mature, and he will get

more practice of life. Marriage is cross-
and to put him on the cross so young
does not seem fair to me. You know that
everything is written in Heaven;
therefore, if it has been established by
God, in His time the Lord will preserve
the young lady for your son. Besides,
what you should care about is whether
they are pacific families, because peace
is what constitutes the happiness of
families, not money. How many rich
people are unhappy because peace does
not reign in their families. Therefore, be
attentive in this; furthermore, when the
woman brings much more than the man,
she wants to be superior to the man, and
make of him a poor slave... In the end,

do as you think best.

I assure you of my prayers for your good mama, true martyr. Maybe the Lord will make her do her Purgatory in this life. Oh, if you could take her with you, how many blessings would you not draw upon yourself? Let them know that there are the maledictions of the Lord for those who do not respect and love their parents.

I commend myself to your prayers, and from the heart, I will do it for you. I will never forget what you are doing for dear Celestial Mama. And leaving you in the Divine Volition, so that It may

protect you, help you and assist you,
with a thousand regards, I say,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will

**12. To Mrs. Antonietta Savorani,
widow from Faenza.**

Fiat

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Thank you for interesting yourself
in promoting the book of the Queen of
Heaven and that of the Passion: this is

nothing less than calling back the Celestial Mama and the King of Sorrows into the midst of creatures, so that we may learn to live more from Heaven than from the earth. This would be the greatest fortune for us, so as to be able to live from the Divine Will. So it seems that Jesus and His Mama never stop repeating, "Thank you, thank you, My daughter! As a reward, We will form our Heaven in your soul; We will be always with you; your life and Ours will become one." Therefore, what I recommend to you is to correspond to such a great good. Be attentive to listening to sweet Jesus, Who speaks in your heart. He wants to make of you a

saint, but wants your will in His hands in order to make of it a prodigy of sanctity.

Three things I recommend to you: firmness in good, perennial peace, filial trust. Trust will make you live like a little baby in the arms of her mama, and Jesus and the Celestial Mama will take care of all the things you need. They will tell you with facts: "Think about living from Our Will, and We will take care of everything, even the salvation of your brothers." Aren't you happy?

You ask me whether your friends can write me. My daughter, it is hard for

me to answer; it is better if they pay attention in reading the book of the Blessed Mother. Oh, how many things will the great Lady tell them of what they would like to hear from me! And then, there is the book of the Passion in which Jesus speaks heart to heart. In this fifth edition which I am sending you, you will find new things, and, doubled, the "Treaty on the Divine Will." Read it, and you will be able to tell me the great good it does to you.

I recommend that all of you pray to the Lord that all may recognize such a great good; and the face of the earth will be changed. On my part, I would like to

give my life so that all may know the Divine Will. I commend myself to your prayers and to those of your good friends; and leaving you in the place of honor of the Divine Will, sending you Its kiss of Light and Love, I say,

the little daughter of the Divine Will

13. To Father Bernardo of the Most Holy Hearts from Assisi.

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

Most esteemed one in the Lord,

What I recommend to you is to look at the Divine Will in all things, both the favorable and the adverse-painful, sorrowful ones and in the contrasts of life which no one lacks; rather, blessed Jesus allows them in order to form the little rocks on which to raise the building of sanctity within us, since without the Cross we would lack the primary element to becoming saints... Saying, "I don't mean to become a saint" means that you rely too much on yourself; you look at yourself instead of abandoning yourself in the arms of Jesus. Lean on Him, and you will see that all things-pains, crosses, miseries, weaknesses, the very defects, and illness-will lose

their look and will all turn into messengers and bearers of sanctity. Sweet Jesus gave you everything to make of you a saint: call to religion, crosses, nourishment... And if you sin and are not holy, do you want to know the cause? Lack of union with Jesus. Union with Jesus floors all sins, love kills all passions, and abandonment in Him and trust are the nourishment in order to grow in sanctity. Here is the means to sin no more: to be united with Jesus, love Him, and always do His Will.

Don't think about the past, this harms you a great deal; rather, even

today, begin your life with Jesus and you will find out for yourself how all things change for you; you will feel like another man, born again in all that is holy.

Lastly, I tell you that if Jesus made me write as many as two times (which I do for almost no one), it is because He loves you and wants you a saint. Therefore I beg you to do the deeds. I leave you in the Divine Volition, clasped within the arms of Jesus.

The little
daughter of the Divine

Will

Corato, October 9,
1934

**14. To Mrs. Costanza Benedetta
Pettinelli from Siena.**

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

Most esteemed one in the Lord,

I feel gratitude and I thank you for interesting yourself in promoting the month of the Queen of Heaven in the Divine Will. But do you know who is thanking you? Sweet Jesus and the

Celestial Mama. They are really the ones who thank you and look at you with great love; and as you promote it, they keep repeating, "Thank you, thank you." Their desire that the Kingdom of God come upon the earth is so great that our Celestial Mama Herself wants to descend from Heaven; She wants to enter the families and the whole world, to become leader, teacher and example of a Kingdom so holy. Therefore, She loves in a special way those who are interested in It, She will give them the first place and hold them as first children of this Supreme Will... She will give you the peace that you so much long for, because the first fruit, the first act of

Divine Life, the breath which the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat produces in the soul, is peace-and peace in all things, even in the holiest ones.

How many times do you not remain restless in your desires, in your holy works, in the evil you would like to prevent? But blessed Jesus whispers to the ear of your heart: "Peace, peace, My daughter; I don't want you to be disturbed. Your Jesus, whether they offend Him, run away from Him, or put Him out of their hearts, never loses peace. So do I want from you-I want you peaceful. Peace will be the flag which

goes ahead, in order to prevent evil and do the good you desire."

Therefore, my good lady, never be disturbed. Hold peace as the greatest of all treasures. Your peace will achieve victory in the heart of your son, and peace will prepare your soul to live from Divine Will, and-oh, how fortunate will you be! You will feel heaven in your soul, and will have a Divine Will in your power. Oh, how well will you do, and how much will you love to place your life so that all may know and do the Divine Will. Therefore, always forward in the good you have started. The Celestial Mama is preparing a chain of

graces for you, and will keep her blue mantle laid upon your person in order to protect you and guard you. Oh, how sweet it is to be able to say: I want to place my life at everyone's disposal, so that all may do the Will of God! Sin, evils, would then cease, and-oh, how happy we'll all be!

I commend myself to your prayers, of which I have great need, and from the heart I will pray for you. I leave you in the Divine Will. With a thousand respectful regards, I say,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will

**15. To Mrs. Copparo La Scola from
Termini Imerese, Palermo.**

In Voluntate Dei!

Most esteemed and blessed daughter in
the Divine Volition,

Here I am to make you content. I believe that the Queen of Heaven and the great King of Sorrows will reward you for your great goodness and charity, and will be generous to you with celestial favors, as you interest yourself so much in promoting His Passion and that which regards His Divine Will. Greater love

cannot be given to the Lord.

Now let's come to us. You say you have many crosses.

Good sign, my daughter. Crosses are divine jealousies and little coins that our Lord gives us. His jealousy is the great love He has in making of us saints; He takes everyone away from us and He Himself, God, Maker and Martyr, with little crosses and with His own hands, works our souls and makes of them His images. What love for us, as we can say, through little and large crosses, "I am similar to my dear Jesus!"

But do you want to know why you feel the weight of your miseries? Because many times you do not try to be together with Jesus and to convince yourself that He is already with you, and you do not unite the pains of Jesus with yours. Before the pains of Jesus, yours lose hardness, empty themselves of their weight, become small, and almost smile, because they love to adorn our souls with the same ornaments as those with which we see Jesus being adorned. What pleasure, what joy, to be able to say: "You have suffered for me, and I for You!" Together with Jesus, pains change their look, miseries disappear; and from

pains, miseries and weaknesses the most beautiful conquests, celestial riches and the strength of God arise, and the very Angels and Saints envy our lot.

Therefore, my daughter, here is the secret to becoming a saint: be together with Jesus, never deny Him anything, and in everything you do, even in necessary things of life- in the pains you suffer, in the prayers you say, in the work, in the food, in the sleep, say to Him from the heart: "Jesus, I want to do always your Will." . In this way, you will always keep the Fiat on your lips, in your mind, and in your heart.

If you do this, you will form the joy of the Heart of Jesus, and He will not be able to deny you anything, not even the sanctity of your children... It seems that you are very much concerned for them. Do not fear; place them in the hands of Jesus and on the lap of the Celestial Mama. Advise them to read often the book of the Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will, and you will see the great things the Lord will do with them.

I finish by recommending that you never lose peace... Be careful not ever to be disturbed, not even for your miseries, and not even for the illness of

your husband. Let us adore the judgments of God, just and holy, Who disposes everything for our good and to make us holy.

I commend myself to your prayers, and from the heart I will do it for you and for all those who buy the book, so that all may become saints. I leave you in the sea of the Divine Volition, and with a thousand regards, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little

daughter of the Divine
Will

Corato, November 25,
1934

16. In Voluntate Dei!

My good and Reverend Mother General,

Thank you for your wishes; I return them to you from the heart. Forgive me if I delayed in answering you, as it was convenient for me to play with my Little Baby Jesus, and then to think of my duty of answering Your Maternity. And you know that many times one loses the game and remains

upset, and tries to repeat the game in order to win; therefore it takes time and patience (I am joking).

Now, my most dear Mother, I send you my best wishes:

Christmas has gone, Jesus is born, and as my wishes, I send you little Jesus shivering with cold, His face wet with graceful tears, carrying His present in His little hands. But do you know what that is? His Divine Fiat. What a beautiful present He wants to give you! The gift is great, but He doesn't want to be with nothing in His little hands. My Mother, He is little, and wants to hold something

to play with; He wants your will as gift, so He will find something to amuse Himself with. Aren't you happy? Therefore, my wish is great: I send you a most delicate task-to make the little Infant not be born, but grow with your love, to calm His crying and make Him smile by telling Him that you gladly accept the present of His Will, giving Him yours. **In** sum, you will make Him grow so much that you yourself will become the veil that covers Jesus.

My Mother, it is true that my wishes come from a little ignorant one, but you must know that it is the delirium, the fever, that devours me, as I yearn that

the Divine Will reign in hearts, and that we be the repeaters of the life of the Little Baby.

Now I pass on to send my wishes to the whole community and to the little orphans, by sending the greetings, the kiss, the present which Baby Jesus wants to give to all of them. And I beg all of them not to send Him back, otherwise they will make Him cry; and then how much will it take to soothe His tears.

In a special way I send my most heartfelt wishes to my good Mother Nazarena; tell her that I always remember her, I will never forget her,

and I wish that dear little Jesus will keep her company, and make her a saint—a great saint; and to pray for me.

I finish here, because dear Little Baby is in a hurry to come to you, to give you His present and receive yours. So I leave you in the place of honor of the Divine Will, in which Jesus wants you. I kiss your right hand with sincere respect, and I ask you to bless me.

the little

daughter of the Divine
Will

Corato, December 27,
1934

17. Fiat

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Thank you, thank you for all your attentions. Know that every additional book you promote is an additional right which the King of Sorrows and the Queen of Heaven give you, to be faithful daughter of the Divine Will. Listen, my daughter, it is a mother that speaks to

you. Listen to me; maybe these are my last words. Listen to the Celestial Mama and to sweet Jesus. They want you to not think of the past-to place a sepulchral stone on it, so that you may forget everything and say: "My life will start today; I am born again together with my Queen Mama, with Jesus, and with the Divine Will." .. And your pains, your crosses, even though heavy, will serve the Divine Beggar, Who looks for our sufferings in order to form and continue His life within us. Oh, how happy will you feel, if in every pain you say, "This pain serves Jesus!" Then you will feel His invincible patience, filial trust, and courage of heroes. Patience, trust,

courage, is the bread of the strong, the heroism of martyrs. Therefore, courage! Those who think of the past lose the present. The Lord has disposed everything: crosses, illness, state of marriage; in a word-everything. The Lord had to prepare the material in order to make of you a saint; and He has prepared enough of it. So, all you have to say and do is this: "The Heart of Jesus wants me a saint: I must become a saint!" Have we understood each other?

Now I assure you of my prayers for your children; then the Lord will console you even more. I leave you in the Divine Volition to become a saint.

Never get disturbed in anything; rather, give all to Jesus, so that He may change it into flames of love. Pray for me. With a thousand regards, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little

daughter of the Divine
Will

Corato, January 5,
1935

**18. To Mrs. Costanza Benedetta
Pettinelli from Siena**

In Voluntate Dei!

My most dear daughter in the Divine Volition,

How many blessings will your good daughter receive as she interests herself in promoting the Divine Will! Now let's come to us. I repeat to you my "thank you" in the name of the Celestial Lady and the King of Sorrows, for all that you are doing for the Divine Will. You will see it in Heaven and you will also feel it down here-in the depth of your heart-the love They have for you and the glory that awaits you up there. You must know that He is the one who

leads you, and the Celestial Mama, squeezing you to Her maternal Heart-the one who is pushing you to promote them. They use you as an ambassador to make the Divine Will known, and when they see that you are about to speak about It-oh, how they rejoice, how they celebrate and love you more!... But you tell me:

"For us, the sea and the heavens are always stormy." .. Your enemies make fun of you; so much the worse for them! Jesus too was mocked in His pains; don't you want to be like Him? You must know that your pains are written in the pains of Jesus, as triumph of His Love toward you, and that for every pain you suffer,

sweet Jesus adds one more degree of sanctity and one more touch of His likeness; aren't you happy? Yet, on some occasions you have said to dear Jesus that you wanted to suffer together with Him, so He took your words and made facts. But, in spite of this, be sure that beloved Jesus will be jealous that you don't lack what is necessary, and even the storms will calm down. Send everything-pains, bitterness, strains-into the Divine Will; tell Him from the heart that you want nothing but His Will, and look at all things as bearers of a Will so holy, and you will see that the Fiat will defend you. Don't get discouraged, do not fear, do not lose peace, abandon

yourself more than ever in the arms of the Divine Will, and be tranquil, waiting in full confidence for the helps and means which are necessary to you.

My good daughter, how bad did your words sound to me, "I am afraid to be lost!" Don't you know that sufferings are the certainty, the seal, of our salvation? Sufferings form the carriage which brings us to Heaven, and the more the sufferings, the faster it will go. So, each additional pain is a faster ride which takes us soon and straight to Heaven.

Therefore, courage, courage. All

other things are left; while sufferings are brought to Heaven, and form our most beautiful throne and never ending glory. Now I repeat my refrain: continue to promote the Divine Will. I expect a great deal from you, and so does Jesus and the Celestial Mama. I commend myself to your prayers, and I will not forget to keep you locked in the Divine Will as the dearest of my daughters.

Accept my
respectful
regards, as I say,

Most

affectionately
yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will

**19. To Mrs. Antonietta Savorani,
widow from Faenza Fiat-**

In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Your letter brought me great contentment, especially in hearing that you want to strip yourself of the mourning clothes of the human will; and

I briefly answer to your difficulties. To live in the Divine Will is not so difficult as you and others believe, nor does sweet Jesus want impossible things, nor can He teach difficult things; rather, in all He teaches, His love is so great that not only does He facilitate His teachings, but in order to make all that He wants and teaches easier, He puts Himself at our disposition, doing together with us all that He wants and teaches. My daughter, everything is in a strong, firm, constant resolution to deliver our will into the hands of Jesus, so that His Will may underlie each one of our acts. Therefore, in all our being, in the most natural acts of life in food, in

sleep, in sufferings, in prayer, and also in legitimate pleasures, the Divine Will must have Its royal place, Its field of action, and our will must be the ground in which to receive these divine acts, and the footstool on which the Divine Will must place these acts; and these acts, united together, will form its Life. Life cannot be formed with one single act, but with many acts, repeated and incessant.

Moreover, the love of Jesus, His sighs and also His tears for the desire that His Will reign in us as life, are such that He never leaves us alone; He Himself descends into the depth of our

will; He molds it, strengthens it, purifies it, prepares it, and does all that we do together with us. So, if we want it, everything is done; however, it is not that we must no longer feel our will: to operate on a dead will would be neither ours nor Jesus' victory. The dead are buried. Therefore Jesus wants our will alive, so that it may feel all the good, as His operating Will lays Its acts in it. The human will becomes the residence of the Divine, and gives It all the freedom to dominate and to do whatever It wants.

Do you see, then, how easy it is? Nor does one have to be a religious to do this. The Sanctity of living in the

Divine Will is for all; or rather, to tell the truth, It is for all those who want It. Therefore, get down to work; tell Jesus from the heart: "I firmly want it, I continuously want it; I want it!", and Jesus will make wonders, and will use everything you do and suffer as raw material so that you may ask for His Will and let It operate with Its creative virtue.

As far as the vow, do it on the day of Ascension, so that sweet Jesus may bring your will to Heaven as the most beautiful victory He has achieved over you ...

I finish here, as I cannot continue further. Pray for me and make yourself a saint, for Jesus wants it. I leave you in the place of honor of the Divine Will, with a thousand regards,

the little daughter of the Divine Will

Corato, May 7, 1935

20. To Federico Abresch from Bologna

In Voluntate Dei! - Fiat

Most esteemed one in the Lord,

You cannot imagine the contentment I feel when I hear that one wants to live in the Divine Will, because it is a victory of Jesus; and as He conquers our will, we conquer His Own. In the Kingdom of the Divine Will no one loses, we are all winners, both God and the creature.

I am surprised by your doubts. How is it? Don't you know that Redemption is preparation for the Kingdom of the Divine Will? And the Sacred Heart of Jesus is nothing other than the immense Reign of His Will. It is not the Heart that dominates; it is the Divine Will that dominates His Divine

Heart. Poor Heart, if it did not have a Will to dominate it, it would be good at nothing. If the will is good, the heart is good; if the will is holy, the heart is holy. If our will gives place to the Divine, letting It raise Its throne in our will, the heart acquires the divine qualities by grace. Therefore, both in the Divine and in the human order, it is always the will that has the first place, the prime act, its rule. The heart and all the rest are in the secondary order... Therefore, to say that the Heart reigns, if the Divine Will does not reign, is absurd. They can be called devotions, pious practices ... ; if the Divine Will does not reign, the Kingdom does not

exist. It exists in Heaven, but has no place on earth. However, the Holy Church, organ and messenger of the Supreme Fiat, through the Sacred Heart, through the Celestial Mama, beseeches the Kingdom of the Divine Will. She does not say it with words, but says it with facts. The Divine Volition is the King-His Heart, His wounds, His precious Blood, the sweet Queen, form the ministers that surround the King, and through them beseech the Kingdom of the Divine Will in souls.

Now, how can one know It? All the necessary things, the different circumstances in which we may find

ourselves, are Will of God for us. If we are really determined to live in It, God is so pleased that, if miracles are needed, He will make them in order not to let us use our will. It is up to us to truly decide, and be willing to give even our life in order to live in It; and dear Jesus and the Sovereign Queen will take on the commitment, will be our sentries, and will surround us with such graces as to not let us be betrayed by our own wills. More so, since our Lord does not teach difficult things, nor does He impose them or want them, but He facilitates all that He wants from us in an admirable way; even more, He puts Himself in our place to make it easy for

us, and does together with us all that He wants us to do.

I commend myself to your prayers and also to my good daughter Amelia. Make yourselves saints. May the Divine Volition stretch out Its arms to you, to raise you in Its womb. Look at all things as bearers of It, to give you Its life, Its sanctity... The little one-raise him holy, as a gift of the Fiat; who knows whether your desires to see him religious and holy may not be fulfilled. So I leave you all in the Divine Volition; let me always find you in It. And with a thousand regards to the father, to the mother and to the son, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will

21. To Sister Remigia

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Thank you for your wishes, and from the heart I return them to you, just on this Christmas evening as I am writing you. The Celestial Baby is born; even more, since He is born in every instant. In every good act we do, every

time we abandon ourselves in His arms, and every time we cry out from the depths of our heart: "Lord, I want to do your Will," the dear Little One repeats His birth. So, I won't wish you His birth, since He is born; but rather, to make Him grow, to love Him and then to warm Him, because He is shivering with cold, and His little lips are livid, so freezing is the air. He wants your ardent kisses, the air of your love to warm Him; His limbs are numb, and He wants your works, your movements done for love of Him, as clothes to be covered with; and as food He wants His Will reigning in you.

So, this is my wish: that you raise me the Divine Infant and make Him happy; and that you give your will into His little hands to play with, so that, after all the tears He sheds, He may find you to make Him smile. And then, the dear Little One wants to entrust you with another task: that you make all the girls around you know that they each possess Jesus in their hearts, and you must teach them how to make Him grow. If you do this, you can be tranquil, because you will form many tabernacles for little Jesus. However, I do not want, nor does Jesus want, that you lose peace. Look for the Divine Will in everything, and your being will become continuous prayer, in

everything. It is not the words that form prayer, but our union with the Divine Will; and then all is sacred, holy, and prayer within us. And then, peace is the eye of our acts, and therefore it will show you how to love Jesus and make Him loved.

Don Benedetto returns your wishes and blesses you. Pray for me, as I need it very much. I leave you closed in the Fiat; be careful not ever to leave It, and I ask the dear Baby to bless you. Your most affectionate aunt,

the little daughter of the Divine Will
Corato, December 25, 1935

22. To Mrs. Rosita Muccia

Fiat

Most esteemed
one in the Lord,

Thank you for your postcard. I let you know that I won't be able to start the surplice before the beginning of November; therefore, as far as the advance, do as you think best, whenever you want to send it, at your convenience.

I assure of you my poor prayers,
and you, pray for me. Let us remain
united in the Divine Volition and let's
make ourselves saints. Heartfelt regards,

Most
affectionately
yours,

Luisa
Piccarreta

Corato, September 24, 1936

23. To Mrs. B. Cattivelle

In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

I read your sorrowful letter and from the heart I feel compassion for you. However, pluck up courage, do not abandon yourself to yourself; rather, abandon yourself in God and in the arms of our Queen Mama. In your state of sorrow, they await you in their arms as their favorite one, because you are a daughter of sorrow; but they want you more peaceful, and less concerned about your state, because apprehension worsens the trouble, and makes one see it darker, and maybe worse than it really

is. And then, my daughter, I must tell you the truth, if you resign yourself, your state is the greatest state of sanctity; it is the jealousy of God that takes creatures away from you; it is because of the great love He has for you that, jealous, wanting to be loved and loving you very much, He takes everyone away from you. Therefore, thank the Lord for He has placed His divine eyes upon you to make of you a saint. And if you are resigned and patient, you will convert the one who "despises you," as you say, you will achieve victory over his cold heart, and will conquer him to Jesus.

Therefore, I recommend that you

never leave prayer. Have great confidence in God. One who trusts, captures the Heart of God, His graces, His love, and becomes a faithful copy of sweet Jesus; and He always carries her in His arms, as triumph of the trust of the creature and of His Love. So, I recommend to you: make yourself a saint. If Jesus gives you the means, the raw materials of sanctity, which are crosses, abandonments, humiliations-all raw materials to make us holy-take advantage of it, do not reject such a great good ...

I assure you of my poor prayers, be sure that I will not forget you... I

commend myself to your prayers, and hoping that the Divine Volition will give you peace, strength and sanctity, with sincere regards I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

I send you Jesus to keep you company. Keep your gaze fixed on Him to imitate Him, your heart to love Him, your hands to hug Him, your lips to repeat always: Fiat, Fiat!

Corato, October 6, 1936

24. To Mother Cecilia

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

My good and dearest Mother,

Here I am, after a long time, writing a few lines. I felt the need to do it, but I waited for the glad coming of your Name Day to fulfill the duty of a daughter toward such a good mother. But what shall I wish you? I feel I would not be able to continue if I did not take the majestic Sun of the Fiat, make It my own and give it to you. But listen, my Mother, to what a beautiful wish I want to send you, and what it is that the Fiat wants to

give you as a wish: It wants your heart so that you be the heart and It the heartbeat; It wants your body so that you be the body and It the breath; It wants your voice so that you be the voice and the Divine Will the word... In sum, It wants the most intimate and vital parts of your being in order to form the inseparability between you and the Divine Will. Aren't you happy, my Mother? I believe I could not send you a more beautiful wish, and your Saint will smile at you from Heaven, in seeing that one who carries her name is completely transformed into Divine Will, and will feel more honored and glorified.

Besides, what else is left in our life other than to let It reign and dominate in our souls? All other things- we can call them fleeting visits, while the Divine Fiat remains with us, and with invincible patience forms the way, the carriage, to take us to Heaven. Therefore, let us enclose everything in the Fiat, so that this too may serve to enlarge the Kingdom of His Will within us.

But I will certainly come, do not doubt, on the wings of the Divine Volition. I will come to bring you my wishes and to be spectator, to see how It forms Its heartbeat, Its breath, Its word

in you; I don't want to be deprived of a scene so touching. And you, then, will send me many beautiful things in thanksgiving for my wishes (I am joking).

And now, my Mama, I leave you in your feast, to celebrate it in the Divine Volition, so that mother and daughter may do one single act of It, as prelude of the feast which is made in Heaven. Best Regards to N.; and renewing my wishes, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little
daughter of the Divine
Will

Corato, November 18,
1936

25. To Mrs. Mazari from Bari

J.M.J.

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

My dearest and good daughter in the
Divine Volition,

First of all I thank you for all your attentions. I don't know how to thank you, but dear Jesus Himself will take on the commitment to reward you for so much goodness by making of you a saint and by calling you to live in His Fiat. Greater grace He cannot give you, because, as we decide to always do His Will and to live in It, sweet Jesus covers all our past miseries in order to let us begin the new life, all holy, and all of Heaven. He makes us feel the heartbeat, the breath of the Fiat, forming His word in our voice, harmonizing us with Him, squeezing us in His arms, so tightly that we can't help feeling the life of the

Divine Will... My daughter, for one who lives in It, Heaven is always open and graces descend in torrents upon our heads. In the secret of our heart, Jesus says to us:

"My daughter, if you do what I want, I will take on the commitment of all your things. I can do them better than you, do not worry about anything; let Me do and you'll see. You, instead, think of not losing peace, and enjoy the life of My Will. Let Me extend My Kingdom in each one of your acts, in such a way that you may feel, see and touch nothing but My Will..." How happy will you be with such a great good, and I, your poor

mother, will be pleased with your lot and will rejoice at your happiness.

I beg you to let yourself always be found in the Royal Palace of the Divine Will. With my sister and Mother Superior, I send you the greetings of the Fiat.

the little daughter of the Divine Will

26. To Mother Paolina

J.M.J.

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

My good and reverend Mother Paolina,

(...) Now let's come to us, my good mother. I delayed writing you in order to let Holy Christmas draw near and then send you my poor wishes. But what can I, poor little ignorant [one], wish to you? So I ask dear Baby Jesus that He Himself bring you my sincere wishes. During these days, you will prepare your heart in order to form it as a host in which the Divine Infant will come to be reborn in you, and will bring you, as a wish and a gift, the heartbeat

and the word of the Fiat, His baby tears, His tender moans and wails, in order to be consoled and to receive your tender love in return. My Mother, welcome Him soon, soothe His crying, warm Him, and be attentive so that He may always remain with you. This is what the Celestial Baby wants: He comes to remain with you. I am sure that you will not send Him back, and He will make of you His Royal Palace, His little Paradise. This is the wish I am sending you; I believe you will be content.

Now, this wish of mine-I extend it to my dear daughter, sister Remigia; I recommend that she be attentive so as to

form the little paradise to the Little God. And I beg, I implore, sister Salette, sister Amelia and the whole community—each to form, not a star, but a Royal Palace for the dear Baby, and make Him a little fire, and the life of His Will. Oh, how happy He will feel in finding many royal palaces for His birth!

I send to all the greetings of the Divine Fiat, so that It may invest you with Its Light, cover your miseries with Its Love, and, if some of you are in pain, bring you balm and strength in order to convert everything into Will of God.

Now I expect your wishes and

your prayers. Most dear Mother, I leave you in the Divine Volition to make yourself a saint and to enjoy the Christmas holidays. I kiss your right hand, and with respectful regards, I say,

the little

daughter of the Divine
Will

Corato, December 10,
1936

27. To Mother Cecilia

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

My good Mother Cecilia,

Thank you for everything. I don't know how to repay you, but I believe that Jesus will do it for me. I am sorry for your illness, since sight is so necessary. But the Divine Fiat is that which must embrace us, enclose us within Itself, in such a way as to consume us completely in the Divine Will. In fact, you must know that when we really decide always to do the Divine Will, His love is so great that He covers all our past miseries, defects and passions, as if we were newly reborn, and therefore, as though having made us new again, He wants to see nothing but

His Will in us.

Now I send you my Christmas wishes in advance; I entrust you to Baby Jesus. During these days, make of your heart a little host, and dear Little Jesus will bring you as His wish, His love, His baby tears, His wails, His whole life, and will infuse in you His tender and compassionate love for His pains as a baby. This is my wish, and I also wish the whole community, especially those who remember me, the rebirth of Baby Jesus within their hearts.

I commend myself to your prayers, and from the heart, I will also do it for

you; and leaving you in the arms of the Divine Volition, as though harmonizing, to breathe with one breath, with one heartbeat, with one will, I kiss your right hand with profound obsequies,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

**28. To Mrs. Antonietta Savorani,
widow from Faenza**

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Will,

Thank you for everything, both the

requests and the Holy Masses; assure everybody of my poor prayers. But to the ladies who ask for graces I say that the most powerful means to obtain them is to do the Divine Will, to put their wills into the hands of the Queen so that She may exchange them with the Divine, and also to give Her the first place as Queen and Mother of their families. Oh, how the Heavenly Lady will feel enraptured! As the first miracle, She will give them Her own Son as gift; She will enclose Him in their hearts that they may live together, and She Herself will stay to take care of Her dear Son. And to us, her children, She will give peace and put order between Creator and creature. Once She

has done this, the rest will come by itself, always provided that it is for the good of their souls ...

But I recommend perfect resignation. This is the shortest and safest way, because with it we hold a divine power in our hands, and we are not the ones who ask and pray, but the Fiat Itself asks and prays within us.

How I would love for everyone to understand this great secret-that, if we want it, we must let the Divine Will reign in us. How many graces not obtained, how many obstructed sanctities, how many unhappy people,

and with no peace, because the primary food of the Fiat is missing-the life of Jesus is missing within us! Here is all the trouble!

My blessed daughter, let us remain united in the Divine Will; let us allow It to reign and we will receive the most beautiful surprises ... Pray for me. Leaving you in the Divine Will, I say,

most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will

29. To Mother General of the

Daughters of the Divine Zeal

J.M.J.

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

My good reverend Mother General,

Today is the sacred day of Ascension, the name of which you carry, and I feel the duty, although I am the least among all, to send you my sincere and affectionate wishes. But what wishes can I give you? I wouldn't know what else to wish you other than that dear Jesus may make facts correspond to the name He gave you-that is to say, that

He may take each one of your acts within Himself and bring it to Heaven, so making of all your life a continuous Ascension, like many conquests that sweet Jesus takes from earth to Heaven, and like the triumph of His Love in which your life must be consumed. To live in order to be consumed in love is the most beautiful act, which, putting us on the stake of love, consumes us with Jesus and makes His Life rise within us.

But this is not enough, most dear Mother, if I don't let my Divine Fiat act. Therefore I send it to you with all my heart, and I pray that It may pronounce

Its Omnipotent Fiat in the center of your soul, and create Its Life within it, nourish it, and carry you always in Its arms of light; and that It may pronounce Its Fiat in every action you do and form in it Its Heaven, the most beautiful stars, the brightest sun, in order to make the most adorned room in which to reign and form Its first Kingdom.

My Mother, He always gives something to do to those who live in His Divine Volition. He lets not one of our acts escape Him without animating it, molding it, investing it, caressing it with His Creative Virtue. These are the best wishes I can send you, and I want you to

accept them, so that the Divine Will may fulfill the wishes I am sending you with all my heart. I commend myself very much to your prayers ...

Luisa Piccarreta

30. To a religious

Reverend
Superior,

I assure you of my poor prayers, but all you should care about is to do the Divine Will, and to know It in every circumstance of your life, since It comes

to us as bearer of sanctity. Sanctity is not formed by playing, but by working, suffering, loving. However, the first act must be the wanting to do the Divine Will and to live from It... It will give us the strength, the peace so necessary to do well the office in which God has placed us. Mortifications, adversities, crosses, come to us veiled and do not let us see the good which they contain; but peace removes the veil and allows us to recognize the finger of God in our sufferings, the beautiful conquests we can make, the sanctity we can acquire-in a word, the Divine Volition that comes to us to tell us: "With this suffering I want to make of you a saint." .. For this

purpose, I take this opportunity to send you the reviews of the "Hours" ...

I commend myself to your prayers, and leaving you in the sea of the Divine Volition, in which you will find all the helps you need, with sincere regards, I say,

Most devotedly yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will

31. J.M.J.

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Let us thank from the heart the Lord and the Celestial Queen for having consoled you. This is why we should never get discouraged or lose peace, when we are not answered immediately. When there is prayer, the hour of the Lord will come and He will give us more than we ask for. Our part must be to remain always in our place, to always do the Divine Will, because this is the greatest of miracles, and Our Lord will provide and take care of everything; more than that we ourselves would not do. If we always do the Divine Will, our

names will be written in Heaven and our salvation, our sanctity, will be secured. Jesus will be all ours; and what will He not give to us? Everything. Therefore, think about making yourself a saint, and the rest will come by itself.

Thank you for your attentions. Give my regards to the Tantalo's, whom I remember with affection and gratitude. If you can, tell them to remind their sister who is in Barletta what I had said to her in person. I commend myself to your prayers, and leaving you in the Divine Volition to become a saint-in which I hope to find you always-send my regards to Angelina from Corato.

Most affectionately yours, the
little spark of the Divine Will

P.S. I will do the 4 applications as soon
as possible.

Corato, July 5, 1931

32. J.M.J.

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Peace, trust, courage, resignation
and prayer, and the Lord won't be

missing to you. All that the Lord allows for you is nothing but the means to become a saint. Therefore, do not bother about what your thoughts say to you, but kiss the Divine Will, Which disposes everything for our good.

Now, you must know that these sisters don't take people in as lodgers; it is prohibited by their rule. As far as coming to speak with me, you should not say this to anyone, because I cannot receive; it would be an exception. I wouldn't want you to spend the money on the trip, when with a little bit of Will of God you could fix everything. Therefore, do as you think best. It is certain, though,

that whoever does the Most Holy Will of God is never abandoned by God. So, I repeat-trust, do not lose peace, otherwise you'll ruin yourself. Pray for me-and leaving you in the sea of the Divine Volition, with all my esteem, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little

daughter of the Divine
Will

Corato, July 19, 1937

33. To Mother Cecilia

J.M.J.

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

My good and reverend Mother,

I feel the certain hope of finding you in the Divine Volition, Which possesses the fullness of all goods; therefore there is no good which I cannot wish you on the beautiful day of your Saint Cecilia. So I wish you the peace of the Fiat, that It may make the full day arise in you, always serene, so that the

darkness of the night, of disturbances and oppressions may have no place. Peace can be called the daylight of God, in which the Divine Volition forms Its day of ever growing sanctity, and ever new graces. Dearest Mother, one single act we do in the Divine Will is so great as to surpass the greatness of Heaven and earth; it encloses immensity, power, and all goods. Therefore my wish for you is that all your life be a continuous act of Divine Will, and then you will have love for all, a sanctity that makes up for all and encloses God Himself. And when God is with us, what beautiful and good things can we not receive and accomplish? I could not wish anything

more beautiful than the peace of the Divine Will. It will your guide, It will sustain you and comfort you in the circumstances of life, and also the bitter ones, which never lack.

