

DIVINE WILL
PRAYER BOOK

Writings, Meditations and Prayers on the
Gift of
Living in the Divine Will

Luisa Piccarreta
The Little Daughter of the Divine Will

Ad Usum Privatum

All English trans. from the Italian text, introductions,
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Introductions, Annotations and Theological Presentations
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THREE APPEALS

The following appeals were written by Luisa. The first appeal is from God; the second appeal is from Mary and taken from “*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*” in 1930; the third appeal is from Luisa which she wrote as a preface to her volumes in 1924.

Luisa’s first 19 volumes received the *nihil obstat* from Hannibal di Francia, and the *imprimatur* from Bishop Joseph Leo. *The Hours of the Passion* and the *The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will* received these seals of approval as well.

The Divine Appeal

Jesus the divine King, along with his Father and
the Holy Spirit, appeal to mankind to enter into
the Kingdom of the Divine Will

[God the Father reveals:] “My dear and beloved children, I come among you with My Heart consumed entirely with flames of love. I come as a Father to be with My children, for 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 and with one single love.”

[God the Son reveals:] “As I come to you, I come bearing My pains, My Blood, My works and even My very

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death. Look at Me: Each drop of My Blood, each one of My sorrows, steps and indeed all of My acts compete with each other for love of you, as they seek to bestow upon you My Divine Will. Even My death seeks to beget anew the life of My Will in you. I have prepared everything for you in My humanity, and I have implored and obtained graces, assistance, light and strength for you to receive such a great gift. On My part I have done everything; now I am waiting for you to do your part. Who would be so ungrateful as to turn Me away and not welcome this gift I am bringing to you? Know that My love is so great that I will forget about your past life, including your sins and all your evil deeds, and I will bury them in the ocean of My love which will burn them all away. In this way we will begin a new life together, entirely of My Will.

Who would have the heart to refuse Me and send Me away without accepting this visit of Mine, so replete with a Father's love? If you welcome Me, I will remain with you as a Father¹ with his children. So we must be in the greatest accord and live together with one single Will. Oh, how I yearn for this! How I moan and weep, even to the point of delirium², for I want My dearest children to gather around Me and live with My very own Will.

¹ While neither the Father nor the Holy Spirit experience suffering, but only the Incarnate Word of God, the Father here speaks intermittently through his Son, the Word of the Father.

² The expression of the Incarnate Word of God becoming "delirious" often recurs throughout Luisa's text. This Apulian expression conveys the overwhelming effects of Christ's divine love upon his human nature when confronting and overcoming the sins of mankind.

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It has been almost six thousand years that My humanity – desiring that My children come back and live together with Me – has offered up many sighs and shed many bitter tears. I desire to have My children around Me; I want to make them holy and happy again. But I weep time and again as I call to them to return to Me. Who would not be moved to compassion over My tears and love which go so far as to stifle My breath, even to the point of choking Me? Among sighs and agonies of love, I go about repeating:

‘My children, where are you? Why don’t you return to your Father? Why do you leave Me? Why do you want to wander about poor and filled with so much misery? Your poor condition creates wounds in My Heart. I am weary from waiting for you.’

And since you do not return to Me, I come in search of you, for I can no longer contain the love that consumes Me. I come bringing to you the great gift of My Will and oh, I entreat you, I plead with you to have pity on My many tears and ardent sighs!”

[God the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit reveal:] “I come to you not only as a Father, but also as a Teacher among his disciples. I desire that you listen to what I reveal, as I will be teaching you surprising things, lessons of heaven that will contain light that shall never be extinguished and a blazing love that shall endure forever. My lessons will give you a divine strength, heroic courage and a holiness that continuously increases. These lessons

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will light the way for your steps and guide you along the way to your heavenly homeland.

I come as a King to live with his people, but not for the purpose of levying taxes and heaping burdens upon you – not at all! I come because I want your will, your misery, your weakness and all of your evils. My sovereignty consists precisely in this: I want everything that distresses you and causes you to be unhappy and restless, so that I may conceal it within My love and burn all of it away. As a beneficent, pacific and magnanimous King I wish to exchange My Will with yours and fill you with My most tender love, with My riches and happiness, with My peace and My purest joy.”

[God the Son reveals:] “If you will give Me your will, all will be done just as I have said; you will make Me happy and you will also be happy. I long for nothing else than for My Will to reign in you. Heaven and earth will be smiling at you. My Heavenly Mother will be a mother and a Queen to you; she knows the great good that the Kingdom of My Will shall bring about in you. In order to satisfy My ardent sighs and put an end to my weeping, she will love you as her true children by traveling to people throughout the world to dispose and prepare them to receive the dominion of the Kingdom of My Will. She was the one who prepared mankind for Me so that I could descend from heaven to earth. And now I am entrusting to her – to her maternal love – the task of disposing souls to receive such a great gift.

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So please listen closely to what I wish to tell you. I beg you, My children, to read very attentively these pages that I have set before you. If you will do this, you will acquire the desire 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 may understand what you read and truly desire the gift of My Divine ‘Fiat’.”

The Mother’s Appeal

The appeal of the Blessed Virgin Mary to her children to enter into the Kingdom of the Divine Will (taken from, *The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*)

Dearest daughter, I feel the irresistible need to come down from heaven to offer 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, your model, your example and most tender mother.³ I come to invite you to enter the Kingdom of your tender mother – the Kingdom of the Divine Will – and I knock at the door of your heart that you may invite me in. You know it is with my own hands that I bring you this book as a gift. I offer it to you with my maternal care so that, in reading it, you in turn may learn to live by the life of heaven and no longer by that of earth.

³ Throughout her text, Luisa refers to Mary as her “mum” (“*Mamma*). The Italian expression, “*mamma*”, is here translated as “tender mother”.

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This book is of gold my child. It will form your spiritual fortune and also your happiness 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 to raise you up; if you feel afflicted, you will find comfort; if you are dejected, you shall discover the surest path to rekindle hope; if famished, you shall enjoy the heavenly bread of the Divine Will, and you will lack nothing. You will no longer be alone, for I, your tender mother, will provide you with the sweetest company and, with all of my maternal care, I will take on the commitment of making you happy. I, your heavenly Empress, shall take care of all your needs, provided you agree to live united with me.

If you knew my longing, my ardent sighs and the tears I shed for my children! If you knew how this Heart of mine is set ablaze in desiring that you listen to my lessons imbued with heaven, so that you may learn how to live in the Divine Will! In this book you will read of amazing things, you will find a mother who loves you so much that she willing to sacrifice her own beloved Son for you in order for you to live of the same life she lived on earth.

Do not inflict me with the sorrow of you rejecting me, but accept this gift of heaven that I am bringing you. Welcome my visit and my lessons. Know that I will go throughout the world, imparting my lessons to each individual and to all families – to religious communities, to every nation and to all peoples; if necessary, I will do so for entire centuries until, as their Queen, I have formed my

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people and, as their mother, my children, so that they may know the gift of Living in the Divine Will, and allow it to reign everywhere.

Such 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 inscribe their names in my maternal Heart. Have you understood, my child? That same infinite love of God, who chose me in the work of Redemption as the instrument through whom the Eternal Word should descend to earth, chooses again to avail himself of me, by entrusting to me the difficult yet sublime task of forming the children of the Kingdom of his Divine Will on earth. Therefore, with maternal care I set out, preparing for you the way that will lead you to this happy kingdom.

For this purpose I will impart to you sublime and heavenly lessons; I shall teach you new and special prayers, through which you will exercise dominion over the heavens, the sun, the acts of all the saints and over all creation – indeed over the very life of me and my Son – so that in your name these may implore for the adorable Kingdom of the Divine Will to come and reign on earth. These prayers are the most powerful of all, as they exercise dominion over the divine work itself. Through these prayers God will feel disarmed and won over by the soul.

With confidence in such aid, you will hasten the coming of this most happy kingdom and, with me, you will obtain, according to the desire of the Divine Master, the realization of the Our Father prayer: the fulfillment of his

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Divine Will on earth as it is in heaven. Have courage my child; make me happy by not refusing me this honour, and I shall bless you.

The Daughter's Appeal

The appeal of Luisa, the Little Daughter of the Divine Will,
to you, to the Church and to all mankind

My sweet Jesus, behold me in your arms, as I implore your help. Oh, you know the anguish of my soul – how my heart bleeds; how I experience great repugnance in making known all that which you have told me about your Most Holy Will.⁴ But holy obedience imposes itself, and you, Jesus, will it. And though I should be crushed, I am constrained by a supreme power to carry out this sacrifice.

But remember, my beloved Jesus, you yourself have called me *the newborn child of your Most Holy Will*, and a newborn child can barely stammer. So, what shall I do, if not barely stammer about your Will while you do the rest. Will you not agree to this, my beloved Jesus? Or better, grant that I may completely disappear, so that your Will – in dipping its pen in that Eternal Sun⁵ – may write with divine, indelible and golden letters the concepts, the value, the power and the effects of your Supreme Will. May your Will write of how the soul who lives in it, as in its center,

⁴ “Repugnance” indicates Luisa’s desire to remain anonymous.

⁵ “Eternal Sun” signifies the Trinity’s unending light that engenders life in all things.

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becomes divinized and ennobled; how your Will does away with its human attachments, and enables the soul to rediscover its origins, whereby vanquishing all of its misery, it regains its primordial state: Beautiful, pure and perfectly ordered to the likeness of its Creator, just as the soul emerged from his creative hands.

Write on this paper the long history of your Will, Jesus, your pain in seeing yourself spurned by souls and thwarted back, as it were, to your heavenly regions. And though rejected, like the sun on high, you unleash your rays of grace throughout all human generations. Since you desire to come down and reign among us, you issue forth the rays of your sighs, groaning, tears, and intense and eternal pains on account of us having exiled you, and of our having ruptured the union of your Will with our human will. Whence you await us to bid you return among us to be our triumphant King, so that you may reign on earth as in heaven.

Descend, O Supreme Will! I am she who is the first to call out to you. Come and reign on the earth! You who created man to only carry out your Will – which Will he ungratefully broke from by rebelling against you – come to reunite this human will to yourself, so that heaven and earth and all creatures may be re-ordered in You!

Oh, how I would give my life for your Will to be known! I would take flight from this earth in the interminable expanses of your Will in order to bring to every creature its eternal kiss, its knowledge, its blessings, its value and your inexpressible groans. Since you desire to

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come and reign on earth, may all come to know you in order to receive you with love and, with rejoicing, allow you to reign!

O Holy Will, may your luminous rays unleash the arrows of your knowledge! Reveal to all your desire to come and make us happy – not with a purely human happiness, but with a divine one – to give us the self-mastery we once possessed, but that we had lost, and the interior light that reveals to us the true blessing we receive in possessing your Will, as it renders us stable and strong with a divine strength and stability, and the true evil that comes from rejecting it.

Unleash the currents of your Divine Will within our human will and, within our souls, reveal with the brushstroke of your creative hand all the divine lineaments we had lost by withdrawing ourselves from your Will! Your Will shall infuse in us the freshness which never grows old, the beauty which never fades, the light that is never overshadowed, the ever-increasing grace and the ever-burning love that cannot be extinguished. Oh Holy Will, prepare the way; prepare the way to make yourself known; reveal to everyone who you are and the great good you desire for us all, so that attracted and enraptured by such a blessing, we may all invoke your Will and, by this means, you may freely reign on earth as in heaven.

Wherefore I beseech you to write through my hand all the knowledge you have revealed to me on your Divine Will. May every word, expression, effect and knowledge that derives from it, be to those who read, loving darts and

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arrows that, wounding them, may make them fall at your feet to receive you with open arms and allow you to reign in their hearts.

Of the so many miracles your Will has wrought, work this one miracle of making them know you, so that they may not be the cause of you having passed on, no; rather, may they open the doors of their will to you, to receive you and allow you to reign. This newborn little child of your Will asks this of You. Since You have with so much insistence asked of me the sacrifice of conveying [to others] the secrets of your Will that you reveal to me, I, in turn, ask a sacrifice from You: May your Will work the miracle of making itself known to the world so that it may assume its rightful place of triumph among souls, and reign in the hearts of those that have invited it and know it. This alone I ask of you, my beloved Jesus. I ask nothing else of you, but for the requital of my sacrifice. May your Will be known and reign among us with its full dominion.

You know, my love, how great my sacrifice has been, my interior struggles to the point of feeling myself die. But for love of you, and to obey your representative on earth, I have submitted myself to everything. Therefore, I desire a great miracle: As souls who read these revelations come to know of the teachings on your Will, may they be more enraptured, enchained and attracted by them than by a powerful magnet, and may they make your Divine “Fiat”, which you greatly love and desire, reign on earth.

And if it pleases you, my life, before these writings are made know, grant that, before they pass through the

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hands of your and my brothers and sisters, I beseech you to call this newborn little child of your Will into your heavenly homeland. Oh, spare me the sorrow of witnessing the public diffusion of our secrets. If you have not spared me the first sorrow of these writings being diffused to others before my death, spare me this second sorrow of our secrets being diffused before my death, but as always: “Not my will, but your Will be done.”

And now a word to all you who shall read these writings: I entreat you, I beseech you to receive with love that which Jesus wants to give you, that is, his Divine Will. But in order for him to give you his Will, He desires your will, otherwise his Will cannot reign in you. If you only knew with how much love my beloved Jesus desires to give you the greatest gift that exists both in heaven and on earth, namely, his Divine Will!

Oh how many bitter tears he sheds in seeing you living according to your own will, in seeing you groveling on the ground sickly and impoverished. You are not capable of maintaining a good resolution. And do you know why? Because Jesus’ Will does not reign in you.

Oh, how Jesus weeps and sighs over your plight; sobbing, He entreats you to allow his Will to reign in you. He wants to change your plight from being sick to being healthy, from being impoverished to becoming rich in his divine treasures, from being weak to becoming strong, from being mutable to becoming immutable, from being a slave to becoming a king. It is not great penances He desires, nor long prayers or other such things; rather He desires that his

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Will reign in you, and that your will no longer have a life of its own.

I implore you, listen to him! I am ready to give my life for each one of you, to the point of enduring any pain, provided you open the door of your soul and allow the Will of my beloved Jesus to reign in you, and triumph over all human generations. And now I extend an invitation to all of you:

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 in which to exercise dominion. This Kingdom was the whole universe, but his scepter, his crown and his power to command came from the depths of his soul, in which the Divine “Fiat” dwelled like a reigning king. This Fiat constituted in man his true royalty: His garments were royal, more refulgent than the sun;⁶ his acts were noble and his beauty enrapturing. God loved him so much that He delighted in him, He called him, “my little king and my son.” Everything was bliss, order and harmony.

This man, our first father, by doing his own will apart from the Divine Will, betrayed himself – he betrayed his kingdom and embittered his Creator who had highly exalted and loved him; he lost his kingdom – the Kingdom of the Divine Will, which contained everything that he had received; the doors of the kingdom were cut off from him

⁶ Jesus reveals to Luisa that Adam’s body was literally clothed with a garment of divine light (L. Piccarreta, volume 20, December 12, 1926).

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and God withdrew within himself the kingdom he had given man.

Now I must tell you a secret: God, in withdrawing within himself the Kingdom of the Divine Will, did not say: “I will no longer give it to man”; rather, He kept it in reserve, awaiting future generations in order to overwhelm them with surprising graces, and with such dazzling light as to eclipse the human will that caused mankind to lose such a holy kingdom; He awaited until now to overwhelm us with such attractions of admirable and stupendous knowledge of the Divine Will that it makes us feel the earnest desire to put aside our own will which makes us unhappy, and cast ourselves into the Divine Will, our permanent kingdom.

Therefore the kingdom is ours, so have courage! The Supreme “Fiat” awaits us, beckons us and urges us to take possession of it. Who would be so bold, who would be so obstinate as to not listen to its call, and not accept the great happiness it offers? All we have to do is cast off the miserable rags of our will, the mourning garment of our slavery in which our will has cast us, to clothe ourselves as queens and adorn ourselves with divine ornaments.

Therefore, I appeal to all of you. I don’t believe you do not wish to listen to me. Have you not understood that I am but a tiny little child, the lowliest of all? And yet, bilocating myself⁷ in the Divine Will along with Jesus, I am

⁷ Throughout her text, Luisa’s penchant for “bilocation” is predicated on the human soul’s ability to transcend time and space. Throughout her text, Luisa employs the expression “bilocation” to indicate the

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able to come onto your lap as a little child and knock at your heart's door with sighs and tears to ask you, as a little beggar, for your rags – for your mourning garments, your unhappy will – that you may offer it to Jesus, whereby he may consume it all in his divine love. And he will then restore to you his will, and confer upon you his kingdom, his happiness and his white royal garments.

If you only knew what the Will of God can do! It contains heaven and earth. If we are united with God's Will, everything is ours, everything hangs upon our every action. Conversely, if we are not united with God's Will, everything turns against us, and anything we may enjoy we rob from of our Creator, surviving by means of fraud and plunder.

So, if you wish to know God's Will, read these pages. In them you will find the ointment for the wounds that the human will has cruelly inflicted on us; you will inhale a new and completely divine air, and experience a completely heavenly life. You will feel heaven in your soul; you will see horizons, engender new spiritual suns, and you will often discover bathed in tears the countenance

manner by which God empowered her soul to impact all things of the past, present and future. The soul's ability to bilocate is further exemplified in God's being (footnote 180, p. 535), in the lives of Adam and Eve (footnote 178, p. 534), in Jesus (pp. 321-322, 596, 639), in Mary (p. 203), and in Luisa (footnote 7, p. 14; footnote 178, p. 534; pp. 286, 552, 569, 656). For a theological presentation of the soul's ability to bilocate, cf. chapter 2 of the ecclesiastically approved doctoral dissertation, entitled, *"The Gift of Living in the Divine Will in the Writings of Luisa Piccarreta – an inquiry into the early ecumenical councils, and into patristic, scholastic and contemporary theology"*.

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of Jesus, as He desires to give to you his Will. He weeps because while He desires to see you happy, He finds you unhappy. Whence He sobs, sighs and prays for the happiness of all of you, his children; He does so in order to free you from your unhappiness. He asks you for your will and He offers you in exchange his Will as the confirmation of the gift of his kingdom.

Therefore, I appeal to all of you, and I make my appeal together with Jesus, with his own tears, with his ardent sighs, with his Heart set ablaze in desiring to give you his “Fiat.” From within his “Fiat” we have all emerged, for it has given us life. It is just, it is our obligation and duty that we return from whence we came, to our dear and unending inheritance.

In the first place, I appeal to the highest Church authority, to his Holiness the Roman Pontiff who is the representative of the Holy Church, and therefore the representative of the Kingdom of the Divine Will. At his holy feet, this tiny lowly child places this kingdom, so that he may exercise dominion over it and make it known, and with his paternal and authoritative voice, he may call his sons to live in this ever-so holy kingdom.

May the sun of the Supreme Fiat imbue him and form in its representative on earth the first sun of the Divine Will, for in forming its primary life in him who is the head of all members of the Church, it shall spread its interminable rays throughout the world, eclipsing everyone with its light, and forming one flock and one shepherd.

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The second appeal I make is to all Priests: Prostrate at the feet of each one of you, I pray, I beseech you to apply yourselves to know about the gift of Living in the Divine Will. May your first gesture, your first act emerge from it. Or better, immerse yourselves in the Fiat, and you will feel how sweet and dear its life is. Draw from it all of your undertakings; you will experience a divine strength in you and an unceasing voice that utters to you admirable things never-before heard. You will feel a light that will eclipse all of your evils and, eclipsing the people also, it will give you divine authority over them. If there is much effort you expend without fruit, it is because the life of the Divine Will is lacking. If you have broken bread for the people without the leaven of the “Fiat”, in eating it, they will find it hard and nearly indigestible, and not having been nourished, they will not submit to your teachings. Therefore, eat this bread of the Divine “Fiat”! In this way, you will have enough bread to administer to the people. Thus you will form with everyone, one single life and one single Will.

The third appeal I make is to all of you – to the entire world, for you are all my brothers, sisters and my children. Do you know why I am calling upon all of you? Because I want to give to you the life of the Divine Will. This is more than the very air that we all breathe. It is a like the sun from which we all receive the blessings of light; it is like a heartbeat that wishes to beat in the hearts of all. And, as a little child, I desire and yearn for you to take the life of the “Fiat”. Oh, if you all knew how many goods you would receive, you would all abandon your lives so that it might reign in you! This tiny little child wishes to tell you

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another secret that Jesus has confided to her, and I tell you this so that you may heed me and give Jesus your will, who, in exchange, will give you the Will of God that will make you happy both in soul and body.

Do you want to know why the earth is not productive? Why in various points of the earth the ground opens frequently with earthquakes and buries in its bosom cities and people? Do you wish to know why the wind and water form storms and devastate everyone, and why there occur so many other evils with which you are familiar? Because created things possess a Divine Will that dominates them and, therefore, they are submissive to the powerful and dominating Will of God. Inasmuch as they are submissive to the Divine Will, they are nobler than us. We, on the other hand, are dominated by our human will and on this account we have become degraded, weak and impotent. If, for our fortune, we will put aside our human will and will receive the life of the Divine Will, we too will be strong and exercise dominion; we will be brothers in harmony with all creatures, which will not only cease to trouble us, but they will give us dominion over them, and we will be happy in time and in eternity.

Does this not make you happy? So don't waste any time. Pay heed to this poor little child who loves you very much, and you will make me happy and able to say that all of my brothers and sisters are kings and queens, because they all possess the life of the Divine Will. So, have courage, all of you, and heed my appeal. I yearn all the more for all of you to respond together to this appeal because it is not I alone who call you, who beseech you, but

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united with me is my sweet Jesus who calls you with his tender and moving voice. Many times he even cries, saying to you: “Receive My Will as your life, and enter its Kingdom.”

The first one 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 when he prayed the “Our Father”. And in conveying to us this prayer of his, He appealed to all and implored that God’s “will be done on earth as it is in heaven”. In wanting to give you his Kingdom, his “Fiat”, Jesus’ love is so great that every time you recite the “Our Father,” He runs to you to say it together with you, and He says: “My Father, it is I who ask this of you on behalf of my sons. Do not delay!” Therefore, the first one who prays that God’s Will be done is Jesus himself, and then you, who also ask this in the “Our Father” prayer. Now, do you wish to allow such a great blessing to pass you by?

I now wish to convey to you one last word: This little child sees the yearnings, the sighs and the earnestness of Jesus, who desires to see you all in his Kingdom, in his “Fiat”. So great are this little child’s yearnings, deliriums and solicitousness to see you completely happy in the Kingdom of the Divine Will, that if my prayers and tears fail to persuade you, I shall win over Jesus with my persistence on your behalf so that he may persuade you, and in this way Jesus will be happy.

So listen to this tiny little child everyone; if you do, you will spare me many sighs! Please tell me that you will

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do as I ask. May it be so, and together may we all say, “We desire the Kingdom of the Divine Will.”

Luisa, the little daughter of the Divine Will
Corato, Bari (Italy) 1924

NOTEBOOK OF “CHILDHOOD MEMORIES”

Introduction

On July 15, 1926 Luisa penned her Childhood Memories, in which she relates, “I have written down such things without specifying the chronology of events, that is, [I wrote them down without being certain] whether a particular event occurred before or after a certain age...” Because Luisa did not begin writing until February 28, 1899 (at the age of 33) in obedience to her confessor Rev. Gennaro Di Gennaro, she admittedly failed to recall the “chronology of events” and “dates” of the interior experiences and many events that occurred in her teenage years. Therefore to map out Luisa’s spiritual progression in the Divine Will from childhood and adulthood is by no means simple. This notwithstanding, a progression in the virtues and in performing divine acts that are part and parcel of the gift of Living in the Divine Will, may be traceable to her personal letters, to written testimonies of ecclesiastical authorities and to corresponding events in her youth.

In her Childhood Memories Luisa writes of a new period in her life at the age of twelve that marks the beginning of locutions from Jesus, especially during Communion, on how to exercise the “virtues” and how to perform her “acts”. While this stage marks the beginning of a progressive journey into her teenage and adult years, Luisa quickly moves from locutions to visions of the holy family whom Jesus exhorted her to “fix her gaze on”.

Said written testimonies reveal that after having begun to experience locutions, Luisa began to experience

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

the sensible graces of visions and apparitions from Jesus and Mary, interspersed with physical sufferings. On one occasion, while at the family house in the countryside, Jesus placed his crown of thorns upon her head and communicated to her his pains that caused her to lose consciousness, and the ability to open her mouth to take food for two to three days. Every time she tried to eat, her body rejected the food. This peculiar condition devolved to the point where she could no longer ingest food except the Eucharist.

Furthermore, in 1882, after having written her Christmas Novena at the age of 17, Luisa had an unexpected vision of the infant Jesus who invited her to aspire to a higher level of grace and love. He exhorted her to meditate each hour of the day upon the corresponding 24 hours of his Passion and death on the Cross. She did this on a daily basis, and 31 years later – in 1913 and 1914, Luisa was placed under obedience to write down these meditations, now known as, “The Hours of the Passion”.

In light of the preceding, it is evident that already at the age of 17 Luisa was doing her Hours of the Passion in which Jesus was praying and acting in her – she was performing divine acts.⁸ Indeed, Jesus assures Luisa that

⁸ In the writings of the mystical doctors of the Church one discovers that their union with God is not a sudden and unprecedented event, but a progressive reality. Such progression is ever-increasing in *degrees*, and it culminates with a confirmation or espousalship of a new *state*. In her first three mansions, Teresa of Avila speaks of prayer in the human mode (*modo humano*), that is still somewhat discursive. The last four mansions take up about 70 percent of her text, and it is at this stage of development that “the natural is united with the supernatural” and the mingling between the *human* and *divine modes* of praying and acting occurs.

The same dynamism applies to Luisa in her reception of the gift of Living in the Divine Will. Initially Jesus instructed Luisa on how to exercise the virtues in the divine mode and how to perform her divine acts in the new *eternal mode* of God’s one eternal operation; he

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the soul that does these Hours, offers reparations that “extend and multiply to infinity”, and assumes his own humanity.⁹

Also, in various undated entries of volume 1 (that encompassed Luisa’s teenage years) and in volume 2, it is evident that Jesus’ was imparting lessons to Luisa on the virtues,¹⁰ he was speaking to her of his own virtues,¹¹ and he communicated his own virtues to her, whereby they shined through all of her acts.¹² Luisa’s acts then transformed into “acts of praise, honour and homage to

did so by operating in her, whereby she advanced from progression in *degrees* in this new eternal mode to the possession of this mode, which constitutes the attainment of a new *state*. Similarly, Christ’s redemptive divine acts in the womb of the Virgin Mary progressively expanded the created soul of his humanity, and culminated with his Passion, death and Resurrection.

Indeed, from her teenage years Jesus trained Luisa to advance in degrees of holiness in the eternal mode of his own operation through the repetition of her divine acts, and yet it was not until she was 24 (September 7, 1889) that she arrived at the attainment of the possession of the *state* of this eternal mode, which constitutes the gift of Living in the Divine Will. It was at the age of 24 that Luisa successfully established within her soul a divine kingdom made up of many divine acts, which made this new eternal mode accessible to all other souls who should desire it.

Much like the Blessed Virgin Mary who had to establish a divine kingdom in her soul in order for Christ to come to earth (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 16, December 6, 1923; volume 18, November 12, 1925), Luisa had to establish a divine kingdom in her soul in order for the gift of Living in the Divine Will to be communicated to others who, like her, are conceived in sin (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 24, July 19, 1928; volume 26, May 12, 1929; volume 20, January 16, 1927). And even after Luisa established this divine kingdom in her soul, she continued to advance in unending degrees of holiness in the unchanging state of God’s eternal mode of operation.

⁹ L. PICCARRETTA, volume 11, April 10, 1913.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, volume 1 [undated entries] and volume 2, April 3, May 7, May 19, May 23, 1899, etc.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, volume 2, February 28, 1899; volume 4, February 22, 1903

¹² *Ibid.*, volume 2, August 27, 1899.

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God”¹³ and enjoyed the same effects of Jesus’ own mode of operation.¹⁴ After allowing her to experience his own mode of operation, Jesus’ lessons to Luisa on performing divine acts assumed a more explicit character on September 4, 1901.¹⁵ For many years to follow Luisa would continue to advance in unending *degrees* in the newly actualized *state* of God’s one eternal mode of operation that God had established in her soul on September 7, 1889.

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¹³ Ibid., volume 1, August 21, 1899.

¹⁴ Ibid., volume 4, October 8, 1901; September 10, 1901. This passage in which Jesus affirms that Luisa’s acts enjoy the same effects of his own acts comes about 3 years after her spiritual marriage on earth and 2 years after her spiritual marriage in heaven. This does not suggest that prior to this passage her acts did not enjoy said effects, as on numerous occasions Jesus actualized in Luisa certain interior graces and gifts months or years before informing her of them. Such was the case with Mary who, since her Immaculate Conception, was endowed with a maternal and universal love for all souls many years before God revealed to her that he chose her from eternity to be the Mother of God and of all souls.

¹⁵ Ibid., volume 4, September 10, 1901.

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(Luisa's Autobiography, July 15, 1926 - Corato, Italy)

Jesus, my love, my Heavenly Mother and sovereign Queen, come to my assistance and take my poor heart in your hands. Don't you see how it bleeds on account of the arduous task of having to start all over again and recount the story of my poor existence, of my childhood?

At any cost would I would prefer to avoid this most painful and difficult sacrifice, which is all the more dolorous precisely because it is unexpected. Yet I am summoned anew by obedience which re-emerges to inflict torture on my poor and insignificant existence. Beloved Jesus, my mother, come to my aid, lest I my own will re-emerge and exercise its own way of life and express a curt "No" to the one¹⁶ who commands me. O Jesus, after having kept my will bound at your feet for so long and with so much jealousy as my gift to you and as the triumph of your little daughter, should you allow me to have me exercise my own will apart from your Will? They asked me to pray to you Jesus to know whether or not I should recount my life's story, and instead of you taking on my side, you instead tell me: *"This story of yours will serve to reveal to others the clay¹⁷ that the sun of My Will had to illuminate so that I might form in her its Kingdom"*.

O Jesus, what do I care about making this little clay of myself known? Should you not rather see to it yourself that your Will is revealed; or is this not what you prefer, O

¹⁶ Luisa's confessor.

¹⁷ Luisa is the clay.

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Jesus? But Jesus kept silent and disappeared. Then with all the intense bitterness of my soul, I said, “Fiat! Fiat!”, and so, I begin to write.

Let me therefore start by recounting what my family told me. I was born on the morning of April 23, 1865, on Sunday *in albis*. The evening of that same day I was baptized. My mother said that I was born upside down, and she did not suffer at all during my delivery. In fact, in the encounters and circumstances of my poor existence it is my custom to say, “I was born upside down, so it is only fair that my life should be upside down when compared to the life of others.”

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 always had frightening dreams. I dreamt of the devil who so frightened me that I would tremble. Many times I dreamed of him wanting to take me with him to hell, of him pulling me strongly, and of me making every effort to escape. In this dream I would break out into a cold sweat, hide and run into the arms of my mother. 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 towards me from all sides.

Now, I believe that this was a good experience for me, because from that age onward I recited many “Hail Mary’s” and “Our Father’s” to all the saints whose names I

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knew; I did so to obtain the grace of having no more dreams of the devil. And if anyone mentioned the name of a saint I was unfamiliar with, I immediately included that saint in my prayers by adding an “Our Father” if the saint was a man, or a “Hail Mary” if the saint was a woman. And I was concerned that if I did not honour all of these saints, they would allow me to continue to have dreams of the devil. I recall that from that age, I would always recite the seven “Hail Mary’s” to the Sorrowful mother, so you see, I had a great length of “Our Father’s” and “Hail Mary’s”. And while other little girls and my little sisters would be playing, I would either remain a short distance from them, or together with them, as I was scared. And I did not participate in their innocent games on account of my wanting to recite my long series of “Hail Mary’s” and “Our Father’s”. I also remember that sometimes I dreamed of the Virgin Mary who would cast the devil away from me. One time she said to me: “Weep, my daughter, for my Son is dead.” Although I was shaken and felt compassion for her, the experience made me unhappy. When I reached a more capable age in which I was able to meditate and read, I could not be alone because of the fear I had, and so 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 was about to run to my family, when I felt a strength in my interior holding me back. 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 Heavenly Mother keeps

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you under her mantle. So why do you fear? Who is stronger, your guardian angel, your Jesus and your Heavenly Mother, or the infernal enemy? So, do not flee, but stay, pray, and do not fear.”

This voice in my interior gave me so much strength, courage and resolve that the fear went away. And every time I would be seized by fear, I would again hear this voice in my interior, and I felt I was being carried by the hand by my angel, by the sovereign Queen and by my sweet Jesus. In the company I felt triumphant, so much so that I acquired such courage that all fear was vanquished. What is more, those frightening dreams completely ceased. So I was able to be alone, walk alone and go to the garden by myself when we stayed at the farm house, whereas before, if I did go and so much as saw a tree branch move, I would flee, as I thought that the devil would be up in the tree.

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 passed my youth with so much fear, with so many bad dreams that made me tremble, sweat and embittered at an age so tender? I could understand nothing, nor did I think the enemy had any purpose – given that I was of such a young age? Whence Jesus said to me:

“My daughter, the enemy had an inkling about your mission. He knew that I would use you in some way for My great glory, and that he would in turn receive a great

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defeat, unlike any defeat he had received before. Moreover, because he had this insight, despite his greatest efforts, he could not make any affection or thought less than pure penetrate you – as I closed off to him any access to you – and seeing that he had no way of entering you, he grew enraged and, unable to do anything, set out to terrify you with nightmares of fear and fright. Furthermore, since he could not understand the reason for my great designs over you, which would ultimately serve for the destruction of his kingdom, he attentively sought out the cause, hoping to be able to harm you in some other way.”

Our Lord has been very good to me, for he gave good parents who were very careful to not let us children hear so much as 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. But when I was grown up and bedridden, when she had to go to the farm house and be absent for many months, on taking leave of me she would motion as if wanting to kiss me, and I, in seeing this, kissed her hand before she would do so, and so she abstained from that ever-so maternal expression.

My dad and mum were angels of purity and modesty. They were generous with their employees: Fraud and deceit had no place in our house. They were so protective that never did they entrust us to strange people, but kept us always with them. I hope that Blessed Jesus

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rewarded their abundant virtue by bestowing upon them the heavenly homeland.

I also remember that I was of a shy temperament. When relatives or other people came to visit us, I would run upstairs so as not to be found, or I hid behind a bed and prayed. And I would come out only when they called me to tell me that they had left. When my mum 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, of almost the same temperament, were happy to remain alone, locked up inside instead of going out. This shyness prevented me from participating in anything – either festivities or amusements, even innocent ones which were usually among families. I was the victim of my own shyness, and if my parents exhorted me to partake of such innocent amusements, I felt crucified on account of the shyness that caused me to lose interest in all such things.

As I recall all such things that in some way rendered my childhood unhappy, my sweet Jesus said to me:

“My daughter, even the shy nature with which I cloaked you in your tender age was one of My greatest loving jealousies toward you. I did not want anyone to influence your interior, neither people nor the world; I wanted to detach you from everything. I did not want you to partake of anything inordinately, or that anything should be inordinately pleasing to you. Having from that time established that I should form the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat within you, and that you were to partake in its feasts and joys, it was only right that you should enjoy no other

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feast, and be spared all earthly pleasures and amusements. Aren't you happy?" (July 15, 1926).

Although I was shy and fearful, I was of lively and happy temperament: I ran, I jumped, and even did some mischievous things. Then, at about the age of twelve, a new period of my life began: I started to hear interiorly the voice of Jesus, especially when I received him in Communion. I made my First Communion at the age of nine, and on that same day I received the Sacrament of Holy Confirmation.

It was not uncommon for Jesus to make himself heard in my interior when I received Holy Communion. After Communion, sometimes I remained kneeling for several hours, almost motionless, and I heard his interior voice speaking; he would sometimes reproach me if I had not been good and attentive; sometimes during the course of the day if I had been a little distracted, oh, how his voice reprimanded me, whereby he would conclude with: *"Yet, you say that you love Me; and where is this love of yours?"* Upon hearing this I felt so bad that I could almost die, and I would promise to be more attentive, whence he added: *"I will see, I will see if this is true... for Me words alone are not enough; I desire deeds."*

Communion became my predominant passion; on it I centered all of my affection. At Communion time I was certain to hear Our Lord speaking, but how much it cost me to be deprived of his voice when I was forced by my family to go with them to the farm house, where for many months I was without Mass and without Communion. How many

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times I burst into tears upon seeing trees, flowers, all of creation, for I would say to myself: “The works of Jesus are around me; only Jesus is not with me... Please, speak to me little flower, speak to me sun, you heavens, you crystal-clear waters flowing in our little pond – speak to me of Jesus. For you are the works of his hands, so tell me something of him...!” And it seemed as if all things would speak to me of Jesus: Each created thing spoke to me about each quality of Jesus. Whence crying on account of not being able to receive the One whom all created things loved, things which could narrate so well the beauty, the love and the goodness of Jesus – I wept to the point of feeling ill.

Also during meditation I would hear the voice of Jesus, though sometimes he would not speak. However, at Communion time, he would always speak. And there were many times that while meditating I would remain two or three hours without being able to break away.

While meditating I would read a passage of spiritual literature and stop, I heard the voice of Jesus in my interior, who, acting as a teacher, explained the meditation to me. Since that time in my interior beloved Jesus would impart to me lessons on the Cross, on meekness, on obedience, on his hidden life... With regard to his hidden life, I recall him once having told me:

“My daughter, your life should be lived with us in the home of Nazareth. When you work, pray, eat or walk, be sure to lend one hand to Me, the other to our mother and your gaze should be fixed on Saint Joseph. In acting thus,

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you will be able tell whether or not your acts are patterned after ours and, if they are, you will be able to say: First, I take for My model the actions of Jesus, the Heavenly Mother and Saint Joseph, and then I follow them. In patterning your actions after this model, which you come to exemplify, I want you to repeat what I did in My hidden life. And I want to find in you the works of My mother, 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.” And He:

“My daughter, have courage, don’t lose heart; if you do not know how to do something, ask Me to teach you, and I will quickly do so. I will tell you of our ways – My intentions, the continuous love among the three of us, how I, the sea, and they, the little rivers, were always filled to such repletion that [the love of] the one overflowed into that of the other, to the extent that we were so absorbed in love that we had little time to talk to each other. Do you see how much you are lagging behind? You have much to do to reach us. Much silence and attention would serve you well, for I do not wish for you to lag behind, but to live among us.”

So whenever I didn’t know what to do, I’d ask Jesus, and He would instruct me interiorly. I always tried to withdraw from my family as much as I could, to be alone and maintain silence. I would even take my work and ask my mother for permission to go upstairs, and she allowed me to do so. So my mind was in the house of Nazareth – where I would first look [and observe] one member of the

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Holy Family, then look [and observe] another member, whereby I felt edified in seeing them so attentive in their humble works and so absorbed in the flames of [consuming] 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, my eating, the steps I take are flames which rise to the Throne of God and form a river which overflows into the sea of Jesus? Upon seeing that it was not so, I felt so afflicted, whence Jesus in my interior Jesus said to me: “What is it? Do not afflict yourself; little by little you will make it. I will be watching over you, and you are to follow me, but do not fear.”

If I wanted to say everything that occurred in my interior during my childhood, it would take too long. Moreover, I was told that it did not matter if I could not recall or write down the order of events corresponding to my age, that is, whether something occurred before or after a certain age, but what mattered was that I wrote down in the first volume what occurred in me. Indeed, after so many years it is difficult for me to recall the order of the events that had occurred in my interior. So, I have written down such things without specifying the chronology of events, that is, [I wrote them down without being certain] whether a particular event occurred before or after a certain age – whether I was younger or older. But, as asked, I have written about God’s crafting of grace in the depths of my soul. To avoid revisiting this matter, I now continue with my story.

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I remember that, as a girl, I had almost an unstoppable yearning for becoming a nun. And since I went to school where the nuns instructed us, I felt an especially pronounced affection for them. I loved them because I wanted to be just like them. However, in my interior I felt reproached because of this inordinate affection. And while I promised to love no one else but Jesus, I once again failed in my intent, and Jesus returned to reproach me bitterly. This inordinate affection for the nuns was the only affection I recall having ever entertained in my life in a special way, as afterwards I no longer felt an inordinate love for anyone.

I have since realized what tyranny a natural affection may be for the poor human heart, even for something as innocent as in my case! Because such internal reproaches had transfixed me to the Cross, I recall them with great horror. Indeed, it seemed to me that this inordinate natural affection of mine kept Jesus crucified, and that Jesus, in return, crucified me. So I did not enjoy true peace, as the nature of inordinate human love is to wage war on the poor human heart. I believe that for one to have peace and to entertain an inordinate love for people in a particular way – either for motives that are holy or indifferent – is not possible in this world. And if it were possible, it would be because that individual is without a conscience.

But Blessed Jesus soon put a stop to such indiscretions in me, and this is how. One morning I asked my mum to allow me to visit the mother Superior, and eventually I obtained this visit, but not without with

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hardship and sacrifice. Upon arriving, I asked for the mother Superior and, after a while, I got the answer that she was busy and could not come. On hearing this I was so hurt.

I went to church and poured out my pain before Jesus, who availed Himself of the occasion to make me overcome this, spoke to me of his love, of the inconstancy of the love of humans, and of how He absolutely wanted me to put an end to my complaints, telling me: “When a heart is not empty, I refuse it, and I cannot begin the crafting I had intended in the depths of its soul.” But who can recount everything He said to me in my interior? I recall that He put an end to all of my indiscretions and that my heart became resolutely courageous – no longer willing to entertain inordinate love toward anyone.

[Now, before the above episode of my having been turned away from the convent,] it was my custom to entreat Jesus to let me become a nun, and when I felt him in my interior I often asked him whether my religious vocation was going to be fulfilled. And Jesus would reassure me with the following words: “*Yes, I will make you happy; you will see that you will become a nun.*” I was so happy that Jesus had reassured me of this, and I tried to convince my family of this and obtain their consent, but they were opposed, especially my mother. She even cried and said to me that she would have been alright with the idea of me becoming a cloistered nun, but to be an active nun was out of the question.

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However, in all honesty, I wanted to become an active nun because the active nuns were the ones who instructed me in my faith. But then eventually there came this long illness of mine,¹⁸ which put an end to my vocation. I recall on many occasions I had complained to Jesus, saying to him: “But you lied to me; you made fun of me, promising that I was going to become a nun.” And many times Jesus would reassure me that He had spoken the truth, saying: *“I can neither deceive you nor make fun of you. The vocation I have given you is more special indeed. Who, in becoming a nun, even a nun of the strictest religious observance, can neither walk, nor go out on their own for a breath of fresh air, nor enjoy anything of this world? And yet how many times do the members of religious orders let the little world in, and amuse themselves in no small measure while leaving as though pushed aside? Oh, My daughter, when I call someone to a [holy] state, I know how to fulfill the call. The place to where I call someone means little to me;”*¹⁹ when a person enters religious life and in the substance of her soul is what she ought to be, her religious garb means less.²⁰ Therefore

¹⁸ The “illness” Luisa refers to is her inability to walk.

¹⁹ The “place” Jesus here refers to is the cloistered Community of the Poor Clare Nuns of Saint John, where Luisa initially desired to live out her vocation. While in Luisa’s time almost nothing was said on the importance of the lay “Consecrated Life”, Pope John Paul II’s 1996 encyclical “Consecrated Life” underscores the importance of laypersons who choose to live in the world while being consecrated to God through his Church with vows.

²⁰ Jesus’ words are here intended for Luisa at a time when she desired both life in the cloistered convent and the wearing of the religious habit. Jesus reassures her of her vocation to the lay Consecrated Life and not the Religious Life.

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I tell you, you are and will be the true little nun of My Heart.”

CHRISTMAS NOVENA

The Nine Excesses of Love of the Incarnation of the Word of God

At the age of seventeen Luisa composed the following Christmas Novena, which she refers to as, *The Nine Excesses of Love*. She never ceased to recite this novena until her death. Let us prepare ourselves as she did with this novena in the nine days preceding Christmas. May God grant us many graces from it, and may he bestow on us the gift of Living in Divine Will.

In the following nine excesses of love, Luisa often uses her “imagination” to envision our Lord’s condition in the womb of his Virgin mother. We too can use our imagination in these meditations.²¹ Indeed, St. Bernard tells us: *“The Word was made flesh and even now dwells among us. It is by faith that he dwells in our hearts, in our memory, our intellect and penetrates even into our*

²¹ St. John of the Cross affirms that when God infuses in the soul contemplative prayer, the soul should abandon its “active” imagination and adopt a “passive” imagination. John writes, *“It should be known that the practice of beginners is to meditate and make acts and discursive reflection with the imagination...But... God begins to wean the soul, as they say, and place it in the state of contemplation... It is God who in this state is the agent; the soul is the receiver. The soul conducts itself only as the receiver and as one in whom something is being done...”* John adds that at this juncture the soul should “lay aside its natural active mode” of imagination and adopt “the passive loving attention” mode of imagination, by “remaining very passive and tranquil without making any act unless God would unite himself with it in some act” (John of the Cross, Living Flame of Love, arts. 32, 34). In essence, it was God who produced in Luisa the images she contemplated in this novena.

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imagination. What concept could man have of God if he did not first fashion an image of him in his heart? By nature incomprehensible and inaccessible, he was invisible and unthinkable, but now he wished to be understood, to be seen and thought of” (From a Homily by Saint Bernard of Clairvaux (*Sermo de Aquaeductu: Opera Omnia, Edit. Cisterc. 5* 1968, 282-283) is used in the Roman Catholic Office of Readings for the Feast of Our Lady of the Rosary of October 7).

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CHRISTMAS NOVENA

(From Luisa's 1st volume)

Luisa writes:

“I prepared myself for the Feast of Holy Christmas at the age of about seventeen with a Christmas Novena, which consisted in the exercise of various acts of virtue and mortification. I especially honoured the nine months that Jesus spent in his mother's womb with nine hours of daily meditation, always pertaining to the mystery of the Incarnation.”

DAY 1

The First Excess of Love [of the Most Holy Trinity]

To offer an example, with my mind I brought myself to Paradise for one hour, and with my imagination envisioned the Most Holy Trinity: The Father sending the Son to earth; the Son promptly obeying the Father's Will, and the Holy Spirit consenting to the Son's Incarnation.

In contemplating such a great mystery my mind was perplexed: For I beheld a love so requiting, so consistent and so powerful among the three of them and toward mankind that I was overwhelmed. Then, I beheld the ingratitude of men, and especially of my own country. I would have remained there not for one hour, but for the whole day, but an interior voice told me: *“This is enough for now. Come and behold other greater excesses of My love.”*

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DAY 2

The Second Excess of Love [of the Son of God]

Then, my mind brought itself into the Virgin Mary's womb, and in considering Jesus, I was left completely speechless upon beholding a God so great in heaven, and yet now so utterly helpless, restricted and constrained that He hasn't the ability to so much as move or where he can barely breathe.

The interior voice then said to me: *“Do you see how much I have loved you? Oh please, make a little space for Me in your heart; remove from yourself all that which opposes Me and, in this way, you will allow Me to breathe and move more freely in My mother's womb.”*

With my heart enflamed I asked Jesus' forgiveness, and promised him that I would give myself completely over to him. I wept profusely, but – I say this to my embarrassment – I would then go back to behaving as I did with my usual defects. O Jesus, how good you are with this wretched soul!

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DAY 3

Third Excess of Love [of the Son of God]

As I proceeded from the second to the third meditation, an interior voice said to me:

“My child, place your head upon the womb²² of My mother, peer deep within and behold My little humanity. My love devoured Me: My divine flames, divine oceans and divinely immense seas of love inundated Me, completely consumed Me and unleashed flames that were so high that they overwhelmed and enveloped everyone – all human generations, from the first to the last man. My little humanity was devoured by My divine flames.

Compelled as I was by the divine flames of My eternal love, do you know what it is that I set ablaze? Ah, souls! I was satisfied only after I had conceived all souls within [Me at the moment of] My Conception and enveloped them in My divine flames of love. I was God, and if I was to operate as God, I had to set all souls ablaze. My love would have afforded Me no peace had I excluded so much as one soul. Ah My daughter, peer well into the womb of My mother, fix well your eyes on My conceived humanity, and you will find your soul conceived within Me and the flames of My love enveloping you. Oh, how much I loved you, and love you still!”

I was completely overwhelmed in the face of so much love, and unable to detach myself from it, when a

²² Throughout her text, Luisa often refers to the belly of the Virgin Mary in whom Jesus is dwelt the “womb”.

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voice called me loudly, saying: *“My daughter, this is nothing; cleave to Me more tightly and give your hands to My dear mother so that she may press you to her motherly womb. Behold anew My little humanity that has just been conceived, and behold the fourth excess of My love.”*

DAY 4

Fourth Excess of Love [of the Son of God]

“My child, now that you have contemplated My devouring love, behold My operating love. Each soul that I conceived within My Conception brought me the burden of its sins, its weakness and its passions, whence My love compelled me to take up the burden of each one of them. My love conceived not only souls, but the sorrows of each soul, as well as the satisfaction each soul is [required] to offer My Heavenly Father. So My Passion was conceived along with My humanity. Fix your eyes well on Me in the womb of My Heavenly Mother.

Oh how tortured My little humanity is; take a good look at My little head, surrounded with a crown of thorns which, pressed tightly around my temples, made rivers of tears pour out from My eyes; I am unable to move in the slightest way to dry them. O Please, unite yourself to My Passion; you, whose arms are free, dry My eyes from so much crying. These thorns are the crown of the many evil thoughts the fill human minds. Oh, how they pierce Me more than thorns the earth produces.

CHRISTMAS NOVENA

Oh, behold the long crucifixion of nine months in which I can move neither My hands nor feet; I cannot so much as move a finger. I remain continuously immobile, as there isn't any room for Me to make the slightest motion. What a long and hard crucifixion. What is more, there [here with Me] are all the evil works of souls that assume the form of nails which continuously pierced My hands and feet."

Jesus continued to narrate one sorrow after another – all the martyrdoms of his little humanity were so many that if I wanted to tell them all, it would take too long. Whence I burst into tears, and heard in my interior:

"My daughter, I wish to hug you, but am unable to do so, as there is no room for Me to move; My immobility restrains Me from doing so. I want to approach you, but I am unable to walk. For now, you may approach Me and hug Me. Later, when I emerge from My mother's womb, I will approach you".

But as I hugged him and pressed him tightly to my heart with my imagination, an interior voice told me: *"This is enough for now, My child. Proceed to consider the fifth excess of My love."*

CHRISTMAS NOVENA

DAY 5

Fifth Excess of Love [of the Son of God]

The interior voice continued: *“My child, do not distance yourself from Me; do not leave Me alone. My love seeks your company. This is yet another excess of My love: In not wanting to be alone, do you know whose company it is that I seek? I seek the [company of the] soul’s love. Behold all souls along with Me in the womb of My mother – conceived together with Me – and I am here for them in the form of pure love. I wish to tell them how much I love them; I wish to speak with them, to tell them of My joys and sorrows.*

I wish to tell them how I have come to dwell with them to console them and make them happy; that I will remain with each and every one of them as their little brother to convey to them at the cost of My life, all of My blessings and My Kingdom. I wish to offer them My kisses and My loving finesses. I wish to delight in them. But, alas, how many sorrows they cause Me! Some flee from Me, while others play deaf and force Me into silence; some despise My blessings and care not of My Kingdom, while others requite My kisses and loving finesses with indifference, and become completely estranged to Me. This is how souls change My playful invitation into bitter tears. Though I am among so many, oh how lonely I am; oh, how much this loneliness weighs upon Me.

I have no one with whom to share one word, with whom to pour Myself out, not even in love. I remain continuously downcast, without anyone with whom to

CHRISTMAS NOVENA

Speak, for if I do speak, I am ignored. Alas My daughter, I beg you, I implore you, do not leave Me alone in such utter loneliness. Grant Me the pleasure of allowing Me to speak by listening to Me; lend your ears to My teachings. I am the Master of masters. How many things I wish to teach you! If you only listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you, you will stop to My crying, and I will rejoice in you. Do you not wish for Me to rejoice in you?"

As I abandoned myself in Jesus, uniting myself to his Passion in his state of loneliness, the interior voice continued: *"Enough, enough for now. Proceed to consider the sixth excess of My love."*

DAY 6

Sixth Excess of Love [of the Son of God]

"My child, come and entreat My dear mother to set aside a little space for you within her motherly womb, so that you may see for yourself the sorrowful state in which I find myself".

And in my mind's eye, it seemed as if our Holy Queen Mother made a little room for me in order to make Jesus happy, and she placed me in her womb. But the darkness was so thick that I could not see him. I could only hear his breathing, while He continued to say in my interior:

"My child, behold yet another excess of My love. I am eternal light. The sun is but a pale shadow of My light.

CHRISTMAS NOVENA

And do you see where My love led me? Do you see in what a dark prison I am?²³ There is not a glimmer of light; it is always night for me, but a night without stars or rest, and I remain always awake... What pain! The narrow confines of this prison keep Me from making the slightest movement, they keep Me in thick darkness. Even my breathing is impaired, as I breathe through the breathing of My mother, and how laboured it is! And this is compounded by the darkness of the sins of souls. Each sin is a night for Me which, when joined together, form an abyss of darkness without boundaries. What pain! Oh the excess of My love: it compels Me to go from the immensity of light and space into an abyss of thick darkness that is so narrow that I haven't the freedom to breathe – and all this, for love of souls.”

As He was speaking, He moaned, but his moans were stifled because of the lack of space, and He wept. I was immersed in weeping. I thanked him and offered him my compassion. With my love I wanted to offer him some light, as He had asked me to. But who can recount all that which had transpired? Then, the same interior voice added: *“This is enough for now. Proceed to consider the seventh excess of My love.”*

²³ When referring to his immaculate mother's womb as a “prison”, Jesus wishes to reveal “the kind of prison into which the human will cast the poor creature” (*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*, Day 17). Unlike the perfect laws that governed all of nature in the Garden of Eden where Adam and Eve's bodies radiated light, the wounded environment of this present earth in which the Virgin Mary was immaculately conceived is “enslaved to corruption” (Romans 8:19-21). Subsequently, her body (and womb) experienced the effects of the wounded laws that govern this imperfect planet, e.g., darkness.

CHRISTMAS NOVENA

DAY 7

Seventh Excess of Love [of the Son of God]

The interior voice continued: *“My daughter, don’t abandon me amidst so much loneliness and in so much darkness; don’t leave the womb of my mother. Remain and behold the seventh excess of my love.*

In the womb of My Heavenly Father I enjoyed complete bliss – there was no blessing that I did not possess: Joy, enthrallments – everything was at My disposal. The angels adored Me reverently, hanging upon My every word. Oh, the excess of My love! I could say that such an excess made Me change my destiny: it led Me to the point of being restrained within this gloomy prison; it stripped Me of all My joys, bliss and blessings, and clothe Me with the whole gamut of soul’s poor plight – and all this in order to requite souls by giving them My destiny, My joys and My eternal bliss.

But this would have been nothing if I did not find [and expiate] in souls their great ingratitude and obstinate betrayals. Oh, how shocked My eternal love was before so much ingratitude, and how I wept over mankind’s callousness and betrayals. Ingratitude was the sharpest thorn to pierce My Heart from [the moment of] My Conception to the last moment of My life. Look at my little Heart: it is wounded and pours forth Blood. What pain! What torture I experience! My daughter, do not be ungrateful to Me. Ingratitude is the greatest sorrow for your Jesus – it is closing the door in My face and leaving me outside numb in the cold. And yet, My love did not stop

CHRISTMAS NOVENA

in the face of so much ingratitude, but assumed the role of interceding, imploring, moaning and begging for love, which forms the eighth excess of My love.”

DAY 8

Eighth Excess of Love [of the Son of God]

“My child, don’t abandon Me, but place your head upon the womb of My dear mother and you will hear, even from the outside, My moans and supplications. In seeing that neither My moans nor supplications of love move souls to offer Me any solace, I behave like the poorest of beggars who, stretching out his little hand, asks out of pity at least alms for [the good of] their [own] souls, for their affections and [the love in] their hearts. My love wants to win over the heart of man at any cost.

In seeing that after seven excesses of My love, man was still reluctant [in corresponding to My love] – he played deaf and neither cared for Me nor wished to give himself over to Me – My love excelled. My love should have ceased to pour itself out, but no, it wanted to overflow from its boundaries more abundantly. And so from the womb of My mother, My love extended My voice to every heart in the most insinuating of manners, with the most fervent prayers and with the most penetrating words. And do you know what I said to souls? ‘My child, give Me your heart. I will give you everything you desire, so long as you give Me your heart in exchange. I have come down from heaven to

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*seize this heart of yours. Oh please, do not deny Me this!
Do not dash my hopes!'*

In seeing man reluctant – to the point of many turning his back to Me – I then began to moan. Joining my little hands, and weeping with a voice stifled by sobs, I added: 'Oh! I am but a little beggar, and you do not wish to give Me your heart, not even as alms? Is this not a greater excess of My love – that the Creator²⁴, in his desire to approach man, should take the form of a little babe to avoid striking fear in him?; that He should ask for man's heart at least as alms and, in seeing him refuse, implore, moan and weep?'

Then I heard him say: *“And do you not wish to offer Me your heart? Or perhaps you too want Me to moan, beg and cry for you to give Me your heart? Do you wish to deny Me the alms I ask?”* And as He was saying this I heard him as though sobbing. Whence I said: *“O my Jesus, do not cry; I give you my heart and my entire being.”* Then, the interior voice continued: *“Proceed further; continue onto the ninth excess of My love.”*

²⁴ To Luisa Jesus reveals that he, the second Person of the Trinity, co-created with the Father. In her volumes Luisa affirms that while each of the three divine Persons operates respectively in the Fiats of creation, Redemption and sanctification, the other two Persons “concur” in that operation (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 25, December 25, 1928; volume 15, December 16, 1922).

CHRISTMAS NOVENA

DAY 9

Ninth Excess of Love [of the Son of God]

“My child, My state is increasingly sorrowful. If you love Me, keep your gaze fixed on Me to see if you can offer your Jesus some relief. A little word of love, a caress or a kiss will console Me in My crying and in My afflictions.

My child, after I offered to man My eight excesses of love, and he requited them so badly, My love did not cease, but strove to add to the eighth a ninth excess. And this ninth excess are the yearnings, the sighs of fire and the flames of desire that caused Me to emerge from My mother’s womb and embrace man. These [surgings of love] overwhelmed My little humanity, not yet born, to such an agonizing state that I reach the point of breathing My last. And as I was about to breathe My last, My divinity that is inseparable from My humanity, infused in Me small inhalations of life. And so I regained life to continue My agonizing state, and return again to the point of death.

Such is the ninth excess of My love: to agonize and to die of love continuously for souls. Oh, what a long agony of nine months! Oh, how love smothered Me and made Me die. Had I not possessed the divinity within My humanity, which infused life in Me every time I was about to die, love would have consumed Me before coming into this world.”

Then He added: *“Look at me, and listen closely: How I agonize, how My Heart throbs, pants and burns.*

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Look at me: In this moment 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 and my life, do not die, do not leave me alone. You desire love; I will love You. I will not leave You ever again. Offer me your divine flames so that I may love You more, and be completely consumed for love of You.”

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The Birth of Jesus

(Christmas Reflections from Luisa's 4th volume)

December 25, 1900

As I was in my usual state, I felt my soul outside of my body, and after having made my rounds, I found myself inside a cave where I saw the Holy Queen Mother in the act of giving birth to little baby Jesus. What an amazing miracle! It seemed that both our mother and her Son were transfigured in the purest light. In that light one could easily see that the human nature of Jesus contained the divinity within itself, and that his human nature served as a veil to clothe his divinity. It appeared such that, if one were to remove the veil of his human nature, He would be revealed as God, but as long as He remained clothed with that veil, He appeared as a Man. Here is the miracle of miracles: God and Man, Man and God! Without leaving the Father and the Holy Spirit, as true love never permits separation, He comes to dwell among us, taking upon Himself human flesh.

Now, it seemed to me that during this most happy event [of the virgin birth] our mother and her Son were divinized, and without the slightest difficulty, Jesus emerged from his mother's womb, while [from] both [the divine nature that was united to their human nature] overflowed in an excess of love. In other words, these two purest bodies were transformed into light and, without the slightest impediment, Jesus the light emerged from the light

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of his mother, without the slightest change to their human nature, but preserving it whole and intact.²⁵ And then they returned to their natural state.

Who could describe the beauty of the little baby Jesus who, at the moment of his birth, transmitted, even externally, the rays of his divinity? Who could narrate the beauty of his mother, who was completely absorbed in those divine rays? And it seemed to me that Saint Joseph was not present at the moment of Jesus' birth, but remained in another corner of the cave, completely absorbed in this profound mystery. And if he did not see this event with the eyes of the body, he could see it well with the eyes of his soul, as he was enraptured in a state of sublime ecstasy.

Now, in the act in which the little baby Jesus came into this world, I wanted to fly to him and take him in my arms, but the angels prevented me from doing so, telling me that the honour of holding him belonged first to his mother. Then the Most Holy Virgin, as though stirred, returned from the state of ecstasy to her normal state and, from the hands of an angel, received her Son into her arms. In her ardent love, she squeezed him so tightly that it seemed as if she wished to draw him back into her womb again. Then, in wanting her ardent love to pour forth, she placed him at her bosom to suckle. In the meantime, I was

²⁵ Luisa emphasizes that at the virgin birth of Jesus, the light that emerged from his divinity enveloped Mary's human nature. This light, coalescing in Jesus and Mary, divinized their human nature, thereby rendering them visibly transfigured in light. After the virgin birth, the light returned to its source and their human nature appeared as before.

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left utterly speechless, waiting to be called this time so as not to be scolded again by the angels.

Then the Heavenly Queen said to me: “Come, come and take your beloved, and delight in him as well; pour out your love to him.” As she said this, I drew close to my mother and she gave him to me, into my arms. Who can describe my joy, the kisses, the hugs and such tenderness? After I poured out my love a bit, I said to him: “My beloved, You have supped the milk of our mother, share it with me.” And He, with complete humility, poured part of that milk from his mouth into mine, and said: *“My beloved, I was conceived united with suffering, I was born unto suffering, and I died in suffering. And with the three nails with which they crucified Me, I nailed the three powers of the soul – the intellect, the memory and the will – of those who yearn to love Me, whence I keep them completely drawn to Me. For sin impaired these three powers and separated them without measure from their Creator.*

As He was saying this, He gazed upon the world and began to cry over its misery. On seeing him cry, I said: ‘Loving Baby, don’t sadden with your tears a night so happy for the 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 delighted on hearing me sing, and He stopped crying. And completing my verse, He sang his own verse with a voice so powerful and harmonious that all other angelic voices ceased at the sound of his most sweet voice.

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS

(Christmas Reflections from Luisa's 25th volume)

December 16, 1928

While meditating on this day in which there begins the Novena to the baby Jesus, I was thinking about the nine excesses of his Incarnation, which He had narrated to me with so much tenderness, and which are written in the first volume.

I felt great reluctance in 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 appeared 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 thank You for having listened to Me.”*

And I replied: “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 and as my own teacher, the many lessons I did not deserve.”

And Jesus said: *“Oh, My daughter, how I long to speak to, and they do not listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you, but reduce Me to silence and stifle My flames of love. So we must thank each other – you thank me, and I thank You. And why do you want to oppose the public reading of the nine excesses on My love? You do not know how much life, love and grace they contain. My*

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word is creative, and in narrating to you the nine excesses of My incarnate love, I not only renew the love I had in incarnating Myself, but I create new love to envelop souls and win them over. With these nine excesses of My love, revealed with so much loving tenderness and simplicity, I formed the prelude to the many lessons I would give you on My Divine Fiat, which would serve to establish its kingdom in you. So in reading them, My love is renewed and redoubled. Don't you want My love to be redoubled, to issue forth from Me and invest other hearts so that, receiving the prelude of My enveloping love, they might dispose themselves for the lessons of My Will, and make it known and reign?"

...Afterwards, the confessor was reading in the chapel the first excess of Jesus' love at the Incarnation. And my sweet Jesus, from my interior, attuned his ears to listen in. Drawing me to himself, He said: *"My daughter, how happy I am in listening to them. My happiness increases in keeping you in this house of My Will, as both of us are listeners: I listen to what I have revealed to you, and you listen to what you have heard from Me. My love expands; it is set ablaze and unleashes itself. Listen, listen how beautiful it is! A word contains breath, and in being spoken, the word carries that breath which, like air, goes around from mouth to mouth and communicates the power of My creative word. And the new creation which My word contains descends into the hearts of men.*

Listen, my daughter: In Redemption I had the company of My Apostles, and among them I was pure love in instructing them. I spared no toil to form the foundation

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of My Church. Now, in this house, I feel the company of the first children of my Will. I feel my loving scenes being repeated as I see you as pure love among them, wanting to impart lessons of my Divine Fiat to form the foundations of the Kingdom of My Will. If you knew how happy I am in seeing you speak about My Divine Will! I eagerly await the moment when you begin to speak, and when you speak I listen to you and I experience the happiness My Divine Will conveys”.

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS

(Christmas Reflections from Luisa's 25th volume)

December 21, 1928

As I continued the Novena of Holy Christmas, and listened to Jesus' interior voice on 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 without boundaries. And from this sea arose gigantic waves in which one could see all souls devoured by his loving flames. Just as the fish swim in the waters of the sea, and the waters of the sea sustain not just the life of the fish, but direct, protect, nourish, rest and delight the fish – to the point that if they exit the sea they can say, “Our life is ended, because we have left our inheritance – the homeland given to us by our Creator” – in the same way, these immense waves of Jesus' loving flames which rose from those seas of his divine fire, in enveloping souls, seek to be the life, guide, protection, nourishment, rest, and homeland of souls. But as souls exit from this sea of love, at once, they find death.

Jesus once said, *“Should the sea not cry, I would cry in seeing that while My love has devoured all souls, they ungratefully refuse to live in My sea of love. Rather, wresting themselves free of My divine flames, they exile themselves from My homeland, thereby losing the guidance, the protection, the sustenance, the rest, and even life. Souls emerged from Me, they were created by Me and they were enveloped by My divine flames of love that I unleashed when incarnating Myself for love of all souls.*

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As I hear the narration of these nine excesses, the sea of My love expands, it is set ablaze and forms immense waves that roar so loudly as to captivate everyone's attention. It does so to make them heed nothing other than My moans of love, My cries of sorrow and My repeated sobs that exclaim: "Don't make Me weep anymore; let us exchange the kiss of peace; let us love each other, and we shall all be happy – the Creator and the creature."'

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS

(Christmas Reflections from Hannibal di Francia to Luisa:
Letter of February 14, 1927 – Messina, Italy)

Most esteemed one in the Lord,

... In reading the Nine Exercises of Christmas of which we have already prepared the proofs for printing, one remains astounded at the immense love and 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 compelling! ...

MORNING OFFERING IN THE DIVINE WILL

Jesus tells Luisa that every morning our prayer should be in the Will of God. He instructs her on how to recite this prayer each morning. On May 27, 1922 in volume 14 Jesus reveals to Luisa that the Morning Offering Prayer in the Divine Will (the “Prevenient act”) is made when the soul, at the first rising of the day, fixes its will in God’s Will. Here the soul decides and confirms that it wants to live and operate only in God’s Will. The soul anticipates all of its acts of the entire day in this morning offering by consecrating them to the Divine Will. In this moment, the soul’s acts begin to flow in God’s one eternal Act that, having neither beginning nor end, elevates the soul’s acts to embrace all acts of lives of the past, present and future.

However, because self-esteem, negligence and other things during the day may diminish the efficacy of the prevenient act, like clouds before the sun, one must renew this act throughout the day. Jesus refers to this renewal as the “Present act”, and it removes the things that may diminish the “Prevenient act”. To Luisa Jesus revealed that both the “Prevenient act” and “Present act” are necessary for Living in the Divine Will: The former disposes and admits the soul to live in the Divine Will, while the latter maintains and expands the soul in that same Will.

If you maintain a busy work ethic, you may renew the prevenient act three-four times a day. Now the manner of renewing this act is not confined to its repetition,

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although this is a good method. God is pleased to see you express your love to Him in a variety of ways. You may renew this act, for example, in his Fiat of Creation, in his Fiat of Redemption, or in his Fiat of Sanctification.

Now, whenever renewing this act we should, like Luisa, do so with two movements of the soul. Luisa used this approach often. The first movement of the soul is *general*, and here we offer to God the love, praise and thanksgiving of and for all things at once, as they are present to us in the eternal now. The second movement is *particular*, and here we offer to God all things in clusters, one at a time (the suns of the cosmos, the stars, the waters, all mankind, etc.) or individually (this or that particular thing). Luisa consistently practiced both movements until she passed onto her eternal reward.

The following prevenient act, also known as the Morning Offering in the Divine Will, is a beautiful prayer compiled from numerous extracts of Luisa's 36 volumes following her method of prayer, which she employed every morning.

+ Rev. J. L. Iannuzzi, STD, Ph.D.

THE MORNING OFFERING

The Morning Offering Prayer in the Divine Will

(The “Prevenient Act”)

O Immaculate Heart of Mary, Mother and Queen of the Divine Will, I entreat you, by the infinite merits of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and by the graces God has granted to you since your Immaculate Conception, the grace of never going astray.

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, I am a poor and unworthy sinner, and I beg of You the grace to allow our mother Mary and Luisa to form in me the divine acts You purchased for me and for everyone. These acts are the most precious of all, for they carry the Eternal Power of your Fiat and they await my “Yes, your Will be done” (*Fiat Voluntas Tua*). So I implore you, Jesus, Mary and Luisa to accompany me as I now pray:

I am nothing and God is all, come Divine Will. Come Heavenly Father to beat in my heart and move in my Will; come beloved Son to flow in my Blood and think in my intellect; come Holy Spirit to breathe in my lungs and recall in my memory.

I fuse myself in the Divine Will and place my I love You, I adore You and I bless You God in the Fiats of creation. With my I love You my soul bilocates in the creations of the heavens and the earth: I love You in the stars, in the sun, in the moon and in the skies; I love You in

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the earth, in the waters and in every living creature my Father created out of love for me, so that I may return love for love.

I now enter into Jesus' Most Holy Humanity that embraces all acts. I place my I adore You Jesus in your every breath, heartbeat, thought, word and step. I adore You in the sermons of your public life, in the miracles You performed, in the Sacraments You instituted and in the most intimate fibres of your Heart.

I bless You Jesus in your every tear, blow, wound, thorn and in each drop of Blood that unleashed light for the life of every human. I bless You in all your prayers, reparations, offerings, and in each of the interior acts and sorrows You suffered up to your last breath on the Cross. I enclose your life and all your acts, Jesus, within my I love You, I adore You and I bless You.

I now enter into the acts of my mother Mary and of Luisa. I place my I thank you in Mary and Luisa's every thought, word and action. I thank you in the embraced joys and sorrows in the work of Redemption and Sanctification. Fused in your acts I make my I thank You and I bless You God flow in the relations of every creature to fill their acts with light and life: To fill the acts of Adam and Eve; of the patriarchs and prophets; of souls of the past, present and future; of the holy souls in purgatory; of the holy angels and saints.

I now make these acts my own, and I offer them to You, my tender and loving Father. May they increase the

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glory of your children, and may they glorify, satisfy and honour You on their behalf.

Let us now begin our day with our divine acts fused together. Thank You Most Holy Trinity for enabling me to enter into union with You by means of prayer. May your Kingdom come, and your will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Fiat!

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DIVINE WILL

Introduction

In the late 1920's the Virgin Mary frequently appeared to Luisa in her little bed in the afternoon, and revealed to her the events in her life – from her Immaculate Conception to her bodily Assumption into heaven. On May 6, 1930 Luisa finished writing down these revelations from Mary, which are presented in this book entitled, “*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*”. They are meditations from Mary with instructions to us on how to live in the Divine Will. While these meditations are intended for the month of May, they may be used during any month of the year.

It is noteworthy that in the original Italian text, these revelations comprise 31 meditations. However, at the request of her confessor, Luisa later added 6 meditations on the life of Jesus and Mary, 2-4 of which replace the 23rd day of May, thereby totaling 36 meditations in all. These 6 added meditations are as follows:

2 meditations were found in a non-original work that was attributed to Luisa: “*The Visitation*” (meditation #1) and “*The Finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple*” (meditation #5).

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1 meditation was found in an original notebook written by Luisa: “*The Wedding Feast of Cana*” (meditation #6).

3 meditations were found in an original notebook written by Luisa: “*Jesus’ Circumcision*” (meditation #2), “*The Presentation in the Temple*” (meditation #3) and “*The Adoration of the Magi*” (meditation #4). The reason for Luisa having added these 3 meditations was to develop and replace their incomplete presentation of May 23rd (Day 23) that she had earlier penned. Therefore, these 3 meditations replace the 1 meditation of the 23rd Day of the month, thereby totaling 36 lessons of Mary for the month of May. Mary’s 36 lessons poignantly correspond to Jesus’ 36 lessons contained in Luisa’s 36 volumes. Indeed, one may consider Mary’s 36 lessons, the *mother’s instructions* to us on how to live in the Divine Will, and Jesus’ 36 volumes, the *Son’s instructions* to us on how to live in the Divine Will.

+ Rev. J. L. Iannuzzi, STD, Ph.D.

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

Nota bene: This work has been translated into English from the Italian editions that have received the following seals of approval:

First Edition (in Italian): + *Imprimatur*, the Episcopal Curia of Montepulciano, Italy, March 30, 1932

Second Edition (in Italian): + *Nihil Obstat Quominus Reimprimatur*, Joseph Blandamura, Delegate of the Archbishop of Taranto, Italy November 23, 1933

Third Edition (in Italian): + *Nihil Obstat Quominus Reimprimatur*, Msgr. Francis M. della Cueva S. M., Delegate of the Archbishop of Taranto, Italy (Feast of Christ the King) 1937

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

Maternal Appeal of the Queen of Heaven to Mankind to Enter into the Divine Will

My dearest child, I feel the irresistible desire to come down from heaven to make my motherly visits to you. If you assure me of your filial love and fidelity, I will remain always with you in your soul, to be your teacher, your model, your example and your most tender mother.

I come from heaven to invite you to enter into the Kingdom of your tender mother, which is the Kingdom of the Divine Will. I am knocking at the door of your heart because I wish for you to open to me. Do you realize that it is with my own hands that I am bringing you this book as a gift? I am offering it to you with a mother's care so that in reading it you may, in turn, learn to live the life of heaven and no longer that of earth.

This book is of gold, my child. It will become your spiritual fortune and your happiness here on earth. In it you will find the fount of all goods. If you are weak, you will acquire strength; if tempted, you will achieve victory; if you have fallen into sin, you will find the compassionate and powerful hand to lift you up; if you are afflicted, you will find comfort; if you are cold, you will discover the means to become enkindled; if you are hungry, you will enjoy the exquisite food of the Divine Will. With it you will not be wanting in anything. You will no longer be alone, because your tender mother will be your sweet companion. With all of my motherly care, I will fulfill my maternal pledge of making you happy. I, who am the

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Heavenly Empress, will take care of your every need, if only you consent to live united with me.

How I long for you to know of my yearnings, of my ardent sighs and of the tears I shed for my children; how I long for you to know how I am set ablaze with loving desire for you to listen to my lessons imbued with heaven, and learn how to live in the Divine Will!

In this book you will discover wonders. You will encounter a mother who loves you so much as to sacrifice her own beloved Son for you, so that you may live of the same divine life of which I lived while I was on earth.

Oh, do not reject me and be the cause of my sadness. Accept this gift from heaven that I am offering you and welcome my visit and lessons. Know that I will go throughout the entire world – I will go to each individual, to every family and into the religious communities, I will travel to every nation, to all people and, if necessary, I will continue to go throughout the centuries – until I have formed around me my people as their Queen, and my children as their mother, who will know the Divine Will and will make it reign everywhere.

I have explained to you 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. I will inscribe their names with gold in my maternal Heart.

Do you see, my child? That same infinite love of God, who wanted to make use of me in the work of

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Redemption through the Incarnation of the Eternal Word of God, calls me once again to intervene by entrusting to me the arduous task, the sublime mission of forming on earth the children of the Kingdom of the Divine Will. Therefore, with the complete loving care of a mother, I begin this mission by preparing for you the way that will lead you to this happy Kingdom.

For this purpose I shall impart to you sublime and heavenly lessons. I will even teach you new and special prayers by which you will engage the heavens, the sun, all creation, my own life and that of my divine Son, and all the acts of the saints, so that in your name they may entreat God to establish on earth the adorable Kingdom of the Divine Will.

These prayers are the most powerful of all because they move God and influence his own divine operation. Through these prayers God will feel disarmed and won over by the soul who recites them. Empowered by these prayers, you will hasten the coming of his most happy Kingdom and, with me, you will obtain, according to the desire of the Divine Master [the fulfillment of the Our Father prayer, so] that his Divine Will may be done on earth as in heaven. Have courage, my child, make me happy and I will bless you.

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Prayer to the Heavenly Queen Each Day for the Month of May

Immaculate Queen, my Heavenly Mother, I come upon your maternal lap as your dear child to abandon myself in your arms, and to entreat you with the most ardent sighs, in this month consecrated to you²⁶, the greatest of grace of all: May you dispose me to live in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Holy mother, as the Queen of this Kingdom, dispose me, your child, to live in it, so that it may no longer be deserted, but filled with your children. I entrust myself to you my Sovereign Queen that you may guide my steps into the Kingdom of the Divine Will. Held tightly by your maternal hand, guide my whole being to live the unending life of the Divine Will. May you be a mother to me, and I shall offer to you, my mother, my own will, so that you may make it completely submissive²⁷ to the Divine Will, and I will be sure never to leave its Kingdom. So I entreat you to illuminate me and make me understand what the “Will of God” means.

Hail Mary ...

²⁶ If recited outside of the month of May, one may say: “... *in this month I consecrate to you...*”

²⁷ Luisa’s expression “*Me la scambi con la Divina Volontà*” is best theologically expressed as, “completely submissive to the Divine Will”. Cf. also L. Piccarreta, volume 17, January 4, 1925.

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The Little Aspiration of the Month

In the morning, at midday and in the evening, that is, three times a day, let us climb upon the lap of our Heavenly Mother and say:

“My Mother, I love you; love me too. Increase in my soul the Will of God, and grant me your blessing also, so that I may do all my actions under your maternal gaze.”

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Day 1

The First Step of the Divine Will in the Queen of Heaven: The Immaculate Conception of the Heavenly Mother

The soul to the Queen of Heaven:

Here I am, O most sweet mother, prostrate before you. Today is the first day of the month of May that is so holy to you, when all of your children wish to offer you their little flowers to show you their love, and bind your love to them. I see you descending from the heavenly homeland accompanied by hosts of angels to receive the beautiful roses, the humble violets and the chaste lilies of your children. Smiling upon them with love, you requite them with graces and blessings. And pressing the gifts of your children to your maternal Heart, you bring them to heaven to keep them as pledges and crowns for the moment of their death.

Heavenly Mother, among so many of your children I, who am the least and the neediest of all, wish to come onto your maternal lap every day to bring you, not flowers and roses, but a sun. My dear Mother, help your child by giving me your lessons, and by teaching me how to form

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these divine suns²⁸ in order to give you the most beautiful homage and the purest love.

Dear mother, now that you know what your child desires, teach me how to live in the Divine Will, And I, transforming my acts and my entire being in the Divine Will in the way you teach me, will bring upon your lap every day, all of my acts transformed into suns.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Blessed child, your prayers wound my maternal Heart and draw me down from heaven. I am already next to you my child to offer you my lessons imbued with heaven. Look at me, dear child: Thousands of angels surround me, all reverently waiting to hear me speak of the Divine Fiat whose fount I possess more than any other creature. I know of its admirable secrets, infinite joys, indescribable happiness and incalculable value. To hear my child calling me because she desires to listen to my lessons on the Divine Will is for me the greatest festivity, the purest joy. If you listen to my lessons, I will consider myself most fortunate to be your tender mother. Oh, how I sigh to have a child who desires to live only in the Divine Will. Tell me,

²⁸ Luisa relates that on account of Original Sin human nature became impaired and blinded to the eternal light it once possessed. However, Jesus vested the human being with the light of grace so that it may, in turn, form “divine suns” (L. Piccarreta, volume 23, October 6, 1927) that generate spiritual light more refulgent than the earth’s sun (L. Piccarreta, volume 22, July 16, 1927) and diffuse it throughout creation for the good of souls (L. Piccarreta, volume 12, September 28, 1917).

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O child, will you make me happy? Will you place your heart, your will and your entire self in my maternal hands so that I may prepare you, dispose you, strengthen you and empty you of everything? If you do so, I will completely fill you with the light of the Divine Will, and form in you its divine life. So, place your head upon the Heart of your Heavenly Mother, and be attentive in listening to me, so that my sublime lessons may make you decide to never do your will, but always the Will of God.

My child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you... It is my maternal Heart that loves you very much, and wants to pour itself out on you. Know that I have you inscribed right here in my Heart, and that I truly love you as my child. But I feel a pang of sorrow, as I see that you are not similar to your tender mother. Do you know what renders us dissimilar? It is your will that robs you of the freshness of grace, of the beauty that enraptures your Creator, of the strength that conquers and endures everything and of the love that impacts everything. In a word, your will is not the Will which animates your Heavenly Mother.

I knew my human will only to keep it sacrificed in homage to my Creator. My life was completely imbued with the Divine Will. From the first moment of my conception, I was molded, warmed and placed in the light of the Divine Will, which purified my human seed with its power in such a way that I was conceived without Original Sin. Therefore, if my conception was so spotless and glorious as to form the honour of the Divine Family, it was solely on account of the omnipotent Fiat that poured itself

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out over my seed, whereby I was conceived pure and holy. If the Divine Will had not poured itself over my seed with more love than a tender mother to preserve me from the effects of Original Sin, I would have experienced the poor plight of all other souls – that of being conceived with Original Sin. Therefore, the primary cause [of my Immaculate Conception] was the Divine Will alone. May it be honoured, glorified and praised for having conceived me without Original Sin.

Now, child of my Heart, listen closely to what I, your tender mother, and about to say. Never let your human will act on its own. Be content to die rather than concede one act of life to your own will. I, your Heavenly Mother, was content to die thousands and thousands of times, rather than to do one single act of my own will. Do you not wish to imitate me? Oh, if you will keep your will sacrificed in honour of your Creator, the Divine Will shall take its first step in your soul, and you will feel molded with a heavenly aura, purified and warmed in such a way that you will feel the seeds of your passions disappear,²⁹ and you will feel yourself placed [by God] within the first steps of the

²⁹ The mystical doctors of the Church describe the soul's growth toward perfect union with God as a progression that moves from purgation to illumination to unification. Mary's affirmation of the soul being "molded, purified and warmed", refer to these stages that culminate in the soul's dispassion. Oftentimes, the soul's early stage of union is accompanied by a denudation of all disordinate attachments and few spiritual consolations. In this early stage of interior aridity or spiritual darkness, the soul may think it has been abandoned by God, whereas the opposite is true: God is flooding the soul with many graces that dispose it to constancy and immutability in the Divine Will.

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Kingdom of the Divine Will.³⁰ Therefore, be attentive. If you are faithful in listening to me, I will guide you and lead you by the hand along the interminable ways of the Divine Fiat; I will keep you sheltered under my blue mantle, and you will be [the predilection of] my Heart, my glory and my victory, and you will attain victory as well.

The soul:

Immaculate Virgin and my mother, take me on your maternal lap. With your holy hands take possession of my will; purify it, mold it and warm it with the touch of your maternal hands. Teach me to live solely in the Divine Will.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, from the morning onward – in all of your actions – place your will into my hands, telling me: “My mother, may you yourself offer the sacrifice of my will to my Creator.”

³⁰ *Nota bene:* As in Adam, so in the redeemed, God first operates (“takes the first steps”) in the soul that desires to live in his Divine Will, while the soul consents to and co-operates with God’s one eternal operation (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 16, November 24, 1923; volume 13, April 18, 1930; volume 16, May 13, 1924; volume 18, February 11, 1926; volume 26, May 25, 1929; volume 28, April 18, 1930; volume 34, April 8, 1937; volume 16, November 24, 1923).

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Exclamation:

My mother, enclose the Divine Will in my soul, so that it may acquire its primary place and establish therein its throne and indwelling.

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Day 2

The Second Step of the Divine Will in the Queen of Heaven: The Most Holy Trinity smiles upon the Immaculate Conception

The soul to the Queen of Heaven:

Heavenly mother, here I am again upon your maternal lap to listen to your lessons. This poor child entrusts herself to your power, as I realize that I am too incapable [of doing anything], but since you love me as my mother, I cast myself into your arms and ask you to have compassion on me. As I attune the ears of my heart, make me hear your most sweet voice so that I may receive your sublime lessons. May you, holy mother, purify my heart with the touch of your maternal hands, and enclose therein the heavenly dew of your heavenly teachings.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. If you knew how much I love you, you would have more confidence in your tender mother, and you would let not even one of my words escape you. I not only keep you inscribed in my Heart, but in this Heart, my child, I have a maternal predilection³¹ that moves me to

³¹ The original Italian text states: “*fibra materna*”.

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love you more than any mother. Therefore I wish for you to hear the great prodigy that the Supreme Fiat operated in me, so that you, by imitating me, may grant me the great honour of being my queen daughter. Oh how my Heart sighs and is drowned in love to have around me the noble host of my little queens. So listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you, my beloved child.

As soon as the Divine Fiat poured itself out over my human seed in order to prevent the sad effects of sin, the divinity smiled and rejoiced. It rejoiced in seeing my human seed emerge from God's creative hands as pure and holy as at the time of man's creation. The Divine Fiat took the second step in me by carrying my human seed that it had purified and sanctified before the divinity; it did so in the act in which I was conceived in order to pour itself out in torrents over my lowliness. Recognizing in me its beautiful and pure creative work, the divinity smiled with satisfaction and, wanting to rejoice with me, the Heavenly Father poured out upon me seas of power; the Son, seas of wisdom; the Holy Spirit, seas of love. I was thus conceived in the never ending light of the Divine Will. In the midst of these divine seas which my lowliness could not contain, I formed for them the highest waves in order to requite the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit with as much homage of love and glory as they had given me.

The divinity's gaze was completely fixed on me and, not to be won over by me in love, smiling and caressing me they sent me more seas which so embellished me that no sooner was my little humanity formed, than I acquired the enrapturing virtue of enrapturing my Creator.

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And God truly let himself be enraptured, so much so that between God and I there was continuous festivity. I never denied God anything, nor did He refuse me anything. And do you know who animated me with this enrapturing power? The Divine Will, reigning in me with its 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 closely to your tender mother. Know that I love you very much, and would like to see your soul filled with my own seas [of grace]. These seas of mine are immense and seek to pour themselves out. In order for me to pour them out, you must empty yourself of your own will so that the Divine Will may take its second step in you. In this second step the Divine Will shall constitute itself the principle life of your soul, and call the attention of the Heavenly Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit to pour themselves out upon you with their overflowing seas. But for this to occur, they wish to entrust to your human will their seas of power, wisdom and unspeakable beauty.

Now, child most dear to me, listen closely to your tender mother. Place your hand upon your heart and tell me your secrets... How many times have you been unhappy, tormented and embittered because you followed your own will? Know that in so doing you have cast out the Divine Will, and fell into the abyss of evils. The Divine Will wanted to make you pure, holy, happy and beautiful with an enchanting beauty, but you, in doing your own will, waged war against it and, in sorrow, cast it out of its dear dwelling place, which is your soul.

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Listen, child of my Heart, it causes your tender mother such sorrow not to see the sun of the Divine Fiat in you, but instead the darkness of the night of your human will. But arise and have courage! If you promise to place your will in my hands, I, your Heavenly Mother, will take you in my arms; I will place you upon my lap and reorder the life of the Divine Will in you, so that you too, after so many tears, will be the cause of my smile and rejoicing and cause of the smile and rejoicing of the Most Holy Trinity.

The soul:

Heavenly Mother, if you love me so much, I entreat you not to allow me to leave your maternal lap. Watch over my poor soul and, as soon as you see that I am about to do my own will, enclose me in your Heart and consume my will by the power of your love. In this way, I will change your tears into delightful smiles.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, come onto my lap three times, and giving me your will, say to me: *“My mother, I want this will of mine to be yours so that you may exchange it with the Divine Will.”*

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Exclamation:

Sovereign Queen, with your Divine Rule, cast down my will so that the seed of the Divine Will may sprout up from within me.

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Day 3

The Third Step of the Divine Will in the Queen of Heaven: All creation smiles upon the Conception of the Heavenly Baby Jesus

The soul to the Queen of Heaven:

Mother, this little child of yours, enraptured by your heavenly lessons, feels the extreme desire to come every day upon your maternal lap and listen to you as you infuse your maternal teachings into my heart. Your love, your sweet accent, your taking me in your maternal arms and pressing me to your Heart, infuses in me courage and confidence; it reassures me that my mother will give me the great grace of making me understand the great evil of my will, and of making me live in the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. It is my maternal Heart that speaks to you, and as I see you wanting to listen closely to what I am about to say, 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 my teachings and write all my words within your heart, so

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that you may always meditate on them and mold your life after them.

Listen, my child... as soon as the divinity smiled and rejoiced over my [Immaculate] Conception, the Supreme Fiat took its third step in my little humanity. Although I was ever so tiny, the Supreme Fiat endowed me with divine reason. Moving all creation to rejoice, the Supreme Fiat caused me to be recognized by all created things as their Queen. Creation 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 rejoiced 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 twinkling and offered themselves as a radiant crown upon my head; the sea rejoiced for me with the peaceful rising and falling of its waves. In sum, there was not one created thing that did not unite itself to the smile and to this feast of the Most Holy Trinity.

All accepted my dominion, my rule and my command, and felt honoured 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, when the Divine Will reigns in a soul, it does not know how to do small things, but only great things. It wants to centralize all of its divine qualities within the fortunate soul, and everything that came from its

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omnipotent Fiat surrounds the soul and remains obedient to its wishes. What did the Divine Fiat not give me! It gave me everything – heaven and earth were in my power; I felt I could exercise dominion over all things, even over my Creator.

Now, my child, listen closely to your tender mother. Oh, how my Heart grieves in seeing you weak, poor and without true dominion over yourself. Fears, doubt and apprehensions are that which dominate you – all miserable rags of your human will. And do you know why? Because the complete life of the Divine Will is not established within you – the life which, putting to flight all the evils of the human will, makes you happy and fills you with all the blessings it possesses.

Oh, 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, as the Divine Will shall have taken its third step within you as well, and all creation will rejoice over the newly arrived soul in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

So, my child, tell me – will you listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you? Do you give me your word that you will never do your will, ever again? Know that if you do this, I shall never leave you; I will place myself as the guardian of your soul and I will envelop you within my light, so that no one would dare disturb you, my child. And I will give you my rule so that you may rule over all the evils of your own will.

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The soul:

Heavenly Mother, your lessons descend into my heart and fill it with a heavenly balm. I thank you for lowering yourself so much to me, poor little child that I am. But, dear mother, I fear myself. Still, if this is what you desire, and since I can do anything without you, I abandon myself like a little baby in your arms, my mother, confident that I will satisfy your maternal yearnings.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, look at the heavens, the sun and the earth, and uniting yourself with creation, recite three *Gloria's* three times to thank God for having constituted me Queen of all creation.

Exclamation:

Powerful Queen, exercise your dominion over my will and convert it into the Divine Will.

