

## VOLUME 3

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**November 1, 1899**

***Purification of the Church. Her support: the victim souls.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, inside a church, in which there was a priest celebrating the Divine Sacrifice, and while doing this, he was crying bitterly and was saying: "The pillar of my Church has no place on which to lean!"

In the act in which He was saying this, I saw a pillar; its top touched the heavens, and at the bottom of this pillar there were priests, bishops, cardinals and all other dignities, sustaining this pillar. But to my surprise, I went about looking and I saw that of these people, some were very weak, some half rotten, some infirm, some full of mud. So very scarce was the number of those who were in a condition to sustain it. So, this poor pillar kept swaying, unable to remain still, so many were the quakes it received at the bottom. At the top of this pillar there was the Holy Father who, with gold chains and with rays emanating from his whole person, did as much as he could to sustain it, and to chain and illuminate the people who dwelled at the bottom, although some of them were fleeing so as to have more ease in getting rotten and muddy; and not only this, but he did as much as he could to bind and to illuminate the whole world.

While I was seeing this, that priest who was celebrating Mass (I am not sure whether he was a priest or Our Lord; it seems to me it was Him, but I cannot tell with certainty) called me close to Himself and told me: "My daughter, see in what a heart-rending state my Church is. The very ones who were supposed to sustain Her fall short, and with their works they knock Her down, they beat Her, and reach the point of denigrating Her. The only remedy is that I cause so much blood to be shed as to form a bath to wash away that rotten mud and to heal their deep wounds, so that, healed, strengthened, embellished in that blood, they may become instruments capable of keeping Her stable and firm." Then He added: "I have called you to tell you: 'Do you want to be victim, and therefore be like a prop to sustain this pillar in these times so incorrigible?'"

At first I felt a shiver run through me for fear that I might not have the strength, but then immediately I offered myself and I pronounced the *Fiat*. At that moment, I found myself surrounded by many Saints, Angels and purging souls, who tormented me with scourges and other instruments. At first I felt a certain fear, but then, the more I suffered, the more the desire to suffer came to me, and I enjoyed the suffering like a most sweet nectar; more so, since a thought touched me: 'Who knows whether those pains might be the means to consume my life, so that I might take wing in the last flight toward my highest and only Good?' But to my highest sorrow, after suffering bitter pains, I saw that those pains would not consume my life. Oh! God, what pain – that this fragile flesh prevents me from uniting myself to my Eternal Good!

After this, I saw the bloody slaughter that was made of those people who were at the bottom of the pillar. What a horrible catastrophe! Extremely small was the number of those who would not be victims; they reached such daringness as to try to kill the Holy Father. But then, it seemed that that blood that was shed, those bloody tormented victims, were the means to render strong those who were left, so as to sustain the pillar without letting it sway any more. Oh! what happy days! After this, days of triumphs and of peace would arise; the face of the earth seemed to be renewed, and the pillar would acquire its original prestige and splendor. Oh! happy days! - I hail you from afar, days which will give great glory to my Church, and great honor to the God who is Her Head!

**November 3, 1899**

***Amusement of Jesus with Luisa.***

This morning my lovable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself, inside a church; then He disappeared and I was left alone. Now, finding myself in the presence of the Most Holy Sacrament, I did my usual adoration, but while I was doing this, I seemed to have become all eyes to see whether I could catch sight of sweet Jesus. At that moment, I saw Him on the altar, as a child, calling me with His gracious little hand. Who can say my contentment? I flew to Him, and without thinking of anything else, I squeezed Him in my arms and I kissed Him; but as I was doing this, He assumed a serious appearance, showing that He did not like my kisses, and He began to reject me. Heedless of this, I continued and I said to Him: ‘My beautiful dear little one, the other day You wanted to pour Yourself out with me, with kisses and with hugs, and I gave You all the freedom. Today I too want to pour myself out with You – O please! give me the freedom to do it.’ But He continued to reject me, and in seeing that I would not stop, He disappeared from me. Who can say how mortified and concerned I was left as I found myself inside myself?

However, after a little while He came back, and as I wanted to ask His forgiveness for my impertinences, He forgave me by wanting to pour Himself out with me; and while kissing me, He told me: “Beloved of my Heart, my Divinity resides in you habitually, and just as you keep inventing new things to make Me delight with you, so I, to give you tit for tat, use new ways to make you delight with Me.” With this I understood that it had been a joke that Jesus wanted to play.

**November 4, 1899**

***Different effects of the presence of Jesus and of that of the devil.***

Since this morning blessed Jesus was not coming, the devil was trying to assume His shape and make himself seen, but since I did not perceive the usual effects, I began to doubt and I signed myself with the cross - first myself, and then him; and the devil, in seeing himself signed, was trembling. Immediately I rejected him without even looking at him. After a little while my dear Jesus came, and fearing that it might be the evil spirit once again, I tried to reject him, invoking the help of Jesus and of the Queen Mama. But to assure me that it was not the devil, He told me: “My daughter, in order to be assured of whether it is I or not, your attention must be on the interior effects, whether they move toward virtue or toward vices; in fact, since my Nature is virtue, I make my children heirs of nothing else but virtue. You can also comprehend this from the human nature, which is made of flesh: if it happens to develop some wounds, the flesh becomes rotten, and one can say that it is no longer flesh; in the same way, if my Nature could retain even the slightest shadow of vice within Itself, It would cease to be the God that It is - which can never happen.”

**November 6, 1899**

***Purity of intention.***

This morning, as adorable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself, He showed me streets full of human flesh. What a ruthless slaughter! It is horrifying to think about it! Then He showed me that something was happening in the air, and many were dying suddenly from it; and I have seen this also since the month of March. I began to pray Him according to my usual way, that He would placate Himself and spare His own images torments so cruel, wars so bloody; and since He had the crown of thorns, I removed it from His head to put it on mine, and this, in order to placate Him more. But to my highest sorrow I saw that almost all the thorns, broken, remained inside His most holy head; so, very little was left for me to suffer. Jesus appeared serious, almost without paying attention to me; He transported me again into my bed, and since I had my arms on the cross, suffering the pains of the crucifixion which He Himself had shared with me before, He took my arms and united them together, tying them up with a little rope of gold. Not paying attention to what this might mean, in order to break that severe air that He had, I said to Him: ‘My most sweet Love, I offer You these movements of my

body that You Yourself had me do, as well as all the others which I may do myself, for the sole purpose of pleasing You and glorifying You. Ah! yes, I would like even the movements of my eyelids, of my eyes, of my lips and of all of myself, to be made for the sole purpose of pleasing You alone. Let it be, Oh good Jesus, that all my bones, my nerves, may resound among themselves, and with clear voices, may attest to You my love.’ And He said to me: “Everything that is done for the sole purpose of pleasing Me shines before Me in such a way as to draw my divine gazes, and I like it so much, that to those actions, be they even a batting of eyelashes, I give the value as if they were done by Me. On the other hand, those other actions, good in themselves and even great, which are not done for Me alone, are like gold that is muddy and full of rust, which does not shine, and I don’t so much as look at them.” And I: ‘Ah! Lord, how easy it is for our actions to get dirty with dust!’ And He: “One should not care about dust, because it can be shaken off, but what one must care about is the intention.”

Now, while we were saying this, Jesus was busy binding my arms. I said to Him: ‘O please! Lord, what are You doing?’ And He: “I am doing this because when you are in that position of the crucifixion, you come to placate Me; and since I want to chastise the people, I am tying them up.” Having said this, He disappeared.

**November 10, 1899**

***Obedience, the link that connected Divinity and Humanity.***

After going through quite a few days of differences with Jesus – I, wanting to be untied, and He, not wanting it; now He would make Himself seen sleeping, now He would impose silence on me - finally, this morning, as I saw Him, I also saw the confessor who commanded me absolutely to have Jesus untie me; and this, more than once, but Jesus would not listen. But I, forced by obedience, said to Him: ‘My lovable Jesus, when have You ever opposed obedience? I am not the one who wants to be untied – it is the confessor that wants You to make me suffer the crucifixion. Therefore, surrender to this virtue, so favored by You, which bejewels your whole life, and which formed the last link, connecting everything into one - the sacrifice of the Cross.’ And Jesus: “You really want to use violence on Me, touching that link which connected Divinity and humanity, and formed one single link, which is obedience.” And while saying this, He assumed the appearance of the Crucified, and almost forced by the priestly authority, He shared with me the pains of the crucifixion. May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory! So it seems I have been untied.

**November 11, 1899**

***Obedience prevents her from conforming to Justice.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I seemed to be going around the earth. Oh! how inundated it was with all sorts of iniquities! It is horrifying to think about it! Now, while going around, I arrived some place and I found a priest of holy life, and in another place a virgin of unblemished and holy life. We gathered, the three of us together, and we began to converse about the many chastisements that the Lord is sending, and about the many others that He keeps prepared. I said to them: ‘And you, what do you do? Have you perhaps conformed to Divine Justice?’ And they: “Seeing the strict necessity of these times, and that man would not surrender even if an apostle came out, or if the Lord sent another St. Vincent Ferrer who, with miracles and prodigious signs, might induce him to conversion; on the contrary, seeing that man has reached such obstinacy and a sort of madness, such that the very power of miracles would render them more incredulous – invested by this most strict necessity, for their good, in order to arrest this rotten sea that inundates the face of the earth, and for the glory of our God, so offended, we have conformed to Justice. Only, we are praying and offering ourselves as victims, so that these chastisements may turn out for the conversion of the peoples. And you, what do you do? Have you not conformed with us?”

And I: ‘Ah, no! I cannot, because obedience does not want it, even though Jesus wants me to conform; but since obedience does not want it, it must prevail over everything, and I am forced to be always in contrast with blessed Jesus, and this afflicts me very much.’ And they: “When it is the obedience, surely one must not adhere.”

After this, finding myself inside myself, I saw dearest Jesus for just a little, and I wanted to know where that priest and that virgin were from, and He told me that they were from Peru.

**November 12, 1899**

***Jesus allows Luisa to stop a chastisement.***

This morning my lovable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself, and I saw as if something was going to move from heaven and touch the earth. I was so frightened that I screamed, and I said to Him: ‘O please, O please, Lord, what are You doing? How much ruin will come if this happens! You tell me that You love me, and then you want me to get frightened. You have seen it, haven’t You? Don’t do it, no, no! You cannot do it for I do not want it.’ And Jesus, all compassion for me, told me: “My daughter, do not fear. And then, when have you ever wanted Me to do anything? I should not let you see anything when I chastise the people, otherwise you bind Me everywhere. Well then, I will fortify your heart with fortitude, and I will make as though a trunk spring up from it, such as to be able to hold what you are seeing immobile; and then I will pour so many graces in you as to be able to nourish Myself and my children.”

At that moment, something like a trunk came out of my heart, with two branches at the top in the shape of a fork which, rising up in the air, caught that thing that was about to move in-between them, so that it would remain immobile in one single point; far away it seemed to touch the earth. Afterwards, I found myself inside myself, and I prayed Him to placate Himself; and it seemed indeed that He would surrender, so much so, that He shared with me the pains of the cross; and He disappeared.

**November 13, 1899**

***Jesus suffers in seeing creatures suffer. Luisa offers herself to console Him.***

This morning my adorable Jesus seemed to be restless; He would do nothing but come and go. Now He would spend time with me, and now, almost drawn by His most ardent love for creatures, He would go to see what they were doing, and was all sorrowful because of what they were suffering, as if He Himself, not they, were taken by those sufferings. Quite a few times I saw the confessor forcing Jesus by means of his priestly authority to make me suffer His pains so as to be able to placate Him; and while it seemed that He did not want to be placated, then He would show Himself grateful, thanking wholeheartedly the one who was occupying himself with holding His indignant arm still, and He would now share with me one suffering, now another. Oh! how tender and moving it was to see Him in this state! He made the heart split with compassion. Quite a few times He told me: “Conform to my Justice, for I can take no more. Ah! man is too ungrateful, and he almost forces Me from all sides to chastise him. He himself snatches the chastisements from my hands. If you knew how much I suffer in making use of my Justice.... But it is man himself that uses violence on Me. Ah! had I but purchased his freedom at the price of my Blood, he would have yet to be grateful to Me; but out of greater spite, he keeps inventing new ways to render my disbursement useless.”

While saying this, He was crying bitterly; and I, to console Him, said to Him: ‘My sweet Good, do not afflict Yourself; I see that your affliction is mostly because You feel forced to chastise the people. Ah! no, this will never be! If You are all for me, I want to be all for You; therefore, You will send the chastisements upon me – here is the victim, always ready and at your disposal. You can make me suffer whatever You want, and so your Justice will be somehow placated, and You will be relieved in the affliction You feel in seeing the creatures suffer. My intention has always been this – not to conform to

Justice, because if man suffers, You would suffer more than he himself does.’ While I was saying this, our Queen Mama came, and I remembered that, as I had asked the confessor for the obedience to conform to Justice, he had told me to ask the Most Holy Virgin whether She wanted me to conform. So I asked Her, and She said to me: “No, no, but pray, my daughter, and in these days try as much as you can to keep Him with You and to placate Him, because many chastisements are there prepared.”

**November 17, 1899**

***The priestly authority must concur with the victim.***

My lovable Jesus continues to make Himself seen afflicted. This morning, our Queen Mama came together with Him, and it seemed to me that She was bringing Him to me so that I would placate Him and pray to Him together with Her that He would make me suffer so as to spare the people. And She told me that if in these past days I had not put myself in between, and if the confessor had not made use of his priestly authority in concurring with his intentions of making me suffer, many catastrophes would have happened. In the meantime, I saw the confessor and immediately I prayed for him to Jesus and to the Queen Mother; and Jesus, all benignity, said: “Insofar as he will take care of my interests, by praying Me and also by committing himself to renewing his intention of making you suffer for the purpose of sparing the people, so will I take care of him and will spare him. I would be ready to make this pact with him.”

After this, I went about looking at my sweet and only Good, and I saw that He was holding two bolts of lightning in His hands: in one hand He had, as though prepared, a strong earthquake and a war; in the other, many kinds of sudden deaths and contagious diseases. I began to pray Him to pour those lightnings upon me, and I almost wanted to remove them from His hands, but to prevent me from doing this, He began to move away from me. I tried to follow Him, and therefore I found myself outside of myself, but Jesus disappeared from me and I remained alone.

Now, finding myself alone, I went round a little, and I found myself in a place where they harvest in this season. It seemed that uproars of war were happening there, and I wanted to go to help those poor people, but the demons prevented me from going there where such things were about to happen, and they beat me so that I would not be able to help, and also prevent their artifices. They used so much strength as to make me draw back.

**November 19, 1899**

***The evils of pride.***

My adorable Jesus continues to come, and since, before He came, my mind was thinking about certain things that Jesus had told me in the past years, and which I do not remember too well, almost to remind me He told me: “My daughter, pride corrodes grace. In the hearts of the proud there is nothing but a void all full of smoke, which produces blindness. Pride does nothing other than render oneself an idol; so, the proud soul does not have her God with her; by sin, she has tried to destroy Him in her heart, and erecting an altar within her heart, she puts herself on it, and she adores herself.”

Oh! God, what an abominable monster this vice is! It seems to me that if the soul is attentive not to let it enter into herself, she is free of all other vices; but if, to her misfortune, she lets herself be dominated by it, since it is a monstrous and wicked mother, it will give birth for her to all of its naughty children, which are the other sins. Ah! Lord, keep it away from me.

**November 21, 1899**

***Jesus wants to delight in reflecting Himself in her, and she is helped by the Most Holy Virgin.***

This morning, as soon as He came, my most beloved Jesus told me: “My daughter, all your pleasure must be in reflecting yourself in Me. If you do this always, you will portray all of my qualities, my physiognomy and my very features within yourself; and I, in return, will find all my taste and highest contentment in delighting in reflecting Myself in you.”

Having said this, He disappeared, and I was meditating in my mind on the words He had just spoken to me. All of a sudden He came back, placing His holy hand on my head; and turning my face toward Him, He added: “Today I want to delight a little bit by reflecting Myself in you.”

A shiver ran through my whole back – such a fright as to feel myself dying, because I saw that He was looking at me so very intently, wanting to delight in my thoughts, gazes, words, and in all the rest, by reflecting Himself in me. ‘Oh! God’, I kept repeating in my interior, ‘am I an object fit for letting You take delight, or for embittering You?’ In the meantime, our dear Queen Mama came to my help, carrying a pure-white garment in Her hands, and, all lovingness, She told me: “Daughter, do not fear; I Myself want to make up for you by clothing you with my innocence, so that my Son, in reflecting Himself in you, may find the greatest delight that can be found in a human creature.”

So She clothed me with that garment and She offered me to my dear Good, Jesus, saying to Him: “Accept her out of regard for me, O dear Son, and delight in her.” So every fear went away from me, and Jesus delighted in me, and I in Him.

**November 24, 1899**

*The bitternesses of Jesus because of priests.*

This morning my sweet Jesus came and transported me outside of myself. Now, since I saw Him all full of bitterness, I prayed Him and prayed Him again to pour it into me; but as much as I prayed, I could not manage to obtain that He would pour His bitternesses into me, although, as I would draw close to His mouth to receive his bitternesses, a bitter breath would come out. While I was doing this, I saw a priest who was dying, but I could not recognize well who he was, because I had another intention to pray for a sick priest, but not recognizing him in that one, I became confused as to whether it was him or someone else. So I said to Jesus: ‘Lord, what are You doing? Don’t You see how much scarcity of priests there is in Corato, that You want to take more away from us?’ And Jesus, not paying attention to me and threatening with His arm, said: “I will destroy them more.”

**November 26, 1899**

*Delight of the Holy Trinity because of the love and purity with which Luisa suffers.*

As I was very much in suffering, my lovable Jesus came and placed His arm behind my neck in act of sustaining me. Now, being close to Him, I began to do my usual adorations to all of His holy members, beginning with His most sacred head. In the act in which I was doing this, He said to me: “My beloved, I thirst, let Me quench my thirst in your love, for I cannot contain Myself any more.” And assuming the appearance of a baby, He threw Himself into my arms and began to suckle. He seemed to take immense pleasure, He was all refreshed, and His thirst quenched. After this, almost wanting to play with me, with a lance that He held in His hand He pierced my heart through, side to side. I felt a most bitter pain, but – oh! how happy I was to suffer, especially because it was the very hands of my sole and only Good that gave me suffering; and I incited Him to give me greater torment, so great was the pleasure and the sweetness I felt. And blessed Jesus, to make me more content, tore my heart out, taking it in His hands, and with that same lance He opened it into two halves, and He found a cross, resplendent and pure white. He took it in His hands with great delight, and He told me: “This cross was produced by the love and the purity with which you suffer; I delight so much with the way you suffer, that I am not alone, but I call the Father and the Holy Spirit to delight with Me.”

In one instant, I went about looking and I saw Three Persons who, surrounding me, delighted in looking at this cross. However, lamenting to Them, I said: ‘Great God, too scarce is my suffering, I am not content with only the cross, but I also want the thorns and the nails; and if I do not deserve this, because I am unworthy and a sinner, certainly You can give me the dispositions in order to deserve it.’ And Jesus, sending me a ray of intellectual light, made me understand that He wanted me to make the confession of my sins. I felt almost floored before the Three Divine Persons, but the Humanity of Our Lord inspired me with confidence; so, turning to Him I recited the *Confiteor*, and then I began to make the confession of my sins. Now, while I was all immersed in my misery, a voice came out from Their midst, saying: “We forgive you, and you – sin no more.” I was expecting to receive the absolution from Our Lord, but then and there He disappeared. After a little while He came back crucified, and He shared with me the pains of the cross.

**November 27, 1899**

***Grace renders the soul happy.***

This morning my dear Jesus was not coming. After many hardships, I saw Him for just a little, and lamenting to Him because of His delay, I said to Him: ‘Blessed Lord, how come, so late? Have You perhaps forgotten that I cannot be without You? Have I perhaps lost your grace that You do not come?’ And He, interrupting my plaintive speaking, told me: “My daughter, do you know what my grace does? My grace renders the souls of the Blessed happy, and it renders the pilgrim souls happy - with only this difference: for the Blessed, by taking bliss and delight in it; for the pilgrim souls, by working and making it circulate. So, one who possesses grace holds paradise within herself, because grace is nothing other than to possess My very Self, and since I alone am the enchanting object that enchants the whole of Paradise and forms all the contentments of the Blessed, the soul, by possessing grace, wherever she is, possesses her paradise.”

**November 28, 1899**

***Luisa accepts to suffer in Purgatory in order to free some souls.***

My beloved Jesus came all affability; He seemed to be like an intimate friend who makes many endearments to the other friend in order to attest his love to him. The first words He spoke to me were: “My beloved, if you knew how much I love you.... I feel greatly drawn to love you; my very delays in coming force Me and are new causes to make Me come to fill you with new graces and celestial charisms. If only you could comprehend how much I love you, you would just barely catch sight of your love compared to Mine.” And I: ‘My sweet Jesus, what You tell me is true, but I too feel that I love You very much, and if You say that my love compared to Yours can just barely be seen, it is because your power is without limits, while mine is limited, and therefore I can only do as much as You Yourself give to me. This is so true, that when the will comes to me to suffer more in order to attest my love to You more, if You do not concede the pains to me, suffering is not in my power, and I am forced to resign myself also in this, and be that useless being that, by myself, I have always been. On the other hand, You had even suffering in your power, and in whatever way You want to manifest your love for me, You can do it. My beloved, give the power to me, and then I will show You how much I can do for love of You, because whatever the measure You give to me, that same measure I will give to You.’

He listened with great pleasure to my senseless speaking, and almost wanting to test me, He transported me outside of myself, near to a deep place, full of liquid fire, and dark – the mere sight of it struck horror and fright. Jesus said to me: “Here is Purgatory, and many souls are crammed in this fire. You will go into this place to suffer in order to free the souls I choose, and you will do this for love of Me.”