I leave you in the Divine Volition, so that the feast of Saint Cecilia may be more beautiful, and may be the echo of the feast of Heaven. My sister kisses your right hand and sends her affectionate and sincere wishes. And I, renewing my wishes, kiss your right hand.

Most affectionately yours,

the little
daughter of the Divine
Will

Corato, November 20,
1937

34. To Mrs. Maria Torre

J.M.J.

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

Most esteemed Maria in the Divine
Volition,

(...) Now I recommend that you and the German lady live in the Divine Will. If we do this, we secure our sanctity, our names will be written in Heaven, all that belongs to God will be ours, the Divine Volition will place Heaven and earth in our hands; It will be ours, and therefore it will be easy for us to convert the most obstinate sinner; It will put peace everywhere, and Its power will conquer everyone. Therefore, a little patience my good Maria, the Lord will fix everything. Let us do the greater part, that is, the Divine Will-and everything else will come by itself; or rather ... more than we ourselves, Our Lord will take care of it.

(...)

**35. To Mr. Vincenzo Messina,
imprisoned in the jail of Favignana,
Trapani**

Fiat

Dearest brother
in Jesus Christ,

I was immensely pleased by your request for the book of the Queen of Heaven, thinking that the Celestial Mama comes also to the prison to visit you and to be your Mother, Teacher, Consoler; and also to give you her sweet

company in order to teach you how to live from the Divine Will, and form, in prison too, the Kingdom of the Divine Volition.

Therefore, my brother, courage, trust, for you have a Celestial Mama who loves you very much, who will never leave you, and if you listen to Her, will make a sanctuary of the prison. And if human weakness took you to prison, the Sovereign Queen comes with the strength of the Divine Will to take you to Heaven and render your days less sad; even more, She will turn pains, privations, loneliness, into ransoms and eternal conquests; She will make you

feel the peace that, even in the world, cannot be enjoyed. The Divine Will will transform you, and you will feel the new life that the Celestial Lady brings you.

Know that I am your sister in prison. For more than fifty years the Supreme Fiat has kept me imprisoned in a bed. Yet, I am glad-I am happy; but what makes me happy? The Divine Will, Which I try to do always. You too can be happy, if you do the Divine Will. Oh, how It will change your bitterness! You will feel a true divine strength that will ease your painful state. Never neglect the Rosary to the Celestial Mother, and if you can, be a missionary in the prison,

by making known that the Queen of Heaven wants to visit all the prisoners to give them the gift of the Divine Will. And if you need some more copies and you cannot pay, I am willing to send them for free.

I leave you under the mantle of the Celestial Mother, listening to Her lessons of Heaven-and with a thousand regards, I say, Your most affectionate sister,

the little daughter of the Divine Will

36. To Mother Cecilia, from Oria

In Voluntate Dei!

My good and Reverend Mother,

I answer to your dear letter. What a beautiful surprise to hear you say that peace and submission reign in the community! If there is peace, there is God. His children are as though kneaded in peace; therefore they are peacemakers, and bearers of peace. Their words, their manners, are never boisterous or sharp, but embalmed with the balm of peace, such as to sweeten the most embittered hearts; so much so, that those who are restless feel humiliated and confused in the face of a

peaceful soul. Peace, my Mother, is the sign that the Divine Will reigns as life, or at least as virtue. When the Divine Volition wants to reign in the soul, It first sends Its message of peace. Many times it is about closing one's eyes to little bagatelles, trifles and specks, so as not to lose peace or time; in this manner, the Divine Fiat makes Its own ways in our souls, forming Its throne and Its life, and extending Its dominion. Oh, how I'd love that my Mother who is far away would give me this contentment that she were one single act of Divine Will and the bearer of It to all her daughters... The sacrifice of having you far away and of being without you would be less bitter,

in thinking that my Mother is on a mission to make the Divine Will known. And from here I pray, I accompany you, and I almost keep a look-out, to see the fruits of this celestial mission. Therefore, when your letters touch the key of Fiat, I give a start of joy and say: "She is far away from me, but at least she serves the Divine Will."

Now let's come to us. I sent you the 23 addresses; I believe that you received them and sent them as well. I also sent you the reviews in order to make their promotion; if you want others, I'll send them to you. Listen, my Mother, I want to teach you a holy trick:

for every "Appeal of the Queen of Heaven" and for every book you send, tell the Celestial Lady that you bind her to giving you the great gift of the Divine Will. Then, every "Appeal," every book, will be one more guarantee that you place in her maternal hands, not only for yourself, but also for the person to whom the book and the Appeal are directed. The Sovereign Lady will feel bound and as though obliged, in seeing so many pledges in her hands, and She will give you what She herself wants to give you: the Divine Will as life.

(...) The whole community sends you its respects, Don Benedetto blesses

you from the heart, and leaving you bound in the Divine Volition, I kiss your right hand, and I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will

37. To Sister Mattia

My good daughter, Sister Mattia,

I answer to your long letter. Its content shows that peace does not smile in your soul and that you are very worried about yourself. Poor daughter,

who gets wet with a drop of water, and tangled up and lost in little trifles. It seems that you have forgotten my poor suggestions-that is, how every thought of yourself is a little escape from the arms of Jesus. It's no wonder that you feel incapable of good, when you run away from His arms! While, even in the midst of a thousand enemies and incessant occupations, oh, how happy you would feel being in the arms of Jesus! It is not our occupations that take us away from Him, but our will-the thought of ourselves - that make us put Jesus aside, even in good. Therefore, let Jesus take care of it, and He will turn miseries and fears into as many sips of love for

Himself and for you. For one who is with Him, the most indifferent things, works, sacrifices-are prayers, adorations and love; he feels the Tabernacle in his own heart, and Jesus living within himself; therefore he finds almost no difference between the Jesus of the altar and Jesus of his heart.

Therefore, courage, trust and peace. Put yourself aside, and give place to Jesus. We are small; if we think of ourselves, Jesus will find no space in which to put Himself and make us feel His thought, His love, His palpitating life within us. But if we don't think about ourselves, then we will feel that the

actions of life make us find Jesus and lead us to Him. So, assure me that you will be at peace, that I may say to the Celestial Little Mama: "This is our daughter; at any cost we must help her to become a saint." .. Aren't you happy?

The second edition of the "Queen of Heaven" just came out. I am sending you two copies, one for reverend Mother Vicaria and the other for you, for free. If you want more, let me know how many you want and I'll send them to you. I commend myself to your prayers. My sister tells you many things... I do not neglect to recommend that you promote the new edition. I want to see what you

are able to do for the Celestial Mama,
and for the triumph of the Divine Will...
I leave you in the Divine Volition, and
be careful not to escape any more;
sending you the kiss of the Fiat, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will

38. To a Religious

Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

Reverend Mother,

I hope you are doing better. Just as dear Jesus brought you sufferings in order to continue a little bit of His life in you, now I hope that the Celestial Baby, with His childlike smiles, brings you sanctity, in order to continue the life of His works in Your Maternity. And since our sufferings are in the hands of Jesus, they are files which sharpen us up more in sanctity, brushes that embellish us, love that consumes us. Dear Little Baby will come all festive, to reward you for the pains you have suffered, and will remain in you to dwell in you forever, bringing you the Divine Will as gift. This is the most beautiful wish I can

send you; I think you will like it.

In this night of Holy Christmas, let us say, from the heart, a big and repeated "Fiat." . .In this way we will prepare a feast for the Divine Little One and He will bring us His own, so we will celebrate together His adorable birth... Now, I braid all the daughters together with the mother and I send my wishes to all, by praying to the Divine Infant that He will bring His Fiat to all the sisters, giving you the kiss of the Fiat (...)

39. To Sister Remigia

Fiat

My good daughter,

I received your letter and with sorrow I learned of the state of your health. Patience, my daughter, dear Jesus wants to make you mature more in sanctity, and His Divine Volition wants to hasten Its life in your soul. Crosses are firewood: the more the wood, the more the fire grows; or like the sun to the plants, which caresses the plants with its light and heat, matures them, and gives them sweetness and taste. Without a cross we are like unripened fruits-like sterile plants, which do more harm than

good. However, my daughter, remove the sadness from your soul; do not get discouraged or disturbed; hold peace as the greatest treasure. Jesus is good, He won't harm you, but will dispose everything for your good.

Now I want to know how you feel... I leave you in the Divine Volition, and everything you suffer and do, place it in Its hands, so that you may provide It with all that is necessary to put It to work. If you give It nothing, It will remain idle within you, and you will feel empty of the work of the Divine Will. Therefore be attentive, and behave in such a way as to be able to say: "I know

nothing but Divine Will. It is my mother, my sister, my life, my all, my Heaven, and my Paradise on earth." (...)

40. Fiat

Most esteemed one in the Lord,

In the name of the Celestial Mama I thank you for your attentions in promoting her book. She will certainly reward you with her maternal blessings; She will look at you with special love, and will feel bound by a pledge for as many attentions as you use. With yearning and sighs, the great Lady keeps making her maternal visits, because she

wants to form the people of the Divine Will; and one who is interested, She considers as daughter and secretary. Would you not want to be one of them?

Now, my good Lady, I recommend that you never lose peace, not even in weaknesses. Rather, the faultier we feel, the more we must cling to Jesus. We must use those very defects as many steps in order to ascend into the arms of Jesus, throwing them, with full confidence, into His loving flames, so that they may burn up, and His Love and His adorable Will may take the place of our defects. Moreover, mortifications, adversities and sorrows are the

messengers that Jesus sends to us, His little warning letters, the unexpected telegrams, which bring us the good news of how much Jesus loves us, and to what degree of sanctity He wants to raise us. Therefore, without the cross it would be as if we had no correspondence with our beloved Jesus, and as if He had made no design upon us ... Ah, no, may Heaven save us from this misfortune! Rather, it takes firm resolve to win over our defects and to use the circumstances of life as little coins, as gifts, that sweet Jesus sends to us, to give us the right to acquire the Celestial Fatherland.

By the same token I must tell you

that it is not good for you to embitter yourself so much over the loss of your beloved son. He is certainly happier now than when he was with you; and if you really loved him, instead of crying, you would rejoice at his happiness. In grieving, you do not love your son, but yourself. Furthermore, we are just one step away from our dear departed ones; when we least expect it, we will find ourselves together with them. Therefore, I recommend to you peace, courage and true resignation, and you will see what the Lord will make of you.

Do not stop reading the book of

"The Queen of Heaven", in order to better learn how to live in the Divine Volition. By the end of August the fifth edition of "The Hours of the Passion" may come out. If you want them, ask for them, and they will both bring you light, joy and guidance. I commend myself to your prayers, and leaving you in the Divine Volition, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little

daughter of the Divine
Will

Corato, August 14,

1934

41. To Mrs. Mazari, from Bari

Fiat

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

I received your letter through the Confessor. First of all, I must thank you for all the attentions you had for me, the poorest of all creatures. I certainly did not deserve them; therefore I pray to Jesus that He Himself would reward you. But do you know what the reward is, which I am asking sweet Jesus to

give you? It is that He would give you the great gift of the Life of the Divine Will, so that nothing should be left of you but the veil which covers It; and then you would feel within yourself His Sanctity in your power, His Light guiding you in everything, His Peace which knows how to put to flight fears, doubts and disturbances. In sum, you would feel Heaven in your soul, the Celestial Fatherland in your possession.

Therefore, courage! In everything which is not Divine Volition, in all the things that oppress you, say: "These are not our things, they don't belong to us. For us the Divine Will is everything; It

is our dear Inheritance, and it is right that we live in our own field, in our dear home." Oh, how I'd love to hear Jesus say: "These two daughters of mine are fully of My Will, they are the terrestrial angels that I keep on earth, My hiding places, in whom I take refuge when creatures offend Me." This is the reward I want for you, and I pray that sweet Jesus give it to you. Aren't you happy?

Luisa

42. To Mrs. A. Savorani, from Faenza

In Voluntate Dei!

Blessed daughter in the Divine Volition,

Courage, trust and abandonment in the arms of our lovable Jesus, in your pains. I believe that they are nothing but raw material in His hands, in order to repeat His Life in you; and if you knew with how much love He is inside and outside of you, in order to shape you to Himself ... ! Jesus feels the need to make of the creatures the repeaters of His Life, and He does so on the stake of suffering and love. Sufferings are firewood, and love ignites it, while Jesus gives us the shape He wants, fully

similar to Himself. And woe to the world, if these stakes were not there!

Therefore, my daughter, let Jesus Do-let Him, the Celestial Doctor, Do. And as He operates, your life will alternate, now with suffering, and now with sweet rest, which Jesus Himself will give to you. Do not listen to so many stories of doctors, with many opinions, each one contrary to the other. It is fair not to believe in any of them. Stay with your peace, and until you find doctors who are in agreement with their opinions, don't do anything. Jesus, Who has helped you until now, will continue to help you. Besides, He holds suffering

in His hands; whenever He wants, He makes us feel it, and when He does not want, He gives the opium of His Will, and puts it to sleep. Therefore, think about making yourself a saint. In every pain, give Jesus a kiss, hug Him very tightly, and force Him to let the Kingdom of the Fiat come upon earth. (...)

43. Fiat-In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Oh, how I'd love that everything in you were Will of God! I tell you as a mother that your concern about feeling cold, about not having one tear for the

pains of Jesus and the like, almost unintentionally prevents the fullness of the life of the Divine Will in you, while everything should be Will of God within us: cold, warmth, sleep, vigil, crying and not crying... There are tears of the heart, the tears of the soul, which are more bitter and transform us into our beloved Jesus. The tears of the eyes relieve us, satisfy us, they are a vent, while the tears of the heart petrify us, and give us such a hard pain that there is no hope of relief... Oh, how easily we pay attention to what we feel! Feeling is not ours, it is not in our power; while Jesus, because He loves us very much, gave us our will into our power, so that,

as we put it on the countertop of the Divine Will, it could turn into divine acts, which contain such immensity and power that we are unable to contain them; and dear Jesus, in order to allow us to possess them, makes the great prodigy of living within us to give us their possession. And then, what happens? Our life and our acts have the life and the acts of Jesus as their foundation. Even our breathing takes origin in His breathing ... Therefore, our coldness, the tears not shed, our pains, the involuntary distractions, can ask for the Kingdom of God upon earth. They will be as many sweet pledges in the hands of Jesus, which bind Him to make

the Kingdom of the Divine Will come upon earth.

Therefore, let's be attentive, let us live as if we had no other life, no other word, but the Divine Will. (...)

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

44. To Mrs. Mazari, from Bari

In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter of the Divine Volition,

Thank you for so much of your

affection and attention, which I do not deserve. May Heaven, dear Jesus and our Queen and Mother reward you for everything; even more, in exchange I will pray that they may give you the royal garment of the Divine Will, and cover you and warm you with the mantle of love. But you must dispose yourself to receive it and to be clothed with this royal garment, which will make you stand out as a favorite daughter of the Divine Volition, while Jesus and Mama, with their divine hands, will cover you with the shining mantle of Love. Do not think it is difficult to obtain this great good; rather, it is very easy, as long as you want it with a firm decision to live

from the Divine Volition, converting everything you do into Divine Will.

Dear Jesus and the Most Holy Queen will put themselves at your disposal, remaining inside and outside of you, to be your guide, light and strength; and if they see your weakness (not your will), they will make up for anything you cannot reach. Do you want to know something? The Queen committed Herself with her Divine Son to assisting and raising those who want to live from the Divine Will with the same love with which She raised and assisted her Son Jesus. So, it takes will; the rest will come by itself ...

Therefore, courage. Don't lose heart because of the difficulties and the circumstances of life; they are steps which make us go higher in the Divine Volition. Especially in painful circumstances, dear Jesus takes us by the hand to make us rise higher and achieve beautiful conquests-not human, but divine and of infinite value. Oh, how I'd love to hear that you are always in the Divine Will!

(...) I prayed for your needs, especially for good Carmela.

Who knows how many hugs and kisses the Lord will give you-to the one who

suffers and to the one who sees the other suffering; because it is better to suffer than watch someone else suffering. So, return these hugs and kisses with your own, and tell Him from the heart: "Jesus, take our will and give us Yours." .. He wants to give It, and He loves that It be sought after (...)

the little
daughter of the Divine
Will

Corato, December 3,
1937

45. To Mother Cecilia

Fiat! -In Voluntate Dei!

My good and reverend Mother,

Thank you very much for your dear letter and for the good news you send me, especially about your eyes. I was really concerned, but now I thank God. We are making the third edition of the "Queen of Heaven" with a beautiful appendix. I would have liked to make you a surprise. The typography is going very slowly, so it hasn't come out yet, but it's about to be finished. As soon as it comes out, the first copy will be for

you, and you will hear new surprises from the Queen-what she has done, what she does and wants to do for us. After I send it to you, you will send me your impressions, and I believe that you will love the Celestial Queen more.

Now, my dearest Mother, I send you my wishes for the birth of the little King Jesus. It is easier to get what we want from the little ones, because they have no self-interest. Sometimes it is enough to give them a caress, a kiss, or to dry their tears, to obtain what we want. I believe that Your Maternity will give all this to little Jesus, and He will give you His Most Holy Will as a gift

for His birth. He could not give you a greater gift, because with It you will have sanctity and peace at your disposal; you will feel the Creative Virtue within you, which has the virtue of transforming your acts-even a little "I love You" -into as many Lives of Love, which are incessantly in the act of loving the One who loves us so much.

My Mother, how beautiful it is to live in the Divine Volition! Everything is ours; God Himself feels the need to give Himself at the mercy of His creatures, to love them and to be loved by them. I wouldn't know what else to wish you that is more beautiful and more useful

than this: may the Divine Volition enwrap you so much as to make you feel, see and touch nothing but Divine Will.

I leave you in the Divine Volition
...

46. In Voluntate Dei!

Most esteemed one in the Lord,

I assure you of my poor prayers. Have great confidence, which conquers God, Who surrenders to your needs. Offer some Holy Masses to plead for

what you want. Then put everything with filial abandonment into the hands of God and of the Queen-They, who love us so much and want to be loved. All that will happen will always be the best for you and for poor Jesus. Crosses make us be reborn to a new life of sanctity and of Grace; therefore the crosses which are borne with true resignation make us like Jesus and are our rebirths in good, in Love and in the Divine Volition, which wants to be our life. So, let us make everything flow in the Holy Will, if we want It to perform Its prodigies of love in our soul...

I commend myself to your prayers,

and from the heart, I will do it for you.
And sending you the greeting of the
Divine Volition, that It may bring peace
to you and balm to your pains, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will

47. To Federico Abresh, from Bologna

Fiat! -In Voluntate Dei!

Dearest son in the Divine Volition,

The only consolation for a mother, in having her children away from her, is that they want to live in the Divine Will—when I think how much dear Jesus longs for it, and that the nail which transfixes Him the most is that His children do not live in His Will. And the Celestial Queen—what would She not do if She saw us living together with Them, with one Will? They would certainly put their lives at our disposition. And living in the Divine Will is exactly this. God Himself faces up to all our things and puts His Sanctity, His Love, all His Being at our disposal, as long as He receives the contentment of seeing us

live in that Volition which is the bearer of all His goods.

Dearest one in the Divine Volition, to live in It is not about changing actions, but only the will: instead of making our will flow in all that we do, we let flow That of God. And do you want to know what happens in our act? His Love, His Goodness, is so great that as we form our act and let His Will flow in it, the Divine Life forms in our act; and this Life of God is repeated in our acts as many times as there are acts that we do. Do you think it's trivial that, as long as I let His Will flow, He gives me the power to form as many Divine Lives for

as many acts as I do? They might be even natural or tiny acts-as long as His Will is there, the great prodigy is performed.

As far as weaknesses, miseries and the like, as long as our will is not there, don't worry, since that is our ruin. They can serve as footstool on which the Divine Volition forms Its throne in order to dominate us and reign; or serve as the crushed stone and rubble serve one who wants to build himself a house, or as soil in the hands of our Celestial Farmer, Who makes out of our miseries, without our will, the most beautiful flowerings in

order to extend His Kingdom. Everything serves His glory and our good in the divine hands of the Fiat. However, I recommend that you do not think of miseries and weaknesses. The more one thinks about them, the more he feels them. On the other hand, if one does not think about them, they disappear, and he feels them less; more so, since sweet Jesus does not look at what we feel, but at what we want. Even more, many times He feels compassion for us and increases His Grace and His strength in order to make miseries stay in their place. Besides, in wanting us to live in His Will, dear Jesus does not want to deal with the dead, but with the

living. Our miseries say that we are alive, not dead, and wanting to be the Winner, He conquers them and makes of them the most beautiful ornament for His Kingdom.

Therefore, courage and trust; these are the weapons which conquer God. If we don't take the first steps, we cannot take the second, the third ones, and so forth... If we do not enter the sea, we cannot get wet, or swim in it. Therefore, the essential thing is really to begin; the rest will come by itself.

I commend myself to your prayers. Tell little Pio that in everything he does

he should say: "Jesus, take my will and give me Yours." .. Raise him holy, that he may be a true son of the Divine Will. I leave the whole family in the Divine Volition. Try as much as you can to make the Divine Will known to everyone; in this way you will obtain the grace to know It more yourselves. I send to all the greeting of the Fiat.

the little daughter of the Divine
Will

**48. To Fr. Michele Samarelli, from
Bari**

J.M.J.

May the Holy Will of God be our continuous kiss, and transform us completely into Jesus.

Most reverend Father and Theologian,

May good Jesus bind us in His Will so much as to let us remember our own no longer. Oh, how happy we would be. We would feel the divine seal in all of our works; we would feel the breath of Jesus, the very power and love of Jesus, in our voice; and then, yes, we are able to say to Jesus: "I love You, I really do, because in your Will I also have your Love in my power. Therefore,

not in my love do I love you, but in your Love, the only one worthy of You." Jesus will not let Himself be beaten in love by His creature. He will love us very much, so much as to confuse us with love. In every beat of our heart, in every breath and thought, we will receive one "I love you" of sweet Jesus; so many of these "I love you's" will come to us that we won't be able to count them all.

Here is the answer. It seems that Jesus says to you: "Do you want me to love you much, very much, too much? Do you want me to pour into you the immense oceans of My Love, to reach the point of becoming mad for love of

you? Live always in My Will, forget yourself, let me live in you, and My Love for you will reach the *non plus ultra* (the highest point). The more you do My Will, the more I will love you, because My Will deserves all My Love; therefore I will also put My Love at your disposal."

Oh, how good is Jesus! If we knew Him, we would die enraptured with love. And, with love, the enrapturer Jesus hides us in Love, so as not to make us die... Only the doubt that Jesus does not love us very much saddens Jesus and embitters Him. Love calls for more love. The more we believe He loves us, the

more we feel like loving Him; and Jesus, seeing Himself loved, loves us more.

I now thank you for the beautiful image of the Holy Shroud. I used to have one, but another priest snatched it; and Jesus, who is so good, had another priest send me one. Thank you! I commend myself to your holy prayers ...

Corato, October 14, 1917

49. To Mother Superior, Sister Maddalena del Moro, from Santa Chiara, Ravello.

J.M.J.

May the Holy Will of God bind you so tightly as not not give you time to think of yourself.

My sister in Jesus Christ,

I answer to your letter with a few lines. The cause, I believe, of everything you tell me, is lack of union with Jesus in all your things. The enemy finds you alone, without Jesus, and does his own crafting in you, disturbs you, and takes peace away from your heart, which is so necessary in order to let afflicted Jesus rest. If the enemy found you always with Jesus, he would flee, not bearing His adorable presence. Here is the remedy

to all troubles: remain always with Jesus, both in spiritual and in material things, and Jesus will take care of giving you peace and carrying out your office; even more, Jesus Himself will do it in you. Everything you suffer, and even your coldness, give it to Him in order to relieve Him and repair Him; in this way you will have a greater field to keep company to pierced Jesus. If you remain with Jesus, you will forget about yourself; you will remember Jesus alone, and He will take care of all your troubles... Ah, yes, love Him very much. But only union with Jesus will make the new fount spring with growing love; therefore, if you remain with Jesus, you

will love Him; if not, you will love yourself and your own troubles. What a bad impression you would make in front of Jesus, wouldn't you?

Tell good Mother Superior to remain obedient in everything, because one who obeys does not fail, and blessed Jesus will compensate for all that she may seem to lack. Moreover, when Jesus feels loved, He forgets our sins-and why would we want to lose our minds in remembering them? Jesus wants harmony and concord among you, and He will be in your midst. I commend myself to your prayers.

the little
daughter of the Divine
Will

Corato, November 20,
1917

50. To Father Antonio, from V.

J.M.J.

May the Holy Will of God be the
continuous beating of our hearts.
Reverend Father Antonio,

Jesus alone can comfort us in our

sufferings. Therefore, let us turn to Him alone; let us throw ourselves into His arms like tender babies; and if pain makes us cry, let us wet His paternal hands with our tears, and sweet Jesus, in seeing His hands beaded, will dry up our tears and say to us: "Child, have you come to Me to cry? I want to turn your tears into joys, your bitterness into sweetness. I will pour the sea of My graces into your heart ... " So, let us entrust everything to Jesus, even the lot of our dear homeland. He will dispose everything for the good of our souls.

I hope you have already received news from your brothers. Entrust them to

the purging souls; they will take care of rescuing them. Promise them some series of seven Masses, if they are rescued ...

I commend myself to your prayers. Let us pray very much in these times, so painful. Prayer will defend us from the shadow of the enemy, and will cover us with the divine shadow. The divine shadow will render us invisible to the gaze of the enemy. Best regards ...

the little

daughter of the Divine
Will

Corato, November
12, 1917

**51. To Mrs. Concettina Camoniero,
from S. Giovanni a Teduccio, Napoli**

Fiat

May the Holy Will of God bind us
so much as to put every worry to flight.

Good daughter,

With blessed Jesus, it takes trust
and love; the braver we are, the more
He loves us. Your fear of receiving

Communion comes from the enemy; he would be pleased if we formed more firewood for hell, otherwise he would not have told you this, or caused so many fears within you. On the contrary, I tell you that when you abstain because of fear, you form firewood for Purgatory, and the Communion you do not receive on earth, you will receive with fire in Purgatory, because Jesus burns with love in the Most Holy Sacrament and wants to come into our hearts in order to pour out His flames; while if we abstain, He burns more, becoming fidgety and delirious, and with Justice He will make us burn more in Purgatory. Therefore, think only of loving Jesus, of how to

make Him happier, and love will destroy all the wood and, as celestial dew, will cover you and purify you of everything. Fears, doubts, agitation, are laces which bind us to ourselves, and take the freshness of love away from us; even more, they make it wither and snatch us from the arms of Jesus.

I recommend to you "The Hours of the Passion." Form continuous chains of reparation around Jesus; unite all your actions to them, so that this sweet chain of reparation may never be broken. These times require it; if we don't want to be spectators of worse evils, promote it as much as you can. Commending

myself to your prayers, I pray to Jesus that He may bless you and give you peace.

the little daughter of the Divine Will

**52. Only and
always with
Jesus!**

My good
daughter,

If you want to be a saint, search

only for Jesus and take from Jesus all that He disposes: privations, lack of help-even spiritual... My daughter, until you strip yourself of everything, even of holy tastes, Jesus, the kidnapper of hearts, will not give you His divine tastes, and therefore you will be always shaken and beaten, now by one wave, now by another. ..

I conclude, enclosing you in the wound of the Most Holy Heart of Jesus, so that He may bless you, console you, and hold you tightly in His arms. Pray for me ...

the little daughter of the Divine

Will

**53. To Sister Agnese, from the
Cloistered Benedictine Nuns of Lecce**

J.M.J.A. Fiat!!!

In Voluntate Dei, D.G.

Most esteemed sister and daughter in
Jesus Christ,

I received your letter through your
holy sister, who came to visit me. I will
try as much as I can to make you content-
to pray for you. I only beg you to make
everything disappear, so that the Divine

Will alone may rise again in all your things. Never let It escape from you; hold It as the prime act of life in all your actions, in sufferings and in consolations-in everything, and It will give you peace, so necessary to your soul. Be on guard for everything which is not peace, because fears and restlessness, even under the aspect of good, are always infernal breaths and rags of hell-stuff which does not belong to us; and we must be on our guard so as not to let alien and noxious things enter into our soul, which can harm us. Therefore, if you love Jesus, be at peace; whatever the circumstances may be, never get disturbed, and remain in

full trust like a baby in the arms of Jesus.

Peace will be your heritage, the Divine Will your life, trust the powerful magnet which will capture blessed Jesus to dwell in your heart. Oh, how happy He will be to remain in your heart, because He will find His Heaven in it—the things of the Celestial Fatherland, which are His Will, peace and trust. In Heaven they live in full confidence, more than as children with their Father, enjoying peace and living from the Divine Will. Therefore, let us learn from this exile how one must live in Heaven!

I commend myself to your prayers,

of which I am very much in need, and leaving both sisters in the sea of light of the Divine Volition, in which I hope you will become saints, I say,

Most devotedly and affectionately
yours,

Luisa Piccarreta

54. To Mother Elisabetta

J.M.J.A. -Fiat!!!

In Voluntate Dei, D.G.

My good and Reverend Mother,

I was about to send you my letter through your dear sister when I received yours-so pleasing to me. My Mother, do not afflict yourself with what you feel in the depth of your soul; these are works that Jesus does in order to accomplish His great designs. And to work Jesus uses now the material of light, now of obscurity, now of isolation in which your soul feels lonely, and maybe even without the One Whom you love and Who loves you very much. But Jesus never leaves you-He hides; and in His hiding, the ardor of His love is so great that He gives you hidden kisses and tender hugs; but He gives them slowly and quietly, so as not to be felt.

However, He can't last too long with all this, and when you least expect it, He makes Himself felt in the depth of the soul in order to sustain you and to enjoy His works. My Mother, with Jesus it takes patience, faithfulness and peace , in order to let Him proceed in the work of forming the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat. He wants to be free, and He does not want us to be concerned with what we feel. So what can we do? This is the eclipse of the Sun of the Divine Volition, which reaches the point of eclipsing Jesus with Its shining rays. Therefore, you, pray for me, as I need it very much.

I send the greeting of the Fiat to

your good sister Elisa, to my daughter, Sister Gioacchina, and to the whole Community. Lina wrote, saying that she is very happy. Please, don't forget to pray for me, and with all my heart I will do it for you. And leaving you on the way, in the unending light of the Supreme Fiat, where everything is peace, harmony and fortitude, kissing your right hand, I say,

Your most devoted
and affectionate
servant,

Luisa Piccarreta

Corato, January 28, 1929

P.S. Thank you for the rosaries. My sister Angela kisses your right hand and sends her heartfelt regards. Mother Superior of Oria asks for comfort.

55. To a Religious

J.M.J.A. -Fiat!!!

In Voluntate Dei, D.G.

My good and reverend Mother,

Reverend Father P. had me read your letter addressed to him and asked me to write you a few words to cheer you up. But what should I say? My usual refrain: let us dissolve ourselves in the Divine Fiat, and in It we will find strength and light, which, investing our tongue, will make those who listen to us speechless; and in feeling the strength of the truth in It, they will bend and listen to you, putting an end to a storm which has been lasting for so long.

My Mother, you shouldn't be concerned about such moodiness, nor give it too much importance. Poor one. (*) What weakness. He changes at every

sound that reaches his ear. While being in Rome, he was with you; going to Messina, he is with them. But he will easily change once again; and if he doesn't, Our Lord will use different ways. Therefore, never lose peace in these circumstances, because the storm will be over-everything ends down here-but peace does not end; rather, it is the carriage which brings us to Heaven and remains with us as heritage of the children of our Celestial Father. More so, since peace is the bell that rings continuously calling the life of the Divine Fiat into ourselves.

I like very much the three pieces

of advice of Father di Costa; be careful to put them into practice. Who knows what Our Lord will dispose. Therefore, let us pray, hope, and abandon everything in the Divine Volition. I commend myself very much to your prayers, and leaving you in the Divine Volition, I kiss your right hand, and say,

Your most
devoted
servant,

Luisa
Piccarreta

Corato, February 9, 1929

(*) *The Visiting Father.*

56. To a young lady

J.M.J.A. -Fiat

In Voluntate Dei! D.G.

Most esteemed one in the Lord,

May the Holy Divine Will be
always blessed, Which disposes
everything for our good. The storm is
always prelude to clear skies.
Therefore, don't lose heart, wait with
untiring patience for the hour of God.

When it comes, its dominion will put everything into place, and maybe your very enemies will become your friends. Therefore, courage, do not neglect anything, give example of a firm character, always the same with yourself. Don't let the devil laugh, because if you are not firm and always the same, the enemy will say to you: "You wanted to do good to others, and you were unable to do it to yourself."

My daughter, you must know that a piece of iron sparks under the blows, it becomes softer and disposed to form the shape the craftsman wants to give it. So does Our Lord, Divine Architect:

He strikes the iron of our soul in order to remove the rust, to soften us and give us the shape of the object He wants to make of us; and the light with which we spark under His blows serves to dispose us to His great designs. Therefore, from the storms you must draw light, courage and peace. Never be disturbed, because disturbance is the true hail of the soul, destroyer of the true goods. I commend myself to your prayers, and leaving you in the light of the Divine Fiat, I say,

Your
most
devoted
servant,

Luisa
Piccarreta

Corato, February 11, 1929

I will ask the little orphans to
pray.

57. To a Religious Superior

J.M.J.A. -Fiat!!!

In Volunatate Dei! D.G.

Most Reverend Mother,

Thank you for your holy wishes

and your dear souvenirs. I don't know how to thank you. Good Jesus thanks you in my place, and with all my heart I return your wishes. But do you want to know what my wish is? That the Divine Fiat may take your will away from you and give you Its own, so as to form in you Its life, Its kingdom, and Its Heaven in your soul. Oh, how happy you will be! Living no longer from a human will, but from the Divine Will. It will give you perennial peace, which is so necessary in order to form the daylight in our soul. Disturbances, fears, little mistrusts, are the night of the soul and make her see all things as opposite to what they are. The night hides the

warmth of the Divine Sun from us, and maybe even Jesus Himself. On the other hand, peace is the smile of the soul, and the spring which makes the little ground of our soul bloom; it removes from us the veil of disturbance and reveals to us the One Who loves us so much. But if you want peace, you must live from the Divine Will. It alone gives us true peace and encloses the Celestial Fatherland in our heart.

I beg you to make of your Community the little kingdom of the *Fiat Voluntas Tua*, on earth as It is in Heaven. If you do so, you will have a flourishing community-the will of each

one will be the will of all. You will have one single strength, and will form the little Heaven on earth. Therefore I beg you-since you wanted a word from me-that you all do the Divine Will. Place the Fiat before and after each one of your acts. Everything you want-leave it completely in the Divine Volition; do not worry, and It will take on the commitment of all your things.

