

## VOLUME 12

J.M.J.

**March 16, 1917**

*How the tight union between the soul and God is never broken.*

My usual state continues, and my always lovable Jesus makes Himself seen almost like a flash, and flying past; and if I lament, He tells me: “My daughter, my daughter, poor daughter, if you knew what will happen, you would suffer very much; and I, in order not to make you suffer so much, try to escape you.” And I return to lament, saying to Him: ‘My Life, I did not expect this from You. You, who seemed to be incapable and unable to be without me - and now, hours and hours... and sometimes it seems You want to let the entire day go by. Jesus, don’t do this to me; how You have changed.’ And Jesus surprises me and says to me: “Calm yourself, calm yourself; I have not changed - I am immutable. Even more, I tell you that when I communicate Myself to the soul, and I have kept her clasped with Me, I have spoken to her, I have poured out my love, this is never broken between Me and the soul. At the most, I change the way - now one way, now another - but always I keep inventing how to speak to her and pour Myself out with her in love. And don’t you yourself see that, if I have not told you anything in the morning, I am almost waiting for the evening to say a word to you? And when they read the applications of my Passion, since I am in you, I pour Myself up to the brim of your soul and I speak to you of my most intimate things, which I had not manifested until now, and of how the soul must follow Me in that operating of mine. Those applications will be the mirror of my interior Life, and whoever will reflect himself in it, will copy my own Life within himself. Oh! how they reveal my love, my thirst for souls, and in each fiber of my Heart, in each of my breaths, thoughts, etc. Therefore, I speak to you more than ever, but as soon as I finish, I hide; and you, not seeing Me, tell me that I have changed. Even more, I tell you that when you do not want to repeat with your voice what I say to you in your interior, you hinder my outpouring of love.”

**March, 18 1917**

*Effects of fusing oneself in Jesus.*

I was praying, fusing all of myself in Jesus, and I wanted each thought of Jesus in my power, so as to be able to have life in each thought of creature, to be able to repair with the very thought of Jesus; and so with all the rest. And my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, my Humanity on earth did nothing other than link each thought of creature with my own. So, each thought of creature reverberated in my mind, each word in my voice, each heartbeat in my Heart, each action in my hands, each step in my feet, and so with all the rest. With this, I gave to the Father divine reparations. Now, everything I did upon earth I continue in Heaven, and as creatures think, their thoughts pour into my mind; as they look, I feel their gazes in mine; so, as though a continuous electricity flows between Me and them, as the members are in continuous communication with the head; and I say to the Father: ‘My Father, I am not the only one who prays You, repairs, satisfies, appeases You, but there are other creatures who do within Me what I do. Even more, with their suffering, they make up for my Humanity, which is glorious and incapable of suffering.’

By fusing herself in Me, the soul repeats what I did and continue to do. But what will be the contentment of these souls who have lived their life in Me, embracing together with Me all creatures, all reparations, when they are with Me in Heaven? They will continue their life in Me; and as creatures will think or will offend Me with thoughts, these will reverberate in their mind, and they will continue the reparations which they did on earth. They will be, together with Me, the sentries of honor before the divine throne; and as creatures on earth will offend Me, they will do the opposite acts in Heaven. They will guard my throne, they will have the place of honor; they will be the ones

who will comprehend Me the most - the most glorious. Their glory will be all fused in mine, and mine in theirs.

So, let your life be all fused in mine – make no act without letting it pass into Me; and every time you fuse yourself in Me, I will pour in you new grace and new light, and will make Myself the vigilant sentry of your heart, so as to keep any shadow of sin away from you. I will guard you as my own Humanity, and I will command the Angels to form a circle around, that you may be defended from everything and from everyone.”