Though trembling a little, immediately I said to Him: ‘Everything for love of You - I am ready, but You must come with me, otherwise, if You leave me, You do not let Yourself be found any more, and then You make me cry quite a bit.’ And He: “If I come with you, what would be your Purgatory? With my presence, those pains would change for you into joys and contentments.” And I: ‘On my own I do not want to go; but while we go into that fire, You will remain behind my shoulders, so I will not see You, and I will accept this suffering.’

So I went into that place filled with thick darkness, and He followed me from behind. For fear that He might leave me, I grabbed His hands, holding them tightly upon my shoulders. As I arrived down there... who can say the pains that those souls suffered? They are indeed unutterable for people clothed with human flesh. Now, as I went into that fire, it was destroyed, and the darkness was dispelled, and many souls were coming out, and others were being relieved. After being there for about a quarter of an hour, we came out, and Jesus was all mournful. Immediately I said: ‘Tell me, my Good, why are You mourning? My dear Life, have I perhaps been the cause of it because I did not want to go into that place of pains on my own? Tell me, tell me, did You suffer very much in seeing those souls suffer? What are You feeling?’ And Jesus: “My beloved, I feel all full of bitternesses, so much so, that unable to contain them any longer, I am about to pour them out over the earth.” And I: ‘No, no, my sweet Love, You will pour them upon me, won’t You?’ Drawing me close to His mouth, He poured a most bitter liqueur, in such abundance that I could not contain it, and I prayed that He Himself would give me the strength to bear it, otherwise that which I had not allowed Our Lord to do, I would do myself, pouring it over the earth, which I would very much regret doing. However, it seems that He gave me strength, although the sufferings were so great that I felt faint; but Jesus, taking me in His arms, sustained me, telling me: “With you one must surrender by force; you render yourself so importunate, that I almost feel the necessity to content you.”

**November 30, 1899**

***Sick members and healthy members in the mystical body of Jesus.***

My adorable Jesus continues to come, and this time I saw Him in the act when He was at the pillar. Untying Himself, Jesus threw Himself into my arms to be compassionated by me; I clasped Him to myself, and began to arrange His hair, all clotted with blood, and to dry His eyes and face, and I also kissed Him and did several acts of reparation. When I reached the hands and removed the chain, to my greatest surprise I saw that the Head was that of Our Lord, but the members belonged to many other people, especially religious. Oh! how many infected members, which cast more darkness than light. On the left side there were those who caused greater suffering to Jesus; one could see sick members, full of verminous and deep wounds, and others which remained just barely attached to that body by one nerve. Oh! how that Divine Head suffered and swayed over those members. On the right side, then, one could see those which were the most good – that is, the healthy members, resplendent, covered with flowers and with celestial dew, perfumed with fragrant odors; and among these members one could see some which gave off an obscure perfume.

This Divine Head over these members suffered very much. It is true that there were some resplendent members, which almost resembled the light of that Head, and which cheered It and gave It greatest glory, but the number of the infected members was greater. Opening His most sweet mouth, Jesus told me: “My daughter, how many pains these members give Me! This body you see is the mystical body of my Church, of which I glory in being the Head; but how much cruel torment these members cause in this body! It seems that they incite one another to see who can give Me greater torment.” Then He said other things about this body, which I cannot remember too well, therefore I stop here.

**December 2, 1899**

***Eloquent praise of the Cross.***

As I was very afflicted because of certain things, which it is not licit to say here, lovable Jesus, wanting to relieve me from my affliction, came with an appearance all new. He seemed to be dressed in pale blue, all adorned with tiny little bells of gold which, in touching one another, resounded with a sound never before heard. At the appearance of Jesus and at that gracious sound, I felt myself being enchanted and relieved in my affliction, which departed from me like smoke. I would have remained there in silence, so much did I feel the powers of my soul enchanted and stunned, if blessed Jesus had not broken my silence, saying to me: “My beloved daughter, all these little bells are many voices that speak to you of my love, and call you to love Me. Now, let me see how many little bells you have that speak to Me of your love and that call Me to love you.”

And I, all full of blushing, said to Him: ‘But, Lord, what are You saying? I have nothing; I have nothing but defects.’ And Jesus, compassionating my misery, continued, telling me: “You have nothing, it is true. Well then, I want to adorn you with my own little bells, so that you may have many voices with which to call Me and to show Me your love.” So it seemed that He surrounded my waist with a belt adorned with these little bells.

After this, I remained in silence, and He added: “Today I am pleased to spend time with you. Tell Me something.” And I: ‘You know that all my contentment is in being with You, and in having You, I have everything. So, in possessing You, it seems to me that I have nothing else to desire, or to say.’ And Jesus: “Let Me hear your voice that cheers my hearing. Let us converse together a little; I have spoken to you many times about the Cross; today, let Me hear you speak of the Cross.”

I felt all confused; I did not know what to say. But as He sent me a ray of intellectual light, to make Him content I began to say: ‘My Beloved, who can say to You what the Cross is? Your mouth alone can speak worthily of the sublimeness of the Cross; but since You want me to speak, I will do it.

The Cross, suffered by You, freed me from the slavery of the devil, and espoused me to the Divinity with an indissoluble bond. The Cross is fecund, and It gives birth to grace in me. The Cross is Light; It disillusiones me of what is temporal, and reveals to me what is eternal. The Cross is fire, and It reduces to ashes all that is not of God, to the point of emptying my heart of the tiniest blade of grass that might be in it. The Cross is coin of inestimable value, and if I have, O Holy Spouse, the fortune of possessing It, I will be enriched with eternal coins, to the extent of becoming the richest in Paradise, because the currency that circulates in Heaven is the Cross suffered on earth. The Cross makes me know myself more; not only this, but It gives me the knowledge of God. The Cross grafts all virtues in me. The Cross is the noble pulpit of the uncreated Wisdom, that teaches me the highest, the finest and most sublime doctrines. So, only the Cross will reveal to me the most hidden mysteries, the most secret things, the most perfect perfection, hidden to the most erudite and learned of the world. The Cross is like beneficent water that purifies me; not only this, but It administers the nourishment to the virtues in me, It makes them grow for me, and only then does It leave me, when It brings me back to eternal life. The Cross is like celestial dew, which preserves and embellishes for me the beautiful lily of purity. The Cross is the nourishment of Hope. The Cross is the beacon of the operating Faith. The Cross is like solid wood that preserves the fire of Charity, and keeps it always ignited. The Cross is like dry wood that dispels and puts to flight all the fumes of pride and of vainglory, and produces in the soul the humble violet of humility. The Cross is the most powerful weapon that offends the demons, and defends me from all their claws. So, the soul who possesses the Cross is the envy and admiration of the very Angels and Saints, and the rage and indignation of the demons. The Cross is my Paradise on earth, in such a way that if the Paradise of the Blessed up there is of delights, the Paradise down here is of sufferings. The Cross is the chain of most pure gold that connects me with You, my Highest Good, and forms the

most intimate union that can possibly be given, to the point of making my being disappear. And It transmutes me into You, my Beloved, to the point that I feel lost within You, and I live of your very Life.'

After I said this (I don't know whether it is nonsense), my lovable Jesus was all delighted in listening to me, and taken by enthusiasm of love, He kissed me all over, and said to me: "*Brava, brava*, my beloved - you spoke well. My love is fire, but not like the terrestrial fire which, wherever it penetrates, renders things sterile and reduces everything to ashes. My fire is fecund, and it renders sterile only that which is not virtue; but to everything else it gives life, it makes beautiful flowers bloom in it, makes the most delicious fruits mature, and renders it the most delightful celestial garden. The Cross is so powerful, and I communicated to It so much grace, as to render It more effective than the very Sacraments; and this, because in receiving the Sacrament of my Body, the dispositions and free concourse of the soul are needed in order to receive my graces, and many times these may be lacking; while the Cross has the virtue of disposing the soul to grace."

**December 21, 1899**

***Luisa speaks about virginity and purity.***

After a long silence, this morning, interrupting it, my lovable Jesus said to me: "I am the receptacle of pure souls." And in these words of His I received intellectual light that made me comprehend many things about purity, but I can repeat little or nothing with words, of what I feel in my intellect. However, most honorable lady obedience wants me to write something, be it even nonsense, and to make her content I will speak my nonsense about purity.

It seemed to me that purity is the noblest gem that the soul can possess. The soul who possesses purity is invested with candid light, in such a way that blessed God, in looking at her, finds His own image; He feels drawn to love her, so much so, that He reaches the point of becoming enamored with her, and He is taken by so much love that He gives her His most pure Heart as dwelling, because only that which is pure and perfectly clean enters into God; nothing stained can enter that most pure bosom. The soul who possesses purity retains within herself her original splendor that God gave her in creating her; nothing is disfigured or disennobled in her; rather, like a queen who aspires to her nuptials with the celestial King, she preserves her nobility until this noble flower is transplanted into the celestial gardens. Oh! how this virginal flower is fragrant of a distinct odor! It always rises above all other flowers, and even above the very Angels. How it stands out with varied beauty! So, all are taken by esteem and love, and give it free way, to let it reach up to its Divine Spouse, in such a way that the first place around Our Lord is of these noble flowers. And Our Lord greatly delights in strolling in the midst of these lilies that perfume the earth and Heaven; and He delights even more in being surrounded by these lilies because, He being the first noble lily and the model, He is the specimen of all the others.

Oh! how beautiful it is to see a virgin soul! Her heart gives off no other breath but that of purity and of candor; it is not even shadowed by any other love which is not God; even her body gives off fragrance of purity. Everything is pure in her: pure in her steps, pure in operating, in speaking, in looking, and also in moving. So, at the mere sight of her one feels the fragrance and recognizes a soul who is truly virginal. What charisms, what graces, what mutual love and loving stratagems between this soul and her Spouse Jesus! Only one who experiences them can say something; and one cannot even narrate everything. Besides, I don't feel entitled to speak about this, therefore I keep silent and I move on.

**December 22, 1899**

***How God draws us to love Him in three ways, and how He manifests Himself to the soul in three ways.***

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. After much waiting and waiting He made Himself seen several times, just barely, like a flash that escapes. But I seemed to see a light rather than Jesus, and in this light, a voice which, the first time it came, said: “I draw you to love Me in three ways: by dint of benefits, by dint of sympathies, and by dint of persuasions.”

Who can say how many things I comprehended in these three words? It seemed to me that in order to attract my love and also that of the other creatures, blessed Jesus makes benefits rain down for our good; and in seeing that this rain of benefits does not reach the point of winning our love, He reaches the point of rendering Himself sympathetic. And what is this sympathy? It is His pains suffered for love of us, to the point of dying, deluging blood upon a cross, where He rendered Himself so sympathetic as to enamor of Himself His very executioners and His fiercest enemies. Even more, in order to attract us more and render our love stronger and more stable, He left us the light of His most holy examples, united to His celestial doctrine, which, like light, dispel from us the darkness of this life and lead us to eternal salvation.

The second time it<sup>1</sup> came, it said to me: “I manifest Myself to the soul in three different ways: by power, by news and by love. The power is the Father, the news is the Word, the love is the Holy Spirit.” Oh! how many more things I comprehended! But too scarce is what I am able to manifest. It seemed to me that, by power, God manifests Himself to the soul in the whole of Creation; from the first to the last being is the omnipotence of God manifested. The heavens, the stars and all the other beings speak to us, though in a mute language, of a Supreme Being, of an Uncreated Being, of His omnipotence. In fact, the most learned man, with all his science, cannot arrive at creating the most wretched mosquito; and this tells us that there must be a most powerful Uncreated Being who created everything, and gives life and preservation to all beings. Oh! how the whole universe, in clear notes and with indelible characters, speaks to us of God and of His omnipotence! So, one who does not see Him is voluntarily blind! By news: it seemed to me that blessed Jesus, in descending from Heaven, came upon earth in person to give us news of what is invisible to us - and in how many ways did He not manifest Himself? I believe that each one, of his own, can comprehend the rest, therefore I will not go on speaking.

## **December 25, 1899**

### ***Jesus wants from her a continuous attitude of sacrifice.***

After spending several days of almost total privation of my highest and only Good - days accompanied by hardness of heart, without even being able to cry over my great loss, though I offered to God even that loss, saying to Him: ‘Lord, accept it as a sacrifice; You alone can soften this heart of mine, so hard’ – finally, after long suffering, my dear Queen Mama came, carrying the Celestial Baby on Her lap, wrapped in a little cloth, all shivering. She placed Him in my arms, telling me: “My daughter, warm Him with your affections, because my Son was born in extreme poverty, in total abandonment from men, and in highest mortification.”

Oh! how pretty He was, with that celestial beauty of His! I took Him in my arms and squeezed Him to myself to warm Him, because He was almost numb with cold, for He had nothing else to cover Him but one little cloth. After I warmed Him as much as I could, my tender little Baby, moving His purple lips, told me: “Do you promise Me to be always victim for love of Me, just as I am for love of you?” And I: ‘Yes, my little Treasure, I promise You.’ And He: “I am not content with the word – I want an oath, and also an underwriting with your blood.” And I: ‘If obedience wants it, I will do it.’ He seemed all content, and added: “From the moment I was born, I always kept my Heart offered in sacrifice, to glorify the Father, for the conversion of sinners, and for the people who surrounded Me, and

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<sup>1</sup> the voice

who were my most faithful companions in my pains. In the same way, I want your heart to be in this continuous attitude, offered in spirit of sacrifice for these three purposes.”

While He was saying this, the Queen Mama wanted the Baby in order to nourish Him with Her most sweet milk. I gave Him back to Her, and She uncovered Her breast to place it in the mouth of the Divine Infant; and I, clever, wanting to make a joke, put my mouth to suckle. I drew a few drops, and in the act in which I was doing this, they disappeared from me, leaving me content and discontent. May everything be for the glory of God, and to the confusion of this miserable sinner.

**December 27, 1899**

***Charity must be like a mantle that must cover one's actions.***

He continued to make Himself seen like shadow and flash. While I was in a sea of bitterness because of His absence, in one instant He made Himself seen, telling me: “Charity must be like a mantle that must cover all your actions, in such a way that everything must shine with perfect charity. What is the meaning of your being displeased when you do not suffer? That your charity is not perfect, because suffering for love of Me and not suffering for love of Me, without your will, is all the same.” And He disappeared leaving me more embittered than before, wanting to touch a key too delicate for me, which He Himself has infused in me.

Then, after I shed bitter tears in my miserable state and over the absence of my adorable Jesus, He came back and told me: “With just souls I act with justice; even more, I give them double recompense for their justice by favoring them with the greatest graces, and by speaking to them of just words and of sanctity.” However, I found myself so confused and bad, that I did not dare to utter a single word; rather, I continued to shed tears over my misery. And Jesus, wanting to infuse trust in me, placed His hand under my head in order to lift it, for it could not hold itself up, and He added: “Do not fear, I am the shield of the tribulated.” And He disappeared.

**December 30, 1899**

***Effects of humiliation and of mortification.***

This morning I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, and since obedience had told me to pray for a certain person, when Jesus came I commended him to Him, and He said to me: “Humiliation must not only be accepted, but also loved; so much so, as to chew it like a food. And just as when a food is bitter, the more one chews it, the more one tastes the bitterness, in the same way, humiliation, when it is well chewed, gives rise to mortification. And these – that is, humiliation and mortification – are two most powerful means in order to get out of certain hitches and obtain those graces that are wanted. While it seems noxious to the human nature, just like the bitter food that seems to do harm rather than good - so with humiliation and mortification. But it is not so. The more a piece of iron is beaten on the anvil, the more it sparkles with fire and is purged. The same for the soul: the more she is humiliated and beaten on the anvil of mortification, the more she sparkles with celestial fire and is purged - if she really wants to walk along the path of good. If then she is false, it happens all the opposite.”

**January 1, 1900**

***Effects of the knowledge of self.***

Being very afflicted because of the privation of my highest and only Good, after much waiting and waiting, finally I saw Him come out from within my heart, crying, and indicating to me with His eyes that He was hurting from the wound received in the circumcision. This is why He was crying, and He expected from me to dry the blood that was pouring from that wound, and to soothe the pain of the cut. All compassion and confusion together - so much so that I did not dare to do it – yet drawn by love,

I don't know how I found myself with a little cloth in hand, and I tried as much as I could to dry the blood of Baby Jesus. While doing this, I felt all full of sin, and I thought that I was the cause of that pain of Jesus. Oh! how sorry I felt for Him - I felt absorbed in that bitterness; and the blessed little Baby, compassionating my miserable state, told me: "The more the soul humbles herself and knows herself, the closer she draws to the truth; and being in the truth, she tries to push herself along the path of virtues, from which she sees herself very far. And if she sees herself on the path of virtues, immediately she realizes the much that is left for her to do, because virtues have no end – they are infinite, as I am. So, being in the truth, the soul always tries to perfect herself, but will never arrive at seeing herself perfect. And this serves her, and will cause her to be continuously working, striving to perfect herself more, without wasting time in idleness. And I, pleased with this work, keep retouching her little by little, in order to portray my likeness in her.

This is why I wanted to be circumcised – to give an example of greatest humility, which made the very Angels of Heaven stunned."

**January 3, 1900**

*Peace, in any circumstance.*

I continued to see myself all full of miseries; not only so, but also restless. It seems to me that all of my interior had become alarmed because of the loss of Jesus. I kept thinking to myself that my great sins had made me deserve that my adorable Jesus had left me, and therefore I was not going to see Him any more. Oh! what a cruel death this thought is for me! Or rather, more ruthless than any death! 'No longer to see Jesus...! No longer to hear the gentleness of His voice...! To lose the One on whom my life depends, and from whom every good comes to me...! How can I live without Him? Ah! everything is over for me if I lose Jesus!...' With these thoughts I felt an agony of death; all of my interior was upset for it wanted Jesus. And He, in a flash of light, manifested Himself to my soul, telling me: "Peace, peace, do not want to disturb yourself. Just as a most fragrant flower perfumes the place in which it is put, so does peace fill with God the soul who possesses it." And He escaped like a flash.

Ah! Lord, how good You are with this sinner! And I also tell You in confidence: 'How impertinent You are, for I must lose You no less, and You do not even want me to become disturbed or restless; and if I do it, You make me understand that I myself move away from You, because with peace I fill myself with God, while by becoming disturbed I fill myself with diabolical temptations.' Oh my sweet Jesus! How much patience it takes with You! – that whatever happens to me, I cannot even become upset or disturbed, but You want me to remain in perfect calm and peace.

**January 5, 1900**

*Effects of sin and of Confession.*

As I was in my usual state, I felt I was going outside of myself, and I found my adorable Jesus; but – oh! how full of sins I saw myself before His presence! In my interior I felt a strong desire to make my confession to Our Lord; so, turning to Him, I began to tell my sins, and Jesus was listening to me. When I finished speaking, turning to me with a face full of sadness, He told me: "My daughter, sin is a poisonous and deadly embrace to the soul, if it is grave; and not only to her, but also to all the virtues present in the soul. If then it is venial, it is a wounding embrace, which renders the soul very weak and infirm, and together with her the virtues which she had acquired also become infirm. What a deadly weapon sin is! Sin alone can wound and give death to the soul! Nothing else can harm her - nothing else but sin alone renders her opprobrious and odious before Me."

While He was saying this, I comprehended the ugliness of sin and I felt such pain that I cannot even express it. And Jesus, seeing me all contrite, raised His blessed right hand and pronounced the words of absolution. Then, afterwards, He added: "Just as sin wounds and gives death to the soul, so

does the Sacrament of Confession give life, heal the wounds, and restores vigor to virtues; and this, more or less, according to the dispositions of the soul – so does the virtue of the Sacrament operate.” It seemed to me that my soul had received new life; I no longer felt that bother of before, after Jesus gave me the absolution. May the Lord be always thanked and glorified!

**January 6, 1900**

***Confidence has two arms, to embrace the Humanity and the Divinity of Jesus.***

This morning I received Communion, and as I found myself together with Jesus, the Queen Mama also was there, and – oh! marvel – I looked at the Mother and I could see Her Heart transmuted into Baby Jesus; I looked at the Son and I could see the Mother in the Heart of the Baby. In the meantime, I remembered that today is the Epiphany, and on the example of the Holy Magi, I was to offer something to Baby Jesus, but I saw myself as having nothing to give Him. So, in seeing my misery, the thought came to me of offering my body as myrrh, with all the sufferings of the twelve years in which I had been in bed, ready to suffer and to remain there as long as He pleased; as gold, the pain I feel when He deprives me of His presence, which is the most painful and sorrowful thing for me; as incense, my poor prayers, united to those of the Queen Mama, so that they might be more acceptable to Baby Jesus. So I made the offering, with all the confidence that the Baby would accept everything.

Jesus seemed to accept my poor offerings with great pleasure, but what He enjoyed the most was the confidence with which I had offered them. Then He said to me: “Confidence has two arms: with one it embraces my Humanity, and it uses my Humanity as the staircase in order to ascend to my Divinity; with the other it embraces the Divinity and draws from It celestial graces in torrents, in such a way that the soul remains all inundated within the Divine Being. When the soul is confident, she is certain to obtain what she asks. I let my arms be bound, I let her do whatever she wants, I let her penetrate even into my Heart, and I let her take, by herself, that which she has asked from Me. If I did not do so, I would feel Myself in a state of violence.” While He was saying this, many rivulets of a liqueur (I call it ‘liqueur’, but I can’t really tell what it was) came out from the breast of the Baby and of the Mother, which inundated my soul completely. Then the Queen Mother disappeared.

After this, together with the Baby I went out into the vault of the heavens. I saw that His gracious face was sad, and I said to myself: ‘Maybe He wants milk, this is why He is sad.’ So I said to Him: ‘Do You want to suckle from me since the Queen Mama is not here?’ But before doing this, I became concerned that it might be the devil; so, in order to make sure, I signed him several times with the cross and I said to him: ‘Are you really Jesus the Nazarene, the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity, the Son of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God?’ And the Baby assured that He was. Therefore, being assured, I placed Him to suckle from me. The Baby seemed to revive, assuming a merry appearance, and I saw that He was suckling part of those rivulets with which He Himself had inundated me. And while He was doing this, I felt my heart being pulled, as it seemed that that milk, which Jesus was drawing from me, was coming out from it. Who can say what passed between me and Baby Jesus? I have no tongue to be able to manifest it, no words to be able to describe it.