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Day 4

The Fourth Step of the Divine Will in the Queen of Heaven: The Test

The Soul to the Queen of Heaven:

Here I am again, on your maternal lap my dear Heavenly Mother. My heart beats so strongly, as I yearn with love with the desire to hear your beautiful lessons. Lend me your hand and take me in your arms, for in your arms I experience moments of paradise and I am happy. Oh, how I sigh to hear your voice; in hearing you speak [I feel] a new life enter my heart. Speak to me, as I promise to put your teachings into practice.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My child, If only you knew how much I long to hold you tightly in my arms and have you lean on my maternal Heart, so that I may to share with you the heavenly secrets of the Divine Fiat... If you ardently long to listen attentively to what I say, your yearnings will become my yearnings that echo in your heart; they will tell you that I, your tender mother, wish to entrust to you, my child, my secrets and narrate to you the story of what the Divine Will wrought in me.

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Child of my Heart, listen closely. It is the Heart of me, your tender mother, which seeks to pour itself out upon you, my child. I desire to tell you my secrets which have not been revealed to anyone until now, because the hour of God had not yet come. I wish to bestow upon souls surprising graces that God has not conceded to anyone in the whole history of the world. God wishes to reveal [to you] the prodigies of the Divine Fiat and all that it can do in the soul who lets itself be dominated by it. Since I had the great honour of forming my entire life in the Divine Will, God wishes to present me to everyone as their model.

Now, my child, as soon as I was conceived I made the divinity rejoice along with heaven and earth, which recognized me as their Queen. I was so united with my Creator that within the divine dominions I felt as if I possessed all. I knew no separation from my Creator, and the same Divine Will that reigned in me, reigned in them [the divine Persons], and rendered us inseparable.

And while there was complete rejoicing and festivity between us, I saw that they could not trust me if they hadn't proof of my fidelity [through a test]. My child, the test is the flag of victory; the test [disposes for the soul] all the blessings that God wants to give us [and He holds for us] in safekeeping; the test matures and disposes the soul to gain the greatest conquests. I too saw the necessity of a test; in exchange for the many seas of grace God had given me, I wanted to offer proof [of my love] to my Creator with an act of loyalty that would cost me the sacrifice of my entire life. How beautiful it is to be able to

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say: “You have loved me, and I have loved You!” But without a test, this can never be said.

My child, the Divine Fiat revealed to me [the Fiat of] the creation of man, who was made innocent and holy. For Adam too there was complete rejoicing and festivity between him and God. He had command over all creation, and all the elements were obedient to his every nod. By virtue of the Divine Will reigning in him, he too was inseparable from his Creator. After God had bestowed upon him so many blessings in exchange for one act of his fidelity, He commanded him not to touch only one fruit of the many fruits in the terrestrial Eden. This was the proof God had asked of Adam to confirm him in his state of innocence, holiness and happiness, and to give him the right of command over all creation. But Adam was not faithful in the test and, as a result, God could not trust him. So Adam lost his right of command [over himself and creation], and lost his innocence and happiness, whereby one may say that he turned the work of creation upside down.

Know, child of my Heart, that upon beholding the grave evils produced by the human will in Adam that were transmitted to all of his offspring, I, your Heavenly Mother, though barely conceived, wept hot and bitter tears over the fall of man. In seeing me cry, the Divine Will asked me to surrender my human will to the Divine Will as a sign and as proof [of my loyalty]. The Divine Fiat said to me: *“I do not ask of you a fruit as I did with Adam, but your will. I ask you to engage your will as if it were not your own, [by cooperating with and] under the dominion of My Divine*

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Will, so that it may establish within you its life and accomplish within you with certainty whatever it desires.”

So in asking a proof of [the fidelity of] my will, the Supreme Fiat took its fourth step in my soul; it waited for me to accept such a test and it awaited my Fiat. Tomorrow I will wait for you to come upon my lap again so that I may tell you the outcome of the test.

I ask you as your tender mother to follow my example by never denying God anything, even if this means offering up sacrifices that may last the length of your entire life. By remaining always unwavering in the test God asks of you – which is the test of your loyalty – you allow God to accomplish his divine designs over you and you reflect his virtues which, acting as many brushstrokes, transform your soul into the masterpiece of his supreme Being. One can say that the test places within God’s divine hands the raw material through which he accomplishes his [divine] designs in a soul. For God cannot do anything with a soul who is not faithful in the test; on the contrary, such a soul disorders the most beautiful works of its Creator.

Therefore, my dear child, be attentive. If you are faithful in the test, you shall make your mother happy. Do not be the cause of my sorrow, but give me your word so that I may guide you and sustain you in all things as my own child.

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The soul:

Holy mother, I know my own weakness, but your maternal goodness infuses in me so much confidence that with you I feel safeguarded and have the hope of obtaining everything from you. Into your hands I commit all the tests God disposes for me so that you may grant me all the graces I need to avoid frustrating his divine designs.

Aspiration:

To honour me today, I ask you to come upon my maternal lap three times and offer me all the pains of your body and soul. Bring everything to your tender mother so that I may bless them and infuse in them the necessary strength, light and grace [to remain in God's Will].

Exclamation:

Heavenly Mother, take me into your arms and inscribe in my heart: "*Fiat, Fiat, Fiat*"!

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Day 5

The Fifth Step of the Divine Will in the Queen of Heaven: The triumph in the Test

The Soul to the Queen of Heaven:

Heavenly Sovereign, I see you stretch out your arms to lift me onto your maternal lap, and I run – I fly unto you to enjoy the chaste embraces and the heavenly smiles of my Heavenly Mother. Holy mother, your appearance today is one of triumph. With an air of triumph you wish to narrate to me your victory over the test. Oh, yes, I will gladly listen to you, and I ask you to grant me the grace to be triumphant in the tests the Lord disposes for me.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Child most dear to me, oh how I long to confide to you my secrets. My sharing with you these secrets will give me much glory, and they 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 Divine Fiat; apart from it I knew nothing else. All of my sublime qualities with which the holy Church so honours me are nothing other than the effects of the Divine Will that dominated, reigned and lived in me. This is why I yearn so much to share [with you] that which engendered in

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me so many qualities and admirable effects that astonished heaven and earth.

Now listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you, dear child. As soon as the Supreme Being asked for [the offering up of] my human will, I understood the great evil the human will can create in the soul, and how it jeopardizes everything, even the most beautiful works of its Creator. The soul, with its human will continuously vacillates – it is weak, inconstant and disordered.

The reason why the human will is [of itself] so inconstant, is because when God created the soul [of which the human will is the principal power], he united it naturally, as it were, with his Divine Will.³² Indeed, the human will was created to be the strength, the prime motion, the support, the nourishment and the life of the human will. Therefore, if we fail to allow the Divine Will to take up its life in our human will, we reject the blessings we received from God at the time of man's creation, and we reject the natural rightful claims that accompanied his creation.³³

³² By God's having united Adam's (and Eve's) human will "*naturally, as it were, with his Divine Will*", God reveals how our first parents enjoyed a far greater union with his will than that of all the baptized before Luisa. By virtue of the infusion of the Trinity's one eternal operation in the soul and body of Adam and Eve, our first parents received not only sanctifying and actual grace, but also the uncreated operation of the Trinity that continuously expanded and extended each and every one of their acts throughout eternity.

³³ Our first parents' "rightful claims" that Mary here refers to include, but are not limited to the preternatural gifts of immortality, infused

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Oh, how well I understood their [Adam and Eve's] grave offense against God and, as a result, the evils that pour out upon the soul. I had such horror and fear of doing my own will, and rightly so, as Adam was also created innocent by God, but by doing his own will, he plunged himself along with all [human] generations into innumerable evils.

Wherefore I, your tender mother, while terrified [of the consequences of doing my own will], was more overwhelmed with love for my Creator, and so I swore never to do my own will. And to better attest to the sacrifice [of my own will] and to ensure [my fidelity] to the One who had given me so many seas of grace and privileges, I took my human will and bound it to the foot of the divine throne in continuous homage of love and sacrifice; I promised God that I would never do my own will, not even for one instant of my life, but always the Will of God.

My child, it may seem to you that my sacrifice of living without my will was not great, but I tell you that there is no sacrifice similar to mine. Indeed, all other sacrifices throughout the history of the entire world may be called shadows when compared to mine. To sacrifice oneself for one day – one moment yes, the next moment no – is easy, but to sacrifice oneself in every instant, in every act, even in the very desire to do something good, for one's

knowledge, immunity from concupiscence and their mastery over all creation. Indeed, after Original Sin, Adam and Eve who enjoyed the rightful claims of kingship and queenship over all creation, lost this rightful claim, whence creation turned against them.

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entire life and without ever giving life to one's own will, is the sacrifice of sacrifices. It is the greatest proof one can offer [God]; it is the purest love, filtered through the Divine Will itself that one can offer its Creator. This sacrifice is so great that God cannot ask anything more of the soul, nor is the soul capable of sacrificing anything greater to its Creator.

Now, my dearest child, as soon as I offered my will to my Creator, I felt triumphant in the test God had asked of me, and God felt triumphant in my human will. God was waiting for my test that would make him triumphant in [the soul of] a human creature who would live without her will in order to make reparation for mankind's disorder [that was caused by Original Sin] and implore God's clemency and mercy.

So, I will wait for you again to recount to you the story of what the Divine Will did after my triumph in the test. And now, a little word to you, my child. If you knew how I long to see you living without your will! You know that I am your mother, and as a mother, I wish to see my child happy, but how can you be happy if you do not decide to live without [your] will as your mother did? If you do so, I will provide for you in all your needs; I will place myself at your disposal and will be here for you in all things my child, provided that you offer me the joy, the happiness and the blessing of having a child who lives completely in the Divine Will.

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The soul:

Triumphant Sovereign, into your motherly hands I entrust my will. May you yourself, my dear mother, purify and embellish my will, and bind it with your own will to the foot of the divine throne. In this way, I may live not with my own will, but always with the Will of God.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, in every act you do, place your will in my maternal hands, asking me to let the Divine Will assume its place of honour in your own will and flow in you.

Exclamation:

Triumphant Queen, snatch my will from me and grant me the Divine Will in exchange.

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Day 6

The Sixth Step of the Divine Will in the Queen of Heaven: After her triumph in the Test comes the Possession

The Soul to the Queen of Heaven:

Holy Queen Mother, again I see awaiting me; stretching out your hands you take me on your lap and squeeze me to your Heart to make me feel the life of the Divine Fiat that you possess. Oh, how refreshing is its warmth; how penetrating its light! Holy mother, if you love me so much, plunge the little atom of my soul into the sun of the Divine Will that you conceal [within yourself], so that I may say: “My will is ended, it will no longer have a life of its own; my life shall be the Divine Will.”

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Dearest child, trust your tender mother and listen closely to the lessons I now wish to impart, as they shall serve to make you abhor your own will and yearn for the Divine Fiat to reign in you – the Fiat that lovingly yearns to establish its life in you.

My child, the Divine Will was assured of my fidelity through the test it asked of me. Although everyone believes that I had no test and [that in order for me to be without sin] it sufficed that God work the great miracle of

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conceiving me without Original Sin, oh how wrong they are! On the contrary, God asked a test [of my fidelity] that He asked of no one else, and He did so with justice and with the greatest wisdom. Since [He decreed that] the Eternal Word should descend into me, not only was it decorous that He not find in me Original Sin, but also that he not find a human will operating in me. It would have been unbecoming for God to descend into a creature in whom the human will reigned. This is why He wanted a test from me that would last my entire life. Through the test of my will I was to securely establish within my soul the Kingdom of the Divine Will. And once this kingdom was securely established in me, God could do within me anything He pleased; He could grant me everything and, I can also say, He could deny me nothing.

I now wish to address what I earlier shared with you. During the course of my lessons I wish to disclose to you the events and the prodigies the Divine Will accomplished in me and that I ponder in my Heart. So now pay close attention, my child.

After my triumph in the test, the Divine Fiat took its sixth step in my soul by allowing me to take possession of all of God's divine qualities³⁴ to the fullest possible extent that is imaginable for a creature. I was the possessor of all things – heaven, earth, and even God himself whose very Will I possessed. I possessed God's own divine sanctity, love, beauty, power, wisdom and divine goodness, and I was constituted the Queen of all things. I was not a stranger

³⁴ The original Italian states: "*le proprietà divine*".

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in the house of my Heavenly Father, but I vividly experienced his paternity and the happiness of being his faithful daughter. I can say that I grew up on God's paternal lap, and I knew no other love or possessed no other knowledge than that which my Creator endowed me with. Who could possibly describe all that the Divine Will accomplished in me? It raised me so high and embellished me so much that the very angels remained speechless – they were at a loss to begin to describe what they beheld.

Now, my dearest child, as soon as the Divine Fiat had me take possession of all things, I felt that I was in possession of everything and everyone. With its power, immensity and all-embracing vision, the Divine Will enclosed all souls within my soul, and I felt a little place in my Heart for each and every soul. From the moment I was conceived I carried you in my Heart, and – oh, how much I loved you and still love you! I love you so much that I became your mother in God's presence. My prayers and my sighs were directed toward you and, in a delirium of motherly love, I said: "Oh, how I wish to see my child come to possess all things as I do."

Now, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you: Do not pay heed to your human will anymore. If you do as I say, all things will be in common between you and me. You will possess a divine power and all things will convert into sanctity, love and divine beauty. Just as the Most High sang to me, "All beautiful, all holy and all pure are you, O Mary", in my ardent love I will say, "Beautiful, pure and holy is my child, because my child possesses the Divine Will."

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The soul:

Queen of Heaven, I greet you as well: “All beautiful, pure and holy is my Heavenly Mother”. If you have a place for me in your maternal Heart, I entreat you to enclose me in it so that I may be sure to no longer do my own will, but always the Will of God. We will both be happy, you my mother, and me your child.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, recite three *Gloria's* three times, in thanksgiving to the Most Holy Trinity's having established in me the Kingdom of the Divine Will, and for having made me possessor of all things. And with each *Gloria* you recite, while making the words of the Supreme Being your own, say to me: “All beautiful, pure and holy is my mother.”

Exclamation:

Queen of Heaven, let me be possessed by God's Divine Will.

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Day 7

**The Queen of Heaven receives the scepter of command,
and the Most Holy Trinity constitutes her its Secretary**

The soul to the Secretary of God's Divinity:

Heavenly Mother and Queen, here I am, prostrate at your feet; as your child I cannot be without you. Although today you visit me in glory bearing your scepter of command and adorned with a Queen's crown, you are always still my mother. And so, although trembling, I throw myself in your arms so that you may heal the wounds my bad will has inflicted on my poor soul. My Sovereign Mother, if you do not perform a miracle – if you do not take your scepter of command and guide me by exercising dominion over all of my acts so that my will may no longer have a life of its own – I will not have the beautiful destiny of entering the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dear child, come into the arms of your tender mother, and listen closely to what I wish to tell you. You will come to know the unheard-of prodigies the Divine Fiat wrought in your Heavenly Mother.

As I took possession of the Kingdom of the Divine Will, its steps within me ended and its full, complete and

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perfect full life began within my soul. Oh, to what divine heights I was carried 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 attain my heights. 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 joy they felt in me loving them, praying to them and adoring them in their Supreme Heights. My love, prayers and adoration emerged from within my soul – from the center of the Divine Will. They felt waves of divine love, chaste fragrances and unusual joys being unleashed from me that emerged from within the heavens [of my soul] that their own Divine Will had formed in my lowliness, to the extent that they could not cease repeating: *“All beautiful, all pure and 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 Us, make Us go into a delirium of love!”* They felt the power and the strength of their Divine Will emerging from me and rendering us inseparable, whence they called me, *“Our invincible daughter who will be victorious and conquer Our own Divine Being.”*

Now, my child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. The divinity, in an excess of love for me, said to me: *“Our beloved daughter, Our love can no longer resist, as it feels stifled if We do not entrust to you Our secrets. Therefore We elect you as Our faithful secretary. We want to entrust to you Our sorrows and Our decrees. We want to save man at all costs. Look how he is*

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falling, as his rebellious will drags him continuously toward evil. Without the life, the strength and the support of Our Divine Will he will continue to deviate from the path of his Creator, and grovel in the dirt – weak, ill and filled with all vices. There is no other way to save him; no way out other than for the Eternal Word to descend and assume a human nature along with its misery, and take its sins upon himself. He shall befriend man to conquer him through love and unheard-of sufferings, and give him so much confidence that He may restore him to Our paternal arms.

Oh, how We grieve over man's destiny; Our sorrow is great! We could not confide Our sorrow to anyone, as We could not find anyone in whom the Divine Will reigned. Had We confided Our sorrow to someone, they would not have understood either Our sorrow or the grave evil of man fallen into sin. To you, who possess Our Fiat is granted the ability to understand [Our sorrow and man's grave evil]. Wherefore, as to Our own secretary, We wish to unveil Our secrets to you and place the scepter of command in your hand. In this way, you will dominate and rule over all things, and exercise dominion over God and man, bringing mankind back to Us as children reborn within your maternal Heart.”

Dear child, who could describe everything my Heart felt upon hearing these divine words? A current of intense sorrow opened up within me, and I committed myself, even at the cost of my own life, to winning souls over to God and uniting them to him.

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Now, my child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. I saw that you were surprised in hearing me narrate the story of my possessions 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 Will shall establish its heaven in your soul. You will experience a divine inseparability, you will receive the scepter of command over yourself and over your passions, and you will no longer be enslaved to your will.

For the human will alone thrusts the poor creature into slavery, clips its wings of love that enable it to soar to the One who created it, and robs it of the strength, support and confidence that would otherwise enable it to take its flight into the arms of its Heavenly Father. And to the extent that the soul has been robbed of the knowledge of God's secrets, and the great love with which God loves the soul, the soul lives like a stranger in the house of its Divine Father. Thus a distance is created between the human will of the creature and the Divine Will of its Creator!

So, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you, and make my joy complete. Tell me you will no longer give life to your own will, so that I may fill you completely with the Divine Will.

The soul:

Holy mother, assist 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

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the maze of doing my own will, detaching myself from the Will of my Creator. Do not leave me to myself, but be there for me as my mother. With your power, unite the Divine Will to mine and enclose me in your maternal Heart where I will be sure never to do my own will.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, remain under my mantle and learn to live under my gaze. Reciting three *Ave's* for me, ask me to make the Divine Will known to everyone.

Exclamation:

Heavenly Mother, enclose me in your Heart so that I may learn from you how to live in the Divine Will.

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Day 8

God entrusts the Queen of Heaven with the task of securing mankind's destiny

The soul to the Heavenly Secretary:

Here I am, Heavenly Mother. I cannot be without my dear mother. My poor heart is restless and I only feel at peace when I am in your Heart like a tiny little child, clinging to it and listening to your lessons. Your sweet accent sweetens all of my bitterness and sweetly enchains my will, placing it at the feet of the Divine Will so that I may feel its sweet dominion, its life and its joys.

Lesson of the Heavenly Delegate:

Dearest child of mine, know that I love you very much. Trust in your mother, and be sure that you will obtain victory over your will. If you are faithful to me, I will be completely committed to you and have the true happiness of mother. Listen then to what I did for you before the Most High.

I did nothing other than climb upon the lap of my Heavenly Father. I was little and not yet born, but the Divine Will whose life I possessed empowered me to make visits to my Creator. All doors and pathways were opened

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to me. I was neither fearful of the divine Persons nor afraid to approach them. For only the human will causes fear, fright and mistrust, and keeps the poor creature away from the One who loves it so much and who wants to be surrounded by his children. Therefore, if the soul is afraid and fears, and does not know how to act as a child with its Father, it is a sign that the Divine Will does not reign in it. Such a soul is tortured and martyred by its own human will. Therefore, never do your will. Do not allow your will to torture and martyr you anymore, as this is the most horrible of martyrdoms, bereft of all support and strength.

Now listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. I brought myself into the arms of the divinity. What is more, they awaited me and rejoiced in seeing me, and loved me so much that upon my arrival they poured out into my soul more seas of love and sanctity. I do not remember ever having left their presence without their having conferred more surprising gifts upon 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 souls. I cried because of your rebellious will and on account of your sad plight – in seeing you reduced to a state of enslavement and sadness on account of your own will. To see my child unhappy made me shed bitter tears, to the point of wetting with my tears the hands of my Heavenly Father. The divinity, moved by my crying, continued to say to me:

“Our beloved daughter, your love binds Us, your tears extinguish the fires of Divine Justice; your prayers

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draw Us to souls, to the point where We can longer resist. Therefore We confide to you the task of safeguarding the destiny of mankind. You will be Our agent among men. To you do We entrust all souls. You will defend Our rights that have been ignored on account of their sins. In the middle, between Us and souls, you will intercede on their behalf to restore Our mutual relations. In you We feel the heroic power of Our Divine Will that intercedes and weeps through you. Who can resist you? Your prayers are commands; your tears govern Our Divine Being. Wherefore We encourage you to continue in your effort!”

My dearest child, my Heart was consumed with love at the loving manner of God’s divine speech. With all my love I accepted the task, saying: “Majesty Most High, here I am in your arms; do with me as you wish. My own life I place at your service. If I had as many lives as there are souls, I would dispose such souls to receive these lives, place them at your disposal and bring them into your paternal arms to be completely safeguarded.”

Without knowing that I was going to be the Mother of the Divine Word, I felt a double maternity in me: Maternity toward God to defend his just rights, and maternity toward souls to bring them home safely. I felt I was the mother of all creatures. The Divine Will which reigned in me and that knows not how to do isolated works, transported God and all souls from all centuries into my soul. In my maternal Heart I felt my God offended and seeking to be satisfied, and I also felt souls under the rule of the Divine Justice. Oh how many tears I shed! I wanted to make my tears descend into every heart in order to reveal

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to everyone my maternity that was enflamed with love. I cried for you my child, and for all souls.

Now, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. As I cry, offer me your compassion; take my tears and with them extinguish your passions and overcome the ways of your human will. Accept me as your heavenly delegate by always doing the Will of your Creator.

The soul:

Heavenly Mother, my poor heart is overwhelmed at just how much you really love me. You love me so much, to the point of crying for me! I feel your tears descend into my heart like many arrows that wound me and make me realize how much you love me. I wish to unite my tears to yours and implore you with tears, never to leave me to myself, but to watch over me in everything and, if necessary, even discipline me. Be my mother, and I, your little child, shall give you free reign over me and welcome the purpose of your divine mission. May you bring me in your arms to our Heavenly Father as an accomplished act in your divine mission.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, place into my maternal hands your will, your pains, tears, anxieties, doubts and fears, so that, as your mother, I may keep them in deposit within my

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maternal Heart as pledges of my child. And I will give you the precious pledge of the Divine Will.

Exclamation:

Heavenly Mother, pour your tears into my soul so that they may heal the wounds created by my human will.

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

Day 9

God constitutes the Queen of Heaven the Peacemaker who reconciles mankind with God

The Soul to the Queen of Heaven:

My Sovereign Lady and dearest Mother, I see you call out to me with your Heart set ablaze by ardent love. You wish to tell me what you have accomplished in the Kingdom of the Divine Will for me, your child. How beautiful it is to see you direct your steps toward your Creator. As the divine Persons hear the treading of your feet, they look at you and feel wounded by the purity of your gaze. They await you in order to witness your innocent smile, to smile at you and take delight in you. O Holy Mother, in your joys and in your chaste smiles with your Creator, don't forget me, your child, who lives in this exile and is in such great need of your help. My will rears its ugly head and seeks 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 abandon 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, guide you and teach you how to live in the

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Supreme Fiat. Therefore, banish all fear; in the Supreme Fiat everything is safeguarded and at peace.

The human will is what disturbs the soul and endangers God's most beautiful works, even the holiest things. In acting by the human will nothing is safeguarded – sanctity, the virtues and even the soul's own salvation is in danger. And the characteristic that reveals that one lives by the human will is inconstancy. Who could ever trust someone who lets himself be dominated by the human will? No one, neither God nor man. Such a person appears like those hollow reeds that turn with every gust of wind. Therefore, dearest child of mine, if a gust of wind seeks to render you inconstant, immerse yourself in the sea of the Divine Will and come and hide in the womb of your mother so that I may defend you from the winds of the human will. Holding you tightly in my arms, I will render you firm and confident along the path of the Divine Kingdom in God's Will.

Now, my child, follow your tender mother before the Supreme Majesty, and listen closely to what I wish to tell you. With my rapid flights I reached the divine arms of the three divine Persons, and as I arrived, I felt their overflowing love which, like impetuous waves, envelop me. Oh, how beautiful it is to be loved by God! In this love the soul experiences happiness, sanctity, infinite joys; it feels so embellished by God that God himself feels enraptured by the striking beauty He himself has infused in the soul in loving it.

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I strove to imitate the three divine Persons; though little, I did not want to be lagging behind their love. So, from the waves of love they had infused in me, I formed my own waves in order to envelop my Creator with my own love. In doing this, I smiled, because I knew that my love could never envelop the immensity of their love. But in spite of this, I tried, and an innocent smile arose upon my lips. The Supreme Being smiled back at me, rejoiced and recreated with my lowliness.

Now, at the height of our loving stratagems, I remembered the painful state of my human family on earth, and that I too was of their offspring. Oh, how I grieved and prayed that the Eternal Word would descend to earth and provide mankind with a remedy. And I prayed with such tenderness that my innocent smile and festivities were transformed into weeping. The Most High was so moved by my tears – especially because they were the tears of a little child – that pressing me to his divine womb, He dried my tears and said, *“Daughter, do not cry; have courage. By entrusting you with a divine mission, We have placed within your hands mankind’s destiny. Now, to console you, We wish to make you the peacemaker who reconciles mankind with Us. To you is given the task of reconciling mankind with God. The power of Our will that reigns in you compels Us to impart Our kiss of peace to impoverished, decayed and vacillating mankind.”*

My child, who could describe what my Heart felt at this divine condescension of God? My love was so intense that I felt as if though I would faint and, and with a

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delirium of love welling up within me, I yearned for yet more love to requite [God with] my love.

Now a word to you, my child. If you listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you, by banishing your will and giving its 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 make him rejoice, and you will be the bond of peace between the world and God.

The soul:

Beautiful mother, help your child. Place me into the sea of the Divine Will and cover me with the waves of God's eternal love, so that I may not see or hear anything but God's Divine Will and love.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, ask me for all of my acts, and I will enclose them in your heart so that you may feel the strength of the Divine Will that reigned in me. Then, offer them to the Most High to thank him for all the offices He gave me in order to save souls.

Exclamation:

Queen of Peace, may the Divine Will grant me its kiss of peace.

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Day 10

The Virgin Mary's glorious birth: The rising dawn that overcomes the night of the human will

The Soul to the Queen of Heaven:

Here I am, Holy mother, near your cradle to witness your miraculous birth. The heavens are astonished, the sun is fixed upon you with its light, the earth exults with joy and feels honoured because it is inhabited by its little newborn Queen; the angels vie to be around your cradle to honour you and act on your every wish. Everyone honours you and wants to celebrate your birth. I too unite myself with everyone and, prostrate before your cradle, beside your mother Anne and your father Joachim who appear enraptured, I wish to say my first word and entrust you with my first secret. I wish to empty my heart into yours and say to you: "My mother, may you, the dawn and bearer of the Divine Fiat on earth, scatter the gloomy night of the human will from my soul and from the face of the earth! Oh, yes, may your birth be our wisdom which, [acting] as the new dawn of grace, regenerates us into the Kingdom of the Divine Will."

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Lesson of the Newborn Queen:

Child of my Heart, my birth was miraculous. No other birth was similar to mine. I enclosed in myself the heavens, 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 although I was just a newborn child, I enclosed the greatest prodigy of prodigies: The Divine Will reigning in me. The Divine Will enclosed within my soul a heaven more beautiful and a sun more refulgent than those of creation, of which I was also Queen. It included also a sea of graces without boundaries that constantly murmured: “Love, love to my Creator.” My birth was the true dawn that scattered the night of the human will. And as it rose, it formed the daybreak and heralded in the full day to make the sun of the Eternal Word shine on earth.

My child, come to my cradle and listen to your little mother. As soon as I was born, I opened my eyes to behold this lowly world and go in search of all of my children to enclose them within my Heart, to give them my maternal love, to regenerate them to the new life of love and grace, and to impart to them the step that would enable them to enter into the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat which I possessed. I wanted to be their Queen and Mother by enclosing everyone within my Heart, by safeguarding everyone and imparting to them the great gift of the Divine Kingdom. In my Heart I had a place for everyone because, for the soul 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

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celebrated my birth, it was also for me a cause for rejoicing. But in opening my eyes to the light of this world, I had the sorrow of seeing souls in the thick night of the human will.

Oh, into what an abyss of darkness is the soul who lets itself be dominated by its own will! It is a true night, but a night without stars; a night with no more than a few fleeting flashes of lightning, and lightning that is easily followed by peals of thunder whose rumblings thicken the darkness even more, and unleash a storm on the poor soul; a night of storms of fear, weakness, danger and of falling into sin. My poor Heart was transfixed in seeing my children under this horrible storm in which the night of the human will had cast them.

Now, pay close attention to your little mother: I am still in the cradle and am little. Look at the tears I shed for you. Every time you do your own will you create a night for yourself. If you knew how much this night harms you, you would cry with me. For this night makes you lose the light of the day of God's Holy Will, it turns your life upside down, it paralyzes your ability to do any good and it destroys in you true love, whereby you remain like a poor and feeble child who lacks the means to be healed.

Oh, dear child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. Never do your will. Give me your word that you will [never do your will and] make your little mother happy.

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The soul:

Little Holy Mother, I shudder upon hearing of the ugly night of my human will. Therefore, here am I at your cradle to ask of you, by virtue of your miraculous birth, the grace of being reborn in the Divine Will. I will be always near you, heavenly little baby. I will unite my prayers and my tears to yours to implore for myself and for all, the Kingdom of the Divine Will on earth.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, come three times to visit me in my cradle, saying to me each time: “Heavenly little baby, regenerate me into the life of the Divine Will to be with you.”

Exclamation:

My little mother, through your intercession may the dawn of the Divine Will arise within my soul.

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Day 11

The Virgin Mary's first years of life on earth. She forms the most splendid dawn that hastens the longed-for day of grace in the hearts of men

The soul to the Little Infant Queen:

Here I am again near your cradle, little heavenly mother. My little heart is charmed by your beauty; I cannot remove my gaze from a beauty so rare. How sweet your gaze is! The motion of your little hands calls me to hug you and to cleave to your Heart which is engulfed in love. Little holy mother, consume my human will with your flames [of love], so that I may live together with you in the Divine Will and make you happy.

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 closely to what I, your tender mother, wish to tell you! Indeed, I feel like your queen and mother, for in having you near me, I am not a sterile mother or a queen who is bereft of her children, but I am a fruitful mother who is with her dear child who loves me so much, and who wants me to be her mother and queen. So, you are the bearer of joy to your mother.

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What is more, you have come onto my lap so 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 that is so holy, is the greatest glory, honour and feast for me, your mother. So be attentive to what I say, my dear child, and I will continue to narrate to you the prodigies of my birth.

My cradle was surrounded by angels who vied in singing lullabies to me, their Sovereign Queen. And since I was endowed with reason and knowledge, which had been infused in me [at my Immaculate Conception] by my Creator, I fulfilled my first obligation of adoring the Most Holy and Adorable Trinity with my intelligence and with my stammering childish voice. And my love for such a Holy Majesty was so ardent and great that, languishing, I felt overwhelmed with the desire of being in the arms of the divinity. I desired to receive the embraces of the three divine Persons and exchange them with my own embraces.

And since my desires were commands for the angels, they picked me up, carried me on their wings and placed me into the loving arms of my Heavenly Father. Oh, with how much love were the divine Persons awaiting me! I was coming from the land of exile and, the brief pauses of separation between me and them were the cause of new fiery surgings of love; they were new gifts the divine Persons had prepared for me. And I would find new ways of petitioning them for clemency and mercy for my children who, living in exile, were under the scourge of the Divine Justice. Fusing myself entirely in God's divine love, I said to them: "Adorable Trinity, I am overjoyed; I am -

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endowed with Queenship. I know neither unhappiness nor slavery, for the joys and happiness of your Will reigning in me are so great and overwhelming that, little as I am, I cannot embrace them all. And although I enjoy so much happiness, a current of intense bitterness remains in my little Heart: I feel in my Heart the unhappiness of my children who have become slaves to their own rebellious will. Have mercy, Holy Father, have mercy! Make my happiness complete by making happy all of these sad children whom I carry within my maternal womb with more love than any mother. Let the Divine Word descend to earth, and everything will be granted! I shall not come down from your paternal lap if you do not guarantee me this grace, with which 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 land of 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 happy.*” But they did not tell me either when or where the Divine Word would come down to earth. So I departed from heaven only to do the Divine Will.³⁵ This was the most heroic sacrifice for me, but I did it gladly so that the Divine Will alone might have dominion over me.

³⁵ Mary’s visitations to the three divine Persons at the hands of the angels were bilocative acts of the soul (cf. footnote 7, pp. 14-15). Mary’s body and soul remained in the crib, while her soul, by the power of God, was simultaneously transported into heaven. Otherwise put, God empowered Mary’s soul to bilocate into heaven while remaining in her little body in the crib.

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Now, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you, my child. How much your soul cost me, to the point of embittering the infinite expanses of my joys and happiness! Every time you do your will, you become a slave and experience your own unhappiness, and I, being your mother, feel the unhappiness of my child within my Heart. Oh, how sorrowful it is to see my children unhappy. In acknowledging that I came all the way down from heaven for the purpose of not allowing my human will to have its own life in me, you should take to heart the importance of doing the Divine Will.

Now, my child, continue to listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. In each one of your acts, may your first obligation be to adore your Creator, to know him and to love him. This places you in the [divine] order of creation, whereby you come to recognize the One who created you. This is the holiest obligation of every soul: To acknowledge where it came from.

Now, my going up to heaven and coming [back to earth] accompanied by my prayers, formed the dawn about me which, casting its light over the whole world, surrounded the hearts of my children. And in this way, it was possible for daybreak to follow the dawn, and engender the long-awaited serene day when the Divine Word would come to earth.

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The soul:

Little heavenly mother, seeing you barely born and imparting to me such holy lessons, makes me feel enraptured. I understand how great your love is, to the point of becoming unhappy because of me. Holy mother, you who love me so much, let the power, the love and the joys which inundate you, descend into my heart, so that in being filled with them, my will may find no space in which to live, and may freely give up its place to the dominion of the Divine Will.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, make three acts of adoration to your Creator, reciting three *Gloria's* to thank him for the many times I received the grace of being admitted to their presence.

Exclamation:

Heavenly Mother, let the daybreak of the Divine Will rise up in my soul.

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Day 12

The Virgin Mary leaves her cradle and takes her first steps. With her divine acts she solicits God's descent to earth and calls all souls to live in the Divine Will

The soul to the Little Queen of Heaven:

Here I come again to visit you, my dear little infant Mary, in the house of Nazareth. I wish witness the years of your tender age; I wish to offer you my hand as you take your first steps and speak with your holy mother and father [Anne and] Joachim. After you have been weaned and are able to walk, little as you are you help Saint Anne in her little tasks. My little mother, how dear and enrapturing you appear! Impart to me your lessons so 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 close to 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 close to me – a child who is in my Heart, so that I may impart to you my lessons and make you understand how to live in the Kingdom of the Divine Will. In this kingdom the human will cannot enter,

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as the light, the sanctity and the power of the Divine Will crush human will and make it undergo continual deaths. But do you think that the human will is afflicted because the Divine Will keeps it in the act of continually dying?³⁶ Oh no, not at all. Rather, it feels joyous, for when the human will dies to self, the Divine Will is reborn and arises victorious and triumphant in the soul, bringing it endless joy and happiness to it. Dear child, it is enough for the soul to understand what it means to allow oneself to be dominated by the Divine Will and to experience it, for it to abhor its own will and prefer to be martyred thousands of times than to leave the Divine Will!

Now listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. I departed from heaven only to do the Will of the Eternal One. Although on earth I possessed my heaven of the Divine Will within me and I was inseparable from my Creator, I also had the privilege of remaining in my heavenly homeland [in the company of the three divine Persons]. Because the Divine Will was within me, I possessed a daughter's rightful claims to remain with them [in heaven]. I let myself be cradled like a tiny little child in their paternal arms and shared in all the joys, happiness, riches and sanctity the divine Persons possess. Indeed, [from the divine Persons] I could take and be filled with as much [of their divine qualities] as I pleased, to the point of not being able to fully contain them.

³⁶ On Day 17, Mary reveals to Luisa that “the weapons” that make the human will continuously die to the Divine Will are “courage”, “trust” and a firm “resolution” (cf. p. 153).

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The Supreme Entity was pleased in seeing that, without fear, but rather, with highest love I filled myself with their qualities, nor was I surprised that they would let me acquire as much as I pleased. I was their daughter, one was the Will which animated us, and whatever they desired I desired. Therefore, I felt that the qualities of my Father as my very own – the only difference being, I was little and could not embrace or contain all of their qualities: No matter how much I acquired, there was always more that remained; inasmuch as I remained always a creature, I hadn't the capacity to contain them all. And yet, because the divinity is great and immense, in one single act it embraces everything.

So, the moment they made me understand that I was to deprive myself of their heavenly joys and our exchanged chaste embraces, I departed from heaven without hesitation and returned to be with my dear parents who loved me very much. [Because of the Divine Will that reigned in me] I was all beloved, enrapturing, cheerful, peaceful and filled with childlike grace, such as to captivate my parents' affection. Their attention was completely fixed on me as I was their jewel. When they took me in their arms, they felt things they had not experienced before and a divine life pulsating within me.

Now, child of my Heart, from the moment my life on earth began to develop the Divine Will extended its Kingdom in all of my acts.³⁷ My prayers, words, steps,

³⁷ The manner by which Mary called all of our acts into her own, through which the Divine Will extended its kingdom in her soul, is poignantly described by our Lord on August 14, 1912, where he relates:

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eating, sleeping and the little tasks with which I helped my mother, were animated by the Divine Will. And since I always carried you in my Heart, I called you, my child, into all of my acts. I called your acts to be together with mine so that in your acts too, even the most menial ones, the Kingdom of the Divine Will might be established.

Listen to how much I loved you. If I prayed, I called your prayers into mine, so that both my prayers and yours might receive one singular value and of a Divine Will. If I spoke, with my words I called [into sequence] your words; if I walked, I called [into sequence] your steps; if I did little human actions that are indispensable to all humans – such as taking water, sweeping, helping my mother prepare the wood to start the fire, and many other similar things – I called [into sequence] these same acts when you do them, so that they might receive the value of a Divine Will which could then extend its Kingdom in all of our acts.³⁸ And

“When I was on earth, did My hands not lower themselves to work the wood, hammer the nails and help My putative father Joseph? While I was doing this with My own hands and fingers, I created souls, while calling others back to life. I divinized and sanctified all human activity, imparting divine merit to each human action. In the movements of My fingers I called into sequence all the movements of your fingers and those of others [...] imparting to them the merit of My own life [...] By lowering Myself to all of these little and lowly actions that men do in their daily lives such as eating, sleeping, drinking, working [...] in all the actions that are indispensable to all humans, I formed a small divine little coin of incalculable value and made it flow throughout all human actions. So, if My Passion redeemed man, My hidden life provided each human action, even the most insignificant, with divine merit of infinite value”.

³⁸ *Nota bene:* It was not the acts of Mary alone that divinized all human actions and extended God’s kingdom in her soul, but principally those of the three divine Persons operating in Mary – specifically, the second

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while calling you in every one of my acts, I called the Divine Word to descend to earth.

Oh, how much I loved you, my child! I wanted [to reorder] your acts within mine to make you happy and allow you to 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 – for however horrible it is to say – a kingdom that is not divine, but human: The kingdom of passions and sin, of unhappiness and misfortunes. Your mother wept over your misfortune, foreseeing the unhappy kingdom into which they would lead you, and my tears are still pouring out with every act your own human will to make you understand the great evil you do.

Now, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. If you do the Divine Will, joys and happiness will be given to you as though by right; everything will be in common with [you and] your Creator; weakness 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 in the Divine Will.

Person of the Trinity. To Luisa Jesus relates this truth: *“I could have done the work of Redemption in very little time, and even with one single word, but during the course of many years, with many hardships and sufferings, I wanted to make man’s miseries My own. I wanted to apply Myself to many different actions, so that man might be completely renewed and divinized, even in the most menial tasks. Indeed, once man’s actions had been performed by Me who am God and Man, they received new splendor and were impressed with the seal of My divine works. My divinity, hidden within My humanity, wanted to lower itself to such depths as to subject itself to the course of human actions”* (L. Piccarreta, volume 3, January 12, 1900).

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The soul:

Holy mother, in seeing you cry who can resist and not listen to your holy lessons? With all my heart I promise, I swear never to do my will ever again. And may you, divine mother,³⁹ never leave me alone; may the power of your presence subdue my will and let me reign forever and ever in the Will of God.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, grant me all of your acts to keep me company in my tender years, reciting to me three prayers of love, in memory of the three years in which I lived with my mother, Saint Anne.

Exclamation:

Powerful Queen, captivate my heart and enclose it in the Divine Will.

³⁹ The expression, “*divine* mother”, does not mean that Mary is divine in nature, but that the Divine Will of the three divine Persons with which she unceasingly co-operated from the moment of her Immaculate Conception, operated as one with her human will.

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Day 13

The Virgin Mary says goodbye to her holy parents and enters the Temple, setting an example as she triumphs in her sacrifice

The soul to the Triumphant Queen:

Heavenly Mother, today I come and prostrate myself before you to ask for your invincible strength in all of my pains.⁴⁰ You know how replete my heart is, to the point of feeling drowned in pains. If you love as my true mother, take my heart into your hands and pour into it the love, the grace and the strength so that I may triumph in my pains and convert them all into the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Triumphant Queen:

My child, have courage, do not fear. Your mother is here at your complete disposal. Today I was waiting for

⁴⁰ The “pains” Luisa here refers to were not only physical, but above all spiritual and interior, which she endured in the late 1920’s while she penned this book. Hence the expression, pains of “my heart”. The pains of her heart included the publications of intimate things that she was reluctant to see published regarding her youth and her conversations with Jesus (cf. Hannibal’s letters to Luisa of August 28, 1926; May 10, 1926; October 15, 1926, etc.); her not being granted obedience to leave this world to be with Jesus in heaven and her persistent fever (Ibid., January 14, 1927); God not granting her permission to grant Hannibal’s request that she heal him of his pleurisy (Ibid., May 5, 1927); etc.

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you, so that my heroism and my triumph in sacrifice might infuse in you strength and courage; so that I might see my child triumphant in her pains, with the heroism of bearing them with love to do the Divine Will.

Now, my child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. 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 that I was to consecrate myself and spend my years in the house of God. But beneath my joy there was the sorrow of being deprived of my parents, the dearest persons one can have on earth. I was little and I needed their paternal care, but I deprived myself of the presence of two great saints. Also, I saw that as the day approached in which they were to deprive themselves of me who filled their life with joy and happiness, they experienced such heartbreak that they felt as if they would die. But their enduring this sorrow disposed them to make the heroic act of taking me to the Lord.

My parents loved me in the divine order⁴¹ and considered me a great gift, given to them by the Lord. This gave them the strength to accomplish their sorrowful sacrifice. So, my child, if you wish to acquire heroic strength to accomplish the most arduous sacrifices, be sure to do everything in the divine order and consider them precious gifts given to you by God.

⁴¹ Whenever Mary refers to the “divine order” she is referring to the love of God and the love of neighbour, in that *order*.

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Now, courageously I prepared myself for my departure for the Temple, because I gave not only myself to the Divine Being but also my own will, whereby the Supreme Fiat took possession of my entire being. I acquired all of the virtues naturally. I exercised dominion over myself and all virtues were in me like many noble princesses which, according to the circumstances of my life, promptly emerged to fulfill their office without any resistance.⁴² Had I not possessed the virtue of being Queen of my own human nature, in vain would others call me Queen. I had in my dominion perfect charity, invincible patience, enrapturing sweetness, profound humility and the whole dowry of [all] the other virtues. The Divine Will rendered the little earth of my human nature fortunate, always flowery and without the thorns of vices. Do you see then, dear child, what it means to live in the Divine Will? Its light, sanctity and power convert one's nature into all the virtues. The Divine Will does not lower itself to reign in a soul whose nature is rebellious – not at all; it is sanctity and it wants the nature in whom it is to reign to be ordered and holy.

Therefore, I acquired many triumphs by my sacrifice of going to the Temple, and on account of this sacrifice the triumph of the Divine Will was formed within

⁴² According to some scholastic theologians, Mary had the infused theological and moral virtues and the gifts of the Holy Spirit from the first instant of her conception, and they flowed from and were proportionate to her initial fullness of grace. Her virtues in their initial state had surpassed the heroic virtues of the greatest saints. Because the exercise of the virtues and gifts demands the use of reason and of free will, Mary therefore had the use of her rational faculties from the first instant of her conception.

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me. These triumphs infused in me new seas of grace, sanctity and light, to the extent that I experienced joy in my sorrows and was able to acquire yet more triumphs.

Now, my child, place your hand upon your heart, and tell your mother, do you feel your nature changed into virtue? Or, do you feel the thorns of impatience, the noxious herbs of agitation, the bad humors of unholy affections? Listen closely and allow your mother to act. Put your will in my hands, be firm in deciding not to look at it anymore, and I will make the Divine Will possess you. It will banish all evils from you, and what you have not accomplished in many years, you will do in one day – a day which will mark the beginning of true life, true happiness and true sanctity.

The soul:

Holy mother, assist me, your child, by paying my soul a visit. With your maternal hands, uproot from me everything you find in me that opposes God's Will. Burn away the thorns and noxious herbs, and may you yourself call upon the Divine Will to reign in my soul.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, call me three times to visit your soul, and give me complete freedom to do with you as I choose.

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Exclamation:

Sovereign Queen, take my soul into your hands, and transform it completely into the Will of God.

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Day 14

The Virgin Mary arrives at the Temple and becomes the model of all souls consecrated to God

The soul to the Heavenly Queen, the model of souls:

Heavenly Mother, I, your poor child, feel the irresistible desire to be with you to follow your steps, to observe your acts in order to copy them, and model and pattern my life after them. I feel such a great desire to be guided [by you], as I can do nothing on my own, but with you, my mother who loves me so much, I will be able to do the Divine Will like you.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven, the molder of souls:

My dear child, it is my ardent desire to let you observe my acts, so that love may infuse in you the desire to imitate your mother. Therefore, place your hand in mine; I will be overjoyed to have my child together with me. Now listen closely and listen to what I wish to tell you.

I left the house of Nazareth accompanied by my holy parents. Since I possessed full of reason [despite my tender age], I understood everything upon leaving this house. I took one last look at our little house in which I was born to thank my Creator for having given me a place in which to be born, and to depart from it in the Divine Will

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so that my childhood accompanied by so many dear memories, might be deposited and safeguarded in the Divine Will 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 grace and communications to be opened up between God and the soul; it is the most beautiful homage 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 words be: “Thank you, O Lord, I place everything in your hands.”

Now, while I placed everything in the Divine Fiat, which reigned in me and never left me for one instant of my life, I carried this Fiat as though in triumph within my little soul. Oh, the prodigies of the Divine Will! With its preserving virtue it maintained [the divine] order in all of my acts, great and small, and it did so in act within me⁴³, for its own triumph and mine. So I never lost the memory of one single act I did, which gave me so much glory and honour that I felt [honoured as a] Queen. For each one of my acts done in the Divine Will was more than a sun that

⁴³ Luisa uses the scholastic expression “in act” to convey the timelessness of Jesus’ theandric acts that impacted the actions of all creatures of the past, present and future concomitantly. Jesus deposited these timeless acts in his soul, then conveyed them to his mother, whose role was to transmit them to Luisa and finally to us, and dispose us to receive them along with the gift of Living in the Divine Will.

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enveloped me with light, happiness and joy. The Divine Will brought me its paradise.

My child, to live of Divine Will should be the desire, the yearning and, one may say, the passion of all – so great are the beauty and blessings it empowers one to acquire and experience. The human will does the complete opposite – it has the virtue of embittering and oppressing the poor soul, and forming its night, whereby it gropes in the dark, always staggering along the path of goodness, and many times it loses the memory of the little good she has done.

Now, my child, I departed from my parents' house with courage and detachment, as I looked only at the Divine Will in which I kept my Heart immersed, and this provided for me in all things. And while I was walking to the Temple, I looked at all creation and, oh, what a surprise; I felt the heartbeat of the Divine Will in the sun, in the wind, in the stars and in the heavens – even beneath my steps I felt it pulsating. The Divine Fiat which reigned in me commanded all creation, which concealed it as a veil, to bow and pay me the honours of a Queen. And all [things] bowed, giving me signs of their homage. Even the tiny little flower in the field did not spare itself, as it too offered me its little homage. I made all things rejoice, and when of necessity I went outside the town, creation placed itself in the act of offering me signs of honour, and I was compelled

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to command all created things to remain in their place and follow the order⁴⁴ of our Creator.

Now, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. Tell me, do you feel in your heart joy, peace, and an [ordinate] detachment from everything and everyone; do you feel the courage to do whatever is required of you to fulfill the Divine Will in such a way that you experience continuous rejoicing in your soul? My child, peace, detachment and courage form the void in the soul⁴⁵ in which the Divine Will wishes to take up its place. Being immaterial and immune to all pain, the Divine Will brings perennial rejoicing to the soul. Therefore, have courage my child. Tell me that you desire to live in Divine Will and your mother will provide for you in all things.

⁴⁴ The “order” Luisa here refers to signifies the imperfect natural laws that govern our present earth on account of Original Sin. If before sin all creation in Eden was obedient to Adam’s every nod (cf. *The Blessed Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*, Day 4, p. 94; 4th Round, p. 549), after sin, all creation turned against him (cf. *Ibid.*, Day 16, p. 151; L. Piccarreta, volume 31, June 4, 1933) and became subject to corruption (Rom. 8:19-21). Inasmuch as Jesus and Mary’s interior union with God’s Will transcended this fallen world, they exerted complete mastery over its elements and could therefore command creation, in their presence, to follow its postlapsarian natural course.

⁴⁵ Throughout Luisa’s text the expression, “void” signifies a self-emptying. Much like Christ who emptied himself in becoming human to redeem us (Phil. 2:5-8), the soul’s self-emptying to become divine with Christ is not to be understood as becoming nothing at all, but as a detachment from one’s own ideas, pleasures, activity and acts of the will. By this means, the soul cultivates a spiritual place within itself to allow Christ’s Divine Will to possess it in contemplative union (cf. footnote 21, p. 39).

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The soul:

My mother, your lessons enrapture me and descend deep within my heart. Since you lovingly desire that your child live in the Divine Will, with your maternal dominion, empty me of everything, infuse in me the necessary courage to give death to my human will. And I, trusting in you, say: “I want to live in the Divine Will.”

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, grant me all of your acts as a pledge of your love for me, saying: “I love you, my mother”, and I will deposit all of your acts in the Divine Will.

Exclamation:

Heavenly Mother, empty me of everything and hide me in the Will of God.

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

Day 15

The Virgin Mary's life in the Temple

The soul to the Queen of Heaven:

Holy Queen Mother, here I am at your side as your child to follow your steps as you enter the Temple. Oh, how I wish you would take my little soul and enclose it in the living Temple of the Will of God, isolating me from everyone except [you, my mother, and] my beloved Jesus and your sweet company.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dearest child, how sweet are your whisperings to my ears, as you tell me that you wish to be enclosed in the living Temple of the Divine Will, and that you desire no other company than that of your Jesus and mine. Oh, dear child, you make the joys of a true mother arise within my maternal Heart. If you allow me the freedom to act in you, I am certain that you, my child, will be happy, and my joys will be yours. To have a child who is happy is the greatest happiness and glory of a mother's Heart.

Now listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you, my child. I arrived at the Temple only to do the Divine Will. My holy parents brought me to the superiors of the Temple, consecrating me to the Lord, and

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as they did so, I was dressed up in a festive manner, while hymns and prophecies were sung of the future Messiah. And oh, how my Heart rejoiced!

Afterwards, with courage, I said goodbye to my dear and holy parents. I kissed their right hands and thanked them for their care for me in my childhood, and for having consecrated me to the Lord with so much love and sacrifice. My peaceful presence, without crying and with courage, infused in them so much courage that they had the strength to say good bye to me and depart. The Divine Will ruled over me and extended its Kingdom in all of my acts. Oh, the power of the Fiat that alone granted me the heroism to separate myself from those who loved me so much, when I, yet so little, saw their hearts break upon leaving me.

Now, my child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. I enclosed myself in the Temple, for this is what the Lord desired of me; He wanted me to extend the Kingdom of the Divine Will in the acts I was asked to accomplish there. Indeed, with my little acts I was to prepare for all souls consecrated to the Lord the earth of the Divine Will and the heavens which were to be formed over this earth.

I was most attentive in all the duties that one did in those days in this holy place. I was peaceful with everyone, and I never caused any bitterness or bother to anyone. I submitted myself to the most humble tasks. I did not encounter any difficulties in what I did, neither in sweeping nor in doing the dishes. Any sacrifice was for me an honour

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– a triumph. And do you want to know why? I was so attentive the Will of God that I paid attention to nothing else; the Will of God was everything to me. Therefore, the little bell [of the Temple] 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 called me. My rule was the Divine Will, and I saw my superiors as the ones in command of so holy a Will. So, the little bell, the rule, the superiors and my actions, even the most menial ones, actualized in me the joys and enthrallments the Divine Fiat had prepared for me.

The Divine Fiat called me to extend its Will also outside of me in order to establish its Kingdom [in others] in [and through] my tiniest acts. And I acted like the sea that conceals everything it possesses and reveals to the eye only water: I hid everything in the immense sea of the Divine Fiat. I could see nothing but seas of the Divine Will, such that all things brought me joys and enthrallments. Oh, my child, you and all souls swam within my acts. I did not carry out any of my acts without having my child present. It was precisely for my children that I prepared the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

If all souls consecrated to the Lord in holy places would allow everything to be absorbed in the Divine Will, oh how happy they would be. They would convert their communities into many heavenly families and fill the earth with many holy souls. But, alas, with motherly sorrow I must say to them, “I see so much bitterness, disturbance and discord.” In reality, sanctity does not lay in the office

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one possesses, but in doing the Divine Will in whatever office with which one is entrusted. The Divine Will is the peacemaker of souls and the strength and support in the greatest sacrifices.

The soul:

O Holy mother, how beautiful your lessons are that sweetly 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 neither see nor know anything other than the Divine Will. May I always journey through it to know its secrets, its joys and its bliss.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, accomplish twelve acts of love for me in honour of the twelve years I spent in the Temple, asking me to admit you to union with my acts.

Exclamation:

Holy Queen Mother, enclose me in the sacred Temple of the Will of God.

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

Day 16

**The Virgin Mary in the Temple forms the new day that
unleashes on earth the refulgent
Sun of the Divine Word**

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Most sweet mother, I believe that you have stolen my heart and I run to you. Keep my heart within yours as a pledge of my love and, as a pledge of your motherly love, you wish to exchange my heart with the Divine Will. Therefore, as your child I come into your arms so that you may prepare me, impart to me your lessons and do with me as you see fit. 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 united to me! I long to be your heartbeat, your breath, the works of your hands and the steps of your feet to let you feel, through me, how the Divine Will operated in me; I long to pour its life in you. Oh, how sweet, beloved, enchanting and enrapturing it is! If I had you, my child, under the total dominion of that Divine Fiat that established my happiness, my glory and my entire fortune, oh how you would redouble my happiness.

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Now, listen closely to what I, your tender mother, wish to say to you, as I desire to share with you my fortune. I continued my life in the Temple, and heaven was not distant to me – I could transport myself there anytime I desired.⁴⁶ I had free access to ascend to heaven and descend to earth. In heaven I had my divine family, and I yearned and sighed to be with them. The divinity itself, the three divine Persons, awaited me with great love in order to speak to me, to be happy and to make me happier, more beautiful and dearer in their eyes. For they had not created me to keep me at a distance, not at all; they wanted to enjoy me as their daughter. They wanted to hear me speak, to hear how my words animated by their Fiat had the power to create peace between God and all creation. They loved to be won over by their little daughter, and to hear me repeat to them: “Descend... May the Divine Word descend to earth!” I can say that the divinity itself called me, and I ran – I flew to them. Since I had never done my own will, my presence requited them for the love and glory of the great work of all creation, whereby they confided 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, only the human will closed off heaven, wherefore it was not given the right to have access to penetrate into those heavenly regions, or to have familiar relations with its Creator. On the contrary, the human will had cast the soul away from the One who had created it. At

⁴⁶ As noted earlier (cf. footnote 35, p. 126), Mary’s ability to go to heaven and earth is predicated on the human soul’s ability to “bilocate”.

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the moment man withdrew from the Divine Will, he became fearful, timid and lost dominion over himself and over all creation. All the elements that were dominated by the Fiat became superior to him and could now 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 to exercise dominion over all things, reached the point of being afraid of the One who had created him? My child, it is strange, and I would say almost against nature that a son should be afraid of his Father. For it is only natural that, when a Father generates [life in his son], he also generates love and trust between himself and his son. Such love and trust can be called the prime inheritance which is the rightful claim of the child, and the prime right that all souls owe the Father. Therefore, Adam, by doing his own will, lost the inheritance of his Father, he lost his Kingdom, and became the laughing stock of all created things.

Now, my child, listen closely to your tender mother, and ponder well the great evil of the human will. It removes from the soul its vision and blinds it in such a way that everything to it turns into darkness and fear. Therefore, place your hand upon your heart and swear to your mother that you would rather die than do your own will.

In never doing my own will, I had no fear of my Creator. How could I be afraid of Him who loved me so much? So much did his Kingdom extend within me that with my acts I formed the full day that would allow the new sun of the Eternal Word to cast its light on 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

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earth. Tomorrow I will wait for you to tell you yet another surprise pertaining to my life on earth.

The soul:

My Sovereign Mother, how sweet your lessons are! Oh, how they make me understand the great evil of my human will! How many times I too felt well up in me fear and lack of resolve and I felt, as though, distant from my Creator. It was my human will that reigned in me, not the Divine Will! Thus I felt its sad effects.

If you love me as your child, take my heart into your hands and remove from me the fear and the lack of resolve that prevent my flight to my Creator. In place of these, infuse in me that Fiat which you love so much and desire to reign in my soul.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, place into my hands everything that causes you bother, fear and distrust so that I may convert them into the Will of God. I wish you to do this while saying to me three times: “My dear mother, may the Divine Will reign in my soul.”

Exclamation:

My mother in whom I trust, may you form the day of the Divine Will in my soul.

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Day 17

The Virgin Mary leaves the Temple and espouses Saint Joseph. All states in life are destined for holiness

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Holy mother, today more than ever I feel the desire to be held tightly in your motherly arms. May the Divine Will which reigns in you form a sweet enchantment for my will and keep it enraptured, so that it dare not do anything to oppose the Will of God. Your lesson of yesterday made me understand just what type of prison the human will casts the poor creature into, and I so much fear that my own will may make its little exists from the Divine Will and resume its place in me again. Therefore I entrust myself to you, my mother, that you may carefully watch over me so that I may rest assured of always living in the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Be of good cheer, my child. Have courage and trust in your mother with an iron-clad resolution never to give life to your will. Oh, how I would love to hear from your lips, “My mother, my will is finished, for the Divine Fiat has established in me its complete reign.” These are the weapons that make your own will continually die and win over the Heart of your mother, who uses all of her loving

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and maternal stratagems to have her child live in her Kingdom. For you it will be a sweet death that gives you true life, and for me it will be the most beautiful victory I will have achieved in the Kingdom of the Divine Will. Therefore, have courage and place your trust in me. For distrust is of the cowardly, of those who are not really committed to obtaining victory, and of those who are never equipped with the proper weapons. Indeed, without weapons one cannot obtain victory, but will remain always inconstant and vacillating in their effort to accomplish anything good.

Now, my child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. I continued my life in the Temple while making my little flights up to my heavenly homeland. I possessed the rightful claims of God's daughter to make my little visits to my divine family [in heaven], which belonged to me more than the rightful claims of a father over his household [on earth]. But I was so surprised when in one of these visits the divine Persons revealed to me that it was their Will for me to leave the Temple – first, to unite myself in the bond of marriage according to the manner of those times to a holy man named Joseph, and second, to withdraw together with him and live in the house of Nazareth.

My child, at this stage in my life it was apparent that God wished to truly test my will. For I had never loved anyone in the world;⁴⁷ since the Divine Will extended itself

⁴⁷ Here the Blessed Virgin Mary distinguishes *human love* from *divine love*, and the *human order* from the *divine order*. Is Mary perhaps disparaging human love or affirming that it is disordered? Absolutely

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throughout my entire being, my human will never did so much as one act of its own. Thus the seed of human love was foreign to me. How could I love a man in the human order, even if he was a great saint? It is true that I love everyone, and that my love for all was so great that my motherly love kept all souls inscribed, one by one with indelible characters of fire, in my maternal Heart, but all of this was completely in the divine order. Compared to divine love human love may be called a shadow, a pale reflection and a tiny atom of [divine] love.

So, my child, what seemed to be a test [of my human will from God] and what appeared foreign to my holiness of life, was admirably used by God to fulfill his designs and concede to me the grace for which I so much longed in order for the Word to descend to earth.⁴⁸ [In Saint Joseph] God provided me a safeguard to defend me [before the community in light of my virgin birth] and assist me, so that no one should speak against me concerning my integrity. Saint Joseph was to be the cooperator and the

not; rather, she is emphasizing the primacy of divine love in all relations that co-exist with love of neighbor. Indeed, Jesus reveals the two greatest and inseparable commandments: Love God (divine love) with all your being and your neighbour (human love) as yourself (Mt. 26:36-40); St. John reminds us that whoever says he loves God, but does not love his neighbour is a liar (1 Jn. 4:20). And Mary affirms as much when she states below, “...had I acted under the guise of not wanting to know man and according to my human will, I would have sent to ruin God’s plan of the coming of the Divine Word to earth.”

⁴⁸ God availed himself of the bond of marriage to fulfill the Scriptures that foretold that Jesus would be born of the house of David – of the Israelite community. According to the Mosaic law, only the husband (Joseph) could give the child his name and inscribe him into the register of the Israelite community, not the mother. If Mary had no husband, Jesus could not have fulfilled the Scriptures in this regard.

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guardian who would take care of what little there was of human need, and he was the reflection of God's heavenly fatherhood under whom our little heavenly family on earth should be formed.

So, despite my surprise, I immediately said, "Fiat!", knowing that the Divine Will would neither disappoint me nor compromise my holiness. Oh, had I acted under the guise of not wanting to know man and according to my human will, I would have sent to ruin God's plan of the Divine Word coming to earth!

Therefore, it is not the diversity of states that compromises sanctity, but not doing the Divine Will and failing to fulfill one's duties in the state to which God calls a soul. All states in life are holy including marriage, provided that one does the Divine Will and faithfully fulfills the duties of their state in life.⁴⁹ And yet, most souls

⁴⁹ Mary's lesson on all states in life being holy is bolstered by St. Francis de Sales who states the following: "*God commanded the plants at creation to bear fruit each according to its kind. Similarly, he commanded Christians, the living plants of the Church, to produce the fruits of devotion according to each one's ability and occupation. Devotion is to be practiced differently by the workman, the servant, the ruler, the widow, the young girl and the wife. Even more than this, the practice of devotion has to be adapted to the strength, life-situation and duties of each individual. Do you think that it is suitable for a bishop to desire to live the life of a hermit like a Carthusian monk? If people with a family were to want to be like the Capuchins not acquiring any property, if a workman spent a great deal of time in church, like the member of a religious order, and if a religious was always subject to being disturbed in all sorts of ways for the service of his neighbour, like a bishop, would not such a devotion be ridiculous, disorderly and intolerable?*" (Introduction to the Devout Life, DeSales Resource Center, NY, revised edition 2005, p. 46).

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are indolent and lazy, and not only do they not become saints, but they make of their own state in life either a purgatory or a hell.

So, as I learned that I was to leave the Temple, I did not say a word to anyone, but I waited for God himself to arrange the external circumstances in such a way that his adorable Will would be fulfilled, and this indeed 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 the many possible bridegrooms, the choice fell upon Saint Joseph. Thus the marriage was made and I departed from the Temple. So, I entreat you, child of my Heart, if you wish God's divine designs to be accomplished in you, in all circumstances of life take to heart doing solely the Divine Will.

The soul:

Heavenly Queen, I, your child entrust myself to you. With my trust I wish to wound your Heart, and may this wound in your maternal Heart say always: "Fiat! Fiat! Fiat!" Such is your little child's incessant request.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, come onto my lap and recite fifteen *Gloria's* to thank God for all the graces He granted

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me up until the fifteenth year of my life, and especially for having given me the company of so holy a man as Saint Joseph.

Exclamation:

Powerful Queen, grant me the weapons to wage war against my own will, so that I may allow myself to be won over by the Will of God.

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Day 18

The Virgin Mary in the House of Nazareth: Heaven and earth are about exchange the kiss of peace; the divine hour draws near

The soul to its Holy Queen Mother:

My Sovereign Mother, here I am again to follow your footsteps. Your love binds me and, like a powerful magnet, keeps me fixed and completely attentive to your beautiful motherly lessons. But this is not enough; if you love me as your child, you must enclose me in the Kingdom of the Divine Will in which you lived and do live, and shut the doors in such a way that, even if I wanted to, I would not be able to leave. In this way, just like a child with its mother, 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 within the Kingdom of the Divine Will! Each one of my lessons acts as fence that I erect to impede your footsteps from exiting this kingdom – it is a fortress that encloses your will so that you may love and understand how to submit yourself to the sweet reign of the Supreme Fiat. Therefore, listen attentively to what I say, as these

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lessons are the fruit of your loving mother who seeks to attract and captivate your will, so that you may allow the Divine Will to conquer you.

Now, my dear child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. 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 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. I had cohorts of angels that accompanied me on the journey, and all created things bowed to me in my honour, and I thank them by giving each created thing my kiss and my greeting as Queen. And we arrived at Nazareth.

Saint Joseph and I looked at each other with modesty, and we felt our hearts filled with the loving desire to tell each other that we were both bound to God with a vow of perpetual virginity. Finally, the silence was broken and we revealed our vows to each other. Oh, how elated we were. We thanked the Lord and promised to live together as brother and sister. I was most attentive in serving him, and we looked at each other with veneration. The dawn of peace reigned on our midst. Oh, how happy all souls would be if they reflected their lives in me by patterning themselves after me! In many ways I adapted myself to the common lifestyle; I did not reveal to others the great seas of grace I possessed interiorly.

Now, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you, my child. In the house of Nazareth I was

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enflamed with love more than ever, and prayed for the Divine Word to come to earth. The Divine Will that reigned in me, invested all of my acts with light, beauty, sanctity and power; I felt it forming the reign of light within me – but a light that constantly arises and forms the ever-expanding kingdom of beauty, sanctity and power. Therefore, all the divine qualities the Divine Fiat infused in me by virtue of its reign in my soul, engendered within me the divine fruition. The [divine] light of the sun of the Divine Will that enveloped me was so great that, embellishing and investing my humanity, it continuously produced heavenly flowers in my soul. I felt the heavens lower themselves to me as the earth of my humanity arose within it. So [in me] heaven and earth embraced, were reconciled and exchanged the kiss of peace and love. By this means, the earth disposed itself to produce the seed of the Just One, the Holy One, and the heavens [would eventually] open up to let the Divine Word descend into its chosen seed.

I continually ascended to my heavenly homeland and descended to earth, casting myself into the paternal arms of my Heavenly Father, and saying to him from my Heart: “Holy Father, I cannot wait any longer! My Heart is enflamed and, set ablaze with love, I feel a powerful force in me, wanting to win You over, whence I cry out: ‘Father, with my chains of love I wish to bind and compel You, whereby You may no longer delay. On the wings of love I entreat You to send the Divine Word from heaven to earth’.” And I cried and implored him to heed my prayer.

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And the divinity, conquered by my tears and prayers, reassured me by saying, *“Daughter, who can resist you? You have won! The divine hour is near. Return to earth and continue your acts in the power of My Will, for through them all creation to its depths will be moved, and heaven and earth will exchange the kiss of peace.”* But despite this, I did not yet know that I was to be the mother of the Eternal Word.

Now, my child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you, and understand well what it means to live in the Divine Will. By living in the Divine Will, I formed the heavens and its Divine Kingdom within my soul. Had I not formed this Kingdom within me, the Word would never have descended from heaven to earth. The only reason He descended was because He was able to descend into his own Kingdom, which the Divine Will had established within me. He found in me his heaven and his divine joys. Indeed, the Word would never have descended into a foreign kingdom – not at all. For this reason he first wanted to form his Kingdom within me, and then descend into it as a conqueror.

What is more, by living always in the Divine Will, I acquired by grace what God is by nature. Without any human intervention, God’s divine fruition formed within me the seed that would enable the human nature of the Eternal Word to germinate in me. What can the Divine Will, operating in a creature, not do? It can do everything – it can achieve all possible and imaginable goods. May you take this teaching to heart, and may you accomplish

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everything in the Divine Will. By imitating me, your mother, you will make my happiness and joy complete.

The soul:

Holy mother, you can obtain anything you ask of God. Just as you had the power to win God over, to the point of making him descend from heaven to earth, so you have the power to win over my will so that it may no longer have a life of its own. I trust in you and [am confident that I] will obtain everything from you.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, come and visit me for a little while in the house of Nazareth; offer me all of your acts in homage so that I may unite them to mine and convert them into the Divine Will.

Exclamation:

Heavenly Empress, impress the kiss of the Will of God upon my soul.

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Day 19

The Annunciation: The doors of Heaven open and Jesus places himself on the lookout. He sends forth his angel to inform the Virgin Mary that God's hour has arrived

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Holy mother, here I am again upon your maternal lap. As your child, I wish to be nourished at the banquet of your most sweet word, which provides me with the balm that heals the wounds of my miserable human will. Dear mother, talk to me; let your powerful words descend into my heart to make of me a new creation and to form the seed of the Divine Will within my soul.

Lesson of the Holy Sovereign Queen:

Dearest child, do you know why I so love telling you about the heavenly secrets of the Divine Fiat – of the incredible things it can accomplish in the soul in whom it completely reigns, and of the great harm produced in the soul in whom the human will reigns? So that you may love the Divine Fiat, allow it to establish its throne within you, and abhor your human will by making it the footstool of the Divine Will and keeping it sacrificed at God's divine feet.

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Now, my child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. As I continued my life in Nazareth, the Divine Fiat continued to expand its Kingdom within my soul. The Divine Will used my most menial acts, even the most insignificant ones – such as keeping the little house in order, starting the fire, sweeping and all other acts that are common amongst families – to let me feel its life pulsating in all things: in the fire, in the water, in the food, in the air I breathed, in everything. And investing my little acts, the Divine Will formed upon them seas of light, grace, and sanctity, for wherever the Divine Will reigns, it has the power of forming, even from the smallest trifles, new heavens of enchanting beauty. Being immense, the Divine Will knows not how to do small things, but with its power it gives value to trifles, making them the greatest things that leave heaven and earth astonished. Everything is holy and everything is sacred for the soul who lives in the Divine Will.

Now, child of my Heart, listen closely what I say. Several days before the descent of the Eternal Word to earth, I could see the heavens opening and the sun of the Divine Word at its portals, as though searching for one creature, for the [chosen] one in whom, in making his flight, He should become the Heavenly Prisoner. Oh, how beautiful it was to see him at the portals of heaven, as though on the lookout to search out this fortunate soul who would become the bearer of its Creator! The divine Persons of the Most Holy Trinity no longer looked at the earth as estranged to them, because there was I, little Mary, who, in possessing the Divine Will, had formed its Divine

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Kingdom; I, Mary, in whom the Divine Word could descend with the reassurance that he was entering into his own residence as it were; in whom 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 that cloaked the divine Persons and overshadowed souls for so many centuries, the divine Persons now cloaked themselves with the mantle of infinite mercy, and decreed among themselves the descent of the Divine Word. As they were about to sound the note that would inaugurate the hour of the fulfillment of the Divine Word's descent, all heaven and earth were astonished and stood in attention to witness such a great excess of love, and of such an unheard-of prodigy.

Your mother was set ablaze with love, and echoing the love of my Creator, I wanted to form one single sea of love so that in this single sea of love the Divine Word might descend to earth. 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 greeted me:

“Hail, O Mary our Queen. The Divine Fiat has filled you with grace. He has already pronounced his Fiat [of Redemption], as He desires to descend to earth. He is right behind me, and He desires your Fiat to [help] bring about the fulfillment of his Fiat.”

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At such a great announcement, so much desired by me – although I had never thought I was to be the chosen one – I was astonished and hesitated for an instant, when the angel of the Lord said to me: *“Do not fear our Queen, for you have found favour with God; you have conquered your Creator. Now, to complete this victory, you must pronounce your Fiat.”*

I pronounced my “Fiat”, and, oh, what a surprise! Our two Fiats fused together and the Divine Word descended within me. My Fiat, receiving the same value as his Divine Fiat, formed from the seed of my humanity the tiny humanity that would enclose the Divine Word, and the great prodigy of the Incarnation was accomplished.

Oh, the 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 cannot contain! The heavens were shaken and all creation rejoiced. Exulting with joy, they echoed around the little house of Nazareth to offer homage and honour to the Creator made man. 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 has lowered itself to the abyss of the womb of a Virgin. He is immense and little, powerful and powerless, strong and weak all at once.” My dear child, you cannot comprehend what your mother felt at the moment of the Incarnation of the Divine Word. Everyone yearned for and awaited my Fiat, which I may call omnipotent.

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Now, dear child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. You should take to heart the importance of doing the Divine Will and living in it! My power still exists: Let me pronounce my Fiat over your soul. But in order for me to do this, I need your own Fiat. One Fiat alone cannot produce a good effect, for the greatest works are always done between two [souls]. God himself did not want to descend to earth by himself, but wanted me together with him in order to form the great prodigy of his Incarnation. In my Fiat, and in God's Fiat 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 these two Fiats. Therefore, let us say together, "Fiat! Fiat!", and within my loving maternal Heart I will enclose in you the life of the Divine Will. This is enough for now. Tomorrow I will wait for you again, my child, to tell you what happened after the Incarnation.

The soul:

Beautiful mother, I am utterly astonished at your beautiful lessons. I beg you to pronounce your Fiat over me, and I will pronounce my own Fiat, so that the Fiat you so much long to reign as life in me, may be conceived within me.

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Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, come to offer Jesus his first kiss, and 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.

Exclamation:

Powerful Queen, pronounce your Fiat and establish in me the Divine Will.

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Day 20

**In the soul of the Virgin Mary the Fiat forms a new
Heaven arrayed with stars, in whom the Divine Sun,
with refulgent rays, fills Heaven and earth;
Jesus in the womb of his Mother**

The soul to its Holy Queen Mother:

Here I am again, my Heavenly Mother. 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 mother alone, for with you I find my little prisoner Jesus!⁵⁰ So we will be three, no longer two: My mother, Jesus and I. I am so fortunate that in wanting to find my little King Jesus, all I have to do is find our mother. Holy mother, I entreat you, by the greatest prerogatives of your divine maternity, to have mercy on me, your weak and little child, and say on my behalf the first word to little prisoner Jesus, so that He may grant me the great grace of living in his Divine Will.

⁵⁰ In her volumes Luisa occasionally refers to Jesus as the divine “prisoner” of love who, for love of us, “imprisons” himself in the womb of Mary and in the Tabernacle. Luisa’s first contact with this expression occurred during her first Communion class when the Pastor, Rev. Phillip Furio, delivered inspiring words to her on Jesus “imprisoned” in the Tabernacle. Luisa, now nine years of age, was moved to tears and, with great devotion, received her First Holy Communion. Rev. Furio’s words proved prophetic, as for many years to come the Eucharist would become Luisa’s dominant passion.

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Lesson of the Heavenly Queen, the Mother of Jesus:

My dear child, today I await you more than ever. My maternal Heart is enflamed with love. My child, I desire to pour out on you my ardent love. I wish for you to know that I, the Mother of Jesus, possess infinite joys – seas of happiness inundate me; although I am the Mother of Jesus, I am also his creature and his handmaid. I owe all of this solely to the Fiat – the Fiat that made me full of grace, and prepared [in me] a worthy dwelling for my Creator. Therefore, may there always be glory, honour and thanksgiving to the Supreme Fiat.

Now listen closely to what your mother wishes to tell you, 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 me.

I had my heaven⁵¹ formed by the Fiat, all arrayed with the most refulgent stars that glittered with joys, beatitudes and harmonies of divine beauty. The sun of the Eternal Word, refulgent with inaccessible light, came to

⁵¹ The “heaven” Mary here refers to signifies the Divine Kingdom she had established within her soul, which Adam and Eve failed to establish. This heaven in Mary consisted of that immaterial place within her soul (“void”) in which she deposited the timeless acts of Christ, as well as the lives of all creatures whose acts she would continue to divinize and enliven throughout her earthly existence (L. Piccarreta, volume 23, January 27, 1928; volume 34, December 8, 1936; volume 17, May 1, 1925). This Divine Kingdom in Mary’s sinless soul (will, intellect and memory) generated God’s divine light that impacted her virginal body (womb), thereby actualizing the incarnation of the Eternal Word.

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take up his dwelling in this heaven [of mine], and concealed his divinity within his little humanity. Because his humanity was unable to contain his divinity, the center of the sun of the Eternal Word remained in his humanity, while its light overflowed beyond his humanity and, investing heaven and earth, reached the heart of every creature. With the pulsating light of his divinity, he knocked at the door of every human heart and, with voices of penetrating light, he entreated them: *“My children, open the doors of your hearts to Me; grant Me a place in your heart. I have descended from heaven to earth to form My life in each one of you. My dear mother is the center in whom I reside, and all you, My children, are called to form the circumference in which I wish to reproduce in each and every one of you My own divine life.”*

And Jesus’ [divine] light knocked [at every heart], over and over again, without ever ceasing, while his little humanity moaned, wept and yearned. [Hoping to be invited into each heart], He made his moans, tears, and pangs of love and pain flow within this [divine] light, which reached all hearts.

At this moment your mother began a new life. I was aware of everything that my Son did; I saw him consumed with seas of devouring love; each one of his heartbeats, breaths and pains were seas of love that He unleashed and that enveloped all creatures whom he acquired by the vehemence of his own love and sorrow. And as his little humanity was conceived, He conceived all the pains He was to endure up to the last day of his life. He enclosed all souls within himself, because He, being God, could contain

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everyone. His immensity enclosed all souls and his all-embracing vision rendered all of them present to him. Therefore, my beloved Son Jesus, felt the weight and the burden of all the sins of each and every soul. And I, your mother, followed him in everything and felt within my maternal Heart the new generation of the pains of my sweet Jesus, and the new generation of all souls whom I, their mother, was to generate with my Son to grace, to light and to the new life [of grace] my dear Son came to bring to earth.

My child, from the moment I was conceived, I loved you as a mother; I felt you within my Heart; I was on fire with love for you, but I did not yet understand the purpose of these feelings. The Divine Fiat empowered me to carry out these acts [of loving you], while keeping hidden from me the purpose [of these acts].⁵² It was only when Jesus incarnated himself [in me] that God revealed to me the purpose, whereby I understood the fruition of my maternity: I was to become not only the Mother of Jesus, but the Mother of all [the living]. This maternity of mine

⁵² This sentence is pivotal to proper understanding of the actualization of God's gifts. Oftentimes, God grants a soul a gift *without* having first revealed to it its knowledge. Such was the case with the Blessed Virgin Mary who, while experiencing a unique love for all souls whom God had entrusted to her by virtue of her divine maternity, was not yet aware that she be the chosen Mother of God and of all souls. Indeed, God can actualize the gift of Living in the Divine Will in souls who have not had the explicit knowledge of Luisa's writings. Such was the case with Ss. Faustina Kowalska, Padre Pio, Maxamillian Kolbe, Blessed Dina Belanger, Venerable Conception de Armida, Vera Grita, etc.

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was to be forged on the anvil of suffering and of love. My child, how much I loved you, and still love you!

Dear child, pay close attention now to the heights one may attain when the Divine Will takes up its operating life in the soul, and when the human will welcomes its operation without impeding its step. God's Fiat which, by its very nature, possesses the generating virtue, generates all blessings in the soul: it renders the soul fruitful and it endows the soul with the office of motherhood through which it governs all things and all blessings, even the One who created it. Motherhood signifies and exercises true love – heroic love. Such love is happy to give its life in exchange for the one it has generated. Without such heroic love, the word motherhood is sterile, empty and reduced to a mere word, which, despite its many deeds, does not exist.

Therefore, my child, if you wish to generate all blessings, let the Fiat take up its operating life in your soul, which will confer upon you the office of motherhood, whereby you may love everyone with a motherly love. And I, your mother, will teach you how to bring this motherhood to fruition within you, so that it becomes a divine and completely holy motherhood.

The soul:

Holy mother, I abandon myself in your arms. Oh, how I long to wet your maternal hands with my tears, to move you to compassion over the state of my poor soul. If you love me as mother, enclose me within your Heart, and

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let your love consume my misery and my weakness. And may the power of the Divine Fiat which you possess as a Queen establish its operating life in me, whereby I may say: "My mother is all mine, and I am all yours."

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, three times and in the name of all, thank the Lord who incarnated himself and became a prisoner within my womb, and in this way you will give me the great honour of having been chosen to be his mother.

Exclamation:

Mother of Jesus, be my mother and guide me along the pathway that leads me to the Will of God.

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Day 21

The Queen of Heaven in the Kingdom of the Divine Will. The sun rises and establishes its full day; the Eternal Word dwells among us

The soul to its Holy Queen Mother:

Most sweet mother, my poor heart earnestly longs to come onto your maternal lap to confide to you my little secrets and entrust them to your maternal Heart. O my tender mother, in beholding the great prodigies that the Divine Fiat wrought in you, it appears that I am incapable of imitating you. For I realize that I am too weak and lowly and often I endure tremendous [interior] battles that crush me and leave me with nothing but a breath of life.

My tender mother, oh how I desire to pour my heart out into yours, so that you may understand the pains that embitter me and the fear of failing to do the Divine Will that tortures me. Have mercy on me O Heavenly Mother, have mercy! Hide me in your Heart so that I may lose the memory of my evils and remember only how to live in the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven, Mother of Jesus:

Dearest child, do not fear. Trust in your mother, pour everything into my Heart and I will see to everything.

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I will be your mother; I will change your pains into light and use them to expand the boundaries of the Kingdom of the Divine Will in your soul. So, put everything aside for now, and listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. I wish to reveal to you what the little King Jesus wrought in my maternal womb, and how your mother did not let so much as one breath of little Jesus escape me.

My child, Jesus' little humanity continued to grow hypostatically united to his divinity. My maternal womb was very narrow and obscure – there wasn't the slightest glimmer of light. Thus I beheld him in my maternal womb immobile and enshrouded in a deep night. But do you know what formed this intense obscurity for my infant Jesus? The human will, in which man had voluntarily enshrouded himself. Man formed around and within himself as many abysses of darkness as there are sins he committed, such that he became paralyzed in his effort to do good. And to scatter the darkness of such a deep night in which man, with his own dark will, had made himself a prisoner – to the point of losing the power to do good⁵³ – my dear Jesus chose the sweet prison of his mother and voluntarily exposed himself to immobility for nine months.

My child, if you knew what a martyrdom my maternal Heart endured in seeing my little Jesus immobile, crying and sighing in my little womb! His ardent heartbeats

⁵³ The original Italian text reads: “...fino a perdere il moto per fare il bene...”. Inasmuch as Original Sin *impaired*, but did not *destroy* man's ability to do good, this phrase expresses the deliberate culpability of those individuals who forfeit God's grace that alone enables them to do good.

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palpitated very strongly and throbbed with love; He made his heartbeat heard in every heart to ask for pity for their own sake, since for love of them He had voluntarily given up light for darkness, so that all might obtain true light and [their salvation might] be secured.

My dearest child, who could possibly describe what little Jesus suffered in my womb? He suffered unheard-of and indescribable pains. As God and man He was endowed with full reason, and his love was so great that it was as if He put aside his infinite seas of joys, bliss and light, and plunged his tiny humanity into the seas of darkness, bitterness unhappiness and misery that souls had prepared for him. And little Jesus took them all upon himself as if they were his own.

My child, true love never says “enough”; it does not look at the pains endured, but it avails itself of the pains endured to go in search of its beloved, and it is content only when it gives its own life in order to restore life to the one it loves.

Now, my child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. 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, unhappiness and misery, within which you remain so engulfed that you are unable to escape. Therefore, be attentive and make me happy by telling me: “I want to do the Divine Will always.”

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Now my child, pay close attention to what I wish to say. When little Jesus, with pinings of love, was in the act of taking his [first] step to come out of my womb and into the light of this world, his longing, ardent yearnings and desires to behold and embrace souls, and reveal himself and enrapture souls within himself with his gaze were so vehement, that they gave him no rest. And just as one day He had placed himself on the lookout at the portals of heaven with the desire of enclosing himself in my womb, so He is now in the act of placing himself on the lookout at the portals of my womb, which is [to him] more [requiting] than heaven.

[Jesus], the sun of the Eternal Word now rises in the world and forms its full day; for poor souls there will no longer be night, nor dawn, nor daybreak, but always sunshine, which is brighter than the sunshine at the peak of day. I, your mother, felt that I could no longer contain Jesus within me, as seas of light and love inundated me and, just as I conceived him within a sea of light, so [in a sea of light] He emerged from my maternal womb. Dear child, for the soul who lives in the 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 whimperings. The angel of the Lord placed him in my arms and I pressed him very tightly to my Heart; I gave him my first kiss and little Jesus gave me his.

This is enough for now. Tomorrow I will wait for you again to continue my narration of the birth of Jesus.

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The soul:

Holy mother, oh how fortunate you are; you are the truly blessed one among all women. For the sake of the joys you felt when you pressed Jesus to your bosom and when you gave him your first kiss, please place little Jesus into my arms for a few moments so that I may make him happy by telling him that I swear to always, always love him, and to seek nothing but his Divine Will.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, come and kiss the little feet of the infant Jesus, and place your will into his little hands to let him play with it and smile.

Exclamation:

My mother, enclose little Jesus in my heart so that He may transform it completely into the Will of God.

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Day 22

**Jesus the little King is born in Bethlehem; the angels
call the shepherds to adore him;
Heaven and earth rejoice**

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Today, holy mother, my love is uncontainable; I can no longer wait to come upon your maternal lap to see the heavenly little baby Jesus in your arms. His beauty enraptures me, his gazes wound me, his lips that are about to groan and whimper with tears, enrapture my heart and captivate my love. My dearest mother, I know that you love me, and so I ask you to spare a little place in your arms for me, so that I may give the little King Jesus my first kiss and, pouring out my heart to him, I may entrust him with those intriguing and oppressive secrets of mine. To make him smile, I will say to him: “Your will is mine and my will is yours; establish within me the Kingdom of your Divine Fiat.”

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven to her child:

My dearest child, oh how I long for you to come into my arms so that I may have the great joy of being able to say to our little infant King: “Don’t cry my beautiful Jesus, see, here with us is my little child who wants to

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recognize you as her⁵⁴ King, who gives you dominion over her soul and who wants you to place within her the Kingdom of your Will.”

Now, child of my Heart, while you are all intent on yearning for the little baby Jesus, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. Consider that it was midnight when the little newborn king emerged from my motherly womb, and the night turned into day. The one who was the Lord of light scattered the night of the human will – the night of sin and the night of all evils. As a sign that it was his omnipotent Fiat that wrought all this⁵⁵ in the order of souls, midnight turned into the most refulgent daylight.

All created things ran to offer praise to Jesus’ little humanity in whom they beheld their Creator. The sun ran to give its first kisses of light to the little baby Jesus and warmed him with its heat; the ruling wind sent purifying wafts of air into the stable and, with its sweet howling, said to him: “I love You”; the heavens were shaken to their very foundations; the earth exulted and trembled to its very core; the sea roared with its massive waves. In sum, all created things recognized that their Creator was among them and they all vied in offering him praises.

⁵⁴ While “her” refers here to Luisa, we may replace Luisa’s name with our own, as at the outset of this work Mary tells us: “...it is with my own hands that I am bringing you this book as a gift... so that in reading it you may, in turn, learn to live the life of heaven and no longer that of earth.”

⁵⁵ “This” refers particularly to the love and sorrows Jesus endured for mankind in the womb of Mary as revealed on Day 21.

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The very angels, filling the air with light and melodious voices that all could hear, exclaimed: “Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will! The heavenly infant Jesus is born in the grotto of Bethlehem, wrapped in poor tiny swaddling clothes.” Their voice so resounded 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 closely to what your tender mother tells you. As I received him into my arms and gave him my first kiss, I felt the loving desire to give something of my own to my little Son, and so, offering him my bosom, I gave him milk in abundance – milk formed in my person by the Divine Fiat itself to nourish the little King Jesus. But who could possibly describe to you what I felt in doing this, and the seas of grace, love and sanctity that my Son gave me in return?

I then wrapped my divine Son in poor but clean little clothes, and I placed him in the manger, as this was his will and I could not refuse him. But before doing this, I shared him with dear Saint Joseph by placing him into his arms. Oh, how Saint Joseph rejoiced. He pressed him to his heart and the sweet little baby Jesus poured out torrents of grace into his soul. Then, Saint Joseph and I together fixed a little hay in the manger and, detaching little Jesus from my maternal arms, I laid him in it. Your mother, enraptured by the beauty of the divine infant, remained kneeling before him most of the time. I put all my seas of love which the Divine Will had formed in me into motion to love, adore and thank the little baby Jesus.

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And what did the little heavenly infant Jesus do in the manger? He carried out the one continuous act of the Will of our Heavenly Father, which was also his Will. Moaning and sighing, He whimpered, cried and called to everyone saying, in his loving whimpering: *“Come to Me all of you, My children. For love of you I am born in suffering and 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 offered his sweet gazes and his loving smiles, even through tears.

Now, my child, I wish to share with you the following lesson. 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 to cuddle him, kiss him and take him in their arms as if He were their own, could do so. He was the little King of all and, as such, they had the right to make of him a sweet pledge of their love. And I, in order to fulfill the Supreme Will, deprived myself of my innocent joys, whereby I began, with works and sacrifices in giving him to all, my office of motherhood.

My child, the Divine Will is intransigent and desires all, even sacrifices in the holiest things, but always according to the circumstances, like the great sacrifice it desired of me when asking me to deprive myself of the little baby Jesus. Yet it does so in order to more greatly extend [in the soul] its Kingdom and multiply [in the soul] the life of Jesus himself. Indeed, when the soul deprives

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itself of Jesus out of love for him,⁵⁶ its heroism and sacrifice are so great that its virtue produces [in its soul] a new life of Jesus that provides him with a new indwelling. Therefore, dear child, be attentive and never deny the Divine Will anything under any pretext.

The soul:

Holy mother, your beautiful lessons overwhelm me, yet if you want me to put them into practice, you must not leave my side. When you see that I am about to succumb under the enormous weight of [Jesus'] divine privations, press me to your maternal Heart so that I may have the strength never to deny the Divine Will anything.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, come three times to visit the little baby Jesus and kiss his little hands. Then make five acts of love for him to honour his tears and to assuage his crying.

⁵⁶ Within the context of Luisa's writings, "*depriving oneself of Jesus out of love for him*", does not signify *distancing* oneself from Christ in in the Sacraments under the pretext of the Will of God surpassing them in value, but of *bringing* Christ without pretext to others whose gifts and grace derive from the Sacraments.

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Exclamation:

Holy mother, pour the tears of Jesus into my heart so that He may dispose my soul for the triumph of God's Will.

