

## VOLUME 5

J.M.J.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

Lord, come to my help, bind this rebellious will of mine that always wants to be recalcitrant against holy obedience. It puts me into such constraint, that while sometimes it seems to be dead, then, more than ever, I feel it alive in me, like a snake, and it consumes me inside. Therefore, bind me with new ropes; or rather, fill me with your holy and adorable Will to the point of overflowing outside, in such a way that my will may be consumed within Yours. Only then will I be able to have the happiness of fighting no more against holy obedience. And you, O holy obedience, forgive me if I always wage war against you, and give me the strength to be able to follow you placidly in everything, for sometimes it seems I have all the reason to fight against you, like in this writing about the confessor... But, enough, let us keep silent, let us hesitate no more, and let us begin to write.

Since my past confessor<sup>1</sup> was very occupied – in fact, during the course of the years in which he directed me, when he could not come, the present confessor<sup>2</sup> would come, though I had never thought I would find myself in the hands of this one; more so, since I was happy with that one, and he had all my trust - ...about one and a half years before the present one became my confessor, as I was in my usual state blessed Jesus told me that He was not happy with the fact that the confessor no longer interested himself with my interior, and with the way he cooperated with Our Lord over my state, telling me: “When I place victim souls in the hands of a confessor, the crafting of their interior must be continuous. Therefore, tell him: either he corresponds to Me, or I will put you in the hands of someone else.”

And I: ‘Lord, what are You saying? Who will be so patient as to take upon himself this cross of having to come every day to sacrifice himself like this confessor?’ And Jesus: “I will give light to...” (and He mentioned the present confessor) “...and he will come.” And I: ‘How impossible it is that he will take up this cross!’ And Jesus: “Yes, he will come; and besides, when he does not listen to Me, I will send him my Mother; and he, who loves Her, will not deny Her this favor. Indeed, when one truly loves someone, he does not send him back. However, I want to see what this one does for a little longer; and you, tell him everything I have told you.”

When the confessor came, I related everything to him, but, poor one, a new occupation he had undertaken made it impossible for him to occupy himself with my interior. It really showed that it was not his will, but the impossibility for him to occupy himself with me. When I would tell him, he would devote himself better, but soon he would return to not bothering about it, like before. Blessed Jesus would lament about him, and I would repeat it to the confessor. One day he himself sent me the present father, and I opened my soul to him also, telling him everything I have said, and he accepted to come. I was surprised at how he said yes, and I said to myself: ‘Jesus was right.’ But soon the surprise ceased; I am unable to say how, but it lasted as long as a shadow that quickly disappears. He came for just two or three days, and then he was no longer seen. He too disappeared like a shadow, and I continued to remain in the hands of the past confessor, adoring the dispositions of God - more so, since I was happy with him, who had made so many sacrifices because of me. After another year or so had passed, I felt a need of conscience and I told the past confessor, who said to me: “I will send you Fr. Gennaro” – that is, the present father, who would be invested with my necessity. I was concerned about a storm that had happened between them, but Jesus repeated: “Do not move things, I Myself have disposed everything, and everything that has been done, has been done well.”

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<sup>1</sup> Fr. Michele De Benedictis, Luisa’s confessor from 1888 to 1897

<sup>2</sup> Fr. Gennaro Di Gennaro, Luisa’s confessor from 1898 to 1922

**March 19, 1903**

*True love is that of one who, in suffering for God, wants to suffer more.*

This morning I saw the confessor all humbled, and also blessed Jesus and Saint Joseph, who said to him: “Get down to work, for the Lord is ready to give you the grace you want.”

After this, on seeing my dear Jesus suffering as in the course of His Passion, I said to Him: ‘Lord, did You not feel tiredness in suffering so many different pains?’ And He: “No, on the contrary, one suffering would ignite my Heart more to suffer yet another one. These are the ways of the Divine Suffering; not only this, but in suffering and operating, It looks at nothing but the fruit It receives from it. In my wounds and in my blood I saw nations being saved and the good that creatures would receive; and my Heart, instead of feeling tiredness, felt joy and ardent desire to suffer more. So, this is the sign that what one suffers is participation in my pains: that there is suffering united with joy to suffer more; that in operating, one operates for Me; that one does not look at what he does, but at the glory he gives to God, and at the fruit he receives.”

**March 20, 1903**

*Jesus and Saint Joseph console father in his difficulties.*

As I was outside of myself, I saw father all in difficulty with regard to the grace that he wants; and once again, blessed Jesus with Saint Joseph were saying to him: “If you get down to work, all your difficulties will disappear, and will fall off like fish scales.”

**March 23, 1903**

*If a love is holy, it forms the life of sanctification; if it is perverted, the life of damnation.*

As I was in my usual state, after much struggling, for just a little I saw my adorable Jesus in my arms, and a light coming out of His forehead. Within this light these words were written: “Love is everything for God and for man; if love ceased, life would cease. However, there are two kinds of love: one, spiritual and divine, the other, corporal and disordered. There is a great difference between these two loves in intensity, multiplicity, diversity. One could say that there is almost the difference which exists between the thinking of the mind and the operating of the hands: in a very short time the mind can think of a hundred things, while the hands can only perform one work.