**January 8, 1900**

***Even the ‘errors’ will do good. Firmness and stability in operating.***

I was thinking to myself: ‘Who knows how much nonsense, how many errors are contained in these things that I write!’ At that moment, I felt I was losing consciousness, and blessed Jesus came and said to me: “My daughter, even the errors will do good; and this, in order to make known that there is no artifice on your part, and that you are no doctor, because if you were, you yourself would have realized where you were mistaken. And this will also make shine more that it is I who speak to you, by looking at it in a simple way. However, I assure you that they will find not a shadow of vice or anything which

is not virtue, because while you write, I Myself guide your hand. At the most, they may find some errors at first sight, but if they look at it thoroughly, in it they will find the truth.”

Having said this, He disappeared, but after a few hours He came back. I was feeling all hesitant and concerned about the words He had spoken to me, and He added: “My heritage is firmness and stability; I am not subject to any change, and the more the soul draws near Me and advances on the path of virtues, the firmer and more stable she feels in operating good. And the farther she remains from Me, the more will she be subject to changing and oscillating – now toward good, now toward evil.

**January 12, 1900**

***Difference between knowledge of self and humility. Jesus alone can glory in possessing true humility.***

Finding myself in my usual state, my lovable Jesus came in a pitiful state. He had His hands bound tightly, His face covered with spit, and several people were slapping Him horribly. And He remained quiet, placid, without making one movement or emitting one lament - not even a batting of eyelashes, in order to show that He Himself wanted to suffer these outrages; and this, not only externally, but also internally. What a moving scene, such as to break the hardest hearts! How many things that Face said, with that spit hanging, dirtied with mud! I felt horrified, I trembled, I saw myself all pride before Jesus.

While He was in that appearance, He said to me: “My daughter, only the little ones let themselves be handled as one wants; not those who are little of human reason, but those who are little yet filled with divine reason. I alone can say that I am humble, because in man, that which is said to be humility should rather be called knowledge of self; and one who does not know himself already walks in falsehood.”

Jesus remained silent for a few minutes, and I stayed there, contemplating Him. While I was doing this, I saw a hand carrying a light, which, searching in my interior, in the most intimate hiding places, wanted to see whether the knowledge of myself and love of humiliations, confusions and opprobriums, were present in me. That light found a void in my interior – and I too saw it – which had to be filled with humiliations and confusions, in the example of blessed Jesus. Oh! how many things that light and that holy Face which was before me, made me comprehend! I said to myself: ‘A God, humiliated and confused for love of me; and I, a sinner, without these insignia! A God, stable, firm in bearing so many insults, so much so that He does not move even a bit to shake that disgusting spit off of Himself. Ah! His interior before God and His exterior before men are made manifest to me; and yet, if He wants to free Himself, He can, because it is not the chains that bind Him, but His firm Will, which wants to save mankind at any cost. And I? And I? Where are my humiliations? Where, the firmness, the constancy in doing good for love of my Jesus and for love of my neighbor? Ah! how different we are as victims – myself and Jesus! Ah! we are not similar at all!

While my little brain was lost in this, my adorable Jesus told me: “Only my Humanity was filled with opprobriums and humiliations, to the point that they overflowed outside. This is why Heaven and earth tremble before my virtues, and the souls who love Me use my Humanity as the staircase in order to ascend and lap up a few little drops of my virtues. Tell me now: before my humility, where is yours? I alone can glory in possessing true humility. My Divinity, united to my Humanity, could operate prodigies at each step, word and work; yet, I voluntarily constrained Myself within the circle of my Humanity, I showed Myself as the poorest, and I reached the point of mingling even with sinners. I could have done the work of Redemption in very little time, and even with one single word; yet, during the course of many years, with many hardships and sufferings, I wanted to make the miseries of man my own; I wanted to exercise Myself in many different actions, so that man might be completely renewed, divinized, even in the lowest works. In fact, once they had been exercised by Me, who was God and Man, they received new splendor, and remained with the imprint of divine works. My Divinity, hidden

within my Humanity, wanted to lower Itself to such lowness, subjecting Itself to the course of human actions - while with one single act of my Will I could have created infinite worlds - feeling the miseries and the weaknesses of others as if they were Its own, seeing Itself covered with all the sins of men before Divine Justice, having to pay their penalty at the price of unheard-of pains and with the shedding of all Its Blood. Thus It exercised continuous acts of profound and heroic humility.

Here, oh daughter, is the immense difference between my humility and the humility of creatures, which is only a shadow in the face of mine, even that of all my Saints; because the creature is always a creature and does not know, as I know, how great is the weight of sin. Even though heroic souls, following my example, have offered themselves to suffer the pains of others, their pains are not different from those of the other creatures; they are not new things for them, because they are made of the same clay. Besides, the mere thought that those pains are the cause of new gains, and that they glorify God, is a great honor for them. Furthermore, the creature is restricted within the circle in which God placed her, and she cannot go out of those limits within which she has been circumscribed by God. Oh! if it were in their power to do or undo things, how many other things they would do - everyone would reach the stars! But my divinized Humanity had no limits, yet It voluntarily constrained Itself within Itself; and this was the braiding of all my works with heroic humility.

This had been the cause of all the evils that inundate the earth – lack of humility; and I, by exercising this virtue, was to draw all goods from Divine Justice. Ah! yes, no concessions of graces depart from my throne, if not by means of humility, nor can any ticket be received by Me, if it does not carry the signature of humility. No prayer is listened to by my ears, and moves my Heart to compassion, if it is not perfumed by the fragrance of humility. If the creature does not arrive at destroying that seed of honor, of esteem – and this can be destroyed by arriving at loving to be despised, humiliated, confused – she will feel a braiding of thorns around her heart; she will perceive a void in her heart that will always bother her, and will render her very dissimilar to my Most Holy Humanity. And if she does not arrive at loving humiliations, at the most she will be able to know herself a little bit, but will not shine before Me, clothed with the garment of humility, beautiful and worthy of sympathy.”

Who can say how many things I comprehended about this virtue, and the difference between knowledge of self and humility? I seemed to touch with my own hand the distinction between these two virtues, but I have no words to explain myself.

In order to say something, I will use an image. For example: a poor man says he is poor, and he frankly manifests his poverty, also to people who do not know him and who perhaps may believe that he possesses something. It can be said that he knows himself and tells the truth; and because of this, he is loved more, he moves others to compassion for his miserable state, and everyone helps him. So it is to know oneself. If, then, feeling ashamed to manifest his poverty, that poor man boasted of being rich, while everyone knows that he does not even have clothes to cover himself and that he is dying of hunger – what happens? Everyone despises him, nobody helps him, and he becomes an object of mockery and ridicule to anyone who knows him; and the miserable one, going from bad to worse, ends up dying. So is pride before God and also before other men. And here is how one who does not know himself already goes out of the truth and falls into the path of falsehood.

Now, here is the difference with humility, though it seems to me that knowledge of self and humility are sisters born of the same womb, and one can never be humble if he does not know himself. For example: there is a rich man who, out of love for humiliations, stripping himself of his noble garments, covers himself with miserable rags. He lives unknown, manifesting to no one who he is; he mingles with the poorest, he lives with the poor as if he were one of them, and makes scorns and confusions his delights. Here is the beautiful sister of the knowledge of self – that is, humility.

Ah! yes, humility draws grace; humility breaks the strongest chains, which are sin. Humility surmounts any wall of division between the soul and God, and brings her back to Him. Humility is the

little plant, but always green and flowery, not subject to being gnawed by worms; nor will winds, hail or heat be able to do harm to it, or make it wither even slightly. Humility, though it is the littlest plant, sends out extremely high branches, which penetrate even into Heaven and braid around the Heart of Our Lord; and only the branches that come from this little plant have free access into that adorable Heart. Humility is the anchor of peace in the storms of the waves of the sea of this life. Humility is the salt that spices all virtues and preserves the soul from the corruption of sin. Humility is the little grass that sprouts along the path treaded by wayfarers, such that, as it is trampled, it disappears, but soon it can be seen sprouting again, more beautiful than before. Humility is like a gentle graft that refines the wild plant. Humility is the sunset of guilt. Humility is the newborn of grace. Humility is like the moon that guides us in the darkness of the night of this life. Humility is like that shrewd merchant who knows well how to trade his riches, and does not waste even one penny of the grace that is given to him. Humility is the key to the door of Heaven, such that no one can enter into It if he does not keep this key in good custody. Finally – otherwise I would never end it, and I would be too long – humility is the smile of God and of all the Empyreum, and it is the crying of all hell.

**January 17, 1900**

*Evil and cunning of man.*

This morning my adorable Jesus was coming and going, but always in silence. Then I felt myself going outside of myself, and I heard Jesus behind me saying: “Man says: ‘There is no more rectitude, and as long as things are this way, we will not be able to obtain any success in our intents. So, let us fake virtue, let us pretend we are upright, let us show ourselves as true friends on the outside, for in this way it will be easier to weave our nets and deceive others. And when we come out to plunder them and harm them, since everyone believes that we are friends, we will easily have them in our hands without resistance.’ Look at where the cunning of man reaches!”

After this, wanting a special act of reparation, it seemed that blessed Jesus was cutting off my life, offering me to Divine Justice. In the act in which He was doing this, I thought that Jesus would make me pass away from this life, so I said to Him: ‘Lord, I do not want to come to Heaven without your insignia – first crucify me and then take me.’ So He pierced my hands and feet through with the nails, but while doing this, to my highest sorrow He disappeared and I found myself inside myself. I said to myself: ‘I am still here! Ah! how many times You have done this to me, my dear Jesus - indeed You have a special art for being able to do it, for You make me believe that I must die, and so I laugh at the world, at the pains, and I laugh even at You, because the time of our being separated is ended, and there will be no more intervals of separation. But as soon as the laughing begins, as I find myself bound once again with the shackles of the wall of this fragile body, forgetting that I had just begun to laugh, I resume the crying, the moans and the sighs of my separation from You. Ah! Lord, hurry, for I feel compelled to come!’

**January 22, 1900**

*Correspondence to grace.*

After having gone through most bitter days of privation, my poor heart was struggling between the fear of having lost Him and the hope that, who knows, I might see Him again. Oh! God, what a bloody war this poor heart of mine had to endure! The pain was so great that now it would become ice-cold, now it would be squeezed as though under a press, and would drip blood. While I was in this state, I felt my sweet Jesus near me; He removed a veil from me which prevented me from seeing Him, so finally I was able to see Him. Immediately I said to Him: ‘Ah! Lord, You don’t love me any more!’

And He: “Yes, yes... What I recommend to you is correspondence to my grace; and in order to be faithful, you must be like the echo that resounds in an empty space, such that, as soon as the voice

begins to be emitted, immediately, without the slightest delay, one can hear the echo booming after it. In the same way, as soon as you begin to receive my grace, without even waiting for Me to finish giving it, begin immediately the echo of your correspondence.”

**January 27, 1900**

***The order of the virtues in the soul.***

I continue to be almost without my sweet Jesus; my life fails me because of the pain; I feel such tedium, boredom, tiredness of life. I kept saying in my interior: ‘Oh! how my exile has been prolonged! Oh! what happiness mine would be if I could release the bonds of this body so that my soul might take wing, freely, toward my highest Good!’ A thought said to me: ‘And what if you go to hell?’ And I, so as not to call the devil to fight me, immediately snapped out of it by saying: ‘Well then, even from hell I will send my sighs to my sweet Jesus – even there do I want to love Him.’ While I was amid these and other thoughts – the story would be too long if I wanted to repeat them all – lovable Jesus made Himself seen for just a little, but with a serious appearance, and He told me: “Your time has not come yet.”

Then, with an intellectual light He made me comprehend that everything must be orderly in the soul. The soul possesses many little apartments in which each virtue takes its place, even though it can be said that one single virtue contains all others within itself, and that the soul, by possessing only one of them, comes to be endowed with all the other virtues. However, in spite of this, they are all distinct among themselves, so much so, that each of them has its own place in the soul. And here is how all virtues take their origin from the mystery of the Sacrosanct Trinity: while It is One, there are Three distinct Persons, and while They are Three, They are One. I also comprehended that these apartments in the soul are either full of virtue or of the vice opposite to that virtue; and if there is neither virtue nor vice, they remain empty. It seemed to me that they are like a house which contains many rooms, all empty; or some rooms are full of snakes, some of mud; some are filled with pieces of furniture full of dust; some are dark. Ah! Lord, You alone can put my poor soul in order!

**January 28, 1900**

***What mortification does.***

It still continues in the same way. This morning He transported me outside of myself; after a long time, I seemed to see Jesus with clarity, but I saw myself as so bad, that I did not dare to utter a single word. We looked at each other, but in silence. Through those mutual gazes I comprehended that my good Jesus was filled with bitternesses, but I did not dare to say: ‘Pour them into me.’ He Himself drew near me and began to pour them; but unable to contain them, as I received them I dropped them to the ground.

He said to me: “What are you doing? You do not want to share in my bitternesses any more? You no longer want to give Me relief in my pains?” And I: ‘Lord, this is not my will; I myself don’t know what has happened to me. I feel so full that I don’t know where to contain them. Only a prodigy of Yours can enlarge my interior so that I may receive your bitternesses.’

Then Jesus marked me with a large sign of the cross, and He poured again. So it seemed I was able to contain them; and then He added: “My daughter, mortification is like fire that dries up all humors. In the same way, mortification dries up all the bad humors that are present in the soul, and it inundates her with a sanctifying humor, in such a way as to make the most beautiful virtues germinate.”

**January 31, 1900**

***Grace, and correspondence to It.***

After He came quite a few times, but always in silence, I felt a void and a pain for I could not hear the most sweet voice of my sweet Jesus; and He, coming back, almost to content me, told me: “Grace is the life of the soul. Just as the soul gives life to the body, so does grace give life to the soul. However, in order to have life it is not enough for the body to have the soul; it also needs food with which to nourish itself and grow to the proper stature. In the same way, it is not enough for the soul to have grace in order to have life, but food is needed to nourish her and raise her to the proper stature. And what is this food? It is correspondence. So, grace and correspondence to it form the links of the chain which lead her to Heaven, and insofar as the soul corresponds to grace, so does she keep forming the links of this chain.”

Then He added: “What is the passport to enter into the kingdom of grace? It is humility. The soul, by always looking at her nothingness and seeing that she is nothing but dust and wind, will place all her trust in grace, so much so, as to make of it her master. And grace, taking dominion over all of the soul, leads her along the path of all virtues, and makes her reach the summit of perfection.”

What would a soul without grace be like? It seemed to me that she would be like the body without the soul, which becomes stinking and spews worms and rot from all parts, so much so, as to become an object of horror to the very human sight. In the same way, without grace, the soul becomes so abominable as to be horrifying to the sight – not of men, but of God Trice Holy. Ah! Lord, free me from such misfortune, and from the abominable monster of sin!

#### **February 4, 1900**

##### ***Lack of confidence.***

As I was in a state full of discouragement, especially because of the privation of my highest Good, this morning, making Himself seen for just a little, He told me: “Discouragement is an infectious humor, which infects the most beautiful flowers and the most pleasant fruits, and penetrates down to the bottom of the root, in such a way that, by invading the whole tree, that infectious humor renders it withered and squalid. And if one does not remedy it by watering it with a contrary humor, since the bad humor has infiltrated deep into the root, it will make the root wither and the tree fall to the ground. So it happens to the soul who becomes soaked with this infectious humor of discouragement.”

In spite of all this, I still felt discouraged, all huddled within myself, and I saw myself as so bad that I did not dare to fling myself toward my sweet Jesus. My mind was occupied with the thought that it was useless for me to hope for His continuous visits as before, for His graces, for His charisms – everything was over for me. And He, almost scolding me, added: “What are you doing? What are you doing? Don’t you know that lack of confidence renders the soul moribund? Thinking that she has to die, she no longer thinks of anything - neither of gaining anything, nor of making it circulate, nor of embellishing herself more, nor of remedying her ailments - she thinks of nothing else but that everything is over for her. And not only does discouragement render the soul moribund, but it renders all virtues close to expiring.”

Ah! Lord, I imagine seeing this specter of the lack of confidence - squalid, emaciated, fearful and all trembling; and all of his mastery, with no other ingenuity but fear alone, leads souls to the tomb. But what is more, this specter does not show himself as an enemy, such that the soul can sneer at his fear, but he shows himself as a friend, and he infiltrates so sweetly into the soul, that if the soul is not attentive, seeing him as a faithful friend who agonizes with her and even dies together with her, she will hardly be able to free herself of his artificial mastery.

#### **February 5, 1900**

##### ***The circle of truth.***

Continuing in the same state, with a little bit more courage, though I was not perfectly free, my dearest Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, at times the soul feels an encounter in some virtue, and plucking up her strength, the soul overcomes that encounter. Then, that virtue becomes more resplendent and rooted in the soul. However, the soul must be very attentive in order to avoid that she herself might provide the little rope to let herself be bound by lack of confidence; and she will do this by always restricting herself, without ever getting out of the circle of truth, which is the knowledge of her nothingness.”

### **February 12, 1900**

#### ***Voluntary defects form clouds.***

As I was in a state of abandonment on the part of my adorable Jesus, I felt my poor heart crushed by the pain, as though under a press. Oh! God, what an unutterable pain! While I was in this state, I saw my dear Good almost like a shadow, but not clearly; I only saw one hand clearly, which seemed to carry a lamp that was lit; and He dipped His finger in the lamp and anointed the area of my heart, exacerbated to the summit by the pain of His privation. At that moment I heard a voice saying: “The truth is light, which the Word brought upon earth. Just as the sun illuminates, vivifies and fecundates the earth, so does the light of truth give life and light, and renders souls fecund with virtues. Even though many clouds obfuscate this light of truth, which are the iniquities of men, in spite of this, it does not cease to send forth glimmers of vivifying light from behind the clouds, so as to warm souls. And if these clouds are clouds of imperfection and of involuntary defects, this light, piercing them with its heat, makes them vanish and penetrates freely into the soul.”

So, I comprehended that the soul must be attentive not to fall even into a shadow of voluntary defects, which are those dangerous clouds that prevent the entrance of divine light.

### **February 13, 1900**

#### ***Mortification is like lime.***

This morning, after receiving Communion, I saw my adorable Jesus, but completely changed in His appearance. He looked serious, all distant, in act of reproaching me. What a tormenting change! Instead of being relieved, I felt my poor heart more oppressed, more pierced, before such an unusual presence of Jesus. Yet, I felt all the need of a relief from the pains of His privations suffered in the past days, which were such that I seemed to live, but agonizing and in a continuous state of violence. But blessed Jesus, wanting to reproach me because I was looking for relief in His presence, while I was to look for nothing other than suffering, told me: “Just as lime has the virtue of cooking the objects that are thrown into it, so does mortification have the virtue of cooking all the imperfections and defects that are present in the soul. And it reaches the point of spiritualizing also the body, surrounding it like a circle, and sealing all virtues within it. Until mortification has cooked you well - both the soul and the body, to the point of undoing it - I will not be able to seal in you, perfectly, the mark of my crucifixion.”

After this, someone – I can’t tell exactly who he was, but he seemed to be an Angel – pierced my hands and feet through, and Jesus, with a lance that came out from His Heart, pierced mine through, to my utmost pain. Then He disappeared, leaving me more afflicted than before. Oh! how well I comprehended the necessity of mortification, my inseparable friend, and how there was not even a shadow of friendship in me with mortification! Ah! Lord, bind me Yourself, with indissoluble friendship, to this good friend, because on my own I can only show myself all roughness. And she, not seeing herself being welcomed nicely, uses all regards with me, and keeps sparing me, for fear that I might get to the point of turning my back on her completely. So, she never accomplishes with me her beautiful and majestic crafting, because as long as we remain a little distant, her prodigious hands cannot

reach up to me, in a way as to be able to work me and present me to You as a work worthy of her most holy hands.

**February 16, 1900**

*Mortification must be the breath of the soul.*

It continues almost always in the same way. This morning, after renewing in me the pains of the crucifixion, He told me: “Mortification must be the breath of the soul. Just as breathing is necessary to the body, and depending on the good or bad air that it breathes, so does it remain infected or purified - and also, from the breathing it can be known whether the interior of man is healthy or sick, and whether all the vital parts are in accord - the same for the soul: if she breathes the air of mortification, everything in her will be purified, all of her senses will sound with the same concordant sound; her interior will send out a balsamic, salutary, fortifying breath. But if she does not breathe the air of mortification, everything will be discordant in the soul; she will send out a stinking, disgusting breath; while she is about to tame one passion, another will unbridle. In sum, her life will be nothing but a child’s game.”

I seemed to see mortification like a musical instrument: if the strings are all good and strong, it produces a harmonious and pleasant sound; but if the strings are not good, one must now fix one, now tune another. Therefore, the whole time is spent fixing, but never playing; at the most, it will produce a discordant and unpleasant sound. So, nothing good will ever be accomplished.

**February 19, 1900**

*The century of pride. Jesus wants the hearts of souls all for Himself.*

This morning my adorable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself, and I could see many people, all in motion. I cannot tell with certainty, but there seemed to be a war, or a revolution, and they did nothing but braid crowns of thorns to Our Lord; so much so, that while I was all intent on removing one, they would drive another one, more painful, onto His head. Ah! yes, it really seemed that this century of ours will be renowned for pride. The greatest misfortune is to lose one’s head, because once the head with the brain is lost, all the other members become disabled, or they become the enemies of oneself and of others; so it happens that the person lets all the other vices break through. My patient Jesus tolerated all those crowns of thorns, and I hardly had the time to remove them. Then He turned to them and said: “You will die – some in war, some in prisons, and some by earthquake; only few of you will be left. Pride has formed the course of the actions of your lives, and pride will give you death.”