**March 28, 1917**

***The ‘I love you’ of Jesus. The immediate act with Him.***

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus just barely made Himself seen - but so afflicted as to arouse pity. And I said to Him: ‘What’s wrong, Jesus?’ And He: “My daughter, there will be, and will happen, unexpected things – and all of a sudden; and revolutions will break out everywhere. Oh! how things will get worse.” And, all afflicted, He remained in silence. And I: ‘Life of my life, tell me another word.’ And Jesus, as though breathing over me, said: “*I love you*”. But in that ‘*I love you*’ it seemed that everyone and all things received new life. And I repeated: ‘Jesus, say one more word.’ And He: “More beautiful word than an ‘*I love you*’ I could not tell you. And this ‘*I love you*’ of mine fills Heaven and earth; it circulates in the Saints, and they receive new glory; it descends into the hearts of pilgrim souls, and some receive grace of conversion, some of sanctification; it penetrates into Purgatory, and it pours over souls like beneficial dew, and they feel refreshment from it. Even the elements feel invested with new life in fecundating, in growing. So, all perceive the ‘*I love you*’ of your Jesus. And do you know when the soul draws an ‘*I love you*’ of mine upon herself? When, fusing herself in Me, she takes on the divine attitude, and dissolving herself within Me, she does everything I do.”

And I: ‘My Love, many times it is difficult to always maintain this divine attitude.’ And Jesus: “My daughter, what the soul can not always do with her immediate acts in Me, she can make up for with the attitude of her good will. And I will be so pleased with it as to make Myself the vigilant sentry of each thought, of each word, of each heartbeat, etc.; and I will place them inside and outside of Me as my cortege, looking at them with such love, as the fruit of the good will of the creature. When the soul, then, fusing herself in Me, does her immediate acts with Me, then I feel so drawn toward her that I do what she does together with her, and I transmute the operating of the creature into divine. I take everything into account, and I reward everything, even the smallest things; and even just one good act of the will does not remain defrauded in the creature.”

**April 2, 1917**

***The pains of the privation of Jesus are divine pains.***

I was lamenting to my always lovable Jesus about His usual privations, and was saying to Him: ‘My Love, what a continuous death. Each privation of You is a death that I feel - but such cruel and ruthless death, that while it makes me feel the effects of death, it does not make me die. I have not understood how the goodness of your Heart can endure seeing me suffer so many continuous deaths, and then make me still continue to live.’

And blessed Jesus came for a just a little, and pressing me to His Heart, told me: “My daughter, press yourself to my Heart and draw life. But know, however, that the pain most satisfying, most pleasing, most powerful, that equals Me the most and can stand before Me, is the pain of my privation, because it is divine pain. You must know that souls are so bound with Me as to form many links connected together within my Humanity; and as souls become lost, they break these links, and I feel the pain as if one member were detaching itself from the other. Now, who can join these links

for Me? Who can weld them in such a way as to make the split disappear? Who can make them enter into Me again, to give them life? The pain of my privation, because it is divine. My pain because of the loss of souls is divine; the pain of the soul who cannot see Me, cannot feel Me, is divine. And since both of them are divine pains, they can kiss each other, join together, stand before each other, and have such power as to take the souls unlinked, and connect them in my Humanity.

My daughter, does my privation cost you much? And if it does cost you, do not keep as useless a pain of such great cost. As I give it to you as gift, do not keep it for yourself, but let it fly into the midst of the combatants; snatch souls from amid the bullets, and enclose them in Me. And as the weld and seal, place your pain; and then let your pain go around through the whole world, to make it catch souls and bring them all back into Me. So, as you feel the pains of my privation, you will keep placing the seal of the reconnection.”

**April 12, 1917**

***It is not the suffering that renders the creature unhappy; she becomes unhappy when something is missing to her love.***

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came, and since I was a little in suffering, He took me in His arms and told me: “My beloved daughter, beloved daughter of mine, rest in Me. Even more, your pains - do not keep them with yourself, but send them up to my Cross, that they may become the cortege of my pains and relieve Me, and my pains may be the cortege of yours and sustain you, burn with the same fire and be consumed together. And I will look upon your pains as my own; I will give them the same effects, the same value; and they will do the same offices which I did on the Cross, before the Father and before souls. Even more, come, you yourself, onto the Cross - how happy we will be together, even in suffering. In fact, it is not the suffering that renders the creature unhappy; on the contrary, suffering makes her victorious, glorious, rich, beautiful. But she becomes unhappy when something is missing to her love. You, united with Me on the Cross, will be completely satisfied in love; your pains will be love; your life, love - all love; and therefore you will be happy!”