God is the Creator, and if He creates the creatures, it is love alone that makes Him create; if He keeps all of His attributes in continuous attitude toward creatures, it is love that pushes Him to this, and His very attributes receive life from love. The same for a disordered love, like the love of riches, of pleasures and of many other things: these are not the things that form the life of man, but if he feels love for these things, not only do they come to form his life, but he reaches the point of making of them his own idol. So, if a love is holy, it forms the life of sanctification; if it is perverted, it forms the life of damnation.”

**March 24, 1903**

*Though being nothing, one can be everything while being with Jesus.*

This morning, after I had gone through most bitter days, blessed Jesus came and spent time with me intimately, so much so, that I thought I would possess Him forever. But, all of a sudden, He disappeared like a flash. Who can say my pain? I felt I was going insane; more so, since I was almost sure that I was not going to lose Him any more. Now, while I was being consumed with pains, He came back like a flash, and with sonorous and serious voice He told me: “Who are you to expect to be always with Me?” And I, insane as I was, all daring, answered: ‘I am everything while being with

You; I feel I am nothing but a will come out of the womb of my Creator, and as long as this will is united with You, it feels life, existence, peace, all of its good. Without You I feel it without life, I feel it being destroyed, I feel it dispersed, restless. I can say I experience all evils, and in order to have life, and so that I may not become dispersed, this will that came out from You looks for your womb, your center, and there it wants to remain forever.’ Jesus seemed to be all moved, but then He repeated again: “But, who are you?”

And I: ‘Lord, I am nothing but a drop of water, and as long as this drop of water remains in your sea, it seems to it that it is the whole sea. If it does not go out of the sea, it remains clean and clear, in such a way as to be able to stand the comparison with other waters. But if it goes out of the sea, it will become muddy, and because of its littleness, it will be dispersed.’ All moved, He bent down toward me, and embracing me, told me: “My daughter, one who wants to remain always in my Will keeps my very Person within himself; and even if he can go out of my Will since I created him free in his will, my power operates a prodigy by administering to him, continuously, the participation in divine life. Because of this participation he receives, he feels such strength and attraction of union with my Divine Will, that even if he wanted to go out of It, he could not do it. This is the continuous virtue that comes out of Me toward one who always does my Will, about which I spoke to you the other day.”

**April 7, 1903**

***Doubts of Luisa about her state of victim.***

After going through most bitter days because of the continuous privations of my adorable Jesus, this morning I felt I had reached the summit of affliction, and, tired and exhausted in my strengths, I was thinking that He really did not want me in this state any more, and I almost decided to go out of it. While I was doing this, my lovable Jesus moved in my interior and made Himself heard praying for me. I could only understand that He was imploring the power, the strength and the providence of the Father for me, adding: “Don’t You see, O Father, how she has greater need for help, as she wants to render herself a sinner by going out of Our Will, after so many graces?” Who can say how I felt my heart split on hearing these words of Jesus! Then He came out from within my interior, and after I made sure that it was blessed Jesus, I said: ‘Lord, is it your Will that I continue to remain in this state of victim? Because, not feeling myself in the same position as before, I see myself as if the coming of the priest were no longer necessary, for if nothing else, I would spare the confessor the sacrifice.’ And He: “For now, it is not my Will that you go out of it; as for the sacrifice of the priest, I will render back to him the charity he does, increased a hundredfold.”

Then, all afflicted, He added: “My daughter, the socialists have plotted among themselves to strike the Church. This they have done publicly in France, and in Italy in a more hidden way; and my Justice is looking for voids so as to lay hand to chastisements.”

**April 10, 1903**

***Since men do not surrender, Jesus will play the trumpet of new and grave scourges.***

As I was outside of myself, I saw our Lord with a rod in His hand with which He touched the people. As they were touched, they scattered and rebelled, and the Lord said to them: “I have touched you to reunite you around Me, but instead of reuniting, you rebel and scatter away from Me, therefore it is necessary that I blow the trumpet.” And while saying this, He began to blow the trumpet. I comprehended that the Lord will send some chastisement, and men, instead of humbling themselves, will take the occasion to offend Him and to move away from Him; and in seeing this, the Lord will make the trumpet of more grave scourges resound.

**April 21, 1903**

***Jesus suspends Luisa from her usual state so as to be able to chastise.***

I went through most bitter days of privations and of tears, with the addition of seeing myself about to be suspended by the Lord from the state of victim – as indeed happened. In fact, as much as I tried, I could not manage to lose consciousness; but rather, I was surprised by so many pains in my bowels as to become restless, unable to make head or tail of anything. I only had a dream at night, in which I seemed to see an Angel who brought me inside a garden in which all plants were blackened; but I did not pay attention to this, I could only think of how Jesus had driven me away from Himself. Then, later on, the confessor came, and finding me inside myself He told me that the vineyards had frozen. I remained so very afflicted, thinking of the poor people, and with the fear that He would not allow me to fall into my usual state so as to be able to chastise freely. However, this morning blessed Jesus came, making me fall into my usual state, and as soon as I saw Him, I said to Him: ‘Ah, Lord, what about yesterday – what did You do? You made your bravado, and besides, without even telling me anything, for at least I would have prayed You to hold back the chastisement in part.’ And He: “My daughter, it was necessary for Me to suspend you, otherwise you would have prevented Me, and I would not have been free. Besides, how many times have I not done what you wanted? Ah, my daughter, it is necessary that scourges pour upon the world, otherwise, in order to spare the bodies, souls will be lost.”