After this, blessed Jesus pulled me away from the midst of those people, and as He became a baby, I carried Him in my arms to let Him rest. Asking me for a refreshment, He wanted to suckle from me. Fearing that it might be the devil, I marked Him with the cross several times, and then I said to Him: ‘If You really are Jesus, let us recite the Hail Mary to our Queen Mama together.’ And Jesus recited the first part, and I the Holy Mary. Then, He Himself wanted to recite the Our Father. Oh! how touching His praying was! It was so moving that my heart seemed to liquefy. Then, afterwards, He added: “Daughter, my life I drew from the Heart, as opposed to others; and this is one reason why I am all Heart for souls and I am inclined to want the heart, and I tolerate not even a shadow of what is not mine. So, between you and Me I want everything distinctly for Myself; and what you will concede to creatures, will be nothing other than the overflow of our love.”

**February 20, 1900**

*Jesus is the Lamp of all in Heaven.*

My benign Jesus continues to come. After I had received Communion, He renewed in me the pains of the crucifixion, and I was left so numb that I felt a need for a relief, but I did not dare to ask for

it. After a little while He came back as a baby and He kissed me all over; milk flowed from His lips, and I drank in large gulps that most sweet milk from His most pure lips. Now, while I was doing this, He told me: “I am the Flower of the Celestial Eden, and the fragrance I spread is such that at my perfume the whole of Heaven remains captivated. And since I am the Lamp that sends light to all, so much so, as to keep them immersed in it, all of my Saints draw their little lights from Me. So, there is no light in Heaven which has not been drawn from this Lamp.” Ah, yes! there is not even the smell of virtue without Jesus; and there is no light, even if one went up to the highest heavens, without Jesus!

### **February 21, 1900**

***Purity is obtained through mortification, and mortification renders the soul worthy of sympathy.***

This morning my lovable Jesus began to make His usual delays. May He be always blessed, for He always starts all over again. Indeed it takes the patience of a saint to bear Him; and one would have to deal with Jesus to see how much patience it takes. One who has not experienced it, cannot believe it, and it is almost impossible not to have a few little huffs with Him.

Then, after exercising patience in waiting and waiting for Him, finally He came and told me: “My daughter, the gift of purity is not a natural gift, but an attained grace; and this is obtained by rendering oneself worthy of sympathy. And the soul becomes so through mortifications and through sufferings. Oh! how worthy of sympathy becomes the mortified and suffering soul! Oh! how striking she is! And I feel such sympathy as to go mad for her, and whatever she wants, I give to her. You, when you are deprived of Me - suffer my privation for love of Me, which is the most painful suffering for you, and I will feel more sympathy than before, and will grant you new gifts.”

### **February 23, 1900**

***The sign to know whether a state is Will of God.***

This morning, after I had almost lost the hope that blessed Jesus would come, all of a sudden He came and renewed in me the pains of the crucifixion; and He told me: “The time has come, the end is approaching, but the hour is uncertain.” And I, without paying attention to the meaning of the words He spoke, remained in doubt on whether I should attribute them to my complete crucifixion or to the chastisements. So I said to Him: ‘Lord, how I fear that my state might not be Will of God!’ And He: “The surest sign in order to know whether a state is my Will is when one feels the strength to bear that state.” And I: ‘If it were your Will, this change - that You do not come as before - would not happen.’

And He: “When a person becomes intimate within a family, one no longer uses those formalities, those regards that were used before, when he was a stranger. So I do. But, nevertheless, this is not a sign that it is not the will of that family to have that person with them, or that they no longer love him as before. Therefore, remain calm, let Me do - do not want to rack your brains or trouble the peace of your heart. At the appropriate time you will know my operating.”

### **February 24, 1900**

***Luisa resists obedience.***

This morning I was all fear; I believed that everything was fantasy – that is, the devil wanting to deceive me. So, whatever I would see, I despised and I was displeased. I saw the confessor placing the intention that Jesus would renew in me the pains of the crucifixion, and I tried to resist. At first, blessed Jesus tolerated me, but since the confessor kept repeating the intention, Jesus then told me: “My daughter, this time we are really going to fail the obedience. Don’t you know that obedience must seal the soul, and that obedience must render the soul like soft wax, in such a way that the confessor can give to it the shape he wants?” So, heedless of my resistances, He shared with me the pains of the crucifixion;

and I, no longer able to resist all this - which I did not want for fear that it might not be Jesus - was forced to succumb under the weight of the pains. May He be always blessed, and may everything be to glorify Him, in everything and always.

**February 26, 1900**

***The Divine Will is the beatitude of all.***

After going through several days of privation – at most, He came a few times like a shadow, and He ran away – I felt such pain that I consumed myself with tears. Having compassion for my sorrow, blessed Jesus came, and He looked and looked at me again; and then He said to me: “My daughter, do not fear for I do not leave you. However, when you are without my presence I do not want you to lose heart, but rather, from today on, when you are without Me, I want you to take my Will and to delight in It, loving Me and glorifying Me in my Will, and holding my Will as if It were my very Person. By doing so, you will hold Me in your own hands. What forms the beatitude of Paradise? Certainly my Divinity. Now, what would form the beatitude of my dear ones on earth? With certainty, my Will. My Will can never escape you; you will always have It in your possession, and if you remain in the circle of my Will, there you will experience the joys most ineffable and the pleasures most pure. By never going out of the circle of my Will, the soul becomes noble, divinized, and all of her operations reverberate in the center of the Divine Sun, just as the sun’s rays reverberate on the surface of the earth – not one of them goes out of their center, which is God. The soul who does my Will is alone the noble queen who nourishes herself from my breath, because she takes her food and her drink from no place but my Will, and by nourishing herself of my Will all Holy, a most pure blood will flow in her veins, and her breath will spread a fragrant perfume, which will cheer the whole of Me, because it is produced by my very breath. Therefore, I want nothing else from you but that you form your beatitude in the circle of my Will, without ever going out of It, not even for a brief instant.”

While He was saying this, I felt an alarm and a fear in my interior, that the speaking of Jesus might indicate that He was not going to come, and that I was supposed to calm myself in His Will. Oh! God, what a mortal pain! How it gripped my heart! But Jesus, always benign, added: “How can I leave you since you are victim? When you cease to be victim, only then will I not come; but as long as you are victim I will always feel drawn to come.”

So it seems I have remained calm, but I feel as though surrounded by the adorable Will of God, in such a way that I find no opening through which to go out. I hope He will always keep me in this circle that connects me completely in God.

**February 27, 1900**

***The Divine Will binds Jesus to the soul. The great evil of murmuring.***

Having abandoned all of myself in the lovable Will of Our Lord, I saw myself all surrounded by my sweet Jesus, from outside and from within. By having abandoned myself in Him, I saw myself as if my being had become transparent, and wherever I turned, I could see my highest Good. But what caused my amazement was that while I saw myself surrounded by Jesus inside and out, so was I - my poor being, my will - surrounding Jesus as though within a circle, in such a way that He would not be able to find an opening to go out, because my will, united to His, kept Him chained, without any possibility that He might escape me. Oh! admirable secret of the Will of my Lord – indescribable is your happiness!

Now, while I was in this state, blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, in the soul who is completely transformed into my Volition I find sweet rest. Her soul becomes for Me like those soft objects that cause no bother to someone who wants to rest; on the contrary, be they even tired and suffering people, the softness and the pleasure they receive in resting over those objects is such that, upon waking up, they find themselves strong and healthy. Such is for Me the soul who is conformed to my Will; and I, as

recompense, let Myself be bound by her will, and I make the Divine Sun shine in her as in the full midday.” Having said this, He disappeared.

Then, later on, after I received Communion, He came back and transported me outside of myself. I could see many people, and Jesus told me: “Tell them, tell them that great is the evil they do by murmuring about one another - because they draw my indignation - and with justice, because I see that while they are subject to the same miseries and weaknesses, they do nothing but raise tribunals against one another. If they do this among themselves, what should I, who am pure and holy, do with them? According to the charity which they exercise toward one another, so do I feel drawn to use mercy with them.” Jesus was saying this to me, and I repeated it to those people; and then we withdrew.

### **March 2, 1900**

#### ***The union of wills is that which most binds the soul to Jesus.***

This morning, after I received Holy Communion, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen crucified, and I felt drawn interiorly to reflect myself in Him, so as to be able to resemble Him; and Jesus reflected Himself in me, to draw me to His likeness. While He was doing this, I felt the pains of my crucified Lord being infused in me; and with all goodness He told me: “I want suffering to be your nourishment, not as mere suffering, but as the fruit of my Will. The most sincere kiss that binds our friendship more strongly is the union of our wills, and the indissoluble bond that will clasp us in continuous embraces will be the continuous suffering.”

While He was saying this, blessed Jesus unnailed Himself, took His cross and laid it within the interior of my body, and I too remained so stretched as to feel my bones being dislocated. Even more, a hand, but I cannot tell with certainty whose it was, pierced my hands and feet through; and Jesus, who was seated on the cross that was laid in my interior, was all pleased with my suffering and with the one who was piercing my hands; and He added: “Now I can rest in tranquillity, I do not even have to take the trouble to crucify you, because obedience wants to do everything herself; and I, freely, leave you in the hands of obedience.” And moving quickly from upon the cross, He placed Himself upon my heart in order to rest. Who can say in how much suffering I was left, being in that position? After I remained like this for a long time, Jesus would not deign to relieve me as the other times, so as to let me return to my natural state. That hand which had put me on the cross - I could not see it any more. I said this to Jesus, and He replied: “Who put you on the cross? Did I perhaps do it? It was obedience, and obedience must remove you from it.” It seems that this time He wanted to joke, and by His highest grace I obtained that blessed Jesus would free me.

### **March 7, 1900**

#### ***The soul who is conformed to the Divine Will binds God.***

This morning, finding myself outside of myself, I had to go round and round to find blessed Jesus. Fortunately, I entered into a church and I found Him on an altar where the Divine Sacrifice was being celebrated. Immediately I ran to Him and I embraced Him, telling Him: ‘Finally I found You! You made me go round so much to the point of tiring myself - and You were here.’

And He, looking me at me with seriousness, not with His usual benignity, told me: “This morning I feel very embittered, and I feel all the necessity to lay hand to chastisements in order to free Myself of this load.” And I, immediately: ‘My dear, this is nothing, we will remedy it quickly; You will pour your bitternesses into me, and so You will be relieved, isn’t it true?’ And He, condescending to my words, poured His bitternesses into me. Then, afterwards, clasping me all to Himself, as if He had freed Himself of a heavy weight, He added: “The soul who is conformed to my Will knows how to infiltrate herself so much into my power as to reach the point of binding Me completely, and according to her liking she

disarms Me as she wants. Ah! you, you – how many times you bind Me!” And while saying this, He assumed His usual sweet and benign appearance.

**March 9, 1900**

*Grace is like the sun.*

As I was a little disturbed because of something which it is not necessary to say here, my mind wanted to go wandering, to find assurance on my disturbance, and so remain at peace. But blessed Jesus, wanting to contradict my will, prevented me from seeing what I wanted; and since I insisted in wanting to see, He told me: “Why do you want to go wandering? Don’t you know that one who goes out of my Will goes out of the light and confines himself into darkness?” And almost wanting to distract me from what I wanted, He transported me outside of myself, and changing subject He added: “Take a look at how ungrateful men are to Me. Just as the light of the sun fills the whole earth, from one end to another, in such a way that there is no land which does not enjoy the benefit of its light, and there is no one who can lament he is without its beneficial influences; and this is so true, that in order to be able to give light to all, investing the whole universe, the sun takes it as though in its hand; only one who, escaping from its hand, goes to hide in dark places can lament he does not enjoy its light; and still, continuing its charitable office, the sun does not cease to send him a few glimmers of light through its fingers - so is my grace, an image of the sun, which inundates the people everywhere: poor and rich, ignorant and learned, Christians and unbelievers - no one, no one can say he is without it, because the light of truth and the influence of my grace fill the earth, more than the sun in its full midday.

But, what pain mine is in seeing people who, passing through this light with their eyes closed and confronting my grace with the pestiferous torrent of their iniquities, deviate from this light and live voluntarily in dark places, in the midst of cruel enemies? They are exposed to a thousand dangers, because, not having light, they cannot know clearly whether they are in the midst of friends or enemies, and therefore escape from the dangers that surround them.

Ah! if the sun had reason and men were able to give this affront to its light, and some of them, to irritate and not to see its luminosity, reached such ingratitude as to pluck their eyes out so as to be more sure of living in darkness – ah!, instead of sending light, the sun would send laments and cries of sorrow, such as to turn all nature upside down! Yet, what one would have horror in doing to the natural light, men reach such excess as to do to my grace, confronting it in this way. But my grace, always benign with them, in the midst of darkness itself and of the madness of their blindness, always sends glimmers of light, because my grace never leaves anyone. It is man who voluntarily goes out of it; and grace, not having him within itself, tries to follow him with the glimmers of its light.”

While saying this, sweet Jesus was extremely afflicted, and I did as much as I could to console Him, praying Him to pour His bitternesses into me. And He added: “Bear with Me if I am a cause of affliction for you, because once in a while I feel all the necessity, with my beloved souls, to pour out, in words, my pain for the ingratitude of men, so as to move their hearts to repair for such an excess, and to compassion for men themselves.” And I: ‘Lord, what I would like is that You do not spare me from sharing in your pains.’ And as I tried to say some more, He disappeared from me and I returned into myself.

**March 10, 1900**

*Effects of suffering and of obedience.*

This morning, having received Holy Communion, I saw my dear Jesus as a Child with a lance in His hand, in act of wanting to pierce my heart through; and since I had said something to the confessor, wanting to reproach me, Jesus told me: “You want to shun suffering, and I want you to begin a new life of sufferings and of obedience.” And while saying this, He pierced my heart through with the lance, and

then He added: “Just as the fire burns according to the wood that is placed in it, thus exercising greater activity in burning and consuming the objects that are thrown into it; and the greater the fire, the greater the heat and the light it contains – the same with suffering and obedience: the greater they are, the more the soul becomes capable of destroying what is material, and obedience gives her the shape it wants, like soft wax.”

### **March 11, 1900**

#### ***Encounter with a soul in Purgatory.***

It continues almost always in the same way. This morning I saw good Jesus more afflicted than usual, threatening a mortality of people, and I saw that in certain towns many were dying. Then I passed by Purgatory, and as I recognized a late friend of mine, I questioned her about various things regarding my state, especially whether my state is Will of God, and whether it is true that it is Jesus who comes, or the devil. In fact, I said to her: “Since you find yourself before the Truth and you know things with clarity, with no possibility of deceiving yourself, you can tell me the truth about my things.”

And she said to me: “Do not fear, your state is Will of God, and Jesus loves you very much - this is why He is pleased to manifest Himself to you.” And I, proposing some of my doubts to her, prayed her to be so kind as to see before the light of truth whether they were true or false, and to do me the charity of coming and letting me know; and if she did that, as recompense I would have a Mass celebrated in her suffrage. And she added: “If the Lord wants it - because we are so immersed in God that we cannot even flutter our eyelashes if we do not have His concourse. We dwell in God just like a person who dwelled inside another body, who can think, speak, look, operate, walk, insofar as it is permitted to him by that body which surrounds him on the outside. In fact, for us it is not like for you, who exercise your free volition, your own will; for us every will has ceased, our will is only the Will of God – from It we live, in It we find all our contentment, and It forms all our good and our glory.” And while she was showing an unspeakable contentment for this Will of God, we separated.

### **March 14, 1900**

#### ***How to draw souls to Catholicism.***

Since the confessor had given me the obedience to pray the Lord to manifest to me what should be done in order to draw souls to Catholicism and to remove so much misbelief, I prayed for several days, and the Lord would not deign to manifest Himself on this point. Finally, this morning I found myself outside of myself, transported into a garden which seemed to me the garden of the Church, and in it there were many priests and other dignities, who were discussing this topic. While they were discussing this, a dog of enormous size and strength came out, and the majority of them were so scared and exhausted, as to let themselves be bitten by that beast, and to withdraw like cowards from that enterprise. That fierce dog had no strength to bite only those who had Jesus in their hearts as the center, who thus came to form the center of all their actions, thoughts and desires. Ah, yes! Jesus formed the seal of these people, and that beast was left so weak as to have no strength even to breathe.

Now, while they were discussing, I heard Jesus from behind my shoulders saying: “All other societies know who belongs to their party; only my Church does not know who Her children are. The first step is to know who those are who belong to Her, and these you can know by establishing one day a reunion, to which you will invite them, so that those who are Catholic should convene to the appointed place for such reunion; and there, with the help of lay Catholics, they should decide what is suitable to do. The second step is to oblige to confession those Catholics who convene, which is the most important thing that renews man and forms the true Catholics. And this, not only for those who are present, but they should oblige the leaders to oblige their subjects to confession; and if they do not succeed with gentle manners, they should even dismiss them from their service. Once each priest has formed the body

of his Catholics, then will they be able to move forward to superior steps. In fact, recognizing the opportunity of the time, the way in which to penetrate into other parties, and the prudence in exposing themselves, is like the pruning of trees, which makes them produce large and mature fruits. But if the tree is not pruned, it does make, yes, a beautiful pomp of leaves and of flowers, but as soon as a frost comes down, or a wind blows, since the tree does not have enough sap and strength to sustain so many flowers in order to change them into fruits, the flowers fall off, and the tree remains stripped. The same happens in the things of religion: first you must form a suitable body of Catholics, so as to be able to confront the other parties; and then you will be able to penetrate into the other parties, to form a single one.”

After He said this, I did not hear Him any more, and without even seeing Him, I found myself inside myself. Who can say my pain at not having seen blessed Jesus for the whole day, and the tears I had to shed?

### **March 15, 1900**

#### ***Jesus feels disarmed by the victim souls.***

Since He continued not to come, I was consumed with sorrow and I felt such a fever as to become delirious. Now, since the confessor came to celebrate the Divine Sacrifice, I received Communion, but I could not see my dear Jesus as usual, so I began to speak my nonsense: “Tell me, my Good, why do You not make Yourself seen? This time it seems to me that I have given You no occasion to withdraw! How can You just leave me like that? Ah, not even the friends of this earth act in this way! When they have to be apart, at least they say goodbye to each other. And You? You say not even goodbye to me? How can it be? Is this the way to behave? Forgive me if I speak in this way, it is the fever that makes me delirious, and makes me reach folly.’ Who can say all the nonsense I spoke to Him? It would be like wanting to waste time.

Now, while I was raving and crying, Jesus showed now one hand, now one arm. Then I saw the confessor giving me the obedience to suffer the crucifixion, and Jesus, as though forced by obedience, made Himself seen, and immediately I said to Him: ‘Why were You not letting Yourself be seen?’ And He, showing a serious appearance, said: “It is nothing, it is nothing... It is that I want to chastise the earth, and if I am on good terms even with one creature, I feel disarmed and I have no strength to lay hand to the chastisements, because when I make Myself seen, if you see that I have to send chastisements, you begin to say: ‘Pour them into me – make me suffer’; and I feel conquered by you, so I never lay hand to the chastisements, and men do nothing but grow bolder.”

Now, as the confessor continued to repeat the obedience of making me suffer the crucifixion, Jesus showed Himself slow in letting me do this obedience, not like the other times, when He immediately wanted me to submit myself. He said to me: “And you, what do you want to do?” And I: ‘Lord, whatever You want.’ Then, turning to the confessor with a serious aspect, He said to him: “You too want to bind Me by giving her this obedience to suffer?” And while saying this, He began to share the pains of the cross with me. Then, showing Himself appeased, He poured His bitternesses, and then He added: “The confessor - where is he?” And I: ‘Lord, I don’t know where he went; surely I don’t see him with us any more.’ And He: “I want Him, because just as he refreshed Me, so I want to refresh him.”

### **March 17, 1900**

#### ***Sorrow of the Pope. Humility.***

This morning blessed Jesus made me see the Holy Father with open wings, going in search of his children in order to gather them under his wings; and I could hear his laments, saying: “My children, my children, how many times have I tried to gather you under my wings - and you escape from me! O

please! Listen to my moans, and have compassion for my sorrow!” And while saying this, he cried bitterly. It seemed that it was not only the secular that were moving away from the Pope, but also priests, and these gave greater sorrow to the Holy Father. How pitiful it was to see the Pope in this position! After this, I saw Jesus who echoed the laments of the Holy Father, and added: “Few are those who have remained faithful, and these few live like foxes withdrawn inside their dens. They are afraid to expose themselves in order to pull their children away from the mouths of the wolves. They speak, they propose, but those are all words cast to the wind – they never come to deeds.” Having said this, He disappeared.

After a little while He came back. I felt all annihilated within myself in the presence of Jesus, and He, seeing me annihilated, told me: “My daughter, the more you lower yourself within yourself, the more I feel drawn to lower Myself toward you, and to fill you with my grace. Here, then, how humility is bearer of light.”

### **March 20, 1900**

*Jesus is forced to chastise, and the victim soul tries to placate Him.*

Having received Communion, I saw my sweet Jesus inviting me to go out with Him, on the condition, however, that if I was to go with Him, wherever I would see that Jesus was forced to send chastisements because of sins, I should not contend with Him so that He would not send them. With this condition we went out, going round the earth. At first I began to see areas, not too far from us, which were all withered, especially at certain points; so, turning to Him I said: ‘Lord, how can these poor people go on if they lack the food to nourish themselves? O please! You can do anything – just as You made it wither, make it become green again.’ And since He had the crown of thorns, I stretched out my hand, telling Him: ‘My Good, what have these people done to You? Did they perhaps put this crown of thorns on You? Well then, give it to me, so You will be placated, and will give them food so as not to let them perish.’ And removing it from Him, I pressed it onto my head.

While I was doing this, Jesus told me: “It shows that I cannot take you with Me, because taking you and being unable to do anything is the same.” And I: ‘Lord, I have not done anything; forgive me if You know that I have done evil, but, O please! take me with You!’ And He: “Your way of acting binds Me everywhere.” And I: ‘I am not the one who does this, it is You Yourself who make me operate in this way, because in being with You, I see that all things are Yours, and if I did not care about your things, it seems to me that I would not care about Your very Self. Therefore, You must forgive me if I act in this way, because I do it for love of You, and You must not send me away because of this.’