I send the greeting of the Divine Fiat to my dear cousin, and I beg her to make herself a saint, and never to leave the infinite sea of the Divine Volition. Tell her to pray for me, as I assure her that I do it for her. I commend myself

very much to your prayers, and leaving
you crossing the unending sea of the
Fiat, I say,

Your
most
devoted
servant,

Luisa
Piccarreta

Corato, April 16, 1929

58. To a Religious Superior

LV.D. D.G.

My good and Reverend Mother,

I received your letter, so pleasing to me, and in reading it I felt in my poor herat the notes of your sorrow, of your bitterness and of the isolation in which you find yourself. My Mother, courage, don't lose heart, because despondency exhausts courage and strength, and renders us unable to do good. If you throw all these notes of sorrow and isolation into the sea of the eternal Volition, they will give you a greater right: that the Divine Fiat be not only your life, but your guide, support and

inseparable companion, so as to form with It everything which befits you, as Superior, to do and command. Don't you feel this divine help within yourself? Don't you feel in your heart the presence of a powerful hand that guides you? Therefore, my Mother, abandon yourself in the Divine Volition like a little baby, and you will feel a new strength, a new light arise, which, embracing you, will tell you: "I am always with you. The isolation in which your people leave you will be rewarded by My faithful company."

Although unworthy, I will pray from the heart that Jesus may console

you and give you so much grace as to be able to enjoy peace in the midst of many storms, and that all your daughters may want to listen to your maternal word, commanding them for their own good.

Now let's come to us, and I will tell you this because you want to know it, otherwise I would have done without. After the coming of Martucci to Trani, the publication of the Divine Volition is sleeping. There is no care; it seems to me that all they are doing is just palliatives and games, while they should be thinking that they do not make fun of me, but of a Divine Volition. My Mother, in order to do some good, it takes

someone who feels the life of that good. If this life is not felt, it will be done in a forced way and even badly; and with a forced good, the creature feels the ground missing underneath her feet, and lacks time and strength. In the end, Fiat, Fiat! May the Fiat dispose whatever and whoever It wants. I want nothing but the Divine Will to be done.

Implore the Lord's help for me, and may He forgive these little vents. Fr. Benedetto blesses you and my sister sends you all her regards. And leaving you always in the Divine Volition, I kiss your right hand and say,

Your most
devoted
servant,

Luisa
Piccarreta

59. To a Religious

J.M.J.A.

Fiat!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

I felt pity in reading your letter, in hearing of your painful state; nor could I

forget about a daughter of our Venerable Father and mine, who was so generous to me during the last months of her life down here. And miserable as I am, I could not forget about your sacrifices, writing to me in such a painful period for all of us; even less could our lovable Jesus forget of your sacrifices, made for Him, as you left everything in order to give yourself completely to Jesus. You cannot deny that with all your heart you wanted to give yourself completely to Jesus. It is true that you have made a few little escapes from His arms, busying yourself with other things, and that you have not been firm and constant in what you yourself had promised Jesus in

certain rushes of your heart. But Jesus looked, and still looks, at the gift you gave Him. Moreover, gifts are cherished with care, and looked upon as one's own things. Therefore Jesus will not let your gift escape. Be sure, my daughter, Jesus loves you and wants you good and holy. Do not listen to the enemy, who would want to snatch the gift from the hands of Jesus; do not pay attention to doubts or anything which is not peace. These are things of the enemy, rags of hell, not of Jesus. His things are peace; the rags of Heaven are certainties. Therefore, as a mother who loves her daughter, I beg you to no longer let these infernal rags enter your heart; and if the enemy

torments you, determined, say to him: "These are things that don't belong to me. I don't want to steal from anyone, not even from hell." And then, I repeat to you my usual refrain: unshakable firmness in good. Interest yourself in nothing but Jesus and what pertains to your office; in this way you will shut the door to the enemy and he won't find the way to agitate you. So, I repeat: peace, peace, my daughter. And you will certainly find peace if you look at the Divine Will in everything. It is the peacemaker of souls, and the bearer of peace and sanctity, even down here. Therefore, forget about everything, and remember only that Volition which, more

than a tender and compassionate Mother, wants to make her daughter holy and beautiful. And I, together with It, more than a mother, want to regenerate you in that Divine Fiat and give my life in order to have you as His daughter and mine. I believe you will listen to my pleas; and leaving you, no longer in your turbulent will, but in that of Jesus, in Which I will see you again very often, in the Divine Will I say,

Your most affectionate Mother

60. To a religious

(...) Not wanting to obey means

not wanting to do the Will of God! And do you think that is trivial? Far worse than doubting, this is the sin of sins. The very Saints, the Angels and the Heavenly Court would say: "Who is this crazy one, this girl, who wants to act against the Will of God; who wants to bring disorder?" Because wanting to disobey means opposing the Will of God, by saying: "I don't want to recognize you." On the other hand, by obeying, if you practice this virtue in order to make Father(*) content it is a good and holy thing, but if you do it because you recognize in him the authority, the Will of God, it is the most precious thing. This is the Will of God, and that's

enough. It is better to go to hell with the Will of God (as it would turn into Paradise, because wanting to do His Will is a sign that we love Him), than going to Heaven with our own will, as it would turn then into hell.

As far as wanting to go over the past again-no, because the past is passed in God, and it would be as though stealing His rights, His own things. If there is something wrong in it, the Lord can let us know with calm. As far as the future, don't worry about it either, because it is not ours, but belongs to God. We must obey and make ourselves saints, not for our interest, but for the

glory of God. So, banish every doubt, since doubt, fear and agitation do not come from God, but from the devil; rather, think of loving and doing the Will of God, because with doubts we displease the Lord much more than if we sinned.

My daughter, have you ever experienced a reproach from Our Lord Jesus Christ? If you had, you would have seen with how much bitterness He reproaches - He, Who is all goodness. And you should see it. Therefore, swear, or make a solemn promise that you will never think about doubts again, so as not

to disobey, and consequently, not displease Jesus Christ. Do you think that being destined to write is something [which] happened just like that-by chance? No. Rather, it is something established by God from eternity, as He had His own purposes. So, know how to appreciate and take advantage of so much dedication ...

(*)*A Priest.*

61. To Mother Cecilia

J.M.J.A. - Fiat

LV.D. D.G.

My good and Reverend Mother,

You will forgive me if I didn't write to you, but be sure that I don't forget you before Our Lord-that He may give you strength and grace in the most delicate office He entrusted to you. I hope that your first act may be to feed your novices with the bread of the Divine Will. However, in giving it, you have to spice it with a strong dose of love, with a kindness all celestial, with the sweetness of Jesus on your lips, so that they may find such taste in it that a few words may be enough for them in order to become saints. Nor will they

look for long discourses, which, while attracting the hearing, leave the souls starving.

Dearest Mother, tell them on my behalf not to pay attention to specks and straws, but to the celestial bread that sweet Jesus wants to give them through you - that is, the bread of the Supreme Fiat. Nor will Jesus ask them for any other account than this: that His Divine Will be accomplished in everything.

My good Mother, as you know better than I, everything is in denying nothing to the Divine Will. To deny something to It, not letting oneself be

dominated by It, means to break the sanctity, to tear it to shreds, in such a way that we ourselves will not be able to make head or tail of anything, in order to really become saints. We would be like a body from which arms, feet and heart have been detached; and - oh, poor sanctity, without the whole life of the Divine Will. Therefore, my Mother, let us love It very much; let us always do It, even at the cost of our lives. A more beautiful life will be given back to us. And let us interest ourselves in making It loved by others.

Now let's come to our case. I don't

believe that. There has never been a shadow of huffiness between us. You wanted to make a joke, which served to make us laugh and maybe to spur me on to write you. (*) If I didn't write you before, it is because I didn't see the necessity of it, and I was waiting for an opportunity to write you; nor did I know that Sister Maria Concetta came to Oria. Had I known it, I would have written you. I knew it only when she came back. Therefore, forgive me, and let us remain always friends and united in the Divine Volition.

My sister kisses your right hand and tells you many, many things. All the

Community sends you regards from the heart. Don Benedetto blesses you. I conclude by asking you: "And how are you doing?" Give the confidence of a Mother to your daughters; be open with them, but so much as to attract them with filial trust to open up with you, so that you may apply the necessary remedies to their weaknesses, doubts, fears, etc. Mother, draw everything from sweet Jesus, and He will be generous to you. Don't get distressed about anything; do not fear, because Jesus will take care of everything. I leave you in His arms, locked in His Divine Heart; and kissing your right hand with all my esteem, I commend myself to your prayers.

Your most devoted
and affectionate
servant,

Luisa Piccarreta

Corato, February 25, 1933

*(*J Note added by the Confessor, who copied the letter: "Obedience provided Luisa with paper and pen in order to make the good M Sister M Cecilia content. I bless you in the Divine Will. Fr. Benedetto Calvi.*

62. To Sister M. Emiliana

J.M.J. -Fiat!!!

(...) In everything you do, kiss and breathe the Divine Will. It will make you breathe Heaven, the balsamic air of peace, and will put all concerns, fears and doubts out of your heart. The Divine Will will be the true Sun for you, which will make the night of troubles disappear, forming the smiling spring of the most beautiful flowers.

63. To Sister M. Longina

J.M.J. -Fiat!!!

Oh, how the Divine Will wants

you a saint! But It wants you to call It continuously, in order to make the day of peace arise in your soul, and make all the miseries which prevent true sanctity, magically disappear from your heart. The Divine Fiat awaits you, to say to you: "Give me life in your acts and I will make you a saint. And everything will turn into happiness."

Letters after the "Condemnation"

64. To Mother Cecilia

In Voluntate Dei!

My good and Reverend Mother,

I received your dear letter that consoled me very much. Thank you from the heart. In these times my state is very painful, because of the books and other things; but in my poor heart I have the sure hope that these will be the last gems that my dear Jesus will place on my little crown. And when I feel my heart suffocating with sorrow, I hide in the Divine Will and in It I find the necessary strength. What a magic force, what powerful magnet does the Divine Will possess! In the hardest pains It knows how to give rest, placing Its balm on the most embittered wounds. So, my dearest

Mother, let us never move from within the Fiat. It will form Its divine room in us, in which we will find Jesus, Who will take us in His arms ... He will nourish us with the precious food of His Will. He will cover us with love, hiding all our sufferings in His own, in order to make us more like Him; and in His emphasis of love, He will say to us: "My daughter, do not fear, I Myself will be your life, your strength, your All. We will live together and form one single life. How happy we will be!"

Now, this is my wish for Saint Cecilia: that the Fiat give you Its divine room, in which you will live one life

with dear Jesus. I can tell you nothing but this: may the Divine Will cover you and hide you within Itself, but so much so as to feel nothing but Will of God within you ...

Thank you, thank you for everything. May Heaven repay you with blessings, and hide you more in His Will, so that the earth may turn into Heaven for you, and all things may be bearers of Divine Will.

I renew my wishes together with my sister. I believe that this year I am the one to begin the wishes for Saint Cecilia - wishes of peace and of union. Pray for

me. Leaving you in the Divine Will and
kissing your right hand, united to my
sister, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little

daughter of the Divine
Will

Corato, November 10,
1938

65. To Federico Abresh

In Voluntate Dei!

My dearest son in the Divine Will,

Forgive my delay. I let you know that I am always in the Divine Volition, in which I want - as does Jesus - to find all my children, near and far; that is, the ones who want to live in the Holy Will. May Heaven save us from a misfortune so great - of going out of It.

Dearest son, you must know that this is a task which God gave us in Creation. The origin of our existence was formed in the center of the Supreme Fiat. God created our human will as His divine room, as a secret office, in which

He was to live together with us, and have His pulpit in order to teach us the celestial doctrine of His Will. Therefore, no law can impose on us not to live in It; neither the Holy Church, as much as we bow and adore Her dispositions, nor God Himself can say to us: "I do not want you to live in My Will," because He Himself, with highest Wisdom, gave us the right by creation. By living in It, we must be the dwelling of God, the bearers of our Creator; the ones in whom, in order to pour out His delirium of love, He was to become the narrator of His Divine Being within the secret room of our human will. And therefore He wants us to know how

much He loves us, and that He wants us to live in His Will with that same love with which children and Father live ...

Oh, how embittered He becomes if we do not live with Him; if He does not hold us tightly on His paternal knees; if He does not give us, continuously, His gifts, His life, His sanctity. He does not like dissimilarities-He wants us similar to Him. And in order to do this, listen to His device: He gives love in every thing we do, and wants us to give Him our will as a gift in order to give us His own. In this exchange, He makes the Life of the Divine Will grow within us, in such a way that, as we give our will,

His Will grows, and every time we give our will, He delights in working His divine marvel in us.

Therefore, dearest one in the Divine Will, let us be attentive, let us remain in our place; let us not bother about the thunders and the storms, although they have embittered me down to the marrow of my bones. I hope that they will change into a serene Heaven and into thunders of light and of love for the entire world, and for the triumph of a Kingdom so holy ... We can say that we are burning on the stake of the sufferings on which they put us, but I hope that this stake will serve to burn the prison of my

body; so I will be able to take flight for Heaven, in order to obtain the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth.

I thank you very much for the hospitality you offered me; in exchange, I pray to Jesus that He would give you His perennial hospitality in the Divine Fiat. Pray for me, for I need it very much. Leaving you enclosed in the Holy Volition, united with good Amelia

and my little Piuccio, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine

Will.

Corato, November 30, 1938

66. To Sister Remigia

J.M.J.

Fiat! - In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter Sister Remigia,

Thank you for your little letter; I appreciated it so much. May dear Jesus reward you by forming His life in you. However, it takes great attention: first of all you must try to have the necessary

food in order to nourish dear Jesus and let Him grow. The first necessary food is peace. Disturbance is not food for Jesus. Peace forms the day, and converts everything we do into love. With it, we form abundant and divine material in order to form Jesus, nourish Him, and make Him grow. Once we have formed the necessary substance, the Divine Will invests it and forms the Life of His Will. Oh, how happy He becomes then! Jesus finds in us His Will that loves Him, courts Him, and keeps Him in feast. And then what happens, my daughter? Our breath, our heartbeat and motion become the breath, the heartbeat and the motion of Jesus; we receive His life, we make

of It our model, and all our acts are modeled by the Life of Jesus.

Therefore, be attentive; love peace and everything will smile at you, also Jesus Himself. This is my wish for Holy Christmas: be good, make yourself a saint, let all things be Will of God for you. With this, having a Divine Will in your power, how many beautiful and good things will you not be able to do?

Everything. Pray for me; and leaving you in the eternal waves of the Divine Will, I say,

Your most affectionate aunt,

Luisa, the little daughter of the
Divine Will.

Corato, December 1938

67. To Sister Clara

In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

(...) But as a mother who loves
her daughter, I want to see my daughter

growing in the Divine Will. How happy you will be, and how content will be dear Jesus! You will be His favorite.

Do you want to know how to grow in the PLAT? By calling It in everything you do, whether natural or spiritual. In fact, everything belongs to the Divine Will; therefore It wants to love together with you, and if you call It, It gives you Its Love in your power in order to be loved; It gives you Its sanctity to make yourself a saint, Its light to allow you to know yourself and to eclipse weaknesses, miseries and passions, so that they may no longer have life in you, but only Its Will, which lays and forms

Its life in your little act... If you do so, It will feel as a Queen in my daughter who is so far away - but a ruling Queen. You will give It much to do, and whatever you do, It will do. It will not leave you one instant; on the contrary, It will form your breath, your heartbeat, motion, step, and, even while you sleep, It will form your rest and will rest together with you. But all Its contentment will be to feel as the Queen and Mother of Her daughter and mine ...

Therefore, my dearest daughter, be attentive; listen to dear Jesus who speaks to you in your heart. How many calls does he not send you? How much

grace and divine sweetness does He not make you feel?

But do you know why He wants to trust you? He wants to give you the greatest task of making of you a true daughter of His Will; and when you feel His Life in you, you will feel the need to make it known to others ... Therefore, say to dear Jesus with all your heart that you want to live in His Will, that you want to know nothing but His Will alone. He will take you at your word and will do the facts, and - oh, what a transformation you will feel within you! You will feel perennial peace, unceasing love, divine strength; in a word, you

will feel harmonized with Jesus, and He will be the actor and spectator, enjoying all that you do together with Him.

My good daughter, I wrote you to make you content, and to make Jesus content, so that you may grow and remain in the Divine Will; and even though you are far away, you will form my joy - that of having a daughter who lives and grows in the Holy Volition.

Now, I am happy that you leave my work for the work of the altar of Padre Pio. How beautiful it is to think that our works can serve Jesus!

I commend myself to your prayers and I leave you in the center of the Divine Fiat, that you may receive His continuous Life, His loving kisses, His squeezes, so tight, that you will never be able to get off His paternal knees. You will remain in His arms like a little baby, to receive the food of His Will and of His Love.

Make yourself a saint soon; and sending you the greeting of the Fiat, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine

Will.

Corato, January 2, 1939

68. To Miss De Regibus, from Torino

In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Forgive me for my delay in answering you. I was truly concerned and I still feel the need to hear news of Fr. Beda (*), but Fiat! It happens almost always like this, in this world that runs away from the poor humiliated. Fiat. We remain on the stake, burning in holocaust

for that Fiat to which we have the duty to give our life; and so It forms my hiding place, my refuge and my strength. How could anyone live without a Will so holy? It would be as though living without breathing, without motion, without the principle for which we have been created; it would be as though walking with no earth under our feet. My Jesus, my Mama, free me from such a great misfortune!

Therefore, let us be attentive! Let us not give this sorrow to our dear Jesus - to live without the life of the Supreme Fiat. It is our life - fully and always ours; let us not put it aside, let us live

together; let us make it breathe and move within us. Let us not lose the seed we have acquired by reading just the little drops of a Will so holy; but rather, let us water it with our repeated acts, so that Its Life may grow, beautiful and flourishing, within our souls.

For us, to live in the Divine Will is a sacrosanct duty. No one can prevent us from doing so. And if we don't do it, we will drag ourselves along in good, and true sanctity will be far from us.

I return your wishes: may the Divine Volition make of you one single act of Its Will. Then you would

understand our sorrow and that of the Fiat, for not being able to make Its way in order to be known. How I'd love to receive a letter from good Fr. Beda! How much consolation would it not bring to our souls, lacerated under the press of a pain, which shows no signs of ceasing!

Pray and make everyone pray: it is about rescuing the Life of the Divine Will in our souls. I leave you in the Divine Volition, if you want to be a great saint. Don Benedetto is not feeling very well-pray. He blesses you. In the center of the Divine Volition, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, January 7, 1939

*(*J Father Ludwig Beda, OSB. (Kloster
Andesch, Germany), took care of the
two German editions of the Hours of
the Passion.*

69. To Mother Cecilia

In Voluntate Dei!

My good and Reverend Mother,

Forgive me if I did not soon write you, as there is no greater good we can wish to each other than wanting the Divine Will alone to reign within us. We will have God Himself in our power, His Sanctity, His Love - everything will be ours. There is no good done in Heaven and on earth, that will not be ours. We will be the help of all; together with Jesus we will have one single breath, one single heartbeat, one single motion together with Him. Seas of sanctity and beauty will flow in every act we do, such that God Himself will remain enraptured.

Therefore, my Mother, there is no

greater love I could have for you, but to wish to see you enclosed in the Divine Will. Jesus will never put us aside; He will let us do whatever He does, and will be all attentive on us, to make of us His image. He wants us to be like Him in everything, and since we cannot do it because we are too small, He gives us of His own to obtain His intent of giving. But He wants to find us always in His Will, otherwise He would lack the divine material in order to give us his likeness. (...)

70. In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Here I am to make you content. I have not abandoned you, nor did your mission get lost. Whatever one does for God is never lost; rather, the seed is formed, which, in sprouting, makes Life be born again, more flourishing, strong and beautiful. Everything you have done, both for yourself and for others, are seeds that you have formed - seeds which make the Life of the Divine Will be born again. However, our cooperation is needed - our repeated acts in the FIAT, which like beneficial water, water the seed in order to form the life. And once the life has been formed, it takes our will united with His to make it grow; it takes our continuous

love in order to nourish it. Therefore, nothing is lost for us, if we really want to live from the Divine Will. This Life exists within us, It did not escape; however, one must not abandon It, but make It grow and nourish It. The trouble is, rather, for those who have not yet known It, because knowledge is necessary in order to possess.

Therefore, courage, my daughter, do not draw back. The Will of God is ours-and Life of ours. God gave It to us, as principle of life, in the act of creating us, when He brought us to the light. Nobody can take It away from us -

neither the Holy Church, nor God Himself. It would be as though wanting to force us to live without breathing, without motion-which is impossible. They can take away the books from us, but the Divine Will, no one has the right to take it away. The most consoling thing for a human heart is to be able to say: "Whatever God wants, I want; whatever God does, I do."

The Heavens open at these acclamations in order to unite Creator and creature, so that whatever one does, the other may do as well. Therefore, continue your mission, and offer it for the triumph of the Divine Will. Besides,

I always remember you, and I place you in the Divine Will, in which I want to find you, always. For pity's sake, never get out of It - do not give me this sorrow. I did something for you, therefore I want to be paid; and do you know what pay I want? That you never get out of the Divine Will.

I thank Rev. D. B. very much for his thought, and I return his wishes from the heart; may he offer a moment for me during Holy Mass. We, here, are under profound humiliations. God alone knows what we are going through; so we need much prayer, that the Lord may give us strength. I kiss his right hand, and may he

bless me.

As far as the volumes, they are no longer in my power. Fiat, Fiat! Let us try to convert all things-all bitternesses, and these painful encounters, that cost me my life. Let us suffer everything in the Will of God; let us remain peaceful, so that His Life may grow more beautiful within us. I send you my wishes for the New Year, all of Divine Will. I leave you in It to make yourself a saint. (...)

The little daughter of the Divine Will.

1939

71. To a Priest

J.M.J.

In Voluntate Dei!

Most Reverend Father,

The Divine Will brings you my wishes, though I am embittered down to the marrow of my bones. It brings you Its rain of light and of love, such, as to eclipse all your troubles and balm your sufferings, which, unfortunately, are painful, and to convert all of them into

sanctity and into acts of Divine Will. Oh, how happy would I be, if my wish would become for you the bearer that transforms you completely into Divine Will.

I kiss your right hand, and on my knees I implore your paternal blessing, asking you not to forget to pray for me, the most abandoned one.

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, March 24, 1929

72. To Mother Cecilia

In Voluntate Dei!

My good and Reverend Mother,

(...) Now I feel the need to send you my Easter wishes. My Mother, what wish can I send you? I know that crosses surround you; how many times you have to swallow bitter pills that make your heart bleed. It seems to me that dear Jesus surrounds you with these pains in order to give you strength, and with tender and loving voice, He says to you: "My daughter, give these pains to Me, that they may form My arms, My heart, My steps - My whole Life, to be able to

live within you." My Mother, it is the crosses, the sufferings united to the Divine Volition, that form the raw material so we may receive in us the life of Jesus, Who calls our littleness to live in Him and to rise in Him.

Here is my wish, my Mother: to rise not only on Easter, but continually in Jesus, so that every pain and each one of our acts, may be the means in order to rise in the One Who loves us so much. I believe I could not send you a more beautiful wish, and I believe you will appreciate it-more so, under the rain of unheard-of crosses and profound humiliations. The storms give no sign of

ceasing. Pray that He will make peace rise again from the storms, otherwise one cannot live.

My sister tells you many things and sends you her affectionate wishes. In a special way, I send my wishes to Sister Remigia, that she may form her perfect resurrection in the Divine Will, and use every act she does in order to grow in sanctity. We must be convinced—not the great things make us saints, but the little ones, which we have in our power and which serve as the nourishment of sanctity. I commend myself to your prayers, and leaving you

rising together with Jesus, I kiss your
right hand and with a thousand regards,
united to my sister, I say,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, April 5, 1939

**73. To Duchess M. Pignatelli, from
Pisa**

In Voluntate Dei!

Most esteemed one in the Divine
Volition,

Thank you for your precious letter and for the article from Mother Landa that you sent me. May Heaven reward you in the Divine Will, that all your life may be nothing but a continuous act of the Will of God. My good Duchess, may we cherish living in the Divine Will; all other things, as great as they might be, would remain as many little drops of water in the face of the sea. More so, since, if we live in His Will, our dear Jesus would find in us His divine steps, His motion, His Love, and all of our being converted into divine material, which sweet Jesus would use to form, raise and nourish His Life within us.

All other things, as beautiful as they might be, can serve to form His works, but only the Divine Will serves to form His Life. What a difference between works and life! As soon as we want to make our act in the Divine Will, the Heavens lower themselves upon our head, the Divine Love takes its prime place, and we are no longer the ones who love or work; rather, it is the Divine Love that loves and works in us. So we become the bearers of the Fiat, Which works such wonders within us, as to astonish even the Angels. Therefore, your castle too - dedicate it to the Divine Will, that the Divine Will may reign in all the people who may enter it.

My good Duchess, it is unfortunately true that, for only wanting to make known a few drops of the living in the Divine Will, we have been punished-inexorably struck by pains so hard, that if it wasn't for the help of the Fiat, we would be dead from the great pains they make us suffer. The only comfort that remains to us is that they cannot take away the Divine Will from us. Therefore pray, that they may at least leave us alone, and that everything may be for the triumph of the Divine Will. May It be our only refuge, the balm in our sufferings, the hiding place when they persecute us, so that they may not find us.

Don Benedatto blesses you, and
leaving you in the center of the Divine
Volition, I say,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, April 25, 1939

**74. To Mrs. Caterina Valentino, from
S. Giovanni Rotondo, Foggia**

Most esteemed one in the Lord,

Thank you for your letter. To
reward you, may dear Jesus keep you
inside the waves of the Divine Volition,

in such a way that you may look at nothing, and want nothing else but the life of the Supreme Fiat. Oh, how beautiful it is to be able to say: "I do not want or know anything but the Divine Will." May It be our hiding place, so that, if they look for us, they would find us only within Its divine boundaries. Therefore, let us allow nothing to escape useven our little trifles, the little actions of our life - without letting them enter into Its divine sea; and in everything we can do and suffer, may It be our only purpose, for the triumph of the Divine Will to live and reign triumphantly within our souls and in the souls of all. .. How happy we will be; each one of our

acts will be a divine conquest. We will see His finger, which has marked our act and has enclosed in it, with Its divine strength, Suns more refulgent and Heavens more beautiful than those which can be seen in Creation.

Therefore, let us be attentive; it takes nothing but a firm decision of wanting to live in the Holy Will. It is Jesus who wants it; He will cover us with His Love, hide us within His Light, and will reach the extent of making up for us in all that we are unable to do.

I commend myself to your prayers. Tell Padre Pio to pray very much for us,

as the storm shows no sign of ceasing;
we are always under lightening and
thunders, which seem to want to burn us
up. Fiat! Let us remain always in the
Divine Will. With heartfelt obsequies I
say,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, April 27, 1939

75. To Father L. Beda, O.S.B.

In Voluntate Dei

Most Reverend Father,

Jesus says "thank you" for your goodness in writing me. What consolation did it bring to my poor soul and to my confessor Don Benedetto! All of us went through sad times. Jesus Himself cried bitterly, and it broke my heart to see Him crying. It was a great demonstration of love, to reveal to us what the Heavenly Queen was about to begin, how much She loves us, how much She cared to teach us how to live in Divine Will, how to grow in It, and how She wanted to feed us with the food of the Divine Fiat. When the book "The

Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will" was published in Italy, this good Mother took the first step to let us comprehend how much She loves us; so much so, as to take us onto her lap, to give us this gift of which She is the bearer. But the machinations of the enemies of her little book hindered her step, and She was sent back into the heavenly regions. From there, with invincible patience, She is waiting for a change of times, of people and of conditions, in order to continue her way, and give to us that which is now despised.

Reverend Father, it is the Will (decision) of God that His Kingdom come upon earth; therefore, it is most certain that It will come-either by means of love, or by chastisements. Otherwise, Creation would be a work deprived of its crowning. God would seem to be as though impotent in the face of the other creatures who possess fecundity, because only the Divine Will would not be able to form Its Divine Life within our souls. No-not this. We are convinced that the Kingdom of His Will will come.

Allow me, Father, to open my heart to you like a baby.

Even the Heavens put themselves in mourning because of the prohibition of the books. The evil spirits of the earth and of hell make feast, because the Divine Will has such strength that even a single piece of knowledge of It, one word about It, or one action done with It, makes the spirits of darkness feel such torture as to feel their power paralyzed, and their torments in hell increased. Therefore, we should take to heart making this Kingdom of the Divine Will known, and living in It.

You must also know that as soon

as we make the intention of doing an act, the supreme Fiat spies us, so to speak, to see if we call It into our acts. If we do, It rejoices and embraces us, caresses us and embellishes us, sanctifies and purifies our acts; and then the Lord pronounces His Fiat over them, and makes His miracles with them. Our actions, then, form the clothing that covers this divine collaboration, which fills Heaven and earth... Father, if we only knew how many miracles and prodigies are enclosed in the Life of the Divine Will, we would give our lives to receive so many goods.

Yes, Father, it is true, Jesus spoke to me about the Index, but also of His great sorrow, and said He felt He was being condemned to death again-not by his enemies, but by his friends. However, He added that because of this condemnation of the books, He would make His Kingdom rise again in the midst of the peoples.

Do you want to know who caused the books to be put on the Index? Certain Religious from Liguria. May the Lord sanctify them. But He said He laughs at them, and will patiently wait for the time when those who are now in a safe place

will be fallen, and will see white, where today they see black.

Let us pray and look for our place in the Divine Will. Let us make of our will the secret cell in which Jesus speaks to us and reveals to us His secrets, but in which He also reveals to us His pains, since, for now, His Divine Will cannot reach Its dominion. In this way we will let the dawn arise, which will call for the midday of the Fiat among the peoples.

I commend myself very much to your prayers, as does my confessor Don Benedetto. I will pray for you with all

my heart, that the life of the Divine
Volition may be established in you more
and more. It will make you feel the need
to communicate the good you possess.

I kiss your holy hand and
ask for the holy blessing,

most devoted servant of
God

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, April 30, 1939

76. To Mother Elisabetta

J.M.J. -Fiat!!!

Jesus holds you tightly in His arms, and closing Himself inside your heart, He gives you His beautiful lessons; and then, hiding, He wants to see if you are able to impart them to your daughters. He is attentive in listening to you, to see if everything comes out from the fount of His Will, in order to form a beautiful garden of souls who live only from the Will of God. So, you will be the bearer of the Divine Will in the midst of your daughters.

77. To Elisa

Fiat - J.M.J.

Never be alone. Isolation oppresses and renders bitter the most beautiful acts of life. So, always call the Divine Will to keep you company; never put It aside, and It will give you the food to nourish yourself, and the heartbeat to love It. Giving you Its hand, It will say to you: "Let me do, so that all may receive My Light, which carries My Fiat." ..

78. To Mother Elisabetta

J.M.J.A. - Fiat

My good and
Reverend Mother,

I send you the letter for your sister. I believe you will be content, and let us hope that Jesus will console her. May He console you as well, my Mother, and give you strength. And may the Divine Will be your guide, so that you may guide all your daughters along the path of the Divine Fiat. I kiss your right hand, I commend myself to your prayers, and I say,

Your most
devoted
servant,

Luisa
Piccarreta.

A heartfelt greeting to your sister Elisa.

79. To Sister Clara J.M.J.

In Voluntate Dei! - Fiat!

My good daughter, Sister Clara,

I recommend that you do the Divine Will in everything, because being with It, we have our refuge, which no one can penetrate to harm us, and our strength to bear anything. Let us hope that you will recover, and that all goes

well.

I send you 3 little cards. I leave you in the Divine Will to make yourself a saint, and sending you the kiss of Jesus, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

Luisa Piccarreta.

80. To Sister Remigia

My good daughter, Sister Remigia,

Thank you for your wishes for

Easter and for St. Aloysius, but what I recommend is that you never lose peace, and that you do not think of your miseries and weaknesses. The more you think about them, the more you will feel them, and you will really make Jesus cry. On the other hand, by not thinking of them, dear Jesus will cover them with His Love, and the Light of His Will will change them into fortitude and divine riches. Oh, how I wish you would occupy yourself with nothing but living of Divine Will, to let sweet Jesus live always together with you. Never lose sight of Him, my daughter; never leave Him alone in your heart. May everything you do serve to court and love Jesus. He

looks at everything you do, whether they are things directed to loving Him and keeping Him company within your heart. Oh, how embittered He remains when your external acts do not echo in your interior, bringing Him your kisses, your love, your longed for company... If you want to be a saint, live always with Jesus. He takes on the commitment to make of you His faithful copy, to the extent of being able to say: "Jesus has made of me another Jesus." These are His aims. My daughter, make Him content.

Pray for me, and leaving you in the arms of the Divine Will like a baby

who lets her mama do everything to her,
I say,

Your most affectionate aunt,
the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, June 26, 1939

81. To Mother Cecilia

My good and Reverend Mother,

Infinite thanks for your wishes and
for your Easter letters which I enjoyed

very much, and also for the trifles, as you say, that you sent me. Thank you for everything. I feel my gratitude vividly, and even though you may forget me, I will never forget about you. And since I am a being incapable of doing good to anyone, I pray for one who has loved me very much, and maybe still loves me, since, in my present conditions, it seems that I have fallen into disgrace for all. But not for my dear Jesus, and this is enough for me.

Therefore, my dearest Mother, I do nothing but pray that the Divine Will would substitute for me, giving you the greatest grace of enclosing you in His

Will, in which you will find everything you need to make yourself a great saint. You will no longer belong to the human family - but to the divine; you will have Light, Love and Sanctity at your disposal. Your pains, your character (as you told me in your Easter letter) will be invested by the divine pains and character, and everything will be changed into love. Love will make everything easy for you; more so, since you will no longer do anything by yourself, but always with a Will so Holy, which can do everything.

I believe you will appreciate my poor prayers, my mother. There is

nothing left for us in life but to close our ears to everything, if we want to be at peace even in the midst of the greatest storms. Only the Lord knows what we are going through - and from people we would not expect. We could never have thought that so much perfidy could be in religious people. May the Lord bless everyone and defend His Holy Will, which He so much loves to be known. Therefore, let us pray.

I also thank the whole community. I pray that all of them may hide themselves in the Divine Will if they want to become saints. With the most tiny things, with trifles, we can form the

little stones to give the Divine Fiat the material to build our sanctity. And for this, one attention, one thought, one word left unsaid, one sigh of desire for the Holy Will, is enough.

My Mother, pray for me. When will we see each other again? But, Fiat, Fiat! I leave you in the Divine Volition and, even though far away, we will be united; and kissing your right hand, I say, always,

Most affectionately yours, the little daughter of the Divine Will.

82. To Mr. Tommaso Lotito

Most esteemed one in the Lord,

(...) I thank you for your attention and for the memory you keep of us. May the Queen of Heaven and dear Jesus reward you and make you a saint. There is nothing more beautiful than the sanctity that, in everything, looks at the Divine Will, which is bearer of peace and love; It embalms our pains, It forms Its life and sanctity, and makes us the bearers of our own Creator, becoming life of our life. How happy we will be, living together with Our Lord! Therefore, I recommend to you - make yourself a saint.