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Day 23

Jesus' Circumcision, the Adoration of the Magi and the Presentation in the Temple ⁵⁷

The soul to its Holy Queen Mother:

My most sweet mother, here I am again upon your lap. I, your child, cannot be without my mother. The sweet enchantment of the heavenly infant Jesus in the manger enraptures me. First you hold him tightly in your arms, then you kneel before him. After this you adore him and love him. What a joy it is to think that your happy destiny and the little King Jesus himself are the pure fruit and the sweet and precious pledges of that Fiat that established its kingdom within you. O mother, give me your word that you will use your power⁵⁸ to establish in me the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Heavenly Mother:

My dearest child, how happy I am to have you close to me to teach you how the Kingdom of the Divine Will can extend itself in all things. All crosses, sorrows and

⁵⁷ The additional meditations #2, #3 & #4 in the Appendix of this work develop this meditation (cf. pp. 69-70).

⁵⁸ The expression, "your power", signifies the power of three divine Persons who perpetually indwell in Mary's body and soul.

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humiliations, when invested with the life of the Divine Fiat, act as the raw material in God's hands through which He nourishes this Kingdom and extends it more and more [in the soul].

Therefore, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. I continued to remain in the grotto of Bethlehem with Jesus and dear Saint Joseph. Oh, how happy we were! Through the presence of the divine infant Jesus and of the Divine Will operating in us,⁵⁹ the little grotto changed into a paradise. It is true that pains and tears were not lacking to us, but compared to the immense seas of joy, happiness and light that the Divine Fiat engendered in each one of our acts, such pains and tears were like little drops plunged within these seas. Indeed, the sheer sweet and loving presence of my dear Son was one of the greatest joys.

Now, dear child, the eighth day arrived after the birth of the heavenly infant Jesus into the light of this world, and the Divine Fiat, sounding the hour of sorrow, called us to circumcise my charming little baby. It was a most painful cut that little Jesus had to endure, for it was

⁵⁹ In the original Italian text the Blessed Virgin Mary states, "...operating in Us" (*operante in Noi*), indicating that the gift of Living in the Divine Will operated in Jesus and in Mary. That St. Joseph participated in the "reflections" of God's Eternal and Triune Will that operated in Jesus and Mary is evident on p. 200 and in volume 24, July 7, 1928. (cf. also L. Piccarreta volume 21, April 30, 1927; volume 12, January 24, 1921; volume 27, October 21, 1929). Indeed Jesus reassures Luisa that no human being conceived in sin before her possessed the gift of Living in the Divine Will (cf. volume 12, March 14, 1919; volume 14, October 6, 1922; volume 15, July 6, 1922 and July 11, 1923; volume 18, February 11, 1926).

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the law of those times that all the firstborn should undergo this painful cut, and such a law may be called the law of sin. And yet, my Son was innocent and his law was the law of love. Indeed, He had come [to earth] to search out, not man [who should have been reigning] as king, but man who had degraded himself, and he did so in order to become man's brother and raise him [to his innocent state]; He wanted to lower himself [to degraded man's level] by submitting himself to the law [of sin].

My child, Saint Joseph and I felt a shiver of sorrow run through us, but fearless and without hesitation, we asked for the Priest to come to have Jesus circumcised with a most painful cut. In his bitter sorrow, the baby Jesus cried and threw himself into my arms, asking for help. Saint Joseph and I blended our tears with his. We gathered the first Blood Jesus had shed for love of souls. We gave him the name Jesus – a powerful name – which was to make heaven, earth and even hell tremble; a name which was to be the balm, the defense and the help of every heart.

Now, my child, this cut represented the image of the cruel cut man had inflicted upon his own soul by doing his own will. And my dear Son allowed himself to receive this cut in order to heal that profound cut of the human will; he did so to heal with his Blood the wounds of the many sins the poison of the human will had caused in creatures. Every act of the human will is a cut inflicted and a wound opened, and the heavenly infant Jesus, with his most painful cut, prepared the remedy for all such human wounds.

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Now, my child, listen to yet another surprise. A new star had shined under the vault of heaven and, with its light, went about searching for adorers to lead them to recognize and adore the baby Jesus. Three individuals, each one distant from the other, were touched and invested by its supernatural light and follow the star, which lead them to the grotto of Bethlehem and to the feet of the baby Jesus. How astonished these Magi Kings were in recognizing in that divine Infant the King of heaven and earth – the One who had come to love and to save all. Indeed, as the Magi were adoring him, they became enraptured by the heavenly beauty of the newborn baby, and he made his divinity shine forth from his little humanity in such a way that the grotto turned into a paradise. They were unable to detach themselves from the feet of the divine infant, not until He again withdrew the light of his divinity within his humanity. And I, carrying out my motherly office, spoke [to them] at length of the descent of the Divine Word, thereby fortifying them in faith, hope and love, symbolized by the gifts [they] offered to Jesus. Then, full of joy, they withdrew to their regions to be the first propagators [of Jesus].

My dear child, do not leave my side, but follow me in everything. Forty days were about to sound from the time of the birth of little King Jesus, when the Divine Fiat called Saint Joseph and I to the Temple in order to fulfill the law of the presentation of my Son. And so, we went to the Temple. It was the first time we went out [in public] together with my sweet Baby.

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And then a current of sorrow opened in my Heart: I wanted to offer up Jesus [through the Priest] as a victim for the salvation of all, so we entered the Temple and first we adored the Divine Majesty. We then asked for the Priest to come and, placing him in his arms, I made the offering of the heavenly infant Jesus [through the Priest] to the eternal Father, offering him in sacrifice for the salvation of all.

The Priest was Simeon, and as I placed the infant Jesus in his arms, he recognized that He was the Divine Word and he exulted with immense joy. After the offering, assuming the prophetic role, he prophesied all of my sorrows. Oh, how the Supreme Fiat sorrowfully resounded in maternal Heart, revealing the bitter tragedy of all the sorrows of my little Son! But that which pierced my Heart the most were the words the holy prophet said to me: “This dear baby will be the rise and the fall of many [in Israel], and the target of contradictions.”

If the Divine Will had not sustained me, I would have died instantly of pure sorrow, but it gave me life, and used this sorrow to form in me the kingdom of sorrows within the kingdom of the Divine Will. Therefore, in addition to the rightful claims of [Divine] Motherhood which I possessed above all, I acquired the rightful claims of Mother and Queen of all Sorrows. Ah yes, with my sorrows, I acquired the little coin that would pay the debts of my children, and even of those who are ungrateful.

Now, my child, in the light of the Divine Will I already knew all the sorrows I was to endure – even more than those the holy prophet had told me. But in that ever-so

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solemn act of the offering up of my own Son, and in hearing it all being repeated to me, my Heart was so pierced that it bled, and deep furrows opened up in my soul.

Now, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you: In the sufferings and sorrowful encounters that are not lacking to you, never lose heart. With heroic love let the Divine Will assume its royal place in your sorrows, so that it may convert them into little coins of infinite value. By this means, you will pay the debt of your brothers and ransom them from the slavery of the human will, so that they may enter, as free children, into the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat.

The soul:

Holy mother, I place all of my sorrows in your pierced Heart. You know how much they afflict me. Help me dear mother by pouring the balm of your sorrows into my heart, so that I may share your own destiny. May I use my sorrows as little coins to acquire the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, come into my arms so that I may pour in you the first Blood that the heavenly infant Jesus shed in order to heal the wounds caused by your

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human will; and recite three acts of love in order to mitigate the painful wound of my baby Jesus.

Exclamation:

My mother, pour out your sorrow into my soul and convert all of my sorrows into the Will of God.

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Day 24

A tyrannical ruler causes the Virgin Mary and Saint Joseph to flee with the little King Jesus to Egypt; their return to Nazareth.

The soul to its Queen, overwhelmed by Sorrow:

My sovereign mother, as your little child I desire to come onto your maternal lap and offer you my little company. I see your face veiled with sadness as some tears, escaping you, flow from your eyes. The sweet little Baby is shivering as He sobbingly weeps. Holy mother, I unite my sorrows to yours to comfort you and to assuage the crying of the heavenly infant Jesus. O mother, please reveal to me why the infant Jesus is so sad; what could possible cause my dear little Baby so much grief?

Lesson of the Holy Queen Mother:

My dearest child, today the Heart of your mother is filled with love and sorrow, to the extent that I cannot refrain from crying. You know of the coming of the Magi Kings who, upon inquiring of [the birth] of the new King, gave rise to some talk in Jerusalem. So Herod, who acted cruelly for fear of being removed from his throne, gave the order to have my sweet Jesus, my dear life, along with all of the other children, killed.

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My child, what sorrow [Joseph and I were asked to endure]! They set out to kill the One who had come to give life to all and bring to the world the new era of peace, happiness and grace! What ingratitude and obstinacy! Oh, my child, to what an extent the blindness of the human will reaches – it reaches the point of becoming so enraged as to bind the hands of the Creator himself and of usurping his role as Creator. My child, have pity on my tears and assuage the crying of my sweet child Jesus. He weeps on account of the ingratitude of souls; for barely has he been born, and already they seek to kill him, while we, in order to save him, 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 abandon us, and I will continue to impart to you my lessons on the great evils of the human will.

Now, as man withdrew from the Divine Will, he ruptured [his bonds with creation and] with his Creator. Everything on the earth had been made by God for him – everything was his – but man, in not wanting to do the Divine Will, lost all of his rightful claims [over creation], and one could say there wasn't a place on earth that would receive him. Thus his plight was that of a poor exiled soul, a pilgrim who could not find a permanent residence. And this [disorder that resulted in Adam] occurred not only to his soul, but also to his body. All things became mutable⁶⁰ to poor Adam. And if man possessed any fleeting goods, it

⁶⁰ “Mutable” here describes the disorder in creation brought on by Original Sin, which includes ignorance, concupiscence, corruption and death (cf. Rom. 8).

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was by virtue of the foreseen merits of this heavenly infant Jesus. This is because the whole magnificence of creation was destined by God for all those who would do the Divine Will and lived in its Kingdom. All others who manage to partake of anything [of creation], may be called veritable thieves of their Creator, and rightly so; such souls wish to seize the benefits of the Divine Will without wanting to first do the Divine Will.

Now, dear child, listen to how much my dear infant Jesus and I love you. At his first dawning of life He goes out into this exile, into a foreign land, in order to free you from the exile in which your human will has placed you. He comes to call you to live, not in a foreign land, but in your homeland which is the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat, and which was created for you when you came into existence. Child of my Heart, have pity on the tears of your mother and on those of my weeping sweet and dear infant Jesus. We ask you never to do your will; we entreat and implore you to return to the womb of the Divine Will, which so ardently longs for you.

Now, dear child, although we experienced sorrow from human ingratitude, we also experienced the immense joys and happiness of the Divine Fiat that made creation rejoice over the sweet baby Jesus – the earth gave homage to its Creator by becoming green and flowery underneath our steps; the sun, fixed on him, praised him with its light and heat and felt honoured to do so; the wind caressed him; the birds, as in a formation of clouds, came down around us and, with their trills and songs, made the most beautiful lullabies for our dear baby Jesus to assuage his crying and

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help him sleep. My child, since the Divine Will was in us, we exercised dominion over all [creation].

We then arrived in Egypt, and after a long period of time, the angel of the Lord informed Saint Joseph to return to the house of Nazareth, as Herod, who acted as a cruel tyrant [in seeking the death of Jesus] had died. Therefore, we returned to our homeland.

Now, Egypt symbolizes the human will – a land full of idols. And wherever the infant Jesus passed, He vanquished these idols and cast them into hell. And how many idols the human will possesses: Idols of vainglory, of self-esteem and of passions which tyrannize the poor creature! Therefore, be attentive and listen closely to what I, your mother, wish to tell you. I am disposed to offer up any sacrifice to have you [decide] never [to] do your will. Indeed I am disposed to offer up my life so that you may receive the great good of living always in the womb of the Divine Will.

The soul:

Most sweet mother, 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 during your exile in Egypt, I ask you to free my soul from the exile of my will, and let me return to my dear homeland of the Divine Will.

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Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, offer up your actions united with mine in thanksgiving to the Holy Child, asking him to enter into the Egypt of your heart and change it completely into the Will of God.

Exclamation:

My mother, enclose little Jesus in my heart so that He may completely reorder it in the Divine Will.

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Day 25

**Nazareth is the reality and symbol of
the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat;
Mary is the repository of Jesus' hidden life**

The soul to its Sovereign Queen:

My sweetest mother, here I am again on your maternal lap. You are with the little child Jesus and, caressing him, you tell him your love story, and he tells you his. Oh, how beautiful it is to see Jesus and his mother sharing in this way. The ardent love you both possess is so great that you remain speechless, enraptured: The mother in the Son, and the Son in the mother. Holy Mother and Jesus, do not leave me to myself, but keep me together 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 listening to my lessons on the Kingdom which the Supreme Fiat extended in me. Now, the little house of Nazareth was a paradise for your mother, for dear and sweet Jesus, and for Saint Joseph. Being the Eternal Word, my dear Son possessed the Divine Will within himself and naturally, by virtue of his own divine nature; infinite seas of light,

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sanctity, infinite joys and beauties resided within his little humanity.

I possessed the Divine Will by grace, and even though I could not [by nature] embrace God's immensity, as beloved Jesus did – for He is God and Man, while I am always his finite creature – the Divine Fiat so filled me [with grace] that it established in me its seas of light, sanctity, love, beauty and happiness. And so enrapturing were these seas of light, love and all else the Divine Will possesses, that Saint Joseph was eclipsed and inundated by them, whence he lived from the reflections of these seas [that Jesus and I possessed].

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 Will, and were formed on the foundation of the sanctity of pure love. Therefore, from the tiniest to the greatest one of our acts, immense seas of joy, happiness and beatitudes were unleashed. We were so inundated by these seas that we felt ourselves under the outpouring of new joys and indescribable bliss.

My child, the Divine Will possesses by nature the source of all joy, and when it reigns in a soul, it delights in giving to each one of the soul's acts the joys and happiness of its new and continuous act.⁶¹ Oh, how happy we were!

⁶¹ God's Divine Will is one eternal act that absorbs and elevates the human creature's finite acts, thus enabling them to concomitantly impact all things of all time (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 18, October 24, 1925; December 25, 1925).

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Everything was peaceful, we enjoyed a union of the highest accord, and each of us felt honoured to obey each other. Indeed, my dear Son vied [with us] in wanting to be commanded by me and by dear Saint Joseph in his little tasks. Oh, how beautiful it was to see him in the act of assisting his putative father in his carpentry work, and in seeing him partake of food while making so many seas of grace flow within those very acts for the good of souls.

Now, dear child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. In this house of Nazareth, the Kingdom of the Divine Will was formed in your mother and in the humanity of my Son, in view of imparting this Kingdom as a gift to the human family when the time would come for mankind to receive its blessings with the proper dispositions. Although my Son was the King and I the Queen, we did not have [the company of] other souls. Our Kingdom, while capable of enclosing all and imparting life to all, was deserted on account of him having to first accomplish the work of Redemption, which would prepare and dispose souls to enter into such a holy Kingdom. What is more, since my Son and I possessed this Kingdom – and we both 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 – souls received the right to enter into this Kingdom. The divinity conceded this right to souls, and left the doors [of this kingdom] opened so that [when the pathways leading to this kingdom were re-established] those who desire to enter it may do

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so.⁶² So our hidden life of so many years served to prepare the [pathways of this] Kingdom of the Divine Will for souls. I have therefore desired to reveal to you what this Supreme Fiat wrought in me, so that [in beholding what it accomplished in me] you may hold my hand, forget your will and allow me, your mother, to lead you to the blessings I have prepared for you with so much love.

Tell me, child of my Heart, will you make my joy complete? Will you make the joy of your and my dear Jesus complete also? He awaits you with so much love in such a holy Kingdom to live together with us, and live only in his Divine Will.

Now, dear child, listen to another expression of love my dear Jesus displayed in the house of Nazareth. He made of me the repository of his own life. When God begins a work, He does not leave it undone or incomplete, but he always looks for a soul in whom to enclose and entrust his entire work. Were this not so, there would be the danger of God exposing his works to uselessness – which is not possible. Therefore, my dear Son enclosed within my soul his works, his words, his pains – everything. He even deposited his breath within me, his mother. And when we withdrew to our little room, He spoke so sweetly and recounted to me all of the Gospels that He was to preach in

⁶² On numerous occasions Jesus makes it abundantly clear to Luisa that no soul conceived in sin was able to enter this kingdom before Luisa (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 23, February 28, 1928; volume 12, February 20, 1919; volume 13, September 6, 1921; volume 20, January 16, 1927; volume 14, October 6, 1922; volume 15, July 11, 1923; volume 16, August 5, 1923; volume 16, February 22, 1924; volume 21, March 16, 1927; volume 23, January 13, 1928).

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public, and revealed to me the Sacraments He was to institute; He entrusted everything to me, and constituted me the perennial source and conduit [of all grace], for from me, his life and all of his blessings were to extend to all and for the good of all souls.⁶³ Oh, how happy and enriched I was in having deposited in my soul everything that my dear Son Jesus did! The Divine Will that reigned in me gave me the capacity to be able to receive everything [from Jesus], while Jesus received from me, his mother, the requital of his love and glory in the great work of Redemption. There is nothing that I did not receive from God, for I never did my own will, but always his Will. From God I received everything – even the life of my Son was at my disposal. And while his life remained always with me, I could bilocate it and give this divine life of his to whoever would ask for it with love.

Now, my child, I wish to tell you something. If you always do the Divine Will and never your own will, and if you live in it, I, your mother, will place the deposit of all the blessings of my Son in your soul. Oh, how fortunate you will feel! You will have a divine life at your disposal that will provide for you in all things. And I, being your true mother, will watch over you so that this divine life may grow in you and form in you the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

⁶³ In this context, one discovers Mary's role as "Co-redemptrix" (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 17, May 1, 1925; cf. also the 4pm hour of The Hours of the Passion).

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The soul:

Holy mother, I abandon myself in your arms. I am a little child who stands in great need of your maternal care. I ask you to take this will of mine and enclose it in your Heart. Never give it to me again. May I be happy to live always in the Divine Will and may I make your joy and that of my dear Jesus complete.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, come and make three little visits in the house of Nazareth to honour the Holy Family, reciting three *Pater's*, *Ave's* and *Gloria's*, and asking us to admit you to live in our holy company.

Exclamation:

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, take me with you to live in the Kingdom of the Will of God.

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Day 26

The hour of sorrow approaches for the painful separation of Jesus and Mary, as He sets out for his public and apostolic life

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Here I am again before you, my Holy Queen Mother. Today, my filial love for you makes me run to witness the moment when my sweet Jesus, in taking leave from you, sets out to begin his apostolic life for the good of souls. Holy mother, I know you will suffer very much, as each moment of separation from Jesus will cost you your life, and I, your child, do not wish to leave you alone. I want to dry your tears and offer you my company to assuage your loneliness. And as we remain together, continue to impart to me your beautiful lessons on the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dearest child, your company is most pleasing to me, for in you I will feel the first gift Jesus gave to me – a gift made of pure love, the fruit of his sacrifice and mine, and a gift that will cost me the life of my Son.

Now, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. Listen, my child: A new life of sorrow,

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loneliness and long separations from my beloved Jesus begins for your mother. Our hidden life is ended and He, compelled by love, feels the irresistible desire to go out in public and make himself known, to go in search of man who is lost in the maze of his will and is prey to all evils. Dear Saint Joseph has already died, Jesus is now leaving and I remain alone in our little house.

When my beloved Jesus asked me in obedience to leave, as He did nothing without first having informed me, I felt a sorrowful blow to my Heart, but knowing that this was God's Supreme Will, I promptly offered my Fiat; I did not hesitate for one instant. And with the Fiat of my Son and my own Fiat [fused together], we separated. In our ardent love, He blessed me and He departed. I followed him with my gaze as far as I could, and then, withdrawing [into my little home], I abandoned myself in the Divine Will which was my life. But, oh, the power of the Divine Fiat is so immense that this Holy Will never let me lose sight of my Son, nor did He lose sight of me. On the contrary, I felt Jesus' heartbeat in mine, and he felt mine in his.

Dear child, I received my Son [as a gift] from the Divine Will, and what this Holy Will gives is subject neither to termination nor to separation; its gifts are permanent and eternal. Therefore my Son was mine, and no one could take him away from me – neither death, nor sorrow, nor separation, for the [immutable] Divine Will had given him to me. Our separation was only apparent, for in reality we were fused together [body and soul]. What is

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more, since one was the Will that animated us, it was not possible for us to separate.

Now, the light of the Divine Will revealed to me just how badly and with what ingratitude the people would treat my Son. This notwithstanding, He directed his steps toward Jerusalem. His first visit was to the holy Temple in which He began his series of preaching. But, what a sorrow to behold! When He, the bearer of peace, of love and of order, preached his word that is full of life, it was poorly received and misinterpreted, especially from the learned and wise of those days. And when my Son said He was the Son of God, the Word of the Father and the One who had come to save them, they took it so badly that they wanted to eliminate him with their furious gazes.

Oh, how my good and beloved Jesus suffered! Their rejection of his message made him feel the death they inflicted upon his creative and divine word, and I, with full attentiveness, gazed upon that bleeding Divine Heart, and offered him my maternal Heart to receive his own wounds in order to console and sustain him when He was about to succumb. Oh, how many times, after imparting his divine word, I saw him forgotten by all and without anyone to offer him any comfort; He was left utterly 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 mother, dear child, cried with him from my little house; in the light of the Divine Fiat I sent him my tears, my chaste embraces and my kisses to comfort him.

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In seeing himself rejected by the great and the learned, my beloved Son did not stop giving himself to others, nor could He, but his love ran in his longing for souls. Whence He surrounded himself with the poor, the afflicted, the sick, the lame, the blind, the dumb and with those oppressed with many other maladies. All such maladies were symbols of the many evils the human will had produced.⁶⁴ And dear Jesus healed everyone; He consoled and instructed everyone. So He became the friend, the father, the physician and the master of the poor.

My child, just like the poor shepherds received Jesus at his birth with their visits, so the poor of those days followed Jesus in the last years of his life on earth, even unto his death. Indeed, the poor and the unlearned are the simple ones who are less attached to their own judgment, whence they are more favoured and blessed, and are the preferred ones of my dear Son. After all, Jesus chose poor fishermen to become his Apostles and the pillars of the future Church.

Now, dearest child, if I were to narrate all that my Son and I did and suffered during these three years of his public life, it would take too long. What I recommend to you is that in all that you do and suffer, let the Divine Fiat be your first and last act. For it was in our mutual Fiat that my Son and I were able to separate, and our Fiat gave us

⁶⁴ While not all maladies are the direct result of actual sin, they find their origin in the Original Sin of our first parents that all humans inherit at conception. If Original Sin is the “predispositional” cause of a person’s disorders and maladies, actual sins, in certain cases, may be the “precipitative” cause of said disorders.

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the strength to carry out this sacrifice. Similarly, if you enclose everything in the eternal Fiat, you will find all the strength you need to carry out what it is you are to do, even if this means having to endure sorrows that may cost you your life. Now, give me your word so that I, your tender mother, may always find you in the Divine Will. In this way, you will also feel as if you are inseparable from me and from Jesus, our Greatest Good.

The soul:

My most sweet mother, in seeing you suffer so much, I unite myself to you. I entreat you to pour out your tears and those of Jesus upon my soul to reorder it and enclose it within the Divine Fiat.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, offer me all of your sorrows to accompany me in my loneliness, and in each sorrow you experience, place an “I love you” for me and for your Jesus in reparation for those who do not want to listen to his divine teachings.

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Exclamation:

Divine mother, may your word and that of Jesus descend into my heart and form in me the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

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Day 27

The hour of sorrow sounds when Mary participates in Jesus' Passion; all of nature weeps

The soul to its Sorrowful Mother:

My dear sorrowful mother, today more than ever, I feel the irresistible desire to be close to you. I will not move from your side, as I desire to witness your bitter sorrows and ask you, as your child, for the grace of allowing me to experience your sorrows and those of your Son Jesus, as well as his own death. May his death and your sorrows confer on me the grace to die continuously to my own will and then rise above it to live in the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Sorrows:

Dearest child, do not deny me your company in my intense sorrow. The divinity has already decreed the last day of my Son on earth. One of his Apostles has already betrayed him by giving him into the hands of the Jews who will put him to death. My dear Son, not wanting to leave his own children whom He came to earth to search out, and taken in by an excess of [divine] love, has left himself in the [Most Blessed] Sacrament of the Eucharist so that whosoever should desire him, may possess him. And so,

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the life of my Son is about to end; He is about to make his flight to his heavenly homeland.

O beloved child, the Divine Fiat gave my Son to me and in the Divine Fiat I received him. Now, in this same Fiat I give him back. My Heart is torn, as immense seas of sorrow inundate me. In these atrocious heart pangs I feel life leaving me, and yet nothing could I deny the Divine Fiat. On the contrary, should the Divine Will desire [the death of My Son], I would be disposed to offer him up in sacrifice with my own hands. For the power of Divine and Omnipotent Fiat is so great that it has infused in me its power, whereby I am willing to die rather than deny the Divine Will anything.

Now, my child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. My maternal Heart is drowned in sorrows. The very thought that my Son, my God and my life has to die is to your mother, more sorrowful than dying. And yet, I know that I must go on living! What torment! What profound lacerations are formed in my Heart, piercing it all the way through like [many] sharp swords! Yet, dear child, I grieve in saying this to you, but I must say it. In these sorrows and profound lacerations of mine, and in the pains of my beloved Son, there was your soul – your human will. Since you did not allow your will to be dominated by the Will of God, my beloved Son and I covered it with our sorrows, we embalmed it and we fortified it with our pains, so that it would dispose itself to receive the life of the Divine Will.

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Oh, if the Divine Fiat had not sustained me and continued its course [in me] with its infinite seas of light, joy and happiness alongside the seas of my bitter sorrows, I would have died for as many times as there are sorrows endured by my dear Son. Oh, what a harrowing blow my Heart received when Jesus came to me for the last time pale, his face cloaked with the sadness of his impending death and his voice, trembling and as if wanting to burst into sobs, telling me: *“Mother, I bid you farewell! Bless Me, your Son, and in obedience I ask your permission to die. My Divine Fiat and yours made My Incarnation possible, and now with your and My Divine Fiat I will have the permission to die. O dear mother, do not delay; pronounce your Fiat and tell Me: ‘I bless You, and I grant You my permission to die crucified; whatever the Eternal Will desires, I desire’.*”

My child, what a harrowing blow my pierced Heart experienced! And yet, I desired to do as my Son had asked, as we were never forced to endure any sorrows, but all of our sorrows were freely embraced. So we blessed each other and, in an exchange of gazes that render the soul incapable of detaching itself from its beloved, my dear Son, my sweet life, departed, and I, your sorrowful mother, gave my consent. But the eye of my soul never lost sight of him; I followed him into the garden where he would endure his terrible agony, and, oh, how my Heart bled in seeing him abandoned by all, even by his most faithful and dear Apostles!

Beloved child, the abandonment of those whom one considers dear in life is one of the greatest sorrows of the

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human heart in the stormy hours of life. This is especially true with my Son who, after having loved these dear children of his and blessed them so much, now finds that they have run away and, worse, they have abandoned him in these extreme hours of life when is He is about to give his life for them! What sorrow, what sorrow! And I, in seeing him agonize and sweat Blood, agonized together with him and sustained him in my maternal arms. I was inseparable from my Son. His sorrows were reproduced in my Heart through the coalescing of sorrow and love, and I felt his sorrows more than if they were my own. Thus I followed him all night. There was not one pain or accusation he would receive at the hands of others that did not resound in my Heart. And at the morning dawn, unable to endure [the physical separation from my Son] any longer, I, accompanied by the disciple John, Magdalene and the other pious women, followed him step by step, even physically, from one tribunal to another.

My dearest child, I heard the storm of the blows they unleashed upon the naked body of my Son; I heard the mockery, the satanic laughter and the blows they inflicted upon his head when crowning him with thorns. I saw him when Pilate showed him to the people – disfigured and unrecognizable. I was deafened with the outcries of “Crucify him, Crucify him!” I saw him, exhausted and panting, take the Cross up onto his shoulders. And I, unable to endure [our physical separation any longer], hastened my step to give him my last embrace and dry his face that was completely covered with Blood. But, alas, no clemency was granted us, as the soldiers acted cruelly by pulling him with

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ropes, thereby forcing him to fall. Dear child, what a harrowing blow to my Heart this was, as I was unable to so much as sustain my dear Jesus in his many overwhelming pains! Each pain [He endured] opened up a sea of sorrows in my pierced Heart.

I finally followed my Son to Calvary where, among unheard-of pains and horrible contortions, He was crucified and lifted up on the Cross. Only then, at the foot of the Cross, did he grant me, with his dying lips, the right and the seal of my maternity over all creatures and the gift of all of my children. Shortly thereafter, among unheard-of physical convulsions, He breathed his last.

All nature stood in mourning and wept over the death of its Creator. The sun wept by becoming obscured and, overwhelmed with grief, withdrawing its light from the face of the earth. The earth wept for the death of its Creator with an intense trembling that split it open in various places. All creation wept: The sepulchers wept by opening up and the dead wept by rising out of them; the veil of the Temple wept with sorrow by tearing itself in two. All creation, deprived of the cause of its joy, experienced terror and fear. And I, your mother, my child, remained frozen with sorrow, waiting to receive my Son into my arms so as to enclose him in the sepulcher.

Now, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. In my intense sorrow and united to the pains of my Son, I wish to reveal to you the great evils of your human will. Gaze upon my Son in my sorrowful arms and see how disfigured He is. He is the true portrait of what

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evils the human will inflicts upon unfortunate souls. My dear Son wanted to endure all of these many pains in order to raise up the human will that had fallen into the abyss of all miseries. Each one of Jesus' pains and each one of my sorrows called out to the human will to rise again in the Divine Will. Our love was so great that in order to safeguard the human will, we filled it with our sorrows and pains, to the point of immersing in it and enclosing it within the immense seas of my sorrows and those of my beloved Son.

Therefore, on this day of sorrows for your sorrowful mother, a day that has been completely acquired for you, in return, place your will into my hands so that I may enclose it within the bleeding wounds of Jesus. This will be for him the most beautiful victory of his Passion and death, and the triumph of my most bitter sorrows.

The soul:

Sorrowful mother, your words wound my heart. Upon hearing that it was my rebellious will that made you suffer so much, I feel like dying. I therefore beg you to enclose my will within the wounds of Jesus so that I may live from his pains and from your bitter sorrows.

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Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, kiss the wounds of Jesus while reciting five prayers of love⁶⁵, and asking me by virtue of my sorrows to seal your will in the opening of his sacred side.

Exclamation:

May the wounds of Jesus and the sorrows of my mother infuse in me the grace of making my will rise again in the Will of God.

⁶⁵ The original Italian states: “*dicendo cinque atti d’amore*” (“saying five acts of love”).

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Day 28

The expectation of Christ's Resurrection: His victory over death and the release of souls from Limbo

The soul to its Holy Queen Mother:

My sorrowful mother, I who am your little child see you by yourself, without your beloved and good Jesus. Whence I long to cling to you and keep you company in your most bitter desolation. Without Jesus, you experience nothing but sorrow. Not having anything but the memory of his harrowing pains; of the sweet sound of his voice which still resounds in your ears; of the charming gaze of dear Jesus in his moments of sweetness, sadness and tear-filled weeping that always enraptured your maternal Heart, are like sharp swords that pierce your maternal Heart through and through.

Desolate mother, I, your dear child, offer you my compassion to assuage each one of your sorrows. What is more, I would like to be [for you another] Jesus, whereby I may offer you all the love, comfort, consolation and compassion that Jesus himself would have given you in your state of bitter desolation. Sweet Jesus gave me to you as your child; now allow me to act in his stead within your maternal Heart, so that may be everything to you, my mother. I will dry your tears and offer you my perpetual company.

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Lesson of the desolate Mother and Queen:

Dearest child, thank you for your company. If you wish your company to be sweet and dear to me, and if you wish to be the bearer of comfort to my pierced Heart, allow me to find in you the operating and dominating Divine Will, whereby you do not concede so much as one breath of life to your own will. Then will I exchange you with my Son Jesus, because only by means of his Divine Will reigning in you will I experience Jesus [alive and reigning] in your heart. And how happy I shall be to find in you the first fruits of Jesus' sorrows and death; in finding my beloved Jesus in my child, my pains will convert into joys, and my sorrows into conquests.

Now, child of my sorrows, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. As my dear Son breathed his last, He descended into the prison of limbo as the triumphant bearer of glory and happiness to all the patriarchs, 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. Because I was inseparable from my Son, not even death could take him away from me. So, in my ardent sorrows I followed him into limbo, and witnessed the rejoicing and thanksgiving which that great host of souls offered my Son who had suffered so much. Indeed, his first step was directed toward them to beatify them and bring them with him to heavenly glory.

So with Jesus' death there began the conquests and glories for him and for all those who loved him. And this,

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dear child, symbolizes the manner in which all conquests, glories and joys begin in the divine order for the soul who makes its will die in union with the Divine Will, even in the face of life's greatest sorrows.

So, even though the eyes of my soul followed my Son and I never lost sight of him, during those three days in which He was in the sepulcher, I so yearned to see him risen that in my ardent love I kept repeating: "Rise, my Glory! Arise, my life!" My desires were so ardent and my yearning so enflamed that my human nature was completely consumed in love.

Now, in this yearning, I saw my dear Son, accompanied by this great host of souls, leaving limbo and returning to the sepulcher. It was the dawn of the third day, and just as all nature wept over him, now it rejoiced in him, so much so that the sun anticipated its course to witness the event of my Son's Resurrection. But what a surprise it was to see that before resurrecting, He showed this great host of souls from limbo his most sacred humanity covered with Blood, wounded and disfigured for love of them, exactly as it was when He was on the Cross. All were deeply moved and gratefully contemplated the excess of his love in the great miracle of the Redemption.

Oh, my child, how I long for you also to witness the event of the Resurrection of my Son! He was cloaked with majesty, and from his divinity united to his humanity, his soul unleashed enchanting seas of light and beauty that filled heaven and earth. Then, triumphantly making use of his power, He commanded his deceased humanity to

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receive his soul again and rise triumphant and glorious to immortal life. What a solemn event this was! My dear Jesus triumphed over death saying, “*Death, you will be death no longer, but life!*”

With this triumphant act, Jesus *sealed* the reality that He was [in his one divine Person both] Man and God, and with his Resurrection He *confirmed* his doctrine, his miracles, the life of the Sacraments and the entire life of the Church. Moreover, He obtained the *triumph* over the human will of all souls that are weakened and almost dead to any true good, so that the life of the Divine Will that was to bring the fullness of holiness and all blessings to souls should triumph over them. And in so doing, and by virtue of his Resurrection, He also *sowed the seed* of resurrection to eternal glory in all human bodies. My child, the Resurrection of my Son encloses everything and it is the most solemn act of Jesus for love of souls.

Now, my child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. I wish to speak to you as a mother who loves her child very much; I wish to tell you what it means to do the Divine Will and to live in it. The example is given to you by my Son and by me. Our life was strewn with pains, poverty and humiliations, to the point of me seeing my beloved Son die amidst sorrows, but in all this the Divine Will excelled. The Divine Will was the life of our sorrows through which it made us feel triumphant and victorious,⁶⁶ so much so that it changed death itself into

⁶⁶ Mary reveals to Luisa on Day 29 that after Jesus’ Resurrection, such sorrows were converted into seas of grace, light and love.

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life. Indeed, in experiencing the great blessings [of the Divine Will], we [had such interior resolve that we] voluntarily exposed ourselves to sufferings. For having the Divine Will in us, over which no one had any power, [we knew that] no one had power over us. Thus suffering was in our power which we invoked as our nourishment and conqueror in the work of Redemption in order to purchase for the entire world all the blessings God had prepared for it.

Now, dear child, if you allow the Divine Will to become the center of your life and [especially] of your sorrows, you can be certain that sweet Jesus will use you and your sorrows to administer assistance, light and grace to the entire universe. Therefore, have courage, for the Divine Will can do great things wherever it reigns. In all circumstances, reflect yourself in me and in your sweet Jesus, and forge ahead.

The soul:

Holy mother, if you help me and keep me sheltered beneath your mantle as my heavenly sentry, I am certain that all of my pains will convert into the Will of God, and I will follow you, step by step, along the unending ways of the Supreme Fiat. For I know that your enrapturing motherly love and power⁶⁷ will conquer my will, keep it in

⁶⁷ Throughout her writings Luisa relates that the “power” Mary possesses discovers its provenance in the Trinity. Mary reveals to Luisa: “... *The heavenly Father poured forth upon me seas of power; the Son, seas of wisdom; the Holy Spirit, seas of love. So I was*

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your power and exchange it for me with the Divine Will. And so, my mother, I entrust myself to you and abandon myself into your arms.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, recite seven times: “*Not my will, but yours be done,*” while offering me my sorrows in exchange for the grace to do always the Divine Will.

Exclamation:

Dear mother, for the sake of the Resurrection of your Son, make me rise again in the Will of God.

conceived in the never-ending light of the Divine Will” (cf. L. Piccarreta, *BVM*, day 2). Jesus reveals to Luisa: “*It was the power of Our [Triune] Will operating in her [Mary] that, while dominating her, made her the possessor of God himself...*” (L. Piccarreta, volume 15, December 8, 1922).

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Day 29

The hour of the triumph: Many witness Jesus' apparitions, the Apostles turn to the Virgin Mary and gather around her; Jesus ascends into Heaven

The soul to its Holy Queen Mother:

Admirable mother, here I am again on your maternal lap to unite myself with you in the feast and triumph of the Resurrection of our dear Jesus. How beautiful you appear today. You are all love, all sweetness and all joyfulness, as you appear arisen together with Jesus. O Holy mother, in such joyful triumph do not forget your child, but enclose the seed of Jesus' Resurrection in my soul, so that by virtue of this divine seed, my will may resurrect in its entirety in the Divine Will, and live always 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 arisen in him. All of my sorrows changed into joys and into seas of grace, light, love and forgiveness for souls, and they extended my maternity to all of my children. Jesus conferred upon me this maternal prerogative and sealed it with my sorrows.

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Now, dear child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. After the death of my Son I withdrew to the cenacle together with beloved John and Magdalene; but my Heart was pierced because [among the Apostles] only John was with me, and in my sorrow I said: “And the other Apostles...where are they?” And as they heard that Jesus had died, touched by special graces, they were all moved to tears and, one by one like fugitives, they gathered around me, surrounding me like a crown. With tears and sighs they asked my forgiveness for having fled and for having so cravenly abandoned their Master. I welcomed them maternally in the ark of refuge and of salvation of my Heart; I assured them of my Son’s forgiveness, and I encouraged them not to fear. I said to them that their destiny was in my hands because my Son had given them all to me as my children, and I recognized them as such.

Beloved child, as you know, I was present at the Resurrection of my Son, but I did not say a word to anyone, as I waited for Jesus to reveal himself in his gloriously and triumphantly risen humanity. The first one to see him risen was the fortunate Magdalene, then the other 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 them all. With a spirit of assured victory I confirmed them all in the faith of the Resurrection. By evening, almost all of the Apostles had seen him risen, and they all felt a spirit of victory in having been called to be Jesus’ Apostles. Dear child, what a change in scene it was for the Apostles who symbolize those who initially let themselves be dominated

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by the human will, who run away and abandon their Master and, in fear and fright, hide. Indeed, Peter reached the point of denying his Master. Oh, if they had been dominated by the Divine Will they would never have fled from their Master but, with courage and a spirit of assured victory, they would have never left his side and would have felt honoured to give their lives to defend him.⁶⁸

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 in the certainty of his Resurrection. And when He was not with the Apostles He was with his mother in the cenacle, surrounded by souls who had come out of limbo. But at the end of the forty days, Jesus instructed the Apostles and, entrusting to them his mother as their guide and instructor, He promised us the descent of the Holy Spirit. Then, blessing us all, He departed and took flight for the vaults of heaven together with the great host of souls that had come out of limbo. All those present, and we were great in number, saw him ascend, and as He rose on high, a cloud of light removed him from our sight.

Now, my child, your mother followed him into heaven and was present at the great Feast of the Ascension. Moreover, since the heavenly homeland was not foreign to

⁶⁸ Unlike Peter's bold act of cutting off the high priest servant's right ear to defend Christ from being captured, the expression "*they would have given their lives to defend him,*" implies a selfless act of martyrdom. On Day 30, Mary reveals to Luisa that the descent of Holy Spirit infused in the Apostles this martyrial love, whereby they desired to give their lives for their master.

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me, the feast of my Son's Ascension into heaven would have been incomplete without me.

Now, dearest child, I wish to offer you a word of advice. All that you have heard and admired has been nothing but the power of the Divine Will operating in me and in my Son. This is why I so lovingly desire to enclose in you the life of the Divine Will; it is God's operating life. [What happiness there would be if] everyone would receive it, but instead the majority keep it stifled and use it for their own interests. Although the Divine Will could operate prodigies of sanctity, grace and works befitting its power, souls reduced it to inactivity, whereby it is unable to display its power. So, be attentive and let the heaven of the Divine Will extend [its power] within you, so that by this means, it may accomplish [in you] whatever it desires and howsoever it chooses.

The soul:

My most holy mother, your beautiful lessons enrapture me, and, oh, how I wish and long for the operating life of the Divine Will to seize my soul. I too want to be inseparable from my sweet Jesus and from you, my mother. But to be sure of this, you must take on the commitment of keeping my will enclosed in your maternal Heart. And even if I should see that this effort costs me much, you must never give my will back to me. Only then will I be certain [that we will remain inseparable]; otherwise, my prayers will remain only words bereft of

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good works. Therefore I, your child, commend myself to you with the hope of obtaining everything from you.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, make three genuflections in [honour of] My Son's act of ascending into heaven, and entreat him to for you [to have the courage] to make your ascent to the Divine Will.

Exclamation:

Dear mother, with your power, triumph over my soul and may I remain in the Will of God.

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Day 30

The Virgin Mary instructs the Apostles and becomes the refuge of the nascent Church in expectation of the Holy Spirit

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Here I am again before you, Heavenly Sovereign. I feel so drawn to you that I count the minutes, awaiting you, who have attained the Supreme Heights, to call me and share with me the beautiful surprises of your maternal lessons. Your motherly love enraptures me, and knowing that you love me makes my heart rejoice and fills me with great confidence. Indeed, my mother who loves me so much and grants me so much grace, will form such a sweet enchantment for my human will that the Divine Will shall extend its seas of light within my soul and place the seal of the [third] Fiat in all of my acts. O holy mother, never leave me to myself again. Let the Holy Spirit descend upon me to vanquish from me whatever opposes the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My blessed child, your words echo in my Heart and so wound me that I [feel compelled to] pour myself out into you along with my seas of grace. Oh, how these seas run to you, my child, to give you the life of the Divine Will. If

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you are faithful to me, I will no longer leave you, but will always be with you to infuse into each one of your acts, words and heartbeats [the strength that derives from] the heavenly banquet God's of the Divine Will.

Now, my child, listen to what I am about to tell you. Our Highest Good, Jesus, had departed for heaven and is now before his Heavenly Father, pleading for his children and brothers on earth. From his heavenly homeland He looks upon all souls; no one escapes him. And his love is so great that He leaves his mother on earth as the comforter, assistant, instructor and companion of his and my children.

As my Son departed for heaven, I remained together with the Apostles in the cenacle, waiting for the Holy Spirit. They all gathered closely around me and we prayed together; they did nothing without my advice. And when I began to instruct them and share some of the interesting events in my Son's life that they had not known – such as the details of his birth, [the meaning behind] his infant tears, his loving ways [in different circumstances], the things that occurred in Egypt and the so many wonders of our 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 and lessons He imparted to me, which were, in turn, to serve them. Since my Son had reserved for me the task of letting the Apostles know how much He loved them, and the details which only his mother knew, He had therefore said to them little or nothing about himself. So, my child, I was united with my Apostles more [intimately] than the sun to [its light that illumines] the day. I was the anchor, the rudder and the vessel [of the nascent

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Church] in which they took refuge to be safe and sheltered from every danger. Therefore, I can say that I delivered the nascent Church upon my maternal lap with my arms as the vessel in which I led her safe to shore, and I continue to do so.

Then the time came for the descent of the Holy Spirit in the cenacle promised by my Son. What a transformation, my child! As those present were enveloped [by the Holy Spirit], they acquired new knowledge, heroic courage and 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 work of 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, I still continue to instruct the Church.⁶⁹ There is nothing that descends [from heaven] that does not derive from me; I can say that I pour myself out for love of my children and 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 lap and into my maternal arms so that, taking refuge in this vessel,⁷⁰ you may rest assured

⁶⁹ The original Italian text states, “*Io continuo ancora il mio magistero nella Chiesa*” (cf. footnote 86, p. 261).

⁷⁰ On this 30th day, Mary refers to herself and her arms as a vessel – a symbol of her maternal protection over the Church. Inasmuch as the human body represents an earthly vessel on voyage to its heavenly homeland, the vessel itself may represent the human body, while the motor its soul’s will, the rudder its intellect, the undercurrent its

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that you will live in the sea of the Divine Will. A greater grace I could not grant you. So I entreat you, make your mother happy by desiring to live in this ever-so holy Kingdom. And when you see that your will wishes to act on its own, come and take refuge in the safe vessel of my arms, saying to me: “My mother, my will wants to betray me, so I hand it over to you so that you may exchange it for me with the Divine Will.”

Oh, how happy I shall be in saying: “My child is all mine because she lives in the Divine Will.” And I will make the Holy Spirit descend upon your soul, so that in you He may vanquish whatever is purely human; by his refreshing breath He shall reign over you and confirm you in the Divine Will.

The soul:

Instructor of divine truths, today your little child feels her heart filled to the point of bursting into tears and wetting your maternal hands with them. A veil of sadness invades me, and I fear that I will not profit from your teachings and from your maternal cares that surpass those of any mother. Dear mother, help me, strengthen my weakness; put to flight my fears so that, abandoning myself in your arms, I may rest assured of living completely in the Divine Will.

memory, and the wind against the sails the gifts received from the Holy Spirit.

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Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, recite seven *Gloria's* in honour of the Holy Spirit, asking me for his prodigies to be renewed throughout the entire Church.

Exclamation:

Heavenly Mother, pour out onto my heart your loving fiery flames to consume me and vanquish from me whatever opposes the Will of God.

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Day 31

The Virgin Mary's Assumption into Heaven

The soul to its glorious Queen:

My dear Heavenly Mother, I am back in your maternal arms and, as I look at you, a sweet smile appears on your purest lips. Today you are rejoicing, and you appear to want to confide something yet more surprising to me, your child. Holy mother, I entreat you to touch my mind and purify my heart with your maternal hands, so that I may understand your holy lessons and put them into practice.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dearest child, today your mother rejoices. I wish to tell you of [the events surrounding] the day in which I finished accomplishing the Divine Will on earth and made my flight to heaven. There was not in me one breath, heartbeat or step in which the Divine Fiat did not discover its complete act. And this complete act embellished, enriched and sanctified me so much that even the angels were left enraptured.

Before departing for my heavenly homeland, I returned again to Jerusalem with my beloved John. It was the last time that I would walk the earth in mortal flesh, and

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all creation, as if realizing this, prostrated itself around me. As I passed by, all creation – from the fish of the sea to the tiniest bird – wanted to be blessed by their Queen. And I blessed them all and extended to them my last goodbye. Then I arrived in Jerusalem and, withdrawing in to the little home where John had brought me, I enclosed myself in it never to leave again.

Blessed child, I began to feel within me such a martyrdom of love; my love, enflamed by the ardent yearnings to reach my Son in heaven, so consumed me that my human nature felt ill with love,⁷¹ and experienced intense deliriums and pinings of pure love.

Because my human nature was conceived without sin and lived completely in the Divine Will, the seed of natural evils was not in me, thus I experienced neither physical illness nor the slightest malady. And if I experienced so many sorrows, they were all of the supernatural order. For such sorrows provided me with the occasion to render fruitful my maternity and to conquer many of my children, they became honours and triumphs for your Heavenly Mother. Do you see then, dear child, what it means to live in the Divine Will? It means to lose the seed of natural evils that produce not honours and triumphs, but weakness, misery and defeats.

⁷¹ Here Mary describes the mystical phenomenon that God produces in the soul where he wounds it with an infusion of the beatific love of heaven. This phenomenon is also described by St. John of the Cross in his 11th stanza of the Spiritual Canticle where he writes of “the sickness of love” that cannot be cured except by very presence and image of God.

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Therefore, dearest child, listen to the last words of your mother who is about to make her flight to heaven. I cannot leave for heaven happy if I am not certain that my child will be safeguarded. So before departing, I now wish to bequeath to you my testament,⁷² leaving you the dowry of that same Divine Will that your mother possesses and that enriched me with so much grace that I became the Mother of the Word, the Lady and Queen of the Heart of Jesus, and the Mother and Queen of all creatures.

Now, dear child, this is the last day of the month that is consecrated to me. I spoke to you with great love of what the Divine Will wrought in 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. Do you perhaps think that my lessons were a simple narration? By no means; for when your mother speaks, she desires to enrich you. So it is with ardent love I spoke to you and, in each word I spoke, I bound your soul to the Divine Fiat and prepared for you the dowry with which you might live enriched, happily and endowed with a divine power.

Now that I am about to leave, accept my testament;⁷³ may your soul be the paper on which I write – with the gold pen of the Divine Will and with the ink of the ardent love that consumes me – the testimony of the dowry I leave to you. Blessed child, assure me that you will never again do your own will; place your hand on my maternal

⁷² The original Italian texts states: “...voglio fare il mio testamento, lasciandoti per dote quella stessa Volontà Divina...”

⁷³ The original Italian texts states: “...accetta il mio testamento.”

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Heart, and promise me that you will enclose your will in my Heart, so that, no longer feeling your will, you will not have any occasion to do it. And I will bring your will to heaven with me as the triumph and conquest of my child.

Dear child, listen to the last words of your mother, as I die of pure love: Receive my last blessing as the seal of the life of the Divine Will that I leave in you, which will form your heaven, your sun, and your seas of love and grace. In these last moments, your heavenly mother desires to inundate you with love and pour herself out in you, and I do so in order that in your last words you may tell me that you prefer to die and make any sacrifice, than to do one act of your own will. Tell me you will do so, tell me so my child!

The soul:

Holy mother, in my ardent sorrow I tell you in tears: If you see that I am about to do one act of my own will, make me die [to it]; come and take my soul into your arms to heaven. And from my heart I promise you, I vow to never ever do my own will.

The Queen of Love:

Blessed child, how happy I am. I would not have told you of my departure for heaven if you would not have reassured me that you, my child, would allow yourself to be endowed with the Divine Will. Be certain that from heaven

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I will not leave you; far from treating you like an orphan, I will guide you in all things – from your least to your greatest needs all you have to do is invoke me and immediately I will come and offer you my motherly assistance.

Now, dear child, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you. I was already ill with love.⁷⁴ In a prodigious way the Divine Fiat consoled the Apostles and me as well, by allowing all of the Apostles, except one, to surround me as I was about to make my flight to heaven. [In acknowledging that these were my last moments on earth] all experienced heartache and wept bitterly, and I consoled them. In a special way I entrusted to all of them the nascent holy Church, and imparted my maternal blessing to them that conveyed to their hearts the [grace of] paternal love toward souls. My dear Son, who could no longer be without his mother, paid me continual visits by going back and forth from heaven to earth.⁷⁵

As I breathed my last out of pure love in the endless sea of the Divine Will, my Son received me in his arms and took me to heaven among the angelic choirs who praised me as their Queen. I can say that heaven emptied itself to come to me and everyone [in heaven] celebrated. In gazing

⁷⁴ Cf. footnote 71, p. 235.

⁷⁵ Throughout her writings Luisa refers to Mary and Jesus' visits to each other as "bilocative acts" of the soul, respectively from earth to heaven (when Mary was in the womb of Ann) and from heaven to earth (when Jesus could no longer be without his mother). These acts of bilocation are also rediscovered in Luisa's descriptions of Adam and Eve, where their souls bilocated in all created things (cf. p. 534; footnote 7, pp. 14-15).

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at me, all remained enraptured and with one accord exclaimed: “Who is she who comes from the exile, completely immersed in her Lord, all beautiful and all holy, bearing the Queen’s scepter?”⁷⁶ So great is she that the heavens have lowered themselves to receive her. No other creature has entered these heavenly regions so adorned, so striking and so powerful; indeed she has supremacy over all.”

Now, my child, do you wish to know who she is to whom all heaven sang hymns, and who caused all of heaven to be enraptured? It is I, she who never did her will. The Divine Will abounded in me to such an extent that it extended in my soul the most beautiful heavens, the most refulgent suns along with seas of beauty, love and holiness with which I could administer light to all. To all I could administer love and sanctity while enclosing everything and everyone within my heavenly soul. All this was the work of the Divine Will operating in me. The Divine Will accomplished in me the great prodigy, whereby I was the only creature to enter heaven with the Kingdom of the Divine Will established in its soul.

⁷⁶ While one might interpret this phrase to suggest that the angels were unaware of Mary until her Assumption into heaven, Luisa reveals quite the opposite. “*Here I am, Holy mother, near your cradle to witness your miraculous birth. The heavens are astonished, the sun is fixed upon you with its light, the earth exults with joy and feels honoured because it is inhabited by its little newborn Queen; the angels vie to be around your cradle to honour you and act on your every wish. Everyone honours you and wants to celebrate your birth*” (*The Blessed Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*, Day 10). Also Luisa was known by everyone in heaven before her death (L. Piccarreta, volume 14, March 10, 1922), and so too are the souls who live in the Divine Will (Ibid, volume 36, May 10, 1938).

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Now, in gazing upon me the whole heavenly court stood amazed, for in beholding me they discovered the heavens; and in gazing upon me again, they discovered the sun; and unable to take their gaze away from me, they discovered more deeply within me the sea, as well as the clearest earth of my humanity adorned with the most beautiful flowerings. And enraptured, they exclaimed: “How beautiful she is! She has centralized everything within herself; in her nothing is lacking. Among all the works of her Creator, she is the only complete work of all creation!”

Now, blessed child, this was the first feast of the Divine Will celebrated in heaven [to honour] the very many prodigies wrought by the Divine Will within a creature. Therefore, upon my entrance to heaven, the whole heavenly court celebrated all the beautiful and great things that the Divine Fiat can do within a soul. Since then, this feast has not been repeated, and this is why your mother ardently yearns for the Divine Will to reign in souls in an absolute manner; I yearn for souls to allow the Divine Will to repeat in them its great prodigies and its stupendous feasts.

The soul:

Mother 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 long for my dear mother, as my life is empty without you. Indeed, without my mother everything in my life is unstable. So, do

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not leave me halfway along my journey, but continue to guide me until all things in me have converted into the Will of God, so that it may establish its life and its Kingdom in me.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, recite three *Gloria's* to the Most Holy Trinity to thank God in my name for the great glory He gave me when I was assumed into heaven. And ask me to come to assist you at the moment of your death.

Exclamation:

Heavenly Mother, enclose my will within your Heart and infuse within my soul the sun of the Divine Will.

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Offering of the Human Will to the Heavenly Queen

O sweetest mother, here I am, prostrate at the foot of your throne. I am your little child and I desire to offer you all of my filial love. As your child, I desire to bind all the little sacrifices, aspirations and promises of never doing my will that I have made many times during this month of grace. I weave them into a crown as a pledge of my love and in thanksgiving to you, my mother, and I place this crown upon your lap. But this is not enough; I also want you to receive this crown in your hands as a sign that you accept my gift. At the touch of your maternal hands, may you convert this crown into many suns, at least for the many times I tried to do the Divine Will through my little acts.

My Holy Queen and mother, as your child I desire to offer you in homage the light and the most refulgent suns that come from this crown. I realize that you already possess many of these suns, but they are not the suns of this child of yours. So I wish to offer you these suns of mine that tell you that I love you – may they increase your love for me.

Holy mother, it seems as if you look at me and smile with complete joy, and accept my gift. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. And I wish to tell you many more things: I desire to enclose within the refuge of your maternal Heart, my sorrows, fears, weakness and my entire

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being. I consecrate my will to you, my mother. Please accept this consecration and, by means of it, may you make of my will a triumph of grace and a fertile ground in which the Divine Will may extend its Kingdom. May this act of consecration of my will to you render us inseparable and keep us continuously united. As I consecrate my will to you, you offer me your will in exchange so that the doors of heaven may not be closed to me. Wherefore either you, my mother, shall come and remain on earth with me, your child, or I shall go to live with you in heaven. Oh, how happy I shall be!

My sweetest mother, there is one more thing. 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 them all, I now promise under oath: I hereby solemnly consecrate my will to you, my Heavenly Mother.

And now, Sovereign Queen, to complete this consecration, I ask for your holy blessing upon me and upon all souls. May your blessing be a heavenly dew that 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 suffering holy souls [in purgatory] and extinguish the fire that purges them; may your maternal blessing be a pledge of salvation for all souls. Amen.

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Appendix

Meditation 1

The Visitation

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Heavenly Mother, this poor child of yours deeply yearns to be with you! Since you are the mother of Jesus and my mother, I feel compelled to be close to you and remain at your side in order to follow your steps after which I am to model mine. Holy mother, lend me your hand and take me with you so that I may learn how to conduct myself well in life while carrying out my various tasks.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Blessed child, how sweet your company is! Seeing you want to follow and imitate me, refreshes me amidst the flames of love that consume me. Indeed having you near me allows me to more easily instruct you on how to live in Divine Will. While you follow me, be sure to listen closely to what I wish to tell you.

No sooner did I become the mother of Jesus and your mother, than my seas of love redoubled and, unable to contain them all, I felt the [ardent] desire to [pour them out

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in souls and] expand them, and become for souls the first bearer of Jesus, even at the cost of great sacrifices... And what were these sacrifices? For one who truly loves, sacrifices and sorrows become refreshments and consolations, as they are the outpourings of the love one possesses. Oh, my child, if you do not experience the good that derives from offering up a sacrifice or experience its most intimate joys, it is a sign that divine love does not completely fill your soul and, therefore, the Divine Will does not reign in you as its Queen. For the Divine Will alone gives such power to the soul as to render it invincible and capable of enduring any sorrow.

Place your hand upon your heart, and observe how many voids of love are in it. Now reflect [on what you observe]: That secret self-esteem; disturbance at the slightest adversity; those tiny attachments you feel to things and to people; tardiness in doing good; the restlessness you feel when things do not go your way, are equivalent to many voids of love in your heart – voids which, like little fevers, zap you of the strength and the [holy] desire that one needs in order to be filled with the Divine Will. Oh, if only you were to fill these voids with love, you too would feel the refreshing and conquering virtue in your sacrifices. My child, lend me your hands and follow me as I now offer you my [next] lesson.

I left Nazareth accompanied by Saint Joseph, facing a long journey of crossing mountains to go visit Elisabeth in Judea who, in her advanced age, had miraculously become a mother.

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I went to see her, not simply to pay her a visit, but because my Heart was set ablaze with the desire to bring Jesus to her. The fullness of grace, love and light which I felt in me, compelled me to bring Jesus to her and to multiply to a hundredfold the life of my Son in souls.

Yes, my child, the motherly love I possessed for all souls, and for you in particular, was so great that I felt ardent yearnings to give my dear Jesus to everyone, so that all might possess him and love him. The rightful claims I had to motherhood, bequeathed to me by the Fiat, enriched me with such power that the same Fiat [operating in me] multiplied Jesus for as many times as there are souls who desire to receive him. This was the greatest miracle given me to perform:⁷⁷ To have Jesus always available in order to give him to whomever should desire him. And I was so happy [to do this]! How I yearn that you too, my child, in approaching and visiting others, would always be the bearer of Jesus, capable of making him known and yearning to make him loved [by others].

After many days of travel, we finally arrived in Judea, and I hastened to the house of Elisabeth. She approached me rejoicing, and when I greeted her, amazing things happened. My little Jesus exulted in my womb and directing the rays of his divinity toward little John in the

⁷⁷ If Mary worked this greatest miracle in her life to the unawares of those around her, Luisa adds that Mary never performed any “visible” miracles in her life: *“If in life our great heavenly Mother did not perform any visible miracles, either of healings or of raising the dead, she nevertheless performed, and continues to perform miracles at each moment, at every hour and every day”* (L. Piccarreta, volume 22, June 1, 1927).

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womb of his mother, He sanctified him and infused within him the use of reason, letting him know that He, [my little Jesus,] was the Son of God. And John leaped so forcefully with love and joy that Elisabeth was shaken. Touched by the light of the divinity of my Son, she acknowledged that I had become the Mother of God. In her vehemence of love she trembled with gratitude and exclaimed: “Who am I to be so honoured that the mother of my Lord should come to me?”

Because I could not deny the greatest mystery [of the Incarnation], I humbly confirmed it, praising God with the song of the Magnificat – the sublime canticle through which the Church continuously honours me. I announced that the Lord had done great things in me⁷⁸, his servant, and therefore that all generations would call me blessed. My child, I was set ablaze with the ardent desire to unleash the flames of love that consumed me and reveal my secret to Elisabeth, who also longed for the coming of the Messiah. For a secret is a need of the heart which is irresistibly revealed to those capable of understanding.

Now who could adequately describe the great blessing my visit imparted to Elisabeth, to John [in her womb] and to their household? Everyone was sanctified, filled with gladness, experienced unusual joys and comprehended things unheard of. John, in particular,

⁷⁸ Noteworthy is the expression “has done great things *in me*”, which conveys the reality of the Trinity establishing “in” Mary’s soul the kingdom of the Divine Will, which comprises all the lives and acts of all creatures.

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received all the grace necessary 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 the Divine Will occupied its royal place in my soul. And if you let the Divine Will reign in your soul, you too will become the bearer of Jesus to other souls – you too will feel the irresistible desire to give him to everyone!

The soul:

Holy mother, I thank you so much 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, I entreat you to come; descend into my soul together with Jesus; renew in me the visit you made to Saint Elisabeth and the prodigies you worked for her.⁷⁹ Dear mother, bring Jesus to me [as you brought him to Elizabeth] and sanctify me [as you sanctified John in her womb]. With Jesus I will be able to do his Most Holy Will.

⁷⁹ Such prodigies wrought by Christ through Mary included the sanctification of John in Elizabeth's womb, the loosening of the tongue of her husband Zachariah (who was alone permitted by the Mosaic law to impart a name to their son), an increase of grace among Elisabeth's household, etc.

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Aspiration:

To honour me, recite the Magnificat three times in thanksgiving for the visit I made to Saint Elisabeth.

Exclamation:

Holy mother, visit my soul and prepare in it a worthy dwelling for the Divine Will.

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Meditation 2

Jesus' Circumcision

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Divine mother, your love powerfully calls me to be with you. You wish me to share in your joys and sorrows, and deposit them in my heart as pledge of your love and of the love of little baby Jesus, so that I may understand how much you love me and how I am obliged to imitate you. You want me to fix my attention on your life and, in patterning my life after this model, form in myself its perfect copy. Holy mother, help me to imitate you.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Dearest child, how I long for your company, for I wish to tell you of our story of love and of sorrow! The sweet company of one who loves renders joy sweeter, dearer and gentler, while mitigating and making up for the sorrow endured.

Now, only eight days had passed since our divine infant Jesus was born. All things rejoiced with gladness, and all creation with one accord celebrated its infant Creator. But we were obliged to interrupt our joys, as in those days there was a law that all firstborn sons were to undergo the harsh cut of circumcision. My maternal Heart bled with sorrow in having to submit my dear Son, my life and my own Creator to such bitter pain. Oh, how I wanted

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to take his place, but the Supreme Will, infusing heroism in me and exercising its supremacy over my love, commanded me to circumcise my Son-God. My child, you cannot understand how much it cost me [to do this], but, united with Saint Joseph, I obeyed and the Divine Fiat was victorious.⁸⁰ So together we agreed and we had my little Son circumcised. At this sorrowful cut, I felt my Heart break, and I wept. Saint Joseph wept also, and my dear baby sobbed and his sorrow was so intense that, shivering, He looked at me and asked me for help. What an hour of sorrow and grief for the three of us! Our sorrow was so great that, more powerful than the sea, it engulfed all souls in order to bring them the first pledge [of love], to offer them the life of my Son and to secure their destiny.

Now, blessed child, this cut contains profound mysteries: First, the cut impressed on the little humanity of the heavenly infant Jesus represents the seal of brotherhood that he established for the entire human family; the Blood He shed was the first payment before God's Divine Justice to ransom the souls of all human generations. My dear baby Jesus was innocent and was not bound by the law, but He wanted to submit himself to it, first, to give us an example to imitate, and second, to convey to us trust and courage, as though saying to all: *"Do not fear. I am your little brother*

⁸⁰ Mary's words on Day 15 that she "did not encounter *any difficulties* in what she did", does not mean that all things came easy to her. Indeed, she here relates that it "cost her" much to circumcise the infant Jesus, just as it cost her much on Day 5, where she affirms that "there is no sacrifice similar to mine". Indeed, Mary did not encounter 'any difficulties' in promptly and spontaneously obeying the will of God, and yet such spontaneity and unflinching adhesion to God's Will was the fruit of her heroic sacrifice that 'cost her' much in life.

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and am just like you. Let us love one another and I will secure your destiny. I will bring all of you to My Heavenly Father as My dear brothers.”

My child, what an example the heavenly infant Jesus gives us! He, who is the author of the law, obeys the law. He was born only eight days ago, and yet He obeys the law as his obligation, submitting himself to the harsh cut of circumcision and undergoing an indelible cut – a cut as indelible as the union He has come to establish with the human family that has become degraded. And this teaches us that holiness consists in fulfilling one’s obligations, in observing the law and in accomplishing the Divine Will. There is no holiness without being committed to an obligation. For a commitment to an obligation creates order and harmony, and impresses upon the soul the seal of holiness.

My child, as Adam withdrew from the Divine Will after his short life of innocence, his human will was wounded more profoundly than one who receives a deadly blow with a knife, and on account of this wound guilt and passions emerged. Adam lost the beautiful [and perpetual] day of the Divine Will and was so degraded that his condition evoked pity.

So, following the joys of my dear Son’s birth, He wanted to be circumcised so that his wound might heal the wound that Adam inflicted on himself by doing his own will. With his Blood, Jesus prepared for Adam the bath, whereby he might be cleansed of all sin, strengthened, embellished and made worthy to receive anew the Divine

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Will that he had forfeited, which was the source of his holiness and happiness. Dear child, Jesus did not perform any work or endure any sorrow that did not have as its aim the reordering of souls in the Divine Will.

Therefore, in all circumstances, even the sorrowful and humiliating ones, strive to do the Divine Will in all things, as striving constitutes the [soul's] raw material in which God's Will conceals itself in order to operate in the soul, and lead the soul to put the life of the Divine Will into practice.⁸¹

Now, dearest child, in many of the very sorrows we experienced, the most beautiful joys arose which were so great that they put an end to our tears. And when we had our divine infant circumcised, we gave him the Most Holy Name of Jesus, the name desired by the angel. In pronouncing Jesus' Most Holy Name, our joy and bliss were so great that our sorrow dissipated. Indeed, all those who so desire may find in Jesus' name the balm to alleviate their sorrows, their protection in the face of danger, their victory over temptation, the hand to keep them from falling into sin, and the cure to all of their evils.

The Most Holy Name of Jesus makes hell tremble; the angels reverence it and it sweetly resounds in the ears of the Heavenly Father. Before this name, all bow down and adore, as it is powerful, holy and great, and whoever

⁸¹ In the original Italian text, Luisa here uses the expression, "*vita praticante*", to convey God's "operative virtue" in the soul (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 30, November 29, 1931: "*My Will is the vivifying, active and operating virtue that forms the life of all the [divine] acts the soul [who lives in My Will] intends to do.*").

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invokes it with faith will experience prodigies. Such is the miraculously secret virtue of this Most Holy name.

Now, my child, I encourage you to always pronounce the name, "Jesus." When you see that your human will is weak and vacillating, and hesitates to do the Divine Will, the name of Jesus will make it resurrect in the Divine Fiat. If you are oppressed, call upon the name of Jesus; if you work, call upon the name of Jesus; if you sleep, call upon the name of Jesus; when you wake up, may your first word be "Jesus." Call him always, as it is a name that contains seas of grace which He gives to those who call upon him and love him.

The soul to its Queen:

Heavenly Mother, I thank you so much for the beautiful lessons you have given me. I beg you to inscribe them in my Heart so that I may never forget them. I ask you to immerse my soul in the Blood of the heavenly infant Jesus, so that his Blood may heal the wounds my human will has produced in me and enclose it in the Divine Will; may you write the Most Holy Name of Jesus on each one of my wounds so that this name may guard me.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, perform five acts of love in honour of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, and unite yourself

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with me in the sorrow I endured during the circumcision of my Son Jesus.

Exclamation:

My mother, write “Jesus” in my heart so that He may give me the grace to live in the Divine Will.

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Meditation 3

The Adoration of the Magi

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Holy mother, here I am again on your maternal lap. As you press to your bosom your sweet baby Jesus, your enrapturing beauty so binds me that I cannot separate myself from you. But today your appearance is more beautiful; it seems that somehow the sorrow of the circumcision has rendered you more beautiful. Yearning with the desire of making Jesus known, you sweetly gaze in the distance to see if those dear to you are arriving. I wish to remain on your lap, and listen to your beautiful lessons and come to know and love Jesus more.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Dearest child, you are right in saying that I appear to you more beautiful. For when I saw my Son being circumcised and the Blood pouring forth from his wound, I lovingly revered his Blood and his wound, thereby redoubling my motherhood. In addition to being the mother of my Son, I now also became the mother of his Blood – of his bitter sorrow.⁸² Therefore I acquired a two-fold claim to

⁸² In this moment Mary receives the prerogative of universal motherhood, by virtue of which she later administers Jesus' Blood to all souls of all centuries (cf. 11pm hour, *The Hours of the Passion*; footnote 140, pp. 359-360; pp. 363, 474), thereby acquiring the title of "Co-redemptrix" (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 17, May 1, 1925; cf. the

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[the office of] motherhood – before the Supreme Majesty I acquired a two-fold claim to God’s grace: for myself and for all mankind. This is why you see me more beautiful.

My child, how beautiful it is to do good and to suffer in peace for love of the One who created us. Such an attitude binds the divinity to the soul, and gives the soul so much grace and love that it inebriates it. This love and grace cannot remain idle, but yearn to run and give themselves to all creatures in order to make known the One who has bestowed upon it so much. This is why I had the yearning desire to make my Son known.

Now, my blessed child, God’s divinity, which can deny nothing to the one who loves him, has caused a new star that is ever-so beautiful and radiant to appear in the blue skies. With its light this star goes in search of adorers in order to proclaim to the whole world with its silent twinkling⁸³: “The One who has come to save you is born! Come adore and acknowledge him as your Savior!” But there was so much human ingratitude among so many that only three individuals gave this star any attention and, without considering their sacrifices, followed its path. And

4pm hour of *The Hours of the Passion*, and day 25 of *The Blessed Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*). It is noteworthy that on February 15, 1926 the child Jesus appeared to Sr. Lucia of Fatima and asked that reparation be made to the Immaculate Heart of Mary on the five first Saturdays of the month. Reparation was to be made for the five sins committed against her Immaculate Heart, in particular for the sins committed against her “universal motherhood”, and those who observe this devotion will receive the graces necessary for salvation.

⁸³ The expression “silent twinkling” is creation’s silent proclamation of God’s glory (cf. Psalm 91:1-4; L. Piccarreta, volume 27, November 6, 1929).

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just as a star guided these individuals, so my prayers, love, sighs and graces – whose aim is to reveal to souls the heavenly infant Jesus whom all the centuries awaited – descended into their hearts like many stars, illuminating their minds and guiding their hearts, whereby without yet knowing him, they felt love for the One whom they were searching. Thus they hastened their step to reach and see the One they so much loved.

My dearest child, my motherly Heart rejoiced in the faithfulness, correspondence and sacrifice of these Magi Kings who had come to know and adore my Son. But I cannot hide from you a secret sorrow of mine: Of the many people [in those days], only three had come. May I ask, throughout the centuries of human history, how many times is this sorrow of mine caused by human ingratitude repeated? All that my Son and I did was engender [spiritual] stars, one more beautiful than the other, to beckon souls to know their Creator – some to sanctity, others to rise from having fallen into sin, and yet others to heroic sacrifice. And do you wish to know what these [spiritual] stars are? A star is a sorrowful encounter [endured for the love of God], or a [divine] truth well received; a star is having one's love rejected, or enduring a setback [out of love for God];⁸⁴ a star is a disappointment or a dejection [lovingly endured], or even an blessing in

⁸⁴ In her simple Apulian language, Luisa conveys the soul's ability to unite to God's Will all of its experiences of joy and sorrow. God, in turn, transforms these experiences into spiritual stars that produce the light of grace within its soul and in the lives of others, and this light disposes them to receive the gift of Living in the Divine Will while guiding them to eternal salvation.

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disguise. These are the many stars that shed light in the minds of my children. These stars dispose souls to seek out the heavenly infant Jesus who is eagerly awaiting their love, as He shivers with cold while seeking refuge in their hearts so as to be known and loved. But, alas, I who hold Jesus in my arms, wait in vain for these stars [– for these many occasions that God predisposes in souls –] to dispose the souls of my children to come to me, whereby I may deposit Jesus in their hearts, but my maternity is denied and remains ineffective.

Although I am the mother of Jesus, I am prevented from exercising my universal motherhood, for not all of my children gather around me, nor do they look to Jesus. And so the stars [of which I spoke to you] do not appear [in the sky], but remain [obscured] in [the skies of] the Jerusalem of the world without [guiding souls to] Jesus. What sorrow, my child, what sorrow! It takes correspondence, fidelity and sacrifice to follow these stars.⁸⁵ And if the sun of the Divine Will rises within the soul, one must be very attentive to it, lest one be left in the darkness of the human will.

Now, my child, as the Magi Kings entered Jerusalem, they lost sight of the star, but they did not stop looking for Jesus. And when they went outside the city, the star reappeared and led them rejoicing to the grotto of Bethlehem. With my motherly love I received them, and

⁸⁵ “...to follow these stars” refers to the soul’s willingness to promptly unite itself to Jesus in all the joys and sorrows it experiences, as it is Jesus who relives in the soul all that which he allows the soul to experience.

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my dear baby looked at them with great love and majesty, and let [the light of] his divinity shine forth through his little humanity. Bowing down, they knelt at his feet, and adoring and contemplating his heavenly beauty, they recognized him as the true God. As they delighted in him, they remained enraptured and ecstatic, so much so that the heavenly infant Jesus had to withdraw [the light of] his divinity back into his humanity, otherwise they would have remained at his divine feet, unable to move.

Then, after their [mystical] rapture, they came to and began to offer the gold of their souls, the frankincense of their faith and adoration, and the myrrh of their entire being – indeed they were disposed to offer any sacrifice He may have asked of them – and [to these interior acts of theirs] they added the offering of external gifts which symbolized their interior acts: gold, frankincense and myrrh. But my motherly love was not yet complete; I desired to place the sweet child in their arms, and oh, with what love they kissed and hugged him! They experienced within themselves a foretaste of paradise.

Through this act, my Son bound all the gentile nations to the knowledge of the true God; He placed at everyone's disposal the blessings of Redemption; He acquired the return to the faith for all people; He constituted himself King of all rulers by ruling over all with his weapons of love, pains and tears, and thus He invoked the reign of the Kingdom of his Will on earth. And I, your

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mother, desiring to act as his first apostle,⁸⁶ instructed the Magi; I told them of the story of my Son, of his ardent love; I encouraged them to make him known to all people and, becoming the first [instructor of Jesus' mission], I, as the Mother and Queen of all Apostles, blessed the Magi. I had my dear baby Jesus bless them, whence overjoyed and in tears, they returned to their regions. I did not leave them, but accompanied them with my motherly affection, and to repay them, I let them feel Jesus in their hearts. How happy they were! Indeed, I feel like a true mother only when I see that my Son has dominion, possession, and establishes his perpetual indwelling in the hearts of those who search for him and love him.

Now, a little word to you, my child: If you want me to be your true mother, allow me to place Jesus in your heart. If you do so, your love will make him happy; you will nourish him with the bread of his Will, as He desires no other food; you will clothe him with the sanctity of your works. And I will come into your heart, I will again nurture my dear child Jesus along with you, and I will carry out my motherly office anew for him and for you.⁸⁷ In this way, I

⁸⁶ When Mary refers to herself as Jesus' first apostle, she is referring to herself as the first New Testament prophet to instruct others on Jesus' messianic and apostolic mission – she is referring to her teaching office (cf. day 30 of the Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will – footnote 69, p. 231), and not to the priestly powers of the Apostles (of consecration and absolution) that she did not possess.

⁸⁷ Mary's expression, "*again nurture my dear child Jesus along with you*" indicates her motherly role in the formation of her children. Mary's role of forming her children is rediscovered in the words of St. Louis de Monfort: "*She [Mary] will consequently produce the marvels which will be seen in the latter times. The formation and education of the great saints who will come at the end of the world are reserved to*

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will feel the pure joys of my maternal fruition. But be mindful that anything you do that does not begin with Jesus, who dwells inside your heart – even the most beautiful external works – cannot please me, as they would be [works] bereft of the life of my dear Son.

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Holy mother, how I thank you for wanting to place the heavenly infant Jesus in my heart! How happy I am! Please hide me under your mantle so that I may see no one but the child Jesus who is in my heart. Make of my entire being one single act of love in the Divine Will. May you [again] nurture the child Jesus [along with me], so that I may be completely filled with him, and may there remain of me nothing but a veil that conceals him.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, come three times to offer a kiss to the heavenly little baby Jesus, giving him the gold of your will, the incense of your adoration, and the myrrh of your sufferings, and ask me to enclose him in your heart.

her” (St. Louis de Monfort, in *Catholic Prophecy*, Yves Dupont, Tan Books and Pub., IL [1973] p.33).

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Exclamation:

Heavenly Mother, enclose me within the walls of the Divine Will where I may nourish my dear Jesus.

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Meditation 4

The Presentation in the Temple

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Holy mother, here I am beside you to accompany you to the Temple where you go to accomplish the greatest sacrifice of all. Here you wish to place at the mercy of every soul, the life of your heavenly infant Jesus; you do so in order that all souls may avail themselves of his mercy, and be safeguarded and sanctified. But how sorrowful it is to see that many use his mercy to offend him – [and some offend him] even to their own perdition! My dear mother, place little Jesus in my heart, and I promise you, I pledge that I will always love him and make him the life of my poor heart.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dearest child, how happy I am to have you next to me. My maternal Heart desires to pour out my love and confide to you my secrets. Now, listen closely to what I am about to tell you. It is now forty days that we have been in this grotto of Bethlehem, the first home of my Son on earth. How many wonders occurred in this grotto! My heavenly infant Jesus, in an outpouring of love, descended from heaven to earth. He was conceived and born [in me], and desired to share [with others] the magnitude of his love. Each tear, wail and moan he emitted was an outpouring of

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his love. Also, he allowed himself to become numb with cold, and his lips, livid and shivering, expressed the outpourings of all the love He wanted to give us. And as He looked for his mother to deposit [in her] this love which He could no longer contain, I was enraptured and continuously wounded with love. I felt my dear little child's heartbeats, breathe and motions within my maternal Heart. I felt him crying, moaning and whimpering, and I was enveloped by the flames of his love. The circumcision had already opened up [in my soul] deep wounds into which He poured so much love that I felt [my prerogatives of] Queen and Mother of love [come alive in me]. I felt enraptured in seeing that with every pain, tear and movement of my sweet Jesus, He looked for and called upon me, his mother, as the dear refuge of his acts and of his life. Who could possibly describe to you, my child, what transpired between me and the heavenly infant Jesus during these forty days? His acts concurred with mine – his tears, sorrows and love were as though transfused in me. Whatever He did, I did.

Now, at the end of the forty days my dear baby Jesus, inebriated more than ever with love, wanted to obey the law by presenting himself in the Temple to offer himself for the salvation of all. It was the Divine Will that called us to accomplish this great sacrifice, and we promptly obeyed. My child, when the Divine Fiat finds promptness in doing whatever it desires, it puts at the soul's disposal its own divine fortitude, its own sanctity and its own creative power to multiply whatever act of sacrifice the souls accomplishes on behalf of each and every individual; the Divine Fiat places in the soul's sacrifice the

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little coin of infinite value with which one can pay [the debts] for all souls and offer satisfaction on everyone's behalf.

It was the first time that your tender mother and Saint Joseph went out in public together with our baby Jesus. All creation recognized its Creator; creation felt honoured at having Jesus in its company and, rejoicing, it accompanied us in our journey. As we arrived at the Temple, we prostrated ourselves and adored the Supreme Majesty.

The Priest was Simeon, and as I placed Jesus in his arms, he recognized that He was the Divine Word and exulted with immense joy. After the offering, he assumed the prophetic role and prophesied all of my sorrows. Oh, how the Supreme Fiat sorrowfully resounded in my maternal Heart, revealing the bitter tragedy of all the sorrows 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 fall of many, and he will be the target of contradictions."

If the Divine Will had not sustained me, I would have instantly died of pure sorrow; 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 office of motherhood which I exercised over all, I acquired the title of Mother and Queen of all Sorrows. Oh, yes, with my sorrows, I acquired the little coin to pay the debts of my children, and even those of my ungrateful children.

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Now, my child, in the light of the Divine Will I already knew all the sorrows I was to endure – even more than those which the holy prophet had foretold. But in that ever-so solemn act of offering my own Son, and in hearing it all being repeated, I felt so pierced that my Heart bled, and deep furrows opened within my soul.

Now, listen closely to your tender mother: In the pains and sorrowful encounters that are not lacking to you, as you acknowledge the sacrifice the Divine Will desires of you, never lose heart, but repeat promptly your dear and sweet Fiat: “Whatever you desire, I desire.” And with heroic love, let the Divine Will take up its royal place in your sorrows, so 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. By this means, you will ransom them from the slavery of the human will, and admit them as free children of God to the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat. Indeed, the Divine Will is so pleased by the soul’s acceptance of the sacrifice it asks of it, that it bestows upon the soul all of its divine prerogatives, and constitutes it the queen of sacrifice and the source of the blessings that will reign in all creatures.

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Holy mother, absorb all of my sorrows within your pierced Heart; you know how much they afflict me. Be a mother to me by pouring the balm of your sorrows into my heart, so that I may share in your own destiny. May I use

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my sorrows [like you] to court Jesus, defend him and shelter him from all offenses and, in this way, obtain the surest means of acquiring the Kingdom of the Divine Will and establishing its reign on earth.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, come into my arms so that I may offer you to the Heavenly Father together with my Son, to obtain [in you] the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Exclamation:

Holy mother, pour your sorrow into my soul, and convert all of my pains into the Will of God.

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Meditation 5

The Finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Holy mother, your maternal love calls out to me with an increasingly powerful voice. I see that you are busy, making final preparations to leave Nazareth. Dear mother, do not leave me, but take me with you, and I will listen attentively to more of your sublime lessons.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

Beloved child, your company and the care you show in listening to my heavenly lessons in order to imitate me, are the most pure joys you can offer my maternal Heart. I enjoy giving you lessons because I am able to share with you the immense riches of my inheritance. Now, listen closely to what I say by fixing your gaze on both Jesus and me. I will narrate to you an episode of my life which, though consoling in its outcome, was most sorrowful to me. Consider that if the Divine Will had not given me continuous and new infusions of strength and grace, I would have died of pure sorrow.

We continued to spend our lives in the quiet little house of Nazareth, and my dear Son grew in grace and wisdom. He was charming because of the sweetness and

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gentleness of his voice, of the sweet enchantment of his eyes, and of the loveliness of his entire being. Yes, my Son was truly beautiful – he was beauty itself!

Jesus had recently reached the age of twelve, when we went to Jerusalem according to the custom in order to solemnize the Passover.⁸⁸ We set out on the journey – Jesus, Saint Joseph and I. Very often, as we walked with devotion and recollection, my beloved Jesus would break the silence by speaking of his Heavenly Father and of the immense love for souls He felt in his Heart.

In Jerusalem, we went directly to the Temple, and when we arrived, we prostrated ourselves with our faces to the ground adoring God profoundly, and we prayed at length. Our prayer was so fervent and recollected as to cause heaven to open, and captivate and sweetly bind the Heavenly Father, whereby it hastened the reconciliation between God and man.

Now, my child, I want to confide to you a sorrow that deeply troubles me. Unfortunately there are many who go to Church and pray, but the prayer they direct to God remains on their lips because their hearts and minds are far from him... How many go to church out of pure habit, or to

⁸⁸ The expression of the Holy Family going to Jerusalem to “solemnize the Passover” is understood after the manner in which Jesus and Mary went to Cana to sanctify all marriages (cf. Meditation 6). The Passover is a reminder of how God spared his people from death in Egypt. Jesus and Mary, aware that blood of the Passover lamb foreshadowed Jesus’ sacrifice, came to Jerusalem to solemnize the meaning of Passover, which would henceforth represent God’s passing over the sins of the people who repent in order to spare them death and grant them eternal life.

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spend time uselessly! Such individuals cause heaven to close instead of open... How much irreverence there is in the house of God! If all souls made an effort to imitate our example, how many scourges would be spared and chastisements converted into graces in the world!

Only the prayer that comes from a soul in whom the Divine Will reigns, acts in an irresistible way upon the Heart of God. Such a prayer is so powerful that it conquers God and obtains from him the greatest graces. Therefore, be sure to live in the Divine Will, and I, your mother who loves you, will vest your prayers with the same qualities of my own powerful intercession.

After we had fulfilled our duty in the Temple and celebrated Passover, we prepared to return to Nazareth. Amid 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 sweet Jesus had come with me, and in not seeing him, I was of the impression that He had remained with his father Joseph. But upon arriving at the place where Joseph and I were to reunite, I was astounded and grieved when I discovered that Jesus was not at Joseph's side! Unaware of what had happened [to Jesus], we were shocked with such sorrow that we were both left speechless. Overcome with sorrow, we went back hurriedly, earnestly asking those we met: "Please tell us if you have seen Jesus, our Son, for we cannot live without him!" In tears we described his features: "He is the most loveable [child]; his beautiful cerulean eyes sparkle with light and speak to the heart; his gaze is striking, enrapturing and captivating; his forehead is majestic and his face

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beautiful – of an enchanting beauty; his sweetest voice penetrates the very depths of the heart and removes all worry; his curly hair, similar to fine spun gold, renders him strikingly charming... To see him is to behold majesty, dignity and sanctity. He is the most beautiful among the sons of men!” But despite our searching, nobody was able to tell us anything. The sorrow I felt was so profound that it made me weep bitterly, opening in every passing moment deep furrows within my soul that made me experience the true pangs of death.

Dear child, although Jesus was my Son, He was also my God, and so my sorrow was entirely of the divine order⁸⁹, which enabled me to endure sorrows so vehement and immense that they surpassed all other imaginable torments combined. If the Fiat which I possessed had not sustained me continuously with its divine power, I would have died of sorrow. In seeing that no one was able to inform us of my Son’s whereabouts, with earnestness I asked the angels who surrounded me: “Tell me, where is my beloved Son, Jesus? Where shall I go to find him? Ah, tell [Jesus that I am searching for] him, as I can no longer bear his absence. Carry him on your wings and place him into my arms! Oh, my dear angels, have pity on my tears; help me by bringing Jesus to me!”⁹⁰

⁸⁹ Cf. footnote 41, p. 136.

⁹⁰ While Mary had command over all creatures, including the angels, they obeyed Mary in the divine order, that is, they did only that which God permitted them to do. If Luisa tells Mary on Day 10 that “*the angels vie to be around your cradle, to honour you and to act on your every nod*”, Jesus reminds Luisa in the 7th Excess of Love that “*the angels adored Me reverently, hanging upon My every nod*”. In short,

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And with every search turning up empty, we decided to return to Jerusalem. After three days of most bitter longing, amid tears, anxieties and fears, we entered the Temple. My eyes were fixed on the lookout as I searched everywhere, when finally, I saw my Son among the doctors of the law and was overcome with jubilation! He was speaking with such wisdom and majesty as to make those who were listening were left enraptured and amazed. Only upon seeing him did I feel life in me restored, and soon I understood the secret reason of him being lost.

And now, dearest child, a little word to you. In this mystery, my Son wanted to impart to me and to you a sublime lesson. Could you perhaps assume that He was ignoring my sorrow? On the contrary, my tears, my searching and my bitter and intense sorrow, resounded within his Heart. Yet, during these very sorrowful hours of mine, He offered up in sacrifice to the Divine Will his own mother, the one whom He loves so much in order to show me how I too, one day, would have to offer up in sacrifice to the Supreme Will the life of my own Son.

In my unspeakable sorrow, I did not forget about you my beloved child. Knowing that this event would serve as an example for you, I kept it at your disposal, so that [in revealing it to you] you too, at the appropriate time, may

the angels who operate in the divine order always obey the Will of God in and through Jesus Christ in all things. For this reason the angels would not take Mary to Jesus until Jesus permitted them to do so, and after three days, in her words that follow Mary comes to realize the reason for his absence: *“Only upon seeing him did I feel life in me restored, and soon I understood the secret reason of him being lost...”*

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have the strength to offer up in sacrifice everything to the Divine Will.

And as Jesus finished speaking, we reverently approached him and addressed him with a sweet reproach: “Son, why have you done this to us?” And with divine dignity He replied to us: “*Why did you look for Me? Did you not know that I came into this world to glorify My Father?*” Having understood the sublime meaning of his response and adored in it the Divine Will, we returned to Nazareth.

Child of my maternal Heart, listen closely to what I wish to tell you. When I lost my beloved Jesus, the sorrow I felt was so very intense, and yet, a second sorrow was added, namely, that of losing you. Indeed, in foreseeing that you would have gone far from the Divine Will, at one and the same time I felt deprived of my Son and of you my child, whence my maternity suffered a double blow to the Heart. So my child, when you are about to do your own will rather than the Will of God, know that in abandoning the Divine Fiat you are about to lose Jesus and me, and will fall into the kingdom of misery and vices. Keep then the promise you made to me: To remain indissolubly united with me. If you do so, I will grant you the grace of never letting you be dominated again by your own will, but only by the Divine Will.

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The soul:

Holy mother, I tremble at the thought of the abyss into which my will is capable of making me fall, and how this can make me lose you, Jesus and all heavenly blessings... Dear mother, if you do not help me, if you do not surround me with the power of the light of the Divine Will, I do not believe it is possible for me to live in the Divine Will with constancy. Therefore, I place all my hope in you, in you I trust, and from you I hope to obtain everything. Amen.

Aspiration:

[Today] recite three Hail Mary's while uniting yourself to the intense sorrow I endured during the three days when I was deprived of my dear Jesus.

Exclamation:

Holy mother, let me forever lose my own will so that I may live only in the Divine Will.⁹¹

⁹¹ The expression, "lose" my own will does not imply that the human will ceases to operate when living in the Divine Will; rather with the gift of Living in the Divine Will God absorbs the human will's finite operation, and vests it with his one eternal operation that enables it to embrace all the lives acts of all creatures throughout time and space (L. Piccarreta, volume 14, October 9, 1922 [Jesus reveals to Luisa]: "*I see your will operating in Mine with the same creative power that desires to give Me everything and to compensate for everyone [...] This is what*

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Meditation 6

The Wedding Feast of Cana

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Holy mother, here I am together with you and sweet Jesus to assist at this new wedding, to see the prodigies surrounding it, to comprehend its great mystery and to witness the depths of your maternal love for me and for all souls. I beseech you, dear mother, take me by the hand and place me upon your lap, envelop me with your love, purify my intelligence and tell me why you wish for me to assist at this wedding.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dearest child, my Heart is set ablaze with love, and so I, along with my Son, long for you to assist at this wedding in Cana. Do you think I desire your assistance at this wedding because of a simple ceremony? No, my child; these are profound mysteries. Be attentive to what I say and I will reveal to you new mysteries. For at this wedding my motherly love overflowed in an incredible way, and my

I desired from the first man [...] you cannot [completely] comprehend it. The order of creation is restored to Me and its harmonies and joys expand without interruption. I see your human will operating in Me in the light of the sun, in the waves of the sea, in the twinkling of the stars, in everything”).