So we continued to go around. I did as much as I could not to tell Him anything at certain points so that He would not chastise, in order not to give Him any occasion to make me withdraw and lose His lovable presence. But where I could not, I would begin to contend with Him. We arrived at some place in Italy where they were making a plot which was to cause a great disorder, but I did not understand what it was, because as I began to say, ‘Lord, do not allow this – poor people! How shall they go on?’ - seeing that I insisted and wanted to prevent Him, Jesus told me with empire: “Withdraw! Withdraw!” And removing a belt of nails and pins which He wore, sunken inside His flesh, and which made Him suffer very much, He added: “Withdraw, and take this belt with you, for you will give Me great relief.” And I: ‘Yes, I will put it on myself in your place, but let me be with You.’ And He: “No - withdraw!” And He said this with such empire that, unable to resist, in one instant I found myself inside myself, and I was unable to understand what that plot was about.

### **March 25, 1900**

*The Incarnate Word is like Sun for souls.*

This morning my adorable Jesus, in the act of coming, told me: “Just as the sun is the light of the world, so did the Word of God, in incarnating Himself, become the light of souls. And just as the

material sun gives light in general and to each one in particular, so much so, that each one can enjoy it as if it were his own, in the same way, the Word, while giving light in general, is Sun for each one in particular; so much so, that each one can have this Divine Sun as if It were for himself alone.”

Who can say what I comprehended about this light and the beneficial effects that abound in the souls who keep this Sun as if It were their own? It seemed to me that, as the soul possesses this light, it dispels darkness, just as the material sun, by rising over our horizon, dispels the darkness of the night. If the soul is cold, this divine light warms her; if she is naked of virtues, it fecundates her; if she is inundated by the pestiferous disease of lukewarmness, with its heat it absorbs that bad humor. In a word, so as not to be too long, this Divine Sun, introducing her into the center of Its sphere, covers the soul with all Its rays and reaches the point of transforming the soul into Its very light.

After this, since I was feeling all weary, wanting to refresh me, Jesus told me: “This morning I want to delight in you.” And He began to make His usual loving stratagems.

**April 1, 1900**

*Passions changed into virtues.*

After waiting and waiting, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen from inside my heart. I seemed to see a sun spreading its rays, and in looking into the center of this sun, I could see the face of Our Lord. But what caused my amazement was to see many maidens clothed in white within my heart, with crowns on their heads, surrounding this Divine Sun and nourishing themselves with the rays which this Sun was spreading. Oh! how beautiful they were – modest, humble, all intent on Jesus, and delighting in Him!

Not knowing the meaning of this, with a little bit of concern I asked Jesus to let me know who those maidens were; and Jesus told me: “These maidens used to be your passions, which now, with my grace, I have changed into as many virtues, which form my noble cortege, remaining all at my disposal. And I, as recompense, keep nourishing them with my continuous grace.” Ah! Lord, yet, I feel I am so bad, that I am ashamed of myself!

**April 2, 1900**

*Jesus judges according to the will with which one operates.*

This morning I had to suffer very much because of the absence of my dear Jesus; however, He repaid my pains by granting a desire of mine, of wanting to know something, which I had been yearning for, for a long time. Then, after going round and round in search of Jesus, now I called Him with prayer, now with tears, now with singing - who knows, He might be wounded by my voice and so let Himself be found; but it was all in vain. I repeated my moans; I asked about Him to whomever I found. Finally, when my heart felt itself dying and could take no more, I found Him. But I could see Him from the back, and remembering about a resistance I made to Him, which I will write in the book of the confessor, I asked for His forgiveness; and so it seems we placed ourselves in accord; so much so, that He Himself asked me what I wanted. And I said to Him: ‘Be pleased to let me know your Will about my state, especially what I must do when I find myself with little sufferings and You do not come; and if You do come, it is almost like a shadow. So, not seeing You, I feel my senses present within me, and finding myself in this position, I feel as if I were putting something of my own and it were not necessary to wait for the coming of the confessor in order to get out of that state.’

And Jesus: “Whether you suffer or not, whether I come or not, your state is always of victim; more so, since this is my Will and yours, and I judge not according to the works that one does, but according to the will with which one operates.” And I: ‘My Lord, it is fine as You say, but it seems to me that I am there uselessly and much time is wasted, and I feel a bother, a fear. And then, having the confessor come - my souls is tormented that it might not be your Will.’ And He: “Do you think it is a

sin to have the confessor come?” And I: ‘No, but I fear it is not your Will.’ And He: “It is sin that you must flee - even the shadow of it, but about the rest you must have no concern.” And I: ‘If it were not your Will, why remain there?’ And He: “Ah! it seems to Me that my daughter wants to escape the state of victim, doesn’t she?” And I, all blushing, said: ‘No, Lord, I am saying this for those times in which You do not let me suffer and do not come; after all, let me suffer, and I will have no concern.’

And Jesus: “And to Me it seems that you want to escape. Besides, do you know when I intend to come and communicate my pains to you, whether on the first, the second, the third or even the last hour? So, by distracting yourself from Me and trying to get out, you occupy yourself with something else, and I, on coming, will not find you prepared, and will turn around and go somewhere else.” And I, all frightened: ‘May this never be, oh Lord! I want to know nothing but your Most Holy Will.’ And He: “Remain calm and wait for the confessor.” Having said this, He disappeared.

It seems I feel relieved of a heavy weight by this speaking of Jesus, but in spite of this, the sorrowful pain of when Jesus deprives me of Himself has not lessened in me.

**April 9, 1900**

***Abandonment in God.***

This morning, having received Communion, I was in a sea of bitternesses for I did not see my highest Good, Jesus. I felt all of my interior alarmed, when, in one instant, He made Himself seen and told me, almost reproaching me: “Don’t you know that not abandoning oneself in Me is wanting to usurp the rights of my Divinity, giving Me a great affront? Therefore, abandon yourself, calm all of your interior in Me, and you will find peace; and in finding peace, you will find Me.” Having said this, He disappeared like a flash, without letting Himself be seen any more. Ah! Lord, You Yourself, keep me all abandoned and well clasped in your arms, so that I may never escape; otherwise I will always make little escapes!

**April 10, 1900**

***The desires to see Jesus draw Him to the soul.***

Blessed Jesus continues not to come. Oh! God, what an unspeakable pain is His privation! I tried as much as I could to remain at peace and all abandoned in Him, but – no! my poor heart could take no more. I did as much as I could to calm it, saying: ‘Heart of mine, let us wait a little longer; who knows, He might come. Let us use some stratagems to draw Him to come.’ So, turning to Him, I said: “Lord, come, it is getting late and You have not come yet? This morning I am trying to remain calm as much as I can; yet, You don’t let Yourself be found? Lord, I offer You the martyrdom of your privation as an attestation of love, and as a present to induce You to come. It is true that I am not worthy, but it is not because I am worthy that I look for You - but out of love, and because without You I feel life missing in me.’ And since He was not coming, I said to Him: ‘Lord, either You come, or I will tire You with my speaking; and when You get tired... even then are You not going to come?’ But who can say all my nonsense? I told Him so much of it that I would be too long if I wanted to say everything.

After this, I just barely saw my sweet Jesus moving in my interior, as if He were waking up from a sleep. Then He showed Himself more clearly, and transporting me outside of myself, He told me: “Just as the bird flaps its wings when it must fly, so does the soul flap the wings of humility at the flights of her desires; and in that flapping she sends a magnet that draws Me, in such a way that while she takes wing to come to Me, I take wing to go to her.” Ah, Lord, it shows that I lack the magnet of humility! If I could spread the magnet of humility everywhere on my path, I would not have to struggle so much, waiting and waiting for your coming!

**April 16, 1900**

***The three signatures on the passport to enter beatitude on earth. Plot against the Church.***

After I went through bitter days of privation and of reproaches of blessed Jesus because of my ingratitude and resistances to His Will and to His graces, this morning, upon coming, He told me: "My daughter, the passport to enter the beatitude that the soul can possess on this earth, must be signed with three signatures, and these are: resignation, humility and obedience.

Perfect resignation to my Will is wax that melts our wills and makes them one; it is sugar and honey. However, at a small resistance to my Will, the wax separates, the sugar becomes bitter, and the honey turns into poison.

Now, it is not enough to be resigned, but the soul must be convinced that the greatest good for herself and the best way to glorify Me is to always do my Will. Here is the necessity of the signature of humility, because humility produces this knowledge.

But, who ennobles these two virtues? Who fortifies them; who renders them persevering; who chains them together in such a way that they cannot separate? Who crowns them? Obedience. Ah! yes, completely destroying one's will and everything that is material, obedience spiritualizes everything and, like a crown, places itself around them. So, resignation and humility without obedience are subject to instability, but with obedience they will be fixed and stable. Here is the strict necessity of the signature of obedience, so that this passport may circulate in order to pass into the reign of the spiritual beatitude that the soul can enjoy down here. Without these three signatures, the passport will have no value, and the soul will be rejected by the reign of beatitude, and will be forced to remain in the reign of restlessness, of fears and of dangers; and to her misfortune, she will have her own self as god, and this self will have the cortege of pride and of rebellion."

After this, He carried me outside of myself, into a garden, which seemed to be the garden of the Church. There I saw that five or six people, priests and secular, were being led astray, and uniting with the enemies of the Church, they were starting a revolution. How pitiful it was to see blessed Jesus crying over the sad state of these people! Then I looked in the air and I saw a cloud of water, filled with large pieces of ice that were falling over the earth. Oh! what a disaster they caused over the crops and over humanity! But I hope that He will calm down. Then, more afflicted than before, I came back into myself.

**April 20, 1900**

***The Cross gives us the features and the likeness of Jesus.***

My adorable Jesus continues to come, for just a little and like a shadow, and even when He comes He does not say anything. This morning, after He renewed in me the pains of the cross as many as two times, looking at me with tenderness while I was suffering the spasm of the piercings of the nails, He told me: "The cross is a mirror in which the soul observes the Divinity, and by reflecting herself in it, she acquires the features and the likeness which most resemble God. The cross must not only be loved, desired, but one must hold the very cross as an honor, a glory. This is to operate as God and to become like God by participation, because I alone gloried in the cross and considered suffering an honor for Me, and I loved it so much that in my whole life I did not want to be one moment without the cross."

Who can say what I understood about the cross from this speaking of blessed Jesus? But I feel mute in expressing it with words. Ah! Lord, I pray You to keep me always nailed to the cross, so that, having this divine mirror ever before me, it may cleanse all my stains and embellish me ever more unto your likeness.

**April 21, 1900**

***More than Sacrament, the Cross seals God in the soul.***

As I was in my usual state, or rather, with a little bit of concern about something which it is not necessary to say here, my sweet Jesus, on coming, told me: "...And they are sacred vessels, and every now and then it is necessary to dust them off. Your bodies are as many sacred vessels, in which I make my dwelling, therefore it is necessary that I do some little dusting every now and then – that is, that I visit them with some tribulation, so that I may remain in them with more decorum. Therefore, remain calm."

Later, after I received Communion and He renewed in me the pains of the crucifixion, He added: "My daughter, how precious is the cross! Take a look: the Sacrament of my Body, in giving Itself to the soul, unites her with Me, It transmutes her to the point of becoming one with Me. But as the species are consumed, the union, truly established, ceases. Not with the cross. The cross takes God and unites Him with the soul forever, and it places itself with greater security as the seal. Therefore, the cross seals God in the soul, in such a way that there is never separation between God and the crucified soul."

**April 23, 1900**

***Resignation is oil that salves.***

This morning, finding myself outside of myself, I saw my sweet Jesus suffering very much, and I prayed Him to share His pains with me; and He said to me: "You too suffer. Rather, I will take your place and You will do for me the office of nurse." So it seemed that Jesus placed Himself in my bed, and I, beside Him, began to check His head, and removed, one by one, the thorns that were driven into it. Then I moved on to His body and I visited all His wounds; I dried up the blood, I kissed them, but I had nothing with which to salve them in order to mitigate the spasm, when I saw that an oil was coming out of me. I took it and I salved the wounds of Jesus, but with some concern, for I did not understand what the meaning of that oil was, coming out of me.

But blessed Jesus made me understand that resignation to the Divine Will is oil which, while salving and mitigating our pains, at the same time, salves and mitigates the spasm of the wounds of Jesus. Then, after performing this office for my dear Jesus for quite a while, He disappeared and I came back into myself.

**April 24, 1900**

***The Eucharist and suffering.***

This morning, having received Communion, it seemed to me that the confessor was placing the intention of making me suffer the crucifixion, and at that very instant I saw my guardian Angel who laid me on the cross to make me suffer it. After this, I saw my sweet Jesus, who compassionated me and told me: "Your refreshment is I, and my refreshment is your suffering." And He showed an unspeakable contentment for my suffering, and for the confessor who, by means of the obedience to suffer which he had given me, had procured this relief for Him. Then He added: "Since the Sacrament of the Eucharist is the fruit of the cross, I feel more disposed to concede suffering to you when you receive my Body. In fact, in seeing you suffer, it seems to Me that I continue my Passion in you for the good of souls - not mystically, but really; and this is a great relief for Me, as I collect the true fruit of my Cross and of the Eucharist."

After this, He said: "Up until now it was obedience that made you suffer; do you want Me to amuse Myself a little bit by renewing again in you the crucifixion with my own hands?" And I, though I felt great suffering and, still fresh, the pains of the cross that had been renewed in me, said: 'Lord, I am in your hands, do with me whatever You want.' So, all content, Jesus began to drive the nails into

my hands and feet again. I felt such intensity of pain that I myself do not know how I remained alive, but I was content because I was making Jesus content. Then, after He bent the nails, placing Himself near me, He began to say: “How beautiful you are! But how much more does your beauty grow in your suffering! Oh! how dear you are to Me! My eyes are wounded in looking at you, for they see my very image in you.” And He said many other things, which it would be useless to repeat – first, because I am bad; second, because not seeing myself as the Lord tells me, I feel confusion and blushing in saying these things. But I hope that the Lord will make me truly good and beautiful; and then, as my blushing would fade, I will be able to describe them. Therefore I stop here.

**April 25, 1900**

***Purity in operating is light.***

As I was in my usual state and not finding my sweet Jesus, I had to go around very much to go in search of Him. Finally I found Him in the arms of the Queen Mama, suckling milk from Her breasts. As much as I said and did, He did not seem to pay attention to me; or rather, He would not even look at me. Who can say the pain of my poor heart, in seeing that Jesus was not paying attention to me? Then, after I gave vent to my tears, having compassion for me, He came into my arms and poured from His mouth a little bit of that milk which He had suckled from the Queen Mama.

After this, I looked inside His breast, and He had a little pearl, so refulgent as to invest the most holy Humanity of Our Lord with light. Wanting to know the meaning of it, I asked Jesus what that pearl was, which, while appearing so small, was spreading so much light. And Jesus: “It is the purity of your suffering; even though it is small, you suffer only for love of Me and would be ready to suffer more if I conceded it to you. Here is the cause of so much light. My daughter, purity in operating is so great, that one who operates with the sole purpose of pleasing Me alone, does nothing other than spread light from all of his operating. One who does not operate in an upright way, even in good, does nothing other than spread darkness.” Then I looked inside the breast of Our Lord, and He had a mirror, crystal-clear, and it seemed that those who walked in an upright way remained completely absorbed in that mirror, while those who did not, remained outside, without being able to receive any imprint of the image of blessed Jesus. Ah! Lord, keep me all absorbed in this divine mirror, that I may have no other shade of intention in my operating.

**May 1, 1900**

***The Eucharist and the cross. Delight and honor in suffering.***

After I received Communion, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen all affability; and since it seemed that the confessor was placing the intention of the crucifixion, my nature felt almost a repugnance to submit itself. My sweet Jesus, to cheer me, told me: “My daughter, if the Eucharist is the deposit of the future glory, the cross is the disbursement with which to purchase it. If the Eucharist is the seed that prevents corruption – like those aromatic herbs that prevent decomposition when applied to cadavers – and gives immortality to soul and body, the cross embellishes and is so powerful that if debts have been contracted, it becomes their guarantor, and it more surely obtains the restitution of the debt’s deed. And after it has satisfied every debt, it forms for the soul the most refulgent throne in the future glory. Ah! yes, the cross and the Eucharist alternate, and one operates more powerfully than the other.”

Then He added: “The cross is my flowery bed, not because I did not suffer harrowing spasms, but because by means of the cross I delivered many souls to grace, and I could see many beautiful flowers bloom, which would produce many celestial fruits. So, in seeing so much good, I held that bed of suffering as my delight, and I delighted in the cross and in suffering. You too, my daughter - take pains as delights, and delight in being crucified on my cross. No, no, I do not want you to fear suffering,

almost wanting to act like a sluggard. Up, courage, be brave, and, of your own, expose yourself to suffering.”

As He was saying this, I saw my good guardian Angel ready to crucify me, and I, of my own, stretched out my arms, and the Angel crucified me. Oh! how good Jesus delighted in my suffering! And how content I was, that such a miserable soul could give pleasure to Jesus! It seemed a great honor for me to suffer for love of Him.

**May 3, 1900**

***The Feast of the Cross in Heaven.***

This morning I found myself outside of myself, and I saw all of Heaven strewn with crosses – some small, some large, some medium; some that were larger, radiated more splendor. It was a most sweet enchantment to see so many crosses adorning the firmament, more refulgent than the sun. After this, it seemed that Heaven was opening, and one could see and hear the feast that the Blessed were making for the cross. Those who had suffered more were celebrated more on this day. One could distinguish in a special way the martyrs and those who had suffered in a hidden way. Oh! how esteemed were the cross and those who had suffered more, in that blessed dwelling!

As I was seeing this, a voice resounded throughout the whole Empyreum, saying: “If the Lord did not send the crosses over the earth, He would be like a father who has no love for his own children - who, instead of wanting to see them honored and rich, wants to see them poor and dishonored.”

The rest that I saw during this feast I have no words to describe. I can feel it within me, but I am unable to express it; therefore I remain silent.

**May 9, 1900**

***Luisa sees the mystery of the Most Holy Trinity in the form of three Suns.***

After I had gone through days not only of privation, but also of disturbance, this morning, as I found myself yet more disturbed about my miserable state, adorable Jesus, on coming, told me: “By being restless, you have disturbed my sweet rest. Ah! yes, you do not let Me rest any more.” Who can say how mortified I was left in hearing that I had deprived Jesus Christ of rest? In spite of this, I calmed down for a few hours, but then I found myself more restless than before, to the point that I myself do not know where I will end up this time.

After those few words spoken by Jesus, I found myself outside of myself, and in looking inside the vault of the heavens, I saw three Suns: one seemed to set in the east, another in the west, and the third in the south. The splendor of the rays that they sent forth was so great that they united, one with the other, in such a way as to become one. I seemed to see the mystery of the Most Holy Trinity, and man, formed with the three powers in the image of It. I also comprehended that for one who would remain in that light, his will would be transformed in the Father, his intellect in the Son, his memory in the Holy Spirit. How many things I comprehended! But I am unable to manifest them.

**May 13, 1900**

***The weight of the privation of Jesus.***

The same state continues, and maybe even worse, though I do as much as I can to remain calm, without becoming disturbed, because so obedience wants. But in spite of this I do not cease to feel the weight of the abandonment that presses upon me and reaches the point of crushing me. Oh! God, what state is this? Tell me at least: where have I offended You? What is the cause of it? Ah! Lord, if You want to continue this way, I think I will not be able to endure any more!

Then, He made Himself seen for just a little, and placing a hand under my chin in act of compassionating me, told me: “Poor daughter, how you have reduced yourself!” And sharing His pains with me, He disappeared like a flash, leaving me more afflicted than before, as if He had not come. Or rather, I feel as if He had not come for a long time, and I feel such affliction, that though I live, my living is a continuous agonizing. Ah! Lord, lend me help, and do not leave me in abandonment, even though I deserve it.

**May 17, 1900**

***Power of the victim souls.***

The same state, of privation and of abandonment, continues. Then, finding myself outside of myself, I saw an inundation of water mixed with hail, such that it seemed that several cities were flooded with considerable damage. While seeing this, I was in great consternation because I wanted to prevent that flood, but since I was alone - more so, since I did not have Jesus with me - I felt my poor arms too weak to be able to do that. Then, to my surprise, I saw a virgin coming (it seemed to me that she was from America), and she from one point, I from another, managed to prevent, for the most part, the scourge that was threatening us. After this, as we reunited together, I saw that virgin with the insignia of the passion, and crowned with the crown of thorns, just as I was, and a person who seemed to be an Angel, saying: “Oh! power of the victim souls! That which is not given to us Angels to do, they can do with their sufferings. Oh! if men knew the good that comes from them - because they are there for the public and the individual good - they would do nothing but implore God to multiply these souls upon earth.” After this, having told each other that each of us should recommend the other to the Lord, we separated.

**May 18, 1900**

***Filling one's interior with God.***

As I was still without my adorable Jesus, at the most, a few shadows - oh! how much bitterness it costs me, how many tears I have to shed! - this morning, after much waiting and searching, I found Him in my very bed, all afflicted, with the crown of thorns piercing His head. I removed it very gently from His head and I placed it on mine. Oh! how bad I saw myself before His presence! I did not have the strength to utter a single word. Having compassion for me, Jesus told me: “Be cheered, do not fear, try to fill your interior with Me, and to stuff it with all virtues, to the point of overflowing outside; and when you come to make this overflow, then will I take you to Heaven, and all your privations will end.”

After this, assuming an afflicted air, He added: “My daughter, pray, because three distinct days have been prepared, each far from the other, with storms, hail, lightnings and floods, which will cause great damage to men and to plants.” Having said this, He disappeared, leaving me a little more relieved in the state in which I find myself, but with a thought: ‘Who knows when I get to make this overflow? And if I never do it, will I perhaps have to remain always away from Him?’