**April 18, 1917**

***Pouring oneself into the Divine Will and fusing oneself in Jesus, forms beneficial dew over all creatures.***

I was fusing myself in my sweet Jesus, to be able to diffuse myself in all creatures and fuse them all in Jesus; and I kept flinging myself between the creatures and Jesus, to prevent my beloved Jesus from being offended, and creatures from being able to offend Him. Now, while I was doing this, He told me: “My daughter, as you pour yourself into my Will and fuse yourself in Me, a sun is formed in you. As you keep thinking, loving, repairing, etc., the rays are formed; and my Will, as background, makes Itself crown of these rays; and the sun is formed which, rising up in the air, melts into beneficial dew over all creatures. So, the more you fuse yourself in Me, the more suns you keep forming.

Oh! how beautiful it is to see these suns which, rising and rising, remain circumfused within my own Sun, and pour beneficial dew over all. How many graces do creatures not receive! I am so taken by this, that as they fuse themselves, I pour abundant dew of all kinds of graces upon them, so that they can form greater suns, such that I may be able to pour, more abundantly, the beneficial dew over all.” And as I was fusing myself, I could feel light, love, graces, being poured over my head.

**May 2, 1917**

***How Jesus died little by little.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I was lamenting to my sweet Jesus because of His privations, saying to Him: ‘My Love, who could ever think that your privation would have to cost me so much? I feel myself dying little by little. Each act of mine is a death that I feel, because I cannot find the life; but dying and living is even more cruel – even more, it is double death.’

And my lovable Jesus came flashing by, and told me: “My daughter, courage and firmness in everything. And then, don’t you want to imitate Me? I too died little by little. As creatures offended Me in their steps, I felt the tearing in my feet, but with such bitterness of spasm as to be capable of giving Me death; and while I would feel Myself dying, yet, I would not die. As they offended Me with their works, I felt death in my hands, and at the cruel torment, I agonized, I felt faint; but the Will of the Father sustained Me. I would die, and not die. As the evil voices, the horrendous blasphemies of creatures reverberated in my voice, I felt Myself suffocating, my word being choked, poisoned; and I felt death in my voice, but I would not die. And my tortured Heart? As It palpitated, I felt in my heartbeat the evil lives, souls tearing themselves away; and my Heart was in continuous tearing and lacerations. I agonized and died continuously in each creature, in each offense; yet, love, the Divine Will, forced Me to live. This is the reason for your dying little by little; I want you together with Me - I want your company in my deaths. Aren’t you happy?”

**May 10, 1917**

***How, with His breath, Jesus gives motion and life to all creatures.***

Continuing in my poor state, I was trying to fuse myself in my sweet Jesus according to my usual way; but as hard as I tried, it was in vain. Jesus Himself distracted me, and sighing strongly, told me: “My daughter, the creature is nothing other than my breath. As I breathe, I give life to everything. All life is in the breathing; if there is no breathing, the heart no longer beats, the blood no longer circulates, the hands remain inactive, the mind feels the intelligence die; and so with all the rest. So, the whole of human life is in receiving and in giving this breath. But while, with my breath, I give life and motion to all creatures, and with my holy breath I want to sanctify them, love them, embellish them, enrich them, etc., in giving Me the breath they receive, they send Me offenses, rebellions, ingratitude, blasphemies, denials, and all the rest. So, I send the breath as pure, and it comes to Me impure; I send it in blessing, and it comes to Me cursing; I send it all love, and it comes to Me offending Me deep into my inmost Heart. But love makes Me continue to send breath, to maintain these machines of human lives; otherwise they would no longer function, and would end up in ruin.