Having said this, He disappeared, and I found myself outside of myself without my sweet Jesus. So I went around looking for Him, and in the meantime I saw a Sun in the vault of the heavens, which was different from the sun we see, and, behind it, a multitude of Saints who, in seeing the state of the world, its corruption, and how they make fun of God, all in one voice, cried out: “Revenge of your honor, of your glory! Make use of Justice, for man no longer wants to recognize the rights of his Creator!” But they were speaking in Latin; only, I could comprehend that this was the meaning. On hearing this, I trembled, I felt my blood run cold, and I implored pity and mercy.

**May 8, 1903**

***When man disposes himself to good, he receives good; and if he disposes himself to evil, he receives evil.***

I continue in my most bitter state of privation; at the most, He makes Himself seen taciturn and for short instants. This morning, since the confessor committed himself to making Him come, as I lost consciousness He made Himself seen for a little, and almost by force; and turning to the confessor, with a serious and afflicted aspect, He said to Him: “What do you want?” Father seemed to be confused and was unable to say anything, so I said: ‘Lord, maybe it is that thing about Mass that he wants.’ And the Lord said to him: “Dispose yourself and you will have it. Besides, you have the victim; the closer you remain to her with your thought and with your intention, the stronger and freer you will feel to be able to do what you want.’ Then I said: ‘Lord, how is it that You are not coming?’ And He added: “Do you want to hear something? Hear then.” And at that moment many cries of voices could be heard, from all over the world, saying: “Death to the Pope... destruction of religion... churches torn down... destruction of every dominion... No one must exist above us!” And many other satanic voices, which it seems useless to me to repeat. Then our Lord added: “My daughter, when man disposes himself to good, he receives good; and if he disposes himself to evil, he receives evil. All these voices you hear reach my throne - and not once, but repeated times; and when my Justice sees that man not only wants evil, but he asks for it with repeated petitions, with justice It is forced to concede it, so to make them know the evil they wanted. In fact, one can truly know evil only when he finds himself in it. This is the reason why my Justice keeps looking for voids in order to punish man. However, the time of your suspension has not yet come; at the most, a few days for now, so that Justice

may press Its hand down on man a little bit, for It can no longer bear the weight of such enormities; and at the same time, so as to make man's forehead, raised too high, lower down.

**May 11, 1903**

***Peace puts passions in their place. The upright intention sanctifies everything.***

As I was in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, who said to me: "Peace puts all passions in their place, but what triumphs over everything, establishes all the good in the soul and sanctifies everything, is to do everything for God - that is, to operate with the upright intention of pleasing God alone. An upright operating is what directs, dominates and rectifies the virtues themselves, and even obedience. In sum, it is like a conductor who directs the spiritual music of the soul." Having said this, He disappeared like a flash.

**May 20, 1903**

***Luisa offers her life for the Church and for the triumph of the truth.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself with blessed Jesus in my arms, in the midst of many people who, with irons, swords and knives, were trying, some to beat, some to wound, some to cut off the members of Our Lord. But as much as they did and tried, they could cause no harm. On the contrary, their very irons, as sharp and cutting as they were, lost all their activity, and became inoperative. Jesus and I were highly afflicted at seeing the brutality of those inhuman hearts which, though they saw that they could do nothing, would yet repeat the blows in order to succeed in their intent; and if they caused no harm, it was because they were unable to. They became angry because their weapons had become useless and they were unable to carry out their resolute will to do harm to Our Lord; and they said to themselves: "Why are we unable to do anything? What is the cause? It seems that other times we were able to do something, but as long as He remains in the arms of this one here, we can do nothing. Let us try and see whether we can do harm to her, and get her out of the way." While they were saying this, Jesus withdrew to my side and gave them freedom to do what they wanted. But before they laid hands on me, I said: "Lord, I offer my life for the Church and for the triumph of the truth - accept, I pray You, my sacrifice." Then they took a sword and cut my head off. Blessed Jesus accepted my sacrifice, but while they were doing this, in the act of making the sacrifice, to my highest sorrow I found myself inside myself. I thought I had reached the place of my desires, but I remained disappointed.

**June 6, 1903**

***Jesus teaches her how she must behave in the state of abandonment and of sufferings.***

After going through bitter days of privations and of sufferings, this morning I found myself outside of myself with Baby Jesus in my arms. As soon as I saw Him, I said: 'Ah, dear Jesus, how could You leave me alone? At least teach me how I must behave in this state of abandonment and of sufferings.' And He: "My daughter, offer everything you suffer in your arms, in your legs and in your heart together with the sufferings of my members by reciting five Glory be's; and offer it to Divine Justice to satisfy for the works, the steps and the bad desires of the hearts which creatures commit continuously. Unite, then, the sufferings caused by the thorns and those of the shoulders, with the recitation of three Glory be's, and offer it for the satisfaction of the three powers of man, which are so disfigured that I can no longer recognize my image in them; and try to keep your will always united to Me and in continuous attitude of loving Me. Let your memory be the bell that rings within you constantly, and reminds you of what I have done and suffered for you, and of how many graces I have given to your soul, so as to thank Me and be grateful to Me, since gratitude is the key that opens the divine treasures. Let your intellect think of nothing, and occupy itself with nothing but God. If you do

this, I will find again my image in you, and I will take the satisfaction which I cannot receive from the other creatures. And you must do this continuously, because if the offense is continuous, continuous must be the satisfaction.”