**May 20, 1900**

***All things have their origin from nothing. Necessity of rest and of interior silence.***

Finding myself outside of myself, it seemed to me that it was nighttime, and I could see the whole universe, the whole order of nature, the starry heaven, the silence of the night.... In sum, it seemed to me that everything had a meaning. While seeing this, I seemed to see Our Lord who, beginning to speak about what I was seeing, said: “All nature invites to a rest; but what is true rest? It is the interior rest and the silence of all that is not God. Look at the stars, twinkling with tempered light, not dazzling like the sun; the sleep and the silence of all nature, of men and also of animals - all look for a place, a den, in which to remain in silence and rest from the tiredness of life. If this is necessary for the body, much

more is it necessary for the soul to rest in her own center, which is God. But in order to be able to rest in God, interior silence is necessary, just as exterior silence is necessary to the body to be able to placidly fall asleep. But, what is this interior silence? It is to silence one's own passions by keeping them in their place; it is to impose silence on desires, on inclinations, on affections – in sum, on all that does not call upon God. Now, what is the means to reach this? The only means, and absolutely necessary, is for the soul to undo her own being and reduce herself to nothing, just as she was before being created; and once she has reduced her being to nothing, to take it again in God.

My daughter, all things have their origin from nothing. This very machine of the universe which you are admiring with its great order - had it been full of other things before I created it, I could not have placed my creative hand to make it with such great mastery and to render it so splendid and adorned. At the most, I could have undone everything that might have been there, to then redo it according to my liking. But we always get the same point - that all of my works have their origin from nothing, and when there is mixing with other things, it is not decorous for my majesty to descend and operate in the soul. But when the soul reduces herself to nothing and rises up to Me, and takes her being within Mine, then I operate as the God that I am, and the soul finds true rest. And here is how all virtues, from humility to the annihilation of oneself, take origin.”

Who can say how much I comprehended about what blessed Jesus told me? Oh! how happy my soul would be if I could reach the point of undoing my poor being to be able to receive from my God His Divine Being! Oh! how I would ennoble myself, how sanctified I would become! But what foolishness is mine, where do I have my brain, if I still don't do it? What a human misery – that instead of seeking its true good and taking wing up high, it contents itself with scrabbling on the ground, and with living amidst mud and rot!

After this, my beloved Jesus transported me into a garden in which there were many people preparing themselves to attend a feast; but only those who received a uniform were able to attend, and few were those who received this uniform. A great yearning arose in me to receive it, and I did so much that I obtained the intent. So, as I reached the place where one would receive it, a venerable matronly lady clothed me in white first, and then put a shoulder band on me, pale blue, on which a medal was hanging with the imprint of the face of Jesus; and while it was a face, it was also a mirror, and in looking at it, one would detect the slightest stains, which the soul, with the help of a light coming from within that face, could easily remove. It seemed to me that that medal contained a mysterious meaning. Then she took a mantle of finest gold and covered me all over. It seemed to me that, dressed like this, I could compete with the virgins in Heaven. While this was happening, Jesus told me: “My daughter, let us go back to see what men are doing; it is enough for you to be dressed – when the feast begins, then I will take you there to attend.” So, after we went round for a little while, He brought me into my bed.

**May 21, 1900**

***The most sublime state is to undo one's own will in the Will of God, and to live of His Will.***

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. Then, after much waiting He came, and caressing me, told me: “My daughter, do you know what my design is over you, and the state I want from you?” And pausing a little, He added: “The design I have over you is not of prodigious things, and of many things which I could operate over you to show my work; rather, my design is to absorb you into my Will, making you one with It, and to render you a perfect example of uniformity of your will with Mine. But this is the most sublime state, it is the greatest prodigy, it is the miracle of miracles that I intend to make of you.

My daughter, in order to arrive at making her will perfectly one with Ours, the soul must render herself invisible. She must imitate Me who, while I fill the world by keeping it absorbed within Myself and by not being absorbed in it, render Myself invisible, as I do not let Myself be seen by anyone. This

means that there is no matter in Me, but everything is most pure Spirit; and if in my assumed Humanity I took on matter, it was to render Myself similar to man in everything and to give him a most perfect example of how to spiritualize this very matter. So, the soul must spiritualize everything and arrive at becoming invisible in order to be able to easily make her will one with my Will, because that which is invisible can be absorbed into another object. If one wants to make one object out of two objects, it is necessary that one of these lose its form, otherwise one could never arrive at forming one single being.

What fortune yours would be if, by destroying yourself to the point of becoming invisible, you could receive a form fully divine! Even more, by remaining absorbed in Me, and I in you, forming one single being, you would come to retain the divine source within yourself; and since my Will contains every good that can ever be, you would come to retain all goods, all gifts, all graces, and would not have to look for them anywhere else but within yourself. And while virtues have no boundaries, yet, when the creature remains in my Will according to where she can reach, she will find their limit, because my Will makes one acquire the most heroic and sublime virtues which the creature cannot surpass.

The height of the perfection of a soul undone in my Will is such that she reaches the point of operating like God. And this is no wonder, because, since it is no longer her will that lives in her but the Will of God Himself, every amazement ceases if, by living with this Will, she possesses the power, the wisdom, the sanctity and all the other virtues that God Himself contains. It is enough to tell you, so that you may become enamored and cooperate as much as you can on your part to reach such extent, that the soul who arrives at living of my Will alone is queen of all queens, and her throne is so high as to reach the throne of the Eternal One; she enters the secrets of the Most August Trinity, and participates in the reciprocal love of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Oh! how all the Angels and Saints honor her, men admire her, and the demons fear her, seeing the Divine Being in her!”

‘Ah! Lord, when will You make me arrive at this, since by myself I can do nothing!’

Now, who can say all that the Lord infused in me through intellectual light about this uniformity of wills? The height of those concepts is so great that my tongue, not well refined, has no words to express them. I could only say this little, though speaking nonsense, of that which the Lord made me comprehend through most vivid light.

**May 24, 1900**

***The will of Luisa is one with that of Jesus.***

I was very afflicted because of the privation of my adorable Jesus; at the most, He comes like shadow and flashes. I really feel I cannot go on any more if He wants to continue further! So, as I was at the summit of my affliction, He made Himself seen for a little while, all tired, as though in need of refreshment; and throwing His arms around my neck, He told me: “My beloved, bring Me some flowers and surround Me completely, for I feel I am languishing with love. My daughter, the fragrant perfume of your flowers will be of refreshment for Me and will remedy my troubles, for I am languishing and fainting.” Immediately, I added: ‘And You, my beloved Jesus, give me some fruits, because idleness and scarce suffering increase my languishing so much, that I faint, to the point of feeling myself dying. And then will I be able to give You, not only flowers, but also fruits, to be able to relieve your languishing more.’ And Jesus resumed His speaking, saying to me: “Oh! how well we combine together, don’t we? It seems that your will is one with Mine.”

For a moment it seemed I was relieved, as if the state I was in wanted to cease; but after a little while I found myself immersed in the same lethargy as before, without my highest Good, abandoned and alone.

**May 27, 1900**

***The love of God and grace penetrate into the most intimate parts of man.***

This morning, as I was feeling afflicted more than ever because of the privation of my highest Good, He just barely made Himself seen and told me: “Just as a mighty wind invests the people and penetrates even inside the body, in such a way as to stir the whole person, in the same way, my love and my grace, soaring upon the wings of the winds, invest and penetrate the heart, the mind and the most intimate parts of man. But in spite of this, ungrateful, man rejects my grace and offends Me. What is not my bitter sorrow!”

However, I was all confused and annihilated within myself, and did not dare to utter a word. I just thought: ‘How is it that He does not come? And even when He comes, I do not see Him clearly; it seems that I have lost clarity. Who knows whether I will see His beautiful Face unveiled as before?’ While I was thinking this, my benign Jesus added: “My daughter, why do you fear when your state is *in excelsis*<sup>2</sup> because of the union of our wills?” And wanting to cheer me and compassionate my sorrowful state, He told me: “You are my new Job. Do not oppress yourself excessively if you do not see Me with clarity; I have told you even from the other day that I am not coming according to my usual way for I want to chastise the people, and if you saw Me with clarity, you would come to comprehend what I am doing; and since your heart has received the grafting of Mine, I know what you would suffer, just as my Heart is suffering because I see Myself forced to chastise my creatures. So, in order to spare you these pains, I do not let Myself be seen with clarity.”

Who can say the piercings that this left in my poor heart! Ah! Lord, give me the strength to endure the pain!

**May 29, 1900**

***Threat of chastisements. Jesus is abandoned and left alone.***

Continuing in the same state, I felt all oppressed and I had all the need of a support to be able to bear the privation of my highest Good. Having compassion for me, blessed Jesus showed His Face from within my heart for a few minutes, but not with clarity; and letting me hear His most gentle voice, He told me: “Courage, my daughter, just a little longer; let Me finish chastising, for afterwards I will come as before.” While He was saying this, in my mind I said: ‘What are the chastisements that You have started to send?’ And He added: “The continued rain that is pouring is more than hail, and will bring sad consequences over the people.”

Having said this, He disappeared, and I found myself outside of myself, inside a garden. From there inside, one could see crops and vineyards withered, and within myself I kept saying: “Poor people, poor people, how shall they go on?” While I was saying this, a little boy appeared in that garden, crying and screaming so loud as to deafen Heaven and earth, but no one had compassion for him; though everyone could hear him crying so hard, they would not bother with him, and would leave him abandoned and alone. A thought flashed through me: ‘Who knows whether it is Jesus!’ But I was not sure about it. So, drawing near Him, I said: ‘What is it, that You are crying, dear child? Do You want to come with me, since all have left You prey to tears and to sorrow, which oppresses You so much as to make You scream so loud?’ But – no way! Who could calm Him down? He just barely answered with His sobs that, yes, He wanted to come. So I took Him by the hand to bring Him with me, and in the very act I was doing this I found myself inside myself.

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<sup>2</sup> on high

**June 3, 1900**

*Luisa, chosen among a thousand. Lack of esteem for others is lack of true humility.*

This morning, as I was in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus for a little while, present inside my heart, sleeping; and His sleep drew my soul to fall asleep together with Him, so much so, that I felt all my interior powers all asleep, no longer acting. A few times I tried to get out of that sleep, but I could not. Then blessed Jesus woke up for a little while and sent His breath into me three times, and it seemed to me that He would remain all absorbed in me. Afterwards, it seemed to me that Jesus was drawing those three breaths He had sent to me back into Himself again, and I found myself all transformed into Him. Who can say what was happening in me from these divine breaths? I have no words to express that inseparable union between me and Jesus!

After this, it seems I was able to wake up, and Jesus, breaking the silence, told me: “My daughter, I looked and looked again, I searched and searched again, going throughout the whole earth, but upon you I fixed my gazes and I found my satisfactions, and I chose you among a thousand.”

Then, turning to certain people that I saw, He reprimanded them, saying to them: “Lack of esteem for others is lack of true Christian humility and of sweetness, because a humble and sweet spirit knows how to respect everyone and interprets the things of others always for the good.” Having said this, He disappeared, without my saying to Him even a word. May He be always blessed for He wants it this way, and may everything be for His glory.

**June 6, 1900**

*Luisa, crucified, spares Corato some chastisements.*

Since my adorable Jesus continued not to let Himself be seen with clarity, this morning, as I received Communion, the confessor placed the intention of the crucifixion. While I was amid those sufferings, blessed Jesus, almost drawn by my pains, showed Himself with clarity. Oh God! Who can say the pains that Jesus was suffering and the violent state He was in - that while He was forced to send chastisements, He did such violence to Himself, for He did not want to send them! It aroused such compassion to see Him in this state, that if men could see Him, even if their hearts were as hard as diamonds, they would break with tenderness like fragile glass. So I began to pray Him to placate Himself and to be content with letting me suffer, sparing the people. Then I added: ‘Lord, if You do not want to listen to my prayers, I know I deserve it. If You do not want to have compassion on the peoples, You are right, because great are our iniquities. But I ask You, for pity’s sake, to have compassion on Yourself – have pity on the violence You do to Yourself in punishing your images. Ah! yes, I ask You, for love of Yourself, not to send chastisements to the point of taking the bread away from your children and letting them perish. Ah, no! It is not the nature of your Heart to operate in this way; and this is the reason for the violence You feel, such that it would give You death if it had the power to.’

And He, all afflicted, told me: “My daughter, it is Justice that does violence to Me, and the love I have for men uses even greater violence on Me, to the point of putting my Heart into anguishes of death in punishing the creatures.” And I: ‘Therefore, Lord, unload Justice upon me, and your love will no longer suffer violence from Justice, and will not find itself in the struggle of chastising the people, who, truly - how will they go on if You act as You let me understand, withering everything that serves for the nourishment of man? O please! I beg You, let me suffer, and spare them, if not completely, at least in part.’

And Jesus, as though seeing Himself forced by my prayers, drew near my mouth and poured a little bit of bitterness from His – dense and disgusting, such that, as soon as I swallowed it, it caused me such and so many kinds of pains that I felt myself dying. Then blessed Jesus, sustaining me in those pains, otherwise I would have been dead (yet, He had poured nothing but a little bit; what must it be for

His adorable Heart, which contained so much of it?), heaved a sigh as if He felt relieved of a load, and told me: “My daughter, my Justice had decided to destroy everything, but now, unloading Itself a little bit over you, for love of you It concedes one third of what serves for the nourishment of man.” And I: ‘Ah! Lord, it is too little – at least half!’ And He: “No my daughter, content yourself.” And I: ‘No Lord, if You do not want to content me for everyone, at least content me for Corato and for those who belong to me.’ And Jesus: “Today there is hail ready, which must cause great damage. You – remain with the pains of the cross; go out of yourself, and in the form of the crucified go throughout the air and put to flight the demons from over Corato, as they will not be able to resist the crucified image, and will go somewhere else.”

So I went out of myself, crucified, and I saw hail and lightnings which were about to break out over Corato. Who can say the fright of the demons; how they took to their heels at the sight of my crucified form; how they bit their fingers out of rage, and reached the point of getting angry with the confessor, who this morning had given me the obedience to suffer the crucifixion. In fact, they could not get angry with me; on the contrary, they were forced to flee from me because of the sign of redemption that they saw. Then, after putting them to flight, I went back into myself, finding myself with a good dose of sufferings. May everything be for the glory of God.

**June 7, 1900**

***Jesus delivers to Luisa the keys of Justice and a light to reveal It.***

As I was somehow in suffering, it seemed to me that those sufferings were a sweet chain that drew my good Jesus to come almost continuously, and it seemed to me that those pains called Jesus to pour more bitternesses into me. So, on coming, now He would sustain me in His arms to give me strength, now He would pour again. However, every now and then I would say to Him: ‘Lord, now that I feel in me part of your pains, I pray You to content me, as I said to You yesterday, by giving me at least half of what serves for the nourishment of man.’ And He: “My daughter, in order to content you, I deliver to you the keys of Justice and the knowledge of how absolutely necessary it is to punish man; and with this you will do whatever you please. Aren’t you content?”

On hearing Him say this to me I was consoled, and I said in my interior: ‘If it is up to me, I will not chastise anyone at all.’ But how disillusioned I was when blessed Jesus gave me a key and placed me in the middle of a light, such that by looking from within that light I could see all the attributes of God, and also that of Justice. Oh! how everything is orderly in God! And if Justice punishes, this is order; and if It did not punish, It would not be in order with the other attributes. So I saw myself as a wretched worm in the middle of that light, for if I wanted to prevent the course of Justice, I would ruin that order and would go against men themselves, because I comprehended that Justice Itself is most pure love toward them. I found myself all confused and embarrassed, and so, to get rid of it, I said to Our Lord: ‘Through this light with which You have surrounded me I understand things differently, and if You leave it up to me, I would do worse than You do. Therefore I do not accept this knowledge and I renounce the keys of Justice. What I accept and want is that You let me suffer and spare the people; as for the rest, I don’t want to know anything about it.’

And Jesus, smiling at my words, said to me: “How quickly you want to get rid of it, wanting to know no reason; and wanting to use greater violence on Me you come out with two words: let me suffer and spare them!” And I: ‘Lord, it is not that I want to know no reason, but it is because this is not my office, but yours. My office is that of being victim; therefore, You do your office and I do mine; isn’t it true, my dear Jesus?’ And He, as though showing approval, disappeared from me.

**June 10, 1900**

***The office of victim. Chastisements.***

It seems to me that my adorable Jesus continues to cut Justice in half by pouring a little bit upon me, and the rest over the people. This morning especially, when I found myself with Jesus, my soul was tormented in seeing the torture of His most sweet Heart in chastising the creatures. The state of suffering in which Jesus lay was such that He did nothing but let out continuous moans. He had a thick crown of thorns on His head, all sunken into His flesh, to the point that His head looked like a stack of thorns. So, to relieve Him a little bit I said to Him: ‘Tell me, my Good, what is it, that You are suffering so much? Allow me to remove from You these thorns that torment You not a little!’ But Jesus would not answer me; even more, He would not even listen to what I was saying. So I began to remove those thorns, one by one, and then I placed them on my head. Now, while I was doing this, I saw that somewhere far away there was to be an earthquake, which would make a slaughter of people. Then Jesus disappeared from me and I returned inside myself, but with highest affliction, thinking of the suffering state of Jesus and of the tragedies of miserable humanity.

**June 12, 1900**

***Obedience makes her ask Jesus to let her suffer in order to prevent chastisements.***

This morning, as my lovable Jesus came, I began to say: ‘Lord, what are You doing? It seems You are going too far with Justice.’ And while I wanted to continue on speaking in order to excuse the human miseries, Jesus imposed silence on me, by saying to me: “Be quiet, if you want Me to remain with you; come to kiss Me and hail Me in all my suffering members with your usual adorations.” So I began from His head, and then, little by little, the other members. Oh! how many deep wounds that Sacrosanct Body contained, such that the mere sight of them was horrifying. Then, as soon as I finished, He disappeared, leaving me with very little suffering, and with a fear: who knows how heavily He will pour upon the people, since He did not deign to pour His bitternesses upon me!

After a little while, the confessor came and I told him what I have said above, and he said to me: “Today, out of absolute obedience, when you do the meditation you must pray Him to let you suffer the crucifixion and to stop sending scourges.” So, when I did the meditation, I prayed Him according to the obedience received. He just barely made Himself seen, but without paying attention to me; on the contrary, He made Himself seen, now giving His back to the people, now sleeping so as not to be importuned by me. And I... I felt myself dying for He would not care about letting me do the obedience. So I plucked up courage, and placing all my trust in holy obedience, I took Him by one arm, and shaking Him in order to wake Him up, I said to Him: ‘Lord, what are You doing? Is this the love You have for your so favorite virtue of obedience? Are these the praises You have given it so many times? Are these the honors You have lavished on it, to the point of saying that You feel moved and cannot resist the virtue of obedience and You feel subjugated by the soul who gives herself to this virtue - that now it seems You don’t care about letting me obey?’ While I was saying this and other things – I would be too long if I wanted to write them – blessed Jesus stirred Himself, and as though struck by a most acute pain, He burst into poring tears and, sobbing, said: “I too do not want to send scourges, but it is Justice that compels Me almost by force. But you, with this speaking, want to cut Me to the quick and touch a key too delicate for Me and greatly loved by Me, so much so, that I wanted no other honor or title but that of Obedient. So now, to show you that it is not that I do not care about letting you obey, in spite of the fact that my Justice forces Me not to do it, I will share with you, in part, the pains of the cross.” While doing this, He disappeared from me, leaving me content, for He let me obey, and with a sorrow in my soul, as though I had been the cause that made the Lord cry, with my speaking. Ah! Lord, I beg You to forgive me.

**June 14, 1900**

***Effects of the Cross.***

As I was in quite a bit of suffering, my adorable Jesus, on coming, compassionated me and said to me: “My daughter, what is it, that you are suffering so much? Let me relieve you a little bit.” So (though Jesus was suffering more than I was) He gave me a kiss, and since He was crucified, He drew me outside of myself and placed my hands in His, my feet in His, while my head was leaning on His head, and His on mine. How content I was, finding myself in that position! Though the nails and the thorns of Jesus gave me pains, yet, they were pains that gave me joy, because they were suffered for my beloved Good. Indeed, I would have wanted them to increase more.

Jesus too seemed to be content with me, holding me in that way, drawn to Himself. It seemed to me that Jesus was refreshing me, and that I was of refreshment for Him. Then, in that position, we went out, and having found the confessor, immediately I prayed Him for his needs, and I asked the Lord to deign to allow the confessor to hear how sweet and gentle His voice is. To make me content, Jesus turned to him and spoke of the cross, saying: “The cross absorbs my Divinity into the soul, renders her similar to my Humanity, and reproduces my own works in her.”

Afterwards, we continued to go around for a little while, and – oh! how many sorrowful sights, such as to pierce the soul through! - the grave iniquities of men, who do not lower themselves even in the face of Justice; on the contrary, they hurl themselves with greater fury, almost wanting to repay wounds with double wounds; and the great misery that they themselves are preparing for themselves. Then, to our greatest sorrow, we withdrew. Jesus disappeared, and I withdrew into myself.

**June 17, 1900**

***To be in God is to be in peace.***

Since this morning blessed Jesus was not coming, I felt some shadows of disturbance arise in my interior about the reason why He was not coming. So, when He came, He said to me: “My daughter, containing oneself in God and not going out of the boundaries of peace is all the same. So, if you perceive a little bit of disturbance it is a sign that you are making a little exit from inside of God, because containing oneself in Him and not having perfect peace is impossible; more so, since the boundaries of peace are endless – even more, all that belongs to God is all peace.”

Then He added: “Don’t you know that the privations serve the soul as winter for the plants, as they form deeper roots, and winter fortifies them and makes them become green again and bloom in May?” After this, He transported me outside of myself, and after I commended various needs to Him, He disappeared from me, and I found myself inside myself, with a desire to remain always inside of God, so as to stay within the boundaries of peace.