Ah! my daughter, have you heard how human life is maintained? By my breath. And when I find a soul who loves Me, how sweet her breath is, how she amuses Me - I feel cheered. An echo of harmonies forms between Me and her, which remain distinct from the other creatures, and will be distinct also in Heaven. My daughter, I could not contain my love, and I wanted to pour Myself out with you.”

So, today I could not fuse myself in Jesus, because He Himself kept me occupied in His breath. How many things I comprehended, but I am unable to say them well, and I stop here.

**May 12, 1917**

***One who doubts about the love of Jesus saddens Him.***

Since my always lovable Jesus had not come and I was very afflicted, while I was praying, a thought flew into my mind: ‘Did the thought ever come to you that you might be lost?’ I never really think about this, so I remained a bit surprised. But good Jesus, who watches over me in everything, immediately moved in my interior and told me: “My daughter, this is true strangeness,

and which saddens my love very much. If a daughter said to her father: 'I am not your daughter; you will not give me a share of your inheritance, you don't want to give me food, you don't want to keep me in your house', and she torments herself and sends out laments - what would the poor father say? 'Strangeness - this daughter is crazy.' And with all love he would say to her: 'But, tell me, if you are not my daughter, whose daughter are you? How is this? You live under my same roof, you eat at my same table; I clothe you with my money, earned with my own sweat. If you are ill, I assist you and I procure the means to heal you. Why then, do you doubt that you are my daughter?'

With more reason, I would say to one who doubts about my love, and feared that she might be lost: 'How is this? I give you my Flesh for food, you live completely of my own. If you are ill, I heal you with the Sacraments; if you are stained, I wash you with my Blood. I can say that I am almost at your disposal - and you doubt? Do you want to sadden Me? Tell Me, then: do you love someone else? Do you recognize some other being as another father, since you say that you are not my daughter? And if this is not, why do you want to afflict yourself and sadden Me? Aren't the bitternesses that others give Me enough - you too want to put pains in my Heart?'

**May 16, 1917**

***Effects of the Hours of the Passion.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I was fusing all of myself in my sweet Jesus, and then I poured all of myself into the creatures, in order to give the whole of Jesus to all creatures. And my lovable Jesus told me: "My daughter, every time the creature fuses herself in Me, she gives to all creatures the influence of Divine Life; and according to what creatures need, they obtain their effect: those who are weak, feel strength; those who are obstinate in sin, receive light; those who suffer, comfort; and so with all the rest."

Then I found myself outside of myself. I was in the midst of many souls who were saying to me - they seemed to be purging souls and Saints, and were mentioning one person known to me, who died not too long ago - and they were saying to me: 'He feels as though happy in seeing that there is not one soul who enters Purgatory without carrying the mark of the *Hours of the Passion*; and surrounded by the cortege of these *Hours* and helped by them, souls take a safe place. And there is not one soul who flies into Heaven without being accompanied by these *Hours of the Passion*. These *Hours* make a continuous dew rain down from Heaven to earth, into Purgatory, and even into Heaven.'

On hearing this, I said to myself: 'Maybe my beloved Jesus, in order to keep the word He had given - that for each word of the *Hours of the Passion* He would give a soul - there is not one soul whom He saves who does not benefit from these *Hours*.'

Afterwards, I returned into myself, and as I found my sweet Jesus, I asked Him whether that was true. And He: "These *Hours* are the order of the universe; they put Heaven and earth in harmony, and hold Me back from sending the world to ruin. I feel my Blood, my wounds, my love, and everything I did, being placed in circulation; and they flow over all in order to save all. And as souls do these *Hours of the Passion*, I feel my Blood, my wounds, my yearnings to save souls, being put on the way, and I feel my Life being repeated. How could creatures obtain any good if not by means of these *Hours*? Why do you doubt? This thing is not yours, but mine. You have been the strained and weak instrument."