Then I added: ‘Ah, Lord, how bad I have made myself – I have become even gluttonous.’ And He: “My daughter, do not fear, when a soul does everything for Me, everything she takes, even refreshments themselves, I receive as if she were refreshing my suffering body; and those who give them to her I consider as if they were giving them to Me; so much so, that if they did not give them, I would feel pain. But in order for you to remove any doubt, every time they give you some refreshment and you feel the necessity to take it, you will not only do it for me, but will add: ‘Lord, I intend to refresh your suffering body within mine.’ While saying this, little by little He withdrew into my interior, and I could no longer see Him and talk to Him. I felt such pain, that because of the sorrow I would have torn myself to pieces to be able to find Him again. So I began to tear the part of my interior in which He had enclosed Himself; and so I found Him, and with highest sorrow I said: ‘Ah, Lord, how can You leave me? Are You perhaps not my life, such that without You, not only the soul, but also the body is completely shattered and cannot bear the intensity of the pain of your privation? So much so, that it seems to me that I am going to die right here and now; my only and sole comfort – death.’ But as I was saying this, Jesus blessed me and withdrew into my interior again. He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**June 15, 1903**

***How the creature can preserve the Creative, Redemptive and Sanctifying Works of God within herself.***

As I was in my usual state, I don’t know how, I saw my adorable Jesus inside my eye. I was surprised, and He told me: “My daughter, one who makes use of her senses to offend Me deforms my image within herself; therefore sin gives death to the soul, not because she really dies, but because it gives death to everything which is Divine. If then she uses her senses to glorify Me, I can say: “You are my eye, my hearing, my mouth, my hands and my feet.” By this, she preserves my Creative Work within herself; and if to her glorifying Me she adds suffering, satisfying and repairing for others, she preserves within herself my Redemptive Work. And as she perfects these Works of Mine within herself, my Sanctifying Work rises again, sanctifying everything and preserving it within her soul. In fact, in everything I have done in the Creative, Redemptive and Sanctifying Works, I have transfused in the soul a participation in my very operating; however, everything is in whether the soul corresponds to my work.

**June 16, 1903**

***What renders the soul more dear, more beautiful, more lovable and more intimate with God is her perseverance in operating to please Him alone.***

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I saw Baby Jesus with a cup full of bitterness and a stick in His hand; and He said to me: “See my daughter, what a cup of bitterness the world continuously gives Me to drink.” And I: ‘Lord, share it with me so You won’t suffer alone.’ So He gave me to drink a little bit of that bitterness; and then, with the stick He had in His hand, He began to pierce the place of my heart through, to the point of making a hole from which a rivulet of that bitterness which I had drunk came out. However, it was changed into sweet milk, and went into the mouth of the Baby, who was all sweetened and refreshed. Then He told me: “My daughter, when I give to the soul bitterness, tribulations, if the soul conforms to my Will, is grateful to Me, thanks Me for it and offers it to Me as a gift, for her it is bitterness, it is suffering, but for Me it changes into sweetness and refreshment. But what cheers Me the most and gives Me the most pleasure

is to see that the soul, whether she operates or suffers, is all intent on pleasing Me alone, with no other end or purpose of recompense. However, what renders the soul more dear, more beautiful, more lovable, more intimate with the Divine Being, is her perseverance in this way of conducting herself, which renders her immutable with the immutable God. In fact, if today she does something and tomorrow she doesn't; if one time she has one end and another time another; if today she tries to please God and tomorrow creatures, she is the image of one who today is queen and tomorrow a most miserable servant; today she nourishes herself with delicious foods, tomorrow with filth."

After a little while He disappeared, but a little later He came back, adding: "The sun is there for the benefit of all, but not everyone enjoys its beneficial effects. In the same way, the Divine Sun gives Its light to all, but who enjoys Its beneficial effects? One who keeps his eyes open to the light of truth. All others, even if they are exposed to the Sun, remain in the dark. However, it is one who is all intent on pleasing Me that truly enjoys and receives all the fullness of this Sun."

**June 30, 1903**

***The Most Holy Virgin teaches the soul how to keep her interior gaze fixed on Jesus. The beauty of the interior soul.***

As I was outside of myself, I saw the Queen Mother, and prostrating myself at Her feet, I said to Her: 'My most sweet Mother, in what terrible constraints I find myself – deprived of my only good and of my very life. I feel I am touching the extremes.'

While saying this, I was crying, and the Most Holy Virgin, opening Herself at the place of Her Heart, as if She were opening a tabernacle, took the Baby from within it and gave Him to me, telling me: "My daughter, do not cry – here is your good, your life, your all. Take Him and keep Him always with you; and as you keep Him with you, keep your interior gaze fixed on Him. Do not be embarrassed if He does not tell you anything, or if you are unable to say anything. Just look at Him in your interior, and by looking at Him you will comprehend everything, you will do everything, and you will satisfy for all. This is the beauty of the interior soul: without voice, without education, since there is no external thing that attracts her or upsets her, but all of her attraction, all of her goods are enclosed in her interior, by simply looking at Jesus she easily comprehends everything and does everything. In this way, you will walk up to the top of Calvary; and once we reach it, you will no longer see Him as a Baby, but Crucified, and you will remain crucified together with Him."