**June 18, 1900**

***All of Creation points out to us the love of God; the wounded Body of Jesus points out to us the love of neighbor.***

As He continued not to come, I tried to apply myself to considering the mystery of the scourging. While I was doing this, I just barely saw blessed Jesus, all wounded and dripping Blood, who told me: “My daughter, the heavens along with all Creation point out to you the love of God; my wounded Body points out to you the love of neighbor, so much so, that with my Humanity, united to my Divinity, from two natures I formed one and I rendered them inseparable, because I not only satisfied Divine Justice, but I operated the salvation of men. And so that all would assume this obligation to love God and neighbor, I not only made them one, but I reached the point of making of it a divine precept. So, my wounds and my Blood are many tongues that teach everyone the way to love one another and the obligation that all have to care for the salvation of others.”

Afterwards, assuming a more afflicted appearance, He added: “What a ruthless tyrant love is for Me, as I not only employed the whole course of my mortal life in continuous sacrifices, to the point of dying, bled dry on a cross, but I left Myself as perennial victim in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. And not only this, but I keep all of my favorite members as victims living in continuous sufferings, employed for the salvation of men; just as among many I have chosen you, to keep you sacrificed for love of Me and for men. Ah, yes! My Heart finds no respite nor rest if It does not find man. And man... man - how does he requite Me? With most enormous ingratitude!” Having said this, He disappeared.

**June 20, 1900**

*The most perfect humility produces in the soul the most intimate union with God.*

This morning, as I was outside of myself and not finding my highest Good, I had to go round and round in search of Him, and when I tired myself to the point of feeling faint, I felt Him behind my shoulders, sustaining me. So I stretched out my hand and I pulled Him to the front, saying to Him: ‘My beloved, You know that I cannot be without You, and yet, You make me wait so much, to the point of letting me faint. Tell me at least: what is the cause of this? Where have I offended You that You subject me to torments so cruel, to martyrdoms so painful, which is your privation?’ And Jesus, interrupting my speaking, told me: “My daughter, my daughter, do not add more torment to my Heart, embittered to the summit, as It finds Itself in a continuous struggle because of the violences that everyone does to Me continuously. The iniquities of men do violence to Me, as they draw Justice upon themselves and force Me to chastise them; and Justice, clashing in a continuous struggle with the Love I have for men, tortures my Heart in such a painful way as to make Me die continuously! You do violence to Me, because when I come, knowing the chastisements that I am sending, you do not remain quiet – no, but you force Me, you do violence to Me, and do not want Me to chastise; and I, knowing that you cannot do otherwise in my presence, so as not to expose my Heart to a yet fiercer fight, abstain from coming. Therefore, do not want to force Me to come for now; let Me give vent to my fury, and do not want to increase my pains with your speaking.

As for the rest, I do not want you to think about it, because the most perfect, the most sublime humility is that of losing every reason and of not discoursing on ‘why’ and ‘how’, but of undoing oneself in one’s nothingness. And while the soul does this, without realizing it, she finds herself dissolved in God, and this produces in the soul the union most intimate, the love most perfect toward her highest Good. This, however, to the greatest advantage of the soul, because in losing her own reason, she acquires divine reason, and in losing every discoursing about herself – that is, whether she is cold or warm, whether the things that happen to her are favorable or adverse – she will be interested in and will acquire a language fully celestial and divine. In addition to this, humility produces in the soul a garment of safety, in such a way that, wrapped in this garment of safety, the soul remains in the most profound calm, embellishing all of herself in order to please her dearest and beloved Jesus.”

Who can say how surprised I was left by this speaking of His? I had not a word to answer Him. Then, after a little while, He disappeared and I found myself inside myself – calm, yes, but afflicted to the summit; first, because of the afflictions and the struggles which my dear Jesus was in, and then, for fear that He might not come. Who would be able to endure? How will I be able to bear myself because of His absence? Ah! Lord, give me the strength to bear this martyrdom so hard, so unbearable for my poor soul! After all, say whatever You want, but I will neglect no means, I will try all ways, I will use all stratagems, to draw You to come.

**June 24, 1900**

*The cross is the nourishment of humility.*

After going through a few days of privation - at the most, a few shadows and flashes – I felt all of my powers asleep, in such a way that I myself could not understand what was happening in my interior. In this sleepiness, only one pain was awake in my interior; and it was this: it seemed it had happened to me as to one who, while sleeping, loses his sight or is deprived of all his riches. So, the miserable one can neither grieve, nor defend himself, nor use some means to free himself of his misfortunes. Poor one, in what a pitiful state he finds himself! But what is the cause of it? His sleep. Because if he had been awake, he would certainly have known how to defend himself well from his misfortunes. Such is my miserable state; it is not given to me even to let out a moan, a sigh, or to shed one tear, because I have lost sight of the One who is all my love, all my good, and who forms all my contentment. It seems that in order not to make me grieve from His privation, He made me fall asleep and left me. Ah! Lord, wake me up Yourself, that I may see my miseries, and know at least of what I am being deprived.

Now, while I was in this state, from within my interior I heard blessed Jesus, who was moaning continuously. Those moans wounded my hearing, and waking up a little bit, I said: ‘My sole and only Good, from your moans I perceive the state, too painful, in which You find Yourself. This happens because You want to suffer alone and do not want to let me share in your pains; even more, so as not to have me in your company You made me fall asleep and You left me without letting me understand anything any more. I understand where all this comes from: it is so that You may be more free in chastising. But, O please! have compassion on me, for without You I am blind; and on Yourself, for it is always good in all circumstances to have someone who would keep You company, who would relieve You, and somehow break your fury. In fact, now You are determined and You send scourges, but when You see your images perish from misery, You will let out more moans than now, and perhaps You will say to me: “Ah! if you had tried harder to placate Me, if you had taken the pains of creatures upon yourself, I would not see my own members so tormented!” Isn’t it true, my most patient Jesus? O please! relieve Yourself a little bit, and let me suffer in your place!’

While I was saying this, He moaned continuously, almost in act of wanting to be compassionated and relieved; but He wanted this relief to be snatched from Him almost by force. So, after my importunity, He stretched out His nailed hands and feet in my interior and shared a little bit of His pains with me. After this, giving a little respite to His moans, He told me: “My daughter, it is these sad times that force Me to this, because men have grown so bold and proud, that everyone thinks he is the god of himself; and if I do not lay hand to the scourges, I would do harm to their souls, because the cross alone is the nourishment of humility. So, if I did not do it, I Myself would cause them to lack the means to be humiliated and to surrender from their strange madness, even though the majority of them offends Me more. But I act like a father who breaks the bread for all to be nourished, a bread which some of his children do not want to take; even more, they use it to throw it in their father’s face. What has the poor father done wrong? So I am. Therefore, compassionate Me in my afflictions.” Having said this, He disappeared, leaving me half-awake and half-asleep, I myself not knowing whether I have to wake up completely, or go back to sleep.

**June 27, 1900**

***The soul must recognize herself in Jesus, not in herself.***

I continue to be sleepy. This morning, for a few minutes I found myself awake, and I comprehended my miserable state; I felt the bitterness of the privation of my highest and only Good. I was able to just barely shed a few tears, saying to Him: ‘My always good Jesus, how is it that You are not coming? This is not the way to behave: to wound a soul and then leave her! And what’s more, so as not to let her know what You are doing, You leave her prey to sleep. O please! come, do not make me wait so much!’

While I was saying this and yet more nonsense, in one instant He came and transported me outside of myself; and since I wanted to tell Him of my poor state, imposing silence on me, Jesus told me: “My daughter, what I want from you is that you no longer recognize yourself in yourself, but that you recognize yourself only in Me. So, you will no longer remember yourself, nor will you ever again have recognition of yourself, but you will remember Me; and un-recognizing yourself, you will acquire the recognition of Me alone. And insofar as you will forget and destroy yourself, so will you advance in the knowledge of Me and will recognize yourself only in Me. And when you have done all this, you will no longer think with your mind, but with mine; you will not look with your eyes, you will no longer speak with your mouth, nor will you palpitate with your heart, work with your hands, or walk with your feet, but will do everything with mine. In fact, in order to recognize herself only in God, the soul needs to go to her origin and to return to her beginning – God, from whom she came, and to conform all of herself to her Creator. And anything which she keeps of herself and which is not conformed to her beginning, she must undo and reduce to nothing. Only in this way, naked, undone, can she return to her origin, recognize herself only in God, and operate according to the purpose for which she was created. Here then, in order to conform to Me completely, the soul must render herself indivisible with Me.”

While He was saying this, I could see the terrible chastisement of plants withered, and how it must advance further. I could only say: ‘Ah! Lord, how will the poor people go on?’ And He, so as not to listen to me, escaped me like a flash and disappeared. Who can say the bitterness of my soul in finding myself inside myself, as I was unable to speak to Him even one word for myself and for my neighbor, and because of my tendency to sleep with which I was again left?

**June 28, 1900**

***The present chastisements are nothing but a predisposition for future chastisements.***

This morning, as I was highly afflicted because of the privation of my loving Jesus, I saw Him for just a little, and He said to me: “My daughter, how many masks will be unmasked in these times of chastisements! In fact, these present chastisements are nothing but the predisposition for all the chastisements which I manifested to you during the course of last year.”

While He was saying this, in my interior I said: ‘If the Lord continues to behave the way He is behaving - that since He wants to send chastisements He does not come, He does not share His pains with me and treats me with unusual manners - who will be able to endure? Who will give me the strength to remain in this state?’ And Jesus, answering my thought, added in act of compassion: “And so, do you want Me to suspend your state of victim for a little while, and to resume it later?” While He was saying this, I felt such confusion and bitterness (it seemed to me as if, with that proposal, the Lord was driving me away from Himself) that I was unable to say either yes or no - also in order to hear what obedience decides. So, without waiting for my word, He disappeared from me, leaving me as though with a nail stuck inside my heart, thinking that Jesus was rejecting me. The pain was so great that I did nothing but shed bitter tears.

**June 29, 1900**

***Jesus and Luisa refresh each other.***

As I continued to be embittered, my adorable Jesus, having compassion for me, came and seemed to sustain me in His arms. Then, as He transported me outside of myself, I saw that a profound silence, a sadness, a mourning, was reigning everywhere. The impression my soul received in seeing people that way was such that I felt a grip in my heart.

Then, as though pulling me aside, blessed Jesus said to me: “My daughter, let us move what afflicts us away from us for a little while, and let us refresh each other.” While saying this, He began to caress me and kiss me; but my confusion was such that I did not dare to requite Him with kisses and

caresses. And He added: “How come? I refresh you with kisses and with caresses, and you do not want to refresh Me by requiting Me with your kisses and your caresses?” So I felt the confidence to give Him tit for tat; and while I was doing this, He disappeared from me.

**July 2, 1900**

*With her sufferings, Luisa holds back a chastisement.*

I continue to be embittered and afflicted, as though dazed. This morning He did not come at all. The confessor came and placed the intention of the crucifixion. At first blessed Jesus did not concur, but then, after I prayed Him to deign to let me obey, He just barely made Himself seen and told me: “What do you want? Why do you want to do violence to Me by force when it is necessary to chastise the peoples?” And I: ‘Lord, it is not me, it is the obedience that wants it so.’ And He: “Well then, since it is obedience, I want to share with you my crucifixion, and in the meantime I want to refresh Myself a little bit.” While saying this, He shared with me the pains of the cross, and while I was suffering, Jesus placed Himself near me and seemed to refresh Himself quite a bit. Now, while I was in this position together with Him, He showed me a cloud in the air, pitch-black, approaching from one point, such that it struck terror and fright at the mere sight; and everyone was saying: “This time we die.” While all were terrified, a refulgent cross rose from between me and Jesus, and advancing against that storm, put it to flight for the most part, so much so, that the people seemed to calm down. I cannot tell for sure, but it seems to me that it was a hurricane, accompanied by bolts of lightning and by hail so violent as to have the power to sweep factories away; and the cross which dispelled it in great part seemed to be my little suffering, which Jesus has shared with me. May the Lord be blessed, and may everything be for His glory and honor.

**July 3, 1900**

*Chastisements with contagious and mortal diseases.*

This morning, having received Communion, as soon as I saw my adorable Jesus I said to Him: ‘My beloved Lord, how is it that You are sending so many chastisements? Why do You not want to placate Yourself for any reason? It seems that all means have failed – be it praying, or saying: “Lord, pour your bitternesses upon me”. Ah! it has not been your usual way to act like this!’ While I was saying this, interrupting my speaking, blessed Jesus answered: “Yet, my daughter, the chastisements I am sending are still nothing compared to those which have been prepared. Therefore, do not want to afflict yourself with these, because they are not a matter of great affliction.”

As He was saying this, in front of me I saw many people affected by contagious diseases, who were dying; so, taken by horror, I said to Him: ‘Ah! Lord, that’s all we need! What are You doing? What are You doing? If You want to do this, take me away from this earth, for my heart cannot bear the sight of scenes so gloomy. Besides, who can endure continuing in this state in which You put me - that You do not come, or You come like a shadow; and not only this, but You leave me dazed, sleepy, not letting me understand anything any more. Yet, You told me that You would keep me like this until You would somehow give vent to your fury; but now You want to add fury to fury, and it seems You will not be done for now. Poor me! Poor me! Who will give me the strength to remain in this state? Who will be able to endure?’

While I poured out my affliction, compassionating me, Jesus said to me: “My daughter, do not be concerned by your state of sleepiness. This says that just as I am with people - as if I were sleeping, as if I did not hear them and look at them - in that same state have I placed you. After all, if you mind it, I told you another time: do you want Me to suspend your state of victim?” And I: ‘Lord, obedience does not want me to accept this suspension.’ And He: “Well then, what do you want from Me? Remain calm and obey!”

Who can say how afflicted I was left? Not only this, but it seems that my interior powers remained so asleep, that I live as if I were not living. Ah! Lord, have pity on me! Do not leave me in abandonment in such a pitiful and sorrowful state!

**July 9, 1900**

*To live not only for God, but in God.*

The same state continues, and maybe even worse; and if sometimes He makes Himself seen, it is like shadow and flashes, and almost always in silence. This morning, as I was at the summit of my affliction and dazedness because of the continuous sleep, He just barely made Himself seen and told me: “Courage, my daughter, the soul who is truly mine must live not only for God, but in God. You - try to live in Me, because in Me you will find the receptacle of all virtues, and strolling in their midst, you will nourish yourself with their fragrance, so much so, as to become replete. And you yourself will do nothing but give off light and celestial fragrance, because to live in Me is true virtue, and it has the virtue of giving to the soul the same form as the Divine Person in whom she dwells, and of transforming her into the very divine virtues with which she nourishes herself.”

After this, He disappeared like a flash, and running after that flash, my soul found herself outside of myself. But He had already escaped, and it was not given to me to find Him, while I suffered the bitterness of seeing a terrible hail which had caused a great devastation; and bolts of lightning, as if they had produced fires; and other things that were there ready. Having seen this, I found myself inside myself, more afflicted than before.

**July 10, 1900**

*Difference between living for God and living in God.*

While I was in the same confusion, He made Himself seen like a flash and made me understand that I had not written everything He had told me the day before – that is, that the soul must not only live for God, but in God. So, blessed Jesus repeated to me the difference that exists between living for God and living in God, saying to me: “In living for God, the soul can be subject to disturbances, to bitteresses, to being inconstant, to feeling the weight of passions, to meddle in earthly things. But the living in God – no, it is completely different, because the most important thing so that a person may enter to dwell inside another person is to lay down all that belongs to him – that is, to strip oneself of everything, to leave one’s own passions; in a word, to leave everything in order to find everything in God.

Now, when the soul has not only stripped herself, but has slimmed down well, then will she be able to enter through the narrow door of my Heart to live in Me, according to my way and from my own Life. In fact, even though my Heart is immense, so much so, that there is no end to Its boundaries, Its door, however, is extremely narrow, and only one who is stripped of everything can enter into It. This, with reason, because since I am Most Holy, I would never admit anything to live in Me which is foreign to my sanctity. Therefore, my daughter, try to live in Me and you will possess Paradise in advance.”

Who can say how much I comprehended of this living in God? But then He disappeared and I was left in my same state.

**July 11, 1900**

*The sufferings of Luisa render the chastisements less rigorous.*

This morning, having received Communion and continuing in the same state of confusion, I was all huddled within myself, when I saw my adorable Jesus coming toward me all in a hurry, saying to me: “My daughter, break my fury a little bit, otherwise...!” And I, all frightened, said: “What do You want

me to do to break your fury?’ And He: “By calling my sufferings into yourself you will come to placate my fury.”

At that moment, I saw as if He were calling the confessor by sending a ray of light, and immediately he placed the intention of having me suffer the crucifixion. The blessed Lord promptly concurred and I found myself in so many sufferings, that because of the intensity of the pains I felt my soul go out of my body. When I thought I was about to breathe my last, and I was content that Jesus would receive my soul, I saw the confessor who, by saying “enough, enough”, was calling me back into myself. Then Jesus said to me: “Obedience is calling you.” And I: ‘Ah! Lord, I want to come!’ And Jesus: “What can I do? Obedience keeps calling you.” And so it seems that this new obedience did not allow the sufferings to go further; but indeed, a cruel obedience for me, because while I seemed to seize the harbor, I was flung far out to navigate the way.

Then, afterwards, though I was left in suffering, I no longer felt that thing of being about to die, and my benign Lord continued, saying: “My daughter, if today you had not broken my fury, I had reached such a limit, that I would have destroyed not only plants, but also men. And if the confessor himself had not intervened by calling my sufferings into you, I would have had no regard even for him. It is true that chastisements are necessary, but every now and then, when my fury advances, it is necessary that you break it; otherwise, my daughter, how many more scourges I would send!” And while He was saying this, I seemed to see Him, all tired, saying, while moaning: “My daughter...”; or: “My children, poor children of mine, to what a state I see you reduced!” And to my surprise He made me understand that after He had calmed down a little bit, He was to resume His fury to continue the chastisements, and that this had only served not to make Him rage too much against the people. Ah! Lord, placate Yourself and have pity on those whom You Yourself call “my children”!

**July 14, 1900**

*The decree of chastisements is signed.*

It seems I have spent a few days without remaining immersed in the lethargy of sleep, and a little bit together with blessed Jesus, giving a little bit of refreshment to each other. But how I fear that He might plunge me again into that sleep so deep.

Then, this morning, after He refreshed me with milk that flowed from His mouth by pouring it into me, and I refreshed Him by removing the crown of thorns from His head to drive it onto mine, all afflicted He told me: “My daughter, the decree of chastisements is signed; there is nothing left but to decide the time of the execution.”

**July 16, 1900**

*Chastisements serve for the good of creatures.*

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. After much waiting He came and told me: “My daughter, the best thing for you is to relinquish yourself in Me and to my Will, so that, by relinquishing yourself in Me, since I am peace, even if you saw Me send chastisements you would remain at peace, without feeling any disturbance.” And I: ‘Ah! Lord, You always go there – to the chastisements. Placate Yourself once and for all - and no more scourges. Besides, I cannot relinquish myself to your Will in this regard.’ And He added: “I cannot placate Myself. What would you say if you saw someone naked who, instead of covering his nakedness, paid attention to adorning himself with trinkets, leaving the parts most necessary exposed to nakedness?” And I: ‘I would be horrified in seeing him, and would certainly blame him.’ And He: “Well then, such are souls - completely naked; they have no more virtues to cover them, therefore it is necessary that I beat them, scourge them, deprive them, so as to make them come back to their senses and realize the nakedness of their souls, more necessary than the body. And if I did not do this, I would be paying attention to trinkets, like the person

you blamed, which are the things that refer to the body, and I would not be paying attention to the most essential thing - the soul, which they have reduced to being so monstrous, that it can no longer be recognized.”

After this, it seemed to me that He had a little rope in His hand, and passing it behind my neck He bound me, and then bound His neck to that same rope. He did the same to the heart and to the hands; and by this, it seemed He was binding me completely to His Will. Having done this, He disappeared.

### **July 17, 1900**

***Luisa gives a relief to Jesus. He makes her consider the chastisements that He holds back.***

Having received Communion, I did not see blessed Jesus as I usually do. Then, after waiting for a long time, I felt myself going outside of myself and I found Him. As I saw Him, He said to me: “Daughter, I was waiting for you to be able to rest a little bit in you, for I cannot take any more. O please, give Me a relief!”

Immediately I took Him in my arms to content Him, and I saw that He had a deep wound on His shoulder, which aroused compassion and repugnance at the sight. So He rested for a few minutes, and then, after that brief rest, I looked and I saw that the wound was almost healed. So, amid amazement and stupefaction, and seeing Him more relieved, I plucked up courage and I said to Him: ‘Blessed Lord, my poor heart is tormented by a fear – that You do not love me any more. I fear I have incurred your indignation, and because of this You no longer come as before, You do not pour your bitternesses into me, and you no longer give me my good, which is suffering; and by denying this to me, You come to deny me Yourself. O please! give peace to a poor heart! Tell me, assure me, swear to me – do You love me? Do You continue loving me?’ And He: “Yes, yes, yes, I love you.” And I: ‘How can I be sure of this, since when one really loves somebody, whatever he wants one gives him? But I say to You: ‘Do not chastise the people’, and You chastise them. ‘Pour your bitternesses [into me]’, and You do not pour them; on the contrary, it seems that this time You are going too far. So, where do I find the evidence that You love me?’ And He: “My daughter, you take into account the chastisements I send, but those which I hold back you take into no account. How many more chastisements I would have sent, how many more slaughters, and how much more blood I would have caused to be shed, if I had no regard for those few who love Me, and whom I love with a special love?”

Then, after this, it seemed that Jesus set on His way to go there where slaughters of human flesh were happening. I wanted to follow Him, but it was not given to me to do it, and to my highest sorrow I found myself inside myself.