I let you know that it is true that we left the Orphanage(*), but because of health reasons, and for nothing else. Thank God we have done nothing wrong, nor displeased anyone. So I am equally content, because I did the Divine Will in the orphanage, and I do the Divine Will outside of it; our lot changes when we don't do the Divine Will. What an unhappy destiny we make for ourselves! We become like those who live without mama, without paternity, without anyone to protect us and defend us. Therefore, let us be attentive; let us not leave the Divine Will, which is for us the bearer of all goods.

I also thank Msgr. Giaffi, and I kiss his right hand with all my esteem, imploring, on my knees, his paternal blessing. I recommend that he sow the seed of the Divine Will in souls as principle of Life, if he wants many souls to be sanctified and saved; because only the Divine Fiat is the beginning, the means and the end. Once the beginning is misplaced, the order of our salvation is lost. Tell him to pray for me very much, for I so much need it.

I leave you all in the Divine Volition, pray for me. Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will

*(*Luisa left the Orphanage on October 10, 1938, exactly ten years after she entered it, and one month after the publication of the "condemnation. " .. "By order of the Superiors," says Don Benedetto in one of his letters.*

83. To Irene In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter,

How happy I am in hearing that a daughter of mine who is far away, wants

to make a way to let the High Pontiff know of the necessity that the Divine Fiat be known, and that It come to reign upon the earth. If good is not known, as good as it may be, it is not wanted, nor loved, nor appreciated. But will what you say be feasible? It would take people who are close to the Holy Father, and who enjoy his affection and his esteem, to be open to what you say. And then, in these times so sad, in which they would want to close up the supernatural in Heaven, as if we had a far away God-while, on the contrary, He lives in us, He is breath of our breath, heartbeat and motion; [and] actor and spectator of all that we do ... And all His sorrow is that

while we live from Him, we render ourselves almost foreign, and we do not make our will one with His. His sorrow is so great as to make Him become fidgety and delirious with love.

My good daughter, those were only the first drops of the knowledge of the Divine Volition, compared to the great sea of His Most Holy Will which He has manifested, and the devil was taken by such rage that he made himself heard even in the Vatican-and he won, to the point of having them prohibited; because ... if the Divine Fiat is known, the kingdom of the enemy is over. Here is all his rage. But the Lord will win,

because it is divine decree that His Kingdom will come upon earth. It is a matter of time, but He will make His way; He lacks neither power nor wisdom to dispose the circumstances.

But I tell you: whatever you can do-do it. I will accompany you with my poor prayers. I would give my life to obtain a good so great for all humanity. And you-offer your sufferings, and even your little natural acts, to obtain a good so great. Call It in all things, both spiritual and temporal, because, being Life, It wants primacy over everything; It wants to be recognized as the life of everything; and many times It cares

about one more attention, one sigh, one thought, to make It celebrate and enlarge Its dominion within our soul. One who wants to live of His Will, is His joy and His continuous feast.

I leave you in the Divine Volition to make yourself a saint.

A greeting from the heart to all the family.

Most affectionately yours, the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, December 5, 1939

84. J.M.J.

Fiat - In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Courage and trust. The Divine Will has found Its work in your soul, and when you suffer more, it seems that Jesus wants to hasten His work, to have the contentment of seeing you as He wants and likes, and to be able to say: "My daughter is like Me, in the sufferings as much as in wanting what I Myself wanted - only the Will of the Celestial Father. How happy I am! It is true that you suffer, but I run to sustain

you in My arms, that you may feel My strength and the powerful breath of My Will which is creating in you the new life I want, and converts all of your pains into precious gems of love. And when I feel embittered, I run, I come to you, to be sweetened in your pains which carry the seal of My Divine Will, and to sweeten the bittemesses that, unfortunately, the other creatures give Me. Therefore, I recommend to you, My daughter: be patient, be My host, let Me come to be consecrated in you. But I do not want you as a dead host, but alive and speaking; and may your suffering be the lamp, always lit, which never extinguishes, and which loves Me

incessantly."

My blessed daughter, how good is Jesus! It seems that He reduces us to dust in order to give us new life, and to find His own Life in us.

Therefore, I recommend: in whatever state you feel, be always tranquil-do not think of cold or warm. The Divine Will is more than everything: more than prayer, more than recollection, more than fervor, more than miracles - more than everything. So, my daughter, let us remain always united in the Divine Will. Pray for me, and from the heart I will do it for you.

I send you a kiss and a tight
hug in the Divine Will,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, June 30, 1940

85. To Mrs. Mazari, from Bari

J.M.J.

Fiat!

My good daughter in Jesus Christ,

Do not get discouraged, never lose trust. What I recommend is that you look at your crosses as many visits from Jesus, Who brings you the life of the Divine Will, to make It reign in you and to give you all His love as food; to make you grow in His likeness within His arms, and to make of you such a rare beauty as to enrapture even Himself. If you do the Will of God, you will feel a strength in all your sufferings; you will feel an invisible hand which helps you, guides you, and does whatever you do within you. In fact, when one does the Will of God, the work is more of God than ours. Therefore, I wouldn't know what else to say: do the Divine Will-live in It, and

you can be sure that you will make yourself a saint. You will feel the bond and the association with the Divine Family. What is Theirs will be yours. So, banish fear and fright, and all the most painful circumstances will bring you the kiss, the strength - the life of the Divine Will, embalmed by Its love and joy.

Tell good Carmela to have patience. Jesus loves her so much that He looks at her continuously, and with the brush of sufferings in His hands, He paints her, to make of her a more beautiful image, so that she may be like Him.

I send you my wishes of a good Easter: let the Divine Will rise again in you. I leave you in the Divine Volition to make yourself a saint, that the earth may no longer be earth for you, but Heaven. Pray for me. And greeting you from my heart, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

86. To Mother Cecilia

J.M.J.

Fiat! - In Voluntate Dei!

My good and dear Mother in the Divine Volition,

Thank you for your wishes, I return them to you from the heart. But the most beautiful wish I can send you is that your will may rise again in the Divine Will, so that you may take your place of honor in the whole order of Creation, where God wants us to be.

My Mother, if we are not in the Divine Will, we are without a place, without a home, without means to live and to become saints. If Jesus does not

find His Will in us, He does not find the adaptable material to make us saints, nor can He make of us His faithful copy. Therefore, my wish is that our will may rise again in His; in this way, you will give work to Jesus. Oh, how happy He will be, and you too will feel His peace, confidence, love, and full abandonment in His arms. You will feel safe, like a baby in the arms of her mama. How happy will you be, and how happy dear Jesus will be!

My Mother, I cannot continue further. I am really sick and almost unable to write; forgive me. Return my wishes to Sister Remigia for me. For

now, I cannot answer her; but I recommend that she not think of herself, because the thought of ourselves removes the thought of God from us and takes away sanctity, making us grow sickly in good.

My sister kisses your hand and returns your wishes. I leave you in the Divine Volition, and kissing your right hand, I say,

Most affectionately yours, the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, March 28, 1940

87. To Federico Abresch

J.M.J.

In Voluntate Dei - Fiat!

Most esteemed son in the Divine
Volition,

Thank you for everything; may good Jesus reward you by dissolving you completely in the Divine Will, and by keeping your will as a footstool under His divine feet. How happy you will feel, because by living together with the Divine Will, what is of Jesus and of the Queen Mama, is ours; ours

His sanctity, His life, and the immense seas of His riches. Jesus and the Queen feel happy, for They are not alone in their happiness and in the goods they possess, but have the children of the Fiat, who are also Their children, to keep Them company and to live with Them. And what is more is that, if we lack something, They take to heart our sanctity, They compensate for us in everything; They give us Their love and everything They have done as our courtship and dowry, so that we may live with Them. Therefore, by living in the Divine Will everything is ours, and we can give everything to God. Even more, every act of Will of God that we

do creates His Life in us, and we form the long generation of God in our acts.

Therefore, the thing that most facilitates living in the Divine Will, is to do whatever we can-and because God wants it; a Fiat is impressed in our act, and the Divine Life is formed. By not living in the Divine Will, we prevent the divine generation in our acts, because He does not find in us the adaptable material in order to form His Life - that is, He does not find His sanctity, His virtues, to be able to generate. How many Divine Lives repressed and not come to light, because the life of His Will is missing in souls! What pain,

what unspeakable bitterness! So, let us pray that the living in the Divine Will be known.

I also thank you for all that Sister Maria Deo Grazias tells me; she relieved me from the many bitteresses which inundate my heart. If you manage to know of something else, I would be happy to know it; after all, Fiat, Fiat!

Now, I let you know that I receive Holy Communion every day, and Holy Mass once a week, while before, even when I left from the convent, It was celebrated every day. Since, six months after the prohibition of the books, our

Bishop died, the fathers who caused the books to be prohibited could also obtain from the Holy Office, after the death of the Bishop, the prohibition of Holy Mass. But the Divine Will, in which I find everything, even the Holy Mass-no one can take It away from me.

Dearest one in the Divine Volition, I don't know how to thank you for your desire to help me like a son, if I were ever in need of the necessary things. Thank you, thank you! Even more, I want to tell you a secret which has been promised by the Divine Fiat: It will take to heart the destiny of all those who will live from It, and will provide them with

everything they need, both for the soul and the body. It will make them lack nothing, and if necessary, even by miraculous means. We will find ourselves in the condition of Creation, in which one created thing has no need of the other, but all are rich in themselves. However, they remain in highest accord and never move from their place. Our place is the Divine Will. If we live in It, It will keep us at Its table and nothing will be lacking to us. How good is the Lord! Let us thank Him from the heart.

Moreover, I let you know that dear Jesus is displeased, for no one takes interest in a cause so holy. Therefore, if

you can do something, move or push someone - do it, for you will please Jesus. And if you could interest yourself in letting me have back the Holy Mass, how grateful I would be! I had it for forty years, and without knowing the reasons, they took it away from me. Fiat, Fiat!

I commend myself to your prayers, and leaving you in the sea of the Divine Volition, I send the greeting of the Fiat to you, to good Amelia, to little Piuccio and to the little group; and I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, April 10, 1940

88. To Federico Abresch

J.M.J.

In Voluntate Dei

Most esteemed son in
the Divine Volition,

I thank you in the Divine Will for
all your attentions and for the comforting

things that you send me.

You must know that even humility does not exist in the Divine Will, but pure nothingness, which knows clearly that anything good which can be done, is the All operating in the nothing. So the poor nothing is in the act of being continuously born; it is the All that grows and forms Its life in the nothing. Oh power of the Divine Will - as soon as the soul decides and wants to live in It, the Most Holy Trinity takes Its prime operating place in her. And since this is an Act of Divine Will, all want their place of honor in that Act: the Queen of Heaven, the Angels, the Saints, and all

created things. So, with one single Act of Divine Will, we enclose everything, we embrace everything, and we give everything to God, even all that the Eternal Word did upon earth. The goods which descend for the benefit of all are incalculable.

Dearest son, I learned with sorrow of the withdrawal of Fr.

Bruno; after all, Fiat, Fiat! It shows that the devil is consumed with rage not to make the Divine Will known ... It is not even necessary that I send you the obedience, for I would send you a

thousand; but it is absolute Will of God that we interest ourselves in making It known, even at the cost of our own lives. And this, instead of being presumption, as you say, would be the most sacrosanct duty; and whoever does it will be kept by Jesus as the favorite of His Heart, and will receive primacy in His Kingdom.

As for the writings, there is nothing to fear that they might be destroyed. Jesus keeps them in custody, and woe to whoever would dare to touch them; because these are His writings, not mine, and He will well defend what belongs to Him.

As far as your Piuccio, I consider him as the son of a miracle; how could you not think that the Lord will not use him to do great things in him? Therefore, raise him holy and all in the Will of God, and the Lord will do the rest. Pray for me; and leaving you in the Divine Volition to form your life, all soaked in It, from the heart I greet father, mother and son,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, June 3, 1940

89. To Federico Abresch

J.M.J.

In Voluntate Dei - Fiat!

Most esteemed one in the Divine
Volition,

I received your dear letter from Bologna, and since I was unable to answer you soon, I was not sure about where to write you whether to Bologna or to San Giovanni (Rotondo); this is why I did not write you. If the Divine Will wants it, you can come whenever you'd like; because it is the Divine Will

that must have Its prime place in all our acts. If we do so, It will carry us on Its lap and will do together with us whatever we do: we will love with Its Love, we will pray together with It; Its steps will be ours ...

Oh, how happy It will be to live Its Divine Life with the creature who knows It, because only knowledge gives us the highest good of possessing It. It makes Its goods our own, and - oh, how happy It is to let us live with Its own Will and to see us possessing Its own goods! In this Holy Divine Will, It sees the seas of Its Love no longer deserted, but populated by Its children. Therefore,

let us hold dear taking refuge in the Divine Will as our life.

Dearest son in the Divine Volition, since you are near holy Padre Pio, talk to him about our things, that he may talk about them with the Lord; and if the Lord wants, let him tell you something. Entrust me to his prayers, for I need them very much. Kiss his hands for me.

I commend myself to your prayers, and leaving you in the Divine Volition, that you may live more in Heaven than on earth, from the heart I greet father, mother and son.

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, August 5, 1940

90. To Sister Remigia

Fiat

My good daughter Sister Remigia,

I beg you not to waste time. Oh, how I would love to hear you say: "I do not think about whether I am beautiful or bad, or whether I am cold or warm. My

thought is to make all my acts and my being flow in the Will of God." Then Jesus will take care of making you a saint, of rendering you constant and good as He wants you to be. As long as you keep the thought of yourself, even in good, Jesus will not take the reins to lead you and to make of you another Jesus, the repeater of His Life. Let Jesus do, and you will see that soon you will feel totally different from the way you feel now. Jesus can do things better than we; so, let Him do.

I send you my wishes; but do you know which ones? That you may no longer recognize yourself in yourself,

but in Jesus. Oh, how He will love you! He will carry you in His arms, and give you a place in His little Heart. Be attentive, and live all abandoned in Jesus. Regards from my heart,

Your most affectionate aunt,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

91. To Mother Cecilia

Fiat

My good and Reverend Mother. ..

Here I am to give you my wishes for Holy Christmas. And what better wish to give you than to send you little Jesus, so that He may make you be born together with Him? Oh, how He longs for it, and comes to the point of crying, because He does not want to be alone, but wants the creature to be born and live together with Him. The dear Baby will say to you, to the ear of your heart: "My daughter, let me live in you; do everything together with Me, and I will give you My Sanctity to make you a saint, My Beauty to embellish you, My Wisdom so that everything may be order within you. Then I will give you the great gift of My Will to let you breathe,

palpitate, love, together with Me." . . .
He will tell you:

"Only then will I be content, when I see
that you look like Me in everything."

My dearest Mother, let us make
Jesus content; let us be reborn with Him
and live together with Him. He is newly
born, and does not want to be alone; He
feels the need of the company of
someone to kiss Him and to dry His
tears. My Mother, this is my wish; I
believe that your Maternity will be
content. .. More so, since every
additional act we do in the Divine Will
is a new birth for us. We are reborn in

Jesus, and He in us. In this way we will make little Jesus happy.

Leaving you to be reborn together with Jesus, I kiss your right hand.

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

**92. To Miss De
Regibus, from
Turin**

Fiat

My good daughter
in the Divine Will

Thank you for your wishes in the Divine Will. Your long silence made no impression on me, since it is well known that when we are under the weight of humiliations, everyone runs away from us, and some regretted having known us. This happened also to Jesus. But may the Divine Will be always done. It alone is faithful; even more, It opens Its arms to us to give us safe shelter, to feed us with Its love and to say to us: "My daughter, do not fear; give me all your acts, that I may raise and nourish My Life in you. And know

that, to the confusion of those who have not wanted to know My Will, It will reign and form Its Kingdom upon earth. I am the powerful God, and I will use all means in order to conquer man and to make him rise again in My Will."

Dearest daughter, I am sorry for Fr. Beda. Why have the manuscripts not arrived in Rome? Who prevented it? When I know, from sure sources, that in the Holy Office there were requests from all sides-wanting the manuscripts to come out to the light ... After all, it seems as if the Lord wants to do everything Himself - if not today, tomorrow. Therefore, I recommend that

you never go out from within the Fiat, if you want to be one of those who are called to live in It, and to keep in It your place of honor.

Now I send you my wishes, that you may raise Little Baby Jesus in your soul and live together with Him, watching Him constantly in your interior in order to do whatever He does. Say to Him: "I want to be your facsimile." . . I send you the wishes of my sister, and with my regards, I say,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

93. To Mrs. Furilli

Fiat - In Voluntate Dei!

Most esteemed one in the Lord,

I was very pleased in hearing your news, although painful. They are a good sign that the Lord loves us, and that He wants to make of us His faithful images. Jesus needs to repeat His Life upon earth, and He can do so in one who submits himself to anything, and who does His adorable Will. In fact, by doing His Will in all our acts, both spiritual and natural, His image is formed and

circulates like a coin throughout the Heavens. However, this is what I recommend to you: never lose heart; never be disturbed; try to live abandoned in the arms of Jesus, and He will be your Mama, your Father and your custodian. You will feel Him living and palpitating within your soul, forming the life of your life.

Let us thank the Lord for all He has disposed upon us. But I beg you never to go out of His Will. In this way, the Lord will give you His own Love to love Him, His own Sanctity to make yourself a saint, His own Peace in the

storms of life. Together with Him, you will feel strong-of a divine strength-in the pains you suffer. In this way you will fear nothing.

Pray for me, as I do it for you from the heart. With my regards, and leaving you in the arms of the Divine Fiat, I say,

Yours,

Luisa Piccarreta

**94. To Mrs.
Savorani, from
Faenza**

Fiat - In Voluntate Dei

My good daughter
in the Divine
Volition,

Thank you for your wishes and for the so many memories you keep of me. My daughter, you have to bear with me and forgive me for I cannot write you at length, or answer to all of your beautiful questions. But I entrust all of you to the Lord, that He Himself may speak to you, and do whatever pleases Him the most. What I care about is that we live of Divine Will, because these are all the

sighs, the yearnings of Jesus, and maybe even His tears, as He does not see in us the purpose for which He created us: His divine likeness. He sees us outside of His Dwelling, like blind and lame children, who do not look like their Celestial Father. .. What sorrow for our dear Jesus! To have children who do not live with Him, and therefore do not love with His Love, and are not saints of His own Sanctity.

Order and peace are far away from them because, not living of Divine Will, they have neither capacity, nor strength, nor space to be able to embrace and to become images of our Creator.

Therefore, I recommend to you: never go out of the Divine Will; keep It as your life, nourishment, royal garment, dwelling, and It will take on the commitment of everything; It will compensate for you in everything, and will let nothing lack to those who live in His Will.

I cannot give you any good news about our things, which regard the Divine Will; but the Lord will make His way, since it is a divine decree that the Divine Will will form Its Kingdom upon earth.

If you don't mind, I would love to

get about ten copies of the Consecration reprinted. Let us pray, and let us offer our little pains to obtain the triumph of the Divine Will upon earth. We will be the first fortunate ones; we will have Divine Love and Sanctity, and Jesus Himself, in our power; and so we will follow our way together with Him.

I leave you in the Divine Volition. Pray for me very much, for I so much need it. I renew my wishes.

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine

Will.

Corato, January 10, 1941

95. To a Priest

In Voluntate Dei - Fiat

Most Reverend
Father,

I come to give you my wishes for your Name Day, and since I am able to say nothing, I send you Jesus, that He Himself may give you His wishes. And do you know what Jesus says to you? "My child, I wish you true sanctity; and

to do so, I give you My Love as food, My Will as life, all My works, pains and virtues as dowry. Listen," Jesus says, "My wishes are not finite and a simple compliment, like those of the creatures; ah, no, no. My wishes are immense, they are springs; and only then am I content, when I give all of Myself. So, from now on, you will carry Me, and I you, and we will live together."

Holy Father, here are the wishes of Jesus, and also mine; I believe you will like them.

I leave you in the Divine Volition.

Pray for me, as I do it for you from the heart. I kiss your right hand, and on my knees I implore your paternal blessing.

Yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

**96. To Federico
Abresch**

Fiat - In Voluntate Dei

Most esteemed
one in the Divine
Volition,

May Heaven reward you for all your attentions. It seems that also Jesus says to you: "Thank you, My son." . . I am happy with what you have done, and with the way you have done it. A thought tells me: "But will the Holy Father take the trouble to read it? And then ... whom to ask whether he will concede the grace?" I think that everything will remain up in the air. Couldn't this friend of yours appeal to someone who would be able to approach the Holy Father to remind him, in order to obtain concession of grace? After all, may the Divine Will be always done, which should interest us more than anything, because It is Divine Life.

As we call the Divine Will in our acts, we form the generation of the Divine Life in our acts, and - oh, how happy Jesus is in seeing His Life being generated in the acts of the creature. And we are enriched, inside and out, with as many Divine Lives for as many acts as we have done in His Will.

As we desire to do His Will, the Sacrosanct Trinity gives us His Love, covers us with His Beauty, gives us His Goodness, that we may feel the divine order; in a word, He gives us the necessary raw material in order to form His Life. And so in these lives He feels His own Love loving Him; He feels as

though He is receiving Himself from the creature. This is exactly the purpose of God: that we live in His Will in order to form His generation in the creature. In fact, all things created by God possess the good of generating: man generates another man, the bird another bird, and so forth. Should only the Divine Will not have this good? So, let us take to heart living only of Divine Will.

I leave you in the Divine Volition, and greeting you all with that love with which Jesus loves us, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

97.

My good daughter,

Thank you for your holy wishes; I return them to you from the heart. Work always in a holy and upright way, that you may be able to say: "I rise again with all my acts together with my sweet Jesus." How beautiful it is to be able to say: "In everything I do, I call Jesus to rise again; I make His Will my own to

make of It my life, in order to be one single act with the Divine Will."

My daughter, this is my wish for you. I recommend that you never be disturbed. Love peace. Jesus reigns in peaceful souls. May peace and trust be the arms with which you take refuge-in every encounter-in the Most Holy Heart of Jesus, to live together with Him. Never, never go far away from Him if you want to be holy.

I leave you in the Divine Volition. I send you my regards from the heart. Pray for me. I send you all the love of the Fiat as greeting.

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

98. To Mother Cecilia

My good and dearest Mother,

I thank you infinitely for your wishes and also for your attentions. With all the affection of my heart I return your wisheswishes which come from the sighs and the suffocated love of our dear Jesus. He sighs, moans and reaches the point of crying for the desire that we live in His Will. But do you know why, my Mother? He wants us to love with His

own Love, to be saints of His own Sanctity, to be invested with His own Beauty. Only in His Divine Will can we possess these divine qualities, which render us almost like Him. And Jesus, in seeing His likeness in us, loves us so much as to take us in His arms and nourish us with His Love. And if we have to work, He Himself wants to do whatever we need to do, fearing that we may come down from His arms, detach ourselves from His Love and make His Sanctity fade.

This is my wish, my dearest Mother, that, living always in His Will, you may rise again in His Resurrection.

Jesus awaits us in His Will to make us rise again in His own Resurrection. Only in His Will are we able to say: "I have loved Jesus; I have done everything He wants. I have done everything, and I have given Him everything - even Jesus Himself."

You have to bear with me, my Mother, for I am unable to send any other wish but that His Will live in us, because in It there is the highest good I can wish you, and I love you as Jesus loves you. I send my wishes to the sisters who know me and remember me. And this is it, for all, in two words: "I want what God wants, to do what God

does."

I commend myself to your prayers, and leaving you in the eternal waves of the sea of the Divine Volition to become a great saint, I kiss your rights hand. Renewing my thanks and wishes, I greet you with the very love of the Most Holy Divine Will.

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

**99. To Federico
Abresch**

Most esteemed son in the Divine
Volition,

Let us thank the Lord for everything, Who, in His great goodness, wanted to use this little one, the poorest of all creatures, to manifest the sublime living in the Divine Will. He is used to manifesting Himself to the little ones, to the most ignorant, so that we may attribute nothing to ourselves, but everything to His infinite Love for us, miserable creatures. But who can say all He has said about a way of living, so holy? Only little drops can be put out. It is enough to say that every time we do an act in His Holy Will, we go to meet

the whole of Heaven, and all of Heaven comes to meet us; all the Saints, all the Angels, and the very Queen of Heaven feel honored to place their acts together with ours, to do whatever we do. They feel their happiness and glory redoubled, because a Divine Will is the actor and spectator of our act, and no one wants to set himself aside - and with right, because the Divine Will belongs to all, except for those who, ungrateful, do not want to know It, Love It and possess It. Therefore, all Heaven repeats in chorus: "If It is ours, why should we not do what It does? .. " .. More so, since every time we do an act in the Divine Will, the human will goes through a

martyrdom - not of blood, but of will, which never dies. And the Lord is so pleased that He places on it the seal of a divine martyrdom. So we can say to God: "I am your continuous martyr. I die not just once, but many times, for as many times as I don't do my will. .. " .. Enough for now; let us move to something else.

Dearest one in the Lord, nothing new happened here, as far as what you say about Rome. On the contrary, there has been a terrible storm against the books and against me. However, I think it was caused by some priests and religious from Corato. May the Lord

bless and forgive all. It must be a diabolical rage, since, in just hearing the name of Will of God, he is consumed and becomes furious. So, let us pray. I thank you; do whatever you can do, and whatever the Lord wants.

I leave you in the Divine Volition; may It be the center of your life. Oh, how I wish that everything you do would flow in It, to bring Him your kisses, your love, the embraces of your gratitude; to storm Heaven and say to Him: "Hurry up, let your Will come and reign upon the earth."

I greet you with the love of the
Divine Fiat, together with Amelia and
little Pio.

Affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, June 23, 1941

100.

In Voluntate Dei

Most esteemed

Francesca,

I don't know how to thank you for your goodness and charity toward me, the poorest of all creatures. May Heaven reward you, and may the Queen Mama hold you in her arms to keep you and to make you good and holy, as sweet Jesus wants.

My good daughter, it is necessary to die to everything in order to rise again to all goods and to true sanctity. But it is so sweet to be able to say: "Crucified You, O my Jesus - crucified I. Slandered, despised, abandoned by all, You - slandered, despised and

abandoned I. So, O Jesus, we look alike."

You are right in what you say to me, and I add: what we should care about is to live dissolved in the Holy Will. In each one of our acts, also natural, done in the Divine Will, in the most tiny things, even in one breath, we can form a martyrdom, not human, but divine - more noble, more holy than the martyrdom of shedding our blood, to offer to Jesus His infinite Love, His Sanctity which has no beginning and no end. And Jesus will see His Most Holy Will operating in our tiny act. In His operating Will, He will find in us

infinite material in order to form His Life. What joy, what happiness! Therefore, let us never move away from His Will, even at the cost of our lives ... It is true that sometimes the storms are such that we feel like succumbing - and even from people we did not expect; but dear Jesus helps us and sustains us, in such a way that everything ends up in His Holy Will. Therefore, in every circumstance, let us never lose peace, and let us run into the arms of Jesus as our refuge. In this way we will be safe.

I like to hear that you always receive Communion. Never leave it, either out of disturbance, or distress, or

fears. Nothing which is not peace ever comes from God, but always from our enemy, who gains a lot when he sees us disturbed. And we lose true trust; we lose our arms to take refuge in Jesus. Therefore, in order to become saints, nothing is needed but courage, trust and peace, in order to live in the immense sea of the Divine Will.

Thanking you again, I leave you in the Divine Volition to make yourself a saint. Pray for me, for I so much need it, and from the heart I will do it for you. Greeting you with the affection of the Holy Divine Will, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, August 10, 1941

**101. To Federico
Abresch (?)**

Dearest son in
Jesus Christ,

Thank you for everything. Let us hope that the Lord will enlighten the Holy Pontiff. If you can take other steps, do it; otherwise, we will always say,

"Fiat, Fiat!" However, while we wait, let us live always in the Divine Will. The Divine Will is on the lookout-one could say-to see whether even our breath, heartbeat and motion are in His Holy Volition. And if It sees them running, It makes feast, and feels Itself being loved, glorified and adored by all, in our breathing, heartbeat and motion. In one single breath, we give It everything and everyone. Its Most Holy Will circulates in all and gives life to all, and our little motion runs together with It and gives It all that creatures owe It. It is enough to say that one single act done in the Divine Will storms Heaven; we make the seas of love of the

Queen of Heaven and of the very Divinity our own, and we give them back to God as seas of love which belong to us.

We, poor creatures, are nothing; and so He calls us; He wants us in His Will to receive everything, even Himself, from His beloved creature. Everything else is nothing - it is just little drops. So, if we want to love Him very much, let us live in His Holy Will, and - oh, how many surprises we will find! First among all, the Divine Will operating in us, which will form seas of love, of light, of sanctity and of surprising graces; and we will be

involved in such a way as to be unable to leave.

I leave you in the Divine Volition to become a great saint, and greeting you cordially, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, August 19, 1941

**102. In Voluntate
Dei**

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Let us bury everything in the Divine Will. May It be our refuge, our defense, our life, the light which envelopes us from everywhere, and which, if It wants it so, can also eclipse our enemies.

Blessed daughter, do we want to put everything in a safe place - sanctity, and the very life of Jesus within us? Let us do the Divine Will. Let us live in It, more than if It were our own life, and - oh, how happy we will feel, living of Divine Will! Heaven will be ours with certainty. Each tiniest act done in It,

even a trifle, storms Heaven; it is like a little visit that we make to the Celestial Fatherland. So, if we want to be at peace - because peace must be our daily bread - let us not think of what has happened. Jesus will have more interest than us in thinking about it; and since centuries are like a single point for Him, whatever He does not do today, He will do tomorrow, and will triumph victoriously over those who have been opposed. Our sufferings will serve to make them know the truth, and, as I hope, also to become saints.

Let us not lose our place of honor of living in the Divine Will. Let us

content ourselves with dying, rather than not doing the Divine Will. In It we will feel a divine strength; we will love God for all; we will be the true children who console their Celestial Father. .. It is true that the times are sad, and who knows where we will end up, but if we do the Divine Will and live in It, Jesus will come and take refuge in us, because He will find His own Will offering Him His own Heaven, His worthy dwelling.

Therefore, courage and trust. With courage we will challenge everyone, and with trust we will live safely in the Heart and in the arms of our sweet Jesus; our Queen Mama will take us on

Her knees and will keep us hidden under
Her blue mantle. I leave you in the
Divine Volition to make yourself a saint.
I recommend to you: let us not change in
the different circumstances of life; many
times they serve to make us copy and
imitate our dear Jesus.

Pray for me, for I so much need it,
as I will do it for you from the heart.
Leaving you enclosed in the Divine
Volition, that you may never again get
out of It, with maternal affection I greet
you and I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

103. To Teresa

In Voluntate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

I send you the Divine Will as life, help, support and perennial company, in which to hide in your sufferings. It will welcome you with love; It will carry you in Its arms, as Its beloved daughter. Every pain you will suffer together with It will embellish you with new beauty; It will give you new love; It will make you

grow in sanctity. So, your state of suffering is nothing but a divine crafting which It is doing in your soul. If you are attentive in receiving this work, It will make of you a prodigy of Its Grace, a triumph of Its Love, a victory of Its Most Holy Will. Therefore, my daughter, I recommend that you never move away from the Holy Will of God. Call upon It in every instant, in every pain, in all circumstances. If you do so, you will feel Its divine strength, Its company, which can never leave a creature who is calling It alone. On the contrary, It is anxiously waiting for her call to give her a kiss, a hug, a smile of love, and to say to the ear of her heart: "Tell me, what do

you want? I am here with you. Everyone can leave you, but I-never. Rather, I feel happy to be together with one who suffers, because I find sufficient raw material to carry out My divine crafting, to make her grow as I want, and as a child who belongs to me."

Therefore, with all my affection I send you the greeting of the Fiat, that you may remain enclosed in It, without ever leaving.

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, November 2, 1941

**104. To Federico
Abresch**

In Voluntate Dei

Most esteemed
son in the Divine
Volition,

Here I am for you, to tell you to
always hide in the Divine Fiat: we will
be safe in It; all evils will flee from us;
we will secure sanctity. In each one of
our acts, even natural - because our

nature was given to us by God - we will be invested with new beauty, with new love, with new divine strength. If we live in the Divine Volition, even our breath, our steps, our motion, run within the breathing, in the steps and in the motion of all, to give back to God love for each breath, prayer for each step, glory for every motion. The Divine Will is everywhere and we, by living in It, find ourselves in Heaven and on earth to love Him with all, in all, and in every place.

The Saints, the Queen of Heaven and God Himself anxiously await the "I love You" of one who lives in His Will,

because it is a new gain that they make. The "I love You" of the earth resounds in Heaven, in each Blessed, in the seas of the Celestial Mama, and says to all: "I love You, I love You ... " .. One can say that Heaven and earth exchange the kiss of love and celebrate together. Therefore, may we take to heart living always in the Divine Will; in It we will form seas of love, seas of adoration, seas of glory, to give to our Creator. ..

I leave you in the Divine Volition, together with little Piuccio and Amelia. Make yourselves saints, but saints of Divine Will. It will carry you in Its womb; It will hold you tightly to Its

breast; It will feed you with Its breath; It will make you feel Its Life palpitating in you ... How happy you will be!

With all my heart I send you my regards together with the Fiat,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, November 4, 1941

**105. To Mother
Cecilia**

In Voluntate Dei!

My good and Reverend Mother,

I feel the duty to send you my wishes for your Name Day of Saint Cecilia. She was a martyr of blood, and I wish you a greater martyrdom, more noble and divine, more heroic and more accepted by God - that is, the martyrdom of the Divine Will. This martyrdom surpasses all other martyrdoms; even more, as many times as you do the Will of God instead of doing your own, so many times you will be able to say: "I am martyr for You; the martyrdom I offer

You is not of blood or of flesh, but with my will united to Yours, I offer You a divine martyrdom." Goodness of God! If only our acts enter the Divine Volition, everything is changed into divine in us, and what is human no longer has life.

Here is my wish. I could not send you a more beautiful one; more so, since the opportunities are not lacking. In all circumstances, even painful, you will have a refuge in which to take shelter. Jesus is waiting for you with open arms to receive you and to help you to form within you the noble martyrdom of the Divine Will.

Now let's come to us. The Lord has permitted that you go far away, without even seeing each other. Fiat, Fiat! And it also seems that you want to forget me: Fiat to this as well. But I beg you to never forget to pray for me, poor creature, and from the heart I will do it for you. It seems to me that I had in you a far away mother who had a thought for me. Now, Fiat. Let us remain always united in the Divine Will, from which we will draw the strength and the sanctity He wants from us.

My sister sends you her wishes and kisses your right hand, and I leave you in the Divine Volition to make

yourself a saint. Pray for me. Kissing
your hand, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

106. To a Priest

Most Reverend
Father,

To my surprise I received your
dear letter. Thank you. I also often
remembered you in my poor prayers.
Our most interesting task is to live of

Will of God. If we do this, we do everything; and even if we did nothing, by living in the Divine Will, the All pours into the nothing and works Its great wonders, such as to astonish Heaven and earth. And if we do much without the Divine Will, it is just little drops. Therefore, I placed everything in the Divine Volition, so that It may do whatever It wants. But, be certain that Its Kingdom will come upon earth ... It wanted to conquer man through love, but man, and maybe even the very members of the Church, rejected It. This is why the Lord was forced to use the rigor of Justice, so that man, touched in his own flesh, might recognize that Supreme Will

which wants to reign and live in our souls.