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Son displayed true signs of a paternal and royal love for souls. So be attentive to what I say.

My Son had returned from the desert and was preparing for his public life, but before doing so, he wanted to be present at this wedding. Therefore He allowed himself to be invited. We went to this wedding not to celebrate, but to do great things for all human generations. At this wedding my Son became the Father and King of all families, and I became their Mother and Queen. With our presence, we renewed the sanctity, the beauty and the [divine] order of the state of marriage that was established by God in the Garden of Eden – the same state of marriage that was enjoyed by Adam and Eve who were married by the Supreme Being in order to [be fruitful], multiply, populate the earth and give rise to [all] future generations.

Marriage is the substance from which the life of [all] human generations arises. Marriage may be called the tree trunk from which the earth is populated, and Priests and Religious may be called the branches. If it were not for the trunk, the branches would not have life. For this reason, when Adam and Eve sinned by withdrawing from the Divine Will, they caused the [tree of the human] family to lose its sanctity, beauty and [divine] order. And I, your mother, the innocent Eve, together with my Son, set out to reorder the state of marriage that had been established by God in Eden. I was constituted the Queen of Families, whence I pleaded for the grace of the Divine Fiat to reign in families, so that I might have such families under my own care and rule over them as their Queen.

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But this is not all, my child. Our love was set ablaze. My Son and I wanted to let families know how much we love them by imparting to them the most sublime lessons, and this is how we did it. In the middle of lunch there was no more wine, and my motherly Heart, consumed with love, desired to assist those present. Knowing that my Son can do anything, I, with an imploring tone and certain that He would listen to me, said to him: “My Son, the bride and the groom have no more wine.” He replied: “*My hour to do miracles has not yet come.*” And knowing with certainty that He would not deny what his mother would ask him, I said to those serving at table: “Do whatever my Son tells you, and you will obtain what you desire; indeed, you will obtain more than what you ask and in superabundance.”

My child, in these few words, I imparted the most useful, necessary and sublime lesson for souls. I spoke with my motherly Heart, saying: “My children, do you want to be holy? Do the Will of my Son. If you do not refuse what He tells you, you will possess his likeness and sanctity. Do you wish to conquer all evils? Do whatever my Son tells you. Do you wish to obtain a grace, even one that is difficult to obtain? Do whatever My Son tells you and desires of you. Do you wish to have also the very basic things that are necessary in life? Do whatever my Son tells you and desires of you. Indeed, my Son’s words enclose such power that, as He speaks, his word, which contains whatever it is you ask, makes the graces you seek arise within your souls.

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There are so many souls that find themselves filled with passions, weak, afflicted, unfortunate and wretched. And although they pray and pray, they obtain nothing because they do not do what my Son asks of them – heaven, it seems, is irresponsive to their prayers. And this is a cause of sorrow for your mother, for I see that as they pray, they greatly distance themselves from the source that contains all blessings, namely, the Will of my Son.

Now, those who were serving did precisely what my Son asked of them when He said, “Fill the jars with water and take them to the table.” My dear Jesus blessed the water and it turned into the most delightful wine. Oh, how blessed a thousand-fold is the one who does what Jesus asks and desires! With this miracle, my Son gave me the greatest honour, as He constituted me the Queen of Miracles.⁹² And so He wanted me to be united with him in prayer while performing his first miracle. He loved me so much that He wanted me to occupy the first place of

⁹² Noteworthy are the 12 titles Mary received throughout her life and that she reveals to Luisa in this book: 1) *Mother of Jesus, the Eternal Word* [Day 19; Assumption: Day 31] and *Mother of all Souls*, whereby her love redoubled [Meditation 1]; 2) *Queen of the Heart of Jesus* [Assumption: Day 31; 4pm Hour of the Passion]; 3) *Queen of Heaven and Earth* and *Queen of all Creation* [After the third step: Day 3; Assumption: Day 31]; 4) *Queen of all Things* [After her triumph in the test: 6th step: Day 6]; 5) *Secretary of the Most Holy Trinity w/ scepter in hand* [Day 7]; 6) *Queen of Peace* [Peacemaker who reconciles mankind with God: Day 9]; 7) *Queen of her own Human Nature* [Day 13]; 8) *Mother of Jesus' Blood and of Jesus' Sorrows*: Circumcision [Day 23; Meditation 3]; 9) *Mother and Queen of all Sorrows*: Presentation [Day 23; Meditation 4]; 10) *Mother and Queen of all Families* [Wedding Feast of Cana: Meditation 6]; 11) *Queen and Mother of Love* [Presentation: Meditation 4]; 12) *Queen of Miracles* [Wedding Feast of Cana: Meditation 6].

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honour as the Queen also of miracles. And not with mere words but with deeds, He said: “If you want graces and miracles, go to My mother, as I will never deny her anything she asks of Me.”

Furthermore, my child, while at this wedding, I peered into the future centuries [of mankind] and beheld the Kingdom of the Divine Will on earth. I beheld [all] families and [, with prayers,] pleaded with them to symbolize the love of the Most Holy Trinity, whereby the Kingdom of the Divine Will [on earth] may be fully realized. And with the rights accorded to me as a Mother and a Queen, I considered the great importance of this Kingdom. And, since I possess [Jesus,] the source of this Kingdom, I placed at the disposal of souls all [of his] grace, assistance and sanctity that would be required for them to live in such a holy Kingdom. This is why I keep repeating: “Do whatever my Son tells you.”

My child, listen closely. If you wish to exercise dominion over all things, and give me the joy of being able to make of you my true child and a child of the Divine Will, then seek nothing but [God’s Will]. If you do so, I will take on the commitment of forming a marriage between you and [God’s Divine] Fiat. As your true mother, I will ratify this marriage by giving you as a dowry the very life of my Son,⁹³ and as a gift my maternity and all of my virtues.

⁹³ Mary’s expression, “The very life of my Son” alludes to the new indwelling of the three divine Persons in the soul, known as Jesus’ “Real Life”, which is progressively realized in the soul (cf. L.

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The soul:

Heavenly Mother, I thank you so much for your great love for me, for having always a thought for me in everything you do, and for preparing for me and granting me so much grace that heaven and earth are moved and enraptured along with me, whereby we all say: “Thank you! Thank you!” Holy mother, engrave your holy words within my heart, “Do whatever my Son tells you”, so that Jesus may engender in me the life of the Divine Will which I ardently long for and desire. And seal my will in such a way that it may always be submitted to the Divine Will.

Aspiration:

In all our actions, let us attune our ears and listen to our Heavenly Mother who says to us: “Do whatever my Son tells you”, so that we may fulfill the Divine Will in all things.

Exclamation:

Holy mother, come into my soul and perform the miracle of making me [submit my will to God so that I may] be possessed by the Divine Will.

Piccarreta, volume 16, November 5, 1923) through the repetition of its divine acts (Ibid., volume 13, September 14, 1921; volume 12, December 6, 1919; Ibid., volume 36, August 6, 1938).

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THE HOURS OF THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

Luisa's appointed extraordinary confessor and *censor librorum* St. Hannibal of Francia affirms that Luisa's meditation on Jesus' Passion constitutes a "new method" and "totally new approach," which Luisa was the first⁹⁴ to introduce to the Church, as it offers reparations that "extend and multiply themselves to infinity." Indeed, Jesus reveals to Luisa that as the soul meditates the "Hours of the Passion" that he dictated to her, it assumes his own humanity,⁹⁵ intercedes for souls,⁹⁶ offers the Father reparation and satisfaction,⁹⁷ and averts his Divine Justice.⁹⁸ Such a soul procures "new graces,"⁹⁹ a "new life of grace"¹⁰⁰ and all the goods that Jesus desires.¹⁰¹

The Luisian method of meditation is one of attentively and contemplatively assimilating the Lord's Passion into one's own life.¹⁰² It is not simply the act of recalling the sufferings of Jesus as something that occurred 2,000 years ago in a far away land; rather, it is primarily an act of the human will entering into the Divine Will, in which the lives of all creatures are present to us and "in

⁹⁴ L. Piccarreta, volume 11, November 4, 1914.

⁹⁵ Ibid., vol. 11, April 10, 1913.

⁹⁶ Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.

⁹⁷ Ibid., vol. 11, November 4, 1914.

⁹⁸ Ibid., vol. 11, September 6, 1913.

⁹⁹ Ibid., vol. 11, November 4, 1914.

¹⁰⁰ Ibid., vol. 7, November 9, 1906.

¹⁰¹ Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.

¹⁰² Ibid., vol. 12, October 24, 1918.

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act.”¹⁰³ Admittedly, Luisa uses the old scholastic expression “in act” to convey the timelessness of Jesus acts and sufferings on behalf of all creatures. By this she intends that the human being’s participation in Jesus’ interior life and sufferings may be present, concurrent and concomitant within each one of our acts, whereby we repeat his life in us, recover his “likeness”¹⁰⁴ and, filling ourselves with God,¹⁰⁵ communicate to all generations the infinite value, merits¹⁰⁶ and effects of his Passion. Jesus reveals to Luisa:

*“To repeat in the soul My Passion in act, is different from one who only thinks of My pains and pities them. The former is an act of My own life [in the Divine Will that the soul accomplishes], which takes My place and repeats My pains, whence I feel required for the effects and the value of a divine life. [The latter,] in thinking of My pains and in offering Me pity, permits Me to experience only the soul’s company. But do you know in whom I may repeat the pains of My Passion in act? In the soul who possesses My Will as the center of its life. My Will alone is one act without succession of acts. This single act is as though fixed to one point which never moves, and this point is eternity [...] Now, the soul who lives in My Will possesses this single act, and there is no wonder that it takes part in the pains of My Passion as if they were in act”.*¹⁰⁷

¹⁰³ Ibid., vol. 11, September 21, 1913.

¹⁰⁴ Ibid., vol. 11, April 23, 1916.

¹⁰⁵ Ibid., vol. 11, March 24, 1913.

¹⁰⁶ Ibid., vol. 11, April 10, 1913.

¹⁰⁷ Ibid. vol. 18, October 24, 1925.

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As Jesus' humanity lived in the Father's Eternal Will¹⁰⁸ and embraces the divine acts of all humans, the soul that piously meditates these hours, "re-enacts" what Jesus "did during his mortal life" and what he does "In the Most Blessed Sacrament" of the Eucharist. To Luisa Jesus relates:

*"These hours are the most precious of all, because they are nothing other than the re-enactment of what I did in the course of My mortal life, and what I continue to do in the Most Blessed Sacrament. When I hear these Hours of My Passion, I hear My own voice, My own prayers. In that soul I see My Will - that is, wanting the good of all and making reparation for all - and I feel drawn to dwell in her, to be able to do what she herself does within her interior. Oh, how I would love that even one single soul for each town did these Hours of My Passion! I would hear Myself in each town, and My Justice, greatly indignant during these times, would be placated in part."*¹⁰⁹

As the soul assimilates itself to Jesus' Passion, it progressively¹¹⁰ embraces all creatures of all centuries¹¹¹ - through the aforementioned ability to bilocate in creation - and restores to creation the divine harmony.¹¹² Here the soul "co-redeems"¹¹³ with Christ with his own Divine Will in an eternal dimension between heaven and earth¹¹⁴ that

¹⁰⁸ Ibid., vol. 11, March 24, 1914.

¹⁰⁹ Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.

¹¹⁰ Ibid., vol. 12, July 4, 1917.

¹¹¹ Ibid., vol. 14, October 19, 1922.

¹¹² Ibid., vol. 12, May 16, 1917.

¹¹³ Ibid., vol. 11, November 6, 1914.

¹¹⁴ Ibid., vol. 12, June 10, 1920.

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embraces all creatures of the past, present and future. By this means, the soul that meditates the hours vicariously immolates itself through, with and in Jesus for the sins of humanity, and acquires “the merit as if all were saved.”¹¹⁵ Inasmuch as the soul of Jesus’ Blessed Mother was unceasingly united with Jesus’ soul through a continuous bilocation, the soul that mediates these hours re-enacts what Jesus’ mother did on earth as well.¹¹⁶

Furthermore, meditation on the hours of Jesus’ Passion benefits the reader: “*The sinner will turn to God, the imperfect will become perfect, the saint will become holier, those who are tempted will find victory, and those who are ill will discover strength, medicine and comfort.*”¹¹⁷ Indeed, through the meditation of these hours the soul attains the grace of “strength” to overcome all weakness.¹¹⁸

Additionally, these hours influence and accompany all souls that pass through purgatory and enter heaven, as “*there is not a soul who enters purgatory without carrying the mark of the Hours of the Passion... and there is not a soul who flies into heaven, without being accompanied by these Hours of the Passion.*”¹¹⁹ And if the soul’s domestic obligations do not allow it to continuously and attentively meditate these hours, it may “substitute” the disposition of

¹¹⁵ Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.

¹¹⁶ Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.

¹¹⁷ Ibid., vol. 11, October 13, 1916.

¹¹⁸ Ibid., vol. 13, October 21, 1921.

¹¹⁹ Ibid., vol. 12, May 16, 1917.

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its good will with that of Jesus to “continuously” meditate them, and to intercede for the salvation of all souls.¹²⁰

On October 1914, Luisa relates: “I was writing the Hours of the Passion and I thought to myself: How many sacrifices it has cost me to write these beloved *Hours of the Passion*, especially to write down on paper certain interior acts that had passed only between me and Jesus. What reward will He give to me? Letting me hear his sweet and tender voice, Jesus said to me:

‘My daughter, as a reward for having written the Hours of My Passion, for each word you have written, I will give you a kiss – a soul.’

And I: ‘My Love, this is for me; but what will you give to those who will meditate on them?’ Whence Jesus replied:

‘If they meditate on these Hours together with Me and with My own Will, I will give them a soul for each word they recite. For the greater or lesser efficacy of these Hours of My Passion is measured by the greater or lesser union that they have with Me [while meditating on these Hours]. In meditating on these Hours with My Will, the soul conceals itself within My Will, and since it is My Will that is operating [in the soul], I can [through this soul] engender all the blessings I want, even through one single word. I can do this each time the soul meditates on these Hours.’

¹²⁰ Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.

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Another time I was complaining to Jesus, because after so many sacrifices in writing these Hours of the Passion, very few souls were reading them. And he answered:

*'My daughter, do not complain — even if there were but one, you should be content. Would I not have suffered My whole Passion even if only one soul were saved? It is the same for you. One should never omit good because few avail themselves of it; all harm awaits those who do not take advantage of it. And just as My Passion made My humanity acquire the merit as if all were saved, as My Will was to save everyone — although not all are saved — I received merit according to what I desired [to accomplish], and not according to the profit souls would draw from it. The same applies to you: You will be rewarded according to how your will was united with My Will in wanting to do good to all.'*¹²¹

Because each act of Jesus' Passion produced a light within his humanity, each thought of the soul on his Passion causes that same light to invest it,¹²² and perfect within it God's likeness.¹²³ Lastly, the angels that administered to Jesus during his Passion assist the soul that meditates on the Hours of the Passion.¹²⁴ Vestiges of this grace of participating in Jesus' timeless Passion are discovered in the writings of scores of contemporary

¹²¹ Ibid., vol. 11, October 1914.

¹²² Ibid., vol. 11, April 23, 1916.

¹²³ Ibid., vol. 12, June 10, 1920.

¹²⁴ Ibid., vol. 11, October 12, 1916.

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Mystics and exemplars that bear witness to their having received the gift of Living in the Divine Will.

+ Rev. Joseph Leo Iannuzzi, STD, Ph.D.

24 HOURS OF THE PASSION

The History of this Publication

In 1882, after having written her Christmas Novena at the age of 17, Luisa had an unexpected vision of the infant Jesus who invited her to aspire to a higher level of grace and love. He exhorted her to meditate each hour of the day upon the corresponding 24 hours of his Passion and death on the Cross. She did this on a daily basis, and 31 years later – in 1913 and 1914, Luisa was placed under obedience to write down these meditations, now known as, “The Hours of the Passion”.

Rev. Hannibal di Francia published this work in 4 editions with the name, “The Hours of the Passion”. The 1st edition published in 1915 produced 5,000 copies; the 2nd edition published in 1916 produced 2,000 copies; the 3rd edition published in 1917 produced 10,000 copies; the 4th edition published in 1924 produced 15,000 copies. All of these editions bore the “*nulla osta*” and the “*imprimatur*”. To the 3rd and 4th editions Rev. Hannibal added an appendix with the title, “Little Treatise on the Divine Will”, comprised of various extracts of Luisa’s volumes in chapter form.

Upon Rev. Hannibal’s death in 1927, the work was taken up by Luisa’s last appointed confessor Rev. Benedict Calvi who published in 1934 a 5th edition of this work entitled, “The Hours of the Passion” that bore the “*nulla osta*”. Rev. Calvi was preparing a 6th edition when the translation of the 5th Italian edition was published in German and was edited by Rev. Ludwig Beda, O.S.B., thereby producing the two more editions of this work (in

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German) that bore the "*imprimatur*". The 1st edition in German published in 1936 produced 25,000 copies, and the 2nd edition in German published in 1938 produced 30,000 copies.

After German, translations in many other languages followed, nearly all being translated from the 5th Italian edition that you presently hold.

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Preface by St. Hannibal di Francia

(October 29, 1926 - Messina, Italy)

I begin by citing a letter sent to me by the author (of the Hours the Passion, Luisa Piccarreta):

“Most Reverend Father, I am finally sending you the text of the Hours of the Passion, and all for the glory of the Lord. I am also including another sheet containing the benefits, merits and promises of Jesus to all who meditate on these Hours of the Passion... The sinner will turn to God; the imperfect will become perfect; the saint will become holier; those who are tempted will triumph over temptation; those who are ill shall discover the necessary medicine to be strengthened and comforted; the weak will be spiritually nourished...”

Methods of Meditating on the Hours of the Passion

What can we say about how great this tool would be for each religious community to advance in holiness, maintain its purpose, increase in the number of its vocations and obtain true prosperity? It would tell of how much commitment each community ought to have in the constant practice of this pious exercise. And the members of these communities who daily attend Holy Mass would receive Communion with such ardent desire and love for Jesus that each Communion would be a renewed marriage

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of the soul with Jesus in the most intimate and increasing union of love.

If on account of only one soul doing these hours, Jesus would spare a city of chastisements and would give grace to as many souls as there are words of these sorrowful hours [one meditates], how many graces might a community [or any group of individuals] expect to receive? How many imperfections and omissions would it be healed of, if not preserved from? How many souls would sanctify and save [other souls] through the observance of this pious exercise?

If there were but one soul in each community that would apply itself to observing these hours with more attention during the day, even amidst its daily occupations – in the evening and at night-time with a little bit of vigil... it would be the summit... and the maximum profit for that community and for the whole world, if this exercise were observed by all taking turns, day and night!

Now, how these Hours of the Passion can be done? One method is to meditate one hour each day by reading it alone, with one's family or with others. In this way, in 24 days one would complete the 24 Hours. A good clock never stops, life never stops...

A second method is to form groups, let's say of 4, 8, 12 or possibly 24 people and more. Each person should be committed seriously to doing one of the hours assigned for a period of time, before moving onto the next hour; a good clock marks all the hours, it doesn't skip any of them...

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A third method is to do at least one hour each day, at the time of the day which coincides with that hour. In any event, one must strive to reach such familiarity with these Hours of the Passion and assimilate them in such a way that one follows them mentally throughout the entire day. For this purpose it is very helpful to learn by heart the succession of the 24 Hours with the corresponding title reported on the next page.

To “do” an hour of the Passion means to read it attentively, meditating on it, contemplating it and making it one’s own life... It is not just remembering and having pity on the sufferings of Jesus as something that happened many centuries ago in a faraway place; 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 explains this very important difference.¹²⁵

One can comprehend then how the Hours of the Passion are not just a reading, nor even an ordinary 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 [mystically living] our life, but [really living in us] his own divine life.

¹²⁵ Ibid., vol. 18, October 24, 1925.

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Prayer Before Each Hour

O my Lord Jesus Christ, prostrate in your divine presence, I implore your most loving Heart to assist me as I meditate on the 24 hours of your most sorrowful Passion. In your Passion, your love drove You to suffer so much in your adorable body and in your most holy soul, even unto death on the Cross. I implore your help, your grace and your love to have profound compassion and a profound understanding of your sufferings, as I meditate on this hour. I offer You my desire to meditate on all the hours, even on those I cannot observe. Please accept my desire to meditate on all the hours, even when I must sleep or tend to my other duties. O merciful Lord, grant that my loving desire, united to You, may bring your holy blessings down upon us all.

I give You thanks, O Jesus, for calling me into union with You by means of prayer. To glorify You, I unite myself with your thoughts, your tongue and your Heart with which I intend to pray. I fuse myself in your Will and in your love, and extending my arms to embrace You, I place my head upon your Heart, and begin.

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Prayer After Each Hour

My beloved Jesus, You have called me in this hour of your Passion to keep You company, and I have come. With the most touching and eloquent words I seemed hear You praying, offering reparation, suffering and pleading in anguish and sorrow for the salvation of souls.

I tried to follow You in everything. Now, I owe You my heartfelt “Thank You” and “I bless You.” Yes, O Jesus, I repeat My *Thank You* thousands and thousands of times. And *I bless You* for all that You have done and suffered for me and for everyone. *I thank You* and *I bless You* for every drop of Blood you shed. *I thank You* for your every breath, heartbeat and step. *I thank You* for all the words, glances, afflictions and affronts You lovingly endured; for everything You did, O Jesus, I offer You my *Thank You* and *I bless You*. O my dear Jesus, let my soul send forth a continuous flow of thanksgiving and blessings; may they draw down on all of us the flow of your blessings and graces.

O my sweet Jesus, press me to your Heart and, with your most sacred hands, mark every particle of my being with your “I bless You,” so that my being may send forth a continuous hymn of blessings to You.

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First Hour

5 PM

Jesus exchanges blessings with his Most Holy Mother before leaving her

O Heavenly Mother, the hour of separation draws near and I approach you. O mother, grant me your love, your reparations and your sorrow. United with you I wish to follow sweet Jesus, step by step.

And here comes Jesus. As He arrives, you run toward him with your Heart overflowing with love. In seeing him so pale and sad, your Heart breaks, you grow weak and are about to fall at his feet.

O my sweet mother, do you know why adorable Jesus has come to you? He has come to give you his last farewell, to share with you his last words and to receive your last embrace! O mother, I hold you tightly – with all the tenderness my poor heart can express – so that, holding you tightly, I may also receive sweet Jesus' embraces. Surely, you will not refuse me. Does it not comfort your Heart to have a soul near you who shares in your sorrows, reparations and sufferings?

O Jesus, in this hour, so bitter for your most tender Heart, what an example You give us of filial and loving obedience to your mother! What an exchange of sweet harmony between You and Mary! What a gentle enchantment of love that ascends to the throne of the

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Eternal One and pleads for the salvation of all souls on earth!

O Heavenly Mother, do you know what sweet Jesus desires of you? He desires your last blessing. It is true that from every particle of your being only blessings and praises flow to your Creator, but in taking leave of you, Jesus wants to hear your sweet words: "I bless You, O Son." That "I bless You" wards off every blasphemy from his hearing and descends sweetly and gently into his Heart. Jesus wants your "I bless You," to atone for all offenses committed.

I too unite myself to you, O sweet mother. On the wings of the wind I wish to travel to heaven and ask the Father, the Holy Spirit and all the angels for an "I bless You" for Jesus. In this way, when I go to him I may bring him their blessings. I also wish to travel to all souls on earth and ask for [their] every heartbeat, step, breath, thought, glance and word, and then offer them as blessings and praises to Jesus. And if anyone refuses to grant me these, I myself shall offer him all these.

O sweet mother, I have gone around again and again to ask the Most Holy Trinity, the angels, all souls, the light of the sun, the fragrance of the flowers, the waves of the sea, every breath of wind, every spark of fire, every leaf that moves, the twinkling of the stars and every movement of nature for an "I bless You" [for Jesus]. Now I come to you and add my blessings to yours; dear mother, I see that you are comforted by them, and I offer Jesus all of my blessings to atone for the blasphemies and curses He receives from others. And as I too offer everything, I hear

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your trembling voice say: “Son, I ask for your blessing also!”

O Jesus, my sweet love, I ask for your blessing along with that of your mother.¹²⁶ Bless my thoughts, my heart, my hands, my works, my steps and, with your mother, bless all creatures. O mother, in looking at Jesus’ sorrowful face – so pale, sad and tormented – there awakens in you the memory of the sufferings He is about to endure. You foresee his face covered with spittle and you bless it, his head crowned with thorns, his eyes blindfolded, his body lacerated with the scourges, his hands and feet pierced with nails and you bless them. Wherever Jesus is about to go, you follow him with your blessings.

I too follow Jesus with you, so that when He is struck with scourges, crowned with thorns, slapped, pierced with nails, everywhere He will find my “I bless You” with yours. O Jesus, O mother, I partake in your passion. Immense is your pain in these last moments. The Heart of one seems to replace the Heart of the other.

O mother, snatch my heart from this earth and bind it tightly to Jesus, so that clinging to him, I may share in his sufferings. And as you cling to each other in your embrace and exchange the last kiss and glances, may I who am

¹²⁶ The blessing of Mary Luisa asks for is a *maternal blessing*. Noteworthy is the manner in which Mary offered her maternal blessing to Luisa and, indeed, to other seers whose apparitions the Church has approved. Unlike that blessing of a Priest who – receiving at ordination the special power to consecrate, absolve and bless both persons and things – makes the sacramental sign of the Cross with his right hand, Mary imparts her blessing to others with a loving maternal prayer, but without making the sacramental sign of the Cross over them.

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between your two Hearts receive your last kiss and embraces. Can't you see that I cannot be without you in spite of my misery and insipidness?

Jesus, mother, keep me close to you. Grant me your love and your will. Dart through this poor heart of mine, hold me tightly in your arms so that with you, O sweet mother, I may follow sweet Jesus step by step with the intention of offering him comfort, solace, love and reparation for all offenses. O Jesus, with your mother I kiss your *left foot*, asking You to forgive me and all souls for all the times we have not walked toward God.

I kiss your *right foot*: Forgive me and all souls for all the times we have not followed the perfection You expected of us.

I kiss your *left hand*: Communicate your purity to all of us.

I kiss your *right hand*: Bless all of my heartbeats, thoughts and affections, so that given value by your blessing, these may be completely sanctified. And with me, bless all souls and seal their salvation with your blessing.

O Jesus, I embrace You with your mother and, kissing *your Heart*, I beg You to place my heart between your two Hearts so that it may be continuously nourished by your love, by your sorrows, by your very affections and desires, and indeed by your own life. May it be so.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Before beginning his Passion, Jesus approaches his mother to ask for her blessing. In this act Jesus teaches us obedience – not just external, but also internal obedience – which we must cultivate in order to requite his inspirations of grace. Sometimes we are not ready to put into practice a good inspiration, either because we are held back by self-love coupled with temptation, or on account of human respect, or because we fail to mortify ourselves in a holy way. Our failure to follow a good inspiration to exercise a virtue, to accomplish a virtuous act, to do a good deed or to practice some devotion, makes the Lord withdraw and deprives us of new inspirations. On the other hand, a prompt, pious and prudent correspondence to holy inspirations attracts more spiritual lights and grace for us.

Concerning inspirations, in the cases of doubt, one should turn promptly and with an upright intention to the great means of prayer, and to sound and experienced counsel. In this way, our good God will enlighten our soul to able us to execute the salutary inspiration and he will increase it for its greater benefit.

We should do our actions, acts, prayers and meditations on the Hours of the Passion with the same intentions as those of Jesus, and we ought to do this in his Will, sacrificing ourselves as He did, for the glory of the Father and for the good of souls. We have to acquire the dispositions of sacrificing ourselves in everything out of love for our beloved Jesus, conforming ourselves to his

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spirit, operating with his own sentiments and abandoning ourselves in him. We should these things not only in all external sufferings and adversities, but more importantly in all that He disposes in our interior. In this way, we will find ourselves ready in every moment to accept any sacrifice He asks of us, and we will offer our Jesus sweet consolations. If we do all this in the Will of God which contains all sweetness and all joys of immense proportion, we will give to Jesus greater and sweeter consolations, so as to mitigate the poison other souls give offer him and console his Divine Heart. Before beginning any action of ours, let us always invoke the blessing of God, so that our actions may have the divine touch and may attract his blessings not only upon us, but upon all souls.

Beloved 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."

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Second Hour

6 PM

Jesus takes leave of his Most Holy Mother and sets out for the cenacle

My adorable Jesus, as I have shared in your sufferings along with You and in those of your afflicted mother, I see that You are about to leave and go where the Will of the Father calls You. The love between You and your mother is so great that it renders you inseparable. For this reason You leave yourself in the Heart of your mother, and our queen and sweet mother places herself into your Heart, otherwise it would have been impossible for you to separate.

But your pale face, your trembling lips and your weak voice, almost bursting into tears in saying goodbye, oh 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 together – one within the other – you submit yourselves to everything and offer reparation for those who, unwilling to overcome the bonds, attachments and tenderness of relatives and friends, do not care about fulfilling the Holy Will of God or of corresponding to the state of holiness to which God calls them. What sorrow such souls cause You in rejecting from their hearts the love You wish to give them, and instead indulge themselves in the love of other creatures! You then bless each other, and You give her the last kiss to

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strengthen her in the bitter sorrows she is about to endure and, giving her your last goodbye, you leave.

My tender love, as I offer reparation with You, allow me to remain with your mother 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 mother shivers, and her pain is such that, as she tries to say goodbye to You, her Son, her voice dies on her lips and she is unable to utter a word. She almost faints¹²⁷, and in an ecstasy of love, she says: “*My Son, my Son! I bless You! What a bitter separation, more bitter than any death!*” But her sorrow prevents her from uttering one word and leaves her speechless!

Sorrowful Queen, let me sustain you, dry your tears and partake in your bitter sorrows! My mother, I will not leave you alone. Take me with you in these moments that are so sorrowful for you and Jesus, and teach me what I should do – how I am to defend Jesus, offer him reparation and console him and, if I must, give my life to defend his.

I will not move from under your mantle. At your word, I will fly to Jesus. I will bring him your love, your affections and your kisses together with mine; I will place

¹²⁷ Luisa’s frequent use of the Italian word for “faint” (“*svenire*”) has a two-fold significance, i.e., *mystical* and *literal*. The *mystical* significance applies to the human soul – either on account of God’s divine “touches of union” or the soul’s union with Christ’s sorrowful Passion – whose faculties of the intellect and memory remain “suspended” without the person “losing” consciousness (St. John of the Cross’ address said ‘divine touches’ and ‘suspension’ of the soul’s faculties in his works, *Living Flame of Love* and *Dark Night of the Soul*).

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them in each of his wounds, in every drop of his Blood and in every pain and insult of his, so that feeling the kisses and the love of his mother 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. Dear mother, my heart is pounding; I wish to go to Jesus. 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. I reach you as You walk along the streets of Jerusalem with your beloved disciples. I look at You and I see that You are still pale. I hear your voice, sweet, yes, but so sad that it breaks the heart of your disciples who become deeply distressed.

You say to them, **“This is the last time 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 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, not knowing what to say, become sad and silent. And You add: **“Take courage, do not lose heart; I will not leave you, I will be with you always. Yet it is necessary that I die for the good of all.”**

In uttering these words You are moved, and with a trembling voice You continue to instruct them. Before enclosing yourself in the cenacle you look at the sun which

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is setting, just as your life is setting. You offer your steps for those who find themselves at the setting of life, and offer them the grace to let their lives set in You, and you make reparation for those who, in spite of the sorrows and disillusionings of life, obstinately refuse to surrender to You.

Then you look at Jerusalem again, the center of your prodigies and the predilections of your Heart – Jerusalem which, in return, is preparing your cross and sharpening the nails to commit the deicide. And You tremble, your Heart breaks and You weep over its [impending] destruction. With this, You offer reparation for many souls consecrated to You, whom You, with so much care, tried to form into portents of your love, but ungrateful and unrequiting, make You suffer more bitterness. I wish to offer reparation with You to console You in this [bitter] blow to your Heart.

But I see that you are horrified at the sight of Jerusalem and, withdrawing your gaze, You enter the cenacle. My love, press me tightly to your Heart so that I may make your bitterness my own, and offer it up with You. And may You look with pity on my soul and pour your love into it, as I ask for your blessing.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus promptly leaves his mother, although he experiences a blow to his most tender Heart. Are we ready to sacrifice even the most legitimate and holy affections in order to fulfill the Divine Will? Let us especially reflect on those moments in our lives when we may feel distant from the divine Presence, or may not feel any spiritual consolation in our pious devotions.

Jesus did not take his last steps in vain. In his steps He glorified the Father and asked for the salvation of souls. We too should fuse in our steps the same intentions of Jesus, that is, we should sacrifice ourselves for the glory of the Father and for the good of souls. We must also imagine placing our steps in the footprints of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ did not walk in vain, but enclosed in his steps the steps of souls and offered reparation for all of their poorly taken steps, thereby offering the Father the glory befitting him. He gave life to all the misdirected steps of souls, so that they might walk along the right path. We should do this in the same way that Jesus did, by fusing our steps in the steps of Jesus and with his own intentions.

Do we walk on the street modestly and composed so as to be an example to others? As afflicted Jesus walked, He talked to the Apostles every once in a while, speaking to them about his imminent Passion. And what do we say in our conversations?

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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, beloved Jesus tried to comfort them. Do we place in our conversations the intention of relieving Jesus Christ? Do we try to speak in the Will of God, infusing in others the spirit of Jesus Christ? As we meditate on Jesus going to the cenacle, we should enclose in his Heart our thoughts, affections, heartbeats, prayers, actions, partaking of food and work while we are performing these actions. By this means, our actions will acquire a divine character. However, since it is difficult to always keep this divine character, as it is hard for the soul to fuse its acts continuously in him, we can compensate with the attitude of our good will. Jesus will be very pleased by this. He will become the vigilant sentry of each of our thoughts, words and heartbeats. He will place these acts as cortege inside and outside Himself, gazing upon them with great love as the fruit of the soul's good will. Then, when the soul fuses itself in him and does its immediate acts with Jesus, good Jesus will feel so attracted to this soul that He will act together with the soul doing what it does, and he will transform the work of the soul into a divine work. All this is the effect of the goodness of God who takes everything into account and rewards everything, even a tiny act in the Will of God, so that the soul may not miss out on anything.

O my life and my all, may your steps direct mine
and as I walk the earth, and may my thoughts be in heaven!

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Third Hour

7 PM

The Last Supper

O Jesus, You now arrive at the cenacle with your beloved disciples and You begin your supper with them. What sweetness, what graciousness You show throughout your entire being as You lower yourself to taking material food for the last time! Everything is love in you. In this also You not only offer reparation for the sins of gluttony, but You implore the sanctification of food.

Jesus, my life, your sweet and penetrating gaze seems to search all the Apostles. Also in this act of taking food your Heart is pierced in seeing your dear Apostles still weak and listless, especially the perfidious Judas who has already put one foot in hell. And You, from the bottom of your Heart, say bitterly: **“What is the use of the shedding of My Blood? Here is a soul so favoured by Me, and yet, he is lost!”**

And You look at him with eyes refulgent with light and love, as though wanting to make him understand the great evil he is about to do. But your supreme charity makes You bear this sorrow, and You do not make it known, not even to your beloved disciples.

While You grieve for Judas, your Heart is filled with joy in seeing on your left your beloved disciple John. So great is your love that, unable to contain it any longer,

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You draw him sweetly to yourself and let him place his head upon your Heart and allow him to experience Paradise in advance. It is in this solemn hour that the two personages, the reprobate and the elect, are portrayed in 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 beloved Jesus, goodness itself, I too place myself beside You and, with your beloved disciple, I wish to place my weary head upon your adorable Heart and entreat You to allow me to experience the delights of heaven, even now while I am still on earth, so that, enraptured by the sweet harmonies of your Heart, the earth may no longer be earth to me, but heaven.

But among those sweetest and divine harmonies, I hear sorrowful heartbeats escape You – they beat for lost souls! O Jesus, O please do not allow any more souls to be lost. Let your heartbeat, beating in 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 rest upon your Heart allow me to partake of the food You gave to your Apostles: The food of love, the food of the divine word, the food of your Divine Will. O my beloved 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.

Beloved Jesus, goodness itself, while I remain close to You I see that the food of which You partake along with

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your dear disciples is no other than a lamb. This is a figurative lamb: Just as this lamb hasn't any vital humor left in it on account of the consuming fire, so You, the mystical Lamb, having to consume yourself completely for souls in love, will keep not even one 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 vividly portray your most sorrowful Passion which You keep always present in your mind, in your Heart and in everything. 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 for this!

O my Jesus, not one act escapes You that does not benefit me or intend to extend to me a special blessing. So I beseech You to make your Passion always present in my mind, in my heart, in my gazes, in my steps and in my pains. By this means, wherever I turn, inside and outside of me, I may always find You present in me. And may You grant me the grace never to forget what You have done and suffered for me. May this be the magnet which, drawing my whole being into You, never again permits me to go far from you.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Before taking food, let us unite our intentions with those of our beloved and good Jesus, by imagining having the mouth of Jesus in place of our own, with Jesus operating with us through our tongue and cheeks. By operating in this way, we will not only draw the life of Jesus Christ into ourselves, but we will unite ourselves with him in order to give to the Father the complete glory, praise, love, thanksgiving and reparation that souls owe him, and which Jesus himself offered in the act of taking food. Let us also imagine being at the table near Jesus Christ, looking at him one moment, then asking him to share a bite with us, then kissing the hem of his mantle, then contemplating the movements of his lips and of his heavenly eyes, then noticing the sudden anguish in his most loveable face when he foresees so much human ingratitude!

Just as beloved Jesus spoke about his Passion during his supper, so when we take our food we should make some reflections on how we meditated upon the Hours of the Passion. As the angels carried Jesus' acts when he was on earth to the Father to somehow mitigate his just indignation for the many offenses He receives from souls, so the angels hang on our words to gather our prayers and reparations in order to take them before the Father. And when we pray, can we say that the angels are pleased, and that we have been so recollected and reverent that just as they carried the prayers of our Jesus to heaven, the

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angels were able to joyously carry our prayers to heaven?
Or were the angels left rather saddened?

While afflicted Jesus was taking food, He remained transfixed at the sight of the loss of Judas, and in Judas He saw all 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 be consoled. In the same way, we should remain always close to Jesus like John, offering him compassion and comfort in his sorrows, and giving him rest in our hearts. We should make his sorrows our own; we should identify ourselves with him to feel the heartbeats of that Divine Heart that is pierced by the loss of souls. We should give him our own heartbeats to assuage his wounds and, in the place of those wounds, place souls who choose to be lost, so that these may convert and be saved.

Every heartbeat of Jesus is one “I love You”, which resounds in all the heartbeats of creatures, seeking to enclose all of them in his Heart to receive their heartbeats in return. But beloved Jesus does not receive this from many, thus his heartbeat remains as though stifled and embittered. Let us implore 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 compel them to say, “I love You,, Jesus!” Furthermore, we should fuse ourselves in Jesus, and beloved Jesus will let us hear his “I love You” which fills heaven and earth, resound throughout the saints and descends into purgatory. All the hearts of creatures are touched by this “I love You.” Even the elements feel new

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life and all experience its effects. In his breathing too, Jesus feels as though suffocating for the loss of souls. We should give him our breath of love for his consolation and, taking his breath, touch souls who detach themselves from his arms, so as to give them the life of the divine breath, whereby rather than running away, they may return to Jesus and cling to him more tightly.

When we are in pain and almost feel that we cannot breathe freely, let us think of Jesus who contains the breath of all souls in his own breath. For as souls become lost, He too feels his breath being taken away. So, let us place our sorrowful and laboured breath in the breath of Jesus in order to console him, and let us run after the sinner with our pain, so as to compel him to enclose himself in the Heart of Jesus. My beloved Jesus, may my breath be a continuous cry to the breath of every soul, compelling it to enclose itself in your breath.

The first word that beloved Jesus pronounced on the Cross was a word of forgiveness to justify all souls before the Father and convert justice into mercy. We should give Jesus our acts to pardon sinners, so that moved by our apologies, Jesus may not allow any soul to go to hell. We should unite with Jesus as sentries of the hearts of souls, so that nobody may offend him. We should let Jesus pour out his love on us and willingly accept all that He may dispose for us: insipidness, callousness, consternation, oppressions, temptations, distractions, slanders, illnesses and so forth, so as to console him in all that is thrust upon him by other souls. It is not by love alone that Jesus pours himself out on souls. Many times, when He feels the coldness of souls, He

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goes to another soul and makes it feel the coldness he feels, so as to be comforted through this soul. If the soul accepts this from Jesus, He will feel relieved from all the coldness of souls, and this coldness will serve as the means to guard someone else's heart, so that beloved Jesus may in turn be loved.

At other times, Jesus feels the callousness of hearts within his own and, unable to contain this, He seeks 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 should place it around the heart of the sinner in order to melt his callousness, and win him over to God.

My beloved Jesus, You suffer greatly for the loss of souls. With compassion I place my being at your disposal. I will take your pains and the pains of sinners upon me, leaving You comforted and the sinner clinging to you.

O my Jesus, please, let my whole being melt in love, so that I may be a continuous consolation to console all your bitterness.

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Fourth Hour

8 PM

The Institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament

My sweet Jesus, always inexhaustible in love, I see that as You finish the legal supper with your dear disciples, You stand up and, along with them, raise a hymn of thanksgiving to the Father for having given You food. In this hymn You offer reparation for souls who fail to give thanks to God for all the things He gives them and that sustain their health. O Jesus, this is why in everything You do, touch or see, You always have on your lips the words, **“Thanks be to You, O Father.”** I too united with You Jesus take the words from your very lips, and always and in all things I say: “Thank You for myself and for all,” in order to continue to offer reparation for souls who fail to give thanks to God.

The washing of the feet

O My Jesus, it seems that your love has no respite. I see that You have your beloved disciples again sit down, You take a basin of water, wrap a white cloth around your waist and prostrate yourself at their feet. You do so with a gesture so humble that it draws the attention of all of the heavenly inhabitants and it enraptures them. The Apostles themselves remain almost motionless in seeing You prostrate at their feet. But tell me, my love, what is it You

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desire? What do You intend to do with such a humble act as this – an act of humility never-before seen and which will never be seen?

“Oh, My child, I seek out all souls, and prostrate at their feet like a poor beggar, I am asking, persisting and crying out to them, as I devise loving stratagems to win them over! Prostrate at their feet, with this basin of water mixed with My tears I desire to wash them of all imperfection and prepare them to receive Me in the Most Blessed 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, nor even to My dear mother, but I Myself want to purify them in their innermost fibres and dispose them to receive the fruit of the Sacrament. I intend through the Apostles to prepare all souls. I intend to offer reparation for all holy works and for the administration of the Sacraments, especially by Priests that are carried out with a spirit of pride, without a divine disposition and with indifference. Oh, how many good works reach Me more to dishonour Me than to honour 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 most. Ah yes, My child, count all of the most intimate offenses they commit against Me and offer Me reparation with My own Will. Console My embittered Heart.”

O my afflicted Jesus, I make your life my own and, with You, I intend to offer reparation for all of these offenses. I want to enter into the most intimate recesses of your Divine Heart and offer reparation with your own

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Heart for the most intimate and secret offenses that You receive from your dearest ones. O my Jesus, I want to follow You in everything and, with You, I want to go to all souls who are about to receive You in the Eucharist, and enter into their hearts to unite my hands with yours and purify them.

I beseech You, O Jesus, with this water and these tears of yours with which You washed the feet of the Apostles, let us wash souls who will receive you. Let us purify their hearts, let us enflame them and shake off the dust with which they are sullied, so that when they receive You, You may find in them your satisfaction rather than the bitterness You feel.

But, my affectionate and good Jesus, while You are all intent on washing the feet of the Apostles, I look at You and I see another sorrow that pierces your Most Sacred 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 You discover weakness, in others, deceit, hypocrisies and excessive love for personal interests. In Saint Peter You discover the lack of resolve and all the offenses of Church leaders; in Saint John the offenses of your most faithful ones; in Judas all of the apostates with the gamut of all the great evils they commit. Oh, your sorrow is so stifled by pain and love that, unable to contain it, You pause at the feet of each Apostle and burst into tears, praying and offering reparation for each one of these offenses, and imploring the appropriate remedy for all.

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Beloved 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 so 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 laboured breath. I see that You not only cry, but sob, and as You wash those feet, You kiss them and You press them to your Heart. Unable to speak with your voice because it is stifled with sobs, You look at him with eyes full of tears, and say to him with your Heart:

“My child, oh please, I beg you with the voice of My tears, do not go to hell! Give Me your soul which I ask of you here prostrate at your feet. Tell Me, what is it you seek? What do you search for? I will grant you everything you seek, just do not allow yourself to be lost. O please, spare Me, your God, this sorrow!”

And again, You press those feet to your Heart, but in seeing the callousness of Judas, your Heart is cornered. Your heartache stifles your voice and You are about to faint. My heart and my life, allow me to sustain You in my arms. I understand that these are the loving devices You use with every obstinate sinner. Oh please, love of my heart, I beg You to allow me to go around the earth with You, as You partake in your Passion and offer reparation for the offenses You receive from souls who are obstinate in not wanting to convert. Wherever there are obstinate sinners, let us give them your tears to soften them, and your

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kisses and loving embraces to bind them to You in such a way that they cannot escape. In this way, You will be consoled in your pain of the loss of Judas.

The Institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament

Beloved Jesus, my joy and my 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, love of my heart, assuming a look wholly new and never-before seen. Your divine Person acquires a tender, loving and affectionate countenance. Your eyes blaze with light more than if they were suns; your rosy face becomes radiant; your lips smile and burn with love; your creative hands assume the attitude of creating. I see You, my love, completely transformed. Your divinity seems to overflow from your humanity.

My heart and my life, Jesus, your countenance, never before seen, draws the attention of all the Apostles. They are caught by a sweet enchantment and dare not even breathe. Your sweet mother 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 and true excesses of love! A God who creates, not heaven or earth, but himself. And where? In the most humble of things: In some bread and wine."

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O insatiable love, while they are all around You 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 in this. One day, You sent Me from heaven to earth to be incarnated in the womb of My mother, and to come save Our children. Now, allow Me to be incarnated in each Host to continue the work of the salvation of My children and to become the life of each one of them. Do You see, O Father? There remain but a few hours of My life, and who would have the heart to leave one’s children orphaned and alone? Many are their enemies and passions, and great is the ignorance and weakness to which they are subject. Who will help them? O please, I entreat You to let Me remain in each Host to become the life of each soul – to be their light, strength and aid in everything – and to put to flight their enemies... To whom shall they otherwise go? Who will help them? Our works are eternal and My love irresistible. I cannot nor do I wish to leave My children alone.”

The Father is moved at the tender and affectionate voice of his Son. He descends from heaven and is now upon the altar united with the Holy Spirit, and He concurs with the Son. And Jesus, with a resounding and moving voice, pronounces the words of the consecration and, without leaving himself, He bilocates himself in the bread

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and wine.¹²⁸ He then administers himself to his Apostles, and I believe that our Heavenly Mother is not deprived of receiving him as well.

O Jesus, the heavens bow down and all send You an act of adoration in your new state of complete self-emptying. O sweet Jesus, your love remains pleased and satisfied as You have nothing left to do, but I see on this altar, my love, Hosts that will be consecrated until the end of time. I behold lined up in each Host your entire sorrowful Passion, as souls, at the expense of the excess of your love, prepare for You the excess 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 that will exist until the end of the world to offer up [to You] my acts of reparation that correspond to the offenses You receive.

O Jesus, as I contemplate You in the Most Blessed Sacrament¹²⁹ I kiss your *majestic forehead*, but in kissing You I am pierced by your thorns. O my Jesus, in this Sacred Host, how many souls impress thorns upon You.

¹²⁸ The expression, “Jesus, without leaving himself”, signifies an act of “bilocation”. As noted earlier (cf. footnote 7, pp. 14-15), Jesus employs the word “bilocate” to express the soul’s ability to multi-locate. He uses this word in relation to God (L. Piccarreta, volume 28, November 30, 1930); in relation to Adam who could “bilocate his soul in all created things” (Ibid., vol. 33, November 10, 1927); in relation to Mary (Ibid., vol. 11, May 9, 1913); in relation to souls (Ibid., vol. 32, July 8, 1933).

¹²⁹ Luisa’s acts of reparation that correspond to the offenses Jesus received derive from her “contemplation” of the Eucharist. Here she uses her mind’s eye or interior vision to envision Jesus in his Passion. In her Christmas Novena, Luisa often affirms that through her “imagination” she envisioned Jesus in the Blessed Mother’s womb and, accordingly, made reparation.

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They come before You and, instead of offering You the homage of their good thoughts, offer You evil their thoughts. You, in turn, lower your head as You do in your Passion¹³⁰ to receive and bear the thorns of these evil thoughts. O my love, I draw close to You to share in your sorrows: I fuse all of my thoughts in your mind to remove these thorns that deeply sadden You; may each one of my thoughts flow in each one of your thoughts to offer reparation for each evil thought and to alleviate your afflicted thoughts.¹³¹

Jesus, my love, I kiss your *beautiful eyes*. I see you lovingly gaze upon those who come into your presence, eager to receive in exchange their gazes of love. But how many come before You who, instead of looking at You and searching for You, look at things to distract them, thereby depriving You of the pleasure You would have received from an exchange of loving gazes! You cry, and as I kiss You I feel my lips wet with your tears. Beloved Jesus, do not cry. I fuse my eyes in yours to share in your sorrows and cry with You, and to offer reparation for all distracted gazes, I offer You my gazes that are always fixed on you.

Jesus, my love, I kiss your *most sacred ears*. I now see You, eager to console souls, listening intently to what it

¹³⁰ Luisa here refers to Jesus' dropping his head to his chest from the Cross (cf. p. 495).

¹³¹ *Nota bene*: The "afflicted thoughts" (*mesti pensieri*) Luisa refers to constitute all the evil thoughts of mankind that Jesus assumed to expiate and reorder, thereby providing mankind with a two-fold grace: not to sin through his thoughts, and to unite his every thought to God's divine and "uncreated intellect" (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 16, March 22, 1924).

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is they ask of you. But they offer your ears prayers that are poorly recited, without any trust and out of habit. In this Sacred Host your hearing is offended more than in your very Passion. O my Jesus, I take all the harmonies of heaven and fuse them in your ears to offer You reparation; I fuse my ears in yours, not only to share in your sorrows, but to offer You my continuous acts of reparation to console You.

Jesus, my life, I kiss your *most sacred face*. I see it bleeding, bruised and swollen. O Jesus, souls come before You in the Most Blessed Sacrament and, with their indecent postures and evil conversations, instead of giving You honour, offer You slaps and spittle. You receive them with complete peacefulness and patience, and You bear everything as You do in your Passion! O Jesus, I want to place my face close to yours, not only to kiss You and receive the insults your children thrust upon You, but to share in all of your sorrows. With my hands I caress You, wipe off the spittle and press You tightly to my heart. I also offer You the many tiny particles of my being by placing them before You like genuflected statues, and my movements as acts that continuously prostrate themselves before You in reparation for the irreverence You receive from all souls.

Beloved Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred lips*. I see that in descending Sacramentally into the hearts of your children, You are forced to rest on many sharp, impure and evil tongues. Oh, how embittered You are! You feel as though poisoned by these tongues, and it is even worse when You descend into their hearts! O Jesus, if it were

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possible I would enter the mouths of each soul to turn into praises all of their offenses against You!

My weary and good Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred neck*; I see it is tired, exhausted and completely absorbed in your crafting of love. Tell me, what do You intend to do? And Jesus:

“My child, in this Host I work from morning until evening forming chains of love. As souls approach Me, I bind them to My Heart. And do you know what they do to me? Many forcibly wrest themselves free and shatter My loving chains. Since these chains are linked to My Heart I feel tortured and become delirious. In breaking My chains such souls render My crafting of love useless, as they seek [to be bound by] the chains of creatures; and they do this in My very Presence, using Me in order to achieve their own ends. This grieves Me so much that I undergo a violent fever, and I grow faint and delirious.”

I unite myself completely to your Passion, O Jesus! Your love is cornered. To console You for the offenses You receive from souls, I ask You to chain my heart with the very chains that were shattered by these souls. In this way, I can requite You with my love on their behalf.

Beloved Jesus, my Divine archer, I kiss *your bosom*. The fire You contain is so great that in order to lightly vent your flames and seek the slightest respite from your labor, You begin to play, shooting loving arrows from your bosom at souls who approach You. Your game is to form loving arrows, darts and javelins and, with these,

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pierce their hearts, which causes You to rejoice. But many reject them, O Jesus, by sending You in return arrows of insipidness, darts of lukewarmness and javelins of ingratitude, thus leaving You so afflicted that You weep bitterly... O Jesus, here is my bosom ready to receive not only your arrows destined for me, but those destined for but rejected by others, so that You will no longer lose at your game of love. I offer You reparation also for the insipidness, lukewarmness and ingratitude of souls.

O Jesus, I kiss *your left hand*, and I wish to make reparation for all the illicit or blameworthy touches in your Presence, and I beg You to press Me always tightly to your Heart.

O Jesus, I kiss *your right hand*, and I intend to make reparation for all the sacrileges, especially for the Masses poorly said. How many times, my love, are You compelled to descend from heaven into unworthy hands and hearts. Although You are nauseated in those hands, love forces You to stay. What is more, in some of your ministers You discover those who renew your Passion. On account of their enormous crimes and sacrileges they renew the deicide; Jesus, I am frightened at the thought of it! But, alas, just as You were in the hands of the Jews during your Passion, so You remain in these unworthy hands like a meek lamb, awaiting again your death. O Jesus, how much You suffer! You yearn for a loving hand to free You from these sacrilegious hands.

O Jesus, when You are in these hands I bid You summon me to You your side to offer reparation by

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covering You with the purity of angels and anointing You with your own virtues. By this means, the nausea You experience in those hands will be lessened, and I offer You my heart as a shelter and refuge. While You are in me I will pray for Priests so that they may be your worthy ministers.

O Jesus, I kiss *your left foot*. I offer reparation for those who receive You out of habit and without the proper dispositions.

O Jesus, I kiss *your right foot*. I offer reparation for those who, in receiving You, offend you. O please, I beg You, when they dare to do this to renew the miracle You performed with Longinus. Just as You healed and converted him at the touch of the Blood which gushed forth from your Heart pierced by his lance, so at your Sacramental touch convert your offenders into loving worshippers and their offenses into [acts of] love.

O Jesus, I kiss your *Heart* into which all offenses pour, and I offer reparation for them all to requite You in love on behalf of all souls and to share always in your sorrows.

O Heavenly archer, if any offense escapes my acts of reparation, I entreat You to imprison me within your Heart and within your Will so that nothing escapes me. I implore my sweet mother to keep me always within her [Heart] so that I may offer reparation for all offenses on behalf of all souls. Together we shall kiss You and, keeping You sheltered, drive from You the waves of bitterness souls offer You... O Jesus, please remember that I too am a poor prisoner. It is true that your imprisonment in the small

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circumference of a Host is more arduous than mine, but [I nevertheless bid You] enclose me in your Heart and, with your chains of love, do not just imprison me, but also bind, one by one my thoughts, my affections and my desires chain my hands and my feet to your Heart so 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 formed by your love, your flames will be my food, your breath will be my breath and the bars preventing me from leaving You will be your Most Holy Will. In this way I will behold nothing but divine flames and experience nothing but the divine fire; while I experience life, I will also experience death, just like the death You experience in the Sacred Host. I will give You my life and, while I remain imprisoned in You, You will be set free in Me. Was this not your intention when imprisoning yourself in the Host? Did You not intend to be set free by those souls who would receive You and enable You to actualize your life in them? And as I cleave to You and embrace You, as a sign of your love I ask for your blessing and a kiss.

O my sweet Heart, I see that after You have instituted the Most Blessed Sacrament and have seen the enormous ingratitude and offenses of souls at the expense of the excess of your love, though wounded and embittered, You do not draw back; rather, You desire to immerse everything in the immensity of your love.

O Jesus, I see You as You administer yourself to your Apostles, and You add that they too must do what You have done, and You confer upon them the authority to

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consecrate. You therefore ordain them Priests and institute the other Sacraments. You tend to everything and offer reparation for everything: The sermons poorly preached; the Sacraments administered and received without the proper dispositions and therefore without their intended effects;¹³² the mistaken vocations of Priests on account of the ordinand and of the bishops who ordain them, who do not use all the necessary means required to discern true vocations.¹³³ O Jesus, nothing escapes You, and I follow You and offer reparation for all these offenses.

Then, after You have fulfilled everything [for the institution of the Sacraments], You take your Apostles with You and set out for the Garden of Gethsemane to begin your sorrowful Passion. I will follow You in everything to keep You faithful company.

¹³² The Council of Trent teaches that grace is always conferred by a Sacrament in virtue of the rite performed (*ex opere operato*). Indeed, every Sacrament properly administered confers the grace intended by the Sacrament. In a true sense the Sacraments are instrumental causes of grace. Although the administration of the Sacrament is guaranteed, its fruitful or worthy reception depends on the worthiness of the recipient (*ex opere operantis*). The Council of Trent was careful to note that there must not be any obstacle to grace on the part of the recipients who are to receive the Sacraments, and it declared it erroneous to assert that they require no previous dispositions.

¹³³ The expression, “mistaken vocations”, conveys the inadequate presbyteral formation for ordination, the lack of which does not necessarily invalidate the conferral of the Sacrament of Holy Orders. Insofar as there is present in the conferral of the Sacrament *matter* and *form* that determine its validity, even though a validly ordained Priest may depart from the standard of virtue expected of him, or even may leave the Church, he retains his Priestly powers to consecrate and absolve (*ex opere operato*). The Catholic Church teaches as an article of faith that the Sacrament of Holy Orders imprints on the soul of the recipient a character that can never be erased.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus is hidden in the Host to give life to all. In his concealment, He embraces all centuries and gives light to all. In the same way, by hiding ourselves in him we will give life and light to all with our prayers and reparations, even to those who have separated themselves from the Church and to those who are unfaithful, as Jesus does not exclude anyone.

And what should we do in our concealment? In order to become similar to Jesus Christ, we must hide everything in him: our thoughts, glances, words, heartbeats, affections, desires, steps, works, even our prayers – we should hide them in the prayers of Jesus. And just as beloved 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, the desire of every heart, the step of every foot, the work of every arm. By doing this, we will divert from the Heart of Jesus all the evils which all souls would thrust upon him; we will substitute each evil with all the good we do, while pressing Jesus to grant salvation, sanctity and love to all souls.

In order to requite Jesus for the life he has given us, our life must be fully conformed to his. The soul must have the intention of being in all the Tabernacles of the world in order to keep him continuous company, and continuous consolation and reparation. With this intention we should do all our actions throughout the day. The first Tabernacle is within us, in our heart. Therefore we must pay great

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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. Oh, it is Jesus that wants to pray and wants us united with him, almost identifying himself with our voice, with our affection and with all our heart in order to make our prayer one with his! So, in order to give honour to the prayer of Jesus, we should be attentive to submit to him our entire being, so that beloved Jesus may raise his prayer and speak to the Father, renewing on earth the effects of his own prayer.

We need to pay attention to each one of our interior movements because good Jesus will one moment make us suffer, the next moment He will ask us to pray; one moment He will place us in one interior state, and the next moment in another state 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 many grave offenses from souls that He feels moved to resort to chastisements to strike souls. And here He gives us the opportunity to exercise patience. We must give him honour, bearing everything in peace, just as he does. Our patience will snatch from his hands the chastisements which other souls draw down, because He will exercise his own divine patience within us. This applies not only to patience, but to all the other virtues. In the Sacrament beloved Jesus exercises all the virtues. From him we draw fortitude, docility, patience, tolerance, humility and obedience.

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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 Jesus' love. We will let nothing enter into us that opposes him. Therefore, in everything we do, everything must serve to nourish our beloved Jesus. Our thought must feed the divine thought by thinking that Jesus is hidden in us and desires the nourishment of our thoughts. So, by thinking in a saintly way, we nourish the divine thought. Our words, heartbeats, affections, desires, steps and works, in a word, everything must serve to nourish Jesus. We must form the intention of feeding souls 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, my entire little being may become many hosts that administer You to souls. O Jesus, sweet love of mine, may I be your little host to enclose your entire being in me, like a living host.

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Fifth Hour

9 PM

First hour of the Agony in the Garden

My afflicted Jesus, I feel drawn into this garden as though by an electric current... I understand that You, [acting like a] powerful magnet of my wounded heart, are calling me, and I run, thinking to myself: “What are these attractions of love I feel within me? Oh, maybe my persecuted Jesus is in such a state of bitterness that he feels the need of my company.” And I fly to him.

But upon entering this garden, to my surprise horror overtakes me. The darkness of the night, the intensity of the cold and the slow motion of the leaves that rustle like weak voices, announce sorrows, sadness and death for my sorrowful Jesus. The sweet glittering of the stars, like attentive gazing eyes that weep, reproach me for my ingratitude, and I tremble. I gropingly go in search of Jesus and call out to him: “Jesus, where are You? How is it that You call on me and do not reveal yourself; You call out to me and yet You hide.”

The night is filled with terror; fear and profound silence pervade all things... I attune my ears and hear a laboured breath, and it is Jesus himself that I find... But He has undergone such a grim change! No longer is He the sweet Jesus of the Eucharistic Supper whose face shone with radiant and enrapturing beauty, but He is cloaked with

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sadness – a mortal sadness that has disfigured his divine beauty... He has already entered into a state of agony, and it appears that he may die. I worry to think that I may no longer hear his voice... I embrace his feet; I become braver and approach his arms and, placing my hand upon his forehead to sustain him, I softly say to him: “Jesus, Jesus!” And He, shaken by my voice, looks at me and says:

“Child, are you here? I was waiting for you. Do you wish to know the cause of My sadness – that which oppresses Me the most? It is the total abandonment of everyone. I was waiting for you to allow you to witness My sorrows and let you drink, along with Me, the chalice of bitterness which, in a little while, My Heavenly Father will send Me through an angel.¹³⁴ We will drink from it together, as it will not be a chalice of comfort, but one of intense bitterness; I am in need of a few loving souls who will drink at least a few drops of it.

¹³⁴ Jesus’ invitation to Luisa to partake of his chalice of bitterness introduces the reader to the redeemed human being’s ability to assist him in *his* work of Redemption, the fruits of which are progressively actualized in souls. Throughout the Passion recount Jesus invites Mary, Luisa and all the redeemed to unite themselves to him in his Passion and to offer him “reparation”, “compassion”, “help”, “comfort”, etc. This cooperation in Christ’s Passion does not compromise Jesus’ *sole mediatory action* in the work of Redemption (1 Tim. 2:5). Indeed, through the cooperation of the two natures in his one divine Person, *Jesus*, the sole mediator between God and man, accomplishes the work of Redemption, while his *human nature* in the “form of a slave” (Phil. 2:7), experiences the full gamut of mankind’s sins and elicits from the redeemed “reparation”, “compassion”, “help”, etc. By virtue of his two natures, Jesus absorbs, sublimates and divinizes within himself all that which the redeemed offer to him, which he, in turn, offers to the Father. And it is in this sense that the redeemed may be said to cooperate with Christ in his work of Redemption.

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This is why I called on you – that you may accept this chalice, share in My sorrows and assure Me that you will not leave Me in this great state of abandonment.”

“Oh, yes my panting Jesus, let us drink together from your bitter chalice; let us together endure your sorrows, and never will I leave your side!”

And afflicted Jesus, reassured by me, enters into his mortal agony and suffers torments never-before seen nor understood. And I, unable to contain myself and wanting to partake in his Passion and console him, say: “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. Only a few hours remain before You begin your [public] Passion... I thought I would at least here find my Heavenly Mother, the loving Magdalene and 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 love and my all, why do You not answer? Please speak to me! It seems as though the sadness that oppresses You is so intense that You cannot utter a word. O my Jesus, that gaze of yours, radiant with light but afflicted and searching, seems to search for help. Everything tells me that You are alone and desire my company. Your pale face, your lips parched with love, your divine Person trembling from head to foot, and your Heart that beats so loudly within You in search of souls, causes You such labour that it seems that any moment now You are will breathe your last.

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I am here with You, O Jesus, and yet I don't have the heart to see You prostrate on the ground. I take You in my arms and press You to my heart. I wish to count, one by one, the offenses that advance toward You, and, one by one, your internal acts [that face these offenses], so that I may comfort You in everything and at least offer You my compassion in all of your reparations and in all that which You undergo.

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 [soldiers'] scourges or thorns, neither the nails nor the Cross, and yet, when I place my head upon your Heart, I feel the bitter thorns [of sins] that pierce your head unleash ruthless scourges on your divine Person that spare not even the slightest part of your soul and body, thus rendering your hands more contorted and paralyzed than the [actual] nails themselves. Tell me, beloved Jesus, goodness itself, who has so much power, even in your interior, to torment You and make You suffer as many deaths as there are torments You experience?" Oh, it seems that Blessed Jesus opens his faint and dying lips, and says to me:

"My child, do you want to know what it is that torments Me more than My executioners? Indeed, the executioners' tortures are nothing compared to this! It is eternal love which, wanting primacy in all things, makes Me suffer all at once and in My most intimate recesses what the executioners will make Me suffer little by little. Oh, My child, it is love which prevails over Me

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and in Me in all things. Love is the nails for me, love is the scourging, love is the crown of thorns – love is everything for Me. Love is My perennial Passion, while that [torments inflicted on Me] by men is in time. Oh, My child, enter into My Heart, come and dissolve yourself in My love, as 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 for love alone.”

O my Jesus, since You call me into your Heart to show me what love made You suffer, I enter. But as I enter, I see the portents of love that crown your head, not with material thorns, but with thorns of fire; that scourge You, not with whips from the flagellum, but with lashes of fire; that crucify You with nails, not of iron, but of fire. Everything is fire and penetrates deep into your bones – into your very marrow and, distilling all of your most sacred humanity into fire, it gives You mortal pains, certainly greater than the Passion itself, and prepares a bath of love for all souls who want to be washed of any stain and acquire the rightful claims of the 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 myself must be pure love! O my Jesus, I am not so! But since You want my company, and desire that I enter into You, I beg You to make me become pure love.

And so I implore You to crown my head and each one of my thoughts with the crown of love. I implore You,

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O Jesus, to scourge my soul, my body, my faculties, my feelings, my desires, my affections – in sum, everything with the scourge of love. In this way, I will be in all things scourged and sealed with love. O endless love, let there be nothing in me which does not take life from love.

O Jesus, center of all the love of human hearts, I beg You to nail my hands and my feet with the nails of love, so that completely crucified by love, I may become love, comprehend love, be clothed with love, nourished by love and be kept completely crucified within You. By this means, nothing internally or externally may dare to divert me or take me away from love, O Jesus!

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

In this hour, abandoned by his eternal Father, Jesus Christ suffered such a burning fire of love that He was able to destroy all conceivable and imaginable sins, and enflame with his love all souls – even souls from millions and millions of worlds,¹³⁵ and the souls of those who [would squander this love by] choosing to remain eternally obstinate in their evil and choosing to go to hell. Let us enter into Jesus and, after we have penetrated his whole interior – his most intimate recesses, his heartbeats of fire, his intelligence which was set ablaze – let us take this love and clothe ourselves on the inside and out with the fire of love with which Jesus burned. Then, emerging from him and pouring ourselves into his Will, we will there find all souls. Let us give the love of Jesus to each one of these souls and, touching their hearts and minds with this love, let us try to transform them completely into love.

Then with Jesus' desires, heartbeats and thoughts, let us form Jesus into every creature's heart. And then we will bring Jesus all souls with him into their hearts, and we will place them around him, saying: "O Jesus, we bring

¹³⁵ Hannibal's reference to other "worlds" is rooted in Jesus' revelation to Luisa from Volume 11, October 29, 1914, where he tells her: "*My Will contains completely accomplished acts. One single act of My Will is enough to create a thousand worlds, all perfect and complete. I do not need subsequent acts, as act one is enough for all. So, in accomplishing the simplest act united with My Will, you offer Me a complete act, that is, an act of love, praise, thanksgiving and reparation. In sum, you enclose everything for Me in this act and, what is more, you even enclose Me, and you offer My very Self to Me*".

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You all souls with Jesus in their hearts to console and comfort you. We have no other way to assuage your love than to bring every creature into your Heart!” By doing this, we will offer Jesus true consolation, as the flames that burn him are so intense that He keeps repeating: “I burn with love, and yet there is no one to receive My love. Oh please, comfort Me by accepting my love and, in exchange, grant me your love!”

In order to conform ourselves in everything to Jesus, we must enter within ourselves and apply to ourselves these reflections. Can we say in all that we do there is a continuous flow of love between us and God? Our life is a continuous flow of love from God. When we think, it is a flow of love; when we work, it is a flow of love – the word is love, the heartbeat is love. Indeed, 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 in us with more abundant love?

If we have not formed the intention in all that we do of running with Jesus in his love, we should enter within ourselves and ask him forgiveness for causing him the loss of the sweet enchantment of his love toward us.

Do we let ourselves be formed by God’s divine hands, as the humanity of Jesus Christ let itself be formed? We must accept everything that happens within us and that is not sinful as God’s divine crafting. If we fail to do so, we deny glory to the Father, we cause his divine life to escape

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us and we lose sanctity. Everything we experience on the inside – inspirations, mortifications, graces – is nothing other than God’s crafting of love. Do we accept these things as God intends? Do we give Jesus the freedom to operate in us, or do we see everything in human terms and as meaningless, thereby rejecting God’s divine crafting and 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 in my entirety and burn all that opposes You. Let my love always run to You and burn away whatever may sadden your Heart.

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Sixth Hour

10 PM

Second hour of the Agony in the Garden

O my sweet Jesus, one hour has already passed since You came to this garden. Love took primacy in everything, making You suffer everything at once – everything the executioners will make You suffer throughout the entire course of your most bitter Passion; or rather, love makes up for your Passion and reaches the point of making You suffer in the most interior recesses of your divine Person in ways your executioners cannot. O my Jesus, I see You now staggering in your steps, and yet, You want to walk. Tell me my love, where do You want to go? Oh, I understand, to see your beloved disciples. I too want to accompany You, so that if You stagger I may sustain You.

O my Jesus, your Heart receives another bitter blow: Your disciples are already asleep. And You, who are always compassionate, call them, wake them up and with complete paternal love admonish them and recommend to them vigilance and prayer. You then return to the garden, but You carry this additional wound in your Heart. O my love, in this wound I see all the wounds inflicted by consecrated souls who, because of temptation, temperament or lack of mortification, instead of clinging to You, being vigilant and praying, give into their own desires and, sleepy, instead of making progress in love and in the union

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with You, draw back. I unite myself to your Passion, O my impassioned beloved. I offer You reparation 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 it makes You delirious.

O interminable love, your love which is already boiling in your veins conquers everything and forgets everything. I see You prostrate on the ground in prayer, offering yourself up, making reparation and, in everything, trying to glorify the Father for the offenses He receives from souls. O my Jesus, I too prostrate myself on the ground and with You I intend to do what You do.

O Jesus, delight of my heart, I see that crowds upon crowds of all of our sins, miseries, weakness, the most enormous crimes and the gravest ingratitude advance toward You, assail You, crush You, wound You and pierce You. And what do You do? The Blood that boils in your veins faces all of these offenses, bursts your veins, pours out in large rivulets and drenches You. It flows to the ground and You offer your Blood in exchange for all offenses – You exchange life for death. Ah love, You have been reduced to such a sorrowful state! You are about to breathe your last. O my love, my sweet life, oh please, do not die! Raise your face from the ground which You wet with your most sacred Blood! Come into my arms! Let me die in your place!

But I hear the trembling and dying voice of my sweet Jesus that says: **“Father, if it is possible, let this**

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chalice pass from Me; yet not My will, but your will 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 souls advance toward You. You see that *"Fiat voluntas tua"* that is, *"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 to offer solemn reparation to the Father for the rebellion of souls, as many as three times You repeat: **"Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me' – that is, the chalice of souls who, by withdrawing from Our Will, becoming lost. 'Although this chalice of Mine is extremely bitter, [I repeat] not My will, but your Will be done.'"**

But while You say this, your bitterness is so intense and so overwhelming that You reach the point of death. You agonize, and are about to breathe your last. O Jesus, my love, since You are in my arms, I too want to unite myself to You. I want to offer reparation and partake in your Passion on account of all the faults and sins committed against your Most Holy Will, and I entreat You that I may always do your Most Holy Will. May your Will be my breath and my air; may your Will be my heart, my heartbeat, 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 help me? It will spell the end for me! O please, do not leave me. Keep me in whatever condition You wish, as You best please, but keep me with You,

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always with You! May it never happen that I be separated from You, even for an instant! Rather, let me comfort You, offer You reparation and share in your Passion on behalf of all, as I see that all sins of every kind weigh upon You.

Therefore, my love, I kiss your *most sacred head*. And what do I see? I see all evil thoughts, and You feel disgust for them. For your most sacred head, each evil thought is a thorn which pierces You bitterly. Oh, the crown of thorns which the Jews will place on You cannot be compared with these thorns! How many crowns of thorns formed by the evil thoughts of souls are placed upon your adorable head, whereby your Blood flows everywhere, from your forehead and from your hair! Jesus, I unite myself to your Passion and intend to place upon You as many crowns of glory as there are evil thoughts. And to comfort 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 *sorrowful eyes*, and in them I see all the evil gazes of souls that make tears and Blood pour out over your face. I unite myself to your Passion and I intend to comfort your sight by placing before You all the pleasures forged by a union of love with You that are found in heaven and on earth.

Jesus, my love, I kiss your *most sacred ears*. And what do I hear? I hear in them the echo of horrendous blasphemies, shouts of revenge, and malicious gossip. There is not one voice which does not resound in your most chaste hearing. O insatiable love, I unite myself to your

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Passion and intend to comfort You by making resound in your ears all the harmonies of heaven, the sweetest voice of our dear mother, and the ardent accents of Magdalene and of all loving souls.

Jesus, my life, I want to impress a more fervent kiss upon *your face*, whose beauty has no equal. Oh, this is the face on which the angels, like cupids, desire to fix their gaze for the great beauty that enraptures them. Yet, souls sully it with spit, beat it with slaps and stomp on You. My love, what arrogance! I would like to shout so loudly that I may put them to flight! I unite myself to your Passion and, to offer reparation 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 our Heavenly Mother so that she may give me her kisses, the caresses of her maternal hands and her profound adorations. I offer You everything to make reparation for the offenses made to your most sacred face.

Beloved Jesus, goodness itself, I kiss your *most sacred mouth*, embittered from horrible blasphemies, from the nausea of drunkenness and gluttony, from obscene conversations, from prayers poorly recited, from evil teachings and from all the evil man does with his tongue. Jesus, I unite myself to your Passion and intend to sweeten your mouth by offering You all the angelic praises and the good use of the tongue made by many holy Christians.

Jesus, my oppressed love, I kiss *your neck*, and I see it loaded down with ropes and chains on account of the attachments and sins of souls. I unite myself to your

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Passion, and offer You the indissoluble union of the divine Persons. Fusing myself in this union, I extend my arms to You and, forming a sweet chain of love around your neck, I wish to remove the ropes of these attachments that almost suffocate You and, to comfort You, I press You tightly to my heart.

Divine Fortress, I kiss your *most sacred shoulders*. I see them lacerated and your flesh almost torn to pieces by the scandals and the evil examples of souls. I unite myself to your Passion and, to comfort You, I offer You the most holy examples of your life, the examples of our Holy Queen Mother and those of all the saints. And letting my kisses flow over each one of your wounds, O my Jesus, I desire to enclose in them souls who, on account of scandals, have been snatched from your Heart, and so re-join the flesh of your most sacred humanity.

My laboured Jesus, I kiss *your bosom*, which I see wounded from the insipidness, lukewarmness, lack of correspondence and ingratitude of souls. I unite myself to your Passion and, to offer You comfort, I offer You the reciprocal love of the Father and the Holy Spirit – the perfect correspondence of the three divine Persons. And immersing myself in your love, O my Jesus, I intend to shelter You to shield You from the new blows that souls direct against You with their sins. I take your love and intend to wound them with it, so that they may never again dare to offend You, and I pour it out over your bosom to comfort and heal You.

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Beloved Jesus, I kiss your *creative hands*. I see all the evil actions of souls which, like as many nails, pierce your most sacred hands. Therefore, You remain pierced, not with three nails as on the Cross, but with as many nails for as there are evil works of souls. I unite myself to your Passion and, to comfort You, I offer You all the holy works and courage of the martyrs who gave their blood and life for love of You. In a word, O my Jesus, I intend to offer You all good works in order to remove from You the many nails of all evil works.

O Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred feet*, always untiring in searching for souls. In them You enclose all the steps of souls, but You feel many of them run away and You wish to stop them. With each of their evil steps You feel a nail being driven into You, and You intend to use these very nails to nail them to your love. The pain You feel and the effort You make to nail them to your love is so intense and so overwhelming that You tremble all over. My God and my love, I unite myself to your Passion and, to comfort You, I offer You the steps of all 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 that all the offenses of souls cause You. In these hours You want to give primacy to love, the second place to all sins for which You expiate, offer reparation, glorify the Father and appease the Divine Justice, and the third to the Jews. In this way You show that the Passion the Jews will make You suffer is nothing but the representation of the double, most bitter Passion which love and sin make You suffer.

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And this is why I see, all concentrated in your Heart, the lance of love and the lance of sin. I see that You await the third lance, the lance of the Jews. Your Heart, stifled in its love, suffers violent convulsions, impatient yearnings of love, desires that consume You and enflamed heartbeats that seek to give life to every heart.

And it is exactly here, in your Heart that You feel all the sorrows souls cause You. Such souls, with their evil desires, disordered affections and profane heartbeats, instead of desiring your love, seek out other [inordinate] loves. Jesus, how much You suffer! I see You faint,¹³⁶ submerged by the waves of our iniquities. I unite myself to your Passion and seek to comfort the bitterness of your Heart thrice pierced, by offering You the eternal sweetness and the sweetest love of our dear mother Mary, as well as those of all your truly beloved souls.

And now, my Jesus, let my poor heart draw life from your Heart, so that I may live only with your Heart. In each offense You are to receive, let me be ever ready to offer You unceasing solace, comfort, reparation and acts of love.

¹³⁶ Cf. footnote 127, p. 304 re. the Italian word for “faint” (“*svenire*”).

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

In the second hour in Gethsemane all sins from all times of the 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 experienced all our moods in his Heart without ever ceasing to pray. Do we always pray in whatever mood we may be, whether we are feeling cold on the inside, hardened in heart or tempted? Do we offer up to Jesus the pains of our soul in reparation to console him? Do we imitate Jesus completely by acknowledging that whatever [discomforting] mood we are in is sharing in Jesus' pain? We must place our discomforts around Jesus as a [vicarious] sharing of his own pain, and offer him compassion and consolation. And if possible we must say to him, "You have suffered too much. Take up your rest, as we will suffer in your place."

Do we lose heart or do we remain at the feet of Jesus with courage, offering him all that which we suffer, so that Jesus may find his own humanity in us? Otherwise put, are we a reflection of his humanity for his glory?

What did the humanity of Jesus do? It glorified his Father, expiated and pleaded for the salvation of souls. And 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 the complete humanity of Jesus Christ?"

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In our moments of darkness, do we form the intention of making the light of truth shine in others? And when we pray with fervor, do we form the intention of melting the ice of many hearts hardened by sin?

O my Jesus, in order to offer You compassion and consolation from the total exhaustion in which You find yourself, I rise up to heaven and make your divinity my own and, placing it around You, I intend to shield You from all the offenses of souls. I offer You your own beauty to shield You from the ugliness of sin. I offer You your own holiness to shield You from the horror of the sins of all those souls who are dead to grace and who make You feel repugnance. I offer You your own peace to shield You from the discords, rebellions and disturbances of all souls. I offer You your own harmonies to shield your hearing from the waves of many evil voices. Beloved Jesus, I intend to offer You as many divine acts of reparation as there are offenses that assault You and wish to give You death. I intend to give You life with your own acts. Then, O Jesus, I want to cast a wave of your divinity upon all souls, 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 You receive from souls. O my Jesus, sweet life of mine, may my prayers and pains rise always toward heaven, so that the light of grace may rain upon all and absorb your own life in me.

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Seventh Hour

11 PM

Third hour of the Agony in the Garden

Beloved Jesus, goodness itself, my heart can no longer bear it. I look at You and I see that You continue to agonize. Blood flows from your body in large rivulets and with such abundance that unable to remain standing, You fall into a pool of Blood... O my love, my heart breaks in seeing You so weak and exhausted! Your adorable face and your creative hands press against the ground and are smeared in your own Blood. It seems to me that in exchange for the rivers of iniquities souls send You, You offer rivers of Blood to drown these sins in it, and with your Blood You offer to each soul the seal of your forgiveness. But, O my Jesus, please stand up. What You suffer is too much. Your love has done enough!

And while my beloved 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, it seems as if He wants to walk but, not having strength, He strains as He drags himself. Sweet life of mine, let me carry You in my arms. Are You perhaps going to your dear disciples? But what sorrow your adorable Heart experiences in finding them asleep again!

And with a trembling and feeble voice, You call upon them: **“My sons, do not sleep! The hour is near.**

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Can you not see this sorrowful state to which I have been reduced? Oh, I ask for your help; do not abandon Me in these extreme hours!”

And almost staggering, You are on the verge of collapsing right next to them, so John extends his arms to support 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, exhorting them to prayer and vigilance, You return to the garden, but with a second blow to your Heart. In this blow, my love, I see all the sins of those souls who, in spite of all the favours received from You – your gifts, kisses and loving finesses – in the night of trial they forget about your love and gifts, and grow drowsy and sleepy, thus abandoning the spirit of unceasing prayer and vigilance.

O my Jesus, it is indeed true that after having seen You and after having enjoyed your gifts, it takes great obstinacy to choose to be without them. Only by a miracle are such [deprived] souls capable of enduring their hour of trial. Therefore, as I partake of your Passion on behalf of those souls whose negligence, carelessness and offenses form the most bitter pains for your Heart, I entreat You to surround them with so much grace that it stops them from taking a single step that might displease You in the least, and that keeps them from losing the spirit of unceasing prayer!

My dear Jesus, as You return to the garden the sorrow You endure seems is unbearable; You raise your

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face to heaven soaked with Blood and soil, and repeat for the third time:

“Father, if it is possible let this chalice pass from Me. Holy Father, I implore your help! Do not deprive Me of your comfort! It is true that the sins that weigh upon Me make Me nauseating, repugnant and the least among men before your infinite majesty. Your justice is turned against Me, but look at Me, O Father, I am always your Son who is one with You. Please, I implore your help, O Father, have mercy! Do not deprive Me of your comfort!”

O beloved Jesus, goodness itself, I now seem to hear You call upon your dear mother:

“Sweet mother, hold Me in your arms as you did when I was a child! Let Me receive from you the milk I once suckled to refresh Me and sweeten the bitterness of My agony. Lend Me your heart which formed My complete joy. Dear mother, Magdalene, dear Apostles and all you who love me: I implore your help and comfort! Do not abandon Me in these extreme moments, but gather all around like a crown to offer Me the comfort of your loving company!”

Jesus, my love, who can resist seeing You in these extreme conditions? What heart could be so hard as to not break upon seeing You drowned in so much Blood? Who would not weep torrents of bitter tears upon hearing [the voice of] your sorrowful accents in search of help and comfort?

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O my Jesus, You are finally able to find consolation, as I see the Father sending an angel to console and assist You – to put an end to your state of agony and [give You the strength to] place yourself in the hands of the Jews. While You are with the angel, I shall go around heaven and earth; allow me to take your Blood that You have shed and administer it to all souls as the pledge of each one's salvation, and then bring You in exchange for your consolation their affections, heartbeats, thoughts, steps and works.

My Heavenly Mother, I come to you in order to go to all souls and give to them Jesus' Blood. Sweet mother, Jesus seeks to be comforted and the greatest comfort we can give him is to bring him souls. Magdalene, accompany us! All angels, come and see the sorrowful state to which Jesus has been reduced! He seeks to be comforted by all of us and his state of exhaustion is such that He will refuse no one.

O my Jesus, while You drink of the chalice full of intense bitterness the Heavenly Father sends You, I hear You sigh, moan, grow delirious and, with a stifled voice, utter:

“Souls, souls, come and offer Me your comfort! Take a place in My humanity. I desire your salvation and I long for you! O please, do not be deaf to My voice, do not allow My ardent desires, My Blood, My love and My sorrows to be offered in vain! Come souls, come!”

My delirious Jesus, each one of your moans and sighs forms a wound in my heart that allows me no rest. So

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I make your Blood, your Will, your ardent zeal and your love my own and, going around heaven and earth, I visit all souls to administer to them your Blood as a pledge of their salvation; I do so to bring them to You to requite [on their behalf] your consuming flames of love that makes You delirious, and to sweeten the bitterness of your agony; as I do this You accompany me with your gaze.

My mother, I come to you, for Jesus desires souls in order to be comforted. Therefore, extend to me your maternal hand and let the both of us go throughout the whole world in search of souls. In Jesus' Blood let us enclose the affections, desires, thoughts, works and steps of all souls, and let us cast the flames of his Heart into their souls so that they may surrender. By this means, enclosed in his Blood and transformed within his flames, we will gather souls around Jesus to relieve the pains of his most bitter agony.

My guardian angel, precede us. Go and dispose souls who must receive Jesus' Blood, so that not one drop of his Blood may remain without its abundant effects. Dear mother, hurry, let us go in search! I see that Jesus's gaze follows us and I hear his repeated sobs pushing us to hasten our task.

And here we are mother – within a few steps we are already at the door of the houses where the sick are lying. How many people there are who suffer in their limbs – so many, in the atrocity of their convulsions, burst into blasphemies and try to take their own lives. O mother, I hear Jesus' sobs as He sees dearest and loving designs that

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are intended to lead souls to share in his sufferings and partake in his likeness, repaid with offenses. Let us administer to these souls his Blood that it may provide them with what help they need and, with its light, make them understand the value of suffering which [when united to Jesus' sufferings] enables them to acquire his likeness.

And please, my dear mother, place yourself near these souls, so that as an affectionate mother, You may touch their suffering limbs with your maternal hands and relieve their pains. Take these souls into your arms and pour torrents of grace from your Heart upon all of their pains. May you provide company for the abandoned and console the afflicted. For those who lack the necessary means, dispose generous souls to help them; for those who find themselves under the weight of convulsions, may you obtain relief and comfort, so that relieved, they may bear with greater patience whatever Jesus disposes for them.¹³⁷

Let us enter into the rooms of the dying... Dear mother 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 Jesus' repeatedly pierced Heart 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 waging war against them in their final assault to lead them to hell. These demons seek to unleash and envelop them in the

¹³⁷ This paragraph is not present in the 5th Italian edition published by Luisa's confessor Rev. B. Calvi.

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infernal flames and prevent them from turning to hope in God's salvation.¹³⁸

Others, entangled by the bonds of earth, are unable to resign themselves to take the final step [toward God]. Please, O mother, these moments are extreme, they need much help. Don't you see how they convulse, how they squirm amid agonizing convulsions, how they ask for help and pity? The earth has already disappeared for them. Holy mother, place your maternal hand upon their icy foreheads to receive their last breaths.¹³⁹ Holy Mother, let us administer¹⁴⁰ to each of the dying the Blood of Jesus, so

¹³⁸ This paragraph is not present in the 5th Italian edition published by Luisa's confessor Rev. B. Calvi.

¹³⁹ This sentence is not present in the 5th Italian edition published by Luisa's confessor Rev. B. Calvi.

¹⁴⁰ The mystical reality of Mary and Luisa *administering* the precious Blood of Jesus to others is predicated on the timeless merits of Jesus' redemptive Blood. To Luisa Jesus makes it abundantly clear that if the eternal operation of his Divine Will did not empower his human will, he could not have redeemed all souls (L. Piccarreta, volume 14, June 15, 1922). Jesus from eternity possesses a divine nature and a Divine Will whose operation is eternal ("*eternal mode*"). Because the eternal operation of Jesus' Divine Will has neither beginning nor end, it is capable of embracing while transcending all time and space and impacting all souls.

Therefore, Luisa's assertion of Mary and herself *administering* Jesus' precious Blood to souls of different times and places (of the past, present and future), presupposes a participation of the redeemed human will in said transcendent ability by virtue of the eternal operation of Jesus' Divine Will (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 18, October 24, 1925; vol. 12, April 8, 1918).

While Jesus is the "one mediator" (1 Tim. 2:5) who redeems all souls through the meritorious shedding of his Blood, such Blood was rendered timeless by the eternal operation of his Divine Will. In Luisa's text it is clear that the human will of Mary (from the moment of her Immaculate Conception) and that of Luisa (since her reception of the gift of Living in the Divine Will) continuously cooperated with the

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that putting the demons to flight, it may dispose them all to receive the last Sacraments and to have a good and holy death. For comfort, let us administer to them the [fruitful effects of] Jesus' agonies, so that when Jesus judges them, He may find them covered with his own Blood and abandoned in his arms and, therefore, grant his forgiveness to them all.

Let us continue to go around, O mother. Let your maternal gaze look with love upon the earth to have compassion on the many poor souls that need Jesus' Blood. Dear mother, I feel compelled by Jesus' searching gaze to run, as He desires souls. I hear his moans in the depth of my heart repeating to me: **“My child, help Me, bring Me souls!”**¹⁴¹

same eternal operation of God's Divine Will that continuously cooperated with Jesus' human will.

Inasmuch as Mary and Luisa administered to all souls Jesus' Blood (which redeems man from sin) in the same eternal mode of operation (which renders the redemption timeless) of Jesus' Divine Will, they may be said to have cooperated in Christ's work of Redemption. The implications of this 11pm hour of Mary and Luisa administering Jesus' Blood to all souls are monumental, as they introduce the reader to the human creature's ability to cooperate with Christ in his work of Redemption. Pope Benedict XV summarizes this theology as follows: *“...It may be justly said that she (Mary) together with Christ has redeemed the human race”* (Apostolic Letter, *Inter Sodalicia*, March 22, 1918). The Vatican II Council document also affirms: *“Rightly therefore the holy Fathers see her (Mary) as used by God not merely in a passive way, but as freely cooperating in the work of human salvation... St. Irenaeus says, she ‘being obedient, became the cause of salvation for herself and for the whole human race’”* (*Lumen Gentium*, N. 56, November 21, 1964).

¹⁴¹ This paragraph is not present in the 5th Italian edition published by Luisa's confessor Rev. B. Calvi.

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O mother, look how the earth is filled with souls who are about to fall into sin, and Jesus bursts into tears, as He sees his Blood undergo new profanations. It would take a miracle to prevent their fall. Therefore let us administer to these souls the Blood of Jesus so that they may find in it the strength and the grace not to fall into sin.

With yet another step, O mother, we find souls already fallen into the guilt of sin. Jesus loves them, but He looks at them with horror, as they are covered with mud which intensifies his agony. Let us administer to them the Blood of Jesus that contains life so that they may rise again, and rise much more beautifully and cause all heaven and earth to rejoice.

Let us continue on, O mother. Look, there are souls who carry the mark of perdition – souls who sin and run away from Jesus, who offend him and in despair turn from his forgiveness. Let us administer to them the Blood of Jesus so that it may erase from them the mark of perdition and impress upon them the mark of salvation. May Jesus' Blood place in their hearts such confidence and love that it makes them run away from sin and cast themselves at the divine feet of Jesus, where they may cleave to them, never to detach themselves from him again.