### **July 18, 1900**

***The sins of the people fall upon them and form their own ruin.***

As I was in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, all afflicted inside my heart, and I also saw many people committing many sins. These sins were advancing toward me to come to wound my beloved Lord even inside my heart, but as Jesus would push them away from Himself, they would come to fall over the people themselves, and falling upon them, they formed their own ruin, changing into many kinds of scourges over the peoples, such as to horrify the hardest hearts. Then, all grieved, Jesus told me: “My daughter, to what extent the blindness of men reaches – while they try to wound Me, they wound themselves with their own hands.”

### **July 19, 1900**

***Luisa offers herself to suffer, so that people might be spared.***

This morning, after spending the whole night and a great part of the morning waiting for my adorable Jesus, He would not deign to come. So, tired of waiting for Him, I tried to go out of my usual state, thinking that it might no longer be Will of God. While, almost impatient, I was trying hard to go out of it, my benign Jesus moved within my heart, just barely making Himself seen and looking at me in silence. Impatient as I was, I said to Him: ‘My good Jesus, how can You be so cruel! Can there be greater cruelty than this – to abandon a soul prey to the ruthless tyrant of love that makes her live in continuous agony? Oh! how You have changed – from loving into cruel!’

While I was saying this, I saw many mutilated members of people before me, so I added: ‘Ah, Lord, how much mutilated human flesh! How many bitternesses and pains! Ah! would it not have been a lesser cruelty if You had satisfied Yourself in this body of mine, by tearing it into as many pieces for as many divisions as You have caused in these members? Would it not have been a lesser evil to see only one suffer, rather than many poor peoples?’ While I was saying this, Jesus continued to fix on me, as if He were struck – I cannot tell whether He was also grieved – and He said to me: “Yet, this is the beginning of the game; this is still nothing compared to what will come.” Having said this, He flew away from my sight, without letting me see Him any more, leaving me in a sea of bitternesses.

**July 21, 1900**

*Necessity of the purification.*

After spending one day being dozy and so sleepy that I could not understand myself, having received Communion, I felt I was going outside of myself, but I could not find my highest and only Good, so I began to go round and round in a delirium. While doing this, I felt there was someone in my arms, completely veiled, in such a way that I could not see who he was. So, unable to refrain any longer, I tore that veil and I saw my longed-for All. On seeing Him, I felt I wanted to burst into complaints and nonsense, but in order to break my impatience and my delirium, Jesus gave me a kiss. That kiss infused in me life, calm, and broke my impatience, so much so, that I was unable to say anything any more. Then, forgetting all my miseries - and I have many - I remembered the poor people, and I said to Jesus: ‘Placate Yourself, spare so many peoples torments so cruel. Let us go together to those areas where such things are happening, that we may comfort and console those poor Christians who are in such a sad state.’ And He: “My daughter, I do not want to take you, for your heart would not bear seeing such a harrowing slaughter.” And I: ‘Ah! Lord, how is it that You have permitted this?’ And He: “It is necessary, absolutely, for the sake of purgation in every place, because in the field sown by Me, weeds and thorns have grown so much as to become trees. And these thorny trees do nothing but inundate my field with poisonous and pestilent waters, to the point that if a few ears of grain remain intact, they receive nothing but punctures and stench, so much so, that it is impossible for more ears to germinate – first, because they lack the ground, which is occupied by so many noxious plants; second, because of the continuous punctures they receive, which give them no peace. Here is the necessity of the slaughter – to root out so many bad plants; and of the shedding of blood – to purge my field of those poisonous and pestilent waters. Therefore, do not want to grow sad at this beginning, because, not only there where I sent the scourges, but in all other places is purgation needed.”

Who can say the consternation of my heart in hearing this speaking of Jesus? So, again, I insisted that I wanted to go see, but Jesus, not listening to me, disappeared. Left alone, I took my way to go there, but I kept finding now an Angel, who would make me turn back, and now purging souls, to the point that I was forced to return into myself.

**July 25, 1900**

*There is no cruelty at all in Jesus, but everything is love.*

This morning my adorable Jesus came and made me see a machine in which it seemed that many human members were being crushed, as well as something like two signs of chastisements in the air, which were terrifying. Who can say the consternation of my heart in seeing all this? But blessed Jesus, seeing me so embittered, told me: “My daughter, let us move what so much afflicts us away from us for a little while, and let us cheer each other by playing together a little bit.”

Who can say what passed between me and Jesus in this game – the finesses of love, the stratagems, the kisses and the caresses that we gave each other? However, my beloved Jesus surpassed me because, being very weak, I felt faint; so much so, that unable to contain within myself what He was giving me, I said: ‘My beloved, enough, enough, for I can take no more – I feel faint; my poor heart is not so large as to be capable of receiving so much. So, enough for now.’ Then, wanting to scold me because of my speaking of the other day, sweetly He said to me: “Let me hear your complaints. Tell Me, tell Me - am I cruel? Has my love for you changed into cruelty?” And I, all blushing, said: ‘No, Lord, You are not cruel when You come, but when You do not come, then I will say that You are cruel.’ Smiling at my words, He added: “She still keeps saying that I am cruel when I do not come? No, no, there can be no cruelty at all in Me, but everything is love; and know that, if it is as you say, my very being cruel is greater love.”

**July 27, 1900**

***Visions of attacks against the Church and of persecutions in China.***

I was all worried about my miserable state, especially that it might no longer be Will of God, and I considered my scarce suffering and His continuous privation a sure sign of this. Now, while I was wearing my little brain out over this, and I struggled to snap out of it, my always good Jesus made Himself seen like a flash, saying to me: “My daughter, what do you want Me to do? Tell Me – I will do what you want.” At such an unexpected proposal, I did not know what to say; I felt such confusion over the fact that blessed Jesus would have to do what I wanted - while I am the one who is supposed to do what He wants - that I remained mute. So, seeing that I was not saying anything, He escaped like a flash, and I, running after that light, found myself outside of myself. But I did not find Him, so I wandered around the earth, the heavens, the stars, calling Him now with my voice, now with my singing, thinking to myself that in hearing my voice and my singing blessed Jesus would be wounded and with certainty I would find Him.

Now, while going around, I saw the cruel torment that continues to go on in the war of China – churches knocked down, images of Our Lord thrown to the ground... And this is nothing yet. That which frightened me the most was to see that if now this is done by barbarians, by secular people, later on it will be done by false religious who, removing their masks and letting themselves be known for who they are, uniting with the open enemies of the Church, will launch such an assault as to seem incredible to the human mind. Oh! how many more cruel torments! It seems that they have sworn among themselves to end it with the Church. But the Lord will take revenge over them by destroying them; so, blood on one side, and blood on the other.

Then I found myself inside a garden which seemed to be the Church, and inside of it there was a crowd of people in the appearance of dragons, of vipers and of other raging beasts which, devastating that garden and then going outside, formed the ruin of the peoples. Now, while I was seeing this, I found my beloved Lord in my arms, and I said: ‘Finally You let Yourself be found. Are You really my dear Jesus?’ And He: “Yes, yes, I am your Jesus.” And I wanted to tell Him to spare so many people, but He, not paying attention to me on this, all afflicted, added: “My daughter, I am quite tired; let us go into your bed to rest if you want Me to remain with you.” And I, fearing that He might leave, kept silent, allowing Him to fall asleep. Then, after a little while, He reentered into my interior, leaving me reassured, yes, but highly afflicted.

**July 30, 1900**

***Luisa stops the sword of Justice.***

I spent one night and one day being restless. From the very beginning I felt myself going outside of myself, without being able to find my adorable Jesus; I could see nothing but things that struck terror and fright in me. I could see that a fire was flaring up in Italy, and another one had flared up in China, and little by little, uniting together, they were blending into one. In this fire I could see the king of Italy who had suddenly died by a snare, and this was the means to ignite and expand the fire. In sum, I could see a revolt, a tumult, a killing of people. After having seen these things, I felt I was inside myself and I felt my soul being tortured, to the point of feeling myself dying; more so, since I could not see my adorable Jesus. Then, after much waiting, He made Himself seen with a sword in His hand, in act of throwing it over the people. All frightened, and made a little daring, I took the sword in my hand, telling Him: ‘Lord, what are You doing? Don’t You see how many tragedies will happen if You throw this sword? What grieves me the most is that I see that You are putting Italy in the middle. Ah! Lord, placate Yourself, have pity on your images! And if You say that You love me, spare me this bitter sorrow.’ And while saying this, I held on to that sword as tightly as I could.

Heaving a sigh, all afflicted, Jesus said to me: “My daughter, let it go - let it fall upon the people, for I can take no more.” And I, holding it more tightly: ‘I cannot let it go, I don’t have the heart to do it.’ And He: “Have I not told you many times that I am forced not to let you see anything, otherwise I am not free to do what I want?” And while saying this, He lowered His arm with the sword, and placed Himself in act of calming His fury.

After a little while He disappeared from me, and I was left with the fear that, who knows, without letting me see it, He might pull the sword away from me and throw it over the people. Oh! God, what heartbreak, the mere memory of this!

**August 1, 1900**

***The Humanity of Jesus is the mirror of the Divinity. Chastisements.***

My adorable Jesus continues to come only very few times, and for a short time. This morning I felt all annihilated and I almost did not dare to go in search of my highest Good; but He, always benign, came, and wanting to infuse trust in me, told me: “My daughter, there is no one who can stand before my Majesty and purity; rather, all are forced to remain terrified and struck by the thunderbolt of my sanctity. Man would almost want to flee from Me, because his misery is such and so great, that he does not have the courage to stand before the Divine Being. And here is why, giving the field to my mercy, I took on my Humanity which, tempering the rays of the Divinity, is the means to infuse in man trust and courage to come to Me. Placing himself before my Humanity, which spreads temperate rays of the Divinity, man has the good of being able to purify, sanctify and even divinize himself in my very deified Humanity.

Therefore, you - remain always before my Humanity, keeping it as the mirror through which you will wipe off all your stains; not only this, but as the mirror through which, by reflecting yourself in it, you will acquire beauty, and little by little you will keep adorning yourself to my own likeness. In fact, it is a property of a mirror to make an image appear within it, similar to that of the one who is reflecting himself in it. If such is the material mirror, much more so the divine, because my Humanity serves man as mirror in order to reflect my Divinity. And here is how all goods come to man from my Humanity.”

While He was saying this, I felt such trust being infused in me, that the thought came to me of wanting to talk to Him about the chastisements – who knows, He might grant me audience, and I might reach the intent of placating Him completely. But while I was about to do it, He disappeared like a flash, and running after Him, my soul found herself outside of myself. But I was unable to find Him any more,

and to my highest sorrow I saw many people entering prisons; others, sectarians, coming out to make attempts on the lives of other kings and of other leaders. I saw that they were consumed with rage because they still lack the means to come out into the midst of the peoples and make a slaughter of them. Yet, their time will come. Then, afterwards, I found myself inside myself, all oppressed and afflicted.

**August 3, 1900**

*God operates there where there is nothing.*

As I was in my usual state, I was longing and searching for my loving Jesus. Then, after I waited for Him for a long time, He came and told me: “My daughter, why do you look for Me outside of yourself, while you could find Me more easily within yourself? When you want to find Me, enter into yourself, go deep into your ‘nothing’, and there, without yourself, in the most tiny circle of your ‘nothing’, you will catch sight of the foundations that the Divine Being has laid within you, and of the factories He raised in you. Look and see.”

I looked again and I saw solid foundations and extremely high walls that reached up to the heavens; but that which stupefied me was to see that the Lord had done this beautiful work upon my nothing, and the walls were all walled up, with no openings. One could see only one opening in the vault, which corresponded only to Heaven, and in this opening dwelled Our Lord, upon a stable column that rose out from the foundations that were formed over nothing. Now, while I was looking, all stupefied, blessed Jesus added: “The foundations formed over nothing mean that the Divine Hand operates there where there is nothing, and It never mixes Its works with material works. The walls without openings around mean that the soul must have no correspondence with earthly things, in such a way that there may be no danger that even a little bit of dust may enter, because everything is nicely walled up. The only correspondence that these walls allow is with Heaven – that is, from nothing to Heaven, from Heaven to nothing; and this is the meaning of the opening made in the vault. The stability of the column means that the soul is so stable in good that there is no contrary wind that can move her. And my dwelling upon it is the sure sign that the work done is fully divine.”

Who can say what I comprehended about this? But my mind gets lost and is unable to say anything. May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory and honor.

**August 9, 1900**

*Everything that one wants, one must want because God wants it.*

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming, so I waited for a long time. Then He made Himself seen for just a little and told me: “Just as a musical instrument resounds pleasant to the hearing of one who listens to it, so do your desires, your waiting, your sighs, your tears resound to my hearing like a music, of the most pleasant. But so that it may descend more sweet and delightful, I want to teach you another way – that is, to desire Me not as your desire, but as my desire, because I greatly love to manifest Myself to you. In sum, everything you want and desire, you must want and desire because I want it – that is, taking it from within Me and making it your own. In this way your music will be more delightful to my hearing, because it is a music that has come out of Myself.”

Then He added: “Everything that comes from Me enters into Me. This is why men lament that they do not obtain easily what they ask of Me – because those are not things that come from Me; and being things that do not come from Me, they cannot easily enter into Me, to then come out and give themselves to them. In fact, what comes from Me and enters into Me is all that is holy, pure and celestial. Now, what is the wonder if no audience granted to them, because what they ask for is not so? Therefore, you - keep well in mind that all that comes from God enters into God.”

Who can say what I comprehended about these few words? But I have no words to be able to explain myself. Ah! Lord, give me the grace to ask for all that is holy, and that it be your desire and Will, so that You may communicate Yourself to me more abundantly.

**August 19, 1900**

*Sterile love and operative love.*

This morning, after I received Communion, my beloved Jesus made Himself seen in act of wanting to instruct me. Making as though an example, He told me: “My daughter, if a young man got married, and his wife, taken by love for him, wanted to be always with him, without detaching for one moment, without caring about the other duties of a wife to make this young man happy, what would he say? He would appreciate her love, but he would certainly not be content with her conduct, because this way of loving would be nothing but a sterile, infertile love, which would bring harm rather than fruit to that poor young man. And little by little this strange love would cause him bother rather than delight, because all the satisfaction of this love is of the young lady. And since a sterile love has no wood with which to feed the fire, very soon it reduces itself to ashes, because only an operative love is lasting, while other loves vanish with the wind like smoke, and then one reaches the point of becoming annoyed, and of not caring about, and maybe even of despising, that which one used to love so much.

Such is the conduct of those souls who care only about themselves – that is, about their satisfaction, about fervors, and anything that pleases them – saying that this is love for Me, while it is all their satisfaction. In fact, one can see from their deeds that they do not care about my interests and the things that belong to Me; and if what satisfies them is missing, they no longer care about Me, and they even reach the point of offending Me. Ah! daughter, only an operative love is what distinguishes the true from the false lovers – everything else is smoke.”

While He was saying this, I saw some people, and it was as if I wanted to pay attention to them; but Jesus distracted me from this by saying to me: “Do not want to meddle in other people’s business; let us leave them alone, because everything has its time. When the time of judgment comes, then will be the time to discern all things, in a way that, as they are thoroughly sifted through, one will come to recognize the grain, the straws and the sterile and noxious seeds. Oh! how many things that appear like grain will be found to be straws and sterile seeds on that day, worthy only to be thrown into fire!”

**August 20, 1900**

*Jesus looks at the world from within Luisa.*

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. Then, after much waiting, when my poor heart could endure no more, He made Himself seen within my interior, and told me: “My daughter, do not want to afflict yourself because you do not see Me, for I am inside of you; and from here, through you, I am looking at the world.” Then, afterwards, He continued making Himself seen every now and then, without telling me anything else.

**August 24, 1900**

*Everything turns into good for one who truly loves Jesus.*

Having spent one day being restless, I felt all full of temptations and sins. Oh! God, what a harrowing pain it is to offend You! I did as much as I could to remain in God, to resign myself to His Holy Will, to offer Him that very restless state for love of Him, to not pay attention to the enemy, showing highest indifference, so that I would not incite him myself to tempt me more. But in spite of all this, I could not help hearing the murmuring that the enemy provoked around me. So, finding myself in my usual state, I did not dare to desire my beloved Jesus, so ugly and miserable did I see myself. But, always

benign with this sinner, without my asking, He came, and as though compassionating me, told me: “My daughter, courage, do not fear. Don’t you know that certain cold and mighty waters are more powerful in purging of the slightest spot than fire itself? And then, everything turns into good for one who truly loves Me.” Having said this, He disappeared, leaving me reassured, yes, but weak, as if I had suffered a fever.

### **August 30, 1900**

#### ***Luisa goes to Purgatory to relieve the king of Italy.***

Having gone through several days of privation and of bitterness – at the most, I saw Him a few times like shadow and flash – this morning I was at the summit of bitterness; not only this, but it was as if I had lost the hope of seeing Him again. Then, after I received Communion, it seemed to me that the confessor was placing the intention of the crucifixion; and blessed Jesus, to let me obey, showed Himself and shared His pains with me. In the meantime I saw the Queen Mama who, taking me, offered me to Him so that He would placate Himself. And Jesus, having regard for His Mama, accepted the offering and seemed to placate Himself a little.

After this, the Queen Mama said to me: “Do you want to come to Purgatory to relieve the king from the horrible pains he is in?” And I: ‘My Mama, as He wants.’ In one instant She took me, and in flight She transported me to a place of atrocious torments, all mortal; and there he was, that miserable one, going from one torment to another. It seemed that for as many souls as had been lost because of him, so many deaths was he supposed to suffer. Then, after I went through several of those torments myself, he was left relieved a little bit. Again, the Queen Mama took me away from that place of pains, and I found myself inside myself.

### **August 31, 1900**

#### ***In the interior souls there cannot be disturbance.***

As I was in my usual state and since my adorable Jesus was not coming, I was all afflicted and a little concerned about why He was not coming. Then, after much waiting and waiting, He came, and seeing that Blood was pouring from His hands, I prayed that from His left hand He would pour Blood over the world, for sinners who were about to die and were at risk of being lost; and from His right hand He would pour His Blood over Purgatory. Listening to me benignly, He stirred Himself and poured Blood over both places.

After this, He said to me: “My daughter, in the interior souls there cannot be disturbance, and if it enters into them, it is because the soul goes outside of herself; and to do this is to act as her own executioner, because by going outside of herself she clings to many things which do not regard nor belong to God; and sometimes, things which do not even regard the true good of the soul. So, returning into herself and bringing things that are extraneous to her, she herself torments herself, and by this she comes to infirm herself and grace. Therefore, remain always in yourself and you will always be calm.”

Who can say with what clarity I comprehended this, and how I found truth in these words of Jesus? Ah! Lord, if You are pleased to instruct me, give me the grace to profit from your holy instructions, otherwise everything will be for my condemnation.

### **September 1, 1900**

#### ***Obedience puts peace between God and the soul.***

Since He was still not coming, I kept saying: ‘My good Jesus, come - do not make me wait so long. This morning I don’t feel like getting upset and looking for You so much, to the point of tiring myself. Come once and for all, quickly quickly – as simple as that.’ And seeing that He was not coming,

I kept saying: 'It shows that You want me to get tired and even reach the point of getting upset; otherwise You do not come.'

While I was saying this and other nonsense, He came and told me: "Would you be able to tell Me what it is that maintains the correspondence between the soul and God?" And I, but always through a light that was coming to me from Him, said: 'Prayer'. And Jesus, approving of my answer, added: "But what is it that draws God to intimate conversation with the soul?" I did not know what to answer, but immediately the light moved in my intellect, and I said: 'If vocal prayer serves to maintain the correspondence, certainly interior meditation must serve as nourishment in order to maintain the conversation between God and the soul.'

Content with that, He continued: "Now, would you be able to tell Me what it is that breaks the sweet conflicts, and removes the loving discontents which may arise between God and the soul?" Since I did not answer, He Himself said: "My daughter, only obedience has this office, because she alone decides about the things pertaining to Me and the soul. And when some conflicts arise, or when some discontent comes to mortify the soul, as obedience arises, she breaks the conflicts, removes the discontents, and puts peace between God and the soul."

And I: 'Ah! Lord, many times it seems that obedience herself does not want to meddle in it, remaining indifferent; and the poor soul is forced to remain in that state of conflicts and of huffiness.' And Jesus: "She does so for a certain time, because she too wants to delight in being present at those loving conflicts; but then she takes on her office and pacifies everything. Therefore, obedience gives peace to the soul and to God."

Having said this, He disappeared.

## **September 4, 1900**

### ***Impurities and good works done badly are a disgusting and insipid food for Jesus.***

After I received Communion, my adorable Jesus transported me outside of myself, making Himself seen highly afflicted and embittered. I prayed Him to pour His bitternesses into me, but Jesus would not pay attention to me; however, as I insisted, after a long time He was pleased to pour. After He had poured a little bit of bitterness, I asked: 'Lord, don't You feel better now?' And He: "Yes, but it was not what I poured that gave Me so much pain, but a disgusting and insipid food that does not let Me rest." And I: 'Pour a little into me, so You will be relieved a little.' And He: "If I cannot digest it and bear it, how could you?" And I: 'I know that my weakness is great, but You will give me grace and strength, and so I will be able to contain it within myself.' I comprehended, however, that the disgusting food were the impurities, and the insipid food were the good works done badly, all scrambled, which are rather a bother and a burden to Our Lord. He almost disdains receiving them, and unable to bear them, He wants to pour them out of His mouth. Who knows how many of my own are there too!

So, almost forced by me, He also poured a little bit of that food. How right Jesus was! – the bitter was more tolerable than that disgusting and insipid food! If it was not for love of Him, for no reason I would have accepted it.

After this, blessed Jesus placed His arm behind my neck, and leaning His head upon my shoulder, He placed Himself in act of wanting to take rest. While He was resting, I felt I was in a place in which there were many movable tiles, and underneath them, the abyss. Fearing I might fall, I woke Him up, invoking His help, and He said to me: "Do not fear, this is the path that all go through. It takes nothing but all the attention; and since the majority walks carelessly, this is why many fall into the abyss and few are those who reach the harbor of salvation." After this, He disappeared and I found myself inside myself.