So it seemed that, with the Baby in my arms and together with the Most Holy Virgin, we walked the way of Calvary. While walking, at times I would find someone who wanted to take Jesus away from me, and I would call the Queen Mother to my help, saying to Her: 'My Mama, help me, for they want to snatch Jesus away from me.' And She would answer me: "Do not fear, your care must be in keeping your interior gaze fixed on Him. This has so much power, that all other powers, human and diabolical, remain debilitated and defeated." Now, while we were walking, we found a temple in which Holy Mass was being celebrated. At the time of Holy Communion I flew to the altar with the Baby in my arms in order to receive Communion; but what was not my surprise when, as soon as Jesus Christ entered into me, He disappeared from my arms. Then, after a little while, I found myself inside myself.

**July 3, 1903**

***If the soul gives herself completely to Jesus in life, Jesus gives Himself to her at her death and exempts her from Purgatory.***

This morning, as I was highly afflicted because of the loss of my adorable Jesus, all of a sudden He made Himself seen in my interior, filling my person completely – that is, my head, my arms, and all the rest. As I was seeing this, almost wanting to explain to me the meaning of the way He was making Himself seen, He told me: "My daughter, why do you afflict yourself if I am the master of the

whole of you? And when a soul comes to rendering Me the master of her mind, of her arms, of her heart and of her feet, sin cannot reign; and if something involuntary enters into her, since I am the master and the soul is under the influence of my lordship, she is in continuous attitude of purgation, and that something immediately goes out of her. Furthermore, since I am Holy, it is difficult for her to retain within herself anything which is not holy. Even more, since she has given all of herself to Me in life, it is justice that I give all of Myself to her at her death, admitting her to the beatific vision without delay. So, if one gives herself completely to Me, the flames of Purgatory have nothing to do with her.”

**August 3, 1903**

***The more the soul strips herself of natural things, the more of the supernatural and divine things she acquires.***

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus came for just a little, making me hear His most sweet voice saying: “The more the soul strips herself of natural things, the more of the supernatural and divine things she acquires. The more she strips herself of the love of self, the more of the love of God she acquires; the less she tires herself in knowing human sciences, in enjoying the pleasures of life, the more knowledge she acquires of the things of Heaven, of virtue, and the more she will enjoy them, as the bitter ones will convert into sweet. In sum, these are all things that proceed at the same pace, in such a way that, if one feels nothing of the supernatural, if the love of God is extinguished in the soul, if one knows nothing about virtues and the things of Heaven, and finds no pleasure in them, then he knows reason very well.”

**October 2, 1903**

***One who is united with Jesus grows in His very life, gives development to the graft He made in Redemption, and adds more branches to the Tree of His Humanity. The interior and the exterior souls.***

As I was in my usual state, all embittered and afflicted, and almost dazed because of the privation of my adorable Jesus, not knowing myself where I was, whether in hell or on earth, I just barely saw Him like a flash that escapes, saying: “One who is on the path of virtues is in my very life, and one who is on the path of vice is in contradiction with Me.” And He disappeared.

A little later, in another flash, He added: “My Incarnation grafted humanity to the Divinity, and if one tries to remain united with Me with his will, with his works and with his heart, trying to carry out his life according to the standard of Mine, it can be said that he grows in my very life and gives development to the graft made by Me, adding more branches to the Tree of my Humanity. If, on the other hand, he does not unite with Me, in addition to not growing in Me, he gives no development to the graft; but rather, since one who is not with Me cannot have life, hence, with perdition the graft is undone.” And He disappeared again.

After this, I found myself outside of myself, inside a garden in which there were several rose bushes, some nicely bloomed, in the right proportion, almost half-closed, and others with petals falling off, to the point that a slight movement was enough to prune them, leaving just the stem of the rose, naked. A young man – I don’t know who he was – said to me: “The first roses are the interior souls, who operate in their interior. These souls are symbolized by the rose petals which are turned inwards, adding a distinction of beauty, of freshness and of solidity, with no fear that some petals may fall to the ground. The external petals symbolize the blooming that the interior soul does outwards; receiving life from within her, her works are fragrant with holy charity and, almost like lights, they strike the eyes of God and of her neighbor.

The second rose bushes are the exterior souls; the little good that they do is all external and in the sight of everyone. Since there is no interior blooming, there cannot be the aim for God alone and His love alone; and because this is lacking, the petals – that is, the virtues - cannot be well attached. So, as the blowing breath of pride comes, it makes the petals fall off; as the breaths of complacency, of love of self, of esteem of others, of contradictions, of mortification come, they just barely touch the rose, and the petals fall down to the ground. So, poor rose, she remains always naked, without petals, with only thorns left, which prick her conscience.” After this, I found myself inside myself.