So, dear Father, let us pray. Let us do this Will so Holy and let us live in It. May It be our breath and heartbeat. If we do so, we will be carried in the divine arms; It will lower Itself to breathe in our breathing, to beat in our heartbeat, to move in our motion. Then, in the ardor of our love, we will say to Him: "I love You for all, and for love of You, I give You the heartbeat, the breath, the motion of all."

I commend myself to your prayers, and leaving you in the Divine Volition to

make yourself a saint, I kiss your right hand with all my esteem, and I implore on my knees your paternal blessing.

Your most devoted servant, the little daughter of the Divine Will.

**107. To Federico
Abresch**

In Voluntate Dei!

Most esteemed and dear son in the
Divine Volition,

I delight and rejoice in hearing

that you interest yourself in the Divine Fiat, and together with me, Jesus rejoices and delights. I say to you, "Thank you from the heart" together with my dear Jesus. Whatever you can do, do it; the rest will be done by Jesus, who so much wants, loves and yearns that His Will be known and possessed by the creature as her own life. In fact, only the Divine Will is the origin of our life, the means and the end of our existence, and will make us storm Heaven. Without It, we are turned upside down; we lose the right to our terrestrial and celestial goods; we lose the bond with the Divine Family. On the other hand, if we live of Divine Will, everything is ours; even

God Himself is ours ... If we love, our little love runs through all hearts, and even in future hearts, and loves God for all. It runs through the Angels, into the seas of love of the Queen of Heaven, in the divine seas of God, and everywhere, in everything and in every place-loves. The creature who loves in the Divine Will is not content if she does not find her place in all, to love the One Who so much loves her.

To love in the Divine Will astonishes Heaven and earth; the very Saints yearn to have within their hearts this conquering Love of one who lives in exile. So, if we pray, if we adore, and

even if we sigh in this Will so holy, we become life of all, and we give God all that everyone should give Him.

Therefore, the prodigies of living in the Divine Will are inexhaustible, and maybe we will get to know them in Heaven. This is the reason for which the infernal enemy has closed all doors, using ecclesiastical people. But the time will come when Jesus will triumph over all, and His kingdom on earth will certainly come, because it is a decree of God, and He does not easily change His decrees because of the wickedness of men. However, blessed are those who interest themselves in His Will, because

the Lord will use them to open the ways which had been closed, and will use their acts as many keys in order to open Heaven and to make It descend and reign upon earth. Therefore, dearest son, let us be attentive; let us never move from the Supreme Fiat.

As far as the round (...)

I leave you in the Divine Volition to make yourself a great saint. Pray for me; I send you my regards from the heart in the Divine Will.

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

108. To Teresa

Fiat!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

I recommend that you do not lose peace, and that you live so abandoned in the Divine Will as to feel It as your own life. If you do so, this Will so holy will take you upon Its maternal knees, more than a tender mother; It will hold you tightly to Its Divine Heart; It will raise you as Its beloved daughter. So, in all your pains, you will feel your Mama near you, assisting you, guiding you and changing your little pains into a Sun and

into little coins for Heaven. In each pain, dear Jesus will give you a kiss, a hug, and will adorn your soul with most refulgent gems. Therefore, courage, my daughter; never lose heart; never get discouraged. It is Jesus that wants His daughter similar to Himself; aren't you happy? So, do not care about anything else but to live abandoned in His arms. With this you will feel a new strength, and you will no longer feel alone; sufferings will turn for you into sanctity and into celestial joys. Dear Jesus will give you His pains as courtship, strength and company.

I leave you in the Divine Volition

to make yourself a great saint; and
sending you my regards from the heart, I
say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, December 15, 1941

**109. To Mrs A.
Savorani, from
Faenza**

In Volunatate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

What I recommend to you is that the Divine Will be your life, your breath, the beating of your heart, your continuous motion. It is the greatest miracle that the Lord can make for you, and the highest sanctity we can possibly reach. Every time we live of Divine Will, we acquire divine bonds and we bind ourselves to the Divine Family. All rights are ours - both human and divine because everything belongs to the Divine Will, therefore everything is ours. So, think that together with the Divine Volition, I am whispering to your

ear: "My daughter, live always in the Divine Will."

I have always remembered that, among everyone, you had a special interest in knowing the Divine Will and in making It known (When we want to know It, we form the seed of the Divine Will), and I was bound to you. Therefore, continue your mission, I beg you, do not draw back, and in all things make an encounter with the Divine Will ... Oh, how It yearns for this, and reaches the point of crying and begging us to receive It in all our acts. And when It is received, It makes feast, and puts all Heaven in a new feast, seeing that a

creature wants to do Its Divine Will.

Thank you for your affection. I will pray for your brother; and you, pray for me, for I so much need it. Leaving you in the center of the sea of the Divine Will, that you may never again leave It, I say,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, January 22, 1942

110. To Federico Abresch In Voluntate Dei!

Dearest son in the Divine Volition,

(...) what you say seems good to me, and also the Lord is pleased, because those who today love to live in the Divine Will and to know It, form the seed, the conception, and maybe even the birth of this Divine Volition within their souls-also, to make It be conceived in other creatures. So, if It does not expand, how can It be reborn in others?

You must know that the sanctity of living in the Divine Will is nothing other than a birth which the Divine Sanctity makes in the creatures. It is the greatest

miracle It can perform in the creatures; it is the miracle which can give all to God, which can love Him for all, even for those who do not yet exist, and which can receive all from God. In fact, finding His Most Holy Will in us, He finds the space in which to place His Sanctity, His Goodness, His Beauty, His graces, and also His divine works. So, He is able to form His own Divine Generation in all our acts. Oh, how glorified and loved is God, in seeing the generation of His Divine Life in our tiny actseven in the breath, in the motion, in the step!

The Sanctity of living in the Divine Will is symbolized by the sun,

which does good to all, gives itself to all, denies itself to no one, and while almost holding the earth on its lap (giving to each plant, to some color, to some sweetness, to some fragrance - things which are all different and distinct among each other), yet, while doing so much good, the sun never says a word; it allows its light to be trodden by our steps; it follows us everywhere, and all the glory and honor is of God, who made it sun. Such is the soul who lives in the Divine Will, whom the Lord uses to do good to all, and from whom He receives glory and honor, as if all had loved Him.

Therefore, love very much that the

Divine Will be known in order to form His Divine Generation upon earth, that He may abound even more with His beloved creatures. He feels so much the need to love and to be loved, but does not find His Will; His Love remains hampered, and He is not able to give or receive what He wants. .. The Divine Will has such surprises in the soul that the Heavens are astonished and the Angels remain mute in seeing our Creator enclosed in our tiny act.

Beloved son, I recommend to you - never go out of the Divine Will. I commend myself to your prayers, and

leaving you bound to the Divine Family
to live together with Them, I send you
my regards from the heart,

Most affectionately yours, the little
daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, January 2, 1942

111. To a Priest

J.M.J. - Fiat!

Most Reverend Father,

I feel the duty to send you my wishes for your Name Day, but my most beautiful wish is that of sending you the Divine Will as bearer of Divine Sanctity, of light, of love and of peace, that It may plunge you into Its sea and hide you within Its light, in such a way as to not want or see anything but Divine Will. Mayall your life be transformed so much in It as to feel Its Life more than yours. How happy you will be! You will feel a Creative Power in all your necessary things, and also in the good you want to do to souls ... In the Divine Will you will feel that it is not you who are speaking, working, walking, loving,

but it is Jesus who speaks, works, walks and loves. Even more, He is too jealous to let us do; He wants to do everything Himself, and in order to do so, He puts His own Will at our disposal. Goodness of God - how lovable, great and powerful you are!

Holy Father, I think you will appreciate my wishes which I am sending to you with all my heart, and that you will pray for me, that I may never leave the Divine Will, because It alone is my refuge, my help, the support in my sufferings ... However, I feel happy that everyone has gone away from me-and you too, and that the Divine Will is the

only thing left to me; and I hope It will soon take me to Heaven in Its arms.

I renew my wishes, and leaving you in the center of the sea of the Fiat, and kissing your right hand, on my knees I implore your paternal blessing.

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, March 1942

112. To Federico Abresch (?)

Fiat!

Dearest son in the Divine Volition,

Your dear letter brought me joy. Thank you, thank you! May the Divine Volition reward you by making you know Its Divine Will, because Its life grows in us as we get to know It. A good cannot be possessed if it is not known; and as we get to know It, our capacity is expanded and this good takes Its royal place within us. So, Its Sanctity, Its Beauty, Its Love are increased in us, and It forms Its little divine seas within our soul. This is why all the effort of the enemy is to prevent the knowledge of the Divine Will from coming to light,

because he would lose his kingdom on earth.

The first thing that the Divine Will does when It is known is to transform us in good, and to floor our passions. From weak, It makes us strong, and Its power causes such a change within our soul, to the extent of making us feel the possession of our God, and so our will becomes a divine chamber. With It, everything will become easy; we will feel Heaven within us; our acts will be communicated to the Saints and to the Queen of Heaven, who awaits with so much love that her children take part in her acts-in the divine seas which She

possesses ... We will feel bound, and with right, to the Divine Family, because Their Will is also ours.

Most esteemed son, you could not give greater glory to God and greater good to creatures, than by obtaining many children to living in His Will. You must know that for everything we do to make It known, the Divine Will takes Its place in us and does everything Itself. We are nothing but concurrent, giving It the place in order to let It work and do whatever It wants. One can say that we give It the step to let It walk, the hands to let It work, the voice to let It speak.

The news from Germany, although it is not what we hoped for, is still good. The time will come when It will triumph over all and the blind will open their eyes to a good so great.

I believe with certainty that good Jesus is pleased with what you do in order to increase the children of the Divine Will. Even more, you must know that in everything we do in order to make the Divine Will known, His Love is so great that He Himself does it within us: it is He who speaks, works, and pushes us. His contentment is so great that He Himself does everything. Therefore, continue to call many

children around the Father and the
Celestial Mother.

I leave you in the Divine Volition,
and sending you my regards from the
heart, I say,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, May 26, 1942

**113. To Federico Abresch, from
Bologna**

Fiat! - In Volunatate Dei!

Most esteemed son of the Divine Will,

Thank you for all your attentions, especially for doing the petition to the Holy Father. Let us hope that Our Lord will enlighten him. Your letter was of great consolation for me, especially the letter from Sister Maria Deo Gratias.

Oh, how I wish that all would understand what it means to live in the Divine Will! It is the greatest miracle that Jesus can do for the creatures; it is the greatest glory He can receive. To live in It means to love with His own Love and, together with Jesus, to possess the Creative and Preserving

Power - He, by nature; we, by grace. We can say that we are inseparable from Him; we will feel the life of good by right. One feels that passions, weaknesses and all evils have no reason to exist before a Will so holy ... Jesus loves so much one who lives in the Divine Will that He prepares a chain of prodigies, each different from the other, and always new in Sanctity, Beauty and Love, such that He Himself feels enraptured by this creature. His perennial occupation, one could say, is that He is unable to be without the soul who lives in His Holy Will. To live in It is to storm Heaven, and all our acts, even the most tiny and natural ones,

become messengers of peace between Heaven and earth ... Oh, if all would understand this, to live in It would become our predominant passion and all evils would flee from us!

I am sorry for good Amelia, for her sufferings. But dear Jesus, in order to give us His likeness, creates pain by the touch of His paternal fingers, and makes the most beautiful pearls, the most refulgent suns, the most expensive diamonds come out from it; and He gives us His most ardent kisses and the tightest hugs. Crosses are always His precious inheritance.

Pray for me; and leaving you enclosed in the Divine Volition - father, mother and son - to make yourselves saints, I greet you with the love of the Fiat,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, July 1, 1942

114. To Federico Abresch (?)

Fiat!

Most esteemed son in the Divine
Volition,

Thank you for all your attentions. Oh, how I'd love to give all my life to make everyone know the Divine Will! These are the sighs, the anxieties, the follies of love of dear Jesus, who wants to make the Divine Will known to all, so that It may be possessed, because when we possess It, It works the most beautiful wonders and the greatest prodigies in our souls. Without It, we are as many crippled; with It, everything is beauty and sanctity, such as to enrapture God Himself. And then, to live of Will of God means to love God

with His own Love; and since the Divine Will is everywhere, we love Him for all and in all, even in the Saints and in the Queen of Heaven, who feels glorified more by those who want to love God with His own Heart.

What the Divine Will does in one who lives in It is unspeakable, incomprehensible, and so amazing as to astonish Heaven and earth; even the Angels remain speechless. There is nothing that could glorify God more, that could raise us more to His likeness, that could preserve more, within us, His Divine Sanctity, His beauty and

freshness, the firmness in good and the order of His wisdom, than living in His Will.

Therefore, at any cost, even giving our lives, let us give It the right to live in us, to dominate and to reign. Let us fulfill our duty, both with words and in writing; we will sow many divine seeds into souls, which will form the Divine Generation within their acts-acts which will turn into suns to give light to all.

I commend myself to your prayers; and leaving you in the Divine Volition to form images of our Creator, and sending you my regards with the Love of the

Fiat, I say,

Most affectionately yours, the little
daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, August 20, 1942

115. To Mother Cecilia

My good and Reverend Mother,

Here I am for you, after such a long silence. Dear Cecilia makes the thought arise in me of sending you my wishes. But what wishes could I send you? And here is the Holy Divine Will

coming before me and saying: "My Will never ends; I always have some to give. Therefore, send her, as wish, My Love which rises continuously, My sanctity which is ever new, My virtue which is always working. I never tire of speaking, but I also want to receive the little love of the creatures-their will into Mine-to be able to dispose them to receive into their will the prodigies which My Divine Will can do."

Here is my little wish: your will at the mercy of the Divine Will. In this way you will feel within you the Sanctity, the love and the works of the Supreme Fiat as your own. Your life will no longer be

of the earth, but of Heaven. Your acts will be nothing but divine conquests, in which you will form as many Jesuses for as many acts as you do. So you will be able to bring Jesus to all.

My good Mother, I think you will appreciate my little wish; more so, since it comes from the heart of a daughter who wants to see her mother as though carried in the arms of the Divine Will, to become the saint It wants her to be.

116. To Sister Mercedes

My good and Reverend Mother,

Thank you for all your attentions. As the Divine Will is known more, you will be able to expand Its unending boundaries within your soul, and will make our Highest Good happy. My Mother, this is the only happiness of Jesus: that the soul live in His Will, because He can give whatever He wants, and can make of her one of the greatest portents of sanctity. He recognizes her as His daughter, and gives her His own Divine Will as her dwelling. He makes her share in all His goods, and in each one of her acts He forms His Divine Life - as many Jesuses for as many acts as we do. What

happiness to be able to say: "If I live in the Divine Will, I will form the Divine Generation within my acts, which will love Jesus with His own love. Not only this, but they will love Him in all hearts, and even in the Saints and in the Queen of Heaven." .. We will be the bearers of the love of all to our Creator.

Dearest Mother, Christmas is near, and I anticipate my wishes by wishing you the Divine Generation in your acts - the only purpose for which we were created. God gives us the place of honor in His Will, in order to give us His likeness and say: "My daughter is like Me in everything ... " May the Celestial

Baby be enclosed in your heart to form,
He Himself, this Generation, all divine
and celestial.

(...) I leave you in the Divine
Volition as your refuge, help and
defense.

Most affectionately yours, the little
daughter of the Divine Will

Corato, November 11, 1942

**117. My good daughter in the Divine
Volition,**

Thank you for your attentions. May Heaven reward you and give you so much grace as to make you live in the sea of the Divine Will. By living in It, we can say that we are in our home; we have our place of honor; we live together with Jesus; His pains are ours and ours are His, and they do all that His pains do: they run to the help of all; we love God for all... The very Saints yearn for our tiny acts done in the Divine Will, because, being acts of pilgrim souls, they possess the conquering act; and They almost enclose themselves in our act to receive new joys, greater happiness. Divine Will, how admirable and incomprehensible to our little

capacity are You!

I commend myself to your prayers, leaving you in the Divine Volition to make yourself a saint. I would love that you would not interest yourself in anything else but to live of Divine Will. Strip yourself of everything, and in everything you do, let the Divine Will dispose everything. How beautiful it is to be able to say: "Jesus is the master of all. May He do whatever He wants-even with my breath, with my heartbeat, and with my whole being!"

I send you my regards from the heart,

Most affectionately yours, the little
daughter of the Divine Will.

118.

My good daughter,

I longed so much to hear your news, and finally I got your letter. I thank the Lord for everything. The place says nothing; all we should care about is to bring with us the Will of God, which is not a house made of stone, but of Light, and which knows how to put to flight all evils. So, if you want to be safe, live in

the Divine Will, and It will know how to defend you from everything and from everyone, in whatever place you are. Oh, if all knew this great divine secret, they would all remain at their place, without fearing anything.

My daughter, I recommend to you - remain always in the Divine Will. It will take to heart all of our troubles; It will keep us on Its paternal knees, clinging to Its womb of Light, to be our defense, help, refuge and the balm in our sufferings.

We are doing fine here, always in the Divine Will- the only means, if we

want to be at peace and have the necessary strength in the circumstances of life. It is Its ardent sighs, Its anxieties, and maybe even Its tears that call us to live in It. So, let us make It content.

I leave you in the Divine Volition,
to live in Its eternal waves,

Most affectionately yours, the little
daughter of the Divine Will.

119.

Reverend and good mother,

I thank the Lord, for my poor letters did not get lost. It seems to me that the Divine Volition loves so much everything which can be said about Its Holy Will that It takes care of it and keeps it in Its custody in order to bring Its Life, which It wants to give us with so much love. To be possessed by the creature is Its feast and the feast of all Heaven, because every additional act we do - may it be even little and natural - increases in us new divine likeness, new love, new sanctity, new beauty. On the other hand, every act-may it be even a great one - which does not have the Life of the Divine Will as foundation, takes us away from His likeness,

reduces love, fades Its beauty, closes Heaven to all goods, and forms the sorrow of God.

By living in the Divine Will, our destiny is secured. We will have the strength of God in our power; everyone will respect us - fire, hail, water... Therefore, have no fear - pluck up courage. Fear is of the vile and of those who do not trust God, because in this way they have no weapons to defend themselves, not even from the most tiny little midge (...)

120. To Federico Abresch (?)

Most esteemed son in the Divine
Volition,

(...) What you say is not true - that is, that the beauty, the sublimeness, the Sanctity, which the Divine Will produces in our acts are seen and enjoyed only by God. False. If God receives, He gives. He rewards even one thought of ours, one sigh, one movement done to fulfill His Will. And He says: "The creature has sighed to do My Will; I must pay her." .. And do you want to know what pay He gives us? An imperturbable peace, a strength which is such as to be able to bear anything. And if the earth surrounds us by necessity, we

feel the weight and the nausea of it, and we long for Heaven.

To feel pleasures, imperfections, weaknesses, is not evil. Wanting them is ugly, because the Lord does not care about what we feel, but about what we want. So, let us be attentive, and let us not waste time with things which do not belong to the Divine Will. More so, since the Lord does not teach difficult things. What He wants is precisely the little things, because they are easier to do, and we cannot find an excuse and say: "I could not do it." .. The little things are always around us, in our hands; while the great ones come rarely.

So, we cannot say that sanctity is not for us. Even our own nature is formed with many little acts - the breath, the heartbeat, the motion; yet, they form our life. And if we lacked even one breath, our life - we could say - is ended. So we can say if our little acts are not animated by the Will of God. Therefore, let us allow everything we do to flow in the Divine Will and we will feel enlivened and in possession of the Life of the Fiat. How happy and holy we will be! (...)

121.

My good daughter,

I beg you to live always in the Divine Will. I pray that Jesus will seal It in your mind, on your lips, in your heartbeat, in the movements of your hands, and even in your breath. This Fiat wants to be prime act of all our acts, both natural and spiritual. And when we call It, even in our little acts, It feels recognized by the creature; It makes feast, and in a delirium of love, says: "The creature called Me; she gave Me the first place, so I can place in her acts My Sanctity, My Love, My Likeness," and It wants to give also Its Beauty and Wisdom ... It wants to give of Its own, but It wants to be called. When It is called, It makes Itself known; when It is

known, It makes Itself possessed and loved. Therefore, be attentive, my daughter; when dear Jesus wants to give, He asks, in order to prepare the space in which to place His gifts, His light, His graces in our hearts.

I conclude by leaving you in the Divine Volition, on the paternal knees of God, to receive His Life and His continuous likeness, in such a way as to be able to say: "I am copying Jesus." Enclosing you in the Heart of Jesus, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

122.

(...) In order to possess a good, it is necessary to know it. Knowledge makes one love and appreciate the good possessed; it makes us rise again in the known good; it gives us divine likeness. So, every additional act we do in the Divine Will is one more divine likeness that we receive; and Jesus loves us so much as to endow us with His Love, His Sanctity, His Light and perennial peace, and He declares us His legitimate

children.

Therefore, let us pray and let us never allow the Divine Will to escape us - both in small and in great things; both in spiritual and in natural things - because everything is of God, and it is right that we recognize the Divine Will as prime act in everything (...)

123.

My good lady,

(...) if we do the Divine Will, It carries us in Its arms. He Himself descends in all our acts to place in them His Sanctity, His Love, His Strength, His Light, and He becomes our refuge and our life. So, there is nothing we should fear. (...)

124.

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

I recommend that you never move

away from the Divine Will. Live always in Its maternal arms, like a baby in the arms of her mother. Place your sufferings in Its maternal hands, that It may use them to make you a saint and to do good to all creatures. How happy you will feel, thinking that your sufferings serve to save souls, to console Jesus, to kiss His wounds, to tell Him that you love Him! In every pain you suffer, tell Jesus to bring you His Love. Love Him always, and Jesus will be wounded by your love and will love you more ... Think that every pain you suffer is an "I love you," a kiss, an affection, a hug that Jesus sends to you. In this way you will feel strength in your sufferings, and the

joy which the pains suffered for Jesus bring. May the Divine Will be your dwelling, your food, your life. May the continuous word on your lips be: "I want to do your Will and live in It!" In this way you will feel strengthened, and the pains you suffer will be sweetened.

I leave you in the Divine Will to make yourself a saint(...)

Corato, November 13, 1943

125.

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

(...) I too remember the goodness of your sister. May the Lord keep her in Paradise, and may she pray for us. You will certainly not neglect to make Holy Masses be celebrated for her soul. And then, with the loss of your sister you have not remained alone-with you is Jesus, the Celestial Mama, and maybe even the soul of your sister. Therefore, pluck up courage, and if you want to

became a saint and to please Jesus more, enclose yourself in the Holy Will of God; hold It as more than your own life. May It be your continuous food, your refuge, your help, your strength. It will hold you in Its arms as a little daughter. Unite your pains together with those of Jesus, that they may be missionaries throughout the world, just like the pains of Jesus, and you too will feel happy.

My daughter, Jesus wants you always together with Him. He does not want to be alone-in order to make of you whatever He wants. It is sure that when we are together with Jesus, He loves us more and He fulfills His designs upon us

(...)

126.

Most Reverend Monsignor,

I don't know how to thank you for your attention-for remembering the little servant of Jesus, and I don't know how to repay you. I can only pray that dear Jesus will make you live of Divine Will, because It alone can make us happy, and can make us saints of His own sanctity. More so, since the only desire of Jesus

is that we live in His Will, because if we live in It, He can give us whatever He wants. Jesus wants to display His love, but our will is small and He doesn't know where to put it. He wants to give us surprising graces, but our will is incapable of receiving them. This is why He wants to find in us His Holy Will-not only to give us what He wants, but to make of us His faithful images. So, whenever He finds us in His Will, He makes feast and says: "Finally I found a place where I can put of My own. My Will will know how to keep My graces, My Love and My own Sanctity."

Therefore, holy Father, let us take to heart living in the Divine Will. It will keep us sheltered, protected from all dangers and free from all evils. Oh, if everyone knew what it means to live in the Divine Will-they would compete, and all evils would cease instantly!

This is my wish for the new year - that you may live always in the Divine Will, and that Jesus may make of you a missionary of the Divine Will.

Forgive my saying-maybe also inappropriate. I renew my thanks, and leaving you in the sea of the Divine Volition, in the arms of Jesus and under

the mantle of the Queen of Heaven, I kiss
your right hand and I implore on my
knees your paternal blessing.

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, January 10, 1944

127.

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Pluck up courage, dear Jesus will

not leave you alone. It is sufferings that wound His Heart and draw Him with an irresistible force to be together with the creature, to give her the merit of His own pains, and to adorn her with divine marks, so as to make her similar to Himself. His Love makes feast when He finds us resigned, because He can give us the shape He wants, to embellish us as He wants. Therefore, I recommend to you - let Jesus find you in His Most Holy Will, and He will make a prodigy of your soul. And the more you feel alone, the more you will feel close to Jesus. He will give you His strength and His Graces, and with your pains He will form the most refulgent suns, the most

precious pearls.

Pray for me; and leaving you in the Divine Volition to give work to Jesus and to make yourself a saint, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

128.

Most Reverend Father,

Thank you for your promise to pray for me. I like very much your way of praying for me-may the Lord answer you. And I promise to enclose you in the Holy Will of God, that your acts may be animated by Divine Sanctity, by His infinite Love and by His incomparable Light and Beauty. Holy Father, one who lives in the Divine Will can do everything, does everything, brings everyone to God, and becomes the bearer of God to all. Even more, one can say that God does nothing without this creature; He feels her inseparable from Himself, and says to her: "My Will is yours, take whatever you want. While

you live on earth, keep your conquering act, and I will anxiously await the new joys and the new conquests you will give Me." .. Therefore, may the Divine Will be everything for us. May It be our refuge, our life, our All.

I commend myself to your prayers, and leaving you in the Divine Volition to make yourself a great saint, I kiss your right hand.

Your servant,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, May 26, 1944

129.

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

I am sorry for your painful state, but you must know that the Divine Will has Its plans and works to do. So, if you think that the Divine Will is working you, your tears and anguish will cease; you will have a divine strength in your power, and everything will seem sweet and bearable. Think that your pains

serve Jesus, and that He keeps them in His hands as precious coins with which to save souls. Abandon yourself to the Divine Will. Let Its Divine Life rise again in all your sufferings.

I leave you with all your pains in the Divine Volition. Pray for me. And sending you my regards with the love of the Fiat, I say,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

130.

My good and Reverend Mother,

Thank you, thank you for remembering me. In exchange, I will pray the Divine Volition to take you in Its arms, that It may descend in all your acts, even in the breath, in the heartbeat, in the steps, and form in them Its complete Kingdom, in such a way that you will feel Its Love, Sanctity and Divine Power palpitate in you.

My most dear Mother, this is exactly what the Divine Will can do:

give Itself completely, in order to vaunt forming Its Life in the creature. And only then It makes feast, when It has completed it; and It calls Heaven to celebrate Its new Life, which will do good to all, bring new joys to all, suffrage to the purging souls, and help to all the living. It will be the new Sun, which denies Its Light and Heat to no one.

My Mother, I recommend to you - let us always do the Divine Will. It will put to flight all passions; It will clothe us with royal garments of light. We will be the terror of demons, and will give God the new joys which the Divine Will can

give. (...)

**131. To
Federico
Abresch (?)**

Most
esteemed
son,

I hope you will feel better, because you still have much to do to make the Divine Will known. It will be the bearer of true peace, of true sanctity, and will give back to us the rights which we have lost by doing our own will. Not

only this, but the Lord will have the great glory of forming the Divine Generation in all our acts. How happy we will be, thinking that in every little act of ours - even in the breath, in the motion, in the steps - we will form as many Jesuses, as many Divine Lives, for as many acts as we do! Oh, how Jesus longs for this, reaching the point of counting the minutes, the breaths, to form His life in the acts of the creature and say: "The creature loves Me with My own Love; she adores Me, she prays to Me with My own prayers ... " . .In this way we will populate the sun, the earth, the sea, with many Divine Lives. Then will our lives live hidden in God, and

we will do what the Lord wants and does. Therefore, let us pray, in order to obtain such a great good.

I send you the greeting of the Fiat, that It may keep you enclosed in the Divine Will. (...)

**132. To
Federico
Abresch**

Most esteemed son in the Divine
Volition,

I answer to your dear letter. To hear that you speak of the Divine Will and that you want to know more about It is a great joy for me, knowing how content Jesus is to find a soul who wants to live of Divine Will. This creature is His triumph and His victory. And even if in the past He was wounded by this creature, He looks at these wounds, smiles and says: "I have conquered her; she is My victory," and He shows her around to all of Heaven to make feast. And as fulfillment of His victory, He centralizes all His goods in her: the goods of Creation and of Redemption, and gives her the right over everything.

And then, wanting to know a good means wanting to possess it; it is like the appetite for food.

I am sorry for Padre Pio, if he makes a dark face. We do not speak of what the Church has prohibited, but of what the Church Herself does not yet know. And the day will come when the Church will know and appreciate, with triumph and victory. Nor can there be true peace or true triumph if the Divine Will is not known. Our Lord will make the greatest miracles to make His Will reign upon earth. Therefore, let us pray that the time will be shortened and that everything will be changed into Will of

God.

I commend myself to your prayers. Kiss the hands of Padre Pio for me. And leaving you all in the sea of the Divine Will, that you may all live from Its Sanctity, Love and Light, to be able to embrace everything and everyone, and to do good to all, with the Love of Its Fiat, I send my regards to all,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, November 27, 1944

133. To

**Federico
Abresch**

Dearest son in
the Divine
Volition,

I answer to your most dear letter, and I pray that Jesus will give you ever new graces and light, in order to make everyone understand the living in the Divine Will. Oh, how Jesus longs for it, and reaches the point of crying for the desire that we know the Holy Divine Will, and that It reign and dominate in the whole world, because it is a decree

of the Sacrosanct Trinity that the Divine Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven. Just as Creation and Redemption were decreed, so has the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth been decreed. Therefore He will use all His art; He will take the creature from all sides - with terrible chastisements, with amazing miracles - so that this may happen. He will reach such an extent that the first one in the sacrifice will be Jesus Himself: He will place Himself at the head of all our acts, so that all of them may flow in the sea of the Divine Will, ..

And if Jesus is chastising us, it is

exactly because of this because the creatures, especially on the religious side, instead of allowing Jesus to conquer them through love, as He wanted, have let themselves be taken through chastisements ... Poor Jesus, how much He suffers! And how He sighs and cries because the creatures do not pray Him, do not press Him to concede them the gift of living in the Will of God. And if He finds one, He takes her in His arms, He makes feasts, He feels like a victorious King who, although He had to suffer for six thousand years receiving wounds and defeats, has now finally made His first conquest. And He enjoys her

triumphantly, calling all of Heaven to celebrate His first victory. And while He makes feast, He places His Sanctity, His Love, His Light, His graces, at the creature's disposal, and gives her the right to her Celestial Fatherland ... So, even being on earth, she possesses the Celestial Fatherland and can say: "All that is done in Heaven, I do on earth; even more, they do it enjoying and delighting, I do it making new conquests, which serve to bring new joys to Heaven."

Therefore, say to all that there is no greater thing, or a more amazing prodigy than to live in the Divine Will:

we place ourselves at God's disposal, and He places Himself at our disposal, to the point of making us form as many Jesuses for as many acts as we do in His Holy Will.

The seas of the Divine Will are not yet known. If they were known, all would dive into the sea of the Divine Volition to live perennial life in It. Therefore, let us pray and wait: Jesus has the centuries in His power; whatever He does not do today, He will do tomorrow, because today the minds are blind. Tomorrow He will find eyes which will be able to sustain the Light of the Divine Will, and He will do all

that He has not done today.

Sending you my regards, I leave
you all in the immense sea of the Divine
Will.

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, January 15, 1945

134. To a Nun

J.M.J.

In Volunatate Dei!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

I write you a few lines. I beg you to never put aside the Divine Will. Let It be your life, your breath and heartbeat. If you want to make yourself a saint, if you want peace and to give peace to all, if you want a divine power to invest you and transform you into Jesus Himself-I beg you to think of nothing else but to live in the Divine Will.

I return my regards to Mother Superior and to Sister Dionisia; and leaving you all in the Divine Volition, I greet you with the love of the Fiat,

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, April 1945

**135. To Sister
Giovannina**

J.M.J.

In Voluntate Dei! - Fiat

My good
daughter, Sister
Giovannina,

Thank you for your attentions, in letting me hear your news. What I recommend to you is to never leave the Will of God. Never look at the one who commands you if you want to possess peace and let the Divine Will reign in your soul. If you let It reign, you will feel a divine strength within your soul, which will give you the grace to do everything that the superiors command of you, and you will feel Jesus working and doing everything together with you. You will never feel alone, but always together with Jesus, who will be your Master, will guide your steps, and will hold you tightly in His arms.

I leave you in the Divine Volition, and if you want to keep me content, let me close the doors, so that you may never leave It. My sister sends you her regards and I greet you with the love of the Fiat.

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Corato, September 18, 1945

136. To a Nun

J.M.J.

In Voluntate Dei! - Fiat!

My good daughter in the Divine Volition,

Oh, how I'd love to find you always in the sea of the Divine Will! Every tiniest act of yours would cover you with Its sanctity, with Its love, with Its peace, and you would feel as though repatriated into the Celestial Fatherland. My daughter, be attentive, never allow It to escape you. If you do so, you will never feel alone, but always in the company of my sweet Jesus, who, like a skillful painter, as you do your most tiny acts, also human, will take His divine brush in order to portray His likeness in

you, and will say to you: "My daughter is like Me in everything."

As far as the death of your sister, do not worry-on the contrary, you must thank the Lord for taking her as a virgin. Rather, pray that He will bring her soon into Heaven. Do not be concerned for your mama; the Lord will take care of her.

I return your greetings for my sister, for the Cimadomos, and for Rosaria. Pray for me. I leave you in the Divine Volition to make yourself a saint. I send you my regards with the love of the Fiat; give them to Mother Superior

for me.

Most affectionately yours,

the little daughter of the Divine
Will.

Corato, October 8, 1945

Deo Gratias

*A Light on Your
Journey for Each Day
of the Year*

Archdiocese of Trani-Barletta-Bisceglie
Nazareth

NIHIL OBSTAT Trani, September 24,
1997

Il Cancelliere Arcivescovile Mons.
Giuseppe Asciano

From the Postulation of the Cause of

Beatification of

Luisa Piccarreta

Fiat!

This little booklet will be for you, fortunate soul, a Light of guidance and strength, which will accompany you each day of the year.

It contains brief reflections taken from the Letters of the Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta, who died in odor of

sanctity on March 4, 1947 in Corato (Bari), Italy, and whose Cause of Beatification is currently in process.

These thoughts are the fruits of her intimate life, lived in the fullness of the Divine Will, from which she drew Light in order to give Light to all of those who turned to her to receive guidance and strength on their journey of life.

Though brief, these reflections are filled with Divine Wisdom, and are capable of transforming your day into Love for God and your brothers and sisters.

Open your heart to pure faith - to the Divine Fiat that wants to transform your actions in the Light of the Divine Will; and to your Guardian Angel, who will gather the fruit of your daily reflection, to offer it to God as the homage of your "Yes" to His Most Holy Will.

With the protection of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, I wish Divine richness and safe guidance for your soul, on the journey toward the high mountain of the Divine Fiat.

Luisa will lead you by the hand -
do not fear!