Look, O mother, there are good and innocent souls in whom Jesus finds his delight and rest in creation. But others are around them with many snares and scandals... Let us seal and surround their innocence with the Blood of Jesus like a defensive wall, so that sin may not enter them. By this means, we will put to flight whoever may wish

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them to become sullied with sin, and we will keep them spotless and pure so that in them Jesus may find his rest and delight.

And now, let us run dear mother to the regions of those who have separated themselves from the Church and of those who are not Christian, especially those who find themselves at the point of death... Jesus who is the life of all cannot find in them the slightest act of love in return – He is not acknowledged by his own children. O mother, let us administer to them the Blood of Jesus, let us bring them around Jesus like many orphaned and exiled children who have returned to their Father, whereby Jesus may feel comforted in his most bitter agony.

O mother, let us take the Blood of Jesus and administer it to all souls: To the afflicted, so that they may be comforted; to the poor, so that they may discover and love the treasure contained in their poverty; to those who are tempted, so that they may obtain victory; to unbelievers, so that the virtue of faith may triumph in them; to the blasphemers, so that they may turn their blasphemies into benedictions; to Priests, so that they may understand their mission and be worthy ministers of Jesus... Let us administer to the souls in purgatory Jesus' Blood, as they ardently cry out and implore his Blood which will admit them to heaven.

O mother, don't you hear their moans, their loving sighs, their torments and how they feel continuously drawn to their Greatest Good? See how Jesus himself wants to purge them more quickly in order to have them with him.

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He attracts them with his love and they requite him by making continuous flights toward him; but as they find themselves in his presence, unable to sustain the purity of his divine gaze, they are compelled to draw back and plunge themselves again into the purifying flames.¹⁴²

And now, let us fly to heaven and give the Blood of Jesus to all the angels and saints for their greater [accidental] glory, so that they may thank Jesus and pray for us... And may you, O mother, allow me to administer this Blood also to you for your greater [accidental] glory, to bathe you in new light and impart to you new joys, and descend from you upon all creatures so that you may convey to them the grace of salvation [that Jesus had purchased for all].

May you administer this Blood to me also [dear mother]. You know how much I need it. With this Blood may you purify me, heal me and enrich my poverty. May you make this Blood flow in my veins, and [actualize in me the fruits of] Jesus' entire life. May it descend into my heart and transform it into Jesus' own Heart, such that having embellished me, Jesus may discover in me all of his joys.

Agonizing Jesus, your life is about to end, as I can already hear you experiencing the death rattle; I see your beautiful eyes eclipsed by your approaching death and all of your most sacred limbs have become limp. I often hear You stop breathing, and my heart breaks with sorrow. I hug You and, as I do, I feel You are ice cold. I shake You, but

¹⁴² This paragraph is not present in the 5th Italian edition published by Luisa's confessor Rev. B. Calvi.

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You give no sign of life! Jesus, are You dead? Afflicted mother, angels of heaven, come; let us weep over Jesus. Don't allow me to go on without him, for I cannot! I press him tightly to myself and I hear him take another breath, and another, but He gives no sign of life! I call him: "Jesus, Jesus, my life, do not die! I already hear the clamour of your enemies who are coming to take You. Who will defend You like this?" And Jesus, being moved, comes back to life, as it were, and looking at me, says:

"Oh soul, are you here? Have you witnessed My sorrows and of the many deaths I endured? Know that in these three hours of the most bitter agony in the garden, I enclosed within Me all the lives of all souls, and I endured all of their pains and their very death, while giving My own life to each of them. My agonies will sustain theirs; My bitterness and My death will turn into a fount of sweetness and life for them. How much souls cost Me! How comforted I would be if they would only correspond! You have seen that while I was dying, I would return to life and breathe again: These were the deaths of souls I felt within Me!"

My exhausted Jesus, since You also wanted to enclose my life in You, and therefore also my death, I beseech You for the sake of your most bitter to assist me at the moment of my death. I have given You my heart as a refuge and a resting place, my arms to sustain You and I placed my entire being at your disposal. And oh, how gladly I would give myself into the hands of your enemies to die in your place! O life of my heart, at the moment of my death may You come and requite me with all that which

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I have given You: Your company, your Heart as a bed and a resting place, your arms as my support, and your laboured breath as my relief. And may You do this 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 eternal beatitude.

Also, my sweet Jesus, actualize in my soul the fruits of your own most sacred humanity, so that in looking at me, You may see me through yourself and, in looking at yourself, You may find nothing in me to judge me. Then You will bathe me in your Blood, clothe me with the spotless garment of your Most Holy Will, adorn me with your love and, giving me the last kiss, take me from this earth to heaven. And what I have asked for myself, I ask for all those who agonize... But I see that your enemies are near, and You want to leave me and approach them... So, pressing myself tightly to your Heart, I assure You that I will never leave You. I will follow You, and I ask You for your blessing.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

In this third hour of Gethsemane, Jesus asked for help from heaven. His sorrows were so great that He asked to be comforted by his disciples. And do we always ask for help from heaven in sorrowful circumstances? And if we also turn to others, do we do this in [the divine] order and with those who can comfort us in a holy way? Are we at least resigned if we do not receive the consolations we were hoping for, by availing ourselves of the insipidness of others in order to abandon ourselves all the more into the arms of Jesus? Jesus was comforted by an angel. And can we say that we are the angels of Jesus by remaining around him to comfort him as we partake in his sorrows? However, to be Jesus' true angel, it is necessary to receive sufferings as if they were sent by him, and therefore as divine sufferings. Only then can we dare to console a God so embittered. Otherwise, if we receive pains in a human way, we cannot use them to comfort the Man-God, and therefore we cannot be his angels.

In the sorrows Jesus sends us, it is as though He also sends us the chalice in which we must place the fruit of these sorrows. These sorrows, endured with love and resignation, will turn into a most sweet nectar for Jesus. In every sorrow we should say: "Jesus is calling us around him to be his angels. He wants our comfort, and so He allows us to share in his sorrows."

Jesus, my love, in my sorrows I look for your Heart in which to rest, and in your sorrows I intend to give You

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shelter with my sorrows, so that in requiting them I may be your consoling angel.

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Eighth Hour

12 AM

Jesus is betrayed and arrested

O my Jesus, it is already midnight. You hear your enemies draw near and with resignation You dry the Blood from yourself and, strengthened by the comforts received, You return to your disciples. You call them, admonish them and take them with You as You go to meet your enemies. Your promptness bears with it the intention of offering reparation for my tardiness, indolence and laziness in working and suffering for love of You.

But, O sweet Jesus, my love, what a touching scene I see! You first meet the perfidious Judas who, drawing near You and throwing his arms about 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, You offer him expressions of new love.

O my Jesus, how is it possible not to love You? The tenderness of your love is such that it should snatch every heart and make them love You. Yet, they do not love You! And You, O my Jesus, in bearing this kiss of Judas, offer reparation for the betrayals, pretences and deceptions under the aspect of friendship and sanctity, especially of Priests. Your kiss then shows that You would refuse no sinner your forgiveness, provided he approaches You humbly.

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My most tender Jesus, You now give yourself into the hands of your enemies, giving them the power to make You suffer in whatever manner they choose. I too, O my Jesus, give myself into your hands so that You may freely do with me as You so choose. And with You, I want to follow your will, share in your reparations and endure your sufferings. I want to be around You always so that there may be no offense for which I do not offer reparation, no bitterness which I do not comfort, and no spittle or blows You receive that are not followed by one kiss and caress of mine. In the falls You will suffer my hands will always be ready to help lift You up. So, I want to be with You always, O my Jesus. I do not want to leave You alone, not even for one second. And to ensure You of my company, I ask you to place me inside of You so that I may be in your mind, in your gazes, in your Heart and in your entire being. In this way, whatever You do I shall also do. I will be your faithful companion such that none of your sufferings may escape me, and I shall offer You my requital of love in all things.

Beloved Jesus, goodness itself, I will be at your side to defend You, to learn your teachings and to number, one by one, all of your words. Oh, how sweetly does the word with which You addressed Judas descend into my heart: **“Friend, why have you come?”** And I believe that You address me too with these same words – not calling me friend, but by the sweet name of child: **“Child, why have you come?”**, to hear me answer: “Jesus, I have come to love You.”

When I wake up in the morning You repeat to me, **“Why have you come?”**; when I pray You repeat to me,

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“Why have you come?”; when I come to receive You into my heart in the Sacred Host You repeat to me, **“Why have you come?”**

What a beautiful call for me and for all souls! But how many to your **“Why have you come?”**, answer: “I come to offend You!” Others, pretending not to hear You, give themselves over to all kinds of sins and answer your **“Why have you come?”** by going to hell! I completely unite myself to your Passion, O my Jesus! I would like to take the very ropes with which your enemies are about to bind You and bind these souls to spare You this sorrow.

But as You go to meet your enemies, I hear your most tender voice which again says, **“Who are you looking for?”** And they answer: “Jesus the Nazarene.” And You say to them: **“It is I.”** With only these words You say everything and You reveal yourself for who You are, and your enemies tremble and fall to the ground as though dead. And You, love who has no equal, repeating again, **“It is I”**, call them back to life, and of your own accord You freely give yourself into the power of your enemies. Instead of humbly falling at your feet and gratefully asking your forgiveness, they instead with perfidious ingratitude abuse your goodness and, despising your graces and prodigies, seize You, bind You with ropes and chains, throw You to the ground, stomp on You and pull at your hair. And You, with unheard-of patience, remain silent, suffering and offering reparation for the offenses of those who, in spite of miracles, refuse to surrender to your grace and become more obstinate.

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With these ropes and chains You implore from your Father the grace to snap the chains of our sins, and bind us with your 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 offer reparation for good works that are not done with holy prudence, or which end in sin on account of excessive zeal.

My most patient Jesus, it seems that these ropes and chains confer something more beautiful upon your divine Person: Your forehead becomes so much more majestic that it draws the attention of your enemies themselves; your eyes blaze with more light; your divine face assumes such a supreme peace and sweetness that it enchants 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 it.

O enchained and bound love, how is it possible that You could 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? Nothing of the kind; on the contrary, with your most sacred hands, I bid You 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 my entire being. And together with me, bind all souls, so that in feeling the sweetness of your loving chains, they may never again dare to offend You.

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Sweet Jesus, goodness itself, it is now one o'clock in the morning. My mind begins to doze off. I will do my best to stay awake, but if sleep overtakes me, [may my intention supply for my company, as] I leave myself within You to follow You in whatever You do; or rather, may You yourself [supply for my company and] act in my stead. So in You I leave my thoughts to defend You from your enemies; my breath as cortege and company; my heartbeat to constantly remind You that I love You and to make up for the love others fail to give You; the drops of my blood to offer You reparation and to return to You the honour and esteem your enemies will try to take from You with insults, spit and slaps.

Beloved Jesus, I ask for your blessing. Let me sleep in your adorable Heart so that from your heartbeats, accelerated by love or by sorrow, I may often awake, so as not to interrupt our company. Let us make this agreement, O Jesus.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus promptly gave himself into the hands of his enemies, seeing the Will of the Father in them. In the deceptions and betrayals of others, are we ready to forgive like Jesus? Do we accept from the hands of God all the evil we receive from others? Are we ready to do all that Jesus wants from us? In the crosses and difficult situations of life, can we say that our patience is like that of Jesus? My enchained Jesus, may your chains bind my heart and keep it still, disposing it to endure anything You desire.

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Ninth Hour

1 AM

Jesus is thrown into the Cedron stream and leaves a rock marked with his Most Precious Blood

My dear Jesus, goodness itself, in between my vigils and sleep my poor mind follows You. How can I give into sleep when I see that everyone, even the Apostles themselves, flee You and leave You to yourself? Even fervent Peter, who a little while ago said he wanted to give his life for You, and the beloved disciple whom, with so much love, You allowed to rest upon your Heart flee You – oh, everyone abandons You and leaves You at the mercy of your cruel enemies!

O my Jesus, You are left to yourself! Your purest eyes search about to see if at least one of those favoured by You is following You to prove to You his love and to bear witness to You. And as You see that no one, no one has remained faithful to You, your Heart breaks and You burst into tears. You experience more sorrow for the abandonment of your most faithful ones, than for the way in which the enemies themselves treat You. Beloved Jesus, do not cry; rather, let me cry with You. And sweet Jesus seems to say:

“Oh, child, let us weep together for the plight of so many souls consecrated to Me who, over little trials or difficulties in life, no longer care for Me and abandon

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Me; for the many timid and cowardly souls who, for want of courage and trust, abandon Me; for the many Priests who, not finding their returned favour from such holy things as the administration of the Sacraments, no longer care for me; for those who preach, celebrate and confess for the love of personal interests and for their own glory, while appearing to be with Me, always leave Me... Oh, My child, how hard this abandonment is for Me! Not only do My eyes cry, but My Heart bleeds! O please, I entreat you to assuage My bitter sorrow by promising that you will not leave Me.”

“Yes, O my Jesus, I promise, helped by your grace and with the firmness of your Divine Will [never to leave You alone]!” O Jesus, while You cry over the abandonment of your dear ones, the enemies spare no outrage in the way they treat You. O my love, bound and tied as You are, to the point that You cannot so much as take one step by yourself, they stomp on You and drag You along paths so strewn with rocks and briars that with every slightest movement of yours You bang against the rocks and are pierced by the briars. O my Jesus, I see that as they drag You, You leave behind your precious Blood and your golden hair which they tear from your head! My life and my all, allow me to gather these up so that [with them] I may bind all the steps of souls who spare You [no sorrow] even at night-time, but use the night to offend You more – some for gatherings, others for pleasures, some for theaters, and yet others for committing sacrilegious thefts! Beloved Jesus, I unite myself to You to offer You reparation for all these offenses.

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O my Jesus, we are now at the Cedron stream, and the perfidious Jews prepare to throw You into it. They do so and make You bang against a rock with such violence as to make You shed your most precious Blood from your mouth, whence You leave your Blood impressed on that rock. Then, pulling You, they throw You down into those putrid waters in such a way that they enter into your ears, your mouth and your nostrils. Oh, unreachable love, You remain inundated and submerged in those putrid, nauseating and cold waters. In this way, You represent vividly the heart-rending state of souls when they commit sin! Oh, they are so besmirched with a mantle of filth on the inside and out that it disgusts heaven and whoever beholds them, thereby drawing down upon themselves the lightning of Divine Justice!

Oh Jesus, my wellspring of life, can there be any greater love? In order to remove from us this mantle of filth, You allow your enemies to throw You into this stream, and You endure everything to offer reparation for the sacrileges and insipidness of souls who receive You sacrilegiously, and who, more than the stream, force You to enter into their hearts and make You feel all of the nausea their souls produce! You also permit these waters to penetrate deep into your organs, so much so that your enemies, fearing You may drown and in order to spare You for greater torments, pull You onto your feet; 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 drenched with those

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nauseating waters. On account of the cold waters You shiver from head to foot. You look around, searching with your gaze (as You cannot do so with your voice) for at least one soul who would dry You, clean You and warm You. But, in vain – no one is moved to pity; your enemies mock and deride You, your own have abandoned You and your sweet mother is far away because the Father has disposed it so.

Here I am, O Jesus, come into my arms. I want to cry so much as to form a bath for You 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 offer reparation for all of these offenses and fuse my life in yours to save all souls. I want to offer You my heart as a place of rest and be able to somehow comfort You from the pains You have suffered up till now, and then we will continue together in the way of your Passion.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

In this hour Jesus abandoned himself to 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 do we abandon ourselves to the mercy of God's Will?

In our weakness 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 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 other souls give him through their sins, and to compensate for the nausea that we ourselves have given him many times? My tormented Jesus, do not spare me any sorrow, but let me be the object of your divine and loving designs.

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Tenth Hour

2 AM

Jesus is presented to Annas

Jesus, be always with me. Sweet mother, together let us follow Jesus. Beloved Jesus, divine sentry, seeing that You are without me, You watch over me from within your Heart, and You awaken me so that I might accompany You to 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 your Father, open your most sacred mouth and, with a resounding and dignified voice, answer: **“I have spoken in public, and all those who are present have heard Me.”**

At your dignified words and moving accent all tremble, but their duplicity is so great that a servant, wanting to honour 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 sacred face. Now I understand, my sweet life, why You awoke me. 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 such an unjust act. And You stagger and have no one to lean on. Beloved Jesus, I hug You, or better, I form a defensive wall with my being and

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courageously offer You my cheek, ready to bear any pain for love of You. I unite myself to your Passion in this unjust act and, with You, I offer reparation for the temerity of many souls who become so easily discouraged. I offer reparation for all those who, out of fear, do not speak the truth, for the lack of respect owed to Priests and for murmurings.

But, my afflicted Jesus, I see that Annas sends You to Caiaphas. Your enemies hurl You down the stairs and You, my love, in this painful fall, offer reparation for those who at night-time fall into sin in the cover of darkness, and You call those who have separated themselves from your Church and the unbelievers to the light of faith.

I wish to follow You also in these reparations on the way to Caiaphas, and I send You my sighs to defend You from your enemies. While I sleep, continue to be my sentry, and wake me up whenever You need to. I ask for your blessing and a kiss. I kiss your Heart and in it I continue my sleep.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus, brought before Annas, is questioned by him about his doctrine and about his disciples. He answers about his doctrine in order to glorify his Father, but He does not mention his disciples so as not to fail in charity. And are we fearless and courageous when it comes to glorifying the Lord, or do we let ourselves be won over 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 neighbour 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, like many sentries around Jesus, watch over his Heart and offer reparation for all of his offenses? And if we do this, do we entreat Jesus to watch over each one of our acts and assist us in watching over our hearts? Every act that we do in God is a divine life that we deposit within ourselves. And since we are very limited while God is immense, we cannot enclose God in our simple act; but we can multiply them as much as we can in order to at least enlarge our capacity of understanding and love.

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Are we ready to answer when Jesus calls us? The call from God can make itself heard in many ways: through inspirations, the reading of good books, one's example, etc. One may also experience it tangibly through grace and even in the intemperate changes of weather.

My sweet Jesus, may your voice resound always in my heart; may everything that surrounds me on the inside and out be a continuous voice that calls me to love You always; may the harmony of your divine voice prevent me from hearing any other distractive human voice.

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Eleventh Hour

3 AM

Jesus is presented to Caiaphas

My afflicted and abandoned good Jesus, 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 [my] vigils and sleep I hear the blows your executioners give You, and upon awakening I say, “My poor Jesus, abandoned by everyone, there is no one who defends You!” So from within your Heart I offer You my life to sustain You as they shove You around. And I fall asleep again, but another pang of love of your Divine Heart wakes me up, and I am deafened by the insults they shout at You; I hear their whispered plots against You and thee shouting and scurried footsteps of the people.

My love, how is it that they are all against You? What have You done to make them want to tear You to pieces like many rabid wolves? In hearing the plotting of your enemies, I feel my blood freeze and I tremble in anguish thinking of what to do to defend You. But my afflicted Jesus, keeping me within his Heart, presses me more tightly to himself and says:

“My child, I have done nothing wrong, and yet I have done everything: Mine is the crime of love that contains all sacrifices and love of immeasurable cost. We are still at the beginning. Remain in My Heart while

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observing everything, loving Me, remaining silent and learning. 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 assimilated to Me, you may be strengthened, warmed and experience part of My sorrows and, in seeing Me suffer so much, you may acquire strength. This is the most beautiful defense you can provide for Me. Be faithful and attentive to Me.”

Sweet love of mine, the clamor of your enemies is so intense and overwhelming that I can no longer sleep. The shoves become more violent. I hear the noise of the chains with which they bound You so tightly that your life Blood flows from your wrists and marks the streets... Remember Jesus that my blood is in yours; as You shed your Blood, mine kisses it, adores it and offers it reparation.

My love and my all, may your Blood be a light to all those who offend You at night and a magnet to draw all hearts round You. While they drag You, the air is filled with shouts and whistles. And You arrive before Caiaphas; You are the perfect icon of meekness, modesty and humility. Your sweetness and patience are so [magnanimous] that they cause even your enemies to tremble. And Caiaphas, seething with rage, seeks to utterly destroy You. Oh, how well innocence and sin are here distinguished!

My love, You are before Caiaphas as the guiltiest of all and are in the act of being condemned. Caiaphas asks

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the witnesses what your crimes are. Oh, he should rather have inquired about your love! And some accuse You of one thing, others of another, speaking nonsense and contradicting themselves. As they accuse You, the soldiers who are near You tear your hair and unload such horrible slaps on your most sacred face that they resound throughout the whole room. They twist your lips and hit You while You remain silent and suffer. And if You look at them, the light of your eyes descends into their hearts where, unable to sustain your gaze, they step away from You, but others take their place to make You suffer greater torments.

Among the many accusations and offenses I witness, You attune your ears, your Heart pounds heavily and it is about to break with sorrow... Tell me, my afflicted good Jesus, what is it? I see that your love is so great that You eagerly anticipate your enemies torments and offer it up for our salvation. With complete peacefulness your Heart makes reparation for slanders, hatred, false witness and for the premeditated evils against the innocent. Through these torments You make reparation for those who incite instigations in order to mistreat those over whom they hold authority and for the offenses of ecclesiastics. And while I am united to You, following your own reparations, I experience in You a new sorrow that You have not experienced before. Tell me, tell me, what is it? Share with me everything, O Jesus.

“Child, do you wish to know? I hear the voice of Peter who says he does not know Me. Then he swears time and again, he swears and condemns the idea of

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ever having known Me. Oh Peter, how could you do this? You do not know Me? Don't you remember the many gifts with which I fully endowed you? Oh, if others make Me die of pains, you make Me die of sorrow! Oh, how wrong it was of you to follow Me from a distance, thereby exposing yourself to the occasions of sin!"

In the meantime, your enemies continue to accuse You. In seeing that You do not answer their accusations, Caiaphas says to You; **"I adjure you by 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 in your gentle and resounding voice – such that all are struck, and the very demons plunge themselves into the abyss – reply: **"You have said so; Yes, I am the true Son of God, and I will one day descend on the clouds of heaven to judge all nations [of the earth]."**

At your creative words, all remain silent and shudder with fear, but Caiaphas, recovering after a few moments of fright, completely enraged, more than a fierce animal, exclaims 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 of 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 love. Some punch your head, others tear your hair, some slap You, others spit on your face and

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yet others stomp on You. The torments they impose on You are so intense and overwhelming that the earth trembles and the heavens are shaken.

My love and my life, Jesus, as they torment You my poor heart is lacerated with the sorrow. O please, allow me to come out from within your Sorrowful Heart to face all these offenses for You. Oh, if it were possible, I would snatch You from the hands of your enemies, but You do not desire this, as the salvation of all requires your sacrifice, and I am forced to resign myself. But, sweet love of mine, let me tidy You up, fix your hair, remove the spittle, dry your Blood and enclose myself in your Heart. I now see that Caiaphas has grown tired and wants to withdraw, and so he delivers You into the hands of the soldiers.

I bless You, and I ask You for your blessing and for the kiss of your love. I enclose myself in the furnace of your Divine Heart to sleep. I place my mouth on your Heart, so that as I breathe I may kiss You and, with the fluctuations of your heartbeats that vary in intensity, I may sense whether You are suffering or resting. Therefore with my arms, as if they were wings to keep You sheltered, I hug You and I cling to your Heart as I now sleep.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus, presented to Caiaphas, is unjustly accused and subjected to unheard-of tortures. When questioned He always says the truth. And when the Lord allows us to be slandered and unjustly accused, do we look only to God who knows our innocence, or do we rather beg the esteem and honour of creatures?

Does the truth always arise on our lips? Are we opposed to all deceptions or lies? Do we bear with patience the mockeries and troubles others 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 hearts of those who listen to me and lead everyone to You!

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Twelfth Hour

4 AM

Jesus in the hands of the soldiers

Jesus, my most sweet life, in clinging to your Heart as I sleep, I often feel the piercing of the thorns that penetrate your Most Sacred Heart. I grow desirous to awaken to You so that You may have at least one soul who acknowledges all of your sorrows and unites herself to your Passion; whence I press myself more tightly to your Heart. In feeling more vividly the piercing thorns, I wake up and what do I see? What do I hear? I would like to hide You in my heart to suffer in your place and receive your intense suffering, insults and unimaginable ridicule. Only your love could bear so many outrages... My most patient Jesus, how could one expect anything less from such inhuman people?

I now see them mocking You, as they cover your face with such thick spittle that it veils the light of your beautiful eyes, but in pouring forth rivers of tears for our salvation, You drive that spittle away. And your enemies, with hearts incapable of withstanding the light of your eyes, cover them again with more spittle... Others, becoming more arrogant and evil, open your most sweet mouth and fill it with more nauseating spittle, to the point that they themselves feel nauseated; since some of it flows away, revealing in part, the majesty of your face and supernatural sweetness, they shudder and are moved to shame. So to [stifle their shame and] unleash themselves more freely on

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You, they blindfold You with a miserable rag and, unrestrainedly, hurl themselves on your adorable Person. They beat You without pity, they drag You, stomp on You, repeatedly strike and slap your face, and unleash blows on your head; they scratch You, tear your hair and shove You from one place to next.

Jesus, my love, my heart cannot bear seeing You undergo so many torments. You want me to observe everything, but I prefer to rather cover my eyes and not see such painful scenes that would tear the heart from anyone's chest. And yet, my love for You compels me to observe what You are forced to endure. I see that You take not so much as one breath to prepare a word in your defense while You are like a ragdoll in the hands of these soldiers who can treat You in whatsoever manner they choose. And in seeing them stomp on You I fear You may die beneath their feet.

Jesus, my love and my all, the sorrow I feel for your suffering is so great that I want to shout so loudly as to make myself heard up in the heavens to call the Father, the Holy Spirit and all the angels; I wish to make my voice heard to all corners of the earth; I wish to call our sweet mother first, and then all 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 yet more. Together with You, we make reparation for all the sins committed at night, especially those of sectarians who desecrate You in [the consecrated Host of] your Sacramental Person, and for all the offenses of souls who do not remain faithful in the night of trial.

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But I see, my insulted good Jesus that the soldiers, tired and drunk, now wish to rest and, my poor heart oppressed and lacerated by so many of your torments, does not wish to remain alone with You – it feels the need of the company of another. O please, my sweet mother, be my inseparable companion. Let us embrace Jesus together and console him! O Jesus, together with our mother, I kiss You and I bless You and, with her, I will take my sleep of love upon your adorable Heart.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

In this hour Jesus is among the soldiers like flint, with iron constancy. As God, He suffers all the strains the soldiers put him up against, and looks at them with so much love that He seems to invite them to inflict on him yet more torments. And are we constant when we endure repeated trials, or do we complain, get irritated and lose our peace – that peace of the heart which is necessary to allow Jesus to find a happy dwelling within us?

Firmness is that virtue that makes us know whether or not God really reigns in us. If we possess true virtue, we will be firm in our trials with a firmness that is not subject to inconstancy, but that is unchanging. The more we become firm in the good, in suffering and in work, the more we are able to impact all souls around us in whom Jesus will expand his grace. Therefore, if we are inconstant, our capacity to impact creation will be small and Jesus will have little or no space in us. But if we are firm and constant, Jesus will find in us a very large capacity, his bulwark, support and a place in which to extend his grace.

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 and there take up his 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 that it becomes a voice

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for their hearts, and so powerful that it converts them to Jesus? Beloved Jesus, boundless love, grant me this love and let each pain of mine beckon souls to You.

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Thirteenth Hour

5 AM

Jesus in prison

Jesus, my prisoner of love, I have awakened, but I cannot find You. With loving sighs my heart beats so heavily. Tell me, where are You? Angel of mine, lead me to the house of Caiaphas. And I look all around, time and again, and search everywhere, but Jesus 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 Yourself, so that I may take my flight and throw myself into your arms. And You Jesus, my love, wounded by my voice and desiring my company, draw me toward You. I now see that they have placed You in prison. My heart exults with joy in finding You, but is wounded with sorrow in seeing You reduced to such an agonizing state.

Your hands are tied behind You to a column and your feet are tightly bound. Your most sacred face is bruised, swollen and bleeding from the horrible slaps You received. Your most pure eyes are black and blue, your pupils are tired and afflicted from the night's vigil, your hair is completely dishevelled, your most sacred Person crushed and You cannot even move a muscle to clean the Blood from your face, as You are bound.

And I, dear Jesus, with sobs and clinging to your feet, say: "Alas, Jesus, they have reduced You to such a

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sorrowful state!” And Jesus, looking at me, answers: **“Oh My child, come and listen closely to everything you see Me do, so that you may cooperate in everything I do and allow Me to continue My life in you.”**¹⁴³

To my amazement, I now see that instead of occupying yourself with your pains, with indescribable love You think about glorifying your Father to requite him for all that we owe him. You call all souls around You to take all of their evils upon yourself and give them all the blessings You possess. 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. Just as this dawn calls the day and the day makes the sun rise, so may the dawn of grace arise in all hearts. As the daylight rises, may I, the Divine Sun, arise in all hearts and reign in them. O Father, do You see these souls? I want to answer You on their behalf – for their thoughts, words, works and steps, even at the cost of My own Blood and death.”

O my Jesus, fathomless love, 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, the Divine Sun, may rise again in all hearts and reign in them.

¹⁴³ Jesus’ invitation to Luisa “to cooperate in everything I do” supports the theological position that the redeemed human creature may assist Christ in his work of Redemption.

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But I also see, my sweet Jesus, that You make reparation for all the first thoughts, affections and words at the rising of the day that are not offered to your honour. And You call to yourself, as a pledge, the thoughts, affections and words of souls in order to make reparation for them and give to the Father the glory they owe him.

O my Jesus, Divine Master, since you and I have one hour to ourselves in this prison and we are alone, not only do I want to do what You are doing, but I wish to first clean You, fix *your hair* and then fuse myself completely in You. So I draw near your *most sacred head* and in rearranging your hair, I offer reparation for the many minds that are distraught, cluttered with earthly things and that fail to offer You the slightest thought.

Fusing myself in *your mind*, I reunite all the thoughts of souls within You, [especially] the many stifled interior lights and inspirations, and I fuse them in your thoughts where I may discover sufficient reparation for all evil thoughts. I bind as one all thoughts with yours and offer 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 spittle with which they have sullied You. And since the position in which they bound You is so excruciating, You cannot close your tired eyes to rest. My love, I gladly offer You my arms as a bed to give You rest. I therefore dry your eyes, ask for your forgiveness and offer reparation for all the times we have not had the aim of pleasing You – of looking at You to see

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what You desire of us, what You would like us to do and what path You would like us to follow. I fuse my eyes in your eyes and in those of all souls, and with your own eyes I offer reparation for all the evil we have done with our sight.

My compassionate Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred ears*, tired from the insults of the whole night and, much more so, from the echo of all the offenses of souls that resounds in your ears. I ask for your forgiveness, and I offer reparation for all the times when You called out to us, but we have either chosen to be deaf to your voice or pretended not to hear You. And You, my weary and good Jesus, have repeated your calls to us, but in vain! I fuse my ears in yours and that of all souls to offer You continuous and complete reparation.

Beloved Jesus, I adore and kiss your *most sacred face*, all bruised from the violent slaps. I ask for forgiveness and I offer reparation for all the times You have called us to offer reparation, while we have instead joined your enemies and have given You slaps and spittle. Beloved Jesus, I want to fuse my face in yours to restore your natural beauty and offer You full reparation for all the contempt You receive in your adorable majesty.

My embittered good Jesus, I kiss your *most sweet mouth*, wounded by blows and parched with love. I fuse my tongue in your tongue and in the tongues of all souls, and with your own tongue I offer reparation for all sins and evil conversations. My thirsty Jesus, I wish to unite all voices to yours as one, so that when we are about to offend You,

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your voice may flow in that of all souls to stifle the voices of sin and turn them into voices of praise and love.

Enchained Jesus, I kiss *your neck*, oppressed with heavy chains and ropes that, running from your chest to the back of your shoulders and passing through your arms, keep You bound ever-so tightly to the column... Your hands are already swollen and blackened from the tight pressure of the knots, so much so that from various parts Blood flows forth. O please, allow me to release You my bound Jesus. If You love to be bound, allow me to bind You with the sweet chains of love which, instead of making You suffer, shall comfort You...

And as I release You from these fetters, I fuse myself in your neck, in your chest, in your shoulders, in your hands and in your feet to offer reparation with You for all attachments and, in their place, offer You all the chains of your love. By this means, I will be able to offer reparation with You for the insipidness of all souls and fill the hearts of all with your fire [of love] that already fills You to the point where can no longer contain it. I also offer reparation with You for all illicit pleasures and love of comforts in order to infuse in everyone the spirit of sacrifice and joy that is found in suffering [when united to your suffering].

I fuse myself in *your hands* to offer reparation for all evil works, for good that is done badly and with presumptuousness, and to convey to all the fragrance of your [good] works.

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I fuse myself in *your feet*, to block all the [misguided] steps of souls, and I offer reparation for them to convey to all of them your steps so that their steps may be directed toward performing holy works.

Finally, my sweet life, as I fuse myself in *your Heart*, allow me to enclose all the affections, heartbeats and desires of souls, whereby I may offer along with You reparation on their behalf, and infuse in everyone your affections, heartbeats and desires so that no one may ever again offend You.

But I hear the creaking noise of a key: Your enemies are now coming to take You out of prison, and I tremble Jesus; I feel my blood run cold. You will again be in the hands of your enemies. What will happen to You? I also seem to hear the creaking of the keys of Tabernacles. How many desecrating hands come to open them and maybe even make You descend into sacrilegious hearts? Into how many unworthy hands are You compelled to find yourself! Jesus my prisoner, I wish to be with You in all [the Tabernacles that constitute] your prisons of love, and with You when ministers release You so as to keep You company and offer reparation for the offenses You receive.

I see that your enemies are near, while You greet the rising sun on this last [of yours] day on earth. As they release You, in seeing You with a completely majestic aura and looking at them with so much love, they in turn unload onto your face slaps that are so violent that it becomes red with your Most Precious Blood.

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Jesus, my love, before leaving this prison, in my sorrow I ask for your blessing to obtain the strength to follow You for the rest of your Passion.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

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 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, beloved Jesus binds our souls with aridity, oppressions, sufferings and with other kinds of mortification. Are we happy to be bound by Jesus in that prison in which his love places us, that is, in obscurity, oppressions and the like?

Jesus is in prison. Do we feel the firmness and promptness to imprison ourselves within 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 offer up our suffering as a cortege around suffering Jesus in order to remove from him the spittle and mud that sinners offer him? Jesus prays in prison. Is our prayer constant with that of Jesus?

My enchained Jesus, You became a prisoner for love of me, and I beseech You to imprison my mind, my tongue, my heart and my entire being within You, so that I may have no freedom and You may have absolute Lordship over me.

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Fourteenth Hour

6 AM

**Jesus is again before Caiaphas, who condemns
him to death and sends him to Pilate**

Sorrowful Jesus, You are now out of prison. You are so exhausted that You stagger at each step. I intend to place myself at your side to sustain You when I see that You are about to fall. But I see that the soldiers take You before Caiaphas, and You, O my Jesus, reappear in their midst like the sun; even though You are disfigured, You shed light everywhere. I now see that Caiaphas is filled with glee upon seeing You reduced to such a [pitiful] state. 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 in your usual sweet and moving accent that enraptures their hearts, answer: “**Yes, I am the true Son of God.**”

And your enemies, though feeling all the power of your word within themselves, stifle it completely, refuse to hear anymore and with one voice cry out: “He is guilty of death, he is guilty of death!”

Caiaphas confirms the death sentence and sends You to Pilate. And You, my condemned Jesus, accept this sentence with such love and resignation that You almost

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snatch it from the iniquitous pontiff. You offer reparation for all the sins committed deliberately and with complete malice, and for those who, instead of blaming themselves for the evil they commit, rejoice and exult in sin itself – which renders them obstinate and blind to the light of grace. Jesus my life, your reparations and prayers echo in my heart and I offer reparation and pray with You.

My sweet love, I see that the soldiers, having lost what little remaining esteem they had for You, upon hearing You sentenced to death, grab You, add ropes and chains and bind You so tightly that it makes it virtually impossible for your divine Person to make the slightest movement. So pushing You and dragging You, they remove You from the palace of Caiaphas.

Crowds of people await You, but there is no one to defend You. And You, my Divine Sun, come out and into their midst longing to envelop everyone with your light. As You take your first steps, desiring to enclose the steps of all souls within yours, You pray and offer reparation for those who take their first steps to act with evil intentions – some to exact revenge, others to steal, some to betray and yet others to kill, and so forth... Oh, how all these sins wound your Heart! And in order to prevent so much evil, You pray, make reparation and offer up your entire self.

But, as I follow You I see that at the moment You descend from the palace of Caiaphas, You, my Sun Jesus, encounter beautiful Mary, our sweet mother... Your gazes meet and wound each other. Although You feel relieved in seeing each other, new sorrows arise. For You, Jesus, see

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your beautiful mother pierced with sorrow, pale and enveloped with mourning, while you, dear mother, see your Divine Sun eclipsed and covered with so much opprobrium, weeping and covered in Blood. However, [on account of the soldiers] You cannot enjoy your exchange of gazes for long. With the sorrow of being unable to say even one word to each other, your Hearts say everything, as your Hearts are fused together – one within the other. And on account of the soldiers who shove You Jesus, You are both forced to interrupt your exchange of gazes.

So, trampled upon and dragged, You arrive before Pilate. Beloved Jesus, I unite myself to your pierced mother in following You to fuse myself in You along with her. Grant me Jesus your gaze of love, as I ask for your blessing.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus' day begins by being brought before Caiaphas. He confirms with firmness that He is the Son of God. When we begin our day, do we let ourselves be directed by Jesus? Is our composure an example to others, and our steps like magnets which call souls around Jesus? The whole life of Jesus is one continuous crying out to souls. If we conform ourselves to his will, that is, if our feet call out to souls as they walk, if our heartbeats, echoing the divine heartbeats, harmonize and plead for souls, and so on with regard to the rest of our being, our operating in this way will form Jesus' own humanity within us. Therefore, every time we cry out to souls, we acquire an additional trait that is imprinted within our soul by Jesus.

Is our life always constant or, with the changes we encounter does it change for the worse? Beloved Jesus, holiness which has no equal, guide me and let also my outward appearance reveal your whole divine life.

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Fifteenth Hour

7 AM

Jesus is presented to Pilate, who sends him to Herod

My bound and good Jesus, your enemies together with the Priests present You to Pilate. Feigning sanctity and scrupulosity, they remain outside the praetorium on account of having to celebrate the Passover.¹⁴⁴ And You, my love, seeing the depth of their malice, offer reparation for all the hypocrisies of the religious body. I too offer reparation with You. And while You are concerned about their own good, they begin to accuse You before Pilate, fomenting all the poison they have against You.

Showing himself unsatisfied with the accusations they make against You, Pilate calls You aside to find a reason for which to condemn You and, he alone interrogates 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 and surprised by the sweetness and the dignity of your

¹⁴⁴ To keep themselves ritually clean in order to eat the Passover meal, the Jews do not enter Pilate’s praetorium, so Pilate’s discussion with them occurred outside the praetorium at *the pavement* (Jn. 19:3), the place of Pilate’s judgment seat. The Jews make three accusations against Jesus, i.e., perverting the nations, forbidding the payment of tribute and sedition against the Roman Empire. Jesus enters Pilate’s praetorium, where Pilate picks up on the third accusation and asks Jesus if he is a king. Pilate exits the *praetorium* and goes back to the *pavement* to publicly declare Jesus’ innocence and fate.

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words, says to You; “So, You are a king?” And You reply: **“You say so. I am and I have come into the world to teach the truth.”**

Convinced of your innocence, and without wanting to know anything else, Pilate goes out to the pavement 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, but offer reparation for the weakness of the judges when they are faced by the arrogant – You offer reparation for their injustices, and You pray for the innocent, the oppressed and the 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 enraged enemies seek to devour You and, leading You among insults, mockeries and derisions, they make You arrive before Herod who, with growing conceit, asks You many questions. You do not answer him and do not even look at him. And Herod, irritated because his curiosity is not satisfied and humiliated by your long silence, declares to all that You are mad and mindless and orders that You be treated as such. And to mock You, he has You clothed with a white garment and delivers You into the hands of the soldiers so that they may mistreat You in the worst way possible.

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My innocent Jesus, no one finds You guilty – only the Jews, because their feigned religiosity does not permit the light of truth to shine in their minds. Beloved Jesus, infinite wisdom, it costs You so much to be declared insane! The soldiers abuse You: They cast You to the ground, stomp on You, cover You with spittle, despise You and with rods they beat You with so many blows that You feel You are about to die. The pains, the ridicule and the humiliation they force You to experience are so overwhelming that the angels weep and cover their face with their wings.

My Jesus declared mad, I too want to call You mad, but mad with love. Your madness for love is so great that, instead of becoming upset, You pray and offer reparation for the ambitions of kings and leaders who aspire to kingdoms to the destruction of nations, for the many massacres they cause, for many blood baths they incite to satisfy their own whims, and for the sins committed in courts, palaces and garrisons.

O my Jesus, how tender it is to see You pray and offer reparation while overwhelmed with 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 away your enemies from You, I take You in my arms to refresh You, and I kiss *your forehead*.

My sweet love, I see they do not give You a moments' rest, for now Herod sends You to Pilate. If your coming here was painful, your going back will be more

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tragic, as I see the Jews are more furious than before and are determined to make You die at all costs.

Before You leave Herod's palace, I want to kiss You while You are overwhelmed with so much suffering to prove my love to You. And may You strengthen me with your kiss and with your blessing, so that I may follow You to Pilate.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

While presented to Pilate among many insults and scorns, Jesus always remains sweet. He disdains no one and tries to make the light of truth shine in everyone. Do we behave this way with everyone? Do we try to conquer our evil inclinations if someone does not sympathize with us? In dealing with others, do we always try to make Jesus known, and to make the light of truth shine in them? O Jesus, my sweet life, place your word on my lips and let me always speak with your tongue.

Clothed as a madman before Herod, Jesus remains silent and endures unheard-of sorrows. And when we are slandered, mocked, insulted or derided, do we think that the Lord wants to give us a [share in his sorrows and impart to us his] divine likeness? In the sorrows, the scorns and in all that our poor hearts may feel, do we think that it is Jesus who, with his touch, gives us sorrow, transforms us into himself and imparts to us his likeness? And as sorrows are repeated in us, does it not occur to us that perhaps Jesus, in looking at us, is not completely satisfied and, therefore, hugs us anew in order to make us completely like him? Following Jesus' example, can we say that we have dominion over ourselves and that, in adversities, we prefer to remain silent instead of answering? Or do we rather let ourselves be won over by curiosity? In whatever sorrow we experience, we should form the intention of pleading for souls in order to offer to Jesus a [divine] life. By placing

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souls in the Will of God, our sorrows form a circle in which we enclose God and souls to unite them to Jesus.

My love and my all, may You alone have dominion over this heart of mine and keep it in your hands, so that in all my encounters I may copy within me your infinite patience.

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Sixteenth Hour

8 AM

Jesus is dragged back to Pilate, Barabbas is preferred to Jesus and Jesus is scourged

My tormented Jesus, my poor heart follows You amidst anxieties and pains, and in seeing You clothed as a madman and knowing who You are – infinite wisdom who gives reason to all – I become delirious and exclaim: “How can this be? Jesus insane? Jesus a criminal? And as if this were not enough, You will now be placed after Barabbas!”

O my Jesus, unparalleled holiness, You again are now before Pilate. In seeing the sorrowful state to which You have been reduced, clothed as a madman and knowing that not even Herod has condemned You, Pilate becomes more indignant against the Jews and, even more convinced of your innocence, he does not wish to condemn You. And yet, wanting to give some satisfaction to the Jews, as if to appease their hatred, their fury, their rage and their ardent thirst for your Blood, he presents You along with Barabbas for them to choose from. But the Jews cry out: “We do not want Jesus released, but Barabbas!”

And Pilate, not knowing what to do to calm their rage, condemns You to the scourging. Beloved Jesus, your being placed last to all breaks my heart. And while the Jews occupy themselves with ensuring your death, You instead,

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recollected within, are occupied with communicating life to us all. And as I attune my ears, I hear You say:

“Holy Father, look at Me your Son, clothed as a madman. May this [condition of mine] offer You reparation for the madness of the many souls who have fallen into sin. May this white garment with which I stand before You cleanse the many souls who clothe themselves with the sullied garments of sin... O Father, do You see their hatred, their fury and their rage toward Me; do You see their thirst for My Blood that nearly extinguishes in them all light of reason? I make reparation for all hatred, revenge, anger and murder, and I implore the light of reason for all.

My Father, look at Me again: Can there be any greater insult? They have preferred the greatest criminal to Me. I make reparation for all mundane preferences... Oh, the whole world is full of such mundane preferences: To Us some prefer their own vile interests, while others prefer honours; to Us some prefer vanities, while others prefer pleasures; to Us some prefer their own attachments, and others prefer their own honour; to Us some prefer to overindulge, while others prefer sin. As with one accord all of My children prefer the most mundane things to Us. And I am ready to accept them preferring Barabbas over Me in order to make reparation for souls preferring mundane things over Us.”

O my Jesus, I feel like I am dying with sorrow and grief in seeing your great love amidst so many pains, and

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the heroism of your virtues before so many sorrows 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 wish 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 to scourge You. I follow You, my love, while You look at me with your loving gaze and infuse in me the strength to witness your painful torture.

Jesus is scourged

My most pure Jesus, You are now beside the pillar. Enraged, the soldiers untie You in order to bind You to it, but this is not enough. They despoil You of your garments in order to make a cruel massacre of your most sacred body... My love and my life, I feel I am about to faint from the sorrow of seeing You naked. You tremble from head to foot, and on your most sacred face appears a virginal blush. Your grief and exhaustion are so overwhelming that unable to stand, You are on the verge of collapsing at the foot of the pillar, but the soldiers sustain You to keep you from falling – not to help You, but so that they may bind You...

They take the ropes and bind your arms so tightly that they immediately swell and, from the tips of your fingers Blood flows forth. Then, from the ring of the pillar they make ropes and chains pass around your most sacred Person all the way down to your feet. To be able to freely

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unleash themselves on You, they bind You to the pillar so tightly that You cannot move a muscle.

My despoiled Jesus, allow me to pour out my love on You, 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 – are stripped! What arrogance! And my beloved Jesus, from the penetrating light of his eyes, tells me:

“My child, be silent. In order to make reparation for the many souls who strip themselves of every modesty, purity and innocence, it is necessary that I be despoiled of My garments. For such souls strip themselves of every blessing, of every virtue and even of My grace to cloth themselves with every vice and live viciously. With My virginal blush I make reparation for the many acts of dishonesty, laxity and indulgence in vice. Therefore, be attentive to everything I do, pray and offer reparation with Me, and be at peace.”

Scourged Jesus, your love moves from one excess to another. I see that the executioners take whips and beat You so mercilessly that your entire most sacred body is swollen with welts. And the fierceness and fury with which they beat You is so violent that they have quickly exhausted their strength. But two more take their place and, taking thorny rods, beat You so much that soon [the swollen welts are torn and rent and], rivers of Blood begin to pour forth from your most sacred body. They then beat your body all over forming furrows that, with greater

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blows, become transformed into gaping wounds. But this is not all. Two more take their place and, with hooked iron chains, continue the excruciating massacre. At the first blows, your flesh, already beaten and bloodied, tears open even more and falls to the ground in pieces exposing your bones, and so much Blood pours out that a pool of Blood forms around the pillar.

O my Jesus, my despoiled love, while You are under this storm of blows I cling to your feet to partake in your pains and be completely immersed with your most precious Blood. Each blow You receive is a wound to my heart that is further wounded when in attuning my ears I hear your groans, which are not heard [by others] as the air is filled with the storm of the blows. And in those groans, You say:

“All of you who love Me, come and learn the heroism of true love! Come and in My Blood overcome the thirst of your passions, your many ambitions, fleeting adventures, pleasures and exceeding sensuality! In My Blood you will find the remedy for all evils.”

Your groans continue: **“O Father, behold Me completely bruised and broken under this storm of blows. And yet, this is not enough, as I wish to form as many wounds in My body as there are souls, so as to acquire for them a place in the heavens of My humanity. By this means, I will obtain their salvation within Myself and make them pass into the heavens of My divinity. My Father, may every blow of this scourging offer reparation before You for every kind of**

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sin, one by one. As they strike Me, may these blows justify those who inflict them, may they strike the hearts of souls and speak to them of My love, to the point of compelling them to surrender to Me.”

And as You say this, your love is as great as your sorrow, which almost incites the executioners to beat You more. Beloved Jesus, despoiled of your own flesh, your love crushes me to the point where I am beside myself. Your love does not grow weary, whereas the executioners are exhausted and cannot continue in your painful massacre.

They cut the ropes and You, almost dead, collapse in your own Blood. In seeing the shreds of your own flesh, You feel like dying of grief, as in those detached pieces of flesh You see condemned souls,¹⁴⁵ and your sorrow is so great that You gasp in your own Blood.

O my Jesus, allow me to take You in my arms to refresh You a little with my love. I kiss You, and with my kiss I enclose all souls in You, so that not one soul may be lost.¹⁴⁶ And may I have your blessing.

¹⁴⁵ The original Italian reads: “*anime riprovate*”.

¹⁴⁶ Throughout her text Luisa entreats Jesus not to allow any souls to be lost. While God predestines no one to go to hell (CCC, 1037), the Council of Florence acknowledges that humans who do not abide by the true faith are lost. The Church moreover teaches that at the moment of death the soul’s judgment is “immediate” (cf. Councils of Florence and Lyons, and CCC arts. 1022, 1035), and it acknowledges the existence of hell and its eternity (CCC, 1035). Indeed, numerous approved private revelations affirm that some human beings are lost for eternity (cf. F. Kowalska, *Diary of Divine Mercy*, entry 741; cf. L. Piccarreta, *The Hours of the Passion*, 7pm hour, 10pm hour, 11pm

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

From 8-9am Jesus is despoiled of his garments and subjected to the cruel scourging, and are we despoiled of everything? Jesus is tied to the pillar, and do we let ourselves be bound by love? Jesus is tied to the pillar, and yet we, not satisfied with the chains with which the Jews tied him, give him our own lashes with our sins, attachments and sometimes things that may in themselves be amoral or good. Despite our behaviour, with his merciful gaze Jesus beckons us to untie him. Do we not see in that gaze a reproach as we too have contributed to binding him? To comfort afflicted Jesus, we must first remove our own chains before we can remove, as we ought, the chains of other souls. Many times these little chains of ours are nothing other than little attachments of our own will to our self-love that is a bit resentful; to our little vanities which, forming a braid, painfully bind beloved Jesus.

Sometimes, taken by love for our poor soul, Jesus himself seeks to remove these chains from us so that we may not repeat his painful binding. Oh, when we complain for not wanting to be bound alone with Jesus, we cause him sorrow and force him to withdraw from us.

hour, 1pm hour and 2pm hour). In light of the preceding, Luisa's above emphatic request is a petition in faith to an eternal God who can apply our finite prayers in his eternal Will to all souls of all time. It does not suggest that souls who have freely chosen to be lost may be redeemed from hell.

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While our tormented Jesus suffers, He offers reparation for all the sins against modesty. And are we pure in mind, gaze, words and affections, so as not to add more blows to that innocent body of his? Are we always bound to Jesus, so as to be ready to defend him whenever souls strike him with their offenses? My enchained Jesus, may your chains be my own, so that I may always feel You within me, and may You always feel me within You.

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Seventeenth Hour

9 AM

Jesus is crowned with thorns, presented to the people that demand his crucifixion and is sentenced to death

O my Jesus, infinite love, the more I look at You the more I understand how much You suffer. You are already completely lacerated – not one part of your body is untouched. The executioners are enraged in seeing that despite so many pains You look at them with so much love, and that your loving gaze, forming a sweet enchantment like many voices, prays and implores for more pains and new sorrows. Despite their almost inhuman behaviour, they, compelled by your love, make You stand to your feet. Unable to stand by yourself, You collapse again in your own Blood and they, irritated with You, with kicks and shoves 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 run through my bones, my heart throbs and I feel I am dying. Jesus, Jesus, help me! And my beloved Jesus says to me:

“My child, have courage, do not overlook any of My sufferings; be attentive to my teachings. I have to redo man in everything. Because sin has removed his crown from him and has crowned him with opprobrium and grief, he cannot stand before My own majesty. Sin

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has dishonoured him and made him lose all rightful claims to [the] honours and glories [he once enjoyed]. I want to be crowned with thorns in order to place upon man's head the [royal] crown [he once possessed] and return to him all the rightful claims to all of the honours and glories [he once enjoyed]. My thorns will be reparations and voices before My Father to expiate man's many sins of thought, especially those of pride, and to act as voices of light and supplication for each created mind, so that they may not offend Me.¹⁴⁷ Therefore, unite yourself to Me by praying and offering reparation with Me.”

Crowned Jesus, your cruel enemies force You to sit; they place a filthy purple mantle on You, take the crown of thorns and, with infernal fury, force it into your adorable head. Then, with a rod they strike your head, making the thorns penetrate into your forehead, with some penetrating your eyes, your ears, your skull and even the back of your neck. My love, what torment, what unspeakable pain! How many bitter deaths You endure!

Your Blood pours down upon your face in such a way that one sees nothing but Blood. But under those thorns and Blood, your most sacred face appears, radiant with sweetness, peace and love. And the executioners, wanting to complete the tragedy, blindfold You, place a reed in your hand as scepter and begin their mockery. They hail You, “King of the Jews”, they beat You on the crown

¹⁴⁷ “...*offend Me*” implies offending the Father also, who is one in nature with the Son.

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[of thorns they placed on You], and they slap You and say to You; “Guess who hit You!”

And You remain silent. You answer by offering reparation for the ambition of those who aspire to kingdoms, to offices and who seek honours, as well as for those whose misbehaviour in positions of authority cause the destruction of individuals and [harm to] those souls entrusted to them, while their evil examples push others toward evil and cause the loss of souls.

With this reed You hold in your hand, You offer reparation for so many works – good, but empty of the interior spirit and done with evil intentions. Through their insults and their blindfolding You, You offer reparation for those who ridicule the holiest things by discrediting and profaning them; You offer reparation for those who blindfold the sight of their intelligence in order to avoid seeing the light of truth. With this blindfold, You pray 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 sacred head is so abundant that, reaching your mouth, it prevents You from letting me clearly hear your most sweet voice and from following what You are doing [interiorly]. I place myself in your arms to sustain your pierced and sorrowful head, and I wish to place my head under these thorns to feel them pierce me...

And as I say this, with his loving gaze my beloved Jesus calls me, and I immediately cleave to his Heart and

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try to sustain his head. Oh, how beautiful it is to be with Jesus, even among a thousand torments! Whence He says to me:

“My child, these thorns declare that I want to be constituted king of every heart; to Me belongs all dominion. Take these thorns and let them pierce your heart. Let them remove from you all that which opposes Me, and then leave one thorn within you, as a seal to testify that I am your King and to prevent anything [that opposes Me] from entering you. Then, go to every heart and, piercing them, cast out all the smoke of pride and rottenness they contain, and make Me the king of all [hearts].”

My love, my heart breaks for having to leave You. So I entreat You, with your thorns to block my ears from hearing anything but only your voice; with your thorns cover my eyes from seeing anything but only You; with your thorns bedeck my mouth and silence my tongue from speaking anything that may offend You, so that it may freely praise and bless You in all things. O Jesus, my King, surround me with thorns so that they may guard me, defend me and keep my attention completely fixed on You. And now I wish to dry your Blood and kiss You, as 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 I ask You for your blessing.

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Jesus is again presented to Pilate who shows him to the crowd

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 making me die, but the enrapturing power of your love compels me to look at You so that I may well comprehend your pains. So, with tears and sighs, I contemplate You...

O my Jesus, You are nude and yet You are clothed, not with garments, but with Blood. Your body is a bloody mess, your bones are exposed and your most sacred face is unrecognizable... The thorns fixed in your most sacred head have penetrated your eyes and your face, and I see nothing but Blood which, pouring forth onto the ground, forms a pool of Blood at your feet...

O my Jesus, because of the way You have been reduced I can no longer recognize You! With [painful] convulsions you have reached the most profound state of excess in humility! Oh, I can no longer bear such a sorrowful sight; I feel myself dying. I would snatch You from the presence of Pilate to enclose You in my heart and give You rest. I wish to heal your wounds with my love and bind the whole world in your Blood in order to enclose all souls in it and lead them to You as the conquest of your pains! O patient Jesus, it seems that You, straining to look at me through those thorns, say:

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“My child, come into these bound arms of Mine, place your head on My Heart and experience sorrows yet more intense and embittered. For what you see on the outside of My humanity is but the outpouring of My internal sorrows. Listen closely to My heartbeats, and listen to Me as I offer reparation for the injustice of those who command; for the oppression they impose on the poor and the innocent; for the pride of those who, in order to preserve their positions [of authority], honours and wealth, close their eyes to the light of truth and do not hesitate to break any law to the detriment of their neighbour. With these thorns I wish to shatter the spirit of their ruling pride and, with the furrows these thorns create in My head, I wish to establish the pathways in their minds that lead to Me, whereby they may be completely reordered on the inside through the light of [My] truth. In My state of utter humiliation before this unjust judge, I want to make everyone understand that only through virtue is man constituted king of himself; I want to teach those who command others that only virtue united with upright knowledge, is worthy and capable of governing and ruling others, whereas without virtue, all honours are dangerous and deplorable. My child, be the echo of My reparations and continue to be attentive to My sorrows.”

My love, in seeing You reduced so badly, Pilate shudders and, deeply moved, exclaims: “How can there be so much cruelty in human hearts? Oh, this was not what I intended when I ordered him to be scourged!” Wanting to free You from the hands of your enemies, he seeks a more convenient way out and, mortified by the painful sight of

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You, he looks away from You and questions You again: “Tell me, what have You done? Your people have turned You over to me. Tell me, are You a king? What is your kingdom?”

At Pilate’s barrage of questions, You beloved Jesus, do not answer, but recollected within, concern yourself with 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 had it not been granted you from above. Yet, those who gave me into your hands have committed a sin graver than yours.”**

Irresolute as he is with his heart in a tempest, Pilate is almost moved by the sweetness of your voice and, thinking that the Jews would be more compassionate, decides to show You from the balcony with the hope that they, in seeing You in such a agonizing state, may have compassion and agree to have him 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 [onto the pavement], You hear the tumultuous crowd awaiting your condemnation. Imposing silence, in order to call the attention of all and to be heard by all, Pilate, with repugnance, takes the two hems of the purple [mantle] which covers your chest and shoulders, he lifts it so that all may see to what a sorrowful state You are reduced, and says in a loud voice: “Ecce Homo! [Behold the Man!] Look

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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, for I see that unable to stand under the weight of so many pains, You stagger. Oh, 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 with one single voice, I hear the cry of all: “Crucify him, crucify him! We want him dead at all costs!”

Jesus, my life, I see You tremble. Their outcry for your death descends into your Heart and, among these voices, You recognize the voice of your dear Father, who says: **“My Son, your death is what My Will desires; it desires your death and crucifixion!”** Oh, You hear also your mother who, though pierced and sorrowful, echoes the words of your dear Father: “Son, I desire your death!” The angels, the saints, hell – everyone, with one voice cries out: “Crucify him, crucify him!” There is not one soul who wants You alive. And oh, to my deepest embarrassment, sorrow and disdain, by an irresistible power I too feel compelled to cry out: “Crucify him!” O my Jesus, forgive me if I too, a wretched sinful soul, implore your death! But, I beg You to make me die with You. And You, O my tormented Jesus, are moved by my sorrow and You seem to say:

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“My child, cleave to My Heart and take part in My sorrows and reparations. This is a solemn moment: My death or the death of all creatures must be decided. In this moment, two currents pour into My Heart. In the one current are souls who want Me dead because they know that in Me they will find the life they seek. Wherefore, by My accepting death for their sake, I exempt them from eternal damnation and open up gates of heaven to receive them... In the other current are souls who want Me dead out of hatred because they wish to confirm their own condemnation. Of these My Heart is lacerated and feels the death of each one of them and the very pains of hell... Oh, My Heart cannot bear these bitter sorrows, as I feel death with each heartbeat, with each breath, whence I keep repeating: ‘Why must so much Blood be shed in vain? Why the futility of My pains offered for so many?’ Oh, child, sustain Me, for I can no longer bear it. Come and take part in my sorrows, and may your life be a continuous offering for the salvation of souls to relieve My ever-so excruciating sorrows!”

Jesus is condemned to death

Jesus, My heart, your pains are mine, and I echo your reparations. But I see that Pilate is astonished and hastens to say: “How can this be? Should I crucify your king? I find no guilt in him to condemn him.” But the Jews’ outcry fills the air: “We have no other king but Caesar, and

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if You do not condemn him, You are no friend of Caesar. He's insane, completely insane! Crucify him, crucify him!"

Not knowing what else to do, and for fear of being deposed, Pilate has a basin of water brought to him and, washing his hands, he says: "I am not responsible for the Blood of this just man," 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 rejoice, clap their hands, whistle and shout. And You instead, O Jesus, offer reparation for those who, finding themselves in high positions of authority, out of vain fear and to avoid losing their places of honour, break the most sacred laws without any concern for the destruction it may cause entire nations, and who favour the wicked while condemning the innocent. You offer reparation also for those who, having sinned, provoke God's divine anger to punish them.

While You make reparation for these sins, your Heart bleeds with sorrow in seeing your chosen people struck by the malediction of heaven itself, which they themselves, with full consent, have asked for and have sealed by condemning your own precious Blood!¹⁴⁸ Oh, your Heart is about to break! Allow me to sustain your Heart in my hands, as I make your reparations and sorrows my own. And yet, your love pushes You to greater heights, as You impatiently gaze upon the Cross! My life, I will

¹⁴⁸ It is a holy and pious practice to implore the *reversal* of this heavenly malediction placed upon the church's leaders at the time of Christ who invoked the Blood of Jesus upon "themselves and their children". This may be done by administering to them the same Blood of Jesus that redeems mankind and expiates sin in reparation on their behalf.

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follow You, but for now rest in my arms. In a little while we will reach Mount Calvary together. So, remain in me, and I ask You for your blessing.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

From 9-10am Jesus is crowned with thorns, mocked as a king and subjected to unheard-of insults and pains. He makes reparations in a special way for the sins of pride. And do we avoid sentiments of pride? Do we attribute to God the good we do? Do we consider ourselves inferior to others? Is our mind always empty of all thoughts other than that of receiving God's grace? Many times we do not receive grace because our mind is cluttered with fleeting thoughts. And if our mind is not completely filled with God, we cause the devil to bother us and maybe even foment temptations. When our mind is filled with God, as the devil approaches us and 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 drive him away.

Therefore, we complain unfairly when our mind is bothered and tempted by the enemy. It is our poor vigilance that causes our enemy to assault us. He is spying on our minds in order to find little gaps and attack us. And we, instead of relieving Jesus with our holy thoughts and removing the thorns from him, ungratefully push them into his head and make him feel their pains more sharply. And so, grace remains obstructed 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 and gathering them

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together to be burned in the fire of his love, we worry, grow sad and consider these very temptations.

Therefore, not only does our mind remain occupied with evil thoughts, but our entire poor being remains as though drenched with them, whereby it would almost take a miracle from Jesus to free us of them. Jesus looks at us through the thorns and, calling us, He seems to say: “Oh, My child, even you do not wish to cleave to Me. If you had come to Me sooner, I would have helped you to free you from these afflicted thoughts that the enemy has planted in your mind, and you would not have made Me so yearn for your return. I asked you to help Me in freeing you from these sharp thorns, but I waited in vain, as you were busy with the work of the enemy. Oh, how much less tempted you would be, if sooner you had come into My arm. For upon [coming to Me and] beholding Me, and not focusing on yourself, you would have been won over by [holy] fear, and the enemy would have immediately left you.”

O my Jesus, may your thorns seal my thoughts in such a way that my thoughts become one with your thoughts, and prevent the enemy from causing me any sort of temptation. When Jesus makes himself felt in our mind and in our heart, do we requite his inspirations, or do we waste them? Jesus is mocked as king. And do we respect all the holy things? Do we treat them all the reverence befitting them, as if we were touching Jesus Christ himself?

My crowned Jesus, let me feel your thorns so that I may understand from their sharp piercing how much You suffer, as I entreat You to be the king of my entire being.

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Shown from the balcony, Jesus is condemned to death by those people who had been loved and greatly benefited by him. Loving Jesus accepts death for us in order to give us life. Are we ready to accept any sorrow to prevent Jesus from being offended and from suffering? We should accept our sorrow for the sake of not allowing Jesus to suffer. Since He suffered infinitely in his humanity, and since we have to continue his life on earth, we must requite the pains of the humanity of Jesus Christ with our own pains.

How do we partake in the Passion of the pains 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 effaced from the earth. Do we strive to let Jesus live on earth? With our acts, our example and our steps we must put a divine mark on the world, so that Jesus may be recognized by all and that, through our works, his life may have in us its divine echo, heard from one end of the earth to the other. Are we ready to give our own life so that beloved Jesus may be relieved of all his offenses, or do we rather imitate the Jews, people so much favoured – much like our own souls, so much loved by Jesus – and shout like them, “Crucifigatur” (Crucify him)?

My condemned Jesus, may I share in your condemnation which I accept for love of You. And to console You, I fuse myself in You continuously in order to bring You to the hearts of all souls, to make You known to all and to give your life to all.

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The Eighteenth Hour

10 AM

Jesus takes up the Cross and sets out to Calvary and is despoiled of his garments

O my Jesus, insatiable love, I see that You allow yourself no rest. I feel your sighs of love and your sorrows. Your Heart beats heavily, and in every heartbeat I feel explosions of love, tortures lovingly embraced – a self-sacrificial love.¹⁴⁹ And unable to contain the fire that devours You, You pant, moan and sigh, and in each moan I hear You say: **“Cross!”** Each drop of your Blood repeats: **“Cross!”** All of your sorrows, in which You are immersed as though in an interminable sea, repeat among themselves: **“Cross!”** And You exclaim: **“O beloved and longed for Cross, you alone will save My children, for in you I concentrate all My love!”**

Second crowning with thorns

Your enemies take You back into the praetorium, and remove the purple [mantle] 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 your crown and they are unable to pull it off... So, with never-before seen cruelty,

¹⁴⁹ The original Italian text reads: “...*sento scoppi, torture, violenze d’amore*”.

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they tear them both off together – garment and crown. At this cruel tearing, many thorns break and remain stuck inside your most sacred head. Blood pours down in large rivulets and your pain is such that You moan. But the enemies, heedless of the tortures, clothe You with your own garment and violently press the crown back into your head. The thorns are driven anew into your eyes and into your ears – there is not one part of your most sacred head that is not pierced... Your pain is so overwhelming that You stagger under those cruel hands, shivering from head to foot; You are about to die among these atrocious and painful convulsions. With your languishing eyes filled with Blood, You strain to look at me, asking for my help amidst so much pain...

O my Jesus, King of Sorrows, let me sustain You and press You tightly to my heart. I want to take the fire that devours You to burn your enemies to ashes and rescue You, but You do not allow this. Your yearnings for the Cross become more ardent, and You quickly seek to immolate yourself on it, even for your enemies... As I press You tightly to my heart with You holding me tightly, You say to me:

“My child, let Me pour out My love. Offer reparation along with Me for those who appear to do good, but dishonour Me. These Jews clothe Me with My own garment to further dishonour Me before the people and convince them that I am a criminal. In appearance, the act of clothing Me was good, but its purpose was evil. Oh, how many [on the outside appear] do good deeds, [worthily] administer the Sacraments or

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[worthily] receive them, but do so with human and even evil motives. Good deeds done badly leads to callousness. And so, I wish to be crowned for a second time with thorns whose piercings are sharper than the first to shatter this callousness and, with My thorns, draw all souls to Myself. Oh, my child, this second crowning is much more painful than the first... I feel My head engulfed in thorns – with every movement I make and with every blow they inflict, I suffer many bitter deaths. With this I make reparation for malicious offenses, and for those who, in whatever circumstances they may be, instead of thinking of their own sanctification, waste and reject My grace and cause [the thorns to produce in] Me sharper piercings. I am therefore compelled to moan, to cry tears of Blood and sigh for man’s salvation. Oh, I do everything to love them, but they do everything to offend Me! May there be at least you who will not abandon Me in My pains and reparations.”

Jesus embraces the Cross

My tortured and good Jesus, with You I offer reparation and with You I suffer. I see that the people are restless and await You with fury. Your enemies hurl You down the stairs and force You to the Cross already that is prepared, which You long for with many sighs. You lovingly gaze on the Cross and, with a firm step, approach it and embrace it. But, before carrying the Cross, You kiss it and a shiver of joy runs throughout your most sacred

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humanity. You gaze on the Cross yet again with the greatest joy, measure its length and breadth. In it You already establish the portion for each soul – the dowry to bind them to the divinity with a bond of marriage, and make them heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. Then, unable to contain your love for them, You kiss the Cross again, saying:

“Beloved Cross, I finally embrace you. You were the longing of My Heart and the martyrdom of My love. O Cross, up to this very moment I awaited you; My steps were always directed toward you. Holy Cross, you are the goal of My desires and the purpose of My existence on earth. In you I concentrate My entire being and in you I place all of My children. You will be their life, their light, their defense, their safeguard and their 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 them true holiness, and you alone will make of them heroes, athletes, martyrs and saints. Beautiful Cross, you are My throne. Since I must depart from this earth, you will remain in My stead. In dowry, I bequeath to you all souls to protect and save them. To you I entrust all souls!”¹⁵⁰

With these words You eagerly allow the Cross to be placed on your most sacred shoulders. O beloved Jesus, the Cross is too light for your love, but the weight of our sins adds to it, thus making it enormous and as immense as the

¹⁵⁰ The expression of Mary “saving” souls finds its proper significance in her cooperation with Christ’s Redemptive work (cf. footnote 140, pp. 359-360).

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expanse of the heavens. And You, my wearied and good Jesus, feel crushed under the weight of so many sins; your soul is horrified at their sight and experiences the pains of each sin; your sanctity is shaken before the ugliness of so much sin. And as the Cross weighs upon your shoulders, You stagger, You pant and a mortal sweat passes through your most sacred humanity.

O Jesus, my love, I don't have the heart to leave You alone. I want to share the weight of the Cross with You. To comfort You in bearing the weight of our sins, I cling to your feet. In the name of all creatures, I love You for those who do not love You, I praise You for those who despise You, and I bless You, I thank You and I obey You on behalf of all... I promise to offer You my entire being in reparation for any offense You may receive. I console You with my kisses and continuous acts of love to offer You [my loving] acts in reparation for the offensive acts souls thrust upon You. But I realize that I am too wretched; to be able to offer You true reparation I need You [to offer reparation in me]. Therefore I unite myself to your most sacred humanity and, with You, I unite my thoughts to your thoughts in reparation for all evil thoughts – mine and those of others; I unite my eyes to your eyes in reparation for [all] evil glances; I unite my mouth to your mouth in reparation for blasphemies and evil conversations; I unite my heart to your Heart in reparation for evil tendencies, desires and affections... In a word, by uniting myself to your immense love for all and to the immense good You do for all, I offer reparation for everything your most sacred humanity [in me] makes reparation for. But I am not yet satisfied, as I desire to unite myself to your divinity and completely lose

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my entire poor being in it, and in this way, give You everything...

The Sorrowful Way to Calvary

My most patient Jesus, I see You taking the first steps under the enormous weight of the Cross. I unite my steps with yours, so that when You are weak, staggering, about to fall and have poured forth all your Blood, I will be at your side to sustain You. I will place my shoulders beneath your Cross to share with You its weight. Do not reject me, but accept me as your faithful companion. O Jesus, You gaze at me, and in that gaze I see You offer reparation for those who do not carry their crosses with resignation, but rather, they swear, get irritated, commit suicide and murder. And You implore love and resignation to the cross on behalf of all. But your pain is such that You feel crushed under the Cross. You have taken only the first step and already You fall beneath it. As You fall, You bang against the rocks and the thorns are driven more deeply into your head, while all your wounds feel the harrowing effects and You pour forth new Blood. And since You do not have the strength to get up, your enemies, irritated, force You to stand with kicks and shoves.

My fallen love, let me help You stand, let me kiss You, dry your Blood and offer reparation with You for those who sin out of ignorance, anxiety and weakness. I beseech You to help these souls. Jesus, my life, forcing You to suffer unheard-of convulsions, your enemies manage to put You on your feet and, as You stagger, I hear your panting breath. Your Heart beats more vehemently

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and new pains pierce it intensely... You shake your head to clear your eyes of the Blood that fills them, and You gaze earnestly... Oh, beloved Jesus, I now understand: Your mother who is searching for You like a moaning dove, wishes to offer You her last words and to receive your last gaze. You feel her sorrows as her torn Heart is in your Heart, both of which are moved and wounded in mutual love... You see her pushing her way through the crowd as she desires at all costs to see You, to hug You and to say goodbye to You for the last time. You are profoundly transfixed upon seeing her mortal paleness and all of your sorrows reproduced in her by love. If she lives, it is only by a miracle of your omnipotence.

You move your steps in her direction, but You can hardly exchange a glance... Oh, the blow that strikes your two Hearts! The soldiers take notice and, striking and shoving You, prevent your mother and You, her Son, from saying the last goodbye. The torment You both experience is so overwhelming that your mother remains petrified with sorrow and is about to die. Faithful John and the pious women sustain her while You fall again under the Cross... Then, your sorrowful mother does with her soul what she cannot do with her body: She fuses herself in You, makes the Will of the Eternal One her own and, assimilating all of your pains within herself, she exercises her maternal office by kissing You, offering You reparation, comforting You and pouring the balm of her sorrowful love into all of your wounds.

My sorrowful Jesus, I too unite myself with our sorrowful mother. I make all your pain and every drop of

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your Blood my own. In each wound I wish to act as a mother and, together with You and her, I offer reparation for all dangerous encounters, for those who expose themselves to the occasions of sin or, forced by necessity to be exposed to them, remain entangled in sin.

Jesus, You moan and fall under the Cross. The soldiers fear You may die under the weight of so many martyrdoms and from the shedding of so much Blood. In spite of this, with lashes and kicks, they barely manage to force You back onto your feet. And You offer reparation for repeated falls into sin, for mortal sins committed by all classes of people, and You pray for obstinate sinners while shedding tears of Blood for their conversion.

My love, You are crushed, and as I follow You in your reparations, I see that You stagger under the enormous weight of the Cross. You shiver from head to toe. At their continuous shoving, the thorns penetrate more and more into your most sacred head. The Cross, with its heavy weight, digs into your shoulder, to the extent of forming a wound so deep that it exposes your bones... With every step, it seems that You die. Although You are unable to walk farther, your love which can do all things, gives You strength. As You feel the Cross dig into your shoulder, You offer reparation for hidden sins – those for which reparation has yet to be offered and that increase the bitterness of your convulsions. Beloved Jesus, let me place my shoulder under the Cross to comfort You and offer reparation with You for all hidden sins.

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But your enemies, again fearing that You may die under the Cross, force a Cyrenean to help You carry it. Unwilling and complaining, he helps You – not out of love, but because he is obliged. Then there echoes in your Heart all the complaints of those who suffer – who lack resignation and who act out of rebellion, anger and contempt. But your sufferings increase in seeing that souls consecrated to You, whom You call to assist You and be your companions in suffering, flee from You. And if You press them tightly to yourself by allowing them to share in your sorrows, oh, how they wrest themselves free from your arms and seek out pleasures, thereby leaving You alone to suffer. O my Jesus, while I offer reparation with You, I beg You to hold me in your arms and hug me so tightly that there may be no pain You suffer that I do not endure, so that through them I may be transformed and may make up for the abandonment of all souls.

Beloved Jesus, You are overcome with weariness and, all bent over, can hardly walk. And I see that You stop and try to look. O heart of mine, what is it? What are You looking for? Oh, it is Veronica who, fearless and courageous, approaches You with a cloth and dries your face that is completely covered with Blood. And You leave your face impressed on the cloth as a sign of gratitude. My generous Jesus, I too want to dry your precious Blood from your face, but not with a cloth; I wish to offer You my entire being to comfort You. I wish to fuse myself with your interior and requite with You, O Jesus, heartbeat for heartbeat, breath for breath, affection for affection and desire for desire. I intend to plunge my being into your *most sacred intelligence* and, making all these heartbeats,

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breaths, affections and desires flow in the immensity of your Will, I intend to multiply them to infinity. I desire, beloved Jesus, to form waves of heartbeats so that not one evil heartbeat may resound in your Heart and, by this means, relieve all the bitterness You experience on the inside. 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, my beloved Jesus, I intend to form waves of breaths and thoughts to cast away any breath or thought that might cause You the least displeasure. I will be vigilant, O Jesus, so that nothing else may afflict You or add more bitterness to your interior sorrows... O my Jesus, please let my whole interior swim in the immensity of your interior. In this way, I will discover enough love and good will to keep from penetrating your interior all the evils and displeasing desires inflicted on You by souls.

Meanwhile, your enemies, disapproving of Veronica's [courageous] gesture, flog You, push You and shove You along the way... A few more steps and again You stop, and yet, under the weight of so much suffering, your love does not stop. On seeing the pious women weeping on account of your suffering, You forget yourself and console them saying: **“Daughters, do not weep over My suffering, but over your sins and over [those of] your children.”** What a sublime teaching; how sweet your word is! O Jesus, with You I offer reparation for our lack of charity, and I ask You for the grace to make me forget myself and remember only your interests.

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On hearing You speak, your enemies become enraged and with the ropes they yank You and push You with such rage that You fall down. As You fall, You bang against the stones. The weight of the Cross crushes You, and You feel yourself dying. Let me sustain You and protect your most sacred face with my hands... I see You touch the ground and gasp in your Blood, but your enemies want to make You stand, so they again yank You with the ropes, pull You up by your hair and kick You, but to no avail... You are dying, my Jesus! What sorrow... my heart breaks with grief! Almost dragging You, they take You up to Mount Calvary... As they drag You, I hear You make reparation for all the offenses of souls consecrated to You that weigh upon You so much that no matter how hard You try to stand, You cannot! And so, dragged and trampled on, You reach Calvary, leaving behind You the red traces of your precious Blood.

Jesus is despoiled of his garments and is crowned with thorns for the third time

Jesus, here new sufferings await You. They strip You again, tearing off both your garment and the crown of thorns. Oh, in feeling the thorns being torn out from inside your head You groan. As they tear off your garment, they also tear your lacerated flesh that has adhered to it. The wounds rip open, your Blood flows to the ground in torrents, and the pain is so overwhelming that You collapse almost dead.

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But nobody is moved to feel any compassion for You, my love! On the contrary, with bestial fury they force the crown of thorns on You again – they beat it onto your head – and the lacerations and the tearing of your hair clotted in your coagulated Blood causes You such intense pain that only the angels can convey what You endure. And the angels, horrified, turn their heavenly gaze away from You and weep... My despoiled Jesus, allow me to hold You to my heart and warm You, as I see that You are shivering as an icy mortal sweat pervades your most sacred humanity. How I long to give You my life – my blood to take the place of your Blood that You have lost in exchange for my life! And, straining to look at me with his languishing and dying eyes, Jesus seems to say to me:

“My child, how much souls cost Me! This is the place where I await all souls in order to save them; where I want to offer reparation for the sins of those who degrade themselves to a state lower than beasts, and so obstinately offend Me that they reach the point of not being able to live without committing sins. Their minds are blinded, and they sin unbridledly. This is why they crown Me with thorns for the third time... And in being despoiled of My garments, I offer reparation for those who wear extravagant and indecent clothing, for sins against modesty and for those who are so bound to riches, honours and pleasures that their hearts makes gods of them. Oh yes, each one of these offenses is a death I endure, and if I do not die it is because the Will of My eternal Father has not yet decreed the moment of My death!”

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O Jesus, You are stripped of your garments. My love, while I offer reparation with You, I beg You to strip me of everything with your most sacred hands, and not allow any bad affections to enter my heart; watch over it, surround it with your sorrows and fill it with your love. May my life be the complete repetition of your life. Strengthen my desire to despoil myself with your blessing; bless me from your Heart and grant me the strength to be present at your sorrowful crucifixion so that I may remain crucified with You!

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus carries his Cross. The love of Jesus for the Cross and his eager longing to die on it for the salvation of souls are immense! And do we experience love in suffering like Jesus? Can we say that our heartbeats echo his divine heartbeats, and that we too ask for the cross we bear? 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? When He receives insults, are we always ready to offer him our little sufferings to relieve him of his sorrows?

In working, in praying and in experiencing the hardships of our suffering under the weight of interior sorrows, do we let our sorrows fly to Jesus so that they may, like a veil, absorb his sweat and comfort him? Do we make his hardships our own? Let us all say: O my Jesus, call me to be always close to You, and may You remain always close to me so that I may always comfort You with my sorrows.

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The Nineteenth Hour

11 AM

Jesus is Crucified

Jesus, my love, You have already been despoiled of your garments. Your most sacred body is so lacerated that your appearance is as that of a fleeced lamb... I see You tremble as your enemies prepare the Cross. And You, unable to stand any longer, fall to the ground of this mount. My good Jesus, my all, my heart breaks with sorrow in seeing You dripping Blood from head to toe, from every part of your bent over and most sacred body.

Your enemies are tired, but not satiated in tormenting You. To your unspeakable pain, in despoiling You they tear the crown of thorns off of your head and, then again, drive it into You, making You experience unheard-of convulsions, as they open up to new and more painful wounds... [In this third crowning of thorns] You offer reparation for the obstinacy of souls and for their obstinacy in sin, especially the sin of pride. Jesus, if love had not compelled You to endure yet more, You would certainly have died from the harrowing sorrow You suffered in this third crowning of thorns. But now I see that You can no longer endure this sorrow¹⁵¹ and, with your

¹⁵¹ Several translations incorrectly state, “*I see that you can no longer endure the pain*”, whereas the original Italian reads, “*non puoi reggere al dolore*” (*dolore* is “sorrow”, not “pain”). Jesus repeatedly reassures

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eyes covered with Blood, You look to see if at least one individual would come close to You to sustain You in so much suffering and in such overwhelming grief...

My sweet good Jesus, my dear life, You are not alone here as You were last night. Your sorrowful mother is here whose Heart, pierced with intense sorrow, suffers as many deaths as there are pains You endure. There is also [your] faithful [disciple] John who is speechless with sorrow at the sight of your Passion. This is the mount of lovers, and You should not be alone... Tell me my love, who do You want to sustain You in so much sorrow? Oh please, let me approach You – I, who stand more in need [of your grace] than all others. Dear mother and those of you [on this holy mountain], make room for me. And here I am, O Jesus, I come to You. I hug You and I beseech You to lean your head upon my shoulder that I may experience the sharp piercings of your thorns in my head... And I not only desire to feel your thorns, but to cleanse all of my thoughts with your precious Blood that flows down from your head, so that they may remain in the continuous act of offering You reparation for all the offenses souls cause You with their thoughts...

Jesus, my love, hug me tightly! I desire to kiss, one by one, the drops of Blood which drip down your most

Luisa that his divine love endured and overcame all external and physical *pains*, while his interior “sorrows” (*dolori*) far surpassed his external “pains” (*pene*) (cf. the 11am hour where Jesus implores yet more pains). The interior sorrow here refers to “obstinacy in sin”. Cf. 11pm hour, p. 472, where Jesus affirms: “*Does not one fibre in My Heart surpass in sorrow all the other pains of My divine body combined?*”.

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sacred face, and I beseech You to make each one of these drops a light to the minds of all souls, so that no one may offend You with evil thoughts.

My beloved Jesus, You look at the Cross that your enemies are preparing for You. You hear the blows of the hammer of your executioners who are forming the holes into which they will drive the nails. And your Heart beats more and more vehemently and contracts with exultation, as You yearn to lay yourself upon this bed of pain and seal with your death the salvation of our souls. And I hear You say:

Beloved Cross, My love, My precious bed. You were My martyrdom in life, and now you are My rest. Please, O Cross, receive Me into your arms without delay. I eagerly await you. Holy Cross, through you I will accomplish all. O Cross, hurry, fulfill My ardent desire of offering up My life for souls; I wish to seal their Redemption by means of you, O Cross. Oh, delay no longer, as I earnestly long to extend Myself upon you to open the [gates of] heaven to all My children and close hell.¹⁵² O Cross, it is true that you are My battle, but you are also My victory and My complete triumph. Through you I will bestow upon My children abundant treasures, victories, triumphs and crowns.”

¹⁵² Inasmuch as the gates of hell will be closed only at the General Judgment, the expression, “... close hell” (*chiudere l’inferno*), assumes a two-fold significance: Jesus longs to keep souls from being lost, and to release the just souls from “Abraham’s Bosom” who awaited the opening of the gates of heaven, which were definitively closed after their release.

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Who can possibly describe all the words my sweet Jesus said to the Cross? As he expresses his love to the Cross, his enemies command him to extend himself on it, and promptly He obeys to make reparation for our disobedience... My love, before You extend yourself on the Cross, allow me to press You more tightly to my heart and kiss You. Listen to me, O Jesus: I do not want to leave You; I want to extend myself on the Cross and be nailed to it with You, for true love tolerates no separation. Forgive the boldness of my love, but allow me to be crucified with You... After all, my tender love, I am not the only one to ask this of You, but your sorrowful mother, inseparable Magdalene and faithful John ask this as well. They all tell You that it would be more bearable to be nailed with You to your Cross, than to see You crucified alone... Therefore, with You I offer myself to the eternal Father assimilated to your Will, to your Heart, to your reparations and to all of your sorrows. Oh, it seems as if my sweet Jesus says to me:

“My child, you have anticipated My love. This is My Will: that all those who love Me should be crucified with Me. Oh yes, come and extend yourself upon the Cross with Me, and I will give you life in exchange for My life, and I will always regard you as the beloved of My Heart.”

And now You extend yourself on the Cross, looking with so much love and sweetness at your executioners – as though extending to them a sweet invitation to hasten your crucifixion – who hold in their hands the nails and hammers to crucify You. And although feeling repugnance, with inhuman fury they grab your right hand, hold the nail

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on your palm and, with blows of the hammer, drive it through to the opposite side of the Cross... O my Jesus, the pain You suffer is so overwhelming that You shudder; the light of your beautiful eyes is eclipsed and your most sacred face, though bruised and bleeding, turns pale...

I kiss your *blessed right hand* my beloved Jesus, and I unite myself to your Passion, I adore You and I thank You for myself and for all. I entreat You to deliver in this moment from eternal damnation as many souls as there are blows You receive; to wash in this most precious Blood of yours as many souls as there are drops of Blood You shed. For the sake of the bitter sorrows You endure, I entreat You to open the heavens to all and to bless all souls. May your blessing call all sinners to conversion, and call those separated from your Church and unbelievers to the light of faith.

O Jesus, my sweet life, after having finished nailed your right hand to the Cross, with unheard-of cruelty your executioners grab your left hand and, to make it reach the mark of the hole, with violence they pull it so hard that the joints of your arms and shoulders dislocate, and the pain is so intense it makes your legs contract and convulse...

Left hand of my beloved Jesus, I kiss You, I unite myself to your Passion, I adore You and I thank You. For the blows You receive and for the bitter pains You endure from them driving the nail through your left hand, I ask You to grant me in this moment that many souls may be released from purgatory and make their flight to heaven. For the Blood You shed [from this hand], I entreat You to

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extinguish the flames that burn [the poor souls]. May this Blood refresh and cleanse them all, so that purged of all stain they may be disposed for the beatific vision. My love and my all, for the sharp pain You suffer when they nailed your left hand, I entreat You to close off hell to all souls¹⁵³ and to withhold the lightning rod of Divine Justice from striking us on account of our sins. O Jesus, let the Divine Justice be appeased, so that divine chastisements may not pour out on earth, but may the treasures of your Divine Mercy be opened for the betterment of all. Wherefore I entreat You, hold me tightly in your arms.

Jesus, it seems as if You are now completely motionless, and that we therefore are at liberty ask of You whatever we wish. So I [take the liberty to] place the world and all human generations in your arms and I beg You with the voices of your own Blood, O my sweet love, to deny no one your forgiveness, but by the merits of your most precious Blood, grant salvation to all souls and do not, O my Jesus, exclude anyone!

Jesus, my love, your enemies are not yet satisfied... With diabolical fury they grab your most sacred feet, tireless and always on the lookout for souls, but that are contracted on account of the pains inflicted on your hands, and they pull them so violently that your knees, your ribs

¹⁵³ The expression, “close off hell to all souls” does not contradict the various revelations of Jesus to Luisa, who acknowledges that souls are in hell due to their own choice (cf. footnotes 145-146, p. 417), but echoes Jesus’ petition in Gethsemane, “*Father, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me – the chalice of souls who, by withdrawing from Our will, becoming lost. Although this chalice of Mine is extremely bitter, not My will, but your will be done*” (cf. 10pm hour, p. 345).

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and all the bones of your chest become dislocated. My good Jesus, my heart can no longer bear this: Your sorrow is so great that it causes your beautiful eyes, eclipsed and covered with Blood, to roll back, and your livid lips – bruised and swollen from the blows – contort; the [nails] tearing at your hands and feet, cause your cheeks to grow hollow, your teeth to chatter, your chest to pounds feverishly, and your Heart breaks... My love, how I would willingly take your place to spare You so much pain! I fuse myself in all of your limbs to assuage You, kiss You, comfort You, and offer You reparation on behalf of all.

Blessed feet of my beloved Jesus, I unite myself to your Passion, I kiss You, I adore You and I thank You. I entreat You for the sake of the most bitter pains You suffer, for the tearing [of muscles, ligaments and nerves] from the dislocation of all of your bones, and for the Blood You shed to enclose all souls in your most sacred wounds. Do not refuse anyone, O Jesus!

May your nails pierce the powers [of our soul],¹⁵⁴ so that they may never be separated from You; may they pierce our hearts, so that they may always adhere to You alone; may they pierce all of our emotions, so that they may experience no pleasure apart from You. O my crucified Jesus, I see You completely entrenched and bathed in an ocean in Blood... The Blood that flows from You asks only for “souls”. In this Blood I see the vast throng of souls from

¹⁵⁴ The three powers of the soul are the intellect, the memory and the will – the will being the greatest, as it alone is the repository of all divine acts (cf. Piccarreta, volume 13, October 9, 1921; vol. 16, July 24, 1923).

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all centuries, and in such a way, O Jesus, that every single soul appears incorporated within You. And so, by the power of this Blood, I entreat You to not allow so much as one soul to ever again escape You.

Sweet Jesus, your enemies finish nailing your feet, and I now approach your Heart. I see that while [physically] nothing more are You able to bear, your love cries out more loudly: “**More Pains!**” My beloved Jesus, I embrace *your Heart*, I unite myself to your Passion, I kiss You, I adore You and I thank You for myself and for all souls. I place my head upon your Heart in order to experience what You endure in this painful crucifixion... Oh, I hear every blow of the hammer echo in your Heart! Your Heart is the center of all things – from it your sorrows begin, and in it they end. And if were not for You awaiting the lance to pierce your Heart, the flames of your love and the Blood that boils within it would have already ruptured your Heart and come to an end. These flames beckon souls that love You to find a happy dwelling in your Heart, and I, O Jesus, for the sake of your most precious Blood, ask You to sanctify these souls. O please, do not allow them to ever go out from your Heart, but with your grace, multiply the vocations of victim souls who may continue your life on earth. You wanted to give a distinct place in your Heart to the souls that love You, so I bid You don’t ever let them lose this place... O Jesus, may the flames of your Heart set me ablaze and consume me, may your Blood embellish me, and may your love keep me always nailed to You with suffering and reparation!