**October 3, 1903**

***Jesus continues His life in the world, not only in the Most Holy Sacrament, but also in the souls who are in His Grace.***

I was thinking about the Hour of the Passion in which Jesus took leave of His Mother to go to His death, and they blessed each other, and I was offering this Hour to repair for those who do not bless the Lord in everything, but rather, they offend Him, in order to impetrate all those blessings which are necessary for us to preserve ourselves in the grace of God, and to fill the void of the glory of God, as if all creatures were blessing Him. While doing this, I felt Him move in my interior, saying: “My daughter, in the act of blessing my Mother I also intended to bless each creature individually, and all in general, in such a way that everything is blessed by Me: thoughts, words, heartbeats, steps and movements made for Me. Everything – everything has been given value by my blessing. Even more, I tell you that everything good that creatures do, was all done by my Humanity, so that all the works of creatures might first be divinized by Me. Furthermore, my life, real and true, still continues in the world, not only in the Most Holy Sacrament, but in the souls who are in my Grace; and since the capacity of the creature is very limited, and one of them alone is unable to catch everything I did, I act in such a way as to continue my reparation in one soul, praise in another, thanksgiving in another; in some others my zeal for the salvation of souls, in another my sufferings, and so with all the rest. According to how they correspond to Me, I carry out my life within them. Therefore, think of what constraints and pains they put Me into – while I want to operate in them, they do not pay attention to Me.” Having said this, He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**October 7, 1903**

***The victim souls are human angels who must repair, impetrate, protect humanity.***

I had asked the confessor to leave me in the Will of Our Lord, withdrawing the obedience that, whether He wanted it or not, I should continue to remain in this state of victim. At first he did not want it, but then he consented, as long as I would assume the responsibility of answering before Jesus Christ for what could happen in the world; and he said that I should think about it first, and then answer him. I wanted to tell him that I did not want to oppose the Divine Will; only, if the Lord wants it, I want it; if He does not want it, I do not want it – so, why this responsibility? And he: “Think about it first, and tomorrow you will answer.” So, as I was thinking about it in my interior, He told me: “Justice wants it, Love does not.”

Then, finding myself in my usual state, I saw Him for just a little, and He told me: “The Angels, whether they obtain something or not, always do their office; they do not withdraw from the work entrusted to them by God, of the custody of souls. Even if they see that, almost in spite of their continuous cares, diligences, industries and assistances, souls are miserably lost, they are always there, at their places. Nor do they give greater or lesser glory to God if they obtain or do not obtain, because their will is always stable in carrying out the work entrusted to them. The victim souls are human angels who must repair, impetrate, protect humanity, and whether they obtain or do not obtain, they must not cease their work, unless they were assured about it from on high.”

**October 12, 1903**

***Meanings of the crowning of thorns.***

This morning I saw my adorable Jesus in my interior, crowned with thorns, and in seeing Him in that state I said to Him: ‘My sweet Lord, why did your head envy your scourged body which had suffered so much and had shed so much blood; and as your head did not want to be outdone by your body, which had been honored with the frieze of suffering, You Yourself incited your enemies to crown You with such a painful and tormenting crown of thorns?’

And Jesus: “My daughter, this crowning of thorns contains many meanings, and as much as I may speak, there is always much left to be said. Indeed, the reason why my head wanted to be honored by having, not a general share, but its distinct and special portion of suffering, and its own shedding of blood, almost competing with the body - is almost incomprehensible to the created mind. The reason is that it is the head that unites the whole body and the whole of the soul, in such a way that, without the head, the body is nothing; so much so, that one can live without the other members, but it is impossible to live without the head, because it is the essential part of the whole of man. This is so true, that if the body sins or does good, it is the head that directs it, since the body is nothing other than an instrument. Therefore, since my head was to give back regimen and dominion to men, and earn for them that new heavens of graces and new worlds of truths might enter into the human minds, rejecting the new hells of sins because of which men reach the point of rendering themselves vile slaves of vile passions; wanting to crown the whole human family with glory, with honor and with decorum, I wanted to crown and honor my Humanity first, though with a most painful crown of thorns, symbol of the immortal crown which I was giving back to creatures, taken away by sin.

In addition, the crown of thorns means that there is no glory and honor without thorns; that there can never be dominion over passions and acquisition of virtues without feeling oneself being pricked deep inside one’s flesh and spirit, and that true reigning is in the giving of oneself by the pricks of mortification and of sacrifice.

Moreover, these thorns signified that I am the true and only King, and only one who constitutes Me King of her heart enjoys peace and happiness, and I constitute her queen of my own Kingdom. So, all those rivulets of blood which poured out from my head were as many little streams which bound the human intelligence to the knowledge of my sovereignty over them.”

But who can say all that I feel in my interior? I don’t have the words to express it. Even more, the little I have said, it seems to me that I said it disconnected; and I believe it must be so in speaking about the things of God – as high and sublime as is the way in which one speaks, since He is uncreated and we are created, one cannot speak about God but in stammering.

**October 16, 1903**

***The Divine Will is light, and one who does it nourishes himself with light.***

As I was in my usual state, I was feeling all full of sins and of bitterness. Then, He made Himself seen like a flash in my interior, and I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little; however, in His presence, the sins disappeared. Concerned, I said: ‘My Lord, how is it that while in your presence I should know my sins better, it happens the opposite?’ And He: “My daughter, my presence is sea with no boundaries, and one who is in my presence is like a little drop; whether it is black or white, it dissolves in my sea. So, how can it be recognized any more? Moreover, my divine touch purges everything, and the black ones it turns into white. How can you fear then? Furthermore, my Will is light, and by always doing my Will, you nourish yourself with light, and your mortifications, privations and sufferings convert into nourishment of light for the soul. In fact, the only food which is nourishing and gives true life, is my Will. And don’t you know that this continuous nourishing herself with light,

even if the soul should contract some defects, purges her continuously?” Having said this, He disappeared.