*Sister
Assunta
Mariglia.*

January

These are my wishes for the new year - that you may live always in the Divine Volition, and that Jesus may make of you a missionary of the Divine Will.

We have an omnipotent Will with us; therefore there is nothing to fear.

I pray to Jesus that He may give you

strength, and put Himself in the place of your heart, so as to heal the pain and provide for everything.

In the Divine Will you will find true peace, and you will give it to others; more so, since by doing the Divine Will, a sweet blood will descend into your veins, which will put to flight all troubles of soul and body.

As many pains as you suffer, as many tears as you shed, so many are the Angels around you, gathering, full handed, the pearls which you form with your sufferings, and bringing them to Jesus as pledges of your love.

With all my heart I pray and will pray for you. And you, be good - dignified. Always pray to Jesus that He may assist you.

Be sure that I will not forget you. Never be disturbed; these are storms that go by.

Think that Jesus continually says to you: *"My child, forget about everything, and remember only that your Jesus wants love in order to give you love. "*

He wants to make of you a saint, but wants your will in His hands in order to make of it a prodigy of sanctity.

Lean on Him, and you will see that all things - pains, crosses, miseries, weaknesses, the very defects, and illness will lose their look and will all turn into messengers and bearers of sanctity.

If you sin and are not holy, do you want to know the cause? Lack of union with Jesus.

Don't think about the past, this harms you a great deal; rather, even today, begin your life with Jesus.

I want you peaceful. Peace will be the flag which goes ahead, in order to prevent evil and do the good you

desire."

The Celestial Mama is preparing a chain of graces for you, and will keep her blue mantle laid upon your person in order to protect you and guard you.

But do you want to know why you feel the weight of your miseries? Because many times you do not try to be together with Jesus and to convince yourself that He is already with you, and you do not unite the pains of Jesus with yours.

Before the pains of Jesus, yours lose hardness, empty themselves of their weight, become small, and almost smile.

In the pains you suffer, in the prayers you say, in the work, in the food, in the sleep, say to Him from the heart: *"Jesus, I want to do always your Will. "*

Let us adore the judgments of God, just and holy, Who disposes everything for our good and to make us holy.

Your pains, your crosses, even though heavy, will serve the Divine Beggar, Who looks for our sufferings in order to form and continue His life within us.

All you have to say and do is this: *"The Heart of Jesus wants me a saint: I must become a saint!"* Have we understood

each other?

Jesus too was mocked in His pains, but it was then that He triumphed; and by means of pains, He conquered our souls. Don't you want to be like Him? You must know that your pains are written in the pains of Jesus, as triumph of His Love toward you.

Be sure that beloved Jesus will be jealous that you don't lack what is necessary, and even the storms will calm down.

Look at all things as bearers of a Will so holy, and you will see that the Fiat will

defend you.

Don't get discouraged, do not fear, do not lose peace, abandon yourself more than ever in the arms of the Divine Will, and be tranquil, waiting in full confidence for the helps and means which are necessary to you.

Sufferings form the carriage which brings us to Heaven, and the more the sufferings, the faster it will go.

Each additional pain is a faster ride which takes us soon and straight to Heaven.

Courage, courage. All other things are left; while sufferings are brought to Heaven, and form our most beautiful throne and never ending glory.

My child, everything is in a strong, firm, constant resolution to deliver our will into the hands of Jesus, so that His Will may underlie each one of our acts.

In all our being, in the most natural acts of life - in food, in sleep, in sufferings, in prayer, and also in legitimate pleasures, the Divine Will must have Its royal place.

If the will is good, the heart is good; if

the will is holy, the heart is holy. If our will gives place to the Divine, letting It raise Its throne in our will, the heart acquires the divine qualities by grace.

Look for the Divine Will in everything, and your being will become continuous prayer, in everything.

February

It is not the words that form prayer, but our union with the Divine Will.

I recommend that you never leave

prayer. Have great confidence in God.

As we decide to always do His Will and to live in It, sweet Jesus covers all our past miseries in order to let us begin the new life, all holy, and all of Heaven.

In the secret of our heart, Jesus says to us: *"My daughter, if you do what I want, I will take on the commitment of all your things. I can do them better than you - do not worry about anything; let Me do and you'll see. "*

The Divine Fiat is that which must embrace us, enclose us within Itself, in such a way as to consume us completely

in the Divine Will.

To live in order to be consumed in love is the most beautiful act.

All you should care about is to do the Divine Will, and to know It in every circumstance of your life.

We should never get discouraged or lose peace, when we are not answered immediately.

When there is prayer, the hour of the Lord will come and He will give us more than we ask for.

Peace, trust, courage, resignation and prayer, and the Lord won't be missing to you. All that the Lord allows for you is nothing but means to become a saint.

Learn a little bit to be alone with Jesus, and He will be with you.

I wish you the peace of the Fiat, that It may make the full day arise in you - always serene.

Peace can be called daylight of God, in which the Divine Volition forms Its day of ever growing sanctity, and ever new graces.

One single act we do in the Divine Will is so great as to surpass the greatness of Heaven and earth.

Let us do the greater part, that is, the Divine Will - and everything else will come by itself; or rather. .. more than we ourselves, Our Lord will take care of it.

The Celestial Mama comes to visit you and to be your Mother, Teacher and Consoler; and also to give you Her sweet company in order to teach you how to live from the Divine Will.

My brother, courage, trust, for you have a Celestial Mama who loves you very

much, and who will never leave you.

If you do the Divine Will ... oh, how It will change your bitterness! You will feel a true divine strength that will ease your painful state.

If there is peace, there is God; and peace is the sign that the Divine Will reigns as life, or at least as virtue.

My child, remove the sadness from your soul; do not get discouraged or disturbed; hold peace as the greatest treasure.

Mortifications, adversities and sorrows

are the messengers that Jesus sends to us, His little warning letters, the unexpected telegrams, which bring us the good news of how much Jesus loves us.

Without the cross it would be as if we had no correspondence with our beloved Jesus, and as if He had made no design upon us... Ah, no, may Heaven save us from this misfortune!

I recommend to you peace, courage and true resignation, and you will see what the Lord will make of you.

Do not stop reading the book of *The Queen of Heaven*, in order to better

learn how to live in the Divine Volition.

Courage, trust and abandonment in the arms of our adorable Jesus.

There are tears of the heart - the tears of the soul, which are more bitter and transform us into our beloved Jesus.

Let us be attentive - let us live as if we had no other life, no other word, but the Divine Will.

May Heaven, dear Jesus and our Queen and Mother reward you for everything; even more, in exchange I will pray that they may give you the royal garment of

the Divine Will.

March

Don't lose heart because of the difficulties and the circumstances of life; they are steps which make us go higher in the Divine Volition.

Especially in painful circumstances, dear Jesus takes us by the hand to make us rise higher and achieve beautiful conquests - not human, but divine.

Oh, how I'd love to hear that you are

always in the Divine Will!

How beautiful it is to live in the Divine Volition! Everything is ours; God Himself feels the need to give Himself at the mercy of His creatures, to love them and to be loved by them.

Put everything with filial abandonment into the hands of God and of the Queen - They, who love us so much and want to be loved.

Crosses make us be reborn to a new life of sanctity and of Grace.

Let us make everything flow in the Holy

Will, if we want It to perform Its prodigies of love in our soul.

God Himself faces up to all our things and puts His Sanctity, His Love, all His Being at our disposal, as long as He receives the contentment of seeing us live in that Volition which is the bearer of all His goods.

As far as weaknesses, miseries and the like, as long as our will is not there, don't worry, since that is our ruin.

I recommend that you do not think of miseries and weaknesses. The more one thinks about them, the more he feels

them.

Try as much as you can to make the Divine Will known to everyone; in this way you will obtain the grace to know It more yourselves.

Oh, how good is Jesus! If we knew Him, we would die enraptured with love.

Only the doubt that Jesus does not love us very much saddens Jesus and embitters Him.

The cause, I believe, of everything you tell me, is lack of union with Jesus in all your things. The enemy finds you alone,

without Jesus, and does his own crafting in you, disturbs you, and takes peace away from your heart.

Remain always with Jesus, both in spiritual and in material things, and Jesus will take care of giving you peace.

Everything you suffer, and even your coldness, give it to Him in order to relieve Him and repair Him.

Jesus wants harmony and concord among you, and He will be in your midst.

Jesus alone can comfort us in our sufferings. Therefore, let us turn to Him

alone; let us throw ourselves into His arms like tender babies; and if pain makes us cry, let us wet His paternal hands with our tears.

Fears, doubts, agitation, are laces which bind us to ourselves, and take the freshness of love away from us; even more, they make it wither and snatch us from the arms of Jesus.

My daughter, until you strip yourself of everything, even of holy tastes, Jesus, the kidnapper of hearts, will not give you His divine tastes.

Be on guard for everything which is not

peace, because fears and restlessness, even under the aspect of good, are always infernal breaths and rags of hell.

If you love Jesus, be at peace; whatever the circumstances may be, never get disturbed, and remain in full trust like a baby in the arms of Jesus.

Let us learn from this exile how one must live in Heaven!

Do not afflict yourself with what you feel in the depth of your soul; these are works that Jesus does in order to accomplish His great designs.

Never lose peace in these circumstances, because the storm will be over - everything ends down here - but peace does not end; rather, it is the carriage which brings us to Heaven.

Do not neglect anything, give example of a firm character, be always the same with yourself. Don't let the devil laugh, because if you are not firm and always the same, the enemy will say to you:
"You wanted to do good to others, and you were unable to do it to yourself."

So does Our Lord, Divine Architect: He strikes the iron of our soul in order to remove the rust, to soften us and give us

the shape of the object He wants to make of us.

Peace is the smile of the soul, and the spring which makes the little ground of our soul bloom; it removes from us the veil of disturbance and reveals to us the One Who loves us so much.

Despondency exhausts courage and strength, and renders us unable to do good.

Don't you feel in your heart the presence of a powerful hand that guides you?

Abandon yourself in the Divine Volition

like a little baby, and you will feel a new strength, a new light arise.

April

In order to do some good, it takes someone who feels the life of that good. If this life is not felt, it will be done in a forced way and even badly.

Be sure, my daughter, Jesus loves you and wants you good and holy. Do not listen to the enemy, who would want to snatch the gift from the hands of Jesus.

Do not pay attention to doubts or anything which is not peace.

I send you my wishes of a good Easter:
let the Divine Will

The most beautiful wish I can send you is that your will may rise again in the Divine Will, so that you may take your place of honor in the whole order of Creation, where God wants us to be.

My wish is that our will may rise again in His; in this way, you will give work to Jesus.

If the enemy torments you, determined,

say to him: *"These are things that don't belong to me. I don't want to steal from anyone, not even from hell. "*

Unshakable firmness in good. Interest yourself in nothing but Jesus.

Not wanting to obey means not wanting to do the Will of God!

As far as the future, don't worry about it either, because it is not ours, but belongs to God.

Draw everything from sweet Jesus, and He will be generous to you. Don't get distressed about anything; do not fear,

because Jesus will take care of everything.

The Divine Will will be the true Sun for you, which will make the night of troubles disappear, forming the smiling spring of the most beautiful flowers.

The Divine Fiat awaits you, to say to you: *"Give me life in your acts and I will make you a saint. And everything will turn into happiness. "*

What a magic force, what powerful magnet does the Divine Will possess! In the hardest pains It knows how to give rest, placing Its balm on the most

embittered wounds.

I can tell you nothing but this: may the Divine Will cover you and hide you within Itself, but so much so as to feel nothing but Will of God within you.

The origin of our existence was formed in the center of the Supreme Fiat.

1 7. God created our human will as His divine room, as a secret office, in which He was to live together with us.

Disturbance is not food for Jesus. Peace forms the day, and converts everything we do into love.

Do you want to know how to grow in the PIAT? By calling it in everything you do, whether natural or spiritual.

Say to dear Jesus with all your heart that you want to live in His Will, that you want to know nothing but His Will alone.

Let us be attentive! Let us not give this sorrow to our dear Jesus - to live without the life of the Supreme Fiat.

There is no greater love I could have for you, but to wish to see you enclosed in the Divine Will.

Everything you have done, both for

yourself and for others, is seeds that you have formed - seeds which make the Life of the Divine Will be born again.

Nothing is lost for us if we really want to live from the Divine Will. This Life exists within us, it did not escape; however, one must not abandon it, but make it grow and nourish it.

The Will of God is ours - and Life of ours. God gave it to us, as principle of life, in the act of creating us, when He brought us to the light.

It seems to me that dear Jesus surrounds you with these pains in order to give you

strength, and with tender and loving voice, He says to you: *"My child, give these pains to Me, that they may form my arms, my heart, my steps - my whole Life, to be able to live within you. "*

We must be convinced - not the great things make us saints, but the little ones, which we have in our power and which serve as the nourishment of sanctity.

If we only knew how many miracles and prodigies are enclosed in the Life of the Divine Will, we would give our lives to receive so many goods.

Let us pray and look for our place in the

Divine Will. Let us make of our will the secret cell in which Jesus speaks to us and reveals to us His secrets, but in which He also reveals to us His pains.

Oh, how I wish you would occupy yourself with nothing but living of Divine Will, to let sweet Jesus live always together with you.

May

If you want to be a saint, live always with Jesus. He takes on the commitment to make of you His faithful copy.

I do nothing but pray that the Divine Will may give you the greatest grace - of enclosing you in His Will, in which you will find everything you need to make yourself a great saint.

Love will make everything easy for you; more so, since you will no longer do anything by yourself, but always with a Will so Holy, which can do everything.

There is nothing left for us in life but to close our ears to everything, if we want to be at peace even in the midst of the greatest storms.

There is nothing more beautiful than the

sanctity that, in everything, looks at the Divine Will.

Therefore, let us be attentive; let us not leave the Divine Will, which is for us the bearer of all goods.

I recommend that you sow the seed of the Divine Will in the souls as principle of Life.

In whatever state you feel, be always tranquil - do not think of cold or warm. The Divine Will is more than everything: more than prayer, more than recollection, more than fervor, more than miracles - more than everything.

Let us remain always united in the
Divine Will.

What I recommend is that you look at
your crosses as many visits from Jesus,
Who brings you the life of the Divine
Will, to make It reign in you and to give
you all His love as food.

If you do the Will of God, you will feel a
strength in all your sufferings; you will
feel an invisible hand which helps you,
guides you, and does whatever you do
within you.

When one does the Will of God, the
work is more of God than ours.

Live in It, and you can be sure that you will make yourself a saint. You will feel the bond and the association with the Divine Family.

If Jesus does not find His Will in us, He does not find the adaptable material to make us saints.

Every act of Will of God that we do creates His Life in us, and we form the long generation of God in our acts.

Oh power of the Divine Will - as soon as the soul decides and wants to live in It, the Most Holy Trinity takes Its prime operating place in her.

Let us hold dear taking refuge in the Divine Will as our life.

Oh, how I would love to hear you say:
"I do not think about whether I am beautiful or bad, or whether I am cold or warm. My thought is to make all my acts and my being flow in the Will of God. "

Every additional act we do in the Divine Will is a new birth for us. We are reborn in Jesus, and He in us.

We are under the weight of humiliations, everyone runs away from us, and some regretted having known us. This

happened also to Jesus. But may the Divine Will be always done. It alone is faithful.

I send you my wishes, that you may raise Little Baby Jesus in your soul and live together with Him, watching Him constantly in your interior in order to do whatever He does.

Jesus needs to repeat His Life upon earth, and He can do so in one who submits himself to anything, and who does His adorable Will.

Never lose heart; never be disturbed; try to live abandoned in the arms of Jesus,

and He will be your Mama, your Father and your custodian.

I beg you never to go out of His Will. In this way, the Lord will give you His own Love to love Him, His own Sanctity to make yourself a saint, His own Peace in the storms of life.

What sorrow for our dear Jesus! To have children who do not live with Him, and therefore do not love with His Love, and are not saints of His own Sanctity.

I recommend to you: never go out of the Divine Will; keep It as your life, nourishment, royal garment and

dwelling.

It is a divine decree that the Divine Will will form Its Kingdom upon earth.

Let us pray, and let us offer our little pains to obtain the triumph of the Divine Will upon earth.

As we desire to do His Will, the Sacrosanct Trinity gives us His Love, covers us with His Beauty, gives us His Goodness, that we may feel the divine order.

Only in His Will are we able to say: "*I have loved Jesus; I have done*

everything He wants. I have done everything, and I have given Him everything - even Jesus Himself."

Every time we do an act in His Holy Will, we go to meet the whole of Heaven, and all of Heaven comes to meet us.

June

Every time we do an act in the Divine Will, the human will goes through a martyrdom - not of blood, but of will, which never dies.

My good daughter, it is necessary to die to everything in order to rise again to all goods and to true sanctity. But it is so sweet to be able to say: "*Crucified You, O my Jesus crucified I Slandered, despised, abandoned by all, Youslandered, despised and abandoned I So, O Jesus, we look alike.*"

In each one of our acts done in the Divine Will, also natural, in the most tiny things, even in one breath, we can form a martyrdom, not human, but divine.

Let us never move away from His Will, even at the cost of our lives.

In every circumstance, let us never lose peace, and let us run into the arms of Jesus as our refuge. In this way we will be safe!

It is enough to say that one single act done in the Divine Will storms Heaven; we make the seas of love of the Queen of Heaven and of the very Divinity our own, and we give them back to God as seas of love which belong to us.

Do we want to put everything in a safe place - sanctity, and the very life of Jesus within us? Let us do the Divine Will. Let us live in It, more than if It were our own life.

Oh, how happy we will feel, living of Divine Will!

Let us not lose our place of honor of living in the Divine Will. Let us content ourselves with dying, rather than not doing the Divine Will.

Let us not change in the different circumstances of life; many times they serve to make us copy and imitate our dear Jesus.

In each one of our acts, even natural - because our nature was given to us by God - we will be invested with new beauty, with new love, with new divine

strength.

If we live in the Divine Volition, even our breath, our steps, our motion, run within the breathing, in the steps and in the motion of all, to give back to God love for each breath, prayer for each step, glory for every motion.

The Divine Will is everywhere and we, by living in It, find ourselves in Heaven and on earth to love Him with all, in all, and in every place.

The Saints, the Queen of Heaven and God Himself anxiously await the "*I love You*" of one who lives in His Will,

because it is a new gain that they make.

The "*I love You*" of the earth resounds in Heaven, in each Blessed, in the seas of the Celestial Mama, and says to all: "*I love You, I love You ...* "

May we take to heart living always in the Divine Will; in It we will form seas of love, seas of adoration, seas of glory, to give to our Creator.

Goodness of God! If only our acts enter the Divine Volition, everything is changed into divine in us, and what is human no longer has life.

In all circumstances, even painful, you will have a refuge in which to take shelter. Jesus is waiting for you with open arms to receive you and to help you to form within you the noble martyrdom of the Divine Will.

Let us remain always united in the Divine Will, from which we will draw the strength and the sanctity He wants from us.

Our most interesting task is to live of Will of God. If we do this, we do everything.

If we do much without the Divine Will,

it is just little drops. Therefore, I placed everything in the Divine Volition, so that It may do whatever It wants. But, be certain that Its Kingdom will come upon earth.

Let us pray, let us do this Will so Holy and let us live in It. May It be our breath and heartbeat. If we do so, we will be carried in the divine arms; It will lower Itself to breathe in our breathing, to beat in our heartbeat, to move in our motion. Then, in the ardor of our love, we will say to Him: *"I love You for all, and for love of You, I give You the heartbeat, the breath, the motion of all. "*

The creature who loves in the Divine Will is not content if she does not find her place in all, to love the One Who so much loves her.

If we pray, if we adore, and even if we sigh in this Will so holy, we become life of all, and we give God all that everyone should give Him.

I recommend that you do not lose peace, and that you live so abandoned in the Divine Will as to feel It as your own life.

In each pain, dear Jesus will give you a kiss, a hug, and will adorn your soul

with most refulgent gems.

Courage, my child; never lose heart; never get discouraged. It is Jesus that wants His child similar to Himself; aren't you happy?

Dear Jesus will give you His pains as courtship, strength and company.

What I recommend to you is that the Divine Will be your life, your breath, the beating of your heart, your continuous motion. It is the greatest miracle that the Lord can make for you, and the highest sanctity we can possibly reach.

Those who today love to live in the Divine Will and to know It, form the seed, the conception, and maybe even the birth of this Divine Volition within their souls.

July

You must know that the sanctity of living in the Divine Will is nothing other than a birth which the Divine Sanctity makes in the creatures. It is the greatest miracle It can perform in the creatures.

The Sun never says a word; It allows Its

light to be trodden by our steps; It follows us everywhere, and all the glory and honor is of God, who made It Sun. Such is the soul who lives in the Divine Will, whom the Lord uses to do good to all, and from whom He receives glory and honor, as if all had loved Him.

The Divine Will has such surprises in the soul that the Heavens are astonished and the Angels remain mute in seeing our Creator enclosed in our tiny act.

In the Divine Will you will feel that it is not you who are speaking, working, walking, loving, but it is Jesus who speaks, works, walks and loves.

May the Divine Volition reward you by making you know Its Divine Will, because Its life grows in us as we get to know It. A good cannot be possessed if it is not known.

You must know that in everything we do in order to make the Divine Will known, His Love is so great that He Himself does it within us: it is He who speaks, works, and pushes us. His contentment is so great that He Himself does everything.

Dear Jesus, in order to give us His likeness, creates pain by the touch of His paternal fingers, and makes the most

beautiful pearls, the most refulgent suns, the most expensive diamonds come out from it; and He gives us His most ardent kisses and the tightest hugs.

Jesus wants to make the Divine Will known to all, so that It may be possessed, because when we possess It, It works the most beautiful wonders and the greatest prodigies in our souls.

Each thought of yourself is a little escape from the arms of Jesus.

Patience, my child, dear Jesus wants to make you mature more in sanctity, and His Divine Volition wants to hasten Its

life in your soul.

Disturbances, fears, little mistrusts, are the night of the soul and make her see all things as opposite to what they are.

The love of Jesus, His sighs and also His tears for desire that His Will reign in us as life, are such that He never leaves us alone; He Himself descends into the depth of our will; He molds it, strengthens it, purifies it, prepares it, and does all that we do together with us.

What I want - and this is all my interest - is that you keep growing in the Divine Will. Do not pay attention to your little

passions - they themselves feel crushed and agonizing, when they have to deal with a resolute soul.

The mind toward Heaven, the gaze to the Cross, the heart loving Him, the arms always in the act of hugging Him, the steps calling Him, the words saying always "Fiat". In each thing never escape from acquiring a degree of sanctity. Make yourself a saint; Jesus wants it, make Him content.

Be attentive, my daughter; when dear Jesus wants to give, He asks, in order to prepare the space in which to place His gifts, His light, His graces in our hearts.

Resignation is what renders the cross lovable, beautiful and precious.

Resignation empties the cross and renders it light, making a sweet blood descend into our veins, which sweetens its bitterness.

When our wills are fused with Jesus, the cross is no longer a cross, but a precious treasure, a divine gain, and the coin for Heaven!

Do not fear - when the Fiat takes on the commitment, no one can resist It.

To live of Will of God means to love God with His own Love; and since the

Divine Will is everywhere, we love Him for all and in all.

What the Divine Will does in one who lives in It is unspeakable, incomprehensible, and so amazing as to astonish Heaven and earth; even the Angels remain speechless.

And here is the Holy Divine Will coming before me and saying: "*My Will never ends; I have always some to give. Therefore, send her, as wish, my Love which rises continuously, my sanctity which is ever new, my virtue which is always working.*"

Here is my little wish: your will at the mercy of the Divine Will. In this way you will feel within you the Sanctity, the love and the works of the Supreme Fiat as your own. Your life will no longer be of the earth, but of Heaven.

This is the only happiness of Jesus: that the soul live in His Will, because He can give her whatever He wants, and can make of her one of the greatest portents of sanctity.

Oh, how I wish you would occupy yourself with nothing but living of Divine Will, to let sweet Jesus live always together with you. Never lose

sight of Him, my child; never leave Him alone in your heart.

All we should care about is to bring with us the Will of God, which is not a house made of stone, but of Light

If you want to be safe, live in the Divine Will, and It will know how to defend you from everything and from everyone, in whatever place you are.

My child, I recommend to you - remain always in the Divine Will. It will take to heart all of our troubles; It will keep us on Its paternal knees, clinging to Its womb of Light, to be our defense, help,

refuge and the balm in our sufferings.

Every additional act we do - may it be even little and natural - increases in us new divine likeness, new love, new sanctity, new beauty. On the other hand, every act - may it be even a great one - which does not have the Life of the Divine Will as foundation, takes us away from His likeness, reduces love, fades Its beauty, closes Heaven to all goods, and forms the sorrow of God.

By living in the Divine Will, our destiny is secured. We will have the strength of God in our power.

If God receives, He gives. He rewards even one thought of ours, one sigh, one movement done to fulfill His Will. And He says: *"The creature has sighed to do my Will; I must pay her."* And do you want to know what pay He gives us? An imperturbable peace, a strength which is such as to be able to bear anything.

To feel pleasures, imperfections, weaknesses, is not evil. Wanting them is ugly, because the Lord does not care about what we feel, but about what we want.

August

Our own nature is formed with many little acts - the breath, the heartbeat, the motion; yet, they form our life. And if we lacked even one breath, our life - we could say - is ended. So we can say if our little acts are not animated by the Will of God.

I beg you to live always in the Divine Will. I pray that Jesus will seal It in your mind, on your lips, in your heartbeat, in the movements of your hands, and even in your breath.

Jesus loves us so much as to endow us with His Love, His Sanctity, His Light and perennial peace, and He declares us

His legitimate children.

If we do the Divine Will, It carries us in Its arms. He Himself descends in all our acts to place in them His Sanctity, His Love, His Strength, His Light, and He becomes our refuge and our life. So, there is nothing we should fear.

I recommend that you never move away from the Divine Will. Live always in Its maternal arms, like a baby in the arms of his mother.

How happy you will feel, thinking that your sufferings serve to save souls, to console Jesus, to kiss His wounds, to

tell Him that you love Him! In every pain you suffer, tell Jesus to bring you His Love. Love Him always, and Jesus will be wounded by your love and will love you more.

May the Divine Will be your dwelling, your food, your life.

Pluck up courage, and if you want to become a saint and to please Jesus more, enclose yourself in the Holy Will of God; hold It as more than your own life. May It be your continuous food, your refuge, your help, your strength.

Unite your pains together with those of

Jesus, that they may be missionaries throughout the world, just like the pains of Jesus, and you too will feel happy.

I can only pray that dear Jesus will make you live of Divine Will, because It alone can make us happy, and can make us saints of His own sanctity.

Jesus wants to display His love, but our will is small and He doesn't know where to put it. He wants to give us surprising graces, but our will is incapable of receiving them. This is why He wants to find in us His Holy Will - not only to give us what He wants, but to make of us His faithful images.

Let us take to heart living in the Divine Will. It will keep us sheltered, protected from all dangers and free from all evils.

Pluck up courage, dear Jesus will not leave you alone. It is sufferings that wound His Heart and draw Him with an irresistible force to be together with the creature, to give her the merit of His own pains, and to adorn her with divine marks.

I recommend to you - let Jesus find you in His Most Holy Will, and He will make a prodigy of your soul. And the more you feel alone, the more you will feel close to Jesus.

I promise to enclose you in the Holy Will of God, that your acts may be animated by Divine Sanctity, by His infinite Love and by His incomparable Light and Beauty.

May the Divine Will be everything for us. May It be our refuge, our life, our All.

I am sorry for your painful state, but you must know that the Divine Will has Its plans and works to do. So, if you think that the Divine Will is working you, your tears and anguish will cease.

Abandon yourself to the Divine Will. Let

Its Divine Life rise again in all your sufferings.

This is exactly what the Divine Will can do: give Itself completely, in order to vaunt forming Its Life in the creature.

I recommend to you - let us always do the Divine Will. It will put to flight all passions; It will clothe us with royal garments of light. We will be the terror of demons, and will give God the new joys which the Divine Will can give.

Oh, how Jesus longs for it, and reaches the point of crying for the desire that we know the Holy Divine Will, and that It

reign and dominate in the whole world.

Poor Jesus, how much He suffers! And how He sighs and cries because the creatures do not pray Him, do not press Him to concede them the gift of living in the Will of God.

The seas of the Divine Will are not yet known. If they were known, all would dive into the sea of the Divine Volition to live perennial life in It.

I beg you to never put aside the Divine Will. Let It be your life, your breath and heartbeat.

If you want to make yourself a saint, if you want peace and to give peace to all, if you want a divine power to invest you and transform you into Jesus Himself - I beg you to think of nothing else but to live in the Divine Will.

What I recommend to you is to never leave the Will of God. Never look at the one who commands you if you want to possess peace and let the Divine Will reign in your soul.

Oh, how I'd love to find you always in the sea of the Divine Will! Every tiniest act of yours would cover you with Its sanctity, with Its love, with Its peace,

and you would feel as though repatriated into the Celestial Fatherland.

I recommend that you stay away from people who can do harm to your soul, because they can poison you.

Make yourself a saint, and sweet Jesus, together with His Mother, will take care of making you content.

May the Lord give you the grace to remain firm in the good you started, because those who begin and persevere will be rewarded.

It is well known how easily creatures

change - today they smile at us,
tomorrow they will turn their back on us.
We can trust God and our Queen alone,
because they really love us, without the
shadow of interest. They love us
because they want to see us happy and
holy.

September

On the hard path of life, always trust the
Celestial Mother, and do always the
Divine Will.

I recommend to you: be good, love Jesus

very much, never leave prayer, make yourself a saint. If you do this, you will find the doors opened; you will possess the peace of the children of God.

First form your life as filled with goodness, patience and perfect resignation, because true resignation keeps Heaven open for us.

We are temples of God. And with God in our hearts, what can we lack?

Do not be in a hurry - everything is written in Heaven. It will happen when God wants. Do not be concerned about the necessary means; the Lord abounds

with those who love Him. Rather, you should fear more not being good.

I recommend to you - be good; the rest will come by itself. The Lord and the Queen are very rich, and as They give to us, their riches do not decrease.

Therefore, be sure that you will lack nothing of the necessary things.

Remove that which disturbs you. Be at peace, expecting everything from your Celestial Mama, and abandoning yourself in the Divine Will.

Love your Celestial Mama very much, and she will take care of everything you

need.

Be good, and never leave prayer. Do not trust the creatures, but only Jesus.

Trust in the Supreme Will, and you will experience great prodigies.

Place everything in the hands of God, and He will take care of your destiny. Do not get discouraged; be good. Never leave prayer; it is our refuge, the gate to Heaven, the path and the key which opens the doors of all graces for us.

The mind toward Heaven, the gaze to the Cross, the heart loving Him, the arms

always in the act of hugging Him, the steps calling Him, the words saying always "Fiat".

Everything you do in the Divine Will will fly to Heaven, to anticipate your possession of It. Therefore, be attentive.

There is an extreme need for true sanctity, especially in the Priest, and only the Omnipotent "Fiat" of God has this power: to place in us the true order of sanctity with Its creative strength.

Peace makes us see things as they are before God, and not as creatures see them.

Peace gives us divine sight, and in circumstances, in humiliations, we see what God sees.

Each thought of yourself is a void of love that you form; you deny Jesus an act of love, and keep Jesus sighing for your little love. Think about it, and be attentive.

By doing the Divine Will, the very natural things necessary to our life, are transformed into prayer, adoration and love toward our sweet Jesus.

Peace is what constitutes happiness of families, not money. How many rich

people are unhappy because peace does not reign in their families!

Three things I recommend to you:
firmness in good, perennial peace, filial trust.

Trust will make you live like a little baby in the arms of his mama.

Union with Jesus floors all sins, love kills all passions, and abandonment in Him and trust are the nourishment in order to grow in sanctity.

Here is the means to sin no more: to be united with Jesus, love Him, and always

do His Will.

The breath which the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat produces in the soul, is peace.

Peace will prepare your soul to live of Divine Will.

You say you have many crosses. Good sign, my child. Crosses are divine jealousies and little coins that our Lord gives us.

Together with Jesus, pains change their look, miseries disappear; and from pains, miseries and weaknesses the most

beautiful conquests, celestial riches and the strength of God arise.

Always keep the Fiat on your lips, in your mind, and in your heart.

Oh, how happy will you feel, if in every pain you say, "This pain serves Jesus"!

Patience, trust, courage, is the bread of the strong, the heroism of martyrs. Therefore, courage!

October

Those who think of the past lose the present.

It is not that we must no longer feel our will: to operate on a dead will would be neither ours nor Jesus' victory.

The Sanctity of living in the Divine Will is for all; or rather, to tell the truth, It is for all those who want It.

In the Kingdom of the Divine Will no one loses, we are all winners, both God and the creature.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus is nothing other than the immense Reign of His

Will.

How I would love for everyone to understand this great secret - that, if we want it, we must let the Divine Will reign III us.

How many graces not obtained, how many obstructed sanctities, how many unhappy people, and with no peace, because the primary food of the Fiat is missing - the life of Jesus is missing within us! Here is all the trouble!

Sanctity is not formed by playing, but by working, suffering and loving.

Mortifications, adversities, crosses, come to us veiled and do not let us see the good which they contain.

Peace removes the veil and allows us to recognize the finger of God in our sufferings.

Never neglect the Rosary to the Celestial Mother.

When the Divine Volition wants to reign in the soul, It first sends Its message of peace.

It is not our occupations that take us away from Him, but our will - the

thought of ourselves - that make us put Jesus aside, even in good.

For one who is with Him, the most indifferent things, works, sacrifices - are prayers, adorations and love; he feels the Tabernacle in his own heart, and Jesus living within himself.

We are small; if we think of ourselves, Jesus will find no space in which to put Himself.

Without a cross we are like unripened fruits - like sterile plants, which do more harm than good.

Jesus feels the need to make of the creatures the repeaters of His Life, and He does so on the stake of suffering and love.

Sufferings are firewood, and love ignites it, while Jesus gives us the shape He wants.

Jesus does not look at what we feel, but at what we want.

Courage and trust; these are the weapons which conquer God. The essential thing is really to begin; the rest will come by itself.

Love calls for more love. The more we believe He loves us, the more we feel like loving Him; and Jesus, seeing Himself loved, loves us more.

Prayer will defend us from the shadow of the enemy, and will cover us with the divine shadow.

Jesus burns with love in the Most Holy Sacrament and wants to come into our hearts in order to pour out His flames; while if we abstain, He burns more.

I recommend to you "The Hours of the Passion". Form continuous chains of reparation around Jesus; unite all your

actions to them, so that this sweet chain of reparation may never be broken.

Peace will be your heritage, the Divine Will your life, trust the powerful magnet which will capture blessed Jesus to dwell in your heart.

With Jesus it takes patience, faithfulness and peace, in order to let Him proceed in the work of forming the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat.

From the storms you must draw light, courage and peace.

Never be disturbed, because disturbance

is the true hail of the soul, destroyer of the true goods.

But if you want peace, you must live from the Divine Will.

Place the Fiat before and after each one of your acts.

Peace, peace, my child. And you will certainly find peace if you look at the Divine Will in everything.

November

We must obey and make ourselves saints, not for our interest, but for the glory of God.

Doubt, fear and agitation do not come from God, but from the devil.