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My beloved Jesus, the executioners have now nailed your hands and feet to the Cross and, turning it over in order to bang and bend the nails on the other side, they force your adorable face to touch the ground, soaked with your own Blood. And You, with your divine lips, kiss the ground... With this kiss, O my sweet love, You intend to kiss all souls, bind them to your love and seal their salvation. O Jesus, let me take your place so that I may prevent your most sacred body, however entrenched with your most precious Blood, from touching the ground. Let me hold You in my arms, and grant that as your enemies bang the nails, these blows may wound me as well and nail me completely to your love.

O my Jesus, as the thorns [under the weight of the Cross] are driven farther into your head, I offer You all of my thoughts so that like loving kisses, they may console You and assuage the bitter pains of your thorns.

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 loving gazes. Your tongue is almost cleaved to the roof of your mouth due to the bitterness of the bile of the human will and the ardent thirst You experience. In order to quench your thirst, O my Jesus, You desire to see all the hearts of souls overflowing with love, but not having them near You causes your love to burn more ardently for them. My sweet love, I intend to send You rivers of love to relieve in some way the bitterness of the bile and your ardent thirst... O Jesus, I see that with every movement You make the wounds in your hands tear open more widely, and your sorrow becomes more intense

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and overwhelmed. My dear good Jesus, to relieve and comfort this sorrow of yours, I offer You the holy works of all souls.

O Jesus, how much You suffer in your most sacred feet! It seems that all the movements of your most sacred body reverberate in them, and nobody is near You to sustain You in order to somehow assuage the bitterness of your sorrows. My most sweet life, I desire to gather together the steps of the souls of all generations – past, present and future – and redirect them all to You, so that they may come to console You in your harsh pains.

My dear Jesus, alas, how tortured your poor Heart is! How may I comfort so much sorrow? I will diffuse myself in You; I will place my heart in your Heart and my desires in your ardent desires, so that the all evil desires [of all souls] may be destroyed. I diffuse my love in your love, so that by means of the fire of your love, the hearts of all souls may be set ablaze and all profane love vanquished. Your Most Sacred Heart will be comforted, and from now on I promise You, O Jesus, always to remain nailed to your most loving Heart with the nails of your desires, of your love and of your Will... O my Jesus, crucified one, crucify me in You. Do not allow me, even slightly, to free myself from these nails of yours, but let me always be nailed [with you], so that I may love You, offer You reparation on behalf of all and relieve the pain that souls cause You with their sins.

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Jesus is Crucified, and with him we disarm the Divine Justice

My good Jesus, I see that your enemies lift the heavy wood of the Cross, and then let it drop into the hole they had prepared in advance. And You, my sweet love, remain suspended between heaven and earth. In this solemn moment, You turn to the Father, and with a weak and feeble voice, say: **“Holy Father, here I am, laden with all the sins of the world. There is not one sin that has not been poured out on Me. Therefore, no longer unload the scourges of your Divine Justice upon mankind, but upon Me, your Son. O Father, allow Me to bind all souls to this Cross and to plead forgiveness on their behalf with the voice of My Blood and My wounds. O Father, do You not see to what a sorrowful state I am reduced? By this Cross and by virtue of these pains, grant to all true conversion, peace, forgiveness and holiness!”**

My crucified love, I too want to accompany You to the throne of the Eternal One and, along with You, disarm the Divine Justice. I make your most sacred humanity my own, and united with your Will and with You, I wish to do whatever You do... May my thoughts flow in your thoughts, may my will, desires and love flow in your Will, desires and love; may my heartbeat flow in your Heart and my being flow in You. By this means, nothing [You do] will escape me, and in everything You do I shall unite my act to your act, and my word to your word.

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And You, my crucified and good Jesus, in seeing the [Father's] Divine Justice irritated with his creatures, prostrate yourself before him, and enclose them all within your most sacred humanity in order to safeguard them.¹⁵⁵ In this way, the Father sees all creatures in You and, out of love for You, refrains from casting them out his sight. And if the Father looks at his creatures with disdain, it is because so many of them have disfigured the beautiful image in which he made them. Such creatures nurture no thought other than to offend him – with their intelligence that should have been used to understand him, they have instead made of it a waste bin in which they accumulate sin.

And You, O my Jesus, in order to appease the Father,¹⁵⁶ ask him to behold your most sacred head pierced with thorns and overwhelmed with atrocious convulsions.

¹⁵⁵ In this hour Luisa's expressions of the Father becoming "irritated" and feeling "disdain", and of the divine Spirit experiencing "offense", convey the "sorrows" of the three inseparable divine Persons. Inasmuch as the second divine Person alone assumed a passible human nature, he experiences "pain" and "sorrow", whereas the other two Persons experience only "sorrow" (L. Piccarreta, volume 19, May 31, 1926; vol. 19, June 6, 1926).

¹⁵⁶ St. Augustine affirms that Jesus could have redeemed mankind without dying on the Cross and with only *one drop of his Blood* (Sunday Sermon IV), and Luisa affirms that Jesus could have redeemed mankind with *one word* (L. Piccarreta, volume 3, January 12, 1900). Therefore, the work of Redemption was not contingent upon Jesus "appeasing the Father's justice"; rather in freely taking upon himself unparalleled sufferings that far surpassed the requirements of Redemption, Jesus petitioned the Father for a superabundance of grace, merit and glory in every human act in addition to offering reparation for every sin. Augustine calls this superabundance of Christ's sufferings, "grace upon grace" (AUGUSTINE, *De gratia et libero arbitrio*, 9.21, PL 44.893; NBA 20.50).

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[Through your crown of thorns] You keep nailed to your mind the intelligence of all souls, and to every mind You offer [yourself] up in expiation to satisfy the Divine Justice. Oh how these thorns act as pious voices before the Divine Majesty to extend pardon to all the evil thoughts of all souls! My Jesus, my thoughts are one with yours, therefore with You I pray, implore, entreat pardon and offer reparation before the Divine Majesty for all evil souls commit through the use of their intelligence. Let me to take your thorns and your own intelligence and, with these, approach all souls to bind your intelligence to theirs. With the sanctity of your intelligence I wish to restore their intelligence to its original state, as when it emerged from your creative hands; with the sanctity of your thoughts I wish to reorder all the evil thoughts of souls in You, and with your thorns, pierce the minds of all souls to restore to them their dominion and rule... O Jesus, may You alone be the master of the thoughts and affections of every soul! May You sustain all things, and the face of the earth, despite its horrific and frightful appearance, will change!

But the divine Father, in seeing nearly all of his poor children steeped in sins of such an appalling nature as to nauseate all of heaven, remains irritated. Oh, how the divine Spirit is offended in almost no longer recognizing in the poor human creature the work of his most sacred hands! On the contrary, his creatures appear to be many monsters occupying the earth that draw down the Father's wrathful gaze... And You, O Jesus, wishing to appease the Father, seek to soften his Heart by uniting your eyes with his [so as to make him see poor mankind through your compassionate gaze], and thus You show him your eyes covered with

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Blood and filled with tears. Before the Father's divine majesty You weep, over and over again, to move him to compassion over the plight of so many unhappy souls, and I hear your voice that says:

“My Father, it is true that these ungrateful souls continue to stain themselves with more sins and no longer merit your Fatherly gaze. But, look at Me, O Father. Before You I weep so much as to form a bath of tears and Blood to cleanse them of the appalling sins with which they have covered themselves. My Father, do You perhaps wish to reject Me? No, You cannot, as I am your Son, and as your Son I am the head of all souls, and they are My members. Let us save them, O Father, let Us save them!”

My Jesus, unparalleled love, I wish to weep with your eyes before the Supreme Majesty for the loss of so many unhappy souls. Let me take your tears and your own loving gazes, as they are one with mine, and let me take them to souls. To move them to compassion out of love for You and for the sake of their own souls, I will show them how You weep for them, and that while they stain themselves, You are ready to cleanse them with your tears and your Blood. And in seeing You weep, they will surrender to You... Let me cleanse the filth of all souls with your tears; may your tears descend into their hearts to soften the many souls that are obstinately entrenched in sin, and overcome their obstinacy. I wish to make your loving gaze penetrate souls, so that they may raise their eyes to heaven, love You and no longer go astray to offend You. In

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this way, the divine Father will no longer be irritated when gazing down upon his unfortunate children.

And I see that the Father's wrath is not yet appeased. For despite the Father's bounty that filled the heavens and the earth with so much love, as to bear witness to the love and goodness he nurtures toward his children – so much so that in almost every step and action of his children one witnesses the love and grace of their Father's Heart overflowing – the ungrateful human creature, despising this love, refuses to recognize it. On the contrary, the human creature defies his love by filling the heavens and earth with insults, ridicule and offenses. And, as if wanting to destroy the Father's love and set itself up as an idol in his place, it tramples his love asunder with its sullied feet. All these offenses pierce the heavens and arrive before the [throne of the] Divine Majesty. Oh, how the Father is irritated in seeing the vile [sins of] human beings arrive at the point of insulting and offending him every which way. But You, O my Jesus, always ready to defend us, with the enrapturing force of your love, compel the Father to behold your most sacred face, covered with all of these insults and ridicule, and You say to him:

“My Father, do not disdain your poor creatures. If You are irritated with them, You are irritated with Me. Oh, have mercy. I bear all these offenses on My face to requite You on everyone's behalf. My Father, unleash not your wrath upon these unfortunate souls; they are blind and know not what they do. Take a good look at Me, and see how I have been reduced for love of them. If You are not moved to compassion over the

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wretched state of mankind, may My face besmirched with spittle, covered with Blood, bruised and swollen from many inflicted strikes and blows, soften your Heart... My Father, have mercy! I, who was the most radiant of all, am now so disfigured that I am no longer recognizable... I am the most degraded of all. And at all costs I wish to save the poor human creature!"

My Jesus, is such love possible? Since I want to follow You in everything, let me have at my disposal your most sacred face, so that I may show it ever-so disfigured to the Father, whereby he may be moved to compassion over poor mankind which is already dying under the scourge of the Divine Justice. Let me go to souls and show them your face, ever-so disfigured for love of them, to move them to compassion out of love for You and for the sake of their own souls. With the light of your face and with the enrapturing force of your love, may I make them understand who You are, and who they are, as they dare to offend You. In this way, their souls, leading a life dead to grace, will rise up out of their many sins and prostrate themselves before You in an act of adoration and glory.

My adorable and crucified Jesus, souls continue to irritate the Divine Justice, and from their mouths resounds the echo of horrendous blasphemies, voices of condemnations and curses, evil conversations, plots among one another of massacres and bloodbaths... Oh, all these voices deafen the earth and pierce the heavens, offending God's divine ears who, wearied with these venomous echoes of souls, wishes to put an end to them by casting them far from his sight. For all of these venomous voices

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condemn and cry out for justice and vengeance against the very souls who voice them. Oh, how the Divine Justice feels compelled to shower down chastisements! Oh, how these many horrendous blasphemies ignite God's wrath!

But You, O my Jesus, loving us with the greatest love, confront all of these murderous voices with your omnipotent and creative voice, and reunite them in your voice. You make your sweetest voice of blessings, praise, and supplications for mercy, gratitude and love on behalf of unhappy souls reach your Father's ears to refresh him from the offenses they send him. And to appease the Father even more, You show him your most sacred mouth and say:

“My Father, turn to Me; behold your Son. Do not listen to the voices of these souls, but listen to My voice! I am the one who offers satisfaction for all. Therefore, I entreat You to look at souls in and through Me. If You do not look at them through Me, what will become of them? They are weak, ignorant, intent on nothing but evil and filled with all misery... Have mercy, have mercy on these unhappy souls! I will answer for them with My tongue embittered with bile, consumed with thirst and burned and parched with love...”

My embittered Jesus, my voice in yours wants to face all these offenses. Let me go to all souls with your tongue and your lips and, touching their tongue to yours, make them taste the bitterness of your tongue so that, in the act of wanting to offend You [through blasphemy], if not for love at least for the bitterness they taste, they will desist from blaspheming. Let me touch their lips to yours and

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make them feel on their lips the fire of sin, and let me make your omnipotent voice resound in each of their hearts, so that the current of evil voices may stop and all human voices may convert into voices of blessings and praise.

Crucified Jesus, souls still refuse to surrender to You despite your immense sorrow and love. Instead, they despise You, and add insult to injury by committing enormous sacrileges, murders, suicides, crimes, cruel acts, deceptions, divisions and betrayals. Oh, all of these evil works weigh so heavily on the arms of your Heavenly Father that, unable to sustain their weight, his arms are on the verge of falling to unleash fury and destruction upon the earth. And You, O my Jesus, to snatch souls from the divine wrath and for fear of seeing them destroyed, stretch out your arms to your Father to help him sustain the weight [of such evil works], and You prevent and impede the Divine Justice from taking its course. And to move the Father to compassion for the wretched state of mankind and to soften his Heart, You say to him with the most moving voice:

“My Father, look at these hands, rent open, and these nails that both pierce and transfix them to all evil works. Oh, in these hands I feel all the convulsions caused by such evil works. O Father, are You not satisfied with My sorrows? Am I perhaps not able to offer You worthy satisfaction? These dislocated arms of Mine will always be chains to tightly embrace the poor souls so that they may not escape. My Father, apart from those who forcefully strain to break free from Me, these arms of Mine will be loving chains that bind You

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and prevent You from casting from your sight these poor souls. What is more, I will continue to draw souls to you, so that You may pour out on them your grace and your mercy!”

O my Jesus, your love is a sweet enchantment for me, and compels me to do what You do. So, with You, and at the cost of any pain, I want to prevent the Divine Justice from unleashing itself on poor mankind. With the Blood that pours forth from your hands I wish to extinguish the fire of sin that arouses God’s justice and to calm its fury. To move the Father to have compassion for his own children, allow me to place in your arms the sorrows and sufferings of all creatures, the groans of the many souls who are poor and wounded, and the many hearts that are grieving and oppressed. Allow me to go to all souls and place them all in your arms, so that all of them may return to your Heart. With the power of your creative hands, allow me to stop the current of so many evil works and make all desist from doing evil.

Jesus, my crucified love, souls are not yet satisfied with offending You, but seek to drink to the very dregs all the filth of sin, whereby they run almost wildly along the path of evil. They go from one sin to the next, they disobey all of your laws and, denying You, they rebel against You. And as if out of spite, these souls wish to go to hell. Oh, how the Supreme Majesty becomes indignant! And You, O my Jesus, triumphing over all – even over the obstinacy of souls – in order to appease the divine Father, show him your most sacred humanity in its entirety: lacerated, dislocated and tortured in every horrible way. You show

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him your most sacred feet pierced and twisted under the weight of convulsions. And with the most moving voice, wanting to win souls over with love and sorrow and, as if in act of breathing your last and to triumph over the Father's Heart, You say:

“My Father, look at Me. From My head to My feet not one part of Me is left unbattered. There is not one single part of My body that I can offer to receive more wounds and procure more sufferings. If You are not appeased at this moving sight of love and sorrow, who will appease You? O souls, if you do not surrender to so much love, what hope remains for you to convert? My Blood and wounds will always be voices that constantly call down from heaven to earth the grace of repentance, forgiveness and compassion for poor humanity!”

O my Jesus, I see You in excruciating pain to appease the Father and win over souls. Allow me to assume your most sacred feet and, with them, make my rounds throughout creation to bind their steps to your feet, so that as souls choose to take the path of evil, they may feel the bond You established with them and turn away from evil. Oh, with your feet grant that they may turn back from the path of evil, may You place them on the path of righteousness, make them docile to your law and, with your nails, close off [to them] hell so that no one may end up in there!¹⁵⁷

¹⁵⁷ Ibid.

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O my Jesus, crucified love, I see that You are unable to [physically] endure anymore, as You strain and suffer terribly on the Cross: Your bones continually grind against each other, such that with every tiny movement You make they dislocate more and more; your flesh tears away piece by piece; your ardent thirst consumes You; your embittered, painful and loving interior sorrows impair your breathing; human ingratitude acting as many of the martyrdoms You experience, confronts You and overwhelms You like a mighty wave to the core of your pierced Heart. It crushes You so much that your most sacred humanity, unable to bear the weight of so many martyrdoms, is about to succumb, whence burning with love and the desire to suffer [yet more for souls], You cry out [to the Father] for mercy and help... Crucified Jesus, is it possible that You, who rule everything and give life to all, ask for help?

Oh, how I desire to fuse myself in each drop of your most precious Blood, to shed [for You] my own blood in order to mend each one of your wounds and lessen and assuage the piercings of each thorn, and fuse myself in each interior pain of your Heart to relieve your intense bitterness. I want to give You life for life and, if it were possible, remove You from the Cross and take your place. And yet, I see that I am nothing and can do nothing; I am too insignificant. Therefore, give me yourself, Jesus; I will take up life in You and, in You, I will offer You to yourself. In this way You will satisfy my yearnings.

Crushed Jesus, I see that your most sacred humanity is coming to an end, not you[r divine Person], but [the

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human nature You assumed] to fulfill our Redemption in everything. [To continue] You need divine help and assistance. Oh, how the divine Father is moved in looking at the horrible massacre of your most sacred humanity, the terrible crafting that sin has made on your most sacred limbs! To satisfy your yearnings of love, He holds You to his Paternal Heart and gives You the necessary help to accomplish our Redemption... As He holds You tightly, You feel again in your Heart, but more intensely, the blows of the nails, the lashes from the scourging, the renting of wounds and the piercing of thorns. Oh, how the Father is struck! How indignant He becomes in seeing all these pains thrust upon You and arrive at the innermost recesses of your Heart, even by souls consecrated to You! And in his sorrow, He says to You:

“Is it possible, My Son, that not even the elect whom You have chosen wish to give themselves entirely over to You? Rather, it appears that the souls who ask to enter your Heart to seek refuge and shelter, end up scorning You and causing You a more sorrowful death. Moreover, all the sufferings they cause You are hidden under the veil of hypocrisy. Oh, Son, I can no longer withhold My indignation at the sight of the ingratitude of these souls who grieve Me more than all other souls combined!”

But You, O my Jesus, triumphing over all, defend these souls too, and out of the immense love of your Heart, form a wall to block the waves of scorn and thorns they send You. And to appease your Father, You say to him:

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“My Father, look at this Heart of Mine. May all these pains satisfy You [on behalf of souls]; the more bitter they are the more powerful they will be over your Paternal Heart to implore grace, light and forgiveness on their behalf. My Father, do not reject them, for they will be My defenders who will continue My life on earth.”¹⁵⁸

Most loving Father, if My humanity has now attained the peak of its sufferings, this Heart of Mine breaks on account of the bitterness of the interior sorrows and unheard-of heart renting I have now endured for thirty-four years, indeed from the first moment of My Incarnation. You are well aware, O Father, that if Our omnipotence had not sustained Me for the sake of prolonging My suffering up until this very moment of extreme agony, the intensity of My interior sorrows would have made Me die from pure convulsions in each instant... Ah, if up till now I have offered You all the sufferings of My humanity to appease your justice and to make your triumphant mercy shower down on all souls, I now present to You this Heart of Mine bruised, beaten and broken under the weight of consecrated souls gone astray!

My Father, this is the Heart that has loved You with an infinite love, always consumed with love for My brothers, who are your children in Me. This is the

¹⁵⁸ This beautiful expression offers the reader an insight into the depths of the mercy and omniscience of the Son of God, who foresees on the Cross futures conversions of chosen souls who, like St. Paul, had once persecuted him and his Church.

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generous Heart that has longed to suffer and offer You complete satisfaction for all the sins of mankind. Have pity on its desolation, on the continuous blows it receives, on its never-ending heartache, and on its anguish and sadness in the face of death! O My Father, has there perhaps been one single heartbeat of Mine that did not always seek out your glory for the salvation of My brothers and at the cost of My pains and Blood? Were these brothers of Mine not borne from this Heart of Mine? Has this ever-so oppressed Heart of Mine not poured out ardent supplications, groans and sighs? Have I not wept and cried out for mercy in your presence for thirty-four years?

O Father, You have always heard My prayers an infinite number of times, granting Me an infinite number of souls;¹⁵⁹ I give You infinite thanks.

But, Father, how is it possible for the sorrows in My Heart to be assuaged when so much as one soul escapes Our love – for Our love for one soul alone is as great as Our love for all souls combined! Must it be said

¹⁵⁹ The Father granting his crucified Son an infinite number of souls does not imply that all souls were not already granted to him from the moment of his Incarnation. In the Christmas Novena Jesus assures Luisa that the *lives of all souls* were already present in him at the moment of his Incarnation (L. Piccarreta, volume 15, December 16, 1922; *Ibid.*, vol. 14, November 11, 1922), and in her volumes he reassures her that his hidden life divinized the *acts of all souls* (L. Piccarreta, volume 3, January 12, 1900; *Ibid.*, vol. 11, April 14, 1912). In light of the preceding, one may affirm that while Christ's *Redemption* of all souls began with his Incarnation and culminated with his Passion, death and Resurrection, he obtained the *conversion to salvation* of many ("an infinite number") of souls through his prayers on the Cross in the presence of the Father.

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that I breathed My last breath on the Cross when even souls consecrated to Us wretchedly perish before My eyes? I am already drowning in a sea of anguish on account of the iniquity and eternal loss of Judas, who remained obstinate and ungrateful and who rejected all of My love and its docile ways. I blessed him so much, to the point of ordaining him a Priest and a Bishop like My other Apostles... Oh Father, let this abyss of My sorrows be enough! Let what I see be enough... souls chosen by Us and of the same consecrated calling choosing to follow Judas along similar pathways! Help Me, O Father, I beseech You! I cannot bear all this sorrow! Does not one fibre in My Heart surpass in sorrow all the other pains of My divine body combined? Does not the Blood from My Heart pour out in greater abundance than all the Blood that pours out of My wounds? Oh, My Heart breaks from love and sorrow! Have mercy, Father, have mercy – not on Me, but on all souls for whom I long to suffer to infinity, especially those who are called either to be My spouse¹⁶⁰ or to be My Priests!

Listen, O Father, My Heart with fiery heartbeats makes Me feel like I am dying and, with cries of

¹⁶⁰ Here the expression, “spouse”, signifies a person consecrated to God. Traditionally, ‘spouse’ is someone in Religious Life with vows of poverty, chastity and obedience (the three evangelical counsels). In more recent times, the term spouse has assumed a form that is poignantly articulated in Pope John Paul II’s encyclical, “Consecrated Life”. This new form of Consecrated Life includes lay persons that live in the world with public or private vows to God through his Church. It is noteworthy that Luisa was a spouse of Consecrated Life shortly before it was officially recognized in the Church.

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supplication say: “For the many sorrows I endure, I implore efficacious grace for their repentance and true conversion for all these unhappy souls! Let not one of them escape Us! I thirst, Father, I thirst for all souls, but especially for these¹⁶¹ – I thirst for more suffering for each of these souls! My Father, I have always done your Will. Now, for love of Me, your most beloved Son in whom You are well pleased, grant that this Will of Mine, which is also your Will, may be perfectly accomplished!”

O my Jesus, I unite myself to your supplications, your sufferings and your sorrowful love. Grant me your Heart so that I may always experience your thirst for souls consecrated to You, and restore to You all of their love and affection... Let me go to all souls and bring to them your Heart. At the touch of your Heart, may the cold-hearted become warm-hearted, may the irresolute become stout-hearted, and may the wayward turn back to You and recover many of the graces they had squandered. Your Heart is stifled with sorrow and bitterness in seeing frustrated, on account of their lack of correspondence, the many divine designs You had over them, and in seeing the sad consequences of the many souls that would have otherwise had life and salvation through them.¹⁶² I want to

¹⁶¹ “These” refers back to Jesus’ spouses and Priests.

¹⁶² Some incorrect translations of this work state that chosen souls who are unfaithful to their calling are the cause of “*the loss of the salvation of other souls*”. It is not sound Catholic doctrine to assert that one person may be the *direct cause* of the damnation of another. However, it is correct to affirm that one person may be the *direct cause* of another’s temptation (e.g., an evildoer’s immoral actions may frustrate the flow of grace into the soul of another) and indirect cause of

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show them your Heart which they have embittered, and dart them with the fiery darts of your Heart. I want to make them experience [the fruits of] all of your supplications and all the sorrows You endured for love of them, whereby they may surrender to You. In this way, they will return to You repentant and place themselves at your feet, your loving divine designs over them will be realized, they will be in You, surround You and no longer offend You, and they will offer You reparation to console You and defend You.

My crucified Jesus, my life, I see You still agonize on the Cross. Your love is not satisfied; it wants to fulfill your Will in all things. I too, agonize with You... [and I implore]:

‘All you angels and saints, come to Mount Calvary to behold the excess and follies of God’s love! Let us kiss Jesus’ bleeding wounds and adore them, let us bear up his lacerated limbs and thank him for our Redemption! Let us turn our gaze to our sorrowful mother, who feels as many sorrows and deaths in her Immaculate Heart as there are sorrows she beholds in God her Son! Her very clothes are covered with his Blood which has been poured out on Mount Calvary...

Let us all take this Blood and ask our sorrowful mother to join us. Let us go throughout the world to the aid of all... Let us go to the aid of those souls who are in danger of death so that they may not die; to the aid of fallen souls

another’s *possible* damnation (“possible” because each person’s free and intended choices directly decide his/her own destiny, and not those of another). For a theological answer development of this theme, cf. the Q & A section of the following link: www.LivingintheDivineWill.com.

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so they may rise again; to the aid of souls about to sin so that they may not fall. Let us administer this Blood to the many poor and blind souls so that the light of truth may shine in them; to suffering souls so that they may be comforted. And if we should find souls that are dying and are about to go to hell, let us take this divine Blood that contains the price of their Redemption and snatch them from Satan...’

And as I cling tightly to the Heart of Jesus to defend him and offer him reparation in everything, I press all souls to his Heart so that they may obtain the efficacious grace of conversion, and remain on the path of grace and salvation...

Jesus, I see rivulets of Blood flow from your hands and feet... Weeping angels gather round You to form [for You] a crown and admire the portents of your immense love. At the foot your Cross I see your tender mother pierced with sorrow, your dear Magdalene and your beloved John rapt in an ecstasy of wonder, sorrow and love.

O Jesus, I unite myself to You and I embrace your Cross. I take all the drops of your Blood and pour them into my own heart... When I see your justice is aroused on account of sinners, I will show You this Blood to appease it; when I entreat the conversion of souls enslaved in sin, I will show You this Blood. By virtue of this Blood You will not reject this prayer of mine, for I hold this pledge of your love in my hands...

And now, my crucified love, in the name of all generations of the past, present and future, and with your mother and all the angels, I prostrate myself before You

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and say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Crucified Jesus obeys his executioners. He accepts with love all the insults and pains they make him endure. On the Cross Jesus finds his bed of rest for the great love He has for our poor souls. And do we rest in him through all the pains we endure? Can we say that with our patience and love we prepare in our heart a bed for Jesus?

While Jesus is being crucified, there is not one part of him on the inside or out that does not experience a special sorrow. Do we remain completely crucified to him, at least with our main senses? When we find our enjoyment in frivolous conversations or in other similar amusements, we allow Jesus to remain nailed to the cross. But if we sacrifice our own pleasures for love of him, we allow ourselves to receive Jesus' nails, whereby we remove them from him.

Do we always keep our mind, our heart and our entire being transfixed with the nails of his Divine 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?

Let us all say: "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 piercing. And may the blood which this heart of mine will shed, be the balm that relieves all of your wounds."

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Twentieth Hour

12 PM

First hour of agony on the Cross

Jesus' first word: "*Father, forgive them,
for they know not what they do!*"

My Crucified love, I see You on the Cross, as on the throne of your triumph, in the act of conquering all things and all hearts and drawing them so closely to yourself that all may experience your superhuman power. Nature is horrified at such a great crime and prostrates itself before You; it awaits in silence a word from You to pay You homage and make your dominion known. The sun, unable to sustain such an overwhelmingly sorrowful sight of You, weeps and withdraws its light. Hell is terrified and waits in silence, and all creation is hushed in silence... Your sorrowful mother and your faithful ones remain utterly speechless. Petrified at the sight of your torn and dislocated body, they behold You in agony and silently await a word from You. Your body hangs silently in an ocean of the pain of such agonizing and harrowing convulsions that the soldiers fear You might die with your next breath! What is more, everyone is speechless and hushed in silence, even the obstinate Jews and the ruthless executioners – who, up to a little while ago, were offending You, mocking You, calling You an impostor and a criminal – and the thieves¹⁶³

¹⁶³ Luisa depiction of “thieves” in the plural blaspheming Jesus is consistent with Sacred Scripture. Luke 23:39-43 reports two

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who blasphemed You. Remorse enters them, such that if they try to insult You, the words die on their lips.

As my soul penetrates into your interior, I see that your love overflows, it suffocates You and you[r humanity] cannot contain it. Compelled by your love that torments You more than the pains themselves, with a 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 do!”** And, again, You become silent, immersed in unheard-of pains.

Crucified Jesus, how can so much love be possible? Oh, after so many pains and insults, your first word is of forgiveness, and You excuse us before the Father for so many sins! Oh, You are the first to offer forgiveness, as You make this first word descend into each heart that has sinned. But how many reject it and do not accept it. Your love is then taken by folly, as with uncalculated excess You beg forgiveness for all and insist on giving to all the kiss of peace! At this word, hell trembles and recognizes You as God; nature and everyone remain astonished – they recognize your divinity and your unquenchable love – and silently wait to see how far it may go. And not only your voice, but also your Blood and your wounds cry out to every heart that has sinned: **“Come into My arms, for I forgive you; My seal of forgiveness is [purchased at] the price of My Blood.”** O my beloved Jesus, repeat this word

“criminals” (*κακούργοι*) who were crucified together with Jesus, *only one of whom* blasphemes Jesus. Additionally, Mathew 27:44 and Mark 15:32 report two “thieves” (*ληστές*), who were crucified after Jesus and the two criminals, and *both of these thieves* blasphemed Jesus.

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again to all sinners in the world, entreat mercy for all and apply the infinite merits of your Most Precious Blood to all. O good Jesus, continue to appease the Divine Justice on everyone's behalf, and concede your grace to those who, finding themselves in the act of having to forgive, do not find the strength to do so.

O my Jesus, adored and crucified, in these three hours of most bitter agony You long to bring to completion [the work of Redemption]. And as You silently hang on the Cross, I behold in your interior your desire to offer the Father satisfaction on behalf of all. You thank him and offer satisfaction on everyone's behalf, You implore forgiveness for all, and beseech him the grace of them never offending You again. In order to obtain this from the Father You recapitulate and offer up your entire life, from the first instant of your conception to your last breath. Beloved Jesus, endless love, let me recapitulate your entire life with You along with our sorrowful mother, with St. John and with the pious women. [I entreat them]:

'Let us go through the life and pains of my sweet Jesus. Jesus, I thank You [on behalf of all] for the many thorns that pierced your adorable head, for the drops of Blood that flowed from it, for the blows You received on it and for the hair they tore from it. I thank You [on behalf of all] for all the good You have done and obtained for all; for the enlightenment and good inspirations You have given all; for all the times You have forgiven all of our sins of thought, pride, conceit and self-esteem.

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O my Jesus, I ask your forgiveness in the name of all 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*, and for all the times we have not corresponded to your inspirations. For the sake of all these pains You endured, I ask You, O Jesus, to grant us the grace to never again commit sins through our thoughts. I also intend to offer You everything You suffered in your most sacred head, so as to offer You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they made good use of their intellect.

O my Jesus, I adore your *most sacred eyes*, and I thank You for all the tears and the Blood they have shed, for the cruel piercing of the thorns, for the insults, derisions and contempt You bore during your entire Passion. I ask your forgiveness for all those who use their sight to offend and insult You, and I ask You for the sake of the pains suffered in your most sacred eyes, to grant us the grace to never again offend You with evil gazes. I also intend to offer You all that You yourself suffered in your most sacred eyes, so as to give You all the glory that souls 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 sacred ears*; I thank You for all that You suffered on Calvary while the executioners deafened them with shouts and jeers. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all for all the evil conversations we have listened to, and I entreat You to open to your eternal truths and to the voices of grace the ears of all men, so that no one may offend You ever again with their sense of hearing. I

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also intend to offer You all that You suffered in your most sacred ears, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they made holy use of this faculty.

O my Jesus, I adore and I kiss your *most sacred face*, and I thank You for all that You have suffered from the spittle, the slaps and the mockeries received, and for all the times You have allowed yourself to be trampled beneath the feet of your enemies. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all for all the times we dared to offend You, and I ask You for the sake of these slaps and this spittle, to let your divinity be recognized, praised and glorified by all. What is more, my Jesus, I myself intend to go throughout the whole world, from east to west and from north to south, to unite all voices and change them into as many acts of praise, love and adoration as there are voices. Also, my Jesus, I intend to bring You all the hearts of souls, so that You may infuse light, truth, love and compassion for your divine Person into them 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 endured in your most sacred face, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You if no one had dared to offend You.

I adore your *most sacred mouth*, and I thank You for your first whimperings, for the milk You suckled, for all the words You said, for the ardent kisses You gave to your most sacred mother, for the food You ate, for the bitterness of the gall and of the ardent thirst You suffered on the Cross, and for the prayers You raised to your Father.

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I ask your forgiveness for all gossip, for all evil and mundane conversations, and for all blasphemies uttered. I intend to offer [You] your holy conversations in reparation for all evil conversations. I offer the mortification of your taste in reparation for all gluttony, and for all the offenses souls have given You through the evil use of the tongue. I intend to offer You everything You suffered in your most sacred mouth, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had none of them had dared to offend You with the sense of taste and through 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 infinite and eternal thanksgiving. O my Jesus, I intend to offer You everything You suffered in your *most sacred Person*, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they lived their lives in conformity with yours.

I thank You, O Jesus, for everything You have suffered in your *most sacred 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 shed. I ask your forgiveness in the name of all for all the times in which, for love of comforts, souls have offended You with illicit and evil pleasures.

I offer You your painful scourging in reparation for all the sins committed by each of the five senses – for attachment to our own tastes, to our own sensible pleasures, to our own ego and to all of our natural desires. I also intend to offer You all that You have suffered in your

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shoulders, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they tried to please You alone in everything, and to find shelter under the shadow of your divine protection.

O 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 drove your poor limbs to the point of fatigue, as You went in search of souls to lead them to your Heart. Therefore, O my Jesus, I offer You all of my actions, steps and motions with the intention of offering You reparation for everything and everyone. I ask your forgiveness for those who do not operate with upright intentions; I unite my actions to yours so that they may be divinized, and I unite them to all the works You did in your most sacred humanity, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they operated in a holy way and with upright intentions.

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 hang on the Cross. I thank You for the excruciating lacerations the nails continue to form in your wounds which, under the weight of your most sacred body, tear open more and more. I ask your forgiveness for all the rebellious and disobedient acts of souls. I offer You the pains of your most sacred feet in reparation for these offenses, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they been submitted to You in everything.

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O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred left hand*. I thank You for all that You have suffered for me and for all the times You have appeased the Divine Justice by offering satisfaction for everyone!

I kiss *your right hand*, and I thank You for all the good You have done and do for everyone. In a special way, I thank You for the Fiats of Creation, Redemption and Sanctification.

I ask your forgiveness in the name of all, for all the times we have been ungrateful for your blessings and for our many works done without an upright intention. I intend to give You all the perfection and sanctity of your own works in reparation for all of these offenses, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they corresponded to all of your blessings.

My dear Jesus, I kiss your *Most Sacred Heart*. I thank You for all that You have suffered, desired and yearned for, and for your love for everyone, with thanksgiving for each one in particular. I ask your forgiveness for all evil desires and bad affections and tendencies. I ask forgiveness, O Jesus, for the many who place your love after the love of others 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.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus, raised on the Cross, remains suspended without touching the earth. And do we try to live detached from the world, from creatures and from everything that is mundane? Everything in our lives should converge to form the cross on which we place ourselves and remain suspended like Jesus – far away from all that is mundane, so as to avoid being attached to creatures in an inordinate way.

Sorrowful Jesus has no other bed than the Cross; no other relief than wounds and insults. And does our love for Jesus reach the extent of finding rest in suffering? Let us enclose everything we do in those wounds – our prayers, sorrows and all else.

Let us dip everything in the Blood of Jesus, and we will find comfort nowhere else but in his sorrows. Therefore, the wounds of Jesus will be our wounds; his Blood will flow continuously in our blood in order to cleanse us and embellish us. By this means, we draw down all graces for ourselves and for the salvation of souls. With the deposit of Jesus' Blood in our heart, if we commit any error, we may entreat him to keep us from being sullied in his presence, to wash us with his Blood and to keep us always united with him. If we feel weak, we shall entreat Jesus to give us a sip of his Blood, whereby our souls may be strengthened. Sweet Jesus prayed for his executioners, or rather, He pardoned them. Do we make the prayer of Jesus our own in order to continuously pardon sinners

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before the Father and to plead mercy on their behalf, even for those who have offended us?

Whether we pray, work or walk, let us also not forget the dying souls who are about to take 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 allow them to make their flight to heaven.

Let us all pray: O my Jesus, I wish to draw strength from your Blood and wounds in order to repeat your own life in me. In this way, I will be able to plead for all the blessings You yourself have won for us.

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Twenty-first Hour

1 PM

Second hour of agony on the Cross

Jesus' second word:

“Today you will be with Me in Paradise”

My crucified love, while I pray with You the [enrapturing] power of your love and sorrows keeps my gaze fixed on You. But my heart breaks in seeing You suffer so much. You agonize with love and sorrow, and the loving flames that burn your Heart rise so high that they reduce You to ashes. The love You contain is stronger than death itself and, in wanting to unleash your love, You look at the thief on your right and snatch him from hell... With your grace You touch the thief's heart, and he is completely transformed: he recognizes You, professes that You are God and, with perfect contrition, says: “Lord, remember me when You are in your kingdom.” And You immediately reply: **“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 the thief alone, but the hearts of the many who are dying. You place at their disposal your Blood, your love and your merits, and employ all loving stratagems and allurements to touch their hearts and snatch them all to yourself... But even in this your love is resisted! So many reject You, distrust You and despair! And your sorrow is so great that You are again reduced to silence...

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O my Jesus, I intend to make reparation for those who despair of your Divine mercy at the moment of death. My sweet love, inspire everyone with unlimited trust and confidence in You, especially those who are in great agony. By virtue of your word, grant them light, strength and assistance to die a holy death and make their flight from this earth to heaven. O Jesus, in your most sacred body, Blood and wounds You contain all souls. Therefore, by the merits of this most precious Blood of yours, do not allow so much as one soul to be lost!¹⁶⁴ May your Blood and your voice cry out to everyone again: **“Today you will be with Me in Paradise.”**

**Jesus’ third word: “*Woman, behold your son,*” and to
*John: “Behold your mother”***

O my Jesus, crucified and crushed amidst ever-increasing pains... On this Cross You are the true King of Sorrows. In your many pains no soul escapes You, as You sacrifice your own life for each soul. But your love finds itself hindered, despised and ignored by souls. Unable to unleash itself, your love grows more intense and afflicts You with unspeakable torments, and in these torments your love seeks for something more to give to souls. Your love, compelling You to conquer souls, makes You say: **“Oh souls, see how much I have loved you? If you choose not to consider your own soul, consider at least My love!”** And seeing that You have nothing more to give them – for You have given them everything – You turn your languid

¹⁶⁴ Ibid.

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gaze to your mother. On account of your sorrows, she experiences sorrows greater than death itself, and the love that tortures her crucifies her as much as You...

As mother and Son You understand each other, and You, Jesus, sigh with relief and feel comforted in seeing that You can give your mother to us. Seeing in John all of mankind, with a voice so sweet as to move all hearts, You say: **“Woman, behold your son,”** and to John: **“Behold your mother.”** Your voice, united with the voice of your Blood, descends into her maternal Heart and continuously repeats: **“My mother, I entrust all of My children to you. Convey to them all the love you have for Me, so that all of your motherly care and tenderness is directed to them. In this way, you will save them all for Me.”** Your mother accepts your word. But your pains are so intense that they again reduce You to silence.

O my Jesus, I offer reparation for the offenses committed against the Most Blessed Virgin – for blasphemies uttered against her and for the ingratitude of the many who refuse to recognize the blessings You offer them by giving her to them as their mother... How can we thank You for such a great blessing? O Jesus, on behalf of all I turn to You, the source of all good, and offer You your own Blood, your own wounds and the infinite love of your own Heart.

O Blessed Mother, how moved you are upon hearing the voice of your Son as He gives you to us as our mother. I thank you O Blessed Virgin and, to thank you as you deserve, I offer you Jesus' own thanksgiving. Sweet

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mother, be our mother, watch over of us and do not allow us to offend you in the slightest way. Keep us always united to Jesus; with your own hands bind us to him in such a way that we may never go astray again. [I unite myself] with your own intentions, and offer reparation on everyone's behalf for the offenses made against your [Son] Jesus and against you, my sweet mother.

O my Jesus, while You are immersed in so many pains, You plead yet more earnestly for the salvation of souls. And I will not remain indifferent; I wish to assuage all of your wounds by reverencing them, soothing them and, inebriating myself in your Blood, plead with You; **“Souls, souls!”** I want to sustain your pierced and sorrowful head to offer You reparation and ask for mercy, love and forgiveness on behalf of all.

¹⁶⁵O Jesus, reign in my mind and, for the sake of the thorns that pierce your head, heal it. Do not allow any disturbance to enter me.

Majestic forehead of my beloved Jesus, I kiss You. Draw all of my thoughts to contemplate, love and understand You.

Most gentle eyes of my beloved Jesus, though covered with Blood, I entreat You to look upon my misery, my weakness and my poor heart, so that I may experience the wonderful effects of your divine gaze.

¹⁶⁵ The text in *italics* is not found in the original Italian 5th edition, but in the 4th edition.

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Ears of my beloved Jesus, though deafened by the insults and the blasphemies of evildoers, you strive to listen to us. O listen to my prayers and do not reject my reparations. Listen, O Jesus, to my heart's cry and fill it with your love, so that it may abide in perfect calmness.

Most enrapturing face of my beloved Jesus, reveal yourself. Let me see You, sweet Jesus, as this will empower me to detach my poor heart from everyone and everything. May your beauty continuously enrapture me and keep me always immersed in You.

Most sweet mouth of my beloved Jesus, speak to me. May your voice always echo in me, and may the power of your word destroy all that opposes your love and your Divine Will.

O Jesus, I place my arms about your neck and embrace You. May You extend your arms to embrace me. O my good Jesus, let us embrace each other so tightly that no human force may separate us. In this embrace, I place my face upon your Heart and, with trust in You, I kiss your lips and ask for your kiss of love. Make me breathe as one with your most sweet breath, and infuse in me your love, your Will, your sorrows and your entire divine life.

Most sacred shoulders of my beloved Jesus, always strong and constant in suffering for love of me, grant me the strength, the constancy and the heroism to suffer for the love of God. O Jesus, may I never be inconstant in love, but may I share in your immutability!

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O burning bosom of my beloved Jesus, let me share in the loving flame You can no longer contain. My heart eagerly searches for them in your precious Blood and wounds. O Jesus, the flames of your love torment so much. O my good Jesus, share them with me. Are You not moved to pity for a soul so insipid and lacking in love as I?

Most sacred hands of my beloved Jesus, You who created heaven and earth are now transfixed and unable to move. O my Jesus, continue your creation of love by creating new life throughout my entire being – [thus creating a] divine life. Speak your word over my poor heart and transform it completely into your Heart.

Most sacred feet of my beloved Jesus, never leave me. Allow me always to run with You. May I never take so much as one step away from You. Jesus, transfix me with the nails that have transfixed your feet, so that with my love and reparations, I may relieve You from the pains You suffer in your most sacred feet.

O my crucified Jesus, I approach your Cross and adore your most precious Blood. One by one I kiss your wounds, intending to reverence them all with my love, adoration and most heartfelt reparations. May your Blood be for all souls light in the darkness, comfort in time of sorrow, strength in weakness, forgiveness in guilt, help in temptation, protection in danger, assistance in death, consolation in purgatory and wings to carry all souls from earth to heaven.

O Jesus, loves makes You suffer and I come into your Heart and establish therein my niche and my home. O

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my sweet love, from within your Heart I call all souls to You. And if someone should approach You to offend You, I will place my heart before yours to keep him from offending You, enclose him in your Heart, speak to him of your love and convert his offenses into love.

O Jesus, never let me leave your Heart. Nourish me with your loving flames and exchange my life with your own life, so that I may love You as You yourself yearn to be loved.

**Jesus' fourth word: "My God, My God,
why have You abandoned Me?"**

Sorrowful Jesus, abandoned to You and clinging to your Heart, I number your pains. I see that a convulsive tremor runs through your most sacred humanity. Your limbs violently shake, as if one limb were about to separate itself from the other, and amidst contortions caused by these atrocious convulsions, You cry aloud: "**My God, My God, why have You abandoned Me?**" At this cry, everyone trembles, the darkness becomes thicker, and your mother, frozen with grief, turns pale and faints.¹⁶⁶ Beloved Jesus, my life and my all, what do I see? Oh, You are about to die, and the pains that have continuously accompanied You are about to leave You. Despite so much suffering, You see with immense sorrow that not all souls are

¹⁶⁶ Cf. footnote 127, p. 304 re. the Italian word for "faint" ("svenire").

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incorporated in You.¹⁶⁷ Rather, You see that many souls will be lost, and You feel their painful separation from your [mystical] body. In having to satisfy the Divine Justice on their behalf, You 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 Me to endure more sufferings, I am ready to bear them all for your sake, but do not separate yourself from My humanity. This is the sorrow of sorrows, the death of deaths. All that I endure is nothing compared to having to endure you separating yourself from Me! Oh, have pity on My Blood, on My wounds, on My death! I will cry out to your hearts continuously. O please, do not abandon Me!”**

My love, how I suffer with You! You are panting, and your most sacred head drops to your chest; life is abandoning You... My Jesus, I feel death overtake me. I too want to cry out with You; **“Souls, souls!”** I will not remove myself from your Cross, nor cease to unite myself to your wounds, but by means of them, I will plead with You for souls. If You wish I will enter the hearts of men to surround them with your sufferings, so that they may not escape You. And if possible, I will place myself before the gates of

¹⁶⁷ The expression, *“not all souls are incorporated in you”*, does not imply that Jesus did not enclose all souls in himself, as he reveals to Luisa that *from the moment of his conception, he enclosed all souls of the past, present and future within himself, and as his life developed, all lives develop within him* (L. Piccarreta, volume 15, December 16, 1922; *Ibid.*, vol. 14, November 11, 1922). Rather, this expression signifies that despite Jesus having enclosed all souls and lives within himself to offer them the gift of salvation, some chose to reject this gift and were lost.

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hell in order to turn back souls who have chosen to go there, and lead them to your Heart... But You continue to agonize and remain silent, and I weep over your impending death. O my Jesus, I unite myself with your Passion and press your Heart tightly to mine, I kiss it, and gaze upon it with all the tenderness of my heart to console You more. I unite myself with the divine tenderness itself and make it my own, so as to offer You [divine] compassion, to transform my heart into rivers of sweetness and pour my heart out into your Heart to assuage the bitterness You experience on account of the loss of souls.

¹⁶⁸This cry of yours is so painful – more painful than the abandonment of your Father; it is for souls who have left your presence and have become lost that makes this painful lament escape from your Heart! O my Jesus, increase in all souls your grace so that no one may be lost, and may my reparation be applied to those souls who choose to be lost, so that these may in life convert and be saved.

Lastly, O my Jesus, may this extreme abandonment You experience assist the many souls who love You and keep You company in your abandonment, to the point of allowing themselves to be drawn by You [into a state in which] they do not experience you[r consoling presence], that is, into [interior] darkness.¹⁶⁹ May their sufferings be

¹⁶⁸ The text in *italics* is not found in the original Italian 5th edition.

¹⁶⁹ The mystics often write of Jesus conveying to them his sentiments and sorrows that serve to console him, while he increases in them his virtues and merits.

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as supplications that beckon souls close to You to comfort
You in your sorrow.

Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus forgives the good thief, and with so much love as to bring him immediately to paradise with himself. And do we always pray for the souls of the many who are dying and who are in need a prayer, so that to they may not fall into hell, but be saved? The pains of Jesus on the Cross increase but, forgetting himself, He always prays for us. He leaves nothing for himself, but gives everything to us, even his most blessed mother, offering her to us as the dearest gift from his Heart. And do we give everything to Jesus?

In all that we do, whether it is prayers, actions or other things, do we always have the intention of absorbing more love of Jesus within ourselves, so as to give everything back to him? We must absorb Jesus' love in order to give it to others, so that everything we do may carry the seal of Jesus' works.

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 the hearts of all men and enclose them in your Heart.

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What use do we make of the great gift of his mother whom He gave us? Do we make the love of Jesus, the tenderness of Jesus and all that Jesus did our own, so as to make his mother's joy complete? Can we say that our mother, who participated in the divine nature, finds in us the joy that she found in Jesus? Are we always close to her as faithful children; do we obey her and imitate her virtues; do we do our best to avoid leaving her maternal gaze, so that she may keep us always clinging to Jesus? In everything we do, do we always call the gazes of our Heavenly Mother to guide us, so as to be able to act in a saintly way, as true children of hers and under her compassionate gaze? To give her the same joy that her Son gave her, let us ask from Jesus all the love He had for his Most Holy Mother, the glory He continuously gave her, his tenderness and all his finesses of love toward her. Let us make all these dispositions our own, and let us say to the Heavenly Mother: "We have Jesus in us, and to make your joy complete, we give you everything so that you may find in us all that you found in Jesus. Also, beautiful mother, we want to give Jesus all the joys He discovered in you. Therefore, we enter into your Heart and ask you to grant us all of your love, joys, tenderness and maternal affection, and give them all to Jesus. Mother of ours, may your motherly hands be the sweet chains that keep us bound to you and to Jesus."

Jesus does not spare himself in anything. Loving us with the greatest love He seeks to save us all and, if it were possible, snatch all souls from hell, even at the cost of enduring all of their sufferings. In spite of this, He sees that souls want to forcibly wrest themselves free from his arms,

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whereby unable to contain his pain, He cries out: “*My God, My God, why have You abandoned Me?*” And can we say that our love for souls is similar to that of Jesus? Are our prayers, our pains and all of our most menial acts united with the acts and prayers of Jesus in order to snatch souls from hell? How do we unite ourselves to Jesus’ Passion in his immense sorrow? If our life could be consumed in a continuous holocaust, it would still not be enough to commiserate with him in his sorrow. Every little act, suffering and thought of ours that is united to Jesus can be used to save souls from falling into hell. United with Jesus, we will hold his power in our own hands. But if we do not do our acts in union with Jesus, they will not serve to prevent so much as 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 it saddens You when a sinner separates himself from You, and may I immediately do my part. O my Jesus, may your love bind my heart so that, ignited by the ardent flames of your love, I may feel the love You yourself experienced for souls. O Jesus, when I experience sorrows, sufferings and bitterness, may your justice then pour out on me and save the sinner, and in this way You will find the satisfaction You so desire. O Jesus, may my pains be the bond that binds the sinner to You, and may my soul receive the consolation of seeing your justice satisfied.

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Twenty-second Hour

2 PM

Third hour of agony on the Cross

Jesus' fifth word: "*I thirst*"

O my Jesus, crucified and dying, as I cling to your Cross I feel the fire that sets ablaze your entire most sacred Person... Your Heart pounds so violently that it pushes out your ribs, causing You harrowing and heart-wrenching torments, whereby your most sacred humanity undergoes a transformation that renders You unrecognizable.

The love that enflames your Heart so completely parches and consumes You that You are no longer able to contain your love. You feel the intense torment, not only of your bodily thirst, but of the shedding of all of your Blood and, much more, your burning thirst for the salvation of our souls. Longing to absorb us within yourself as [a sponge absorbs] water and there keep us safe, You gather what little strength remains in You, and cry out: "**I thirst.**"

O You repeat these words to every heart: "**I thirst for your will, for your affections, for your desires and for your love. A water fresher and sweeter than your soul you could not offer Me. O please, do not let My love for you burn in vain. My thirst is so enflamed that I not only feel My tongue and My throat on fire, to the point of no longer being able to utter a word, but I feel My Heart and My very being consumed. Have pity on My**

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thirst, have pity!” And as though delirious from his great thirst, Jesus abandons himself to the Will of his Father.

Oh, my heart can no longer bear to see the wickedness of your enemies who, instead of giving You water, give You gall and vinegar, and You do not refuse them! I understand, it is the gall of our many sins and the vinegar of our untamed passions that they give You, which, instead of refreshing You, cause You to ignite with even greater love. O my Jesus, I give You my heart, my thoughts and my affections; I give You my entire being to quench your thirst and refresh your parched and embittered mouth.

O my Jesus, all that I am and all that I possess I give to You. If my sufferings can help save even one soul, here I am ready to endure everything; I give You my entire being to do with me as You see fit.

I offer reparation for the sorrow You endure for all souls who are lost. Also, I offer reparation for the sorrow You experience from those whom You allow to share in your sadness and abandonment in order to comfort the burning thirst that devours You, but who choose to give into their own pleasures and make You suffer yet more.

Jesus' sixth word: “*It is finished!*”

My dying love, the endless sea of your sorrow, the fire that consumes You and, most of all, the Supreme Will of the Father that decrees your death, no longer allow us to hope that your life may be spared... But oh, how can I live

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without You? By now your strength has left You, your eyes are glazed and your face, transformed, assumes a death-like pallor. With your mouth half-open, You breathe laboured and interruptedly, removing all hope that You may revive. The fire that consumes You gives way to an icy chill and a cold sweat that covers your forehead. The intensity of the pain and the piercing of the nails force your muscles and nerves to contract more and more. As your nail wounds tear open more widely, I tremble and feel like I am dying. I look at You, my good Jesus, and I see the last tears falling from your eyes, announcing your imminent death, while You, barely able, utter another word: **“It is finished!”**

O my Jesus, You are completely consumed; there is nothing left in You. Love has reached its goal. But am I completely consumed for your love? What thanks I owe You! How grateful I should be to You! O my Jesus, as You consume yourself for love of us on the Cross, I wish to console You by offering You reparation for everyone’s lack of response to your love, and for all offenses directed against your love.

Jesus’ seventh word and death on the Cross:
“Father, into your hands I commend My spirit”

My crucified, dying Jesus, You are now about to take the last breaths of your mortal life... Rigor mortis has already set into your most sacred humanity, and it seems that your Heart has stopped beating. I cling to your feet with Magdalene and, if I could, I would give my life to revive You. O my Jesus, I now see that You [move and]

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open again your dying eyes. From the Cross You look around, as if wanting to give your last goodbye to all. You look at your dying mother, who no longer moves or speaks on account of her great sorrows, and You say to her: **“Goodbye dear mother, I am leaving, but I will keep You in My Heart. Take care of our children”**... You look at weeping Magdalene and faithful John, and with your eyes You say to them, **“Goodbye”**. You gaze upon your own enemies with love, and with your eyes You say to them, **“I forgive you, I give you the kiss of peace”**... Nothing escapes your gaze. You bid farewell to everyone and You pardon everyone. Then, gathering all your strength, and with a loud and thunderous voice, You cry out: **“Father, into your hands I commend My spirit!”** And bowing your head, You breathe your last. +

O my Jesus, at this cry all nature is shaken and weeps over your death – the death of its Creator. The earth trembles violently and, with its trembling, seems to cry out; it seems to want to shake souls and make them recognize You as their true God. The veil of the temple is torn, the dead rise, and the sun, which had wept over your suffering, now with horror withdraws its light... At this cry, your enemies fall to their knees and, beating their breasts, say: “Truly He is the Son of God.” And your mother, paralyzed with grief and dying, suffers sorrows more harrowing than death itself.

My Jesus, You have died... With your cry You commend not only your spirit, but all of us into the hands of your Father, so that He may not reject us. Whence You cry out loudly, not only with your voice, but with all of your sorrows and with the voices of your Blood: **“Father, into your hands I commend My spirit and all souls!”**

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O my Jesus, I too abandon myself to You. Grant me the grace to die completely in your love and in your Will. I ask that You never permit me, either in life or in death, to go out of your Most Holy Will. In this moment [of your death on the Cross] I wish to offer reparation for all those who do not abandon themselves perfectly to your Most Holy Will and, therefore lose or diminish the precious fruits of your Redemption. O my Jesus, what sorrow grips your Heart in seeing so many souls flee from your arms, seeking to live only for themselves. Have pity on us all, O Jesus, and have pity on me.

I kiss your *head crowned with thorns*, and I ask your forgiveness for my many thoughts of pride, ambition and self-esteem. O Jesus, I promise You that every time a thought arises in me that is not entirely for You and I find myself on the verge of offending You, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

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 mundane things, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred ears*, deafened by insults and horrible blasphemies up to your very last moments, and I ask your forgiveness for all the times I have listened to, or made others listen to conversations which

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distract us from You, and for all the evil conversations of others. I promise You that every time I find myself on the verge of hearing indiscreet conversations, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred face* that is pale, bruised and bleeding, and I ask your forgiveness for the many scorns, offenses and insults You receive from our sins, the most vile [acts] of creatures. I promise You that every time I have the temptation of not giving You all the glory, love and adoration You deserve, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

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 evil conversations or words; for all the times I have contributed to your grief and increased your thirst. I promise You that whenever the thought comes to me of saying things that might offend You, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred neck*. I still see the marks of the chains and ropes that have oppressed You. I ask your forgiveness for the many bonds and attachments of souls, which formed the ropes and chains around your most sacred neck. I promise You that every time I feel disturbed by inordinate attachments, desires and affections, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

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O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred shoulders*, and ask your forgiveness for the many illicit pleasures and for the many sins committed with the five senses of our body. I promise You that every time I am on the verge of taking some pleasure or satisfaction that is not for your glory, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred chest*. I ask your forgiveness for all the insipidness, indifference, lukewarmness and horrendous ingratitude You receive from souls. I promise You that whenever my love for You grows cold, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred hands*. I ask your forgiveness for all the evil and vain works, and for many acts made evil by self-interest and self-esteem. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of not operating solely for your love, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred feet*. I ask your forgiveness for the many steps and paths taken without an upright intention and for the many souls who walk away from You to seek earthly pleasures. I promise You that whenever the thought comes to me of walking away from You, I will immediately cry out: “Jesus and Mary, into your hands I commend my spirit.”

O Jesus, I kiss your *Most Sacred Heart*, and I intend to enclose within it, along with my soul, all the souls whom

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You have redeemed, so that all may be saved and no one excluded... O Jesus, enclose me and lock me up within your Heart so that I may behold no one but You. I promise You that whenever the thought comes to me of wanting to go out of your Heart, I will immediately cry out: "Jesus and Mary, Into your hands I commend my heart and spirit."

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus is parched with thirst. Are we parched with thirst for Jesus? Do our thoughts and affections always have the purpose of quenching Jesus' ardent thirst? Unable to bear the thirst that consumes him, with a parched voice Jesus adds: "It is finished!" Jesus gave himself up completely for us. And do we strive in all things to be a continuous consummation of love for Jesus? Each thought, word and act led Jesus to his consummation. Do all of our thoughts, words and actions move us to be consumed for love of Jesus?

O Jesus, my sweet life, may your consumed breath always breathe in my poor heart so that I may receive the mark of your consummation.

On the Cross Jesus fulfills the Will of his 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 to his Will without looking at whether it is advantageous for us or not, but are content to find ourselves abandoned in his most sacred arms? Is our dying to ourselves a continuous act of love for Jesus? Can we say that, although we live, we do not live, and that we are dead to everything in order that the life of Christ may come to life within us, or do we live for ourselves? Does everything we do, think, desire and love help actualize the life of Jesus within us, so as to make our every thought, word, step and desire die completely in Jesus?

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O my Jesus, may my death be a continuous death for love of You, and may each death I endure be a life I impart to all souls.

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Twenty-third Hour

3 PM

Jesus is pierced with a soldier's lance and deposed from the Cross

O my Jesus, You have already died. Since I abide in your Heart, I begin to enjoy already the copious fruits of your Redemption. Even the most incredulous souls reverently bow before You while beating their breast – what they failed to do before your body while You were alive, they now do before your body while You are dead. All nature is shaken: the sun darkens, the earth quakes, [all] the elements are affected and, it seems, they partake in your most sorrowful death. The angels, enraptured with loving admiration, descend from heaven in the thousands to adore, acknowledge and confirm You as the true God... O my Jesus, I join my adoration to theirs, and I offer You my gratitude and all the love of this poor heart of mine.

But I see that your love is not satisfied. To give us a more convincing sign of your love, You allow a soldier to approach You and, with the thrust of a lance, pierce your Heart, causing the last drops of Blood and water still contained in your Heart to gush forth. O Jesus, will You not allow this lance also to wound my heart? Indeed You shall, as this is the lance that will wound my desires, my thoughts, my heartbeats and my will, and it will bequeath to me your Will, your thoughts and your entire life of love and self-immolation.

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Heart of my beloved Jesus pierced with a lance, I beseech You to purify all souls, to grant refuge to all hearts and rest to all the weary! From your pierced side You make your delightful spouse the Church emerge: In her are contained the Sacraments and the life of souls. And I, along with our Most Holy Mother whose Heart is bitterly wounded, make reparation for the offenses, the abuses and the profanations that are made against your Holy Church. By virtue of this wound and for the love of Mary, our sweetest mother, I entreat You to enclose all souls in your most beloved Heart, and to protect, defend and illuminate the pastors of your Church.

O my Jesus, after your most harrowing and sorrowful death, I do not believe I should be free to live my own life; rather I ought to rediscover my life in your wounded Heart. And all that which I must do, I shall always do by drawing grace from this Sacred Heart of yours... I will no longer give life to my own thoughts. And should my own thoughts demand life, I will draw such life from your thoughts. No longer will I give life to my own will. And should my own will demand life, I will draw such life from your Most Holy Will. No longer will I give life to my own love. And should my own love demand life, I will draw such love from your love... O my Jesus, your entire Will is mine; such is your Will and therefore it is also my will. O my Jesus, in this You offer us the last proof of your love: Your Heart is pierced, and nothing more remains that You could possibly do for us.

And behold, they are already preparing to take You down from the Cross. So I, having fused myself completely

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in You, accompany your dear disciples¹⁷⁰ who have left their places to come here to remove the nails from your *most sacred feet*. And as I remove the nails from your feet with them, I beseech You to nail my entire being to You.

Jesus, after they have deposed You from the Cross, the first one to receive You onto her lap is your sorrowful mother, and within her arms your *pierced head* gently rests... O sweet mother, do not refuse my company, but grant that with you, I too may offer my beloved Jesus my last respects. My sweetest mother, it is true that in reverently touching my beloved Jesus You surpass me in love and gentleness, but I will strive to imitate You in the best possible way to please adorable Jesus in everything. Therefore, I desire to unite my adoration to your profound adoration and I entreat You to fuse my hands within your most blessed hands that I may extract the thorns that surround his head.

Heavenly Mother, your hands now approach the *eyes* of my beloved Jesus who once gave light to the whole world, but which are now closed and lifeless. You remove from his eyes the clotted Blood. O mother, I unite myself to you: With profound adoration, together let us kiss his eyes...

I now see the *ears* of my beloved Jesus drenched in Blood – swollen and bruised from the slaps, and lacerated from the thorns. O mother, let us fuse our adoration in Jesus' ears that can no longer hear and that suffered so

¹⁷⁰ By “disciples” Luisa intends Joseph of Aramathea and Nicodemus.

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much, as to beckon [to God] the many souls that are deaf to the voice of grace and that have become obstinate.

O sweet mother, I behold your sorrowful face covered with tears as you gaze upon the adorable *face* of Jesus. I unite my sorrow to yours: Together let us remove the mud and the spittle from his face that men have so disfigured, and let us adore this face of the Divine Majesty that enraptures heaven and earth, but which no longer gives any sign of life...

O sweet mother, together let us kiss his *mouth* – that divine mouth that attracted to his Heart so many souls with the gracefulness of his word. Mother, with your own mouth I desire to kiss these bloodied and bruised lips... I profoundly adore them.

O sweet mother, I wish to join you in kissing over and over again the adorable *body* of my beloved Jesus, completely reduced to one big gaping wound. I fuse my hands in your hands to restore those pieces of [tattered] flesh that hang from him... I profoundly adore him.

O sweet mother, let us kiss Jesus' creative *hands* that accomplished for us so many miracles, but that are now pierced through, contorted and already cold and rigid from death. Let us enclose within these most sacred wounds the destiny of all souls so that Jesus, in resurrecting, may find them placed here by you [and me], and in this way, no soul shall be lost. O mother, in the name of all and on behalf of all, let us together adore these deep wounds of Jesus.

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O Heavenly Mother, I see you approach poor Jesus' *feet* to kiss them... How heart-wrenching these wounds are! The nails have removed from his feet part of the skin and flesh... The weight of his most sacred body has horribly crushed them. Together let us kiss and adore Jesus' feet so that as souls walk, they may feel the footsteps of Jesus closely following them and may not dare to offend him.

O sweet mother, I see that you turn your gaze toward the Heart of adorable Jesus... What should we do within this Heart of his? You will teach me mother: You will bury me within this Heart and roll back the stone to enclose me within it; you will deposit my heart and my life in his Heart where I will remain hidden for eternity. Mother, grant me your love, so that I may truly love Jesus; grant me your sorrow, so that I may intercede for all souls and make reparation for all offenses that will be made against his Heart!

And while you are burying Jesus, remember O mother that with your own hands I want you to bury me along with him, so that I may resurrect with him and all that is his.

And now, I wish to tell you something my sweet mother. I enter into your profound sorrows and completely effuse this poor heart of mine in yours. I do so to reunite all the heartbeats, desires and lives of souls, and I bring them all to you transformed into acts of compassion and love. I enter into the extreme sorrow you endured in seeing Jesus dead, crowned with thorns and tortured with scourges and nails; on seeing those eyes that gaze at you no more, those

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ears that hear you no more, the mouth that speaks to you no more; on seeing those hands that embrace you no more, those feet that once never left your side and from afar always followed your footsteps... I wish to offer you Jesus' own Heart overflowing with love, the compassion you deserve and assuage your most bitter sorrows.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

After his death, Jesus wanted to be wounded with a lance for love of us. And do we let ourselves be wounded in everything for the love of Jesus, or do we rather let ourselves be wounded by the love of creatures, pleasures, and self-love? Also [interior] aridity and coldness, and interior and external humiliations are wounds that the Lord communicates to our souls. If we do not accept these from the hands of God, we then wound ourselves and our wounds increase our passions, our weakness, our self-love – in a word, the whole gamut of evils we experience. On the other hand, if we accept these as wounds given to us by the hand of Jesus, He will place his love, his virtues and his likeness in these very wounds of ours, which will make us worthy of his mystical kisses, his loving finesses and all the designs of his divine love. These wounds will be continuous voices that call upon him to compel him to dwell within us continuously.

O my Jesus, may your lance be my guard to defend me from the wounds of others.

Jesus allows himself to be deposed from the Cross into the arms of his mother. And do we deposit all of our fears, doubts and anxieties in the arms of our mother? Jesus rested on the lap of his mother who partook of his divine nature. Do we let Jesus rest on our lap by casting away our fears and worries?

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Let us all pray: Sweet mother, with your maternal hands remove from my heart everything that keeps Jesus from taking up his rest in me.

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Twenty-fourth Hour

4 PM

Jesus' burial and his Blessed Mother's sorrow

My sorrowful mother, I see that you dispose yourself for the final sacrifice of having to bury the lifeless body of your Son Jesus. Perfectly resigned to the Will of God, you accompany him and place him in the sepulcher with your own hands. You reverently arrange his arms and legs, and as you are about to offer him your last goodbye and last kiss, the sorrow you feel is so intense that you feel your Heart torn from your bosom. Love nails you to those arms and legs, and by virtue of your love and sorrow, your life is about to expire along with your lifeless Son. Poor mother, how shall you go on without Jesus? He is your life, your all. And yet, it is the Will of the Eternal One that wants it so. You are caught up between two insurmountable powers: Love and the Divine Will. Love nails you in such a way that you cannot detach yourself from Jesus; the Divine Will imposes itself by asking of you this sacrifice... Poor mother, how shall you go on? I unite myself with your sorrows! O please, angels of heaven, come to raise Mary from the stiffened limbs of Jesus, otherwise she will die!

But, what a surprise. While Mary seems to have died along with Jesus, I now hear her voice, trembling and interrupted with sobs, saying:

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“O Son, O beloved Son, I will now be deprived of the only comfort I had and that assuaged my sorrows: Your most sacred humanity, over which I might pour myself out by adoring and kissing your wounds. Now this too is taken from me, and the Divine Will decrees it thus, and to this Most Holy Will I resign myself. But I wish You to know, my Son, that I am deprived of your most sacred humanity which I long to adore. The mere thought of having to separate myself from You robs me of my strength and life... Oh Son, as I make this sorrowful separation, please increase in me your [divine] strength and life; allow me to remain completely immersed in your [death and] burial – to possess [the continuation of] your of life [on earth] along with your sorrows, reparations and all that You possess. Oh, only an exchange of our lives will grant me such [divine] strength to make this sacrifice of detaching myself from You!”

My afflicted mother, I see you with complete resolve again reverently pass over Jesus’ limbs. You place your head upon his and, kissing it, infuse your thoughts within his thoughts, assimilating yourself with his thorns [caused by] the afflicted and offensive thoughts [of others], and with everything He suffered in his most sacred head. Oh, how you long to restore Jesus’ thoughts with your own and give your life for his! By fusing yourself in Jesus’ thoughts and thorns, you begin to revive.

Sorrowful mother, I see you kiss the lifeless eyes of Jesus; I am crushed to see that Jesus no longer looks at you... How many times his gazes filled you with heavenly joys and restored you from death to life, but now, not

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having him gaze upon you makes you suffer the pangs of death! So you fuse your eyes in Jesus' eyes, assimilating yourself with his eyes; you unite yourself with his tears and with the bitterness of the many insults, scorns and offenses He received from others...

But I see, my pierced mother, that you kiss his most sacred ears and you entreat him over and over again, saying: "My Son, how can it be that You no longer hear my voice – You, who were attentive to my every sigh? And here I am weeping and calling out to You... Can you not hear me? Oh, love is the cruelest tyrant! You meant more to me than my own life, and now I must endure [life without You in] such sorrow? O Son, I fuse my ears in yours to take upon myself what loved compelled You to endure in your most sacred ears, especially the echo of the offenses that resounded in them, as only the taking upon myself of your pains and your sorrows will sustain my life"...

And as you say this, the sorrow that grips your Heart is so intense that it leaves you speechless and motionless. My poor mother, my poor mother, I unite myself to your immense sorrow! How many bitter deaths you undergo! But the Divine Will, with its power, enables you to again move, whence you look at his most sacred face, you kiss it and exclaim:

"Adorable Son, how disfigured You are! You are so unrecognizable that if love did not move me to recognize You as my Son, my life and my all, I would no longer recognize You! Your beauty has been transformed into deformity; your cheeks are swollen with welts. O beloved

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Son, the radiance and gracefulness of your face – so enrapturing that all who beheld You were left beatified – has assumed the pallor of death. My Son, they have reduced You to such a sorrowful state! Sin has so horribly disfigured your most sacred limbs! Oh, what would I, your inseparable mother, not give to restore to You your heavenly beauty!

I fuse my face in yours, my Son, and take upon myself the slaps, the spittle, the scorns and everything You have endured in your most sacred face. Oh, Son, if You want me to live, then grant me your sufferings, otherwise I shall die!”

Your sorrow is so great that it constricts your throat and stifles your voice, and you remain as though lifeless, pressed against the face of Jesus. Poor mother, I unite myself to your sorrow... Angels of mine, come and comfort my mother; her sorrow is great and so overwhelming that it leaves her speechless, without any strength or life. And the Divine Will, shattering through these waves of her sorrow, restores her to life.

You now approach the mouth of Jesus and, kissing it, you feel your lips embittered by the gall that so intensely embittered his mouth, whence you sobbingly utter: “My Son, share one last word with your mother; can it be that I will no longer hear your voice? All the [loving and sorrowful] words You shared with me in life were like many arrows wounding my Heart with both love and sorrow. Now seeing you speechless, renews these arrows in my sorrowful Heart. Oh, these arrows cause me so many

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deaths; they cry out to You for one last word, but since You do not speak, they wound me more and say to me: *'He created in your soul as many heavens as there are words He spoke... You shall no longer hear his voice, nor enjoy the sweet accents and melodies of his creative word! Oh, my paradise [on earth] is finished, as I shall henceforth experience only bitterness! Oh Son, I want to impart to You my tongue to revive your speech. Please, renew in me all that which You suffered in your most sacred mouth – the bitter gall, the ardent thirst [of your parched mouth], your reparations and your prayers. By virtue of these voices of your sufferings [renewed in me], my sorrow will be more tolerable, and I, your mother, through your sufferings will be able to go on living.'*

Sorrowful mother, I see that those who surround you want to close the sepulcher, so you hasten your step. Whence you quickly take Jesus' hands between yours and kiss them, you press them to your Heart and, fusing your hands in his, you fuse yourself in the very pains and wounds of his most sacred hands... You then pass over Jesus's feet, looking at the cruel furrows the nails have left in them. As you fuse your feet in Jesus' feet you fuse yourself in their furrows and you – in Jesus' place – [with his feet] run after sinners to snatch them from hell...

O grieving mother, I now see you give the last goodbye to Jesus' pierced Heart... Here you pause, as it is the last blow of sorrow your motherly Heart will here receive. On account of your immense love and sorrow, you feel your Heart torn from your bosom. Of its own accord, your Heart makes it flight and immerses itself in

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the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. In seeing that you no longer possess your own Heart, you hasten to take possession of it from within Jesus' Most Sacred Heart, and you also take possession of Jesus' love that has been rejected by many souls, and of his many ardent desires that remained unfulfilled in souls on account of their ingratitude. Indeed, the sorrows and sufferings of your Son's Most Sacred Heart will keep you crucified [with him] for the rest of your life. You look at the gaping wound in his Heart and kiss it; you pass over it gently with your tongue, reverencing its precious Blood.¹⁷¹ And feeling [from this act] the life of Jesus infused in you, you acquire the [divine] strength to fulfill your bitter separation.¹⁷² Then you embrace him and allow the sepulchral stone to close him in.

My Sorrowful mother, as I weep I entreat you not to allow Jesus to be taken from our sight. Let me first enclose myself in him, so as to make his life my own. If you, who

¹⁷¹ Luisa expresses Mary's reverencing Jesus' precious Blood with her tongue through the use of her simple Apulian grammar, i.e., "*lambire*". Unlike the Italian verb to lick ("*leccare*"), the Italian verb "*lambire*" signifies an act one often does of gently placing one's mouth upon a burn or a wound to soothe it, as histatin, a small protein in saliva, is known to expedite the recovery and soothe the pain of wounds. Here, Mary's reverential act signifies her desire to restore the beauty of her Son, and conveys her keen awareness of the theological reality that the Blood contained in Eucharist instituted hours earlier and that bestows eternal life to those who receive it (Jn. 6:53-56) is, in substance, the same Precious Blood of Jesus' sacred body. Hannibal di Francia further illustrates this reality in his 12pm reflection: "*If we feel weak, we shall entreat Jesus to give us a sip of his Blood, whereby our souls may be strengthened*".

¹⁷² Here Mary obtains the divine strength she had asked of her divine Son on p. 519.

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are immaculate, all holy and full of grace cannot live without Jesus, how much less can I, who am weak, wretched and full of sins? How can I live without Jesus? Sorrowful mother, do not leave me alone, but take me with you. Just as you fused yourself in Jesus, so fuse my entire being in him and empty me of everything, so that Jesus's entire being may be fused in me. Avail yourself of the maternal office Jesus had given you from the Cross: With your motherly Heart raise me up from my extreme unworthiness and, with your own hands, enclose my entire being in Jesus.

Enclose in my mind Jesus' thoughts, so that no other thought may enter into me; enclose in my eyes Jesus' eyes, so that He may never escape my gaze; enclose in my ears Jesus' ears, so that I may always listen to him and do his Most Holy Will in all things; enclose my face in Jesus' face, so that in looking at him so disfigured for love of me, I may love him, unite myself to his Passion and offer him reparation; enclose my tongue in Jesus' tongue, so that I may speak, pray and teach with Jesus' tongue; enclose my hands in Jesus' hands, so that each movement I make and each work I perform may derive their [merit and] life from Jesus' own works and acts. Enclose my feet in Jesus' feet, so that each one of my steps may infuse in other souls strength and zeal and dispose them for the life of salvation.

And now, my sorrowful mother, allow me to kiss Jesus' Heart and pass over it gently with my tongue, reverencing its precious Blood. May you enclose his Heart in mine so that I may live by his love, his desires and his

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sorrows... Lastly, extend to me Jesus' stiffened right hand so that He may impart to me his final blessing.

The stone closes the sepulcher. In your sorrow, you kiss it and, crying, give him your last goodbye, and you depart. But your sorrow is so great so that you remain there frozen as your blood runs cold... My sorrowful mother, with you I offer Jesus my goodbye and, crying, I remain at your side to offer you a word of comfort and a compassionate gaze for your every sigh, grief and sorrow. I will gather your tears and, if I see that you are about to faint, I will hold you in my arms.

But I see that you are forced to return to Jerusalem along the path from which you came... After only a few steps, you find yourself once again before the Cross on which Jesus suffered so much and died. You run to embrace it and, in seeing it covered with his Blood, there are renewed in your Heart each and every one of the sufferings he endured on it. Unable to contain your sorrow, you exclaim:

“O Cross, how could you be so cruel to my Son? Oh, you have spared him nothing! What wrong has He done to you? You did not let his sorrowful mother give him so much as one sip of water when He had asked for it. To his parched mouth you offered gall and vinegar! I felt my sorrowful Heart bleed, as I longed to offer to his lips [the love of] my Heart, but I received instead the sorrow of seeing myself rejected... O Cross, you are indeed cruel, and yet you are holy, for by your contact with my Son you have become divinized and sanctified! May the cruelty you have

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shown him be changed into compassion for sinful mankind. For the sake of the sorrows He endured on you, may the sufferings you impart to souls infuse in them grace and strength, so that through the very tribulations and crosses they experience, [all may be save and] no one may be lost. Souls cost me so much – they cost me the life of the Son God – and as Co-redemptrix and Mother, I bind them to you, O Cross.” And after kissing the Cross over and over again, you leave...

¹⁷³*Poor mother, I unite myself with your sorrow! At each step you take, memories and new sorrows arise in you that increase in intensity and bitterness – they inundate and overwhelm you, and you feel a new death with each passing moment...* You are now at the place where you met Jesus this morning – where you saw him exhausted under the enormous weight of his Cross, with Blood streaming down him and on his head a bundled array of thorns, which, banging against the Cross, penetrated into his head deeper and deeper, giving him the pains of death with each blow. Jesus looked into your eyes, and as you gazed at each other, you looked upon one another with compassion. And the soldiers, not allowing you the comfort of meeting each other, shoved him and made him fall, thereby forcing him to shed new Blood. You see the ground soaked with his Blood and to reverence it you immediately lower yourself to the ground and, as you kiss his Blood, I hear you say: “Come my angels and watch over this Blood. Do not allow one drop of this Blood to be trampled on and profaned.”

¹⁷³ The text in *italics* is not found in the original Italian 5th edition.

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Sorrowful mother, allow me to give you my hand to help you up, as I see you faint¹⁷⁴ over the Blood of Jesus. As you stand and continue to walk, you discover everywhere traces of Jesus' Blood and you recall his sorrows, whereby you hasten your step and arrive at the cenacle, where you enclose yourself. I too enclose myself in the cenacle – the cenacle of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, from whence I approach you to keep you company in this hour of bitter desolation. My heart cannot bear to leave you alone in so much sorrow.

But what a harrowing blow my heart receives in seeing Jesus' thorns that you have taken upon yourself penetrating your head with each graceful movement of your head; the piercings of all of our sins of thought penetrate into your very eyes, making you shed tears of blood.¹⁷⁵ As you weep blood, you bear Jesus' vision in your eyes, whereby you behold all the sins of mankind. Oh, how they embitter You! Since you bear all of Jesus' sorrows in your Heart, you keenly understand all that which Jesus had suffered! And one pain is followed by yet another... As you attune your ears, the echo of the voices of sinful souls deafens you. Each offensive and discordant voice reaches your Heart and pierces it, whence you say: "Son, how much you have suffered!"

O Sorrowful Mother, I unite myself with you in your bitter sorrow! Allow me to dry your face wet with

¹⁷⁴ Cf. footnote 127, p. 304 re. the Italian word for "faint" ("*svenire*").

¹⁷⁵ That the sins of thought continue to cause Mary to weep tears of blood is evident in the modern-day Marian statues that continue to weep blood.

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tears of blood. But I shudder in seeing your blessed face now [– united to Jesus' face –] covered with welts, unrecognizable and pale with a deathly pallor... I realize that your appearance is the result of having taken upon yourself the offenses directed against Jesus. You experience his sufferings so keenly that as you move your lips in prayer and emit sighs within your enflamed bosom, you feel your lips parched with Jesus' thirst and your breath embittered with his embittered breath.... Sorrowful mother, I unite myself with you in your sorrow, and your sorrows continue to increase! As I take your hands in mine, I see them pierced with nails. I immediately realize that it is in your hands that you feel all the sorrow, murders, betrayals, sacrileges and evil works [that Jesus had taken upon himself], but that are now repeated in you with the [same] blows [inflicted upon him], thereby widening [Jesus'] wounds [relived in you] and embittering them more and more. I completely unite myself to your sorrow! You are the true crucified mother. Why, not even your feet are spared Jesus' nails! What is more, not only do you feel these nails piercing your feet, but they are rent open from the many iniquitous steps of souls who go to hell. And you run after them so that they may not fall into the infernal flames.

But this is not all, crucified mother. All of your sorrows, united to those of Jesus, create an echo in your Heart and pierce it, not with seven swords, but with thousands and thousands of swords. Also, since you have come to possess the Divine Heart of Jesus within you that contains all hearts, and whose heartbeat encloses the heartbeats of all, it beats in you and says: **“Souls! Love!”**

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And from this heartbeat that says, “**Souls!**”, you feel all sins flow in your heartbeat, and you feel yourself die; in the heartbeat that says, “**Love!**”, you feel life restored to you. Thus you alternate continuously between death and life.

Crucified mother, as I look at you, I share in your sorrows – how unspeakable they truly are. I long to convert my being into many tongues and voices that offer you compassion; but in the face of the intensity of your sorrow, the offering of my compassion appears as nothing. Therefore I call upon the angels, the Most Holy Trinity itself, and I implore them to place their joys, harmony and beauty around you to comfort you and assuage your intense sorrows, to sustain you in their arms and to requite all of your sorrows with love.

O sorrowful mother, I now wish to thank you in the name of all for everything you have endured for us. I ask you, for the sake of your bitter sorrow to come to my assistance at the moment of my death. When I find myself alone and abandoned by all, among a thousand anxieties and fears, come then to requite me for the many times in life that I have kept you company. Come to my assistance, place yourself beside me and put the enemy to flight. Wash my soul with your tears, cover me with the precious Blood of Jesus; clothe me with his merits, embellish me, and heal me with your sorrows, along with all of Jesus’ sorrows and works. By virtue of these, make all of my sins disappear and grant me complete forgiveness. And as I breathe my last, receive me into your arms, place me under your mantle, hide me from the enemy’s gaze, take me straight to

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heaven and place me in the arms of Jesus. Let us make this agreement, my dear mother!

And now, I beseech you to requite the company I have kept you by being present to all those who are in agony. Be a mother to them all, as these are extreme moments and they are in need of great assistance; do not deny your maternal office to any one of them.

Let me say one last word as I leave. I beseech you to enclose me in the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. Watch over me sorrowful mother. Keep me always enclosed in the Divine Heart of Jesus so that I may never leave it, even if I should choose to. O mother, with this prayer I kiss your hand and ask for your maternal blessing.

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Reflections and Practices [by Hannibal di Francia]

Jesus is buried. A stone seals him and prevents his mother from looking at her Son any longer. And do we hide from the gazes of others? Are we unaffected when all others forget about us? In holy things, do we remain indifferent with that holy indifference which makes us always obey God's Will [over that of men]? In Jesus' total abandonment, do we conquer everything with holy indifference which continuously leads us to him? And do we form with our constancy a sweet chain, so as to draw him toward us? Is our gaze immersed in Jesus' gaze, such that when we look, we see only that which Jesus desires? Is our voice immersed in Jesus' voice, such that when we wish to speak, we only speak with Jesus' tongue? Are our steps immersed in Jesus' steps, such that when we walk we leave only the impressions of Jesus' footsteps in our wake? And is our heart immersed in Jesus' Sacred Heart to love and desire as his Heart loves and desires?

My dear mother, when Jesus hides from me for the good of my soul, grant me the grace you had when you were deprived of Jesus, so that I may give him all the glory you gave him, especially when He was placed in the sepulcher.

O Jesus, I want to pray to You with your voice. And just as your voice pierced the heavens and resounded in the voices of all, in the same way, honouring your voice, may my voice pierce the heavens to give You the love and the glory of your own word.

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O my Jesus, though my heart continues to beat, I am unsatisfied until You let my heart beat as one with yours. For only with your heartbeat will I love as You love. I shall give You the love of all souls so that one may be the cry of all: "Love, love...!" O my Jesus, allow yourself the honour of impressing upon everything I do the seal of your own power, love and glory.

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THE ROUNDS OF THE SOUL IN THE DIVINE WILL

Introduction

In Luisa's writings¹⁷⁶ one discovers that if man sinned and frustrated God's design in the material cosmos, this design is restored through the prayers of Jesus and Mary, and of those souls that live in his Will; such souls love God in and through creation, thereby restoring its rightful claims to the freedom it enjoyed before Original Sin. It may be argued that St. Paul foresaw the prayers and divine acts¹⁷⁷ of these souls, i.e., these "sons of God", who would "set creation free from its slavery to corruption" (Rom. 8.21).

In this work penned by Luisa, we discover how we can offer up our prayers and divine acts to God in and through creation following her method of prayer, which she refers to the soul's "rounds" in the Divine Will. In the following pages you will discover the way in which Luisa's soul made its flight throughout God's "Fiats" of Creation,

¹⁷⁶ The following title of this work that is written by Luisa was chosen by her confessor Rev. Benedict Calvi: "The Pious Pilgrimage of the Soul in the Divine Will" (*"Pio Pellegrinaggio dell'anima nella Divina Volontà"*). Luisa divides these rounds into 24 sections with a simple number only.

¹⁷⁷ *Nota bene*: The Luisian expression, "divine acts", signifies God's one eternal operation in the soul of the human creature, who absorbs and elevates the soul's finite acts beyond time (cf. L. PICARRETA, volume 31, November 6, 1932), thereby enabling them to impact all creatures of the past, present and future simultaneously.

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Redemption and Sanctification. In these three Fiats the soul's prayers impact all creation, and the events and lives of the personages of the Old and New Testaments, in particular, the Holy Family of Nazareth.

Much like prelapsarian Adam, Luisa "bilocated"¹⁷⁸ her soul in all things to love God as the center of all that he made and accomplished for mankind. Jesus reveals to Luisa that before Original Sin Adam gratefully requited the love of his Heavenly Father by bilocating his soul in all creation over which he exercised dominion:

"He [Adam] would not have been a true king had he not known all of the dominion he exercised or had he not possessed the right to place his acts in all things created by Us [...] With the power of Our Divine Fiat he did whatever he desired; he *bilocated* [his soul] in all created things. And if he spoke, loved, adored or worked, his voice resounded throughout the entire cosmos, and filled it with his love, adoration and works. That is why the divinity felt the love, adoration and work of its first-born son in all of its work"¹⁷⁹.

Let us recall that creation is the subtle and playful expression of God's omnipresence; it offers man a concrete immersion in the God he cannot see, and it is the pathway to God through the body and its senses, where the finite absorbs the reflections of the infinite. Here the soul is introduced to a new vision of God. It sees God's image in the earth, in the skies, in the seas, in the meadows, in the plains, in the valley; in all things it beholds the mark of its creator and a sacred extension of his divine being.

¹⁷⁸ L. Piccarreta, volume 20, December 19, 1926.

¹⁷⁹ Ibid., volume 23, November 10, 1927.

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In creation's unceasing motion the soul perceives the eternal motion of its Creator. Once the soul has arrived at this vision it, in turn, thanks, glorifies and praises God in every created being, rational and irrational. Here the soul perceives itself in God and with God it co-creates, co-redeems and co-sanctifies.

By this means, the soul aids in disposing other souls and all creation for the reign of God's Will on earth. In the soul that does its rounds in creation and in whom God has centered creation itself, God's Divine Will continuously engenders spiritual suns, stars and seas that are symbolized by the elements themselves.

Pivotal to Luisa's writings is the manner in which the soul, by making its rounds, influences all creation. This influence occurs by God bilocating his "Divine Being"¹⁸⁰ in the soul who, engaging its intellect and will, intends and desires to impact all creation. By the power of the Holy Spirit, the soul assimilates and sublimates the acts of all creatures that Christ purchased for us, and offers them to the Father for his greater glory. While the soul forms this intention and accomplishes its prayers in its rounds, Jesus himself expands and diffuses these prayers throughout creation¹⁸¹ to the betterment of "all generations" and "all

¹⁸⁰ Ibid., volume 27, November 26, 1929: "We bilocate Our Divine Being and We enclose it in the step, act and little love of the soul to have the greatest joy of receiving, through this soul [the requital of] Our life, Our glory and all of Our blessings".

Cf. Ibid., 33, November 17, 1935; Ibid., vol. 3, May 21, 1900; Ibid., vol. 11, May 9, 1913.

¹⁸¹ Ibid., volume 14, April 29, 1922; Ibid, vol. 14, June 9, 1922.

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times”,¹⁸² as they enliven the elements with “new glory” and a greater sharing in the “life of their Creator”.

By virtue of its rounds in creation, the soul “maintains the [divine] order, honour and glory of the kingdom” of God’s Will¹⁸³ that God established before Original Sin. While the soul’s rounds *reestablish the prime order* and relations of God with creation, the light¹⁸⁴ of its divine prayers and acts that accompany these rounds forms suns¹⁸⁵ that *infuse divine life* within creation¹⁸⁶.

This work that you hold in your hands was written by Luisa Piccarreta and bears the following title, “The Rounds of the Soul in the Divine Will”.¹⁸⁷ In the original manuscript this work is subdivided it into 24 sections, accompanied by a simple number only (without any title accompanying the hour). Of these handwritten numbers some were visibly corrected. And while it is unclear whether such numerical corrections were made by Luisa or her confessor, certain is the fact that Luisa herself penned this manuscript that is now presented to you in English.

+ Rev. J. L. Iannuzzi, STD, Ph.D.

¹⁸² Ibid., volume 12, December 6, 1917.

¹⁸³ Ibid., volume 21, March 10, 1927.

¹⁸⁴ Ibid., volume 28, December 25, 1925.

¹⁸⁵ Ibid., volume 23, October 6, 1927.

¹⁸⁶ Ibid., volume 11, April 5, 1914; Ibid., vol. 23, October 6, 1927; Ibid., vol. 19, September 3, 1926.

¹⁸⁷ The original Italian title given by Luisa’s confessor was, “The Pious Pilgrimage of the Soul in the Divine Will” (*Pio Pellegrinaggio dell’anima nella Divina Volontà*).

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1st Round in the Divine Will

The Creation of the Heavens

[Luisa writes]:

Jesus, my life, the beating of my poor heart and the center of my intelligence, my lowliness is completely immersed and lost in You. As the tiny child I am, [on my own] I am incapable of taking so much as one step. Therefore, I approach You and lay hold of your hand so that, with You, I may enter into the unending light of your Divine Fiat.

Let us now together enter the bosom of Our Heavenly Father who now pronounces the first Fiat, which releases so much light that one cannot see where it ends. O my Jesus, let my soul receive all the virtue, power, holiness and light of your adorable Fiat. May I experience nothing but the life of your Fiat that enables me to embrace all things, requite You in all things, compensate for everyone and captivate it on the earth, so it may return triumphant and establish its reign among all creatures. And so my love, I am here to make my flight within your Will and follow all its acts.