**June 7, 1917**

***The soul remains separated from Jesus when she lets something that does not belong to Him enter into herself.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I was lamenting to my sweet Jesus because of His privations, and was saying to Him: ‘What bitter separation; separated from You - everything is over. I have remained as the most unhappy creature that can exist.’ And Jesus, interrupting my speaking, told me: “My daughter, what separation are you fishing for? Only when she lets something that does not belong to Me enter into herself, then is the soul separated from Me. Therefore, I enter into the soul, and if I find her will as my own, her desires, her affections, her thoughts, her heart – everything as my own, I absorb her into Myself, and with the fire of my love I keep liquefying her will with Mine, making them one. I liquefy her desires with mine, her affections, her thoughts, with mine; and once I have formed one single liquid, I pour it over my whole Humanity like celestial dew; and as it forms into as many drops of dew for as many offenses as I receive, they kiss Me, love Me, repair Me, and embalm my embittered wounds. And since I am in the act of doing good to all, this dew descends for the good of all creatures.

But if I find something extraneous in the soul, which does not belong to Me, then I cannot melt what is hers into mine, because love alone is what has the virtue of melting and becoming one. Things that are similar are those that can mix together, and that have the same value. Therefore, if in the soul there is iron, thorns, stones - how can they melt? And then there are separations, unhappinesses.

So, if nothing has entered into your heart, how can I separate?”

**June 14, 1917**

***The more the soul strips herself of herself, the more Jesus clothes her with Himself.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was praying my lovable Jesus to come into me in order to love, to pray, to repair, for I knew how to do nothing. And sweet Jesus, moved to compassion for my nothingness, came, remaining with me to pray, loving and repairing together with me. And then He said to me: “My daughter, the more the soul strips herself of herself, the more I clothe her with Myself. The more she believes she can do nothing, the more I act in her, and I do everything. I feel all my love, my prayers, my reparations, etc. being placed in act by the creature; and to give honor to Myself, I listen to what she wants to do. Love? I go to her and love together with her. Does she want to pray? I pray together with her. In sum, her stripping and her love, which is mine, bind Me and force Me to do with her whatever she wants to do. And I give to the soul the merit of my love, of my prayers and reparations; and to my highest contentment, I feel my Life being repeated, and I make the effects of my operating descend for the good of all, because it is not of the creature, who is hidden in Me - but it is mine.”

**July 4, 1917**

***All the pains of creatures were suffered before by Jesus. One who does the Divine Will is together with Jesus in the Tabernacle.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was feeling a little in suffering, and my adorable Jesus, on coming, placed Himself in front of me, and it seemed that between me and Jesus there were many electric wires of communication; and He told me: “My daughter, each pain that the soul suffers is one more communication that the soul acquires. In fact, all the pains that the creature could suffer were suffered before by Me in my Humanity, and took their place in the divine order. And since the creature cannot suffer them all together, my goodness communicates them little by little; and as it communicates them, the chains of union with Me keep growing. And not only with pains, but with anything good that the creature can do; so do the links of connection develop between Me and her.”

Another day I was thinking to myself of the good that other souls receive by being in front of the Most Holy Sacrament, while I, poor one, was deprived of it. And blessed Jesus told me: “My

daughter, one who does my Will is together with Me in the Tabernacle, and takes part in my pains, in the coldness, in the irreverences, in everything, which the very souls who are in my Sacramental Presence do. One who does my Will must excel in everything; and the place of honor is always reserved for her. Therefore, who receives more good: one who is before Me, or one who is with Me? For one who does my Will I do not tolerate even one step of distance between Me and her, or division of pains or of joys. I may keep her on the cross - but always with Me. This is why, then, I want you always in my Will: to give you the first place over my Sacramental Heart. I want to feel your heart palpitating in Mine, with my own love and pain. I want to feel your will in Mine, which, multiplying in everyone, may give Me, with one single act, the reparations of all and the love of all; and my Will in yours, which, making your poor humanity my own, may elevate it before the Majesty of the Father as my continued victim.”