**October 18, 1903**

*Sin is an act of the human will opposite to the Divine. True love is to live in the will of the beloved.*

Continuing in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus for brief instants, and He told me: “My daughter, do you know what forms sin? An act of the human will opposite to the Divine. Imagine two friends who are in opposition; if the issue is light, you would say that their friendship is not perfect and loyal. Be it even in little things, how can they love and yet oppose each other? True love is to live in the will of the other, even at the cost of sacrifice. If then the issue is grave, not only are they not friends, but they are fierce enemies. Such is sin. Opposing the Divine Will is the same as making God one’s enemy; be it even in little things, it is always the creature that puts herself in opposition to the Creator.”

**October 24, 1903**

*An image of the Church.*

As I told the confessor about my concerns that my state may not be Will of God, and that, at least as a test, I wanted to try to make an effort to go out of it and see whether I could manage or not, without raising his usual difficulties, the confessor said: “All right, tomorrow you will try.” So I was left as if I had been freed of an enormous weight. Now, after he celebrated Holy Mass and I received Communion, I saw my adorable Jesus in my interior for just a little, His gaze fixed on me, His hands joined, in act of asking for pity and help. At that moment I found myself outside of myself, inside a room in which there was a lady, majestic and venerable, but gravely infirm. She was inside a bed with a headboard so high as to almost touch the vault, and I was forced to stay over this headboard, in the arms of a priest, in order to keep it still and to look at the poor ill one. While in this position, I saw a few religious surrounding the patient and offering their cares, and saying among themselves with intense bitterness: “She is ill, she is ill - it would take nothing more than a little shake.” And I was taking care of keeping the headboard of the bed still, for fear that, if the bed moved, she might die.

But seeing that things were dragging on, and almost getting annoyed by that idleness, I said to the one who was holding me: ‘For pity’s sake, let me get down; I am doing nothing good, nor am I helping anyone – why stay here, so useless? If I get down, at least I can serve her, help her.’ And he: “Did you not hear that even a little shake could make her get worse and cause most sad things to happen to her? If you get down, since there is no one to keep the bed still, she may even die.” And I: ‘But how can it be possible that, by just doing this, such good can come to her? I don’t believe it - for pity’s sake, let me get down.’ So, after I repeated these words several times, he put me down on the floor, and I, by myself, with no one holding me, drew near the ill one, and to my surprise and sorrow I saw that the bed was moving. At those movements, her face went blue, she trembled and emitted a rattle of agony. Those few religious were crying and saying: “There is no more time, she is in the extreme moments now.” Then some people who were enemies entered – soldiers and captains – to beat the ill one; but, dying as she was, that lady got up with intrepidity and majesty to be wounded and beaten. On seeing this, I trembled like a reed, and I said to myself: ‘I have been the cause of this, I myself have given the push for so much evil to happen.’ And I understood that that lady represented the Church, infirm in Her members, with many other meanings which it seems useless to me to explain, because they can be comprehended by reading what I have written.

Then I found myself inside myself, and Jesus told me in my interior: “If I suspend you forever, the enemies will begin to make my Church shed blood.” And I: ‘Lord, it is not that I do not want to stay – Heavens forbid that I move away from your Will even for the blinking of an eye; only, if You want me to, I will stay, if You don’t want me to, I will get out.’ And He: “My daughter, as soon as

the confessor released you by telling you, ‘All right, tomorrow you will try’, the bond of victim was also released, because only the frieze of obedience is what constitutes the victim, and I would never accept her as such without this frieze, even at the cost of making a miracle of my omnipotence, if necessary, to give light to the one who directs you so that he would give this obedience. I suffered, and suffered voluntarily, but what constituted Me as victim was the obedience to my dear Father, who wanted to adorn all of my works, from the greatest to the littlest, with the honorary frieze of obedience.” Then, finding myself inside myself, I felt a fear to try to go out; but then, I snapped out of it saying: ‘The one who gave me this obedience should have thought about this; and besides, if the Lord wants me, I am ready.’

**October 25, 1903**

***The soul in Grace enamors God.***

As the hour for my usual state came, I was thinking to myself that if the Lord would not come I should try to make an effort [to go out of it], also to see whether at least I could manage to. At first I could manage, but then my adorable Jesus came and showed me that when I would think of remaining in it, He would draw near me and bind me to Himself, in such a way that I would not be able to go out; when, on the other hand, I would think of going out of it, He would move away and leave me free, in such a way that I could do it. So I could not make up my mind, and I said to myself: ‘How I wish I could see the confessor so as to ask him what I should do.’ Then, a little later, I saw the confessor together with Our Lord, and immediately I said: ‘Tell me, should I stay – yes or no?’ While saying this, I saw in the interior of the confessor that he had withdrawn the obedience he had given me the day before, and so I decided to stay, thinking to myself that if it was true that he had withdrawn the obedience, fine; if then it was my fantasy that made me see it while it could be false, when the confessor would come things would be taken care of, and I could try another day. So I calmed down.