Oh, how beautiful it is to contemplate¹⁸⁸ the Supreme Majesty as God pronounces one Fiat and brings forth the blue expansion of the skies and arrays them with

¹⁸⁸ In the original Italian manuscript Luisa states, "... how beautiful it is to see your Supreme Majesty..."

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millions of stars to enchant us with their light. He pronounces another Fiat and creates the sun. He pronounces another Fiat and creates the wind, the air, the sea and all the elements with such order and harmony as to captivate their beholder.

My beloved [Father, Son] Jesus [Christ and Holy Spirit], I desire to possess all the love that your Divine Fiat¹⁸⁹ issued forth in creating the star-studded sky, so that I may extend my sky of love within your own Fiat; I envelop all the stars with my love to convey my voice to the sky and to all the stars, whereby they may repeat with me: “[My God] I love You! May your Kingdom come quickly and reign on earth!” To your Divine Will may there be endless glory in heaven. I make my flight above all the stars to adore and sing out your divine steadfastness and your invincible Being, so that souls may be steadfast in doing good and disposed to receive the Kingdom of your Will.

My love, I continue my rounds and arrive at the sun. I contemplate the act in which You, from the bosom of your divinity, pronounced your Fiat that generated so much light as to formed this globe of light that would envelop the

¹⁸⁹ Luisa addresses Jesus as the Father’s eternal Word through whom he pronounces his Fiat. While the three divine Persons pronounce three distinct Fiats – the Father creates, the Son Redeems and the Holy Spirit sanctifies – all three divine Persons concur in all three Fiats (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 15, December 16, 1922).

In his work, *De Trinitate*, St. Augustine affirms that all three divine Persons operate as one: “*They are not three Gods, but one God... the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, as they are indivisible, so they operate indivisibly*” (Augustine, *De Trin.* 1.4.7, *PL* 42.824; *NBA* 4.14-16).

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earth and all of its inhabitants and convey to each of them its kiss of light and love. Through it, everything was meant to become beautiful, fruitful, colorful, embellished and enriched.

[Heavenly Father,] this sun was unleashed from your bosom when You pronounced your [divine] Fiat for love of us.¹⁹⁰ And I desire to receive all the light, warmth and effects of this sun, so that I may, in turn, offer You my own [spiritual] sun by means of which I praise, love, glorify and bless your everlasting light and unquenchable love, your exquisite beauty, your infinite sweetness and your unending artistry. Indeed, You have placed within this sun all of the qualities it enjoys. Wherefore with the very sunlight [You have given us from the sun] I embrace You; with its own warmth I offer You my ardent [mystical] kiss; with my voice I enliven all of its brilliance and effects; from the heights of this heavenly sphere to the very depths of its descending rays, I implore the Kingdom of your [Divine] Fiat.

I entreat You, my love, to unveil the light [of this Kingdom] by casting its rays to earth and establishing its reign in all creatures. And I, on the wings of the sun's luminous rays, approach You and implore to reign of the Kingdom of your [Divine] Fiat. From the center of the sun, I entreat You to cast your [uncreated] light into the hearts of men and illuminate them with [with grace of] your own [divine] sun; unleash your love upon them and vanquish from them whatever opposes your [Divine] Will. For by

¹⁹⁰ In the original Italian manuscript Luisa writes, "...out of love for me".

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casting your light in them, You empower them to acquire your divine beauty and sweetness in such a way that they will desist from their anger and from causing You anymore bitterness, and the face of the earth shall be renewed.

My life, how happy I am to say to You, “A sun You have given me, and a sun I give unto You! Now that I have this heavenly body of the sun in my power, I ask You along with the sun to establish on earth the Kingdom of your [Divine] Fiat. Can You perhaps resist this great light [of ours] that implores You? Therefore, O Jesus, make haste and do not delay! This sun is your divine sentinel. My love, grant that as the light of the sun descends upon your children, it may reveal to all of them the Kingdom of your Fiat – may it reveal to them its holiness and its burning desire to bath them in You, whereby they may be happy and holy.”

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2nd Round in the Divine Will

The Creation of the Sea and Wind

Jesus, my life, your Fiat drives me on. And now I behold the sea. And what is this sound I hear? It is the sound of the sea's continuous murmuring, the symbol of your eternal motion that never ceases. I enter into your infinite and ceaseless divine motion that creates all and gives life to all. I make this eternal motion of yours my own so as to offer You all things in return, and implore on behalf of all the reign of Kingdom of your [Divine] Will. Behold me, O Jesus, within your incessant motion that transports me up to heaven and into the ocean's deepest abyss. Wherever I discern your motion, life or murmuring, I issue forth my incessant cry: "I love You, I adore You, I thank You, I bless You and I glorify You!" Investing with my voice the murmuring of the sea, the darting of the fish, the waves both stormy and calm, I implore the Kingdom of your Fiat! O Jesus, listen to every drop of water whose murmuring cries out like many voices: "Fiat, Fiat!" It seems like the roaring waves wish to unleash the bosom of the sea to make your Will emerge – your Will that prevails over them – to exercise dominion and enclose within itself all souls so they your Divine Fiat may reign in them.

In this sea I come to praise and love You Jesus: in its murmuring I praise and love your incessant motion; in its huge waves your fortitude and justice; in its clear and limpid waters your purity that knows no blemish; in its grandeur all of your grace and your immensity that envelop and conceal everything within itself. Wherefore I ask You,

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O Jesus, to make your children virtuous, strong and pure, whereby they may live concealed and immersed in your Most Holy Will, so they may excel in this very motion of yours that brought into being.

Jesus, my life, I now contemplate¹⁹¹ the wind to love, praise, bless and proclaim the power of your Will that exercises dominion over it – its cooling freshness, its raw power and impetuous force capable of uprooting, demolishing and carrying off whatever it comes across... One moment the wind groans, the next it howls, but it is the love of your Divine Will that groans in the wind and seeks to be recognized. Aware that no one is listening, it howls and speaks with a mysterious voices, seeking your Will to reign and demanding its supremacy in all creatures.

How many of your beautiful divine qualities do the veils of these winds conceal! Whence I entreat You with the sovereignty of your Supreme Will, make your kingdom come and reign among us; may it rule over us so that no one will ever be able to resist it. May your [Divine] Will draw them with its freshness – make use of its raw power and fury to demolish in them the human will, to raise it up and captivate them [all]. May everyone hear your continued groans, and if You see they refuse to listen, howl through the wind however loudly with the mysterious voice of your [Divine] Will so that, deafened by this voice, everyone may acknowledge and surrender to your Holy Will.

¹⁹¹ In the original Italian manuscript Luisa states, “... *I make my round in the wind*”.

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So, my love, I make my flight on the wings of the wind, and ask You within the wind to hasten the reign of the Kingdom of your [Divine] Fiat. In every draft of wind I impart to every soul the captivating kiss, caresses and embraces of your Divine Will, so that there may be peace among us and mankind may return to [divine] order that God established in [the Fiat of] Creation.

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3rd Round in the Divine Will

The Creation of the Earth

O Jesus, dear heart of mine, all creation is steeped in your adorable Will that generates countless acts in all created things. I wish to make my rounds throughout creation: I unite myself with the air and, in it, I impress my “I love You” and ask You to make your children absorb with the air they breathe the very life of your Will that reigns in it.

I praise, glorify and seal with my “I love You” the order and harmony of all creation and, in this way, bring to everyone the order and harmony of the Kingdom of the Divine Will. I fly over the entire earth and impress my “I love You” on the small blade of grass, on the little plants, on all the flowers, on the highest trees, on the mountain peaks and in the deepest valleys, thereby entreating You to make the Kingdom of your Fiat reign in all things. I wish to enliven all things by to uniting my voice to all things, so that all may say: “May your Will come and reign on the earth!”

Listen, O Jesus, as I unite my voice with your Fiat and impress it upon all things so that it may cry out on behalf of all things You created. I entreat You, I beseech You: “May you Kingdom come”. Wherefore I continue my rounds and impress my words “I love You” on the little bird that sings, warbles and trills to ask You for the Kingdom of your Fiat. I impress my words “I love You” on the little lamb that bleats and on the turtledove that

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mournfully coos, and ask You in their bleating and mournful coos for the Kingdom of your Fiat. There is no living being to which I do not intend to unite myself, so that I may impress upon it my refrain, “Fiat, Fiat [, may your Kingdom come!]”.

My beloved Jesus, I wish to penetrate the very core of the earth and therein deposit my heart, so that with its own heartbeat my heart may love You for everyone, give love to everyone, embrace everyone and, with everyone, cry out: “May your Kingdom come and may your Will reign [on earth]!”

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4th Round in the Divine Will Eden and the Creation of Man

Jesus, my life, I feel your love drawing me to You to make my rounds, and your Will calls me to unite myself to all of your [divine] act. It seems that You are not happy if your little daughter is not united to all the [divine] acts of your Will, though I am incapable of doing anything; but You are pleased if I do them, whence I repeat my refrain: “I love You, I adore You, I bless You and I thank You.”

And I continue my rounds. My souls transports itself into Eden and discovers You,¹⁹² along with the Most Holy Trinity, in the act of creating man, your precious jewel – the most beautiful statue. With what love You fashion him! And as You fashion him, you gaze upon him, love him and exclaim: “*How beautiful is this statue of mine!*” Your love then vehemently wells up and, no longer able to contain it, overflows and envelops man in whom You have not yet infused life – your most beautiful statue. You pressed him so tightly to your divine bosom and,

¹⁹² In addition to beholding the three divine Persons who operate as one in creating man, Luisa also beholds Jesus’ in his most sacred humanity in Eden. Indeed, it was in view of Jesus’ future incarnation that Adam was created (cf. L. Piccarreta, 25, March 31, 1929). St. Paul affirms as much: “*He is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of all creation. For in him were created all things in heaven and on earth, the visible and the invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or powers; all things were created through him and for him. He is before all things, and in him all things hold together. He is the head of the body, the church. He is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead, that in all things he himself might be preeminent*” (Col. 1:15-17).

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breathing in him, You give him life and impart to him your own likeness. You fill him with so much love that this most precious jewel of yours, unable to contain such love, unleashes it from within himself to form his own seas of love to captivate You, his Creator, with his love. With his huge waves of love Adam, the created love, plunges himself into the Creating Love, whereby the Creator and the creature vie in an exchanging of love, adoration and glory.

My love is captivated and contemplates this most solemn act of the creation of man. I hear your creative voice that incessantly exclaims: *“How beautiful is this statue We have fashioned! The echo of his love attracts and wounds Us! His voice is so sweet and resounding! His embraces are so tender and strong! Oh, how delighted We are in having given him life! He will be Our delight, Our joy and recreation!”*

O my Jesus, with loving astonishment I unite myself to the very act in which your Supreme Majesty, overflowing with love, breathed into man your divine breath, infusing into him life and imparting to him your likeness, thereby making him heir of your Divine Fiat. I too wish to receive your creative breath. I too long to love You and adore You with the same perfection and holiness with which my first father Adam loved and adored You. Though I am a lowly creature, I too wish to receive your seas of light and love, so that I may form my own huge waves of captivating love that, reaching up to your divine bosom, enable me to plunge myself in the interminable sea of your love. In this way, I may vie with You, my Creator, in an

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exchange of love: I shall offer You my love in order to receive your own immense seas of love and, in these very seas of love, I will implore You, “May your Kingdom come and your [Divine] Fiat be known”.

I now enter into the unity of your Will, in that same unity of love that man, your precious jewel, possessed, so that my will may be one with yours – one in love. In this unity [of your Will] that embraces all things, 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 the Kingdom of your Divine Will come! *Fiat, Fiat Voluntas Tua* on earth as it is in heaven!”

In this unity of the Divine Will I unite myself to innocent Adam’s holiness, glory, adoration, thanksgiving, thoughts, gazes, words, works and steps, and I make them my own¹⁹³ to offer You the repetition of his acts. For in beholding in me the operation of your own Divine Will [that operated in Adam], you will grant me the grace of establishing your Kingdom on earth.

In Eden there was unending rejoicing between the Creator and his creature. Man had become the divine recreation with whom God was at play – the joy and the greatest delight of the Heavenly Father.

¹⁹³ The reoccurring expression, “...*make them my own*”, signifies Luisa’s desire to fuse herself with the acts of others in order to requite God for the glory they failed to give him, to increase his accidental glory, to enliven all creation and to hasten the reign of his Divine Will on earth.

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In the unity of the Divine Will that Adam possessed, he enjoyed primacy over all created things. Everything was order and harmony: The sky, the stars, the sun and the sea were honoured to serve and obey his every nod. Adam was the smile and the joy of all creation; all things reminded him of his Creator, and God, who was very attentive to him, saw that nothing was lacking to his complete happiness. Indeed, in seeing Adam alone, God wanted to redouble his happiness: He made him fall asleep in his arms. During that profound ecstatic sleep, He removed a rib from him and made out of it a woman of his likeness, and gave her to man as his companion; He did this to him make his happiness full.

Oh, how this first mother [of all the living] Eve, who also remained in the unity of the Divine Will, vied with Adam in forming huge waves of captivating love from the seas of love that they possessed; they did so in order to plunge their own loving waves in Our interminable and captivating divine seas of love, so as to obtain [from Us] yet greater seas of love and divine grace. In so doing, their own waves of love, rising up and gently falling, expanded their seas of love [throughout creation].

O my Jesus, I immerse my poor soul in the unity of your Divine Will, and in Adam and Eve's own huge waves of love who, with so much love, adored and glorified your adorable majesty. I shall never come out of these huge waves; by continuously remaining in them, I make them my own [and, like my first parents, continuously impact] the heavens, the sun and the earth, in order to place at the foot of your throne on high all the love, praise, glory and

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adoration that was unleashed from your adorable bosom throughout all creation. Within these very captivating waves of love I incessantly exclaim: “Thy Kingdom come! May they Will be known!”

[Jesus] My love, how happy I am in this [Garden of] Eden. Here there are my first parents in whom I experience the power of the unity of your Divine Will that makes of their many acts one [indissoluble] act with their Creator.¹⁹⁴ This unity places all of God’s benefits at the human creature’s disposal, whereby they are shared in common. O my Jesus, I realize that your joy and bliss are also their joy and bliss. And I, the little daughter of your Will, wish to begin my life anew in this unity of your Will along with my parents, Adam and Eve. In these seas [of joy and bliss], I desire to establish my dwelling place and there form my captivating waves of joy and bliss which, plunging themselves in your eternal seas, offer You [greater] joy and bliss. In this way I will see You always pleased and always happy.¹⁹⁵

¹⁹⁴ This phrase of Luisa underscores the dynamism of our first parents manner of operating in Eden: They did not operate, but *cooperated* with God’s one eternal *operation*. While grace in all the baptized (*habitus remote operativus*) does not impart to the soul the *act*, but rather the *disposition* to perform supernatural and meritorious acts, the gift of Living in the Divine Will that empowered prelapsarian Adam and Eve’s acts imparted to them the act itself – the Father, Son and Holy Spirit continuously operated respectively in their human will, intellect and memory; heart, blood flow and breath (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume I4, April 8, 1922; volume 20, December 19, 1926; volume 28, April 18, 1930; volume 36, February 26, 1937).

¹⁹⁵ The original Italian manuscript reads, “...*always smiling and always happy.*”

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5th Round in the Divine Will

Original Sin

In never wanting to leave this unity of your [Divine] Fiat, I follow step by step, our first parents who [in committing Original Sin] went out of this unity to their own great misfortune. In choosing to do their own will they fell from the highest state of all joy and delights into the abyss of all miseries. In seeing the most beautiful creatures cast themselves out from within the Will of their Creator, the heavens and earth were shaken – all things were shaken [to their foundation]. And You, my adorable Majesty, upon seeing this dear jewel and beautiful statue of yours that dwelt within your own Will, rob You of the beauty, the joy and the delight You experienced, You felt such great sorrow that your justice was ignited against them.

My Jesus, this is why I never want to leave this unity of your Divine Will. Instead I wish to entreat You to grant us what our first parents had lost, so as to remove from them the dishonour impressed upon their foreheads on account of having done their own will, and to maintain with You the joy, the bliss and the delight You experienced in the early days of [man's] creation.

I wish to impress upon You my [mystical] kiss and offer You continuous reparation to assuage your sorrow that was so great that it ignited your justice. I wish to assuage your justice by turning to the peace and light of the unity of your Will, and in this way, obtain [from all creatures] one outcry: “May the Kingdom of your Fiat

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come; restore to us the early days of creation; may all things experience anew the rejoicing, joy and delight of the first harmony between God and man!" I will not leave You nor will I get down from your lap unless You give me your word that will restore to us the Kingdom of your [Divine] Will.

My Jesus and my life, o adorable Trinity, your little daughter will not leave You in your sorrow; I will never leave the unity of your Will. I promise and avow myself to never do my will. On the contrary, I bind it to the foot of your throne never to look at it again, and I offer You solemn and continuous reparation for Adam and Eve's withdrawal from your adorable Will. In the unity of your Will I, who desire to acknowledge it, assimilate myself to You, sweetest life of mine; I unite myself to the thoughts of all souls – from first thought of Adam to the last thought of the last creature on earth, in order to impress upon their thoughts my "I love You [Jesus], and I offer You my reparation and glory, whilst entreating you in every thought of theirs to establish on earth the Kingdom of your Divine Will; may all intelligences understand what "[Living in] the Will of God" means, and may all souls eagerly implore its reign and dominion.

In the unity of your Will, I unite myself to every look of every creature; I bilocate myself in every one of their words and seal my "I love You Jesus" and all of my acts of reparation [in your Will], so that [through them] I may implore your Kingdom. In the work, step and heartbeat of every creature, I say to You [Jesus], "I love You"; I offer reparation for all sins committed and I implore the Kingdom of your Divine Fiat.

THE ROUNDS OF THE SOUL

6th Round in the Divine Will

Personages of the Old Testament

In the unity of the Divine Will, I wish to requite You for all the love and glory that those who lived from the beginning of the world to the time of the great flood would have given you, had they lived in this unity of your Divine Will. I make my flight in your Will to redo all the acts of all of these souls. Therefore, I impress my “I love You” within the sacrifice of Abraham and in the obedience of Isaac to implore, through these acts of sacrifice and obedience, the Kingdom of your Divine Will.

In the unity of the [Divine] Fiat, I discover the sorrow of Jacob, as well as the sorrow and joy of Joseph, and impressing my “I love You [Jesus]” within these, I implore your Kingdom. I continue my flight [in the Divine Will] and discover the power of the miracles of Moses, the strength of Samson, the holiness of David, the patience of David – all reflections of the light your Divine Will had cast upon them – and I, impressing within them the seal of my “I love You [Jesus]”, I implore on behalf of all these personages the reign of your Kingdom.

Behold, my love, all the acts of your Will that I have set out to redo in all creatures and have accomplished. I have done all this to entreat You, by means of these very acts, to make your Fiat known, loved and desired by all souls. Jesus, my life, I see that your loving Will approaches souls more closely and, casts the brilliance of its light upon the prophets and infuses in them the foreknowledge of your

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Incarnation – revealing to them the time, place and circumstances that will accompany it. And making my flight [in the Divine Will] over each prophet and over revelation You share with them, I impress all of these with my “I love You, I bless You and I thank You [Jesus]”, and I implore the Kingdom of your [Divine] Will.

Every promise You made and every revelation You manifested about your coming to earth was a commitment You made in which you bound the Kingdom of your Redemption to the Kingdom of your Divine Will. So why, my love, do you not hasten its arrival? You never leave things half-finished, nor do You bestow your riches only in part, so hurry. If [through your Redemption] You bestowed on us your goods in half-measure, now is the time to fulfill your work by making your Will reign on earth. Your little daughter of your Will shall not leave You, but I will reach the point of wearing You out. Only when I see your Divine Will reigning and exercising dominion over all creatures will I cease my supplications.

THE ROUNDS OF THE SOUL

7th Round in the Divine Will

The Blessed Virgin Mary

My love, I feel your love overflowing in me; You, together with the Father and the Holy Spirit, lay aside your justice and prepare a new festivity – one that is perhaps greater than that of the creation of man.

You¹⁹⁶ issue forth your captivating oceans of power, wisdom and love of indescribable beauty. You then gather these oceans together as one [within yourself] and, from their very depths and with your creative word, you issue forth the life of the little Queen; you create her so pure, immaculate and with such enrapturing beauty that she captivates You who created her.

With the conception of the Immaculate Queen, the festivities begin between heaven and earth: all creation rejoices and prostrates itself before her; all creation celebrates her as its Queen, and I too prostrate myself before her for whom the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit vie in enthralling her all the more [with their oceans of power, wisdom and love] and in taking greater pleasure in her.

The three divine Persons continuously outpour their love upon the newborn Queen; they never cease from increasing the extension of their graces within her, so as to extend and augment [the qualitative impact of] her interminable seas of captivating love [on all creation]. The

¹⁹⁶ Throughout this round, “You” refers to the three divine Persons.

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three divine Persons behold in this heavenly creature the one who is to requite them and offer reparation on behalf of all, and restore the glory of all creation. Therefore, while embracing her tightly on your paternal lap, You¹⁹⁷ reveal to her the fall of man – how in rejecting his adorable Will he caused You so much sorrow; in her You confide all things.

And, O Jesus, how I tremble in this moment, as I experience such sorrow in seeing your adorable Will rejected, while admiring the heroism of the little newborn Queen who gives her will over to You and pledges never to do her own will – she plunges herself in your Fiat from which she draws life and which grants her dominion while establishing within the soul [of a human creature] the first Kingdom of your [Divine] Will.¹⁹⁸ In her [soul] You hear her continuous refrain: “May your Kingdom of Redemption come, may the Divine Word come to earth, and may peace be established between the Creator and the creature. Eternal Father, if You don’t give me what I ask of You, I will never leave your lap.” And she weeps to the point of wetting your paternal hands. Amidst smiles and prayers she plunges herself within your own captivating waves [of love] which You have given her, and means of these waves she requites

¹⁹⁷ “You” again (in the second person plural) refers to the three divine Persons.

¹⁹⁸ Jesus reveals to Luisa that in failing to deposit within themselves the retinue of the acts of all creatures, our first parents interrupted the work of establishing a Divine Kingdom within their souls. However, by having received the gift of Living in the Divine Will, Mary and Luisa succeeded in accomplishing what Adam and Eve failed to do (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 16, February 22, 1924; volume 12, March 3, 1919; volume 28, November 12, 1925).

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You with the joy and bliss of your own Will to conquer
You [in love] and obtain from You the future Redeemer.

Oh, how many stratagems of love my heavenly
mother employs to win You over! She so enraptures You¹⁹⁹
with her enchanting ways that You,²⁰⁰ my love, give into
her supplications and incessant yearning.

¹⁹⁹ “You” is here in the second person plural (referring to the three
divine Persons).

²⁰⁰ “You” is here in the second person singular (referring to Jesus).

THE ROUNDS OF THE SOUL

8th Round in the Divine Will

The Soul prays with Mary for God's Kingdom

Jesus, my sweet life, please place my little soul along with my Holy Queen Mother upon the lap of our Heavenly Father. There, I will pray, weep and yearn for the coming of the Kingdom of your Divine Fiat.

With my loving smiles, affectionate kisses and adoration of the three divine Persons, I wish to captivate them with the same captivating power of your own Will to obtain from them your Kingdom on earth. Or rather, plunging myself within my mother's captivating seas [of love], this little daughter of your Divine Will wishes to form her own little seas within the very seas of her mother, in order implore the Kingdom of the Divine Will, just as she implored the Kingdom of Redemption.

Therefore, holy mother, lend your hand to your little daughter, and may you yourself make me cross the captivating sea of your love, so that I may place my unceasing "I love you" in your sea of love and, from within your sea of love form my own sea. And by means of both of your seas of love and mine, we may together implore the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat.

I now enter into my mother's captivating sea of adoration [toward her Creator], and therein form my own little sea of adoration toward my Creator to implore his Kingdom [on earth]. I then make my flight into the seas of her prayers, supplications and sighs, and therein form my

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own seas of prayers and supplications and sighs to implore with prayers of the Heavenly Mother herself the Kingdom of the [Divine] Fiat.

My Holy Queen Mother, since your seas are interminable, grant your little daughter a space [in your endless seas] wherein she may place her own little acts. Wherefore I entreat you, with your own hands place within the seas of your intense sorrows and pains, my little pains: from my long years in bed, from having deprived myself of things and from my sacrifices; also from the most piercing pain of Jesus' having repeatedly deprived me of his presence, which caused me continual deaths.

My dear Mother, may you unite all of these pains of mine and immerse them within the seas of your immense sorrow, so that they may form my little sea of sorrow.²⁰¹ And by means of both your seas of sorrow and mine, I wish to unceasingly implore God to hasten the Kingdom of his Divine Will on earth and make it triumphantly reign and exercise dominion over us.

My dear mother, if you do not wish to make your little daughter unhappy, then say together with me that we possess only one love, one Will, one operation and one voice that exclaims: "*Fiat Voluntas tua on earth as in heaven*"! Just as your captivating seas compelled the [Eternal] Word to descend from heaven to earth where you offered your womb to receive him, so may these

²⁰¹ Here Luisa illustrates how she rendered her sufferings meritorious. By uniting her *physical* sufferings ("pains") to the Blessed Virgin Mary's *interior* sufferings ("sorrows"), she allows Mary to transform them into the most meritorious acts.

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captivating seas [of ours] compel the Supreme Fiat to descend from his heavenly throne to earth where I offer my soul to receive him. In this way, he will be conceived in my soul and establish his Kingdom in me and, through me, in all other souls.

THE ROUNDS OF THE SOUL

9th Round in the Divine Will

The Incarnation of the Eternal Word

My Sovereign Mother, I don't want to be without you, as I am incapable of doing anything on my own. May you unite all of your [divine] acts with mine, whereby they may become one, and we may together implore God to hasten on earth the Kingdom of his Divine Will.

Now in the same Divine Fiat [that you possess] I contemplate the moment²⁰² of the conception of the Word of God in your maternal womb. Within your maternal womb I enliven²⁰³ all the acts I have accomplished within it, along with my continual "I love you" and my little sorrows, so at when you conceive the Son of God, I may administer to him my acts along with yours and conceive him [along with you]. And by virtue of his great love that caused him to descend from heaven into the small prison of your womb, I entreat him to hasten on earth the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

My tender mother, I enclose myself within your womb to be with my little Jesus, to keep him company in his loneliness, to behold every one of his sorrows and to impress upon them my "I love You, I bless You and I thank You."

²⁰² The original Italian text states, "... *in the same Divine Fiat I follow the conception of the Word in your maternal womb.*"

²⁰³ The expression in the original Italian text is, "...*mettere in corteggio...*"

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I see that my little infant Jesus begins to suffer as many agonies and deaths as there are rejections of his Divine Will on the part of souls. Through such rejections, souls deprive Jesus of the life his Will seeks to impart to them, whereby it²⁰⁴ undergoes a death. And you, my Jesus, immediately wish to take upon yourself all of these deaths to offer satisfaction to the Supreme Will [of the Most Holy Trinity].

O Jesus, You are now in the act of undergoing a death. My heart is crushed in seeing You so small and agonizing. So, my tender little Child, I desire to offer You the Divine Fiat for as many lives as there are souls that choose to reject it; I desire to give death to my human will for as many times as there are souls who live according to their human will; I desire to make your Divine Will that You infuse in me, [one with You as it] flows within your small humanity, so that the agony and the pains of death that You endure may be less excruciating. And [with your own Divine Will] I entreat You, may the life of your [Divine] Fiat flow within all souls.

O my sweet love, how many sorrows You endure in the womb of our Holy Queen Mother! There You remain motionless, for You haven't the slightest room to move so much as one finger or one of your little feet; You have neither the slightest space to open your beautiful eyes nor the least glimmer of light, but in this narrow prison of your mother's womb, there is only thick darkness.

²⁰⁴ "...it" refers to the one Divine Will of the three divine Persons.

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Ah, all this makes me understand the many sorrows you endure – how souls have reduced your adorable Will to inoperability; how souls who chose to turn a blind eye to your Will can neither comprehend nor understand it; how souls who choose to operate without your Will operate in thick darkness.

My beloved little Jesus, I bring the life of your Will into this narrow prison that constitutes your first dwelling place on earth, in order to dispel the thick darkness in which you abide and herald in the light of day. I impress my [mystical] kiss and my “I love You” upon your tender limbs confined to immobility, and ask You, through the merits of your sorrows, to make your Divine Will operate in souls; with its light, dispel the night of the human will and form the perpetual day of your [Divine] Fiat.

Beloved infant Jesus, if You do not allow yourself to be conquered by my supplications while You are yet a tiny child and do not grant me the Kingdom of your Divine Will [on earth], then tell me, when will You do so?

My beloved child Jesus, don't You know that my soul desires to conquer You with your own love and with the power and strength of your own Fiat? To attain my goal, I call to my aid all the acts of your Divine Will and surround You with them as a formidable army arrayed in battle [to conquer You in love]; I call on the sky with its myriads of stars and surround You with them; I call on the sun with the power of its light and heat; I call on the wind with its vehement force; I call on the sea with its roaring waves. In a word, I call on all creation – I unite myself with

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all the elements and, empowering them with my voice, I impress upon them my “I love You” to obtain from You on everyone’s behalf the Kingdom of your Divine Fiat.

My tender infant Jesus, do You not see the expressions of my love that I have prepared for You upon exiting your mother’s womb? I long to see You open your eyes to this world to find yourself surrounded with the multitude of your own works, speaking with my voice as they say to You: “I love You, I love You, I love You! I bless You, I thank You and I adore You!” With all of these works I wish to impress my, “I love You”, along with my first kiss upon your trembling infant lips when you emerged from your heavenly mother’s womb and took refuge in her arms. And in so doing, your heavenly mother presses You to her bosom, kisses You, keeps You warm, nourishes You with her milk and wipes away your tears.

In my lowliness, I too desire to place myself in your mother’s arms and infuse my kiss within the kiss she offers You; I make my “I love You” flow within her milk in such a way that as she nourishes You with her milk, I nourish You with my love. In a word, everything our mother does for You, I also wish to do for You.

Do You see my beloved infant Jesus? I am not alone, but am accompanied by all creation: the sun to warm You and all things You created to dry your tears. So I unite myself to You as You cry and sob because You do not feel loved. With my “I love You, I love You” I sing to You a lullaby to help You sleep and, in this way, persuade You,

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upon awakening, to hasten on earth the Kingdom of your Divine Fiat.

My tender mother, come to my assistance; let us say together to the Divine Infant Jesus: “Make this little daughter of yours happy by granting her the sole desire and longing of her heart, namely, that your Will be known and reign on earth.”

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10th Round in the Divine Will

Jesus' Circumcision

My tender child Jesus, my “I love You, I bless You and I thank You” follow You everywhere to implore [the reign of] your [Divine] Fiat. In your every heartbeat and breath; in your tongue, in the pupil of your eyes and in each drop of the Blood from your little humanity [caused by your circumcision], I impress my “I love You”. I impress my kiss upon each one of your thoughts and upon the hands and arms of our heavenly mother and of Saint Joseph, so that You may feel my “I love You” when they hug You.

I impress my “I love You” even upon the breath of the animals at your feet that keep You warm in silent adoration, so that You may feel my love in their breath that implores [the reign of] your Divine Fiat.

My delightful infant Jesus, I impress my “I love You” upon the [pain You suffered with the] cruel cut of your circumcision, and in the first drops of the Blood You shed to assuage your pain. I seal my “I love You” within each drop of Blood You shed and within the tears that the sharp pain You experienced caused You, as well as within the tears shed by the sovereign Queen and Saint Joseph as they saw You endure such pain. Your Blood, your pain and your tears cry out for the triumph of your Kingdom!

My dear little Jesus, I press You to my heart to assuage the pains of your wound, and I beseech You to enclose in your wound all human wills, so that they may

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cause You no more sorrow; from your wound may your
Divine Will emerge and establish its reign among us.

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11th Round in the Divine Will

The Flight into Egypt

My beloved Child, while the wound of your circumcision is still bleeding, You experience yet another sorrow. A [merciless and] tyrannical man seeks your death, and thus You are forced to flee to Egypt to seek refuge. Such an episode symbolizes the obstinacy of the human will that persecutes your Divine Will and keeps it from reigning.

My lovely child Jesus, may my words “I love You,” may my affectionate kisses and my will flow within with this sorrow of yours, so that the human will may cause You no more sorrow. May the human will be reconciled and with and embrace your Divine Will, whereby they operate as one sole will. And out of [grateful] love for this sorrow of yours, may the human will implore your Fiat.

I now follow the steps of my mother as she carries You in her arms. As she walks she weeps, and within her tears I wish to comfort You with my “I love You”. Therefore, I impress my “I love You”, step by step, upon every grain of the soil and upon every blade of grass she walks upon. I make my voice resound within these elements so that [as she walks] You may feel within her tears my, “I love You, I adore You, I bless You and I thank You”.

And as You flee to Egypt in order to give me life, I offer my own life to defend yours, and implore the triumph

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of your Will [on earth]. My love, as You flee my heart breaks, for I see You cry and bitterly weep from being sought after by those who seek You, not to offer You shelter, but to kill You. To dry your tears with my love, I bilocate myself in all things of the created universe.²⁰⁵ To make You happy, I offer You my “I love You” and I make it resound in the depths of the sea, in every drop of water and in the darting of the fish; I wish to console your ears with the “I love You” of the mute fish of the sea, and with the most beautiful and loving music of my refrain, “I desire your Fiat”.²⁰⁶

Within your Will I bilocate myself in the highest mountains and in the deepest valleys to call upon the plants, the flowers and the trees, and have them all repeat with me: “I love You, I love You!” On the wings of the wind I cry out with the most powerful voice, “I love You”, so that you may feel my love [in the wind]; in the wind I send You my kisses and offer You my loving finesses.

My beloved Infant Jesus, as You make You flight [to Egypt], day and night You are constantly in the open, exposed to the elements. Therefore it is only fitting that I should call upon all the created elements for them to gladden their Creator. And so I call upon the sunlight to cast its luminous rays upon your beautiful face and exclaim, “I love You.” I call upon all the birds of the air so that, with their songs and trills, they may form lullabies of love for You.

²⁰⁵ The original Italian texts states, “...bilocarmi in tutta la creazione...”

²⁰⁶ The Fiat of Sanctification.

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In a word, as I accompany You to Egypt I wish to do so with the triumph of my love, and I implore You with my refrain, “May the Kingdom of your [Divine] Will reign [on earth]”. And I am not alone, O Jesus, but all the created elements are here with me. Are You not comforted by the beautiful sea, the wind, the sun and the stars that exclaim, “I love You, I love You”? The sky, the mountains and the plants all with one accord cry out with full voice: “I love You, I love You; I implore You to hasten on earth [the kingdom of] your reigning and dominating Will.”

This unanimous cry resounds in the Heart of our Holy Queen Mother, who also exclaims: “My Son, my love reunites all created things and restores to them harmony; it surpasses all things and, penetrating the interior of your Heart, implores your [Divine] Fiat!”

THE ROUNDS OF THE SOUL

12th Round in the Divine Will

Jesus in Egypt

My dear infant Jesus, You have now arrived in Egypt [accompanied by Joseph and Mary], and I realize that You have endured continual sorrows and tears, as You have been completely forgotten and abandoned by all. [The three of] you are forced to enter a small run down hut that has been poorly repaired and is exposed to the wind and rain, as no one in the world has offered You a decent place to stay. Oh, how You sob, my tender infant Jesus, in seeing your little humanity experience the same rejection as your adorable Will. No soul freely offers your Divine Will an indwelling, in whom You wish to reside and reign. Although You have come earth to offer your Will to souls, it remains unheeded and is left wandering about in search of a loving response. For a good six thousand years your Will has entreated mankind to allow You to take up in them your indwelling, but has not found no response, whereby You, my love, weep out of sorrow over those souls who reject your Divine Fiat.

My heavenly Infant Jesus, I see that while our mother weeps with You, she hides her own tears to quiet your crying and offers You her beautiful soul as a perpetual indwelling of your Divine Will. I wish to join her in drying the tears from your lovely face, and impressing my “I love You” upon every tear You shed and a loving kiss, while sobbing, upon your trembling lips. I implore your [Divine] Fiat and offer my heart to your Eternal Fiat as its perpetual indwelling.

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My beloved infant Jesus, the center of my life, while You are residing in this small run down hut, I desire to follow all of your acts and those of the sovereign heavenly Lady. 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”.

As she embroiders for You swaddling clothes, in the thread that courses through her maternal fingers I fuse my words, “I love You, I bless You, I thank You and I adore You,” so that once our mother has dressed You, You may acknowledge that your cloths are interwoven also with my love that implores your Divine Fiat [on earth].

Heart of my heart, as You begin to take your first tottering steps, I impress my “I love You” on the ground beneath your little feet so that my love may extend itself beneath them. I wish to shelter You in my arms, so that when You totter I may immediately embrace You and press You to my heart. My heavenly infant Jesus, I see that no sooner have You been weaned, than You begin to walk on your own. Although very small, You draw away from your mother [to go pray in solitude]; You bend your little knees on the bare ground and, with your arms open, pray and weep for the salvation of mankind, imploring with ardent sighs [the reign of] the Kingdom of your Divine Will [on earth]. Oh, how fast your little Heart beats, as though it is about to burst from ardent love and sorrow.

My little Jesus, allow me to place my “I love You” under your little knees so that my “I love You” may soften the ground and make it less hard on your tender limbs.

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Allow me to impress my “I love You” between your open hands and support your little arms with mine, so that You may not endure any discomfort. And while I support You, my darling infant Jesus, take me in your little arms and offer me to the Heavenly Father as the little daughter of your Will, and grant me the grace of always allowing your Will to reign in me and in all souls.

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13th Round in the Divine Will

The Child Jesus with the Children of Egypt

My heavenly infant Jesus, your love now moves You to leave the small hut, where You meet the children of Egypt who, drawn by your beauty, gather around You. You speak to them with such love that You leave them rapt in wonder. After instructing them, You bless them and hasten back to your mother because her love calls You. And upon seeing your mother You run into her arms. My love, I wish to follow You in everything. May my words “I love You, I adore You, I bless You and I thank You” resound beneath your gentle steps, in the gestures of your little hands, in your enrapturing words that are so full of sweetness, love and life, and in your enrapturing gaze to implore the Kingdom of your [Divine] Fiat [on earth].

As You bless the children [of Egypt],²⁰⁷ bless the little daughter of your Divine Will also; with this blessing seal the life of your Will in my soul. I follow You, divine infant Jesus, as You walk through the fields and take delight in picking flowers. Every time You reach out for one of them, I will repeat to You my refrain, “I love You, I love You.” I entreat You to offer our Heavenly Father the flower of the little of your Will, so I may know, love and desire nothing but your holy and Eternal Fiat.

²⁰⁷ Luisa refers back to the moment when Jesus blessed the children before returning to his mother.

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14th Round in the Divine Will

The Return to Nazareth

Infant Jesus, my life, I see that your exile has come to an end and You are returning to Nazareth. I desire to follow You step by step. I also wish to accompany You while showering upon You my “I love You, I adore You and I bless You”. I therefore call to my aid the light of the sun to bathe You with its light that conveys to You my “I love You”; I invite the stars whose twinkling convey to You my “I love You”; I invite the powerful wind whose moans, howls and whistles besiege You with my “I love You, I love You”; I call on all the birds of the air to accompany You with their warbling, trills and songs that tell You “I love You, I love You”; I call upon the little lambs whose bleating conveys to You my “I love You”; I call upon the sea to accompany You with its billowing and gushing waves to tell You “I love You”. And do You know what your little daughter wishes to ask You through the outpouring of her “I love You’s”? I ask You to grant me the Kingdom of your Will.

As You arrive at Nazareth and close yourself within your little house,²⁰⁸ I too close myself within this house with to continue the outpouring of my “I love You”, so as to win You over with love and to obtain what You yourself

²⁰⁸ The original text states, “*ti chiudi in Nazaret*”. This expression conveys a deliberate action on the part of Jesus who, withdrawing himself from the world to accomplish his mission of “divinizing” all human actions, begins his hidden life. If Jesus’ Passion “redeemed” mankind, his hidden life “divinized” all of mankind’s actions (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 11, August 14, 1912).

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desire, and what the Holy Queen Mother and I desire, namely, that your Will be known by all and reign on earth.

Jesus, my life, I am with You in the house of Nazareth and wish to seal every action of yours with my “I love You, I adore You, I bless You and I thank You,” and implore the Kingdom of your Will.

As your currents of love flow between You and your mother, I make the currents of my “I love You” flow within yours to entreat You and our heavenly mother, “May your Will be known”. In the food You eat, I impress my “I love You” to implore with your own Will, the food of your Will for all creatures. In the water You drink, I pour forth my “I love You” to implore within the depths of our being the pure water of your Will; may the life of your Will flow through our veins and be felt in all of our limbs. In taking up the nails and hammer to perform you manual labour, may You nail my human will [to your Will] and transform it into the light of your Divine Will. As I follow You in your carpentry work with my, “I love You”, may your hammering of the nails affix all human wills in such a way that they may [be bound to You and] enjoy the freedom of Living in the Divine Will.

When You withdraw to your little room to pray or sleep I shall accompany You and remain close to You. If nothing else, I shall continually whisper into your ear: “I love You, I love You, I love You and I adore You”; I implore, with your own prayers, the Kingdom of your [Divine] Fiat. Through your own sleep, cause the human will to enter into a profound slumber, whereby it may no

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longer have a life of its own, but may enjoy only and always the life of your Divine Will.

My Divine Jesus, it would sadden me not to be able to follow You in everything, or keep You company to let You hear my constant refrain: “I love You, I adore You, I bless You and I thank You.” Being next to You I feel your own Will and your own heartbeats ardently beat for your Divine Will to be known and to reign on earth.

Therefore I follow You [along with Mary and Joseph] to the Temple where You remove yourself from the sight of your mother and give rise to her bitter sorrow of losing You for three days.²⁰⁹ I make my “I love You” flow in your mother’s sorrow and in her distressing loss, and I implore You, may the human will become lost forever so that souls live only in your Divine Will. And I place my “I love You” in that same joy You both experienced upon meeting again, which is greater than ever. My “I love You” entreats You, may souls desist from causing You anymore sorrow through the constant misuse of their human will; may souls grant You instead the pure and unspeakable joys that derive from your Divine Fiat reigning in them.

²⁰⁹ The separation Mary was here asked to endure was of “the divine order” (cf. footnote 42, p. 136; footnote 90, p. 273; p. 220).

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15th Round in the Divine Will

The Baptism of Jesus

My heavenly and greatest love, I hasten my step to follow You so that time may not interrupt me from accompanying You in everything. I see that You are now about to go into the desert and, pressing you mother tightly to your Heart that convulses with love, You say to her: *“For now I must say good bye dear mother, as I must go [to accomplish the Will of My Father]. I leave you My Divine Fiat as your abiding help and life, for it shall keep us continuously united and empower you to experience everything I do. Although we will be far apart, My Will shall reveal to you everything your Son does so that you may accompany Me in everything; it will keep you so united to Me that we will experience everything as one.*

Jesus, my life, take me by the hand and bring me with You, for I don't want to let the slightest thing You do escape my “I love You”, which seeks to enclose everything You do and ask You for the Kingdom of your Divine Will on earth. And I follow You, step by step, as You walk alone and offer You my, “I love You, I adore You, I bless You and I thank You.” In every breath You take, may You inhale my “I love You;” within my “I love You” I enclose every word You utter; with my own gaze I comfort every gaze You take; as You reach the Jordan, I make my “I love You” flow within its waters, in such a way that as Saint John [the Baptist] pours these waters out over You in baptism, You may feel the company of your little daughter's “I love You” who will never leave You. In these

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waters I implore on behalf of all souls the baptismal waters of your Divine Will and the beginning of its Kingdom on earth. My love, in this solemn act of your baptism [by water], I ask You for a grace I am certain You won't deny me: I ask You, through the life-giving and creative waters of your Divine Will, to purify with your holy hands my little soul, in such a way that I may hear nothing, see nothing and know nothing apart from the life of your [Divine] Fiat. Ah, yes, I beseech You to transform my entire being into one single act of your [Divine] Will!

O Jesus, my sweet love, allow me to follow You into the desert where, in solitude, my "I love You" will never abandon You. I will remain at your side day and night in this desert where souls have deserted You, to console You when You are afflicted and tired, praying and groaning with love for souls, and weeping over their rejection of your Divine Will.

You experience profound sorrow, not only because your Divine Will does not reign in souls, but because they have banished it into exile. Whence your most sacred humanity mourns and implores on behalf of the entire human family the reconciliation of the Divine with the human will: your human will calls out to your Divine Will to reign in all of human nature, while your Divine Will forgives souls for the long exile in which they have kept it.

O my Jesus, I fuse myself to your tears, prayers and the yearnings of your ardent Heart, and I make them my own;²¹⁰ I interlace everything You experience [in this

²¹⁰ Cf. footnote 193, p. 548.

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desert] with my “I love You” to form my sweet chains of love that, adorning your entire divine Person with many ringlets, compel You to grant me the Kingdom of your Divine Will on earth. Jesus, my life, listen to my prayers, as they are bound as one to²¹¹ your very heartbeats, sighs, tears, prayers and sufferings that long for and invoke the Kingdom of your Fiat. If You won’t listen to me, then listen at least to your own pleas, so that when You return from the desert, You may promise me: *“Ah, yes, soon the Kingdom of My Will shall come to earth!”*

O my Jesus, Heart of my heart, I see that You hasten your step to leave the desert. You pass by the Jordan again²¹² to cast another loving glance upon beloved John [the Baptist], and pour into his heart torrents of love and grace. In haste You arrive at the house of Nazareth, where the love of your Heavenly Mother incessantly calls You. What a touching sight to see! You and your mother throw yourselves into each other’s arms and, fused together, form one sole love.

On account of your absence, the Heavenly Queen ardently longed to see her Son. Her motherly Heart was burning with love and longed to pour it out into her Son to receive in exchange from You the dew of your love, and not be consumed by the loving flames that devoured her. And You too Jesus, my heavenly Savior, felt a yearning desire for the love of your mother, and for this reason You ran into her arms – to give and to receive love. And I, with the little flame of my “I love You,” share in your chaste

²¹¹ The original Italian text states, “... *as they are your own...*”

²¹² Jesus exits the desert from where he entered.

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embraces, in your outpourings of love and in the ardent fire of the mother and Son's love to implore the Kingdom of your Will [on earth]. Holy mother, may you repeat and pray together with me, "May the Divine Will be made known and reign on earth as in heaven". And while you and your Son find solace in each other's love and are uplifted, you also dispose yourselves to be deprived on one another for longer periods of time. And it is not long Jesus, who are unsurmountable in love, before You are again walking on the path to begin your public life, whence You convey to the Heart of your mother the heartache You experience. And again You depart all alone to share your word with the people, to form disciples and proclaim the Holy Gospel.

THE ROUNDS OF THE SOUL

16th Round in the Divine Will

The Wedding Feast of Cana and Jesus' Public Life:

The Proclamation of the Gospel

Jesus, my love and my life, I see that before beginning your public life, your Heart set ablaze with love moves You to assist at the wedding feast of Cana along with your mother, and I follow You with my "I love You." I can feel your Heart beating with love and sorrow, as You recall having assisted at and blessed another wedding, namely, that of Adam and Eve in their state of innocence in Eden where a double espousalship was celebrated: The espousalship of your Divine Will with the human will, and the espousalship of [the first²¹³] man and woman; in Eden You had given in dowry to man and woman all of creation, as well as your Divine Will palpitating in their hearts and in all created things.

Wherefore, your presence at this wedding [in Cana of Galilee], which is something unusual for You, speaks to

²¹³ Pope Pius XII affirms the following: "*The faithful cannot embrace that opinion which maintains that either after Adam there existed on this earth true men who did not take their origin through natural generation from him as from the first parent of all... Now it is in no way apparent how such an opinion can be reconciled with that which the sources of revealed truth and the documents of the Teaching Authority of the Church propose with regard to original sin, which proceeds from a sin actually committed by an individual Adam and which, through generation, is passed on to all and is in everyone as his own*" (Pope Pius XII, *Humani Generis*, art. 37, August 12, 1950, Rome).

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me of your desire to make the Divine Will reign in souls by reordering [within yourself] all human actions.²¹⁴

O my Jesus, I draw close to You to envelop your sweet gaze, your melodious voice and your fascinating ways with my, “I love You, I adore You, I bless You and I thank You”. Through the love that moved You to answer the pleas of the Sovereign Queen, who asked You to change the water into wine, I beg You out of love for your heavenly mother to perform the great miracle of changing the human will into the Divine Will, so it may reign on earth as in heaven.

Holy mother, You who showed so much concern for spouses’ happiness as to have Jesus change water into wine, I beseech you to please show the same concern by not allowing Jesus to embark upon his public life until he has first promised you that his Will shall come and reign on earth.

My sweet beloved Jesus, I will not cease telling you, “I love You”, or repeating my continual melody which entreats You to make your Divine Will reign on earth as in heaven. To make You grant my wishes, I will follow You in everything to envelop all of your acts with my, “I love You”, thereby forming about You and within You the

²¹⁴ In this 16th round it is evident that in Cana of Galilee Jesus, assuming and reordering within himself all actions of all spouses, sanctified all marriages (cf. also Meditation 6 from *The Blessed Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*, where Mary reveals: “*With our presence, we renewed the sanctity, the beauty and the [divine] order of the state of marriage that was established by God in the Garden of Eden*”).

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formidable host [of my acts] that whisper into your ear: “Grant me *the Fiat* that beats in your Heart, and grant me *the Will* that speaks in your words, that works in your hands and that walks in your footsteps; throughout your entire being I whisper: I desire that your Will reign on earth as in heaven. Oh, listen to your little daughter who loves You so much, or rather listen to your own voice in mine, and grant that we may live in your Fiat.”

THE ROUNDS OF THE SOUL

17th Round in the Divine Will

Jesus' Public Life: The Working of Miracles

O Jesus, my dear life, I see that You take leave of your mother, but your wills do not separate. As You leave to begin your public life all alone, You turn your steps toward Jerusalem where You will proclaim your divine word in the temple, and openly declare that You are the one awaited by the nations, the longed-for Messiah. But how it breaks your Heart and causes You so much sorrow to see that upon teaching them your word, instead of throwing themselves at your feet to receive You as their heavenly Savior, they look at You with scorn, grumble as You talk and withdraw from you without offering You any place to stay, whence You are left to remain there alone. On account of their ingratitude You are left all alone, forced to withdraw from society and beg for bread, with the ground at night as a bed and the starry sky as a roof. With gentile glimmering the stars offer You their company, as You spend the nights in tears and prayers, offering supplication for those who do not care to know You.

Jesus, my love, come into my arms and rest. I wish to cry and pray with You; I wish to fuse all of my “I love You, I adore You, I bless You and I thank You’s” in the sorrows you endure, in the tears you shed and in the words you speak that go unheeded; I wish to fuse my “I love You” before, behind and beneath your footsteps so that your feet may not feel the callousness of the ungrateful [who walk the] earth, but only the gentleness of my love. I wish to say

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to You: “O Jesus, look at how much You suffer; let your Divine Will reign in us and You shall suffer no more.”

O my Jesus, life of my poor heart, your love is untiring. You return to the temple to teach your divine word to the crowds. While the great and the learned choose not to recognize You, a crowd of poor, ignorant and afflicted souls gather round You; they are attracted by your gentle and pleasant ways, and by your enchanting voice that profoundly touches their hearts as You speak. A note of happiness enters your soul as are able to 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 consider it beneath You to touch their suffering limbs and heal them. You move from one town to the next, and I wish to follow in your footsteps and impress on the streets and towns You visit my, “I love You, I adore You, I thank You and I bless You”. And as I frequently press You to my heart, I shall whisper gently into your ear: “Grant me the Kingdom of your Will. And to move You to grant me what I ask, I ask this of You with the love of your own [divine] acts.”

As You travel through streets and towns, I come across a moving scene. I behold You surrounded by the blind, the mute, the deaf, the lame, the paralytics and the lepers. All such human misery pierces your Divine Heart and, oh, how You tremble! Your Heart breaks in seeing human nature reduced to such misery – the same human nature that was fashioned by God's creative hands so beautifully and perfectly, is now almost horrid to behold.

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And all this is due to the degraded human will that, producing its worst effects, renders human nature so unhappy. Oh, my love, I entreat You, make your Fiat reign in us. If You will it, You can make your Fiat put to flight the unhappiness the human will has produced.

And so I make my “I love You” flow in your act of restoring sight to the blind, so that everyone may come to see and learn of your Divine Will. And how many are blind to your Divine Will! The earth is filled with such blind souls, wherefore I beseech You to grant sight to all so that they may see and gaze upon your Most Holy Will.

My love, I see that with each step You take You heal those who are afflicted. A deaf person is presented to You, and with the authority of your voice, You restore his hearing. I make my words, “I love You,” flow in the sound of your command and ask You to restore hearing to so many who are deaf to the voice of your Divine Will. You take another step and loosen the tongue of a mute person. And how many mute souls there are whose tongues are unable to speak of your Divine Fiat! And I, prostrate at your feet, approach your knees and, despite my ineptitude, refuse to move from here until You perform the miracle of loosening the tongues of the many mute souls, so that they may all speak of your adorable Will.

O my Jesus, your Heart experiences a harrowing blow on account of such human misery – all the result of the human will. Wherefore You go about working miracles to free them [of their afflictions] and obtain for us the grace to invoke your Divine Will so that it may reign on earth.

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Thus 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 bless You and I thank You." And do You know why I love You and follow You? Because I desire to straighten the legs of those who limp in your Will, to cleanse all human generations of the leprosy of the human will that made them deformed in spirit and in body, and to heal all those who are paralyzed from the misuse of their own human will.

My love, the human will is the sower of all ills, and so I beseech You to perform the miracle of miracles: Make your Will reign on earth as in heaven so that all ills may be banished from our midst.

THE ROUNDS OF THE SOUL

18th Round in the Divine Will

Jesus' Public Life:

The Death of Lazarus and the Storm at Sea;

The Sleep of Lazarus and the Sleep of Jesus

My beloved, as You continue your public life You proclaim your Divine Word everywhere and console the afflicted. You hear a mother crying as she accompanies the body of her son to the grave, and You cannot resist the tears of a weeping mother. You approach the casket, bring the young man back to life and restore him to his mother. My love, may my "I love You" accompany You as You restore life to the person who has died; I beseech You to restore to [the] life [of grace] the many souls who are dead to your Divine Will. In this way the Divine Will shall no longer shed tears – which are also your tears – as it has for centuries and with greater love than any mother, on account of the many of its children that have become dead to your Will.

O my Jesus, my most sweet life, your love takes You everywhere. Called upon to raise a little girl from the dead, You do not refuse. Holding her by the hand as if to raise her, You say, "The girl is not dead, but asleep," and You restore her to life.

My love, how many there are who sleep in the slumber of their human will! I therefore bid my "I love You" flow in the act You perform of bringing the girl back to life. In so doing, I ask You to extend your right hand

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over all people and bring them back to the life of your Will. All it takes is the mere touch of your creative hand – an act of your power – to free these souls from their slumber of the human will, and form the first group of the children of the Kingdom of your Divine Fiat.

My merciful Jesus, another moving scene awaits You: Martha and [Mary] Magdalene²¹⁵ approach You to tell You that their brother has died, and they weep. You are so touched that You weep with them and ask them to take You to Lazarus' grave. Once there, You command that the tomb be opened. Upon seeing that after only four days one can no longer recognize him nor approach him on account of the foul stench that comes from the tomb, you shudder, tremble and weep, and with an authoritative voice that trembles on account of your great sorrow, You exclaim: "*Lazarus, come out!*", and you raise him from the dead.

My love, in raising Lazarus from the dead why do you weep and experience so much sorrow? And Jesus, pressing me to himself and I to him, made me experience his sorrowful heartbeats and hear his voice resounding in my heart that said:

²¹⁵ The original Italian text states, "*Marta e Maddalena*". From Luisa's mystical visions it is evident that the sister of Martha and Lazarus was Mary Magdalene. At the age of eleven Luisa became a "Daughter of Mary" when she took the name *Magdalene*, and from that day forth she no longer experienced nightmares that plagued her from the age of four. At the age of eighteen Luisa became a Third Order Dominican, and took the name of *Sister Magdalene* in the presence of her pastor. Exactly ten years to the day from her having entered the convent, on October 7, 1938 Luisa left the convent of the Sisters of Divine Zeal, and was transferred to a house on *Via Magdalena* in the center of Corato.

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“My little daughter, Lazarus represented all mankind steeped in sin and reduced to one putrid corpse on account of the human will; he vividly portrayed the evils the human will produces and that made human family unbearable for Me to behold. Hence the foul stench emanating from his tomb that made Me weep and tremble with sorrow. Wherefore I ask you to weep and pray with Me”.

Oh, life of my heart, I weep with You and impress upon each of your words, my “I love You”, “I adore You, Lazarus, come out!”, to compel You to repeat these words to every human heart whilst pouring out your tears like a blessed dewfall, saying: *“Come out of the grave of your human will and return to the life of My Divine Will!”* For in hearing your authoritative voice, all will rise to establish [on earth] the Kingdom of your Fiat.

My beloved Jesus, I will not leave You for one instant. Although I am incapable of properly expressing myself, nevertheless I can say to You, “I love You, I love You”, and I interweave all of your acts, steps, words and tears with my tiny “I love You”, and beseech You to establish on earth your reigning and dominating Fiat.

I now follow You with your disciples as You are asleep on the boat. Your sleep is a symbol of the rest You wish to grant those who will live in your Divine Will. But this storm rages to the point of striking fear into the hearts of your Apostles, whereby upon waking You, they cry out, “Master, save us! We are perishing!”

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O my Jesus, this storm represents the tempestuous human will that, raising its impetuous waves in the sea of life, threatens to drown us. My sweet Jesus, with my “I love You,” I unite my voice with the Apostles who cry out, “Master, save us! We are perishing!”

I entreat You, with the same authority with which You commanded the storm that engulfed the Apostles to be still, command the storm of our human will to be still, so that our human will may be reconciled with your Divine Will and find rest in the safe arms of your Supreme Fiat!

THE ROUNDS OF THE SOUL

19th Round in the Divine Will

Jesus' Entry into Jerusalem and the Institution of the Sacraments

My dearly beloved Jesus, I see that You now turn your steps again toward Jerusalem, so I accompany You with my “I love You, I adore You” and “I thank You.” But what sorrow your Divine Heart experiences upon entering the Temple and finding it desecrated, as it appears to be a marketplace and not the house of your Father. You take some cords and with sweetness and divine authority, You lead to your left and to your right, overturning everything²¹⁶ and driving out those who have desecrated the Temple. On account of this authoritative act of yours, no one dares to oppose You, but all flee.

O my Jesus, Divine Emperor, I impress my “I love You” upon these cords, and ask You to lay hold of them again to drive out our human will that desecrated your living temple, which is our souls. I entreat You to trample our will asunder so it may no longer dare to dominate us, but may completely instead resign itself to your Divine Will.

²¹⁶ Mathew 21:12: “*Jesus entered the temple courts and drove out all who were buying and selling there. He overturned the tables of the money changers and the benches of those selling doves.*”

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Jesus, my heavenly beloved, my “I love You” follows You in your triumphant entry into Jerusalem. I impress my “I love You” upon the palm branches, upon the cloaks they cast at your feet and upon the jubilant cries of the crowds, and I beseech You to hasten the triumph of your Will on earth. My Divine King, your appearance of a victorious conqueror seems to carry the happy news of granting my request. Oh, do grant my request. Tell the little daughter of your Will, “The Kingdom of the *Fiat Voluntas Tua* one earth as it is in heaven” shall come. I will not leave You, nor shall I grow tired of following You with my “I love You” until I have won You over, whereby You tell me: *“You have won, My daughter. I promise you that My Kingdom shall be established on earth. But be sure to follow Me, as My love desires your company. My enemies, envious of the jubilant cries of the crowd, are plotting to take My life. So before I die, I wish to institute the Sacrament of the Eucharist in order to leave a final remembrance of the intense love I have for My children, whereby I may live My perpetual life with them. So, to hasten the establishment of My Kingdom on earth, continue to implore My Divine ‘Fiat’ in every Sacrament.”*

My love, as You institute the Sacraments I press You to myself in order to impress my “I love You” upon the Sacrament of Baptism, so that by virtue of my “I love You” your *Fiat Voluntas Tua* may be conferred upon every baptized soul. I repeat my “I love You” in the Sacrament of Confirmation, so that You may confer the victory of your Divine Will upon every confirmed soul. I impress my “I love You” upon the Sacrament of the Anointing of the

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Sick, so that every dying person may conclude the final moments of their life in your Divine Will. I impress my “I love You” upon the Sacrament of Holy Orders in order for You to send us Priests in the Divine Will and for its Kingdom to be established in them. I impress my “I love You” upon the Sacrament of Matrimony so that all families may be formed according to your Divine Fiat. I impress my “I love You” upon the Sacrament of Penance so that, as a spring welling up from within it, this Sacrament may produce in souls death to sin and the life of your Divine Will.

Jesus, my life, my “I love You” shall never leave You, but will remain with You for all eternity. And so I impress my “I love You, I adore You, I bless You” and “I thank You” in each Sacramental Host, in every offense You receive and in every act of reparation You make in order to implore with You the reign of the Kingdom of your Will on earth as it is in heaven. My Heavenly Archer, from every Tabernacle wound all human wills – extend your chains of love and employ every heavenly design at your disposal, so that in exchanging their wills with your own Divine Will You may overcome them all. In this way our will on earth shall be one with your Will in heaven.

THE ROUNDS OF THE SOUL

20th Round in the Divine Will

The Agony in the Garden

My afflicted Jesus, You have left yourself in the Sacrament of the Eucharist by bilocating your life within each Host; You did so in order to enter into every soul and place yourself at the disposal of all, and You tell us: *“I will not leave you [as orphans]; I will remain with You to establish the Kingdom of My Divine Will among you, My children.”* Having said this, your love is satisfied, whereby You now embark upon the sea of your Passion.

You now direct your steps toward the Garden of Gethsemane. I behold You prostrating yourself to the ground to pray, and as You pray, your breathing becomes labored, You sigh, You agonize and You sweat Blood. All things present themselves before You: All the sorrows of your Passion on account of the sins of all mankind²¹⁷, each

²¹⁷ The original Italian text reads, *“...tutte le pene di tutti i peccati...”*. This refers to Jesus having taken upon himself all of mankind’s sins and all the punishment due to such sins. While Sacramental Confession takes away all of the penitent’s “sin”, it does not take away the “punishment due to sin”. Therefore, in Confession a priest will impose a penance that serves to expiate here on earth part of the temporal punishment due to confessed sin. All punishment due to confessed sin that is not expiated here on earth, is expiated after death in purgatory. Nevertheless one may receive a “plenary indulgence”, which is the complete forgiveness of all “sin” and “all punishment due to sin” by going to Confession and receiving Communion on the Feast Day of Divine Mercy, which is celebrated the first Sunday after Easter. Beginning in Gethsemane and culminating on the Cross at the 3pm hour, Jesus purchased for us this plenary indulgence, which St. Pope John Paul II sanctioned as a Universal Feast Day in the Church on April 30, 2000.

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of which bears the marks of the deadly weapon of the human will that wars against God. Indeed, the deadly weapon of the human will that causes the Divine Will to agonize, has and continues to render the Divine Will sterile within itself.

My agonizing Jesus, my poor heart cannot bear to see You prostrate on the ground and bathed in your own Blood. For the sake of your bitter agony, I entreat You to establish on earth the Kingdom of your Divine Will. With the weapons of your Divine Will, vanquish the weapons of the human will so that it may undergo the agony of defeat and your Divine Will may be justly vindicated of the agony it has been forced to endure for many long centuries. In this way, the human will shall no longer have a life of its own, but will implore the life of your Divine Will to reign in every heart.

And I, my Jesus, embrace You to comfort You by making my “I love You, I adore You” and “I bless You”, flow in every drop of Blood You shed, and in every sorrow, distress and longing You endure. With my “I love You,” I offer You in exchange for every sin You behold, many white clouds that conceal from You the horrid sight of so many sins, whereby You behold nothing other than my “I love You” that implores the Kingdom of your Divine Will on earth.

Now, Jesus, pay heed to my supplications: If your Divine Will were already reigning on earth, You would not experience so many sorrows, nor would You suffer such an excruciating agony. So before leaving this garden, give me

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your word and make this little daughter of yours happy: tell me that the triumph of your Divine Will shall come.

My sorrowful Jesus, your enemies have now arrived at the garden. They bind You with ropes and chains, they stomp on You, drag You and bring You from one tribunal to the next. My love, I follow You step by step to seal all of your sorrows 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 oppose your Divine Will, but may give it the freedom to reign.

O my Jesus, your enemies give You no rest, but heap sufferings upon You. They cover You with spittle, accuse You of being an evil-doer and, after sentencing You to death,²¹⁸ imprison You. Jesus, my [divine] prisoner, I will not leave You. I offer You my “I love You” to envelop the spittle in such a way that, experiencing only my love, You may no longer acknowledge it. May my “I love You” be a weapon to defend You from all the sufferings and insults aimed at You, to put your enemies to flight and to convert all souls to You.

²¹⁸ The death sentence Luisa here refers to was preceded by Annas’ interrogation (cf. *The Hours of the Passion*, 2am hour, pp. 379-380) and pronounced by Caiaphas (cf. *Ibid.*, 6am hour, p. 402), and Pontius Pilate (cf. *Ibid.*, 9am hour, pp. 423, 429).

After his arrest Jesus appears on six separate occasions to four authorities: *Annas* (the high priest the Romans had deposed from office in 15 A.D., who nonetheless wielded considerable power through his five high-priest sons); *Caiaphas* (the ruling high priest of the Sanhedrin and son-in-law of Caiaphas before whom Jesus appeared twice: cf. *Ibid.*, 3am hour, p. 384; 6am hour, p. 402); *Pontius Pilate* (the Roman Procurator of Judea and Samaria before whom Jesus appeared twice: cf. *Ibid.*, 7am hour, p. 406; 8am hour, p. 412) and *Herod Antipas* (the Jewish tetrarch of Galilee and Perea who was visiting Jerusalem).

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May my “I love You” be a light to You in the dark prison in which they have thrust You, may it keep You company and compel You to free us from the prison of our will, so that having been set free, we may become children of your Divine Fiat. My tormented Jesus, your enemies release You with the barbaric intention of subjecting You to yet greater sufferings before putting You to death. Dragging You, they bring You before various tribunals, from Pilot to Herod. In making fun of You, Herod goes so far as to have You dressed as a madman, thus causing You unspeakable sorrow. My love, how much You suffer! With my “I love You” I wish to fashion for You a robe of light – woven from my “I love You” – to dazzle your enemies and persuade them to no longer torment You, but to recognize You [as their King]. May You free us from the point of madness to which the human will drives us – a madness that makes us lose the awareness of our true good, which is doing your Divine Will.

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21st Round in the Divine Will

The Scourging at the Pillar, the Carrying of the Cross and the Crucifixion

My tormented Jesus, they now bring You once again before Pilate where new sufferings await You. After sentencing You to be scourged,²¹⁹ they remove your clothes and tie You to a column to whip You barbarically. I embrace your divine feet so that my “I love You” may resound in every blow You receive, in every piece of tattered flesh they tear from your body and in every wound open up in You. I cry out, “I love You” to implore you to remove from us the rags of the human will and cover us with the garment of your Divine Will, so that we may seek and experience nothing apart from your Supreme ‘Fiat’.

My scourged Jesus, although you are already unrecognizable, your enemies’ cruelty remains unappeased. My heart cannot bear to see You undergo so much torture. Oh how I long to rescue you from all this with my, “I love You, I adore You, I bless You and I thank You,” with which I entreat You to establish on earth the Kingdom of your Fiat. For only your kingdom can put an end to the suffering your enemies force You to endure and which I am compelled to witness with continuous sorrow. They now crown You with thorns, put on You a tattered purple robe, place a reed in your hand and mock You as a false king.

²¹⁹ Jn. 19:1: “Then Pilate took Jesus and had him scourged.”

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O my Jesus, my life, may my “I love You” adorn every thorn that pierces your head; I entreat You to remove from us the false crown and tattered purple robe that our human will has placed on us, and remove from our hands the reed of so many empty works that wields a false authority over us. Grant us the crown of your Divine Will, its royal purple robe that is reserved for your true children and your Fiat’s true scepter of command that rules and exercises dominion over our souls.

Jesus, my King, my “I love You” follows your love and, from our two loves that unify, one sole love emerges. From our one love I acquire such [divine] power as to make You feel my love at the moment in which there resounds in your ears the death sentence of those who cry out, “Crucify him, Crucify him!” And I, reversing their outcry of “Crucify him!”, issue forth my outcry, “I love You” within every voice and upon every tongue, whereby all may cry out: “May the human will be crucified and may your Divine Will reign!”

For the sake of the sorrow You experienced in being condemned to death, free us from putting to death your Fiat in our souls, grant that our human will may die to itself, make your Divine Will take up its triumphant life in us and establish its kingdom in all of our acts.

My love, my heart cannot bear to see You as You approach the Cross; You embrace it and carry it on your shoulders. Oh, how I yearn to bathe your entire Cross with my “I love You, I adore You and I bless You”; for the sake of your Cross, I beseech You to make all the sufferings

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your love asks souls to endure bear the virtue of your [Divine] Fiat, so that [through such sufferings] they may be disposed to receive its dominion. Oh, how I yearn to cry out in every suffering You endure and in every drop of your Blood You shed, “May your Fiat come!”, and for every time You fall, in every yanking of your Blood-stained hair and in every shove You receive, “I love You, may the Kingdom of your Will come!”

O my Jesus, with your body convulsing from having been stomped on and dragged along the way, You finally reach Mount Calvary. They now despoil You of your garments, extend You upon the Cross and, with your body convulsing from unspeakable agony, they crucify You. May my “I love You” flow upon your lacerated limbs, throughout your dislocated bones and in the piercings of the nails. I grant the seal of my “I love You” the first place in all of your pains. I ask You to strip us of everything that impedes your Divine Will from reigning in our hearts, and to extend the reign of your Will throughout the entire world.

My crucified Jesus, Your body convulses and agonizes on the Cross. I impress the seal of my “I love You” upon your bodily convulsions, the sorrowful pangs of your Heart and the [loving] flames that devour it. May my “I love You” refresh You and quench your burning thirst. With my “I love You” I seal all the words You speak from the Cross, and I receive your last breath with my “I love You” to ask You, for the sake of the excruciating pains You endured on the Cross, to grant us the grace of a burning desire to live in your Divine Will. May we experience in

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our own wills the consummation you experienced [on the Cross], so that our wills may be consumed in your Will. May your death give death to our own will, and may your 'Fiat' establish its life within all hearts, and triumphant and victorious extend its reign in the mankind on earth as it is in heaven.

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22nd Round in the Divine Will

Jesus' Descent into Limbo

My love, I see that You have already died, and oh, how I would like to die together with You! But unfortunately this is not given to me and so, Fiat! Fiat!... I desire to receive You in my arms to enclose your most sacred humanity within my "I love You,"²²⁰ so that in everything You will see my "I love You", hear my "I love You" and feel my "I love You". My "I love You" will never leave You; indeed, your Will constitutes the life of my "I love You". And do You know what this little child desires of You? I desire that your Divine Will which You so loved and did throughout your entire life on earth, may be made known to all souls, so that all may come to love and do your Will on earth as in heaven. This little child desires to conquer You with love by making You grant your Divine Will to all souls. I entreat You, my good Jesus, to make this poor little child happy, as I desire nothing

²²⁰ Luisa enclosing Jesus' humanity within her "I love You", conveys a two-fold theologically reality. First, she unites her "soul" with all that which Jesus' humanity experiences; second, she assimilates and deposits within her soul said humanity. Indeed, Luisa's "I love You" emerged from her "soul" (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 19, August 31, 1926). Luisa emphasizes that of the soul's three powers (intellect, memory and will), the human will is the most "like" God, as it contains his immensity and power, and is therefore capable of bilocating itself "up to heaven or to the farthest places", of being expanded and of enclosing all things within itself (cf. *Ibid.*, volume 13, October 9, 1921; volume 23, December 22, 1927). Indeed every act the soul accomplishes remains sealed within its will and not one of its acts will be lost (volume 12, January 1, 1920; 24, April 6, 1931).

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other than that which You yourself desire, namely, that your Will be known and reign in all the world.

My deceased Jesus, I have enclosed your most sacred humanity within my “I love You, I adore You, I bless You and I thank You”, thus forming in your humanity a sepulcher, as it were, for my “I love You” and entreating You to bury the human will so that it may no longer have a life of its own. I now accompany You together with our sorrowful mother into limbo with my “I love You,” and what a moving sight it is. In this holy place I see our first father Adam, Abraham, all the patriarchs and prophets, dear St. Joseph and all the good people of the Old Testament. Oh how they rejoice in seeing You and, prostrating themselves at your holy feet, they adore You, love You and thank You. It seems, however that their celebration is not complete, for with one accord, beginning with Adam their first father, together they all cry out: “To You we give thanks for all that You have done and suffered for us. Now that You have accomplished the first part [of your Messianic mission] by redeeming us, we entreat You to accomplish the second part by making your Divine Will reign on earth as in heaven.”

My love, do You not hear the choir of these voices that are so dear to You? The Queen of Sorrows herself entreats You, and so do I: “May your Will come, may it come and reign on earth as in heaven; grant that all may come to know of your adorable Will.” Today, the day of your death is also the day of your victory – of your triumph. And would You refuse me [this day] the triumph of your Divine Will over the human will? Before leaving

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limbo, let me hear your sweetest voice telling me that You will grant me my request – that your Will reign and exercise dominion on earth as in heaven.

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23rd Round in the Divine Will

The Resurrection

Jesus, my [divine] conqueror, You now depart from limbo along with the whole host of the souls of all the just, and proceed to the sepulcher to conquer death by making your most sacred humanity rise from the dead. What a solemn moment it is! I therefore place my “I love You” upon the sepulcher in your act of rising from the dead; I place my “I love You” also upon the light and glory that surround Your risen body to implore the resurrection of the Divine Will within the human will; may we all resurrect in You; or do You not wish to grant me [what I ask and] that You have deposited within yourself? Whence I entreat You, by virtue of your Resurrection, to breathe upon every soul and, by means of your omnipotent breath, to draw to yourself the human will, whereby your Divine Will may resurrect glorious and victorious [within the human will].

O my Jesus, after rising from the dead, You do not [immediately] go to heaven.²²¹ Your choosing to remain

²²¹ Luisa affirms that after his descent into limbo and Resurrection, Jesus did not immediately go to heaven with the holy host of the just souls from limbo, but did so after forty days. On Day 28 of *The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*, the Virgin Mary reveals to Luisa:

“...I saw my dear Son, accompanied by this great host of souls, leaving limbo and returning to the sepulcher. It was the dawn of the third day... Very often He appeared to his Apostles and disciples to confirm them in the faith and in the certainty of his Resurrection... *He departed and took flight for the vaults of heaven together with the great host of souls that had come out of limbo.* All those present, and we were great in number, saw him ascend, and as He rose on high, a cloud

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with your children on earth for no less than forty days is the *confirmation* that You will indeed establish the Kingdom of your Divine Will on earth. Wherefore, I shall not leave You, but will follow You step by step with my, “I love You”, as You appear in your risen state to your mother. And by virtue of the joy You shared, I entreat You along with the Sovereign Queen to grant us [the Kingdom of] your ‘Fiat’. My “I love You” accompanies You as You appear to [Mary] Magdalene and to the Apostles to beseech You to make your Divine Will known to Priests, so that as new Apostles, they may make it known to all the world.

of light removed him from our sight. Now, my child, your mother followed him into heaven and was present at the great Feast of the Ascension.”

What Luisa affirms does not contradict Sacred Scripture, where one reads in Acts 1:3: “He presented himself to them by many proofs after he had suffered, *appearing to them during forty days* and speaking about the kingdom of God”; Mt. 27:52: “Jesus cried out again in a loud voice, and gave up his spirit... tombs were opened, *and the bodies of many saints who had fallen the sleep were raised. And coming forth from their tombs after his resurrection, they entered the holy city and appeared to many*”.

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24th Round in the Divine Will

Jesus' Divine Acts

from the Resurrection to the Ascension

My "I love You" follows You in all the [divine] acts You accomplish among your children after your Resurrection, and invites heaven and earth to be present at your glorious Ascension into heaven. With your triumphant entry into heaven You open up its gates that have been closed for so many centuries to poor humanity.

And I place my "I love You" upon those eternal gates, and ask You, through that same blessing You gave to all your disciples who were present at the celebration of your Ascension into heaven, to bless all human wills so they may come to know of the gift of living in your [Divine] Will. Through the great love with which You open for us the gates of heaven, I entreat You to make your Divine Will descend from those very gates and reign on earth as in heaven.

Jesus, my love, You are now in heaven. Unless I see that my little "I love You" conquers You and makes your adorable Will come and reign on earth, I will not cease to form chains of my "I love You" between heaven and earth. I therefore beseech You to leave the heavenly gates open for me to freely come and prostrate myself at your feet, to place myself in your arms and to bind You with the ringlets of my, "I love You". In this way I will remain confident that I will obtain your favour and that You will grant me

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that which You yourself desire, namely, that your Divine Will reign in all the world.

THE HOLY ROSARY IN THE DIVINE WILL

Joyful mysteries

1. The Annunciation

(From “*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*”, Day 19)

[The Blessed Mother reveals to Luisa:] Your mother was set ablaze with love, and echoing the love of my Creator, I wanted to form one single sea of love so that in this single sea of love the Divine Word might descend to earth. 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 greeted me:

“Hail, O Mary our Queen. The Divine Fiat has filled you with grace. He has already pronounced his Fiat [of Redemption], as He desires to descend to earth. He is right behind me, and He desires your Fiat to [help] bring about 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 astonished and hesitated for an instant, when the angel of the Lord said to me: “*Do not fear our Queen, for you have found favour with God; you have conquered*

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your Creator. Now, to complete this victory, you must pronounce your Fiat.”

I pronounced my “Fiat”, and, oh, what a surprise! Our two Fiats fused together and the Divine Word descended within me. My Fiat, receiving the same value as his Divine Fiat, formed from the seed of my humanity the tiny humanity that would enclose the Divine Word, and the great prodigy of the Incarnation was accomplished.

2. The Visitation²²²

(From “*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*”, Meditation 1, Appendix)

[The Blessed Mother reveals to Luisa:] I left Nazareth accompanied by Saint Joseph, facing a long journey of crossing mountains to go visit Elisabeth in Judea who, in her advanced age, had miraculously become a mother.

I went to see her, not simply to pay her a visit, but because my Heart was set ablaze with the desire to bring Jesus to her. The fullness of grace, love and light which I felt in me, compelled me to bring Jesus to her and to multiply to a hundredfold the life of my Son in souls.

Yes, my child, the motherly love I possessed for all souls, and for you in particular, was so great that I felt ardent yearnings to give my dear Jesus to everyone, so that all

²²² You may select from one of the following meditations.

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might possess him and love him. The rightful claims I had to motherhood, bequeathed to me by the Fiat, enriched me with such power that the same Fiat [operating in me] multiplied Jesus for as many times as there are souls who desire to receive him. This was the greatest miracle given me to perform.²²³ To have Jesus always available in order to give him to whomever should desire him. And I was so happy [to do this]! How I yearn that you too, my child, in approaching and visiting others, would always be the bearer of Jesus, capable of making him known and yearning to make him loved [by others].

(From “*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*”, Meditation 1, Appendix)

[The Blessed Mother reveals to Luisa:] After many days of travel, we finally arrived in Judea, and I hastened to the house of Elisabeth. She approached me rejoicing, and when I greeted her, amazing things happened. My little Jesus exulted in my womb and directing the rays of his divinity toward little John in the womb of his mother, He sanctified him and infused within him the use of reason, letting him know that He, [my little Jesus,] was the Son of God. And John leaped so forcefully with love and joy that

²²³ If Mary worked this greatest miracle in her life to the unawares of those around her, Luisa adds that Mary never performed any “visible” miracles in her life: “*If in life our great heavenly Mother did not perform any visible miracles, either of healings or of raising the dead, she nevertheless performed, and continues to perform miracles at each moment, at every hour and every day*” (L. Piccarreta, volume 22, June 1, 1927).

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Elisabeth was shaken. Touched by the light of the divinity of my Son, she acknowledged that I had become the Mother of God. In her vehemence of love she trembled with gratitude and exclaimed: “Who am I to be so honoured that the mother of my Lord should come to me?”

Because I could not deny the greatest mystery [of the Incarnation], I humbly confirmed it, praising God with the song of the Magnificat – the sublime canticle through which the Church continuously honours me. I announced that the Lord had done great things in me²²⁴, his servant, and therefore that all generations would call me blessed. My child, I was set ablaze with the ardent desire to unleash the flames of love that consumed me and reveal my secret to Elisabeth, who also longed for the coming of the Messiah. For a secret is a need of the heart which is irresistibly revealed to those capable of understanding.

Now who could adequately describe the great blessing my visit imparted to Elisabeth, to John [in her womb] and to their household? Everyone was sanctified, filled with gladness, experienced unusual joys and comprehended things unheard of. John, in particular, received all the grace necessary 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

²²⁴ Noteworthy is the expression “has done great things *in me*”, which conveys the reality of the Trinity establishing “in” Mary’s soul the kingdom of the Divine Will, which comprises all the lives and acts of all creatures.

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prodigies it was because the Divine Will occupied its royal place in my soul. And if you let the Divine Will reign in your soul, you too will become the bearer of Jesus to other souls – you too will feel the irresistible desire to give him to everyone!

3. The Birth of Jesus

(From Luisa's 4th volume; December 25, 1900)

[Luisa relates:]: As I was in my usual state, I felt my soul outside of my body, and after having made my rounds, I found myself inside a cave where I saw the Holy Queen Mother in the act of giving birth to little baby Jesus. What an amazing miracle! It seemed that both our mother and her Son were transfigured in the purest light. In that light one could easily see that the human nature of Jesus contained the divinity within itself, and that his human nature served as a veil to clothe his divinity. It appeared such that, if one were to remove the veil of his human nature, He would be revealed as God, but as long as He remained clothed with that veil, He appeared as a Man. Here is the miracle of miracles: God and Man, Man and God! Without leaving the Father and the Holy Spirit, as true love never permits separation, He comes to dwell among us, taking upon Himself human flesh.

Now, it seemed to me that during this most happy event [of the virgin birth] our mother and her Son were divinized, and without the slightest difficulty Jesus emerged from his mother's womb, while they both

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overflowed in an excess of love. In other words, these two purest bodies were transformed into light and, without the slightest impediment, Jesus the light emerged from the light of his mother, without the slightest change to their human nature, but preserving it whole and intact.²²⁵ And then they returned to their natural state.

Who could describe the beauty of the little baby Jesus who, at the moment of his birth, transmitted, even externally, the rays of his divinity?

4. The Presentation and Consecration of Jesus in the Temple²²⁶

(From *“The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will”*, Day 23)

[The Blessed Mother reveals to Luisa:] Forty days were about to sound from the time of the birth of little King Jesus, when the Divine Fiat called Saint Joseph and I to the Temple in order to fulfill the law of the presentation of my Son. And so, we went to the Temple. It was the first time we went out [in public] together with my sweet Baby.

And then a current of sorrow opened in my Heart: I wanted to offer up Jesus [through the Priest] as a victim for the salvation of all, so we entered the Temple and first we adored the Divine Majesty. We then asked for the Priest to come and, placing him in his arms, I made the offering of

²²⁵ Cf. footnote 25, p. 55.

²²⁶ You may select from one of the following meditations.

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the heavenly infant Jesus [through the Priest] to the eternal Father, offering him in sacrifice for the salvation of all.

The Priest was Simeon, and as I placed the infant Jesus in his arms, he recognized that He was the Divine Word and he exulted with immense joy. After the offering, assuming the prophetic role, he prophesied all of my sorrows. Oh, how the Supreme Fiat sorrowfully resounded in maternal Heart, revealing the bitter tragedy of all the sorrows of my little Son! But that which pierced my Heart the most were the words the holy prophet said to me: “This dear baby will be the rise and the fall of many [in Israel], and the target of contradictions.”

If the Divine Will had not sustained me, I would have died instantly of pure sorrow, but it gave me life, and used this sorrow to form in me the kingdom of sorrows within the kingdom of the Divine Will. Therefore, in addition to the rightful claims of [Divine] Motherhood which I possessed above all, I acquired the rightful claims of Mother and Queen of all Sorrows. Ah yes, with my sorrows, I acquired the little coin that would pay the debts of my children, and even of those who are ungrateful.

(From “*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*”, Day 23)

Now, my child, in the light of the Divine Will I already knew all the sorrows I was to endure – even more than those the holy prophet had told me. But in that ever-so solemn act of the offering up of my own Son, and in

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hearing it all being repeated to me, my Heart was so pierced that it bled, and deep furrows opened up in my soul.

Now, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you: In the sufferings and sorrowful encounters that are not lacking to you, never lose heart. With heroic love let the Divine Will assume its royal place in your sorrows, so that it may convert them into little coins of infinite value. By this means, you will pay the debt of your brothers and ransom them from the slavery of the human will, so that they may enter, as free children, into the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat.

5. The Finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple²²⁷

(From “*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*”, Meditation 5, Appendix)

[The Blessed Mother reveals to Luisa:] After three days of most bitter longing, amid tears, anxieties and fears, we entered the Temple. My eyes were fixed on the lookout as I searched everywhere, when finally, I saw my Son among the doctors of the law and was overcome with jubilation! He was speaking with such wisdom and majesty as to make those who were listening were left enraptured and amazed. Only upon seeing him did I feel life in me restored, and soon I understood the secret reason of him being lost.

²²⁷ You may select from one of the following meditations.

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And now, dearest child, a little word to you. In this mystery, my Son wanted to impart to me and to you a sublime lesson. Could you perhaps assume that He was ignoring my sorrow? On the contrary, my tears, my searching and my bitter and intense sorrow, resounded within his Heart. Yet, during these very sorrowful hours of mine, He offered up in sacrifice to the Divine Will his own mother, the one whom He loves so much in order to show me how I too, one day, would have to offer up in sacrifice to the Supreme Will the life of my own Son.

In my unspeakable sorrow, I did not forget about you my beloved child. Knowing that this event would serve as an example for you, I kept it at your disposal, so that [in revealing it to you] you too, at the appropriate time, may have the strength to offer up in sacrifice everything to the Divine Will.

And as Jesus finished speaking, we reverently approached him and addressed him with a sweet reproach: “Son, why have you done this to us?” And with divine dignity He replied to us: “*Why did you look for Me? Did you not know that I came into this world to glorify My Father?*” Having understood the sublime meaning of his response and adored in it the Divine Will, we returned to Nazareth.

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(From “*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*”, Meditation 5, Appendix)

[The Blessed Mother reveals to Luisa:] Child of my maternal Heart, listen closely to what I wish to tell you. When I lost my beloved Jesus, the sorrow I felt was so very intense, and yet, a second sorrow was added, namely, that of losing you. Indeed, in foreseeing that you would have gone far from the Divine Will, at one and the same time I felt deprived of my Son and of you my child, whence my maternity suffered a double blow to the Heart. So my child, when you are about to do your own will rather than the Will of God, know that in abandoning the Divine Fiat you are about to lose Jesus and me, and will fall into the kingdom of misery and vices. Keep then the promise you made to me: To remain indissolubly united with me. If you do so, I will grant you the grace of never letting you be dominated again by your own will, but only by the Divine Will.

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Luminous mysteries

1. The Baptism of Jesus in the Jordan River²²⁸

(From Luisa's 11th volume, March 13, 1912)

[To Luisa Jesus reveals:] My daughter, Baptism at birth is by water [and the Holy Spirit]. That is why it has the virtue of purifying, but not of removing [sinful] tendencies and passions. On the other hand, the Baptism of victimhood is a baptism by fire; therefore it has not only the virtue of purifying, but of consuming any sinful tendency and passion that may exist. What is more, I Myself baptize the soul, little by little: My thought baptizes the thoughts of the soul; My heartbeat baptizes its heartbeats; My desire its desires, and so on. However, this baptism is carried out between Me and the soul, and in the measure in which it gives itself over to Me without ever reneging its offer.

(From Luisa's 36th volume, April 12, 1938)

[Luisa relates:] While my mind was immersed in the Divine Fiat, my sweet Jesus, visiting my little soul with inexpressible kindness, told me:

“Blessed daughter of My Will, if the soul puts My Will first, and allows My Will to operate within it with

²²⁸ You may select from one of the following meditations.

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complete freedom, oh, how many amazing things My Will may work in the soul! My Will absorbs the human will, along with the words and acts the soul intends to do, it assimilates the soul to itself, vests it with its creative virtue, pronounces its Fiat over it and forms as many [divine] lives as there are creatures that exist.

You were imploring Me in My Will on behalf of the Baptism of all babies that will be born, and that [through this Sacrament] the life of My Will may reign in them.²²⁹ [As you prayed] My Will did not hesitate one instant, but immediately pronounced its Fiat, and multiplied its [divine] life as many times as there are babies that are born, [with you] baptizing them as you wanted, imparting to them the first [rays of its] light, and then conferring its [divine] life upon each one of them.²³⁰

And if [some of these] these newborn babies, for lack correspondence or for lack of knowledge, will not come to possess Our [divine] life, this life nevertheless remains [in Us on account of it having been multiplied

²²⁹ In the preceding paragraphs of this text, as well as in the 19th Round in the Divine Will, Luisa tells Jesus: “*My love, I bind myself to you so I can place my “I love You” in each of the Sacraments you institute. I join my “I love You” to the Sacrament of Baptism that is administered to every soul, and implore you by virtue of this Sacrament, to grant the Divine Fiat to everyone who is baptized.*”

²³⁰ With the expression, “...[with you] baptizing them as you wanted, imparting to them the first [rays of its] light, and then conferring its [divine] life upon each one of them”, Jesus does not imply that Luisa is here administering the Sacrament of Baptism to all babies, as sacramental Baptism can only be conferred with water and the invocation of the Trinity. Rather, Jesus reveals to Luisa that by virtue of God’s one eternal operation at work in her, she is able, in a timeless manner, to dispose all babies for the Sacrament of Baptism.

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through those who live in Our Will], whereby We will have many divine lives that love Us, glorify Us and bless Us, just as We [the three divine Persons] love each other. These divine lives are Our greatest glory, and they exist in view of²³¹ the soul that allows Our Divine Fiat to form [within it] as many of Our [divine] lives as there are newborn babies. On the contrary, these divine lives keep such a soul hidden within themselves in order to love [Us through this soul] just as they [should have] loved [Us], thus allowing this soul to accomplish precisely what they [were intended to] accomplish. Moreover, these divine lives exist in view of²³² such newborn babies. On the contrary, their attention is fixed on them, as they watch them and defend them, so as to be able to reign in their souls...”

²³¹ The original Italian, “*non mettono da parte*”, is here translated as “in view of”. Indeed, the divine lives Jesus here illustrates, and of which God knows that exact number, are the fruit of the divine acts that from all eternity God had prepared for each and every soul. Each soul is meant to perform these divine acts throughout its life which, in turn, produce divine lives that multiply the light and life of grace for the salvation of souls, the betterment of all creation and the glory of God. Thus such divine lives exist in view of each soul (“new born baby”) whom God beheld from all eternity, and who is meant to produce them through its divine acts.

²³² Ibid.