Never deny anything to the Divine Will. To deny something to It, not letting oneself be dominated by It, means to break the sanctity, to tear it to shreds, in such a way that we ourselves will not be able to make head or tail of anything.

Love peace and everything will smile at you.

Let all things be Will of God for you.

How could anyone live without a Will so holy? It would be as though living without breathing, without motion, without the principle for which we have been created.

For us, to live in the Divine Will is a sacrosanct duty.

Whatever one does for God is never lost.

"Whatever God wants, I want; whatever God does, I do". The Heavens open at these acclamations in order to unite

Creator and creature. Continue your mission, and offer it for the triumph of the Divine Will.

May your life be nothing but a continuous act of the Will of God.

All other things, as beautiful as they might be, can serve to form His works, but only the Divine Will serves to form His Life.

May the Divine Will be our only refuge, the balm in our sufferings, the hiding place when they persecute us.

In everything we can do and suffer, may

the triumph of the Divine Will be our only purpose.

It takes nothing but a firm decision of wanting to live in the Holy Will.

With the most tiny things, with trifles, we can form the little stones to give the Divine Fiat the material to build our sanctity.

Our lot changes when we don't do the Divine Will.

If the Divine Fiat is known, the kingdom of the enemy is over. Here is all his rage.

Offer your sufferings, and even your little natural acts, to obtain a good so great.

The thought of ourselves removes the thought of God from us and takes away sanctity, making us grow sickly in good.

The thing that most facilitates living in the Divine Will, is to do whatever we can - and because God wants it; a Fiat is impressed in our act, and the Divine Life is formed.

As long as you keep the thought of yourself, even in good, Jesus will not take the reins to lead you and to make of

you another Jesus.

Jesus reigns in peaceful souls.

What I care about is that we live of Divine Will, because these are all the sighs, the yearnings of Jesus, and maybe even His tears, as He does not see in us the purpose for which He created us: His divine likeness.

Nothing which is not peace ever comes from God, but always from our enemy.

Order to become saints, nothing is needed but courage, trust and peace.

His Most Holy Will circulates in all and gives life to all.

It is true that the times are sad, and who knows where we will end up, but if we do the Divine Will and live in It, Jesus will come and take refuge in us, because He will find His own Will offering Him His own Heaven, His worthy dwelling.

With courage we will challenge everyone, and with trust we will live safely in the Heart and in the arms of our sweet Jesus.

My child, I recommend that you never move away from the Holy Will of God.

Call upon It in every instant, in every pain, in all circumstances.

Make yourselves saints, but saints of Divine Will.

December

As many times as you do the Will of God instead of doing your own, so many times you will be able to say: "I am martyr for You; the martyrdom I offer You is not of blood or of flesh, but with my will united to Yours, I offer You a divine martyrdom. "

Only the Divine Will is the origin of our life, the means and the end of our existence.

To love in the Divine Will astonishes Heaven and earth.

The time will come when Jesus will triumph over all, and His kingdom on earth will certainly come on earth.

Blessed are those who interest themselves in His Will, because the Lord will use them to open the ways which had been closed.

The Sanctity of living in the Divine Will

is symbolized by the Sun, which does good to all, gives Itself to all, denies Itself to no one.

All the effort of the enemy is to prevent the knowledge of the Divine Will from coming to light, because he would lose his kingdom on earth.

The first thing that the Divine Will does when It is known is to transform us in good, and to floor our passions.

Oh, how I wish that all would understand what it means to live in the Divine Will!

Jesus loves so much one who lives in the Divine Will that He prepares a chain of prodigies, each different from the other, and always new in Sanctity, Beauty and Love, such that He Himself feels enraptured by this creature.

Divine Will, how admirable and incomprehensible to our little capacity are You!

How beautiful it is to be able to say: "Jesus is the master of all. May He do whatever He wants - even with my breath, with my heartbeat, and with my whole being!"

Have no fear - pluck up courage. Fear is of the vile and of those who do not trust God.

Let us be attentive, and let us not waste time with things which do not belong to the Divine Will.

The Lord does not teach difficult things. What He wants is precisely the little things, because they are easier to do, and we cannot find an excuse and say: "I could not do it. "

When dear Jesus wants to give, He asks, in order to prepare the space in which to place His gifts, His light, His graces in

our hearts.

Every additional act we do in the Divine Will is one more divine likeness that we receive.

Let us never allow the Divine Will to escape us - both in small and in great things; both in spiritual and in natural things.

Think that every pain you suffer is an "I love you", a kiss, an affection, a hug that Jesus sends to you.

May the continuous word on your lips be: "I want to do your Will and live in

It!"

Think that your pains serve Jesus, and that He keeps them in His hands as precious coins with which to save souls.

There cannot be true peace or true triumph if the Divine Will is not known.

Our Lord will make the greatest miracles to make His Will reign upon earth.

Say to all that there is no greater thing, or a more amazing prodigy than to live in the Divine Will.

In this night of Holy Christmas, let us say, from the heart, a big and repeated "Fiat". My child, dear Jesus wants to make you mature more in sanctity, and His Divine Volition wants to hasten Its life in your soul.

The Celestial Baby is born; even more - He is born in every instant. In every good act we do, every time we abandon ourselves in His arms, and every time we cry out from the depths of our heart: "Lord, I want to do your Will", the dear Little One repeats His birth.

I ask dear Baby Jesus that He Himself bring you my sincere wishes. During

these days, you will prepare your heart in order to form it as a host in which the Divine Infant will come to be reborn in you.

Dear Little Jesus will bring you as His wish, His love, His baby tears, His wails, His whole life, and will infuse in you His tender and compassionate love for His pains as a baby.

I hope that the Celestial Baby, with His childlike smiles, brings you sanctity.

Dear Little Baby will come all festive, to reward you for the pains you have suffered, and will remain in you to dwell

in you forever, bringing you the Divine Will as gift.

I send you my wishes for the birth of the little King Jesus. He will give you His Most Holy Will as a gift for His birth.

*Meditations for the
Holy Rosary*

**From the Writings of the Servant of
God, Luisa Piccarreta,**

**The Little Daughter of the Divine
Will**

THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES

1. The Annunciation (Humility)

Our Celestial Mother: "Your Mama felt ignited with love, and echoing the love of My Creator, I wanted to form one single sea of love, so that the Word might descend upon earth within it. My prayers were incessant, and while I was praying in My little room, an angel came, sent from Heaven as messenger of the great King. He came before me, and bowing, he hailed me: "Hail, O Mary, our Queen; the Divine Fiat has filled you with grace. He has already pronounced His Fiat, for He wants to descend; He is just behind My shoulders, but He wants your Fiat to

form the fulfillment of His Fiat."

At such a great announcement, so much desired by me although I had never thought I was to be the chosen one - I was stupefied and I hesitated one instant. But the angel of the Lord told me: "Do not fear, our Queen, for you have found grace before God. You have conquered your Creator; therefore, to complete the victory - pronounce your Fiat."

I pronounced My Fiat, and - oh, marvel! The two Fiats fused together and the Divine Word descended into Me. My Fiat, receiving the same value as the Divine Fiat, from the seed of My

humanity, formed the tiny little humanity which was to enclose the Word, and so the great prodigy of the Incarnation was accomplished." .. (From "The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will;" Day 19)

2. The Visitation (Charity)

Our Celestial Mother: " ... So I departed from Nazareth, accompanied by Saint Joseph, facing a long journey, and crossing mountains to go visit Elisabeth in Judea, who, in her advanced age, had miraculously become a mother.

I went to her, not to make a simple visit, but because I burned with the desire to bring her Jesus. The fullness of grace, love and light which I felt in me, pushed me to bring, to multiply to increase a hundredfold the life of My Son in creatures.

Yes, My child, the love of Mother which I had for all men, and for you in particular, was so great that I felt the extreme need to give My dear Jesus to everyone, that all might possess Him and love Him. The right of Mother, given to me by the Fiat, enriched me with such power as to multiply Jesus as many times as there are creatures who want to

receive Him. This was the greatest miracle I could perform: to have Jesus ready to give to whomever desired Him. How happy I felt!

How I wish that you too, My child, in approaching and visiting people, would always be the bearer of Jesus, capable of making Him known, and yearning to make Him loved."

"Dearest child, the Divine Will does great and unheard-of things wherever It reigns. If I worked many prodigies, it was because It had Its royal place in me. If you let the Divine Will reign in your soul, you too will become

the bearer of Jesus to the creatures - you too will feel the irresistible need to give Him to all!" (From "The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will;" Meditation 1, Appendix)

3. The Birth of Jesus (Love of God)

Luisa: "As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself; after wandering around, I found myself in a cave, and I saw the Queen Mama giving birth to Little Baby Jesus. What a wonderful prodigy! It seemed that both Mother and Son were transformed into most pure light. But in that light one could see very clearly the human nature

of Jesus containing the Divinity within Himself, and serving as a veil to cover the Divinity; in such a way that, in tearing the veil of human nature, He was God, while covered by that veil, He was man. Here is the prodigy of prodigies:

God and Man, Man and God! Without leaving the Father and the Holy Spirit—because true love never separates—He comes to live in our midst, taking on human flesh. Now, it seemed to me that Mother and Son, in that most happy instant, remained as though spiritualized, and without the slightest difficulty Jesus came out of the Maternal womb, while both of them overflowed with excess of

Love. In other words: those Most Pure bodies were transformed into light, and without the slightest impediment, Light Jesus came out of the Light of the Mother, while both One and the Other remained whole and intact, returning, then, to their natural state.

Who can tell of the beauty of the Little Baby, who, in the moment of His birth, transfused, also externally, the rays of the Divinity?" .. (From Vol. 4; December 25, 1900)

4. The Presentation and Consecration

of Jesus in the Temple (Obedience)

Our Celestial Mother: "Forty days from the birth of little King Jesus are about to sound-when the Divine Fiat calls us to the temple in order to fulfill the law of the Presentation of My Son. So, we went to the temple. It was the first time that we went out together with My sweet baby. A vein of sorrow opened in My heart: I was going to offer Him as victim for the salvation of all! We entered the temple, and first we adored the Divine Majesty; then we called the priest, and placing Him in his arms, I made the offering of the celestial baby to the eternal Father-offering Him

in sacrifice for the salvation of all. The priest was Simeon, and as I placed Him in his arms, he recognized that He was the Divine Word and exulted with immense joy; and after the offering, assuming the attitude of prophet, he prophesied all My sorrows ... Oh, how the Supreme Fiat sounded over My maternal heart-thoroughly, with vibrating sound, the cruel tragedy of all the pains of My little Son! But that which pierced me the most were the words that the holy prophet said to me: "This dear baby will be the salvation and ruin of many, and will be the target of contradictions."

If the Divine Will had not sustained me, I would have died instantly of pure pain. But It gave me life, and used it to form in me the Kingdom of sorrows, within the Kingdom of Its Will. Therefore, in addition to the right of Mother which I had over all, I acquired the right of Mother and Queen of all Sorrows. Ah, yes, with My sorrows, I acquired the little coin to pay the debts of My children, and even those of the ungrateful children ...

"Now, listen to your Mama: in your sufferings, in the painful encounters which are not lacking for you, never

lose heart; but with heroic love let the Divine Will assume Its royal place in your pains, so that It may convert them into little coins of infinite value, with which you will be able to pay the debts of your brothersto ransom them from the slavery of the human will, and make them enter again, as free children, into the Kingdom of the Divine Will." (From "The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will"; Day 23)

5. The Finding of Jesus in the Temple (Joy)

Our Celestial Mother: " ... After

three days of most bitter sighs, tears, anxieties and fears, we entered the temple. I was all eyes and looked everywhere, when, finally, overcome with jubilation, I saw My Son in the midst of the doctors of the law! He was speaking with such wisdom and majesty as to make those who were listening remain enraptured and amazed. Only in seeing Him, I felt life come back to me, and soon I understood the secret reason of His being lost.

And now, a little word to you, dearest child. **In** this mystery, My Son wanted to give to Me and to you, a sublime teaching. Could you perhaps

assume that He was ignoring what I was suffering?

On the contrary, My tears, My searching, and My cruel and intense sorrow, resounded in His heart. Yet, during those hours, so painful, He sacrificed to the Divine Will, His own Mama, the one whom He loves so much, in order to show Me how I too, one day, was to sacrifice His own Life to the Divine Will.

In this unspeakable pain, I did not forget you, My beloved one. Thinking that it would serve as an example for you, I kept it at your disposal, so that

you too, at the appropriate time, might have the strength to sacrifice everything to the Divine Will. As Jesus finished speaking, we approached Him reverently, and addressed Him with a sweet reproach: "Son, why have you done this to us?" .. And He, with divine dignity, answered us: "Why did you look for me? Did you not know that I came to the world to glorify My Father?" Having comprehended the high meaning of His answer, and adored in it the Divine Will, we returned to Nazareth.

Child of My maternal heart, listen. When I lost My Jesus, the pain I felt was so very intense; yet, a second one added

to this that of losing you.

In fact, in foreseeing that you would have gone far from the Divine Will, I felt at one time deprived of the Son and of the daughter, and so My maternity suffered a double blow.

My child, when you are in the act of doing your own will rather than that of God, think that by abandoning the Divine Fiat, you are about to lose Jesus and me, and fall into the kingdom of miseries and vices.

Keep then, the promise you made me - to remain indissolubly united to me

- and I will grant you the grace of never again letting you be dominated by your will, but only by the Divine." (From "The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will;" Meditation 5, Appendix)

THE LUMINOUS MYSTERIES

1. The Baptism of Jesus in the Jordan

[Jesus says:] "My daughter, the

baptism at birth is by water, therefore it has the virtue of purifying, but not of removing tendencies and passions. On the other hand, the baptism of victim is baptism by fire, therefore it has not only the virtue of purifying, but of consuming any passion and evil tendency. Even more, I Myself baptize the soul, bit by bit: My thought baptizes the thought of the soul; My heartbeat baptizes her heartbeat; My desire her desire, and so on. However, this baptism is carried out between Myself and the soul, according to whether she gives herself to Me without ever taking back what she has given Me " (March 13, 1912 Volume 11)

" ... While my mind was immersed in the Divine Fiat, my sweet Jesus, visiting my little soul, with inexpressible goodness told me: "My blessed daughter of My Will, how many wonders My Will can make in the creature, as long as she gives It the first place and all the freedom to operate. My Will takes the will, the word, the act that the creature wants to do, It makes it part of Itself, It covers it with Its creative virtue, pronounces Its Fiat over it, and forms as many lives for as many existing creatures. See, you were asking in My Will for the baptism of all newborn babies that will come out to the light of the day, and then, for Its Life to reign in

them. My Will did not hesitate one instant; immediately It pronounced Its Fiat and formed as many Lives of Itself for as many newborn babies coming out to the light-baptizing them, as you wanted, with Its first light, and then giving Its Life to each one of them. And if these newborn babies, either for lack of correspondence or for lack of knowledge, will not possess Our Life, this Life still remains for Us, and We will have many Divine Lives which love Us, glorify Us, bless Us, as We love within Ourselves. These Divine Lives are Our greatest glory, but they do not put aside the creature who gave Our Divine Fiat the occasion to form so

many of Our Lives for as many newborn babies as were coming out to the light; on the contrary, they keep her hidden within themselves to let her love as they love, and let her do what they do. Nor do they put the newborn babies aside; on the contrary, they are all eyes over them, they watch them, they defend them, so as to be able to reign in their souls " (April 12, 1938 Volume 36)

2. The Self-Manifestation of Jesus at the Wedding of Cana

[Our Celestial Mother says:] "My

dearest child, My Heart is swollen with love, and I felt the need to tell you the reason why, together with My Son, I wanted to be present at this wedding of Cana. Do you think it was because of a simple ceremony? No, child, there are profound mysteries. Pay attention to Me, and I will tell you new things: how My love of Mother was displayed in an incredible manner, and how the love of My Son gave true signs of paternity and royalty for the creatures.

"Now listen to Me. My Son had come back from the desert, and was preparing Himself for His public life; but first He wanted to be present at this

wedding, and therefore He allowed Himself to be invited. We went there, not to celebrate, but to work great things for the human generations. My Son took the place of Father and King in the families, and I took the place of Mother and Queen. With Our presence We renewed the sanctity, the beauty, the order of the marriage formed by God in the Garden of Eden - that of Adam and Eve - married by the Supreme Being in order to populate the earth, and to multiply and increase the future generations. Marriage is the substance from which arises the life of the generations; it can be called the trunk from which the earth is populated. The

priests, the religious, are the branches; but if it were not for the trunk, not even the branches would have life. Therefore, through sin, by withdrawing from the Divine Will, Adam and Eve caused the family to lose its sanctity, beauty and order. And I, your Mama, the new innocent Eve, together with My Son, went to reorder that which God did in Eden; I constituted Myself Queen of families, and impetrated the grace that the Divine Fiat might reign in them, that I might have families which would belong to Me, holding the place of Queen in their midst.

"But this is not all, My child. Our

love was burning, and We wanted to make known to them how much We loved them, and to give them the most sublime of lessons. And here is how: at the height of the lunch, wine lacked, and My Heart of mother felt consumed with love, wanting to give help. Knowing that My Son can do anything, with supplicating accents, but certain that He would listen to Me, I say to Him: 'My Son, the spouses have no more wine.' And He answers Me: 'My hour to do miracles has not yet come.' And knowing that He certainly would not deny what His Mama asked of Him, I said to those who were serving the table: 'Do what My Son tells you, and you will have

what you want; even more, you will receive in addition, and in superabundance.'

"My child, in these few words I gave a lesson, the most useful, necessary and sublime for the creature. I spoke with the heart of a mother and I said: My children, do you want to be holy? Do the Will of My Son. Do not move from what He tells you, and you will have His likeness, His sanctity in your power. Do you want all evils to cease? Do whatever My Son tells you. Do you want any grace, even difficult? Do whatever He tells you and wants. Do you also want the necessary things of natural life?

Do whatever My Son tells you. Because in His words, in everything He tells you and wants, He encloses such power that, as He speaks, His word contains what you ask for, and makes the graces you desire arise within your souls. How many see themselves as full of passions, weak, afflicted, unfortunate and miserable; yet, they pray and pray, but because they do not do what My Son asks, they obtain nothing; Heaven seems to be closed for them. This is a sorrow for your Mama, because I see that while they pray, they move away from the source in which all goods reside - the Will of My Son.

"Now, those who were serving did precisely what My Son said to them - that is: "Fill the jars with water and bring them to the table." My dear Jesus blessed that water and it turned into delicious wine. Oh, a thousand times blessed, the one who does what He says and wants! With this, My Son gave Me the greatest honor, He constituted Me Queen of miracles; this is why He wanted My union and My prayer in doing His first miracle. He loved Me too much-so much that He wanted to give Me first place as Queen in miracles also. And with facts, not with words, He said: 'If you want graces and miracles, come to My Mother; I will never deny

anything She wants.'

"In addition to this, My child, with My presence at this wedding, I looked at the future centuries. I saw the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth; I looked at families, and I pleaded for them to symbolize the love of the Sacrosanct Trinity, so that Its Kingdom might be in full force. With My rights of Mother and Queen, I took to heart Its regime; and since I possessed the source of it, I placed at the creatures' disposal all the graces, the helps and the sanctity which are needed to live in a Kingdom so holy. So I keep repeating: 'Do whatever My Son tells you.'

"My child, listen to Me: look for nothing else, if you want to have everything in your power, and give Me the contentment of being able to make of you My true child, and child of the Divine Will. Then will I take on the commitment of forming the marriage between you and the Fiat; and acting as your true Mother, I will bind the marriage by giving you the very life of My Son as dowry, and My maternity and all My virtues as gift". ("The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will" - Appendix 6)

3. Jesus' Proclamation of the Kingdom

of God

[Jesus says:] " ... You must know that, in coming upon earth, I came to manifest My Celestial doctrine, to make known My Humanity, My Fatherland, and the order which the creature had to maintain in order to reach Heaven - in a word, the Gospel. But I said almost nothing or very little about My Will. I almost passed over It, only making them understand that the thing which I cared the most about was the Will of My Father. I said almost nothing about Its qualities, about Its height and greatness, and about the great goods which the creature receives by living in My

Volition, because the creature was too much of an infant in Celestial things, and would have understood nothing. I just taught her to pray: *'Fiat Voluntas Tua, sicut in coelo et in terra'* " so that she might dispose herself to know this Will of Mine in order to love It, to do It, and therefore receive the gifts It contains. Now, that which I was to do at that time - the teachings about My Will which I was to give to all - I have given to you. So, making them known is nothing but making up for what I Myself was to do while on earth as the fulfillment of My Coming. Don't you want Me, then, to fulfill the purpose of My coming upon earth? Therefore, let Me do; I will watch

over everything and dispose everything-
and you, follow Me and be at peace."
(June 2, 1921 Volume 13)

" ... The importance of the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat is immense, and I love It so much, that I am doing more than a new Creation and Redemption. In fact, in Creation My omnipotent Fiat was pronounced only six times in order to dispose It to come out fully ordered. In Redemption I spoke, but since I did not speak about the Kingdom of My Will which contains infinite knowledges and immense goods, I did not have a very extensive subject with many words to say, because

everything I taught was of limited nature, and a few words were enough to make it known. But in order to make My Will known, it takes much, My daughter. Its history is extremely long-it encloses an eternity with no beginning and no end; therefore, as much as I speak, I have always something to say. This is why I am saying - oh, how much more! Being more important than anything, It contains more knowledges, more light, more greatness, more prodigies; therefore, more words are necessary. More so, since the more I make known, the more I expand the boundaries of My Kingdom to be given to the children who will possess It. Therefore, everything I

manifest about My Will is a new creation which I make in My Kingdom, to be enjoyed and possessed by those who will have the good of knowing It. And so, great attention is required on your part in manifesting them." (September 17, 1926 Volume 20)

4. Jesus' Transfiguration

[Jesus says:] " .. It is My usual way to do minor things first, as preparation for greater ones-these, being the crowning of the minor things.... I maintained this order also in

Redemption. My birth was without glamour, rather, it was neglected; My childhood was without splendor of great things before men; My life in Nazareth was so hidden that I lived as if ignored by all; I adapted Myself to do the smallest and most common things of human life. During My public life there were a few great things, but still-who knew My Divinity? Nobody, not even all of the Apostles. I passed through the crowds like any other man, so much so, that anyone could approach Me, talk to Me, and as happened, even despise Me." And I, interrupting Jesus' speaking, said: "Jesus, my Love, how happy those times were, and even happier those

people who, just by wanting it, could come close to You, talk to You, and be with You!" And Jesus: "Ah! My daughter, only My Will brings true happiness. It alone encloses all goods within the soul, and making Itself crown around the soul, constitutes her queen of true happiness. Only these souls will be the queens of My throne, because they are a birth from

My Will " (April 15, 1919 Volume 12)

" My love wants to pour itself out; it wants to make known the excesses which My Divinity operated in My Humanity for the creatures-excesses

which greatly surpass the excesses that My Humanity operated externally. This is also why I often speak to you about living in My Will, which I have not manifested to anyone until now. At the most, they have known the shadow of My Will, the grace and the sweetness of doing It. But to penetrate inside of It, to embrace immensity, to be multiplied with Me and-even while being on earth-penetrate everywhere, both into Heaven and into the hearts, laying down the human ways and acting in divine ways-this is not yet known; so much so that not to a few will this appear strange, and those who do not keep their minds opened to the light of the Truth will not

understand a thing. But little by little I will make My way, manifesting now one truth, now another, about this living in My Will, so that they will end up understanding.

Now, the first link which connected the true living in My Will was My Humanity. My Humanity, identified with My Divinity, swam in the Eternal Volition, and kept tracing all the acts of creatures in order to make them Its own, to give to the Father a divine glory on the part of creatures, and to bring the value, the love, the kiss of the Eternal Volition to all the acts of creatures. In this sphere of the Eternal Volition, I

could see all the acts of creatures-those which could be done and were not done, and also the good acts done badly-and I did those which had not been done, and redid those done badly. Now, these acts which were not done, except by Me alone, are all suspended in My Will, and I await the creatures to come to live in My Volition, and repeat in My Will that which I did. This is why I chose you as the second link of connection with My Humanity, a link which becomes one with mine, as you live in My Volition and repeat My own acts. Otherwise, on this side My love would remain without its outpouring, without glory from the creatures for all that My Divinity

operated within My Humanity, and without the perfect purpose of Creation, which must be enclosed and perfected in My Will. It would be as if I had shed all My Blood and suffered so much, and nobody had known it. Who would have loved Me? Which heart would have been shaken? No one; and therefore in no one would I have had My fruits-the glory of Redemption."

Interrupting Jesus' speaking, I said: "My Love, if there is so much good in this living in the Divine Will, why did You not manifest it before?" And He: "My daughter, first I had to make known what My Humanity did and suffered

externally, to be able to dispose souls to knowing what My Divinity did inside. The creature is incapable of understanding My work all together; therefore I keep manifesting Myself little by little. Then, from your link of connection with Me, the links of other souls will be connected, and I will have a cohort of souls who, living in My Volition, will redo all the acts of the creatures. I will receive the glory of the many suspended acts done only by Me, also from the creatures-and these, from all classes: virgins, priests, lay people, according to their office. They will no longer operate humanly; but rather, as they penetrate into My Will, their acts

will multiply for all in a way which is fully divine. I will receive from creatures the divine glory of many Sacraments administered and received in a human way, of others which have been profaned, of others sullied with interest, and of many good works in which I remain more dishonored than honored. I yearn so much for this time; and you, pray and yearn for it together with Me, and do not move your link of connection with Mine, but start-as the first one." (January 29, 1919 Volume 12)

5. Jesus' Institution of the Holy Eucharist

I was feeling all absorbed in the Most Holy Will of God, and blessed Jesus made present to me, as though in act, all the acts of His Life on earth. And since I had received Him sacramentally in my poor heart, He let me see, as though in act in His Most Holy Will, the moment in which my sweet Jesus, in instituting the Most Holy Sacrament, communicated Himself. How many wonders, how many prodigies, how many excesses of love in this act of communicating Himself. My mind wandered amid so many divine prodigies, and my always lovable Jesus told me: "Beloved daughter of My Supreme Volition, My Will contains

everything, It preserves all of the divine works as though in act, and It lets nothing escape It; and to one who lives in It, It wants to make known all the goods It contains. Therefore, I want to make known to you the reason for which I wanted to receive Myself when I instituted the Most Holy Sacrament.

The prodigy was great and incomprehensible to the human mind. For the creature to receive a Man and God, to enclose the infinite in a finite being, and to give to this infinite Being divine honors, decorum and a dwelling worthy of Him - this mystery was so abstruse and incomprehensible, that the

Apostles themselves, while they easily believed in the Incarnation and in many other mysteries, remained troubled before this one, and their intellects were reluctant to believe. And it took My repeated saying for them to surrender. So, what to do? I, who instituted it, was to take care of everything, since, when the creature would receive Me, the Divinity was not to lack honors, divine decorum and a dwelling worthy of God. Therefore, My daughter, as I instituted the Most Holy Sacrament, My Eternal Will, united to My human will, made present to Me all the hosts which were to receive the sacramental consecration until the end of centuries. And I looked

at them, one by one; I consumed them, and I saw My Sacramental Life palpitating in each host, yearning to give Itself to creatures. In the name of the whole human family, My Humanity took on the commitment for all, and provided a dwelling within Itself to each host; and My Divinity, which was inseparable from Me, surrounded each sacramental host with divine honors, praises and blessings, to give worthy decorum to My Majesty. So, each sacramental host was deposited in Me, and contains the dwelling of My Humanity and the cortege of the honors of My Divinity; otherwise, how could I descend into the creature? And it was only because of

this that I tolerated sacrileges, coldness, irreverences, ingratitude, since, in receiving Myself, I secured My own decorum, the honors and the dwelling which befitted My very Person. Had I not received Myself, I could not have descended into creatures, and they would have lacked the way, the door, the means to receive Me.

This is My usual way in all My works: I do them once in order to give life to all the other times in which they are repeated, uniting them to the first act as if they were one single act. So, the power, the immensity, the all-seeingness of My Will made Me embrace all

centuries; It made present to Me the communicants and all sacramental hosts; and I received Myself as many times, so that, through Myself, I might pass into each creature. Who has ever thought of so much love of mine? That in order to descend into the hearts of creatures, I was to receive Myself so as to secure the divine rights and be able to give them, not only Myself, but the very acts I did in receiving Myself, to dispose them and almost to give them the right to receive Me?"

I remained surprised, and as if I wanted to doubt, and Jesus added: "Why do you doubt? Is this not perhaps to

operate as God? And this one single act of forming as many acts for as many as want to enjoy it, while it remains one single act-was it not the same for the act of the Incarnation, of My Life and of My Passion? I incarnated Myself only once, one was My Life, one My Passion; yet, this Incarnation, Life and Passion is for all and for each one, as if it were for one alone. So, they are still as though in act, and for each one, as if I were now incarnating Myself and now suffering My Passion. If it were not so, I would not be operating as God, but as creature, who, not containing a divine power, cannot let herself be possessed by all, or give herself to all.

Now, My daughter, I want to tell you of another excess of My love. One who does My Will and lives in It, comes to embrace the works of My Humanity, because I greatly yearn that the creature become similar to Me. And since My Will and hers are one, My Will takes pleasure in her, and, amusing Itself, It places all the good I contain into the creature, and I form in her the deposit of the very sacramental hosts. My Will, which she contains, lends her and surrounds her with divine decorum, homages and honors; and I entrust everything to her, because I am certain to keep My works in a safe place, since My Will becomes actor, spectator and

custodian of all My goods, of My works and of My very Life." (June 18, 1923 Volume 15)

O my sweet Love, in this hour You transubstantiated Yourself into bread and wine. Please, O Jesus, let all that I say and do be a continuous consecration of Yourself in me and in souls. Sweet Life of mine, when You come into me, let my every heartbeat, desire, affection, thought and word feel the power of the sacramental consecration, so that, being consecrated, all my little being may become as many hosts in order to give You to souls. O Jesus, sweet Love of mine, may I be your little host in order

to enclose all of Yourself in me, like a living Host. ("The Hours of the Passion" - 4th Hour, from Reflections and Practices)

THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES

1. The Agony in the Garden (True Repentance)

I was thinking about the Passion of my always lovable 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 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." (From Vol. 11; January 22, 1913)

2. The Scourging at the Pillar (Purity)

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about the Passion of Our Lord; and while I was doing this, He

came and told me: "My daughter, one who meditates continuously on My Passion and feels sorrow for it and compassion for Me, pleases Me so much that I feel somehow comforted for all that I suffered in the course of My Passion; and by always meditating on it, the soul arrives at preparing a continuous food. In this food there are many different spices and flavors, which form different effects. Therefore, if in the course of My Passion they gave me ropes and chains to tie Me, the soul releases Me and gives Me freedom. They despised Me, spat on Me, and dishonored Me; she appreciates Me, cleans Me of the spit, and honors Me.

They stripped Me and scourged Me; she heals Me and clothes Me. They crowned Me with thorns, mocking me as King, embittered My mouth with bile, and crucified Me; while the soul, meditating on all My pains, crowns Me with glory and honors Me as her King, fills My mouth with sweetness, giving Me the most delicious food, which is the memory of My own works; and unnailing Me from the Cross, she makes me rise again in her heart. And every time she does so, I give her a new Life of Grace as recompense. She is My food, and I become her continuous food. So, the thing that pleases Me the most is meditating continuously on My Passion."

(From Vol. 7; November 9, 1906)

3. The Crowning with Thorns (Moral Courage)

Jesus: "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 lovable 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." (From Vol. 11; April 24, 1915)

4. The Carrying of the Cross (Patience)

Jesus: "Adored Cross, finally I embrace you. You were the longing of My Heart, the martyrdom of My love. But you, O Cross, have delayed until now, while My steps were always toward you. Holy Cross, you were the

goal of My desires, the purpose of My existence down here. In you I concentrate My whole being, in you I place all My children, and you will be their life, their light, defense, custody and strength. You will assist them in everything, and will bring them gloriously to Me in Heaven. O Cross, Pulpit of Wisdom, you alone will teach true sanctity; you alone will form the heroes, the athletes, the martyrs, the Saints. Beautiful Cross, you are My Throne, and since I have to leave the earth, you will remain in My place. To you I give all souls as dowry - keep them, save them; I entrust them to you!" (From "The Hours of the Passion," 18th

Hour)

"Please, O Cross, receive Me soon into your arms, I am impatient of waiting! Holy Cross, upon you I shall come to give completion to all. Hurry, O Cross, fulfill the burning desire that consumes Me, to give life to souls. Delay no more; I anxiously yearn to lay Myself upon you in order to open the Heavens to all My children.

O Cross, it is true that you are My martyrdom, but in a little while you will also be My victory and My most complete triumph; and through you I will give abundant inheritances, victories,

triumphs and crowns to My children."
(From "The Hours of the Passion," 19th
Hour)

5. The Crucifixion and Death of Jesus on the Cross (Final Perseverance)

Jesus: "Holy Father, here I am, loaded down with all the sins of the world. There is not one sin which does not pour upon Me; therefore, no longer unload the scourges of your Divine Justice upon man, but upon Me, your Son. O Father, allow Me to bind all souls to this Cross, and to plead forgiveness for them with the voices of

My Blood and of My wounds. O Father, do You not see how I have reduced Myself? By this Cross, by virtue of these pains, concede true conversion, peace, forgiveness and sanctity to all. Arrest your fury against poor humanity, against My children. They are blind, and know not what they are doing. Look well at Me, how I have reduced Myself because of them; if you are not moved to compassion for them, may You at least be softened by this Face of mine, dirtied with spit, covered with Blood, bruised and swollen by the so many slaps and blows received. Have pity, My Father! I was the most beautiful of all, and now I am all disfigured, to the point that I no

longer recognize Myself. I have become the abject of all; and so, at any cost, I want to save the poor creature!"

"My Father, look at Me, from head to foot; there is not one part of Me which is left whole, I do not know where else to let them open more wounds and to procure more sufferings. If You do not appease Yourself at this sight of love and suffering, who will ever be able to appease You? O creatures, if you do not surrender to so much Love, what hope remains for you to convert? These wounds and Blood of Mine will be voices that constantly call from Heaven to earth, graces of repentance,

forgiveness and compassion for you!"
(From "The Hours of the Passion;" 19th
Hour)

THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES

1. The Resurrection (Faith)

Jesus: "My daughter, in My Resurrection, the right was given to creatures to rise again in Me to new life. It was the confirmation, the seal of My whole life, My works and My words. If I came on earth it was to give to each and

every one My Resurrection, as their own-to give them life and make them rise again in My own Resurrection.

But do you want to know where is the real resurrection of the creature? Not in the end of her days, but while she is still living on earth. One who lives in My Will rises again to light and says: 'My night is over.' She rises again in the love of her Creator, so that there is no more cold or snow for her, but the smile of the Heavenly Spring; she rises again to sanctity, which puts to rushed flight all weaknesses, miseries and passions; she rises again to all that is Heaven, and if she looks at the earth, heaven and sun,

she does it to find the works of her Creator-to take the opportunity to narrate to Him His glory and His long love story.

