

THE ROUND OF THE SOUL IN THE DIVINE WILL

To Obtain the Coming of the Kingdom of God on Earth as in Heaven

By the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta

Our Lady the Queen of Heaven and earth with all maternal love offers you her prayers by which you, one with Luisa, will be able to win over God. Pray one with Our Lady, and you will have her power to take in your grasp as it were the works of Creation and Redemption to be one with you as you link yourself with Luisa. Your prayer will be as a mighty army to surround the throne of God, in order that the Divine Will may become known and Its Kingdom may come upon the earth. You will have in your power the heavens, the sun, all creation, the life, sufferings and tears of Jesus, the sorrows, the love, the virtues and the entire life of your Heavenly Mother. Imploring with you, they will take by storm, the Supreme Being as Our Lady did. These prayers are "The Round of the Soul in the Divine Will."

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God, first model of Creation; Adam, the second; Luisa the third, the one who must make the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat return.

You must know that the first model in Creation was the Supreme Being, within which was man to model all his acts with his Creator. The second was to be Adam, within which all his descendants were to model themselves. But because he withdrew from my Will, since my Will and Its unity were missing in him, he lacked the brushes, the colors and the raw material to be able to make the models in the likeness of his Creator. Poor one, how could he form models with the very divine form, if he was no longer in possession of that Will which administered to him the ability to do it, as well as everything that was needed to be able to form the very models of God? By rejecting my Divine Fiat, he rejected the power which can do everything and knows how to do everything. It happened to Adam as would happen to you Luisa, if you had neither paper nor pens nor ink with which to write. If these were lacking to you Luisa, you would not be able to write a single word. In the same way, he was no longer able to form the models on the divine mold. The third model must be formed by Luisa, the one who must make the Kingdom of my Will return. Therefore, your duties Luisa are great; on your models will all those of others be modeled. So, let the life of my Divine Will flow in all your acts Luisa that It may administer to you everything that is needed. In this way, everything will go well, and your Jesus will be together with you Luisa, to make you Luisa execute His divine models well."

The Soul, one with Luisa, 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, always one with Luisa, to find its beginning. The moment in which God was creating all things becomes present. The soul, one with Luisa, receives from Him, as though in a storehouse, all the Divine Love that emerges from his Bosom through the omnipotent *Fiat*. The soul, one with Luisa, offers Him with this same love, in exchange, glory and adoration. It then goes, one with Luisa, to Eden to receive the first breath that God infused into Adam, that regenerative breath that always generates. Next, it travels through the centuries, one with Luisa, to embrace all people, to make up for what is lacking in each of them. The soul, one with Luisa, then passes in review all the actions of the Queen Mother and, making them its own, it gives them to its God, as though there were its own.

The soul, always one with Luisa, goes on to consider the Conception of the Word, all the actions that He accomplished in his life. For each of them, the soul one with Luisa, has a corresponding action of its own – however small – of love, of thanksgiving and of petition for the arrival of his Kingdom. The soul, one with Luisa, 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, one with Luisa, to send quickly upon earth the Kingdom of the Divine *Fiat*.

First Hour

The Soul, one with Luisa, 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, one with Luisa, 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 in behalf of everyone for the Kingdom of your Will. See, O 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, O 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, one with Luisa, 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 mournful 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, one with Luisa, 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 giving 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 acts, 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, one with Luisa, 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 with 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, one with Luisa, Continues Its Act of Reparation. It Passes In Review the Chief Figures of the Old Testament and Years for Redemption.

My Jesus, my Life, I shall never leave You alone in your sorrow. From your Will I shall 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 shall 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 in 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. In 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 envelops 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, one with Luisa, Plunges into the Ocean of Light and Holiness of the Heavenly Mother. With Her, It Prays that the Kingdom of the Divine Will May Soon 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 Her who has to give You everything, who has to make amends to You for everything, Her 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 shall not leave your lap if You don't give Me what I ask of You."

I, too, Heavenly Father, shall 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 shall 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, one with Luisa, 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 shall pray, I shall weep, I shall 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 shall 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, one with Luisa, 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 in 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, one with Luisa, 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, one with Luisa, 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, one with Luisa, is with Jesus in Egypt and 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 clothes 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, one with Luisa, is Present as the Dear Baby Jesus Mingles for the First Time with the Children of Egypt and Watches Him as He Blessed Them and 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, one with Luisa, Follows Jesus Who, after the Exile, Returns to Nazareth. Showering Him with its "I love You," and 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." I therefore call to my aid the light of the sun: May it shed its rays full of "I love You." I invite the stars to rain down on You my glittering "I love You." I 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." I 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 shall continually

whisper into your ear: "I love You, I adore You." I shall ask You with your same prayers for the Kingdom of your *Fiat*. With your same sleep I shall 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, one with Luisa, Follows Jesus into the Desert. Stopping by the Jordan, and Asks Him for the Life-giving Baptism of His Divine Will, so All May Receive His Divine 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 shall 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, one with Luisa, Follows Jesus to the Wedding Feast in Cana and Asks Him to Exchange the Human Will with the Divine Will and 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, one with Luisa, 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, one with Luisa, 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 of there!" 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 shall 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, one with Luisa, Follows Jesus as He Enters Jerusalem and Asks Him for the Victory of the Divine Will Over the Human Will, then Follows Him in the Institution of the Holy 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, one with Luisa, 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, my 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 clown, 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, one with Luisa, 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, one with Luisa, Follows Jesus to Calvary and 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, one with Luisa, is Enclosed in the Tomb with Jesus to Bury its human 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, one with Luisa, Follows Jesus after the Resurrection and 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!