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2. The Wedding Feast of Cana²³³

(From, “*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*”, Meditation 6, Appendix)

[The Blessed Mother reveals to Luisa:] My dearest child, my Heart is set ablaze with love, and so I, along with my Son, long for you to assist at this wedding in Cana. Do you think I desire your assistance at this wedding because of a simple ceremony? No, my child; these are profound mysteries. Be attentive to what I say and I will reveal to you new mysteries. For at this wedding my motherly love pour itself out in an incredible way, and my Son displayed true signs of a paternal and royal love for souls. So be attentive to what I say.

My Son had returned from the desert, and was preparing for his public life, but before doing so, he wanted to be present at this wedding, and therefore He allowed himself to be invited. We went to this wedding not to celebrate, but to do great things for all human generations. At this wedding my Son became the Father and King of all families, and I became their Mother and Queen. With our presence, we renewed the sanctity, the beauty and the [divine] order of the state of marriage that was established by God in the Garden of Eden – the same state of marriage that was enjoyed by Adam and Eve who were married by the Supreme Being in order to [be fruitful], multiply, populate the earth and give rise to future generations.

²³³ You may select from one of the following meditations.

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(From, “*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*”, Meditation 6, Appendix)

[The Blessed Mother reveals to Luisa:] Marriage is the substance from which the life of [all] human generations arises. Marriage may be called the tree trunk from which the earth is populated, and Priests and Religious may be called the branches. If it were not for the trunk, the branches would not have life. For this reason, when Adam and Eve sinned by withdrawing from the Divine Will, they caused the [tree of the human] family to lose its sanctity, beauty and [divine] order. And I, your mother, the innocent Eve, together with my Son, set out to reorder the state of marriage that had been established by God in Eden. I was constituted the Queen of Families, whence I pleaded for the grace of the Divine Fiat to reign in families, so that I might have such families under my own care and rule over them as their Queen.

But this is not all, my child. Our love was set ablaze. My Son and I wanted to let families know how much we love them by imparting to them the most sublime lessons, and this is how we did it. In the middle of lunch there was no more wine, and my motherly Heart, consumed with love, desired to assist those present. Knowing that my Son can do anything, I, with an imploring tone and certain that He would listen to me, said to him: “My Son, the bride and the groom have no more wine.” He replied: “*My hour to do miracles has not yet come.*” And knowing with certainty that He would not deny what his mother would ask him, I said to those serving at table: “Do whatever my Son tells you, and you will obtain what you desire; indeed,

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you will obtain more than what you ask and in superabundance.”

(From, *“The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will”*, Meditation 6, Appendix)

My child, in these few words, I imparted the most useful, necessary and sublime lesson for souls. I spoke with my motherly Heart, saying: “My children, do you want to be holy? Do the Will of my Son. If you do not refuse what He tells you, you will possess his likeness and sanctity. Do you wish to conquer all evils? Do whatever my Son tells you. Do you wish to obtain a grace, even one that is difficult to obtain? Do whatever My Son tells you and desires of you. Do you wish to have also the very basic things that are necessary in life? Do whatever my Son tells you and desires of you. Indeed, my Son’s words enclose such power that, as He speaks, his word, which contains whatever it is you ask, makes the graces you seek arise within your souls.

There are so many souls that find themselves filled with passions, weak, afflicted, unfortunate and wretched. And although they pray and pray, they obtain nothing because they do not do what my Son asks of them – heaven, it seems, is irresponsive to their prayers. And this is a cause of sorrow for your mother, for I see that as they pray, they greatly distance themselves from the source that contains all blessings, namely, the Will of my Son.

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(From, “*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*”, Meditation 6, Appendix)

[The Blessed Mother reveals to Luisa:] Now, those who were serving did precisely what my Son asked of them when He said, “Fill the jars with water and take them to the table.” My dear Jesus blessed the water and it turned into the most delightful wine. Oh, how blessed a thousand-fold is the one who does what Jesus asks and desires! With this miracle, my Son gave me the greatest honour, as He constituted me the Queen of Miracles.²³⁴ And so He wanted me to be united with him in prayer while performing his first miracle. He loved me so much that He wanted me to occupy the first place of honour as the Queen also of miracles. And not with mere words but with deeds, He said: “If you want graces and miracles, go to My mother, as I will never deny her anything she asks of Me.”

²³⁴ Noteworthy are the 12 titles Mary received throughout her life and that she reveals to Luisa in this book: 1) *Mother of Jesus, the Eternal Word* [Day 19; Assumption: Day 31] and *Mother of all Souls*, whereby her love redoubled [Meditation 1]; 2) *Queen of the Heart of Jesus* [Assumption: Day 31; 4pm Hour of the Passion]; 3) *Queen of Heaven and Earth* and *Queen of all Creation* [After the third step: Day 3; Assumption: Day 31]; 4) *Queen of all Things* [After her triumph in the test: 6th step: Day 6]; 5) *Secretary of the Most Holy Trinity w/ scepter in hand* [Day 7]; 6) *Queen of Peace* [Peacemaker who reconciles mankind with God: Day 9]; 7) *Queen of her own Human Nature* [Day 13]; 8) *Mother of Jesus’ Blood and of Jesus’ Sorrows: Circumcision* [Day 23; Meditation 3]; 9) *Mother and Queen of all Sorrows: Presentation* [Day 23; Meditation 4]; 10) *Mother and Queen of all Families* [Wedding Feast of Cana: Meditation 6]; 11) *Queen and Mother of Love* [Presentation: Meditation 4]; 12) *Queen of Miracles* [Wedding Feast of Cana: Meditation 6].

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Furthermore, my child, while at this wedding, I peered into the future centuries [of mankind] and beheld the Kingdom of the Divine Will on earth. I beheld [all] families and [, with prayers,] pleaded with them to symbolize the love of the Most Holy Trinity, whereby the Kingdom of the Divine Will [on earth] may be fully realized. And with the rights accorded to me as a Mother and a Queen, I considered the great importance of this Kingdom. And, since I possess [Jesus,] the source of this Kingdom, I placed at the disposal of souls all [of his] grace, assistance and sanctity that would be required for them to live in such a holy Kingdom. This is why I keep repeating: “Do whatever my Son tells you.”

My child, listen closely. If you wish to exercise dominion over all things, and give me the joy of being able to make of you my true child and a child of the Divine Will, then seek nothing but [God’s Will]. If you do so, I will take on the commitment of forming a marriage between you and [God’s Divine] Fiat. As your true mother, I will ratify this marriage by giving you as a dowry the very life of my Son,²³⁵ and as a gift my maternity and all of my virtues.

²³⁵ Mary’s expression, “The very life of my Son” alludes to the new indwelling of the three divine Persons in the soul, known as Jesus’ “Real Life”, which is progressively realized in the soul (cf. L. Piccarreta, volume 16, November 5, 1923) through the repetition of its divine acts (Ibid., volume 13, September 14, 1921; volume 12, December 6, 1919; Ibid., volume 36, August 6, 1938).

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3. Jesus' Proclamation of the Kingdom of God²³⁶

(From Luisa's 19th volume, March 28, 1926)

[To Luisa Jesus reveals:] My daughter, the primary purpose of all that My Mother and I accomplished in the work of Redemption was that of inaugurating [in our human natures] the reign of My Fiat on earth... While the primary purpose [of the Father] was the Fiat [of Creation], My bounty had to lower itself to the accomplish secondary purpose [of Redemption] and to act as a teacher who — though possessing the highest knowledge and ability to give noble and sublime lessons worthy of himself, and knowing that his students were [virtually] all illiterate [on the things of heaven] — by lowering himself, gave his students lessons on the 'a b c's' [of heavenly things]. I did this to progressively lead them to God's primary purpose through [new] lessons on the knowledge that I possess, so as to make them all teachers worthy of Me, their teacher. If I, their teacher, did not want to lower Myself to offer them lessons at a lower level, but insisted on offering lessons on My higher knowledge, the students who were illiterate, would not have understood Me and, in their confusion before such great knowledge, they would have ignored such knowledge and left Me, their teacher. And had I not wanted to lower himself [to My students], I would have ended up like a poor teacher bereft of the satisfaction of imparting to his students the little and great treasures of his own knowledge.

²³⁶ You may select from one of the following meditations.

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Now, My daughter, when I came to earth souls were all illiterate on heavenly things, and if I had wanted to speak about the Fiat and of truly living in My Will, they would have been incapable of comprehending it. Since the majority of them were crippled, blind and sick, and did not know how to approach Me, I had to lower Myself through the veils of My humanity which shrouded that Fiat that I intended to [eventually] bestow. Thus I became their brother, associating with everyone so as to be able to teach them the first rudiments, the “a b c’s” of the Supreme Fiat. And everything I taught, did and suffered served no other purpose than to prepare the way for the kingdom and the dominion of My Will.

(From Luisa’s 13th volume, June 2, 1921)

[To Luisa Jesus reveals:] ...I came to earth to reveal my heavenly doctrine, to make known My humanity, My heavenly homeland and the order the soul 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 simply touched upon it, revealing to souls only [in part] that which I cared most, namely, the Will of My Father. I said almost nothing about the Divine Will’s qualities, sublime nature and grandeur, or about the great blessings the soul receives by living in My Will. For souls were far too immature of heavenly things, and would have understood nothing. I simply taught them how to pray the *‘Fiat Voluntas Tua, sicut in caelo et in terra’*, so that they might be disposed to

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know this Will of Mine, come to love it, to do it and, therefore, eventually receive the gift it contains.

Now what I was preparing and disposing souls for at that time, namely, the teachings of My Will which I was to give to all, I have now given to you. So, in making My teachings known, you make up for what I Myself was to do on earth²³⁷ and complete the purpose of My having come to earth. Don't you want Me then to fulfill the purpose of My coming to earth? If so, allow me to act. I will watch over everything and dispose everything for you. As for you, you are to follow Me and be at peace.

(From Luisa's 20th volume, September 17, 1926)

[To Luisa Jesus reveals:] ...The importance of the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat is immense, and I love it so much so that I am now doing more than in creation and Redemption. In fact, in creation My omnipotent Fiat was pronounced only six times in order to make creation emerge with perfect order. In Redemption I spoke, but since I did not speak about the Kingdom of My Will which contains infinite knowledge and immense goods, I did not express a very sublime doctrine with many words, as everything I taught was of a limited nature, and a few words were enough to make it known. Now to make My Will known requires much, My daughter. Its history is

²³⁷ The expression, "*you make up for what I Myself was to do on earth*" does not signify that Jesus' work on earth was incomplete, but that his work is perpetuated and extended through the promised Holy Spirit (Jn. 16:12), who accomplishes in Luisa the third Fiat of Sanctification.

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extremely long, for it encloses an eternity with neither beginning nor end. Therefore, no matter how often I speak, I will always have something new to say. This is why I am saying so much more... Therefore, more words are required.²³⁸

4. Jesus' Transfiguration²³⁹

(From Luisa's 20th volume, December 12, 1926)

[To Luisa Jesus reveals:] In creating him [Adam], the uncreated wisdom acted as more than a most loving mother. It clothed him with a garment far greater than a tunic; it clothed him with the unending light of My Will... that was to serve man as the preservation of the image of his Creator and of the gifts with which he endowed him... it vested him with the garment of innocence... All goods are enclosed in man by virtue of this royal garment of the Divine Will.

²³⁸ *"More words are required"* alludes to the theological explications expressed in art. 66 of Catholic Catechism, which help us to progressively grasp the one Public Revelation of Jesus Christ. Indeed, Magisterial teachings, and the doctrines contained in Jesus' revelations to Luisa provide such explications. It is for this reason that Luisa often implored Jesus for his *"Divine Will be known to Priests in a special way, so that they in turn, as new Apostles, may make it known to all the world"* (23rd Round in the Divine Will). In response, Jesus reassured Luisa: *"I allow and I call Priests to come to read the Gospel of the Kingdom of My Divine Fiat that is imbued with heaven, so that I may say [to them] as I said to the Apostles: 'Preach it to all the world'"* (L. Piccarreta, volume 23, January, 18, 1928).

²³⁹ You may select from one of the following meditations.

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My daughter, in creating Adam the divinity placed him within the sun of the Divine Will and all creatures within him. This sun served as a garment not only for his soul, but its [refulgent] rays were so numerous that they also covered his body... Those who say that, before sinning, Adam was naked are wrong... Since he possessed this garment of light he had no need of material garments to cover himself. But as soon as he withdrew from Our Divine Fiat, so too did light withdraw from his soul and body. He lost his beautiful garment. And upon seeing himself no longer surrounded with light, he felt naked. Feeling ashamed on seeing that he was the only one to be naked amidst all created things, he felt the need to cover himself and he made use of superfluous things, created things, to cover his nakedness.

(From Luisa's 20th volume, December 12, 1926)

[To Luisa Jesus reveals:] I had to perform a greater miracle of hiding this light [of the Divine Will] within the veil of My humanity, and appearing as one of them, because it represented not only innocent Adam, but wounded Adam. Thus I was to subject Myself to all of his evils, taking them upon Myself as if they were My own to expiate them before the Divine Justice. But when I had resurrected from death, representing innocent Adam — the new Adam, I stopped the miracle of keeping the garments of the refulgent sun of My Will hidden within the veil of My humanity, but remained clothed with most pure light. With this royal and dazzling garment I made My entrance

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into My homeland, leaving the doors open that had hitherto remained closed, so as to let all who had followed Me enter in.

(From Luisa's 12th volume, April 15, 1919)

[To Luisa Jesus reveals:] ...It is my usual way to do small things first, as preparation for greater ones – the greater things are the crowning of the smaller... I maintained this order also in Redemption. My birth was without fanfare; rather, it was neglected. My childhood was without the splendor of great things for men to marvel at. My life in Nazareth was so hidden that I lived as though ignored by all. I adapted Myself to doing the smallest and most common tasks. During My public life, despite the few great external things I did, who knew of My divinity? Nobody, not even all of the Apostles knew I was divine. I passed through the crowds like every other man, so much so that anyone could approach Me, talk to Me, and as indeed happened, even despise Me...

Oh, My daughter, only My Will brings about true happiness; it alone encloses all goods within the soul, and forming a crown around the soul, constitutes it queen of true happiness. Only these souls will be the queens of My throne, because they are borne from My Will....

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5. Jesus' Institution of the Holy Eucharist²⁴⁰

(From Luisa's 15th volume, June 18, 1923)

[Luisa relates:] I was feeling completely absorbed in the Most Holy Will of God... My most sweet Jesus let me see, as though in act in his Most Holy Will, the moment in which He, in instituting the Most Blessed Sacrament, transubstantiated himself [in the bread and wine]²⁴¹ What wonders, what prodigies, what an excess of love in this act of transubstantiated himself. My mind wandered amid so many divine prodigies, and my always beloved Jesus told me:

“Beloved daughter of My Supreme Will, My Will contains everything, it preserves all of the divine works as though in act, and nothing escapes it. And to one who lives in My Will, it wishes to reveal all the blessings it contains. Therefore, I wish to reveal to you the reason for which I chose to receive Myself when instituting the Most Blessed Sacrament.

This prodigy was great and incomprehensible to the human mind. For the soul to receive a Man and a God, to enclose the infinite in a finite being, and to give to this infinite Being divine honours, dignity and a dwelling befitting him is beyond comprehension. This mystery was so abstruse and incomprehensible that the Apostles themselves, while they easily believed in the Incarnation

²⁴⁰ You may select one of the following meditations.

²⁴¹ The original Italian text states, “*comunicò se stesso*”, which signifies Jesus' act of transubstantiating himself in the bread and wine.

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and in many other mysteries, were unsettled by this one, and their intellects were slow in believing. So I had to repeatedly go over its meaning in order for them to believe. So, how do I bring it about? In instituting the Eucharist, I Myself provided for everything, as I wanted to ensure that the soul, in receiving Me, should not deny My divinity the honours, the *divine dignity and a dwelling befitting God himself.*”

(From Luisa’s 15th volume, June 18, 1923)

[To Luisa Jesus relates:] In instituting the Most Blessed Sacrament, My Eternal Will united with My human will revealed to Me all the Hosts that would be Sacramentally consecrated until the end of time. I looked at them one by one, and I [lovingly] consumed them²⁴², and I saw My Sacramental life beating within each Host, yearning to give itself to souls. In the name of the whole human family, My humanity took on the commitment for all and provided each Host with the indwelling of My humanity. My divinity, which is inseparable from My humanity, surrounded each Sacramental Host with divine honours, praises and blessings to adequately extol My Majesty.

²⁴² Jesus words, “*I [lovingly] consumed them*”, indicates the manner by which he, in a timeless manner, absorbed within his human and divine natures all hosts that would be consecrated until the end of time. After he absorbed all future hosts within himself, he then transubstantiated himself within each of them, thereby making them sacramentally consecrated Hosts that would serve as his indwelling. He also refers to this indwelling as his “*own deposit of the Sacramental Hosts*”.

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So, each Sacramental Host was first formed within Me, and contained the dwelling of My humanity and the cortege of the honours of My divinity... And it is only on this account that I tolerated [future] sacrileges, coldness, irreverence and ingratitude. For in receiving Myself, I Myself constituted My own honour [in the Host] – the honour and the dwelling befitting My own Person. Had I not first received Myself in this way, I could not have descended into souls, as they would have lacked the way, the path and the means to be able to receive Me.

This is My usual way with regard to all of My works: I Myself am the first one to accomplish the work I wish to accomplish [in a manner befitting me], so as to perpetuate My life for every time this work of Mine is repeated [in the future by others] – I unite to My first work all the times this work of mine is repeated [by others in the future], so as to form, as it were, one single work.

So, the power, the immensity, the all-embracing vision of My Will empowered Me to embrace all centuries; it made present to Me the communicants²⁴³ and all Sacramental Hosts. And I [first] received Myself [and in so doing transubstantiated Myself in the Host] for as many Hosts as there are communicants who would receive Me... I wanted to receive Myself so as to... be able to give to souls not only Myself, but the very acts I did in receiving Myself...

²⁴³ The expression, “all communicants”, signifies the Priests that would repeat Jesus’ act of consecration and receive him sacramentally, as well as all the faithful who would receive him in the consecrated Host.

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(From Luisa's 15th volume, June 18, 1923)

[Luisa relates:] I was surprised, as if wanting to doubt, whence Jesus added:

“Why do you doubt? Is this not perhaps Me operating as God? This one single act of Mine that forms as many acts as there are souls that wish to benefit from it, remains one single act. Was not the same thing occur with My Incarnation, My life and My Passion? I incarnated Myself only once – once was My life and once was My Passion. Yet, this Incarnation, life and Passion are communicated to each and every soul, as if they were done for one soul alone. So, they still remain in act for each soul, just as if I were now incarnating Myself and now undergoing My Passion. If this were not so, I would not have operated as God, but as a human creature who, not containing a divine power, could not let itself be possessed by all nor give itself 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. I greatly yearn that the soul become similar to Me. And since My Will and that of the soul are one, My Will takes pleasure in it and, rejoicing, places within it all the good I contain, whence I form within the soul My own deposit of the Sacramental Hosts.²⁴⁴ Since the soul contains My Will, I

²⁴⁴ Inasmuch as the soul who lives in the Divine Will “embraces the works of his humanity” in which he formed all future Hosts, by virtue

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offer it and surround it with My divine exultations, honours and homage. I entrust everything to this soul; in it I am certain to keep My works safeguarded; in it My Will becomes the actor, spectator and custodian of all My blessings, My works and My own life.”

(From, *“The Hours of the Passion”*, 8pm Hour: Hannibal’s Reflections and Practices)

[St. Hannibal relates]: 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, my entire little being may become many hosts that administer You to souls. O Jesus, sweet love of mine, may I be your little host to enclose your entire being in me, like a living host.

(From Luisa’s volume 31, November 13, 1932)

[To Luisa Jesus relates:] My sacramental life, which you receive in the Sacred Host is surrounded by the acts

of this sharing, it shares in his deposit of the sacramental Hosts. The soul’s sharing in this deposit serves to dispose other souls to receive him sacramentally in the Host, and enables it to partake in Jesus’ action of communicating grace to other souls when he is sacramentally administered.

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My humanity accomplished when I received Myself when instituting the Most Blessed Sacrament; it is surrounded by the acts My heavenly Mother accomplished when she received Me sacramentally; it is surrounded by all the acts of those who live of My Will — which are inseparable from Me and which remain incorporated in Me as part of My own life. So, you can give Me everything, which will help to cover your misery, to compensate for your [lack of] love, and to keep you from otherwise feeling ashamed on account of your having come to Me without anything to offer Me. On the contrary, you can avail yourself of all of these acts by offering them to Me, and so, you can please Me and love Me.

For these acts bilocate and become your acts and My acts, the acts of the Holy Queen and those of the souls who live by My Will in such a way that I, instead of having [only] one [person to offer Me these acts], I have more. By this means, My sacramental life remains surrounded by redoubled acts, redoubled love and by greater glory.

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Sorrowful mysteries

1. The Agony in the Garden²⁴⁵

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*” 9pm Hour)

[Luisa relates:] My afflicted Jesus, My afflicted Jesus, I feel drawn into this garden as though by an electric current... I understand that You, [acting like a] powerful magnet of my wounded heart, are calling me, and I run, thinking to myself: “What are these attractions of love I feel within me? Oh, maybe my persecuted Jesus is in such a state of bitterness that he feels the need of my company.” And I fly to him.

But upon entering this garden, to my surprise horror overtakes me. The darkness of the night, the intensity of the cold and the slow motion of the leaves that rustle like weak voices, announce sorrows, sadness and death for my sorrowful Jesus. The sweet glittering of the stars, like attentive gazing eyes that weep, reproach me for my ingratitude, and I tremble. I gropingly go in search of Jesus and call out to him: “Jesus, where are You? How is it that You call on me and do not reveal yourself; You call out to me and yet You hide.”

The night is filled with terror; fear and profound silence pervade all things... I attune my ears and hear a laboured breath, and it is Jesus himself that I find... But He

²⁴⁵ You may select from one of the following meditations.

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has undergone such a grim change! No longer is He the sweet Jesus of the Eucharistic Supper whose face shone with radiant and enrapturing beauty, but He is cloaked with sadness – a mortal sadness that has disfigured his divine beauty... He has already entered into a state of agony, and it appears that he may die. I worry to think that I may no longer hear his voice... I embrace his feet; I become braver and approach his arms and, placing my hand upon his forehead to sustain him, I softly say to him: “Jesus, Jesus!” And He, shaken by my voice, looks at me and says:

“Child, are you here? I was waiting for you. Do you wish to know the cause of My sadness – that which oppresses Me the most? It is the total abandonment of everyone. I was waiting for you to allow you to witness My sorrows and let you drink, along with Me, the chalice of bitterness which, in a little while, My Heavenly Father will send Me through an angel.²⁴⁶ We will drink from it

²⁴⁶ Jesus’ invitation to Luisa to partake of his chalice of bitterness introduces the reader to the redeemed human being’s ability to assist him in *his* work of Redemption, the fruits of which are progressively actualized in souls. Throughout the Passion recount Jesus invites Mary, Luisa and all the redeemed to unite themselves to him in his Passion and to offer him “reparation”, “compassion”, “help”, “comfort”, etc. This cooperation in Christ’s Passion does not compromise Jesus’ *sole mediatory action* in the work of Redemption (1 Tim. 2:5). Indeed, through the cooperation of the two natures in his one divine Person, *Jesus*, the sole mediator between God and man, accomplishes the work of Redemption, while his *human nature* in the “form of a slave” (Phil. 2:7), experiences the full gamut of mankind’s sins and elicits from the redeemed “reparation”, “compassion”, “help”, etc. By virtue of his two natures, Jesus absorbs, sublimates and divinizes within himself all that which the redeemed offer to him, which he, in turn, offers to the Father. And it is in this sense that the redeemed may be said to cooperate with Christ in his work of Redemption.

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together, as it will not be a chalice of comfort, but one of intense bitterness; I am in need of a few loving souls who will drink at least a few drops of it. This is why I called on you – that you may accept this chalice, share in My sorrows and assure Me that you will not leave Me in this great state of abandonment.”

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*” 9pm Hour)

[To Luisa Jesus reveals:] My child, do you want to know what it is that torments Me more than My executioners? Indeed, the executioners’ tortures are nothing compared to this! It is eternal love which, wanting primacy in all things, makes Me suffer all at once and in My most intimate recesses what the executioners will make Me suffer little by little. Oh, My child, it is love which prevails over Me and in Me in all things. Love is the nails for me, love is the scourging, love is the crown of thorns – love is everything for Me. Love is My perennial Passion, while that [torments inflicted on Me] by men is in time. Oh, My child, enter into My Heart, come and dissolve yourself in My love, as 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 for love alone.

(From *The Hours of the Passion*, 10pm Hour)

[Luisa relates:] Beloved Jesus, goodness itself, my heart can no longer bear it. I look at You and I see that You

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continue to agonize. Blood flows from your body in large rivulets and with such abundance that unable to remain standing, You fall into a pool of Blood... O my love, my heart breaks in seeing You so weak and exhausted! Your adorable face and your creative hands press against the ground and are smeared in your own Blood. It seems to me that in exchange for the rivers of iniquities souls send You, You offer rivers of Blood to drown these sins in it, and with your Blood You offer to each soul the seal of your forgiveness. But, O my Jesus, please stand up. What You suffer is too much. Your love has done enough!

And while my beloved 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, it seems as if He wants to walk but, not having strength, He strains as He drags himself. Sweet life of mine, let me carry You in my arms. Are You perhaps going to your dear disciples? But what sorrow your adorable Heart experiences in finding them asleep again!

And with a trembling and feeble voice, You call upon them: *“My sons, do not sleep! The hour is near. Can you not see this sorrowful state to which I have been reduced? Oh, I ask for your help; do not abandon Me in these extreme hours!”*

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(From Luisa's 11th volume, January 22, 1913)

[To Luisa Jesus relates:] My daughter, My first Passion was that of love of atoning for man's first step toward sin that leads him to evil and deprives him of love... Love made me suffer more than anything else, as it made Me restore this lack of love to all souls. Such love crushed me more than if I were under a press. It inflicted on Me as many deaths as there are souls in need of divine life.

Man's second step toward sin is that of defrauding God of his glory. So, in order to restore to God the glory denied him by man's sins and that which all souls owe him, the Father led Me to suffer the Passion of sin in such a way that each sin brought with it a special Passion. Although I endured My Passion in one event, I atoned for all sin by suffering as many passions as there are sins committed until the end of the world. By this means, the Father's glory was restored.

The third effect produced by man's sin is weakness. For this reason I wanted to endure My Passion at the hands of the Jews, that is, My third Passion, in order to restore to man his lost strength.

So, with the Passion of love, love was restored and reacquired its proper place; with the Passion of sin, the glory of the Father was restored and reacquired its proper place; with the Passion of the Jews, the strength of souls was restored and reacquired its proper place. I suffered all this in the garden, and the sorrow and the atrocious convulsions inflicted on Me were so intense, and the deaths

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so many that I truly would have died if the Will of My Father had not sustained Me.

2. The Scouring at the Pillar²⁴⁷

(From the 21st Round in the Divine Will)

[Luisa relates:] My tormented Jesus, they now bring You once again before Pilate where new sufferings await You. After sentencing You to be scourged,²⁴⁸ they remove your clothes and tie You to a column to whip You barbarically. I embrace your divine feet so that my “I love You” may resound in every blow You receive, in every piece of tattered flesh they tear from your body and in every wound open up in You. I cry out, “I love You” to implore you to remove from us the rags of the human will and cover us with the garment of your Divine Will, so that we may seek and experience nothing apart from your Supreme ‘Fiat’.

My scourged Jesus, although you are already unrecognizable, your enemies’ cruelty remains unappeased. My heart cannot bear to see You undergo so much torture. Oh how I long to rescue you from all this with my, “I love You, I adore You, I bless You and I thank You,” with which I entreat You to establish on earth the Kingdom of your Fiat. For only your kingdom can put an end to the suffering your enemies force You to endure and which I am

²⁴⁷ You may select from one of the following meditations.

²⁴⁸ Jn. 19:1: “Then Pilate took Jesus and had him scourged.”

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compelled to witness with continuous sorrow. They now crown You with thorns, put on You a tattered purple robe, place a reed in your hand and mock You as a false king.

O my Jesus, my life, may my “I love You” adorn every thorn that pierces your head; I entreat You to remove from us the false crown and tattered purple robe that our human will has placed on us, and remove from our hands the reed of so many empty works that wields a false authority over us. Grant us the crown of your Divine Will, its royal purple robe that is reserved for your true children and your Fiat’s true scepter of command that rules and exercises dominion over our souls.

(From Luisa’s 7th volume, November 9, 1906)

[Luisa relates:] Finding myself in my usual state, I was reflecting upon the Passion of our Lord, and in so doing, Jesus appeared and said to me:

“My daughter, one who meditates continuously on My Passion and unites himself to My Passion and sorrow, so pleases me that I feel comforted for all that which I suffered throughout the course of My Passion. By continuously meditating on My Passion, such a soul arrives at preparing for Me a continuous banquet... Therefore, if in the course of My Passion the executioners tied Me with ropes and chains, such a soul frees Me of them... If they despised Me, spat on me and dishonoured Me, such a soul appreciates Me, cleans Me of the spittle and honours Me; if they stripped and scourged Me, such a soul heals and

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clothes Me; if they crowned Me with thorns, mocked Me as a king, embittered My mouth with spittle and crucified Me, such a soul that meditates on all of My sorrows, crowns Me with glory, honours Me as its King and fills my mouth with sweetness... And every time the soul acts in this way, I requite it by offering it a new life of grace. Such a soul is My [continuous] banquet, and I become the soul's continuous banquet. So, that which pleases Me the most is the soul's continuous meditation on My Passion.”

3. The Crowning with Thorns²⁴⁹

(From Luisa's 11th volume, April 24, 1915)

[To Luisa Jesus reveals:] My daughter, the pains which I suffered were incomprehensible to the created human mind. Far more painful than these crowning of thorns, were all the evil thoughts of all souls that pierced My mind in such a way that not one of these thoughts escaped Me. Indeed, I felt them all within Me. Not only did I feel the piercings of the thorns, but I experienced the disgust of the sins these thorns represent.”

Whence I looked at my beloved Jesus and beheld his most sacred head surrounded with a vast array of thorns that penetrated his head from the back. Jesus contained the thoughts of all souls, which proceeded from him and entered all souls, and then proceeded from all souls and returned to him, remaining, as if, linked together – the evil

²⁴⁹ You may select from one of the following meditations.

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thoughts of souls were united to the most sacred thoughts of Jesus... Oh, how Jesus suffered! He then added:

“My daughter, only souls who live in My Will are able to offer Me true reparation and relieve Me from such sharp thorns. Indeed, such souls who live in My Divine Will which encompasses all things, find themselves in Me and in everyone; they descend into souls and rise up to Me; they offer Me all possible reparations and comfort Me; they convert the darkness of sick minds into light.”

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*”, 12pm Hour)

[Luisa relates:] O my Jesus, I ask your forgiveness in the name of all 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*, and for all the times we have not corresponded to your inspirations. For the sake of all these pains You endured, I ask You, O Jesus, to grant us the grace to never again commit sins through our thoughts. I also intend to offer You everything You suffered in your most sacred head, so as to offer You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they made good use of their intellect.

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4. The Carrying of the Cross²⁵⁰

(From *The Hours of the Passion*, 10am Hour)

[Jesus reveals:] *“Beloved Cross, I finally embrace you. You were the longing of My Heart and the martyrdom of My love. O Cross, up to this very moment I awaited you; My steps were always directed toward you. Holy Cross, you are the goal of My desires and the purpose of My existence on earth. In you I concentrate My entire being and in you I place all of My children. You will be their life, their light, their defense, their safeguard and their 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 them true holiness, and you alone will make of them heroes, athletes, martyrs and saints. Beautiful Cross, you are My throne. Since I must depart from this earth, you will remain in My stead. In dowry, I bequeath to you all souls to protect and save them. To you I entrust all souls!”*²⁵¹

With these words You eagerly allow the Cross to be placed on your most sacred shoulders. O beloved Jesus, the Cross is too light for your love, but the weight of our sins adds to it, thus making it enormous and as immense as the expanse of the heavens. And You, my wearied and good Jesus, feel crushed under the weight of so many sins; your soul is horrified at their sight and experiences the pains of

²⁵⁰ You may select one of the following meditations for this mystery.

²⁵¹ The expression of Mary “saving” souls finds its proper significance in her cooperation with Christ’s Redemptive work (cf. footnote 140, pp. 359-360).

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each sin; your sanctity is shaken before the ugliness of so much sin. And as the Cross weighs upon your shoulders, You stagger, You pant and a mortal sweat passes through your most sacred humanity.

O Jesus, my love, I don't have the heart to leave You alone. I want to share the weight of the Cross with You. To comfort You in bearing the weight of our sins, I cling to your feet. In the name of all creatures, I love You for those who do not love You, I praise You for those who despise You, and I bless You, I thank You and I obey You on behalf of all... I promise to offer You my entire being in reparation for any offense You may receive. I console You with my kisses and continuous acts of love to offer You [my loving] acts in reparation for the offensive acts souls thrust upon You.

(From *The Hours of the Passion*, 11am Hour)

[To Luisa Jesus reveals:] Beloved Cross, My love, My precious bed. You were My martyrdom in life, and now you are My rest. Please, O Cross, receive Me into your arms without delay. I eagerly await you. Holy Cross, through you I will accomplish all. O Cross, hurry, fulfill My ardent desire of offering up My life for souls; I wish to seal their Redemption by means of you, O Cross. Oh, delay no longer, as I earnestly long to extend Myself upon you to open the [gates of] heaven to all My children and close

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hell.²⁵² O Cross, it is true that you are My battle, but you are also My victory and My complete triumph. Through you I will bestow upon My children abundant treasures, victories, triumphs and crowns.

5. The Crucifixion and Death of Jesus²⁵³

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*”, 19th Hour)

[To Luisa Jesus relates:] “*My child, you have anticipated My love. This is My Will: that all those who love Me should be crucified with Me. Oh yes, come and extend yourself upon the Cross with Me, and I will give you life in exchange for My life, and I will always regard you as the beloved of My Heart.*”

And now You extend yourself on the Cross, looking with so much love and sweetness at your executioners – as though extending to them a sweet invitation to hasten your crucifixion – who hold in their hands the nails and hammers to crucify You. And although feeling repugnance, with inhuman fury they grab your right hand, hold the nail on your palm and, with blows of the hammer, drive it through to the opposite side of the Cross... O my Jesus, the pain You suffer is so overwhelming that You shudder; the

²⁵² Inasmuch as the gates of hell will be closed only at the General Judgment, the expression, “... close hell” (*chiudere l’inferno*), assumes a two-fold significance: Jesus longs to keep souls from being lost, and to release the just souls from “Abraham’s Bosom” who awaited the opening of the gates of heaven, which were definitively closed after their release.

²⁵³ You may select one of the following meditations for this mystery.

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light of your beautiful eyes is eclipsed and your most sacred face, though bruised and bleeding, turns pale...

(From "*The Hours of the Passion*", 12pm Hour)

[Luisa relates:] O 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 drove your poor limbs to the point of fatigue, as You went in search of souls to lead them to your Heart. Therefore, O my Jesus, I offer You all of my actions, steps and motions with the intention of offering You reparation for everything and everyone. I ask your forgiveness for those who do not operate with upright intentions; I unite my actions to yours so that they may be divinized, and I unite them to all the works You did in your most sacred humanity, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they operated in a holy way and with upright intentions.

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 hang on the Cross. I thank You for the excruciating lacerations the nails continue to form in your wounds which, under the weight of your most sacred body, tear open more and more. I ask your forgiveness for all the rebellious and disobedient acts of souls. I offer You the pains of your most sacred feet in reparation for these offenses, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they been submitted to You in everything.

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O my Jesus, I kiss your *most sacred left hand*. I thank You for all that You have suffered for me and for all the times You have appeased the Divine Justice by offering satisfaction for everyone!

I kiss *your right hand*, and I thank You for all the good You have done and do for everyone. In a special way, I thank You for the Fiats of Creation, Redemption and Sanctification.

I ask your forgiveness in the name of all, for all the times we have been ungrateful for your blessings and for our many works done without an upright intention. I intend to give You all the perfection and sanctity of your own works in reparation for all of these offenses, so as to give You all the glory that souls would have given You, had they corresponded to all of your blessings.

My dear Jesus, I kiss your *Most Sacred Heart*. I thank You for all that You have suffered, desired and yearned for, and for your love for everyone, with thanksgiving for each one in particular. I ask your forgiveness for all evil desires and bad affections and tendencies. I ask forgiveness, O Jesus, for the many who place your love after the love of others 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.

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Glorious mysteries

1. The Resurrection

(From Luisa's 36th volume, April 20, 1938)

[To Luisa Jesus relates:] My daughter, in My Resurrection, souls received the rightful claims to rise again in Me to new life. It was the confirmation and seal of My entire life, of My works and of My words. If I came to earth it was to enable each and every soul to possess My Resurrection as their own – to give them life and make them resurrect in My own Resurrection.

And do you wish to know when the real resurrection of the soul occurs? Not in the end of days, but while it is still alive on earth. One who lives in My Will resurrects to the light and says: 'My night is over.' Such a soul rises again in the love of its Creator and no longer experiences cold of winter, but enjoys the smile of My heavenly spring. Such a soul rises again to holiness, which hastily disperses all weakness, misery and passions; it rises again to all that is heavenly. And should this soul look at the earth, the heavens or the sun, it does so to find the works of its Creator, and to take the opportunity to narrate to him his glory and his long love story.

Therefore, the soul 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 anymore.' Such a soul who lives in My Will can also say, 'My will is no

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longer mine, for it has resurrected in God's Fiat.' And if life's circumstances, opportunities or sufferings should surround this soul to try to make it act of its own will, this soul answers:

'My will is risen again, it is no longer in my power. I possess, in exchange, the Divine Will, and with its light I wish to envelop all things around me – all circumstances and sufferings, thereby transforming them into many divine conquests.' The soul who lives in Our Will finds life in My acts and, also always finds in this [earthly] life Our operating, conquering and triumphant Will. This soul gives Us so much glory that heaven cannot contain it. Therefore, live always in Our Will and, if you wish to be Our triumph and glory, never leave it.

2. The Ascension

(From Luisa's 35th volume, January 24, 1938)

[To Luisa Jesus relates:]: Daughter of My Will, in descending from heaven to earth I, your Jesus, said: 'I leave and yet I remain', and when I ascended into heaven, 'I remain and yet I leave.'²⁵⁴ My word are repeated whenever I descend in souls through My Sacramental presence [of the Eucharist]: 'I leave and yet I remain in the Tabernacles.'

²⁵⁴ Jesus who is distinct but inseparable from the Father and the Holy Spirit, "bilocated himself: He remained in heaven with the Father and the Holy Spirit while bilocating himself in the womb of Mary. Hence the first expressions, "*I leave and yet I remain*". Moreover, Jesus bilocated himself in the Eucharist before ascending to heaven. Hence the expression, "*I remain and yet I leave*".

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Similarly, the soul who lives in My Will can repeat My words in all of its acts. No sooner does this soul begin to do its act, than I, Jesus, am formed in the soul's act. For My life has the virtue of multiplying itself to infinity for as many times as the soul desires [to do its acts]. Therefore, in all truth, may the soul say:

'I leave and yet I remain: I [bilocate my soul by] leaving for heaven to [be with and to glorify My Jesus] and experience my heavenly homeland, so that I may, in turn, [return to earth to] make my dear Jesus known to everyone, whom I have enclosed within my acts [of bilocation]. In this way, all may enjoy him and love him. And yet, as the same time, I remain on earth, to be the life, support and defense for all my brothers and sisters.' How beautiful one act in my Will is!

3. The Descent of the Holy Spirit

(From "*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*", Day 30)

[The Blessed Mother reveals to Luisa:] Then the time came for the descent of the Holy Spirit in the cenacle promised by my Son. What a transformation, my child! As those present were enveloped [by the Holy Spirit], they acquired new knowledge, heroic courage and 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 work of Redemption known, and to give their lives for their Master.

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I remained with beloved John, and was forced to leave Jerusalem as the storm of persecution began.

My dearest child, I still continue to instruct the Church.²⁵⁵ There is nothing that descends [from heaven] that does not derive from me; I can say that I pour myself out for love of my children and 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 lap and into my maternal arms so that, taking refuge in this vessel,²⁵⁶ you may rest assured that you will live in the sea of the Divine Will. A greater grace I could not grant you. So I entreat you, make your mother happy by desiring to live in this ever-so holy Kingdom. And when you see that your will wishes to act on its own, come and take refuge in the safe vessel of my arms, saying to me: “My mother, my will wants to betray me, so I hand it over to you so that you may exchange it for me with the Divine Will.”

Oh, how happy I shall be in saying: “My child is all mine because she lives in the Divine Will.” And I will make the Holy Spirit descend upon your soul, so that in you

²⁵⁵ The original Italian text states, “*To continuo ancora il mio magistero nella Chiesa*” (cf. footnote 86, p. 261; footnote 69, p. 231).

²⁵⁶ On this 30th day, Mary refers to herself and her arms as a vessel – a symbol of her maternal protection over the Church. Inasmuch as the human body represents an earthly vessel on voyage to its heavenly homeland, the vessel itself may represent the human body, while the motor its soul’s will, the rudder its intellect, the undercurrent its memory, and the wind against the sails the gifts received from the Holy Spirit.

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He may vanquish whatever is purely human; by his refreshing breath He shall reign over you and confirm you in the Divine Will.

4. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into Heaven

(From Luisa's 18th volume, August 15, 1925)

[Luisa relates:] I was thinking of the Feast Day of my Heavenly Mother's Assumption into Heaven and my most sweet Jesus, with the most moving and tender accent, said:

“... It was the human will that closed heaven, broke the bonds with its Creator, made misery and sufferings emerge, and put an end to the feast that the soul was to enjoy in heaven. Now, this soul, the 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 pure Divine Will – opened the heavens, bound herself to the Eternal One, and restored in heaven all festivities with creation. Every act she did in the Supreme Will was a feast that she began in heaven, whence she formed suns to adorn this feast and she produced melodies to the delight of the heavenly Jerusalem.

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Therefore, the true cause of this feast is the Eternal Will operating and fulfilled in my Heavenly Mother.²⁵⁷ From the time she was in the womb it operated in her such prodigies as to astonish heaven and earth, to bind the Eternal One with indissoluble bonds of love, and to enrapture the Eternal Word. The very angels were enraptured and repeated among themselves: *'From whence comes so much glory, so much honour, such greatness and never-before seen prodigies that we behold in this excelling creature? And yet, she comes from the land of exile!'* Astonished, they recognized the Will of their Creator as the very life that operated in her and, with trepidation, they said: *'Holy, Holy, Holy! Honour and glory to the Will of Our Sovereign Lord, and glory to Mary, thrice Holy, who let his Supreme Will operate in her!'* For it is above all My Will [operating in her] that was and is [the cause for the] celebration of this day of My Most Holy Mother's Assumption into Heaven..."

²⁵⁷ Earlier in this message, Jesus tells Luisa that the Feast Day of the Assumption celebrates the Eternal Will operating *in Mary*, and for this reason it is for Mary the Feast Day of the Divine Will.

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5. The Coronation of the Blessed Virgin Mary: Mother and Queen of Heaven and Earth, and Queen of the Divine Will

(From “*The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*”, Day 31)

[The Blessed Mother reveals to Luisa:] As I breathed my last out of pure love in the endless sea of the Divine Will, my Son received me in his arms and took me to heaven among the angelic choirs who praised me as their Queen. I can say that heaven emptied itself to come to me and everyone [in heaven] celebrated. In gazing at me, all remained enraptured and with one accord exclaimed: “Who is she who comes from the exile, completely immersed in her Lord, all beautiful and all holy, bearing the Queen’s scepter?”²⁵⁸ So great is she that the heavens have lowered themselves to receive her. No other creature has entered these heavenly regions so adorned, so striking and so powerful; indeed she has supremacy over all.”

Now, my child, do you wish to know who she is to whom all heaven sang hymns, and who caused all of

²⁵⁸ While one might interpret this phrase to suggest that the angels were unaware of Mary until her Assumption into heaven, Luisa reveals quite the opposite. “*Here I am, Holy mother, near your cradle to witness your miraculous birth. The heavens are astonished, the sun is fixed upon you with its light, the earth exults with joy and feels honoured because it is inhabited by its little newborn Queen; the angels vie to be around your cradle to honour you and act on your every wish. Everyone honours you and wants to celebrate your birth*” (*The Blessed Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will*, Day 10). Also Luisa was known by everyone in heaven before her death (L. Piccarreta, volume 14, March 10, 1922), and so too are the souls who live in the Divine Will (Ibid, volume 36, May 10, 1938).

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heaven to be enraptured? It is I, she who never did her will. The Divine Will abounded in me to such an extent that it extended in my soul the most beautiful heavens, the most refulgent suns along with seas of beauty, love and holiness with which I could administer light to all. To all I could administer love and sanctity while enclosing everything and everyone within my heavenly soul. All this was the work of the Divine Will operating in me. The Divine Will accomplished in me the great prodigy, whereby I was the only creature to enter heaven with the Kingdom of the Divine Will established in its soul.

MEDITATIONS FOR THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS IN THE DIVINE WILL

(from prayers and extracts of Luisa's writings)

Opening Prayer

My dear mother Mary, as I behold the face of sorrowful Jesus who is pale, sad, tormented, there awakens in you the memory of the sufferings He is about to endure. You foresee his face covered with spittle and you bless it, his head pierced with thorns, his eyes blindfolded, his body lacerated by the scourges, his hands and feet pierced with nails and, wherever He is goes, you follow him with your blessings. And I too wish to follow Jesus with you, so that when he is struck by the scourges, crowned with thorns, slapped and pierced with nails, He may always find my "I bless You" together with yours. I will follow you in everything and keep you faithful company.

And now, my sweet Jesus, allow my heart to draw life from your Heart so that I may live only with your Heart. In each offense you receive, allow me to always be ready to offer you solace, comfort, reparation and an [continuous] act of uninterrupted love.

My afflicted Jesus, I offer you these Stations of the Cross in honor of your Passion and death, to disarm the just anger of God for mankind's many sins, for the triumph of the Holy Church, for the conversion of sinners, for peace in

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the world, for the sanctification of souls, for the holy souls in purgatory, and to hasten the triumph of your Kingdom so that your Will may be done on earth as in heaven.

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First Station

Jesus is Condemned to Death

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*”, 9am Hour)

[Luisa relates:] Not knowing what else to do, and for fear of being deposed, Pilate has a basin of water brought to him and, washing his hands, he says: “I am not responsible for the Blood of this just man,” 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 rejoice, clap their hands, whistle and shout. And You instead, O Jesus, offer reparation for those who, finding themselves in high positions of authority, out of vain fear and to avoid losing their places of honour, break the most sacred laws without any concern for the destruction it may cause entire nations, and who favour the wicked while condemning the innocent. You offer reparation also for those who, having sinned, provoke God’s divine anger to punish them.

Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Second Station

Jesus is Made to Carry his Cross

(From "*The Hours of the Passion*", 10am Hour)

[Luisa relates:] You eagerly allow the Cross to be placed on your most sacred shoulders. O beloved Jesus, the Cross is too light for your love, but the weight of our sins adds to it, thus making it enormous and as immense as the expanse of the heavens. And You, my wearied and good Jesus, feel crushed under the weight of so many sins; your soul is horrified at their sight and experiences the pains of each sin; your sanctity is shaken before the ugliness of so much sin. And as the Cross weighs upon your shoulders, You stagger, You pant and a mortal sweat passes through your most sacred humanity.

O Jesus, my love, I don't have the heart to leave You alone. I want to share the weight of the Cross with You. To comfort You in bearing the weight of our sins, I cling to your feet. In the name of all creatures, I love You for those who do not love You, I praise You for those who despise You, and I bless You, I thank You and I obey You on behalf of all... I promise to offer You my entire being in reparation for any offense You may receive. I console You with my kisses and continuous acts of love to offer You [my loving] acts in reparation for the offensive acts souls thrust upon You. But I realize that I am too wretched; to be able to offer You true reparation I need You [to offer reparation in me]. Therefore I unite myself to your most

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sacred humanity and, with You, I unite my thoughts to your thoughts in reparation for all evil thoughts – mine and those of others; I unite my eyes to your eyes in reparation for [all] evil glances; I unite my mouth to your mouth in reparation for blasphemies and evil conversations; I unite my heart to your Heart in reparation for evil tendencies, desires and affections... In a word, by uniting myself to your immense love for all and to the immense good You do for all, I offer reparation for everything your most sacred humanity [in me] makes reparation for. But I am not yet satisfied, as I desire to unite myself to your divinity and completely lose my entire poor being in it, and in this way, give You everything...

Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Third Station

Jesus Falls the First Time

(From "*The Hours of the Passion*", 10am Hour)

[Luisa relates:] My most patient Jesus, I see You taking the first steps under the enormous weight of the Cross. I unite my steps with yours, so that when You are weak, staggering, about to fall and have poured forth all your Blood, I will be at your side to sustain You. I will place my shoulders beneath your Cross to share with You its weight. Do not reject me, but accept me as your faithful companion. O Jesus, You gaze at me, and in that gaze I see You offer reparation for those who do not carry their crosses with resignation, but rather, they swear, get irritated, commit suicide and murder. And You implore love and resignation to the cross on behalf of all. But your pain is such that You feel crushed under the Cross. You have taken only the first step and already You fall beneath it. As You fall, You bang against the rocks and the thorns are driven more deeply into your head, while all your wounds feel the harrowing effects and You pour forth new Blood. And since You do not have the strength to get up, your enemies, irritated, force You to stand with kicks and shoves.

My fallen love, let me help You stand, let me kiss You, dry your Blood and offer reparation with You for those who sin out of ignorance, anxiety and weakness. I beseech You to help these souls.

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Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Fourth Station

Jesus meets his Blessed Mother

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*”, 10am Hour)

[Luisa relates:] Your mother who is searching for You like a moaning dove, wishes to offer You her last words and to receive your last gaze. You feel her sorrows as her torn Heart is in your Heart, both of which are moved and wounded in mutual love... You see her pushing her way through the crowd as she desires at all costs to see You, to hug You and to say goodbye to You for the last time. You are profoundly transfixed upon seeing her mortal paleness and all of your sorrows reproduced in her by love. If she lives, it is only by a miracle of your omnipotence.

You move your steps in her direction, but You can hardly exchange a glance... Oh, the blow that strikes your two Hearts! The soldiers take notice and, striking and shoving You, prevent your mother and You, her Son, from saying the last goodbye. The torment You both experience is so overwhelming that your mother remains petrified with sorrow and is about to die. Faithful John and the pious women sustain her while You fall again under the Cross... Then, your sorrowful mother does with her soul what she cannot do with her body: She fuses herself in You, makes the Will of the Eternal One her own and, assimilating all of your pains within herself, she exercises her maternal office by kissing You, offering You reparation, comforting You

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and pouring the balm of her sorrowful love into all of your wounds.

My sorrowful Jesus, I too unite myself with our sorrowful mother. I make all your pain and every drop of your Blood my own. In each wound I wish to act as a mother and, together with You and her, I offer reparation for all dangerous encounters, for those who expose themselves to the occasions of sin or, forced by necessity to be exposed to them, remain entangled in sin.

Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Fifth Station

Simon of Cyrene Helps Jesus to Carry the Cross

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*”, 10am Hour)

[Luisa relates:] But your enemies, again fearing that You may die under the Cross, force a Cyrenean to help You carry it. Unwilling and complaining, he helps You – not out of love, but because he is obliged. Then there echoes in your Heart all the complaints of those who suffer – who lack resignation and who act out of rebellion, anger and contempt. But your sufferings increase in seeing that souls consecrated to You, whom You call to assist You and be your companions in suffering, flee from You. And if You press them tightly to yourself by allowing them to share in your sorrows, oh, how they wrest themselves free from your arms and seek out pleasures, thereby leaving You alone to suffer. O my Jesus, while I offer reparation with You, I beg You to hold me in your arms and hug me so tightly that there may be no pain You suffer that I do not endure, so that through them I may be transformed and may make up for the abandonment of all souls.

Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Sixth Station

Veronica Wipes the face of Jesus

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*”, 10am Hour)

[Luisa relates:] Beloved Jesus, You are overcome with weariness and, all bent over, can hardly walk. And I see that You stop and try to look. O heart of mine, what is it? What are You looking for? Oh, it is Veronica who, fearless and courageous, approaches You with a cloth and dries your face that is completely covered with Blood. And You leave your face impressed on the cloth as a sign of gratitude. My generous Jesus, I too want to dry your precious Blood from your face, but not with a cloth; I wish to offer You my entire being to comfort You. I wish to fuse myself with your interior and requite with You, O Jesus, heartbeat for heartbeat, breath for breath, affection for affection and desire for desire. I intend to plunge my being into your *most sacred 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 desire, beloved Jesus, to form waves of heartbeats so that not one evil heartbeat may resound in your Heart and, by this means, relieve all the bitterness You experience on the inside. 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, my beloved Jesus, I intend to form waves of breaths

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and thoughts to cast away any breath or thought that might cause You the least displeasure.

Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Seventh Station

Jesus Falls the Second Time

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*”, 10am Hour)

[Luisa relates:] Jesus, You moan and fall under the Cross. The soldiers fear You may die under the weight of so many martyrdoms and from the shedding of so much Blood. In spite of this, with lashes and kicks, they barely manage to force You back onto your feet. And You offer reparation for repeated falls into sin, for mortal sins committed by all classes of people, and You pray for obstinate sinners while shedding tears of Blood for their conversion.

My love, You are crushed, and as I follow You in your reparations, I see that You stagger under the enormous weight of the Cross. You shiver from head to toe. At their continuous shoving, the thorns penetrate more and more into your most sacred head. The Cross, with its heavy weight, digs into your shoulder, to the extent of forming a wound so deep that it exposes your bones... With every step, it seems that You die. Although You are unable to walk farther, your love which can do all things, gives You strength. As You feel the Cross dig into your shoulder, You offer reparation for hidden sins – those for which reparation has yet to be offered and that increase the bitterness of your convulsions. Beloved Jesus, let me place my shoulder under the Cross to comfort You and offer reparation with You for all hidden sins.

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Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Eighth Station

Jesus Speaks to the Women of Jerusalem

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*”, 10am Hour)

[Luisa relates:] Meanwhile, your enemies, disapproving of Veronica’s [courageous] gesture, flog You, push You and shove You along the way... A few more steps and again You stop, and yet, under the weight of so much suffering, your love does not stop. On seeing the pious women weeping on account of your suffering, You forget yourself and console them saying: “*Daughters, do not weep over My suffering, but over your sins and over [those of] your children.*” What a sublime teaching; how sweet your word is! O Jesus, with You I offer reparation for our lack of charity, and I ask You for the grace to make me forget myself and remember only your interests.

Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Ninth Station

Jesus Falls the Third Time

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*”, 10am Hour)

[Luisa relates:] On hearing You speak, your enemies become enraged and with the ropes they yank You and push You with such rage that You fall down. As You fall, You bang against the stones. The weight of the Cross crushes You, and You feel yourself dying. Let me sustain You and protect your most sacred face with my hands... I see You touch the ground and gasp in your Blood, but your enemies want to make You stand, so they again yank You with the ropes, pull You up by your hair and kick You, but to no avail... You are dying, my Jesus! What sorrow... my heart breaks with grief! Almost dragging You, they take You up to Mount Calvary... As they drag You, I hear You make reparation for all the offenses of souls consecrated to You that weigh upon You so much that no matter how hard You try to stand, You cannot! And so, dragged and trampled on, You reach Calvary, leaving behind You the red traces of your precious Blood.

Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Tenth Station

Jesus is despoiled of his Garments

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*”, 10am Hour)

[Luisa relates:] Jesus, here new sufferings await You. They strip You again, tearing off both your garment and the crown of thorns. Oh, in feeling the thorns being torn out from inside your head You groan. As they tear off your garment, they also tear your lacerated flesh that has adhered to it. The wounds rip open, your Blood flows to the ground in torrents, and the pain is so overwhelming that You collapse almost dead.

But nobody is moved to feel any compassion for You, my love! On the contrary, with bestial fury they force the crown of thorns on You again – they beat it onto your head – and the lacerations and the tearing of your hair clotted in your coagulated Blood causes You such intense pain that only the angels can convey what You endure. And the angels, horrified, turn their heavenly gaze away from You and weep... My despoiled Jesus, allow me to hold You to my heart and warm You, as I see that You are shivering as an icy mortal sweat pervades your most sacred humanity. How I long to give You my life – my blood to take the place of your Blood that You have lost in exchange for my life! And, straining to look at me with his languishing and dying eyes, Jesus seems to say to me:

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“My child, how much souls cost Me! This is the place where I await all souls in order to save them; where I want to offer reparation for the sins of those who degrade themselves to a state lower than beasts, and so obstinately offend Me that they reach the point of not being able to live without committing sins. Their minds are blinded, and they sin unbridledly. This is why they crown Me with thorns for the third time... And in being despoiled of My garments, I offer reparation for those who wear extravagant and indecent clothing, for sins against modesty and for those who are so bound to riches, honours and pleasures that their hearts makes gods of them. Oh yes, each one of these offenses is a death I endure, and if I do not die it is because the Will of My eternal Father has not yet decreed the moment of My death!”

O Jesus, You are stripped of your garments. My love, while I offer reparation with You, I beg You to strip me of everything with your most sacred hands, and not allow any bad affections to enter my heart; watch over it, surround it with your sorrows and fill it with your love. May my life be the complete repetition of your life. Strengthen my desire to despoil myself with your blessing; bless me from your Heart and grant me the strength to be present at your sorrowful crucifixion so that I may remain crucified with You!

Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: “We adore You, O Christ,

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and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Eleventh Station

Jesus is nailed to the Cross

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*”, 11am Hour)

[Luisa relates:] My beloved Jesus, You look at the Cross that your enemies are preparing for You. You hear the blows of the hammer of your executioners who are forming the holes into which they will drive the nails. And your Heart beats more and more vehemently and contracts with exultation, as You yearn to lay yourself upon this bed of pain and seal with your death the salvation of our souls. And I hear You say:

“Beloved Cross, My love, My precious bed. You were My martyrdom in life, and now you are My rest. Please, O Cross, receive Me into your arms without delay. I eagerly await you. Holy Cross, through you I will accomplish all. O Cross, hurry, fulfill My ardent desire of offering up My life for souls; I wish to seal their Redemption by means of you, O Cross. Oh, delay no longer, as I earnestly long to extend Myself upon you to open the [gates of] heaven to all My children...”

You extend yourself on the Cross, looking with so much love and sweetness at your executioners... who hold in their hands the nails and hammers to crucify You...

I kiss your *blessed right hand* my beloved Jesus, and I unite myself to your Passion, I adore You and I thank

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You for myself and for all. I entreat You to deliver in this moment from eternal damnation as many souls as there are blows You receive...

Left hand of my beloved Jesus, I kiss You, I unite myself to your Passion, I adore You and I thank You... I ask You to grant me in this moment that many souls may be released from purgatory and make their flight to heaven...

Blessed feet of my beloved Jesus, I unite myself to your Passion, I kiss You, I adore You and I thank You. I entreat You... to enclose all souls in your most sacred wounds...

My beloved Jesus, I embrace *your Heart*, I unite myself to your Passion, I kiss You, I adore You and I thank You for myself and for all souls.

Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: "We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world."

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Twelfth Station

Jesus Dies on the Cross

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*”, 2pm Hour)

[Luisa relates:] My crucified, dying Jesus, You are now about to take the last breaths of your mortal life... Rigor mortis has already set into your most sacred humanity, and it seems that your Heart has stopped beating. I cling to your feet with Magdalene and, if I could, I would give my life to revive You... From the Cross You look around, as if wanting to give your last goodbye to all. You look at your dying mother, who no longer moves or speaks on account of her great sorrows, and You say to her: “*Goodbye dear mother, I am leaving, but I will keep You in My Heart. Take care of our children*”... You look at weeping Magdalene and faithful John, and with your eyes You say to them, “**Goodbye**”. You gaze upon your own enemies with love, and with your eyes You say to them, “**I forgive you, I give you the kiss of peace**”... Nothing escapes your gaze. You bid farewell to everyone and You pardon everyone. Then, gathering all your strength, and with a loud and thunderous voice, You cry out: “**Father, into your hands I commend My spirit!**” And bowing your head, You breathe your last. +

...O my Jesus... Grant me the grace to die completely in your love and in your Will. I ask that You never permit me, either in life or in death, to go out of your Most Holy Will...

Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed

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Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Thirteenth Station

Jesus is Taken Down from the Cross

(From “*The Hours of the Passion*”, 2pm Hour)

[Luisa relates:] O my Jesus, after your most harrowing and sorrowful death, I do not believe I should be free to live my own life; rather I ought to rediscover my life in your wounded Heart. And all that which I must do, I shall always do by drawing grace from this Sacred Heart of yours... No longer will I give life to my own will. And should my own will demand life, I will draw such life from your Most Holy Will... And behold, they are already preparing to take You down from the Cross. So I, having fused myself completely in You, accompany your dear disciples²⁵⁹ who have left their places to come here to remove the nails from your *most sacred feet*. And as I remove the nails from your feet with them, I beseech You to nail my entire being to You. Jesus, after they have deposed You from the Cross, the first one to receive You onto her lap is your sorrowful mother, and within her arms your *pierced head* gently rests...

Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: “We adore You, O Christ,

²⁵⁹ By “disciples” Luisa intends Joseph of Aramathea and Nicodemus.

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and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Fourteenth Station

Jesus is laid in the Tomb

(From "*The Hours of the Passion*", 4pm Hour)

[Luisa relates:] My sorrowful mother, I see that you dispose yourself for the final sacrifice of having to bury the lifeless body of your Son Jesus. Perfectly resigned to the Will of God, you accompany him and place him in the sepulcher with your own hands...

Sorrowful mother, I see that those who surround you want to close the sepulcher, so you hasten your step. Whence you quickly take Jesus' hands between yours and kiss them, you press them to your Heart and, fusing your hands in his, you fuse yourself in the very pains and wounds of those most sacred hands... O grieving mother, I now see you give the last goodbye to Jesus' pierced Heart... Here you pause, as it is the last blow of sorrow your motherly Heart will here receive... You embrace him and allow the sepulchral stone to close him in.

My Sorrowful mother... just as you fused yourself in Jesus, so fuse my entire being in him and empty me of everything, so that Jesus's entire being may be fused in me. May you begin to carry out your maternal office that Jesus had given you on the Cross with me: With your motherly Heart raise me up from my extreme unworthiness and, with your own hands, enclose my entire being in Jesus...

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Let us pray: Lord Jesus Christ, in your Most Holy Name, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, we offer your Most precious Blood to all human generations and we say: “We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.”

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Closing Prayer

O 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 beseech 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 may You grant me the grace of never forgetting what You have endured and suffered for me. May this be the magnet which, drawing my whole being in You, keeps me from distancing myself from You. Amen.

Nota bene: To gain the indulgences attached to the Stations of the Cross, one may recite for the intentions of the Roman Pontiff 1 *Pater*, *Ave* and *Gloria*.

An indulgence is defined in the *Code of Canon Law* (can. 992) and in the Catechism of the Catholic Church (n. 1471): "An indulgence is a remission before God of the temporal punishment due to sins whose guilt has already been forgiven, which the faithful Christian who is duly disposed gains under certain prescribed conditions through the action of the Church which, as the minister of redemption, dispenses and applies with authority the treasury of the satisfactions of Christ and the saints".

THE CHAPLET OF THE DIVINE WILL

(composed by St. Hannibal di Francia, February 23, 1927)

Begin with:

1 *Pater*

1 *Ave*

1 *Gloria*

On the small rosary beads:

Latin: *“Fiat, Domine, Voluntas Tua, sicut in caelo et in terra. Amen”*

English: *“(Fiat, God,) Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.”*

On the large bead:

Gloria

After 5 decades, conclude with:

“Lord Jesus, we praise Thee, we love Thee, we bless Thee and we thank Thee, with God the Father and the Holy Spirit, in your Holy and Eternal Divine Will. Amen.”

CHAPLET OF THE DIVINE WILL

GOOD MORNING TO JESUS IN THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT

(From the beginning of Luisa's 11th volume)

O my Jesus, sweet Prisoner of Love, here I am before You. Having said goodbye to You [last night], I am now here to say to You good morning. With eager longing I waited to see You again in [the Tabernacle], your prison of love, to offer You my loving respects, my affectionate heartbeats, my ardent sighs and indeed my entire being. I come to forever and completely abandon myself to You, to pledge You my love and be completely transformed into You.

O my most gentle Sacramental Love, do you know that in coming to give myself completely to You I also wish to receive You completely? You are my life; I cannot live without You. So I implore You to bestow on me your [Real] Life.

All is given to the one who gives all, isn't this true, O Jesus? So today I will love [You] with your heartbeat [that beats like] am impassioned lover; I will breathe with your panting breath in search of souls; I will desire with your infinite desires your own glory and the salvation of souls.

May all human heartbeats flow in your divine heartbeat. Let us embrace all souls and lead them to

GOOD MORNING TO JESUS

salvation and, no matter the sacrifice I may be asked to endure, may no soul escape us. If You refuse me, O Jesus, I will immerse myself [in you being] all the more; I will cry out to You and implore, along with You, the salvation of your children and my brethren.

O my Jesus, my life and my all, how much it tells me to see You freely imprison yourself in the Tabernacle. The emblem with which I see you completely adorned is that of souls; the chains that bind your entire Person so tightly are love. It seems as if the words, “Let us save *souls* with your *love*”²⁶⁰ make you smile, move you and compel you to give into all [that I ask of You]. And I, pondering well these excesses of your love, remain always here with You to surround You with my usual refrain: “Let us save *souls* with your *love*.”

Therefore, today I desire You entire being to continuously accompany me in my prayers, labors, joys and sorrows, and when I eat, walk and sleep – in a word, in everything. Although I am incapable of obtaining anything on my own, I am confident that I will obtain everything with You. May everything we do comfort You in your suffering, sweeten your bitter sorrows, make reparation for every offense You receive, requite You in every way and obtain everyone’s conversion, no matter how difficult it may be. Let us go around to every heart begging for a little love to increase your happiness and joy. Does this not please you, O Jesus?

²⁶⁰ The original Italian texts states, “...*anime ed amore*...”

GOOD MORNING TO JESUS

O dear Prisoner of Love, bind me with your chains and, seal me with your love. Oh, I entreat you, show me your beautiful face... O Jesus, how beautiful you are! Your blond hair binds and sanctifies all of my thoughts; your peaceful and clam brow, amidst so many offenses, infuses in me peace and the most perfect calm in the face of the greatest trials and of your own absence that You yourself are quite fond of producing and which costs me my life... Oh, You know quite well what I mean Jesus, as it is my heart that speaks to You more eloquently than I my own words. And so I continue...

O love, your beautiful cerulean eyes, shining with divine light, rapt me up to heaven where I no longer look back to earth. But alas, to my greatest sorrow I realize that my exile on earth still continues! Come quickly O Jesus and take me with You! Yes, you are beauty itself, O Jesus. I see you in your Tabernacle of love... The beauty and majesty of your face enralls me and reveals heaven to me; your gracious mouth lightly touches me with impassioned kisses at every moment; your gentle voice beckons me, inviting me to love You in every instant; your knees sustain me; your arms hold me with an indissoluble bond, and I impress my impassioned kisses, thousands upon thousands, upon your adorable face.

Jesus, may our will be one, our love be one and our joy be one. Do not abandon me, as I am a nothing, and as nothing I cannot be without You who are my all. Will you promise me this, O Jesus? You seem to say, yes. May I have your blessing: Bless my entire being and, in the company of our sweet mother, of the angels and saints and

GOOD MORNING TO JESUS

of all souls, I say, “Good morning, O Jesus, good morning.”

GOOD EVENING TO JESUS IN THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT

(From the beginning of Luisa's 11th volume)

O my Jesus, Heavenly Prisoner, the sun is now setting, the darkness covers the earth, and You remain alone in your Tabernacle of love. I believe I see You with an air of sadness on account of the loneliness of the night; of not having with you the crown of your children and tender spouses who may at least keep You company in the Tabernacle in which You freely imprison yourself.

O my Divine Prisoner, I too feel my heart ache for having to leave You, whence I am compelled to say goodbye to You. But, what am I saying? O Jesus, never again will I say goodbye; I haven't the courage to leave You alone. I may say goodbye with my lips, but not with my heart. Rather, I leave my heart with You in the Tabernacle. I will count your heartbeats and requite them with my heartbeats of love. I will number your belaboured sighs and, to cheer you up, I will have You rest in my arms. I will be your vigilant sentry. I will be attentive to [shelter You from] anything that may trouble or sadden You – not only to keep You from ever being alone, but to share in all your sorrows.

O Heart of my heart! O Love of my love! Dispel this air of sadness and receive [my] comfort. I cannot bear to see You afflicted. While with my lips I say goodbye, I leave with You my breath, my affections, my thoughts, my desires and every motion I make so that they may form a

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chain of continuous acts of love which, uniting to yours, surround you like a crown and love you on behalf of all souls. Are you not satisfied, O Jesus? It seems as if you say, yes, is this not so? Goodbye, O Loving Prisoner, though I wish to say more.

So before I depart, I wish to leave my body before You; I wish to offer You, in many little acts of adoration, [the acts I perform in] my body,²⁶¹ multiplied and transformed into as many [sanctuary] lamps as there are Tabernacles on earth. And wish to multiply [the acts I perform united with] my blood, and transform them in many little flames to light these [sanctuary] lamps. In every Tabernacle I wish to place my [own sanctuary] lamp which, uniting with the lamp of your Tabernacle, may burn bright before You all night and say: “I love You, I adore you, I bless You, I offer you reparation and I thank You on my own behalf and on behalf of all souls.”

Goodbye, O Jesus, although I have but one more but thing to say. Let us make a pact: Let us love each other more, [but for me to love You more] You must give me more love by enclosing and immersing me in your love, and by making me live in your love. Let us strengthen our bonds of love even more. I will be satisfied only if You give me your love to be able to really love You.

Goodbye, O Jesus. Bless me, and [through me] bless everyone. Press me to your Heart and imprison me in

²⁶¹ The original Italian text states, “... *intendo delle mie carni e delle mie ossa fare tanti minutissimi pezzi per formare tante lampade...*”

GOOD EVENING TO JESUS

your love. I now depart, placing a kiss upon your Heart.
Goodbye, o Jesus.

CONSECRATION PRAYER

TO THE DIVINE WILL

(composed by Luisa at the request of
Hannibal di Francia)

O Adorable and Divine Will, here I am, before the immensity of your light. May your eternal goodness open to me the doors of the Divine Will, so that I may enter and form my entire life in You, Divine Will.

Therefore, O Adorable Will, prostrate before your light I, the least of all, join the little group of the first children of your Supreme Fiat. Prostrate in my nothingness, I beseech and implore your endless light to invest me and eclipse all that which opposes You. In this way, I only look to You, desire only your knowledge and live only in You Divine Will. You shall be my life, the center of my intelligence, and the enrapturer of my heart and of my entire being.

In this heart the human will shall no longer have a life of its own; I will banish it forever and entreat You to form in me the new Eden of peace, happiness and love. With the Divine Will I shall always be happy, I shall possess a unique strength and a holiness that sanctifies all things and conducts all things to God.

Here prostrate, I invoke the help of the Most Holy Trinity: [Father, Son and Holy Spirit] I implore you to admit me to live in the cloister of the Divine Will and

CONSECRATION TO THE DIVINE WILL

restore in me the original order of creation, which You established in the first human soul created by You.

Heavenly Mother, Sovereign Queen of the Divine Fiat, take me by the hand and enclose me in the light of the Divine Will. My tender mother, be my guide. Guard me, your child, and teach me to live and to maintain myself in the order and boundaries of the Divine Will. Heavenly Queen, to your Heart I entrust my entire being. I will be your tiny little child of the Divine Will. If you teach me how to live in the Divine Will, I shall be attentive to your lessons. Cover me with your blue mantle so that the infernal serpent dare not enter into this sacred Eden to entice me and make me fall into the maze of my human will.

Heart of my greatest good, Jesus, let me share in the flames with which your Sacred Heart is set ablaze with love for us, so that they may set me ablaze, consume me, nourish me, and form in me the life of the Supreme Will.

Saint Joseph, be my protector, the guardian of my heart and keep the keys of my will in your hands. Jealously hold onto my heart, and never give it back to me so that I may be sure never to leave of the Will of God.

Guardian angel, guard me, defend me and assist me in all things, so that my Eden may expand, flourish and summon the whole world to live in the Will of God. Heavenly court, come to my assistance, and I promise you that I will always live in the Divine Will. Amen.

BEATIFICATION PRAYER

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 so 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.

+ Archbishop Carmelo Cassati
Trani, Italy

BEATIFICATION PRAYER

Manual for Instructing the Faithful on the Gift of Living in the Divine Will

The following instructions are taken from the Church's first doctoral dissertation on Luisa Piccarreta's writings. This doctoral dissertation was successfully defended by Rev. Joseph L. Iannuzzi, STD of the Pontifical University of Rome that is authorized by the Holy See, and bears the official seals of ecclesiastical approval under the title, "*Living in the Divine Will in the Writings of Luisa Piccarreta – an inquiry into the early ecumenical councils, and patristic, scholastic and contemporary theology*". It is available for purchase online.

1 - Public and Private Revelation

The Catholic Catechism states the following: "*No new public revelation is to be expected before the glorious coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Yet even if Revelation is already complete, it had not been completely explicit; it remains for Christian faith gradually to grasp its full significance over the course of the centuries*" (CCC, 66).

In this article one discovers the progressive disclosure (explication) of public revelation. If, on the one hand, this article relates that Jesus revealed to us everything we need for salvation and no new "public" revelation (the

INSTRUCTING THE FAITHFUL ON THE GIFT OF LIVING IN THE DIVINE WILL

Deposit of Faith) is to be expected, on the other hand, it affirms that not everything in the public revelation of Christ was revealed to us “explicitly”! Concerning Jesus’ unexplicated doctrines, I recall Jesus’ words to his disciples before departing from this world: “*I still have many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now. But when the Spirit of truth comes, He will teach you all the truth*” (Jn. 16:12).

Church documents of the past 2,000 years further testify to the continuing, ongoing disclosure of public revelation, as they never state that revelation has “ended” with Christ, but rather that Christ’s public revelation is “complete.” Unfortunately the 19th-century employment of the word “end” in actual fact is a very unfortunate rendering of the Latin *compleo*, which the Church employs to describe Christ’s public revelation. In fact, *compleo* doesn’t signify “end” at all, but instead it means the foundation of revelation that in Christ is constituted once and for all. Indeed, revelation occurs through the official teaching voice of the Church (Magisterium) as well as through the office of prophet (through whom the Church today receives private revelations) whom St. Paul lists immediately after the office of Apostle: “God has appointed in his Church first Apostles, *second prophets*, third teachers, fourth miracles...” (1 Cor. 12:28).

This is one of the many reasons why the Church’s “private” revelations – while not essential to our salvation, nevertheless valuable for our sanctification – are of

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importance today, as they constitute the continuing and ongoing unfolding of Christ's "public" revelation. Their importance is witnessed in the spiritual consequences that would have ensued if the Church ignored them: Had the Church ignored the private revelations of St. Margaret Mary we would neither have today's promise of the grace of final perseverance through the observance of the first 9 Friday's of each month, nor the Feast of the Sacred Heart; had it ignored the private revelations of St. Faustina we would not have the Feast of Divine mercy that grants a total remission of all sin and punishment; had it ignored the private revelations of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta we would not have God's greatest gift to the Church, i.e., Living in the Divine Will that bequeaths to the soul on earth the same interior union with God's Will as enjoyed by the saints in heaven.

In sum, while "public" revelation refers to that period of the Church when Christ proclaimed the Good News of salvation of which the Apostles bore written testimony, which is forever constituted and normatively witnessed in Scripture, "private" revelations explicate public revelation with a new message from Christ to the churches today that is rooted in Tradition. The renowned theologians Josef Cardinal Ratzinger, Urs von Balthasar, René Laurentin and Karl Rahner agree that revelation "never ends", and that with Christ and the Apostles such revelation is "materially" fulfilled in him and normatively transmitted by the Apostles in the form of Scripture. However, since with the course of the centuries there are

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new times and circumstances, and God continues to reveal himself to his Church in every age, revelation that was materially fulfilled with Christ always requires a new “form”, and this form is often the written testimony of many of today’s prophets, such as Luisa.

2 – Who is Luisa Piccarreta?

2.1 – Life

April 23, 1865: Luisa’s birth and Baptism on Sunday «*in albis*» (exactly 130 years later Pope John Paul II proclaimed this day «Divine mercy Sunday»).

April 23, 1874: At the age of 9 on Sunday «*in albis*» Luisa receives her first Communion and Confirmation. She begins to hear Jesus’ voice.

1878: At the age of 13, Luisa receives her first vision of Jesus carrying the Cross who implores her, «Soul, help me»!

1881: At the age of 16, Luisa accepts the state of victimhood and is intermittently confined to bed.

1882: At the age of 17, Luisa composes the Christmas Novena that she would recite every year for the rest of her life.

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November, 1887: At the age of 22 Luisa is definitively confined to bed.

October 16, 1888: At the age of 23 Luisa experiences her first nuptial of spiritual marriage on earth.

September 7, 1889: At the age of 24 Luisa experiences her second nuptial of spiritual marriage in heaven, i.e., the gift of Living in the Divine Will in which Jesus takes possession of Luisa's heart. Several days later the Trinity confirms Luisa and establishes in her heart its divine indwelling.

Undated Entry: Luisa experiences her third nuptial, the spiritual marriage of the Cross.

February 28, 1899: At the age of 33 in obedience to her confessor Luisa begins to write.

November 16, 1900: At the age of 35 Luisa experiences her fourth nuptial in which she takes possession of Jesus' Heart, receives three divine breathes, and embarks on becoming centered in the Divine Will and on possessing it entirely and completely.

November 12, 1925: Pope Pius XI institutes the Feast of Christ the King.

October 7, 1928: At the age of 63 Luisa moves into the Sisters of the Divine Zeal Orphanage in Corato.

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August 31, 1938: Three of Luisa's works are placed on the Index of Prohibited Books, beside those of Faustina Kowalska and Antonio Rosmini – all of which were eventually rehabilitated by the Church.

October 7, 1938: At the age of 73 Luisa leaves the Sisters of the Divine Zeal Orphanage. Rev. Benedetto Calvi relocates Luisa to Via Magdalena where she would spend her final years.

December 28, 1938: Luisa's writes her last volume (the 36th volume).

March 4, 1947: After a short bout with pneumonia — the only diagnosable illness of her life — Luisa Piccarreta dies.

November 20, 1994: Opening of Luisa's Cause for Beatification; she receives the title Servant of God.

October 29, 2005: Luisa's Cause of Beatification concludes its diocesan *iter*.

2.2 – Doctrine

2.2.1 – The 3 Fiats of Creation, Redemption & Sanctification: While each of the three divine Persons are distinct but inseparable, many theologians including Augustine, maintain that God's *ad extra* works may be

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appropriated to each Person. In Luisa's text this appropriation attributes to God the Father the work of creation, to God the Son the work of Redemption, and to God the Holy Spirit the work of sanctification.

2.2.2 – The 3 modes of prayer and action: In light of John of the Cross's tripartition of the three stages of mystical union with God, i.e., purgation, illumination and unification, and Teresa of Avila's 7 interior mansions, mystical theologians reveal two modes of praying and acting: The human mode (*modo humano*) and the divine mode (*modo divino*). The human mode corresponds to John's stage of purgation and Teresa's first 3 mansions. The divine mode corresponds to John's illumination and unification stages, and Teresa's 4-7 mansions. Until the gift of Living in the Divine Will was freely actualized by God in the Church, no mention was made of an eternal mode, that is, until Luisa's approved writings revealed that the gift of Living in the Divine Will admits the human being to God's "eternal mode", whereby God absorbs and elevates the soul's prayers and actions to continuously participate in the Trinity's one eternal operation (*ad intra operatio*).

Because God's Triune operation is eternal, and therefore transcends time and space, its elevation of the soul's acts empower them to transcend time and space and to multilocate, concomitantly impacting all creatures of the past, present and future, rational and irrational. By this means, to the soul is restored the gift that Adam and Eve, and Jesus and Mary possessed, and that restores to it the

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office of crown of all creation. Similar to Daniel's chapter 3.57ff and David's Psalm 148, whose prayers in the divine mode impacted creatures of their time, Luisa's "rounds" throughout creation provide a method of praying in the eternal mode that impacts creatures of all time.

2.2.3 – A new holiness: To Luisa Jesus reveals that the gift of Living in the Divine Will is "A new sanctity that surpasses all other forms of sanctity", and that those who receive this gift on earth "leave all other saints behind", and will in heaven form the "new hierarchy" that no one else is permitted to occupy.

It is noteworthy that the mystical life in many respects is a subjectively experiential phenomenon, and it is often beyond our ken to objectively determine the greatness of one individual's sanctity, much less compare one person's sanctity to that of another. While only God beholds the recipient's faithful correspondence to whatever grace he may wish to grant it, it is safe to assert that one form of sanctity may be greater than another *when* its greatness is determined by the greatness of his gift imparted and by said correspondence.

It is within this context that Jesus reassures Luisa that Living in the Divine Will is God's "greatest gift to mankind" that he has recently actualized within his Church, and that brings with it a new holiness. This new holiness consists of the soul's sharing in the infinite merits of Jesus, who "has perfected *for all time* those who are being

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sanctified” (Heb. 10.12). Accordingly, the soul who lives in the Divine Will shares, in every action and in every instant, in the same merits of Jesus’ humanity, as it perfects and sanctifies *all* creation with Christ and hastens the realization of the kingdom of his Divine Will on earth. This realization is the fulfillment of the words of the “Our Father” prayer, in which one prays, “your will be done on earth as it is in heaven.”

2.2.4 – Difference between “Doing” and “Living” in the Divine Will: In considering the divine and eternal modes of prayer and action, Jesus reveals to Luisa the expressions, “doing the Divine Will” to signify the former, and “Living in the Divine Will” to signify the latter. He affirms that “Living in the Divine Will” is the model that is “closest to the blessed in heaven” and as distant from “doing the Divine Will” “as that of heaven from earth”. The following analogy depicts these two modes: The divine mode of prayer is that of a saintly person on earth who wishes to pray for the deceased souls in a cemetery. To do so, he must walk from one tomb stone to another to see who it is he is to pray for and then pray for that soul, one soul at a time. The eternal mode of prayer is that of one who, in wishing to pray for souls in a cemetery, is taken above in a plane and beholds all souls in one bird’s-eye view to pray for all concomitantly. Living in the Divine Will is to invite God’s one eternal operation into our finite prayers and actions, who bequeaths to them an eternal quality, whereby they impact all souls of the past, present and future concomitantly.

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2.2.5 – The gift of Living in the Divine Will establishes in the soul Jesus’ “Real Life”. This Real Life is similar to Jesus’ “Real Presence” in the Eucharist, and it is perpetuated in the soul who lives in the Divine Will. The Baltimore Catechism affirmed that after one consumes the consecrated Host, the accidents of bread remain in him for about 15 minutes, and then they are digested. In the soul who lives in the Divine Will, Jesus tells Luisa that although the accidents are consumed, his presence in the consecrated Host is perpetuated in that soul, thus constituting his Real Life. By this means, the soul who lives in the Divine Will becomes a “living host”, that is, another Jesus, interceding on behalf of mankind.

2.3 – Spirituality

2.3.1 – The Morning Offering in the Divine Will (see pp. 65-67): (Luisa also refers to this as the “Prevenient act”). Jesus asks that we recite this prayer at the first rising of the day, for in doing so, we invite God’s one eternal operation in all of our thoughts, words and actions throughout the day. Accordingly, God absorbs our finite acts into his all-embracing operation that sustains and enlivens all things. By this means, all that which we think, say and do, sustains and enlivens all creatures throughout the cosmos.

2.3.2 – The renewal of the Morning Offering throughout the day: (Luisa also refers to this as the “present

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act”). Because distractions throughout the day may lessen the efficacy of our Morning Offering prayer, we are asked renew it from time to time during the day. This renewal may be a repetition of the words of the Morning Offering, or it may be a simple aspiration of one or two sentences in which we invite the Trinity to continuously operate in our memory, intellect and will, and continuously empower our breath, heartbeat, and Blood flow. Indeed, to Luisa Jesus revealed that in prelapsarian Adam God the Father continuously operated in his will and heartbeat, the Son of God in his intellect and Blood flow, and the Holy Spirit on his memory and breath.

2.3.3 – The “Rounds” in creation: Each day the soul seeks to requite the love God placed in creation out of love for it, by going throughout creation adoring, thanking and glorifying God. Here the soul “bilocates” itself within creation by assimilating its thoughts, words and acts, with those of all humans, and it praises, adores and thanks God on behalf of creatures throughout the cosmos. By assimilating in its daily life its every, thought, word and action with those all creatures, the soul divinizes all created activity. Indeed, Jesus tells Luisa that in his hidden life his every breath, step, word, and even his most menial acts, divinized all human activity and the activity of all creatures; while his Passion redeemed man, his hidden life divinized man.

Luisa accomplished her Rounds with two movements of her soul. To better illustrate this interior

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dynamic, her first interior movement was general, whereby she offered to God the love, praise and thanksgiving of and for all creatures at once. Her second interior movement was particular, whereby she offered to God all things individually or in clusters, e.g., the acts of all humans, the motions of the stars, of the trees, etc. Reminiscent of the payers of Daniel 3.57ff and Psalm 148, Luisa's Rounds impacted creation, and by virtue of God's eternal operation, they not only impacted creatures of her lifetime, but of all time and concomitantly.

2.3.4 – The repetition of the soul's "divine acts": Divine acts are the Trinity's one eternal operation (that transcends time and space and impacts all creatures concomitantly) absorbing our finite acts in such a way that our acts impact all creatures too. Such divine acts dispose all humans to receive the gift of Living in the Divine Will, they help "set creation free from its slavery to corruption" (Rom. 8.21), they dispose the world for a universal era of peace, and they help realize on earth the fulfillment of the Our Father prayer: "Thy kingdom come, thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven".

2.3.5 – Meditation on *The Hours of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ*: This is perhaps the most indulgenced work Luisa wrote, as the prayers contained in this meditation help save souls and avert calamities, they offer protection to souls and make reparation to God. Jesus tells Luisa that those who regularly meditate on this work, if they are tempted, will overcome all weakness, and if

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imperfect, they will become holy and attain perfection. Moreover, he assures her that there is not a soul that enters purgatory or heaven that does not benefit from these Hours of the Passion.

2.3.6 – Meditation on *The Blessed Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will's 36 lessons*²⁶² that teach us how to Live in the Divine Will: These are daily meditations for each day during the month of May (including 5 extra lessons at the request of her confessor), but they may be used for meditation during any month. As Jesus gave us lessons in 36 volumes, so here Mary offers 36 lessons.

2.3.7 – The 36 Volumes: These contain Jesus' revelations to Luisa on how to Live in the Divine Will. The 36 volumes comprise over 8,550 pages written by Luisa who possessed little more than a first-grade education. Of the 36 volumes, the first group of 12 addresses the *Fiat of Redemption*, the second group of 12 addresses the *Fiat of Creation*, and the third group of 12 addresses the *Fiat of Sanctification*. While Luisa wrote in a scattered and uncoordinated manner, her doctrine – as demonstrated in my doctoral thesis – remains unassailable. Her 36 volumes are primarily intended for the Church's hierarchy, its Priests and bishops, whom Jesus calls to review and interpret them in light of Sacred Scripture, Tradition and Magisterial teachings. These are to then convey them to the laity with doctrinally sound and short teachings. Because few laity will have the time to read over 8,550 pages, all 36

²⁶² Cf. the Introduction to “The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will”.

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volumes have been systematically presented and condensed in 400 pages for the laity in the approved doctoral thesis entitled, “*The Gift of Living in the Divine Will in the Writings of Luisa Piccarreta – an inquiry into the early ecumenical councils, and into patristic, scholastic and contemporary theology*” (available for purchase online).

2.3.8 – The soul’s progression in the Divine Will: Some souls live imperfectly in the Divine Will, others more perfectly, and yet others to the point of immersing themselves completely in the Divine Will.

2.3.9 – The Four Steps to Living in the Divine Will: Desire (admits us to this gift), knowledge (advances us in this gift), virtue (anchors us in this gift), and life (actualizes this gift). While the soul in the state of grace may, with holy *desire*, immediately enter into God’s one eternal operation and impact all things concomitantly, it is not until the soul becomes grounded in the *virtues* that it may experience *life* in the Divine Will, as life implies continuity in God’s one eternal operation.

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The Fulfillment of the “Our Father” Prayer

When Jesus came to earth to redeem mankind, he taught his disciples to pray the “Our Father”. Luisa’s writings relate that in this prayer, Jesus invokes the third “Fiat of Sanctification”, which she often refers to as the “*Fiat Voluntas Tua*”. The Holy Spirit actualizes this third Fiat²⁶³ in order to inaugurate the Kingdom of the Divine Will in souls on earth. By reciting the Our Father prayer for the past 2,000 years, the Church has not only petitioned this Kingdom, but it has disposed the world to receive it so that the Divine Will may come to extend its reign in souls on earth.

It is appropriate here to recall that after the “Fiat of Creation”, Adam lost the Kingdom of the Divine Will and no mere creature could restore it. In the “Fiat of Redemption” the God-man Jesus Christ alone restored this divine gift²⁶⁴ in his humanity as a pledge of its universal realization²⁶⁵. Moreover, Jesus’ prime purpose in Redemption was to establish the Kingdom of the Divine Will in his humanity and, through it, to inaugurate its reign within all human nature²⁶⁶. Jesus illustrates this truth:

²⁶³ L. Piccarreta, volume 17, May 17, 1925.

²⁶⁴ L. Piccarreta, volume 20, September 17, 1926.

²⁶⁵ L. Piccarreta, volume 12, May 22, 1919.

²⁶⁶ L. Piccarreta, volume 24, September 10, 1928.

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“My daughter, when Adam sinned God gave him the promise of the future Redeemer. Centuries passed and the promise did not fail, therefore human generations enjoyed the blessings of the Redemption. Now, by my coming from heaven to form the Kingdom of Redemption, I made another more solemn promise before departing for heaven: The Kingdom of my Will on earth, which is contained in the “Our Father” prayer. To give it more value and to obtain it more quickly, I made this formal promise in the solemnity of my prayer, asking the Father to let his kingdom come, which is the Divine Will on earth as it is in heaven. I placed my very Self at the head of this prayer knowing that such was his Will, and that he would deny me nothing I should ask of him. Furthermore, I prayed with his own Will and asked for something that my Father himself desired. So after I formed this prayer in the presence of my Heavenly Father, certain that he would grant me the Kingdom of my Divine Will on earth, I taught it to my Apostles so that they might teach it to the whole world, and that one might be the cry of all: ‘your will be done on earth as it is in heaven’. A promise more sure and solemn I could not make [...] my very prayer to the Heavenly Father, ‘May it come, may your kingdom come and your will be done on earth as it is in heaven’, meant that with my coming to earth the Kingdom of my Will was not established on earth, otherwise I would have said, ‘my Father, may Our kingdom that I have already established on earth be confirmed, and let Our Will dominate and reign’. Instead I said, ‘May it come’. This means that it must come and souls must await it with the same certainty with which they awaited the future Redeemer. For my Divine Will is bound and committed to the words of the ‘Our Father’. And when my Divine Will binds itself, whatever it promises is more than certain to come to pass. Furthermore,

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since everything was prepared by me, nothing else is needed but the manifestation of my Kingdom, which is what I am doing”²⁶⁷.

Nos cum prole pia, benedicat Virgo Maria

²⁶⁷ L. Piccarreta, volume 23, February 5, 1928; vol. 12, May 2, 1921.