Therefore, one who lives in My Will can say, as the Angel said to the holy women on the way to the sepulcher, 'He is risen. He is not here any more.' One who lives in My Will can also say, 'my will is not with me any longer-it is risen again in the Fiat.' And if the circumstances of life, opportunities and sufferings surround the creature, as if they were looking for her will, she can answer: 'my will is risen again, it is not in my power anymore. I possess, in

exchange, the Divine Will, and I want to cover with Its light all things around me—circumstances and sufferings, to make them like many divine conquests.' The soul who lives in our Will finds life in the acts of her Jesus, and as always, in this Life, she finds our operating, conquering, triumphant Will. She gives Us so much glory that Heaven cannot contain it. Therefore, live always in our Will—never leave It, if you want to be our triumph and our glory." (From Vol. 36; April 20, 1938)

2. The Ascension (Hope)

Jesus: "Daughter of My Will, as your Jesus said, in descending from Heaven to earth: 'I leave and I stay'; when He ascended into Heaven He said: 'I stay and I leave.' My word repeats upon descending as Sacrament in the creatures: 'I leave and I remain in the Tabernacles.' In the same way, the creature who lives in My Will can repeat My word in all her acts. As soon as she begins her act, her Jesus is formed in that act. My Life has the virtue of multiplying Itself to infinity as many times as I want. Therefore, in all truth, she can say: 'I leave and I stay. I leave for Heaven to beatify It, to reach my home and to make known to everyone my

dear Jesus, Whom I enclosed in my act so that all may enjoy Him and love Him. I stay on earth, as my life, support and defense for all my brothers and sisters.' How beautiful one act in My Will is!" (From Vol. 35; January 24, 1938)

3. The Descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles (Zeal)

Our Celestial Mother: " ... Then the time came for the descent of the Holy Spirit, promised by My Son in the cenacle. What a transformation, My child! As they were invested, they acquired new science, invincible

strength, ardent love. A new life flowed within them, which rendered them brave and courageous, in such a way that they scattered throughout the whole world to make the Redemption known, and to give their lives for their Master. I remained with beloved John, and was forced to leave Jerusalem, as the storm of persecution began.

My dearest child, you must know that I still continue My Magisterium in the Church. There is nothing which does not descend from me. I can say that I pour Myself out for love of My children, and that I nourish them with My maternal milk. Now, during these times, I want to

display an even more special love by making known how My whole life was formed in the Kingdom of the Divine Will. So I call you onto My knees, into My maternal arms, so that, forming your ship, you may be sure to live in the sea of the Divine Will. Greater grace I could not give you. I beg you, make your Mama content! Come to live in this Kingdom so holy! And when you see that your will wants to have an act of life, come and take refuge in the safe boat of My arms, saying to me: 'My Mama, my will wants to betray me, and I deliver it to you, that you may put the Divine Will in its place.'

Oh, how happy I will be, in being able to say: 'My child is all mine, because she lives from Divine Will.' And I will make the Holy Spirit descend into your soul, that He may burn away from you all that is human; and by His refreshing breath, He may rule over you and confirm you in the Divine Will." (From "The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will;" Day 30)

4. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into Heaven (Grace of a Happy Death)

Jesus: "My daughter, the true name of this Feast [of the Assumption] should be 'Feast of the Divine Will'. It was the human will that closed Heaven, broke the bonds with its Creator, made miseries and suffering enter the field, and put an end to the feast that the creature was to enjoy in Heaven. Now, this Creature, Queen of all, by doing the Will of the Eternal One, always and in everything even more, it can be said that Her life was Divine Will alone opened the Heavens, bound Herself to the Eternal One, and restored in Heaven the feasts with the creature. Every act She did in the Supreme Will, was a feast that She started in Heaven; it was Suns that

She formed to adorn this feast; it was melodies that She sent to delight the Celestial Jerusalem.

Therefore, the true cause of this feast is the Eternal Will operating and fulfilled in My Celestial Mama. It operated such prodigies in Her as to astonish Heaven and earth, chain the Eternal One with indissoluble bonds of love, and enrapture the Word, even from Her womb. The very Angels, enraptured, repeated among themselves: 'From where comes so much glory, so much honor, such greatness and prodigies never seen before-in this excelling Creature? Yet, she is coming

from the exile!' Astonished, they recognized the Will of their Creator as life operating in Her; and, trembling, they said: 'Holy, Holy, Holy! Honor and glory to the Will of Our Sovereign Lord! And glory to Mary, trice Holy, She who let this Supreme Will operate!' (From Vol. 18; August 15, 1925)

5. The Coronation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Our Mother, as Queen of Heaven and Earth and Queen of the Divine Will. (The Gift of Living in the Divine Will)

Our Celestial Mother: "" .As I

gave My last breath of pure love in the endlessness of the Divine Will, My Son received Me in His arms and took me to Heaven, in the midst of the angelic choirs which praised me as their Queen. I can say that Heaven emptied Itself to come toward me. All celebrated, and in looking at me, remained enraptured and said in chorus: 'Who is She, who comes from the exile, all cleaving to her Lord? All beautiful, all holy, with the scepter of Queen? Her greatness is such that the heavens have lowered themselves to receive Her. No other creature has entered the celestial regions so adorned and so striking-so powerful as to hold supremacy over all.'

Now, My child, do you want to know who She is-for Whom the whole of Heaven sings and remains enraptured? It is I-She who never did her own will. The Divine Will abounded so much with me as to extend more beautiful heavens, more refulgent suns, seas of beauty, of love, of sanctity, with which I could give light to all, love and sanctity to all, and enclose everything and everyone within My heaven. It was the work of the Divine Will operating in me to accomplish such a great prodigy; I was the only creature entering Heaven, to have formed Its Kingdom in My soul." (From "The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will"; Day 31)

Meditations for the Stations of the Cross

**From the Writings of the Servant of
God, Luisa Piccarreta,**

**The Little Daughter of the Divine
Will**

Preparatory Prayer

O my Mother Mary, in looking at
the face of sorrowful Jesus, pale, sad,

tormented, the memory of the pains which He is about to suffer awakens in You. You foresee His face covered with spit and You bless it, His head pierced by the thorns, His eyes blinded, His body tortured by the scourges, His hands and feet pierced by the nails; and wherever He is about to go, You follow Him with Your blessings. And I too will follow Him together with You. When Jesus is struck by the scourges, crowned with thorns, slapped, pierced by the nails, everywhere He will find my "I bless You" together with Yours. I will follow You in everything, to keep You faithful company.

And now, O my Jesus, let my poor heart draw life from Your Heart, that I may live only with Your Heart; and in each offense You will receive, let me be ever ready to offer You a relief, a comfort, a reparation, and an act of never interrupted love.

My afflicted Good, I offer You these Stations of the Cross in memory of Your Passion and Death, to disarm the just anger of God for so many sins, for the triumph of the Holy Church, for the conversion of all sinners, for peace among peoples, especially our country, for our sanctification, in suffrage for the purging souls, and for Your Kingdom to

come soon, and Your Will to be done on earth as It is in Heaven.

First Station

Jesus is Condemned to Death

Not knowing what else to do, for fear of being deposed, Pilate has a bucket of water brought to him, and washing his hands, he says: "I am not responsible for the Blood of this just one." .. And he condemns You to death.

But the Jews cry out: "May His

Blood fall upon us and upon our children!" .. And in seeing You condemned, they celebrate, they clap their hands, they whistle and shout; while You, O Jesus, repair for those who, finding themselves in high positions, out of vain fear and in order not to lose their places, break the most sacred laws, not caring about the ruin of entire peoples, favoring the evil and condemning the innocent. You repair also for those who, after sin, provoke the Divine anger to punish them.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present, and future, together with Your

Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

Second Station

Jesus is Made to Carry His Cross

You let the Cross be placed upon Your Most Holy Shoulders. Ah, my Jesus, the Cross is too light for Your Love, but the weight of our sins adds to that of the Cross---enormous and

immense, as the expanse of the Heavens. And You, my wearied Good, You feel crushed under the weight of so many sins. Your soul is horrified at their sight, and feels the pain of each sin. Your sanctity remains shaken before so much ugliness, and as the Cross weighs upon Your shoulders, You stagger, You pant, and a mortal sweat creeps through Your Most Holy Humanity. I beg You, my Love-I don't have the heart to leave You alone-I want to share the weight of the cross with You; and to relieve You from the weight of sins, I cling to Your feet. I want to give You, in the name of all creatures, love for those who do not love You, praises for those who despise

You, blessings, thanksgivings, and obedience on behalf of all. I promise that in any offense You receive, I intend to offer You all of myself in reparation, to do the acts opposite to the offenses creatures give You, and to console You with my kisses and continuous acts of love. But I see that I am too miserable; I need You to be able to really repair You. Therefore I unite myself to Your Most Holy Humanity, and together with You I unite my thoughts to Yours in order to repair for the evil thoughts---of mine, and of all; unite my eyes to Yours, to repair for the evil glances; my mouth to Yours, to repair for the blasphemies and evil discourses; my heart to Yours, to

repair for the evil tendencies, desires and affections. In a word, I want to repair everything that Your Most Holy Humanity repairs, uniting myself to the immensity of Your Love for all, and to the immense good You do to all.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present, and future, together with Your Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "We adore You, oh Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

Third Station

Jesus Falls the First Time

My most patient Jesus, I see You take the first steps under the enormous weight of the Cross, and I unite my steps to Yours. Oh Jesus, You look at me, and I see that You repair for those who do not carry their crosses with resignation, but rather, they swear, get irritated, commit suicide, and commit murders. And for all You impetrate love and resignation to their Crosses. But Your pain is such that You feel crushed under the Cross. You have taken only the first steps, and You already fall under It.

My fallen Love, let me help You to

stand, let me kiss You, dry Your blood, and repair together with You for those who sin out of ignorance, fragility and weakness. I pray You to give help to these souls.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present, and future, together with Your Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "We adore You, oh Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

Fourth Station

Jesus Meets His Blessed Mother

Your Mother, who is searching for You like a moaning dove, wants to tell You one last word, and receive Your last gaze; and You feel Her pains, Her heart lacerated in Yours, moved and wounded by Her love and by Yours. You see Her pushing Her way through the crowd, wanting at any cost to see You, to hug You, to give You the last goodbye. But You are more transfixed in seeing Her mortal paleness, and all of Your pains

reproduced in Her by force of Love. If She lives, it is only by a miracle of Your Omnipotence. You move Your steps toward Hers, but You can hardly exchange a glance!

Oh, pang of Your two Hearts! The soldiers notice it, and with blows and shoves prevent the Mother and Son from exchanging the last goodbye. The torment of both is such that Your Mother remains petrified by the pain, and is about to die.

My suffering Jesus, I too unite with the pierced Mother. I make all Your pains, and every drop of Your Blood my

own; in each wound I want to act as a mother for You, and together with Her and with You, I repair for all the dangerous encounters, and for those who expose themselves to occasions of sin, or, forced by necessity to be exposed, remain entangled in sin.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present, and future, together with Your Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "We adore You, oh Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

Fifth Station

Simon of Cyrene Helps Jesus to Carry the Cross

Your enemies, for fear that You may die under the Cross, force the Cyrenean to help You carry the Cross. Unwilling and complaining, he helps You-not out of love, but by force. Then all the complaints of those who suffer, the lack of resignation, the rebellions, the anger and despising in suffering, echo in Your Heart. But You remain even more pierced in seeing that souls consecrated to You, who You call to be

Your help and companions in Your suffering, escape You; and if You hug them to Yourself through suffering-ah, they wriggle free from Your arms to look for pleasures, and so they leave You alone, suffering!

My Jesus, while I repair with You, I beg You to hold me in Your arms, but so tightly that there may be no pain that You suffer in which I do not take part, so as to be transformed in them and make up for the abandonment of all creatures.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present, and future, together with Your

Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "We adore You, oh Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

Sixth Station

Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus

My Jesus, overcome with weariness, all bent over, You can hardly walk; but I see that You stop and try to look. My Heart, what is it? What are You looking for? Ah, it is Veronica,

who, fearless and courageous, with a cloth dries Your Face all covered with blood, and You leave Your Face impressed on it, in sign of gratitude. My generous Jesus, I too want to dry You, but not with a cloth; I want to expose all of myself to relieve You, I want to enter into Your interior and give You, oh Jesus, heartbeat for heartbeat, breath for breath, affection for affection, desire for desire. I intend to dive into Your Most Holy Intelligence, and making all these heartbeats, breaths, affections, and desires flow in the immensity of Your Will, I intend to multiply them to the infinite. I want, oh my Jesus, to form waves of affections and desires to cast

away all evil affections and desires, which could, even slightly, sadden Your Heart. Still more, oh my Jesus, I intend to form waves of breaths and thoughts, to cast away any breath or thought that could in the least displease You. I will be on guard, oh Jesus, so that nothing else may afflict You, adding more bitterness to Your interior pains. Oh my Jesus, please, let all of my interior swim in the immensity of Yours; in this way I will be able to find enough love and will, so that no evil love may enter Your interior, nor a will which may displease You.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present, and future, together with Your Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "We adore You, oh Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

Seventh Station

Jesus Falls the Second Time

Meanwhile, You moan, fallen under the Cross. The soldiers fear that You may die under the weight of so many martyrdoms, and from the shedding of so much Blood. In spite of this, by lashes and kicks, with difficulty, they manage to put You on Your feet again. And You repair for repeated falls into sin, for mortal sins committed by every class of people, and You pray for obstinate sinners, shedding tears of blood for their conversion.

The Cross, with its heavy weight, digs into Your shoulder, to the extent of forming a wound so deep that the bones

are exposed. At every step, it seems that You are dying, and unable to move any further. But Your Love, which can do everything, gives You strength, and as You feel the Cross penetrate into Your shoulder, You repair for the hidden sins; those which, not being repaired, increase the bitterness of Your spasms. My Jesus, let me place my shoulder under the Cross to relieve You and repair with You for all hidden sins.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present, and future, together with Your Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say:

"We adore You, oh Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

Eighth Station

Jesus Speaks to the Women of Jerusalem

Meanwhile, Your enemies, disapproving of this act of Veronica, flog You, push You, and shove You on Your way! A few more steps and You stop again. Even under the weight of so much suffering, Your Love does not stop, and on seeing the pious women weeping because of Your pains, Your forget

Yourself and console them, saying: "Daughters, do not weep over My pains, but over your sins and over your children." .. What a sublime teaching, how sweet is Your word! Oh Jesus, with You I repair for the lack of charity, and I ask You for the grace of making me forget myself to remember nothing but You alone.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present, and future, together with Your Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "We adore You, oh Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You

have redeemed the world."

Ninth Station

Jesus Falls the Third Time

On hearing You speak to the pious women, Your enemies become furious, they pull You by the ropes, and push You with such rage as to make You fall. As You fall, You knock against the stones: the weight of the Cross crushes You, and You feel like dying! Let me sustain You, and protect Your Most Holy Face with my hands. I see You touch the ground

and gasp in Your Blood. But Your enemies want to make You stand; they pull You by the ropes, they lift You by Your hair, they kick You-but all in vain. You are dying, my Jesus! What pain-my heart breaks for the pain! Almost dragging You, they take You up to Mount Calvary. As they drag You, I hear You repair for all the offenses of souls consecrated to You, which weigh upon You so much that, as much as You try to stand, You cannot! And so, dragged and trampled upon, You reach Calvary, leaving behind You the red trace of Your precious Blood.

And now, my Crucified Good, in

the name of all generations, past, present, and future, together with Your Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "We adore You, oh Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

Tenth Station

Jesus is Stripped of His Garments

But new sufferings await You on Calvary. They strip You again, tearing off both garment and crown of thorns. Ah, You groan in feeling the thorns being tom from inside Your Head; and as they

pull Your garment, they tear also the lacerated flesh attached to it. The wounds rip open, Your Blood flows to the ground in torrents; the pain is such that, almost dead, You fall.

My stripped Jesus, allow me to hold You to my heart to warm You, as I see that You are shivering and an icy mortal sweat invades Your Most Holy Humanity. How I would want to give You my life-my blood to take the place of Yours, which You have lost to give me life!

In the meantime, barely looking at me with His languishing and dying eyes,

Jesus seems to tell me: "My child, how much souls cost Me! This is the place where I wait for everyone in order to save them, where I want to repair for the sins of those who arrive at degrading themselves lower than beasts, and are so obstinate in offending Me as to reach the point of not being able to live without committing sins. Their minds remain blinded, and they sin wildly. This is why they crown Me with thorns for the third time. And by being stripped, I repair for those who wear luxurious and indecent clothing, for the sins against modesty, and for those who are so bound to riches, honors, and pleasures, as to make a god of them for their hearts. Ah, yes,

each one of these offenses is a death that I feel; and if I do not die, it is because the Will of My Eternal Father has not yet decreed the moment of My death!"

My stripped good, while I repair with You, I beg You to strip me of everything with Your Most Holy Hands, and not allow that any bad affection enter into my heart. Watch over it; surround it with Your pains; fill it with Your Love. May my life be nothing but the repetition of Yours; strengthen my stripping with Your Blessing; bless me from Your Heart, and give me the strength to be present at Your sorrowful crucifixion, to remain crucified with

You!

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present, and future, together with Your Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "We adore You, oh Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

Eleventh Station

Jesus is Nailed to the Cross

Meanwhile, my Jesus, You look at the Cross that Your enemies are

preparing for You. And I hear you say: "Please, oh Cross, immediately receive Me into your arms, I am impatient with waiting! Holy Cross, upon you I will come to give completion to all. Hurry, oh Cross, fulfill the burning desire that consumes Me: to give life to souls. Delay no more; I anxiously yearn to lay Myself upon you in order to open the Heavens to all My children."

"Oh cross, it is true that you are My martyrdom, but in a little while you will also be My victory and My most complete triumph; and through you I will give abundant inheritances, victories, triumphs, and crowns to My children."

As Jesus is saying this, His enemies command Him to lay Himself upon it; and promptly He obeys, to repair for our disobedience.

My Love, before You lay Yourself on the Cross, allow me to hold You tighter to my heart, and to kiss Your loving and bleeding wounds. Hear me, oh Jesus, I do not want to leave You; I want to come with You, to lay myself on the Cross and remain nailed to It with You. True love does not tolerate separation, and You will forgive the daring of my love. Concede that I be crucified with You. See, my tender Love, I am not the only one to ask this of

You, but also Your sorrowful Mother, inseparable Magdalene, faithful John: we all say to You that it would be more bearable to be nailed with You to Your Cross, than to see You crucified alone! Therefore, together with You I offer myself to the Eternal Father identified with Your Will, with Your Heart, with Your reparations, and with all Your pains.

Ah, it seems that my adored Jesus says to me: "My child, you have anticipated My Love; this was My Will: that all those who love Me be crucified with Me. Ah, yes, come and lay yourself on the Cross with Me; I will give you

life with My Life, I will hold you as the beloved of My Heart."

And the executioners crucify You.

Oh Jesus, may Your nails nail our powers, so that they may not move away from You; may they nail our hearts, so that they may always be fixed in You alone; may they nail all our feelings, so that they may have no taste which does not come from You. Oh my crucified Jesus, I see You all bleeding, as though swimming in a bath of Blood, which continuously asks for souls. By the power of this Blood, I ask You, oh Jesus, that not one of them may escape

You ever again!

Oh my Jesus, alas, how tortured is Your poor Heart! How to comfort so much pain? I will diffuse myself in You; I will place my heart in Yours, my ardent desires in Yours, so that any evil desire may be destroyed. I will diffuse my love in Yours, so that by means of Your fire, the hearts of all creatures may be incinerated, and profane loves destroyed. Your Most Sacred Heart will be comforted, and from now on I promise You, oh Jesus, always to remain nailed to this most loving Heart, with the nails of Your desires, of Your Love, and

of Your Will. Oh my Jesus-Crucified You; crucified me in You. Do not allow me, even slightly, to unnailed myself from You, but let me always be nailed to You to be able to love You and repair for all, and to soothe the pain which creatures give You with their sins.

My crucified Jesus, may Your nails be driven into my heart, so that there may be no heartbeat, affection, or desire which does not feel their pricking; and may the blood which this heart of mine will shed, be the balm that soothes all Your wounds.

And now, my Crucified Good, in

the name of all generations, past, present, and future, together with Your Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "We adore You, oh Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

**Twelfth
Station**

**Jesus
Dies on
the Cross**

My dying crucified, Jesus, You are

now about to give the last breaths of Your mortal life; Your Most Holy Humanity has already stiffened; Your Heart seems to beat no longer. With Magdalene I cling to Your feet and, if it were possible, I would like to give my life to revive Yours.

Meanwhile, oh Jesus, I see that You open Your dying eyes again, and You look around from the Cross, as though wanting to give the last goodbye to all. You look at Your dying Mother, who no longer has motion or voice, so many are the pains She feels; and You say: "Goodbye Mother, I am leaving, but I will keep You in My Heart. You, take

care of My children and Yours."

You look at crying Magdalene, faithful John, and Your very enemies, and with Your gazes You say to them: "I forgive you; I give you the kiss of peace." .. Nothing escapes Your gaze: You take leave of everyone and forgive everyone. Then, You gather all Your strength, and with a loud and thundering voice, You cry out:

"Father, into Your hands I commend My spirit." .. And bowing Your head, You breathe Your last.

My Jesus, at this cry all nature is shaken and cries over Your death-the death of its Creator! The earth trembles strongly; and with its trembling, it seems to be crying and wanting to shake up souls to recognize You as true God. The veil of the Temple is torn, the dead rise; the sun, which until now had cried over Your pains, has withdrawn its light with horror. At this cry, Your enemies fall on their knees, and beating their breasts, they say: "Truly He is the Son of God." .. And Your Mother, petrified and dying, suffers pains harder than death.

My dead Jesus, with this cry You

also place all of us into the hands of the Father, because You do not reject us. Therefore You cry out loudly, not only with Your voice, but with all Your pains and with the voices of Your Blood: "Father, into Your hands I commend My spirit and all souls." .. My Jesus, I too abandon myself in You; give me the grace to die completely in Your Love-in Your Will, and I pray You never permit me, either in life or in death, to go out of Your Most Holy Will. Meanwhile I intend to repair for all those who do not abandon themselves perfectly to Your Most Holy Will, therefore losing or lessening the precious gift of Your Redemption. What is not the sorrow of

Your Heart, oh my Jesus, in seeing so many creatures escaping from Your arms and abandoning themselves to themselves? Have pity on all, oh my Jesus-have pity on me.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present, and future, together with Your Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "We adore You, oh Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

Thirteenth Station

Jesus is Taken Down from the Cross

My dead Jesus, I see that Your disciples hasten to depose You from the Cross. Joseph and Nicodemus, who have remained hidden until now, with courage and without fearing anything, now want to give You an honorable burial. Thus they take hammers and pincers, to perform the sacred and sad unnailing from the Cross, while Your pierced Mother stretches out Her

maternal arms to receive You on Her lap.

My Jesus, while they unnail You, I too want to help Your disciples to sustain Your Most Holy Body; and with the nails they remove from You, nail me completely to Yourself. With Your Holy Mother, I want to adore You and kiss You, and then enclose myself in Your Heart, never to leave again.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present, and future, together with Your Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say:

"We adore You, oh Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

Fourteenth Station

Jesus is Laid in the Tomb

My sorrowful Mother, I see that You dispose Yourself to the final sacrifice of having to bury Your lifeless Son, Jesus. Perfectly resigned to the

Will of God, You accompany Him, and You place Him in the sepulcher with Your own Hands. And now, my afflicted Mother, allow me to kiss His Heart and to lap up His most precious Blood; You Yourself enclose His Heart in mine, that I may live of His Love, of His desires, of His pains. Lastly, take the stiffened right hand of Jesus, that He may give me the last blessing.

The stone closes the sepulcher. My pierced Mother, together with You, I say goodbye to Jesus; and crying, I want to compassionate You and accompany You in Your bitter desolation. I want to place myself at Your side to give You a

word of comfort, a gaze of compassion at each sigh, affliction, and sorrow of Yours. I will gather Your tears, and I will sustain You in my arms, if I see You faint.

And now, desolate Mother, I thank You in the name of all for everything You have suffered; and I ask You, for the sake of Your bitter desolation, to come to my assistance at the moment of my death. When I find myself alone and abandoned by all, in the midst of a thousand anxieties and fears---come then, to return to me the company which I have given You so many times in life. Come to my assistance; place Yourself

beside me, and put the enemy to flight. Wash my soul with Your tears, cover me with the Blood of Jesus, clothe me with His merits, embellish me and heal me with Your sorrows and with all the pains and works of Jesus; and by virtue of them, let all my sins disappear, giving me total forgiveness. And as I breathe my last, receive me into Your arms, place me under Your mantle, hide me from the gaze of the enemy, take me straight to Heaven, and place me in the arms of Jesus. Let us make this agreement, my dear Mother!

And now, I pray You to return the

company I have given You to all those who are agonizing. Be the Mother of all; these are extreme moments, and great aids are needed. Therefore, do not deny Your maternal office to anyone.

One last word: as I leave You, I pray You to enclose me in the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus; and You, my sorrowful Mother, be my sentry, so that Jesus may not put me out of it; and I, even if I wanted, may not be able to leave. So I kiss Your maternal hand; and You, Bless me.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past,

present, and future, together with Your Mother and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "We adore You, oh Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

Closing Prayer

Oh my Jesus, not one act escapes You which does not keep me present and which does not have the intention of doing me a special good. So I pray You that Your passion be always in my mind,

in my heart, in my gazes, in my steps, and in my pains, so that, wherever I turn, inside and outside of myself, I may always find You present in me. And You, give me the grace never to forget what You have borne and suffered for me. May this be the magnet which, drawing my whole being into You, will never again allow me to go far away from You. **Amen.**

**One Our Father, Hail Mary, and
Glory Be for the special intentions of
the Holy Father**

Litany of the Divine Will

(Taken from the Volumes of Luisa)

Father, in Your Will
illuminate us

Son, in Your Will *transform*
us

Holy Spirit, in Your Will
sanctify us

Divine Will, luminous
beacon of the *Father*. .. *Your
Kingdom come*

Divine Will, redemptive
beacon of the Son "

Divine Will, sanctifying
beacon of the Holy Spirit "

Creating FIAT, support of
creation "

Redeeming FIAT, in Jesus
our salvation "

Sanctifying PIAT, that molds

us in the Sanctity of the
Trinity "

Supreme PLAT, that
transforms the human into
Divine "

Conquering PLAT, that
captivates the human will "

Divine FIAT, that reunites
the Divinity with humanity "

Divine Will, transformer of
hearts "

Divine Will, depository of

the Divine Will in souls "

Divine Will, invincible strength "

Divine Will, Light of humanity "

Divine Will, operating part in the Trinity "

Divine Will, star that reflects the Divinity "

FIAT Divine, order of creation "

FIAT reigning in peaceful
souls "

FIAT redemptive with the
descent of the Word "

FIAT triumphant in the
Virgin Mary "

FIAT speaking in all
creation "

FIAT operating in the
silence of hearts "

Divine Will, star of the
Divinity "

Divine Will, model of the
Supreme Being "

Divine Will, dispenser of
the Divine attributes "

Divine Will, Divine echo of
all creation "

Divine Will, tabernacle of
Mary Most Holy "

Divine Will, mirror of
Divine Sanctity "

Most Holy Trinity, font of
unity "

Most Holy Trinity, essence
of sanctity "

Most Holy Trinity, perfect
union of will "

Pray for us, Queen of the
Divine Volition,

*so that the Divine Will can
reign on earth as It does in
Heaven.*

Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory Be

for the intentions of the Supreme Pontiff.

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

O 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 with an air of sadness because of the loneliness of the night, not having around You the crown of your sons and of your tender spouses, who may at least

keep You company in your voluntary imprisonment.

O my Divine Prisoner, I too feel my heart catch for having to leave You, and I am forced to say good-bye to You. But, what am I saying? O Jesus-never again good-bye. I don't have the courage to leave You alone. Good-bye with my lips, but not with my heart; rather, I leave my heart with You in the Tabernacle. I will count your heartbeats and I will correspond to them with my heartbeat of love; I will number your panting sighs and, to cheer You, I will make You rest in my arms. I will be your

vigilant sentry; I will be attentive to see if anything comes to trouble You or to sadden You, not only so as to never leave You alone, but also to take part in all your pains.

O Heart of my heart! O Love of my love! Leave this air of sadness and be consoled; I don't have the heart to see You afflicted. While with my lips I say good-bye, I leave with You my breaths, my affections, my thoughts, my desires and all my movements, which, forming a chain of continuous acts of love, united to Yours, will surround You like a crown, and will love You for all. Aren't You happy, O Jesus? It seems You say

Yes, don't You?

Good-bye, O loving Prisoner-but, I have not finished yet. Before I depart, I also want to leave my body before You; I intend to make of my flesh and of my bones many tiny little pieces in order to form as many lamps for as many Tabernacles as exist in the world; and of my blood, many little flames to light those lamps. And in every Tabernacle I intend to put my lamp which, uniting with the lamp of the Tabernacle that gives You light at night, will say to You: "I love You, I adore You, I bless You, I repair You and I thank You for me and for all."

Good-bye, O Jesus-but, listen to one more word: let us make a pact, and the pact be that we will love each other more. You will give me more love, will enclose me in your love, will make me live of love, and will bury me in your love. Let us tighten our bond of love more strongly; I will be content only if You give me your love to be able to really love You.

Good-bye, O Jesus, bless me-bless all. Clasp me to your Heart, imprison me in your love; and I leave You, placing a kiss upon your Heart. Good-bye, good-bye

Good Morning to Jesus **in the Blessed Sacrament**

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 obsequies, my affectionate heartbeats, my ardent desires and all of myself in order to transfuse myself completely in You, and to abandon all of myself in You in perpetual memory and pledge of my love toward You.

O my always lovable Sacramental Love, You know? While I have come to give You all of myself, I have also come to receive from You all of Yourself. I cannot live without a life, therefore I want yours. All is given to 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, we will save them, we will let no one 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 deeper inside; I will cry out louder in order to plead together with You the salvation of your children and my brothers.

O 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 studded, is the emblem of the souls; and the chains which bind You completely, so very tightly, 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 around 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 do, will serve to soothe each of your pains, to sweeten every bitterness of yours, to repair for any offense, to repay You for everything, and to impetrate any

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

O dear Prisoner of love, bind me with your chains, seal me with your love. O please! show me your beautiful face. O Jesus, how beautiful You are! Your blond hair braids and sanctifies all my thoughts; your forehead, calm and serene in the midst of so many offenses, gives me peace and puts me in the most perfect calm-even in the midst of the greatest storms, of your very privations,

of your whims, which cost me my life. Ah, You know it, but I move on; it is my heart that tells You this, for it knows how to say it better than I do. O Love, your beautiful cerulean eyes, sparkling with divine light, abduct me to Heaven and make me forget the earth; but, alas, to my greatest sorrow my exile yet continues. Hurry, hurry, O 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 kisses me softly in every instant. Your gentle voice calls me and invites me to love every moment; your knees sustain me; your arms clasp

me with 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 contentment. Never leave me alone, for I am a nothing, and *the nothing* cannot be without *the All*. Do You promise me, O Jesus? It seems that You say *Yes*. And now bless me-bless all; and in the company of the Angels, of the Saints, of the sweet Mama and of all creatures, I say to You: "Good morning, O Jesus, good morning ... "

Little Chaplet of the Divine Will

by Saint Annibale M. DiFrancia

*For either individual or group
recitation.*

Recite once at the beginning:

Our Father, Hail Mary, and

Glory Be.

Repeat 10 times:

Fiat, God, Your Will be done on earth
as It is in Heaven. Amen.

Repeat once: Glory Be.

*Continue for five decades, or
however many one wants. The
five decades end:*

Lord Jesus, God with the Father and with the Holy Spirit, in Your Holy and Eternal Divine Will we praise You, we love You, we bless You, and we thank You. **Amen.**

*The Chaplet of
the Rounds of
the Soul in the
Divine Will*

This little rosary chaplet is composed of six sections.

It will be used four times in order to do a complete round (24 Hours)

On the three small beads: Pater, Ave, Gloria.

On the large bead, the ejaculatory prayer:

"Come O Supreme
Will, to reign upon
earth! Invest all
generations!

Win and conquer all!"

(Vol. 35 - Nov. 20, 1937)

The
Chaplet
Rosary
of
the

Creating
FIAT

Redeeming
PIAT

Sanctifying
PIAT

*Prayer of
Consecration to the*

Divine Will

O adorable and Divine Will, here I am, before the immensity of Your Light, that Your eternal Goodness may open to me the doors, and make me enter into It, to form my life all in You, Divine Will.

Therefore, prostrate before Your Light, I, the littlest among all creatures, come, O adorable Will, into the little group of the first children of Your Supreme Fiat. Prostrate in my nothingness, I beseech and implore Your

endless Light, that It may want to invest me and eclipse everything that does not belong to You, in such a way that I may do nothing other than look, comprehend and live in You, Divine Will.

It will be my life, the center of my intelligence, the enrapturer of my heart and of my whole being. In this heart the human will will no longer have life; I will banish it forever, and will form the new Eden of peace, of happiness and of love. With It I shall always be happy, I shall have a unique strength, and a sanctity that sanctifies everything and brings everything to God.

Here prostrate, I invoke the help of the Sacrosanct Trinity, that They admit me to live in the cloister of the Divine Will, so as to restore in me the original order of Creation, just as the creature was created.

Celestial Mother, Sovereign Queen of the Divine Fiat, take me by the hand and enclose me in the Light of the Divine Will. You will be my guide, my tender Mother; You will guard your child, and will teach me to live and to maintain myself in the order and in the bounds of the Divine Will. Celestial Sovereign, to your Heart I entrust my whole being; I will be the tiny little child of the Divine

Will. You will teach me the Divine Will, and I will be attentive in listening to You. You will lay your blue mantle over me, so that the infernal serpent may not dare to penetrate into this Sacred Eden to entice me and make me fall into the maze of the human will.

Heart of my highest Good, Jesus, You will give me Your flames, that they may bum me, consume me and nourish me, to form in me the life of the Supreme Will.

Saint Joseph, You will be my Protector, the Custodian of my heart, and will keep the keys of my will in Your

hands. You will keep my heart jealously, and will never give it to me again, that I may be sure never to go out of the Will of God.

Guardian Angel, guard me, defend me, help me in everything, so that my Eden may grow flourishing, and be the call of the whole world into the Will of God.

Celestial Court, come to my help, and I promise You to live always in the Divine Will. **Amen.**

*Prayer for the
Beatification of the
Servant of God,
Luisa Piccarreta*

O Most Holy Trinity,

Our Lord Jesus Christ taught us that, as we pray we should ask that our

Father's Name be always glorified, that His Will be done on earth and that His Kingdom should come to reign among us.

In our great desire to make known this Kingdom of love, justice and peace we humbly ask that You glorify Your Servant Luisa, the Little Daughter of the Divine Will who, with her constant prayer and suffering, deeply yearned for the salvation of souls and the coming of God's Kingdom in the world.

Following her example, we pray to You, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, to help us joyfully embrace the crosses of this

world so that we may also glorify Your Name and enter into the Kingdom of Your Will.

Amen.

Prayer written
and
authorized by:

Curia of
the
Archidio

of

Trani-
Nazareth
Italy

+

Carmelo
Cassati

Archbish

Pious Association

"Luisa Piccarreta

Little Children of the Divine Will"

Via Nazario Sauro, 25

70033 Corato (BA) - Italy

Tel. *080/8982221*