Then, continuing to make Himself seen, blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, the beauty of the soul in Grace is so great as to enamor God Himself. The Angels and the Saints are amazed at seeing this prodigious portent of a soul, still terrestrial, possessed by Grace. At the fragrance of her celestial odor, they run around her, and to their highest pleasure they find in her that same Jesus who beatifies them in Heaven, in such a way that it is indifferent for them to be up in Heaven or down near this soul. But who maintains and preserves this portent, giving new tints of beauty, continuously, to the soul who lives in my Will? Who removes any rust and imperfection from her, and administers to her the knowledge of the object that she possesses? My Will. Who strengthens her, establishes her and confirms her in Grace? My Will. The living in my Will is the whole point of Sanctity, and gives continuous growth in Grace. However, one who one day does my Will, and another her own, will never be confirmed in Grace; she does nothing but grow and then decrease - and how much evil this brings to the soul! Of how much joy she deprives God and herself! She is the image of one who today is rich and tomorrow poor; she will not be confirmed, either in richness or in poverty, therefore one cannot know where she will end up.” Having said this, He disappeared. After a little while, the confessor came, and as I told him what I have written, he assured me that he had truly withdrawn the obedience he had given me.

To obey the confessor, I continue to tell the other meanings I comprehended on the 24<sup>th</sup> of this month. So, the lady represented the Church, who is infirm, not in Herself, but in Her members; but even though She is laid low and insulted by enemies, and rendered infirm in Her very members, She never loses Her majesty and venerability. As for the bed She was in, I understood that while the Church seems oppressed, infirm, opposed, yet She rests with a perpetual and eternal rest, and with peace and safety in the paternal bosom of God, like a child on the lap of her mother. I understood that the headboard of the bed that touched the vault was the divine protection that always assists the Church, and that everything She contains has all come from Heaven: Sacraments, doctrine and other things –

everything is celestial, holy and pure, in such a way that between Heaven and the Church there is continuous communication, never interrupted. As for the few religious who offered care and assistance to the lady, I understood that few are those who defend the Church with their whole selves - considering the evils She receives as though given to themselves. The room in which She resided, made of stone, represented the solidity, the firmness, and even the hardness of the Church in surrendering not one of the rights that belong to Her. The dying lady who, with intrepidity and courage, allows herself to be beaten by the enemies, represented the Church which, while She seems to be dying, rises again more intrepid - but how? Through sufferings and shedding of blood - the true spirit of the Church, always ready for mortification, as Jesus Christ was.

**October 27, 1903**

***The divine way of operating is only love for the Father and for men.***

As I was in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, saying to me: “My daughter, to accept mortifications and sufferings as penance and as chastisement is praiseworthy, it is good, but it has no connection with the divine way of operating. In fact, I did much, I suffered much, but the way I had in all this was only love for the Father and for men. So, it shows immediately whether a creature has the way of operating and suffering in a divine manner - if it is love alone that pushes her to do it and to suffer. If she has other ways, good as they may be, they are always the ways of creatures, and therefore she will find in them the merit that a creature can acquire, not the merit that the Creator can acquire, because there is no union of ways. But if she has my way, the fire of love will destroy any disparity and inequality, and will form one single thing between my work and that of the creature.”

**October 29, 1903**

***When the soul has the character of the purpose of Creation impressed within herself, Jesus repays her with part of the celestial happiness.***

This morning my adorable Jesus made Himself seen in my interior as if He had incarnated Himself in my very person; and looking at me, He said: “My daughter, when I see the character of the purpose of my Creation impressed in the soul, feeling satisfied with her because I see, so well accomplished, the work created by Me, I feel a duty - or rather, not a duty”, He immediately added, “because in Me there are no duties, but my duty is a more intense love to repay her, advancing for her part of the celestial happiness - that is, manifesting to her intellect the knowledge of the Divinity; attracting her with the food of eternal truths; amusing her sight with my beauty, making the sweetness of my voice resound to her hearing; to her mouth, my kisses; to her heart, my embraces and all my tendernesses. And this corresponds to the purpose for which I created her, which is: to know Me, to love Me, to serve Me.” And He disappeared.

So, finding myself outside of myself, I saw the confessor and I told him what blessed Jesus had told me. I asked him whether it was according to the truth, and he said to me: “Yes.” Not only this, but he added that the divine speaking could be recognized well, because when God speaks and the soul relates it, one who listens not only sees the truths of the words, but feels an emotion in his interior, which only the Divine Spirit possesses.

**October 30, 1903**

***Teachings about peace.***

This morning, since my adorable Jesus was not coming, I was thinking in my interior: ‘Who knows whether it is true that it was our Lord who was coming, or rather, it was the enemy to deceive me. How could Jesus Christ leave me in such an ugly way, without pity?’ Now, while I was thinking of this, He made Himself seen for a few instants, and raising His right hand, pressing His thumb on my

mouth, told me: “Be quiet, be quiet. And besides, would it be nice if someone who has seen the sun, only because he does not see it, says that what he had seen was not sun? Would it not be more true and reasonable if he said that the sun has hidden?” And He disappeared.

I could not see Him, but I felt that with His hands He was retouching me all over, and rubbing my mouth, my mind, etc.; and He made me all shining. Since I could not see Him, my mind continued to raise doubts, and He, making Himself seen again, added: “You still don’t want to stop it? You want to make my work in you disappear, because by doubting, you are not at peace, and since I am the fount of peace, as the one who guides you does not see you at peace, you will cause him to doubt, that it is not the King of Peace who dwells in you. Ah! you do not want to be attentive! It is true that I Myself do everything in the soul, in such a way that without Me she would do nothing, but it is also true that I always leave a thread of will to the soul, so that she too may be able to say: ‘I do everything of my own will.’ So, by being restless, you break this thread of union with Me, and you bind my arms, in such a way that I am unable to operate in you, waiting for you to put yourself at peace again in order to take the thread of your will again and continue my work.”