**July 7, 1917**

***For one who does the Divine Will everything is present.***

I was fusing myself in my sweet Jesus, but I saw myself as so meager that I didn't know what to give Him. And the always lovable Jesus, to console me, told me: “My daughter, for one who does my Will there is no past or future, but everything is present in act. And just as everything I did and suffered is all present in act, in such a way that, if I want to give satisfaction to the Father or do good to creatures, I can do it as if, in act, I were suffering and operating - in the same way, what the creature can suffer or do in my Will is already identified with my pains and with my works, and they become one. And when the soul wants to give Me an attestation of love with her pains, she can take the pains suffered at other times, which are in act, and give them to Me in order to replicate her love, her satisfactions for Me. And I, in seeing the industriousness of the creature who places her acts as though in a bank in order to multiply them and collect the interest to give Me love and satisfactions, so as to enrich her more and not to be outdone in love, I will give her my pains, my works multiplied, to give her love and to be loved.”

**July 18, 1917**

***The soul who lives in the Divine Will lives in Jesus, and at His expense.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was trying to pour all of myself into the Holy Will of Jesus, and I prayed Him to pour all of Himself into me, in such a way that I would no longer feel myself, but the whole of Jesus. And blessed Jesus came and told me: “My daughter, when the soul lives in my Will, and everything she does, she does in my Volition, I feel her everywhere. I feel her in my mind, and her thoughts flow within mine; and as I diffuse the life of intelligence in the creatures, she diffuses herself together with Me in the minds of the creatures; and as she sees Me being offended, she feels my pain. I feel her in my heartbeat - even more, I feel one heartbeat for two inside my Heart; and as my love pours into creatures, she pours herself together with Me, and she loves with Me; and if I am not loved, she loves Me for all to requite Me in love, and she consoles Me. In my desires I feel the desire of the soul who lives in my Will; in my works I feel hers - in everything. Therefore, one can say that she lives at my expense.”

And I: ‘My Love, You do everything by Yourself, and do not need the creature. Why, then, do You love so much that the creature live in your Will and of your Will?’ And Jesus: “Indeed I have need of nothing and do everything by Myself, but love, in order to have life, wants its outpouring. Imagine a sun, which has no need of light - it is sufficient for itself and for others; but, still, since there are other little lights, even though it does not need them, it wants them within itself for company, to pour itself out and to enlarge the little lights. What wrong would the little lights not do, if they refused? Ah! my daughter, when the will is alone, it is always sterile; love, when isolated,

languishes and dies down. And I love the creature so much that I want her united with my Will, so as to render her fecund, to give her life of love; then do I find my outpouring, because I created the creature only to pour Myself out in love - for nothing else; and therefore this is all my commitment.”

**July 25, 1917**

***Jesus purifies the soul in order to admit her to live in His Will.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was lamenting to Jesus, and I also prayed Him to put an end to the many chastisements. And Jesus told me: “My daughter, you lament? Yet, this is still nothing; the great chastisements will come. The creature has rendered herself unbearable; under the blows, she rebels more; even more, she does not want to recognize my hand that strikes her. I have no other means to use than to exterminate her. In this way I will be able to remove many lives which infect the earth and kill my growing generation. Therefore, do not expect an end for now, but rather, more and worse evils. There will not be one place on earth, which will not be soaked in blood.”

On hearing this, I felt my heart being lacerated; and Jesus, wanting to cheer me, told me: “My daughter, come into my Will to do what I do; and in my Will you will be able to run for the good of all creatures; and from within the blood in which they are swimming, you will be able to save them with the power of my Volition, in such a way as to bring them to Me, washed by their own blood, with the touch of my Will.”

And I: ‘My Life, I am so bad - how can I do this?’ And He: “You must know that the most noble, the most sublime, the greatest, the most heroic act is to do my Will and to operate in my Volition. So, at this act, which no other will be able to equal, I make display of all my love and generosity. And as soon as the soul decides to do it, I, in order to give her the honor of keeping her in my Volition, in the act in which the two wills meet to be fused into each other and become one, if she is stained, I purify her; if the thorns of the human nature enwrap her, I shatter them; and if some nail pierces her - that is, sin - I pulverize it, because nothing evil can enter my Will. Even more, all my attributes invest her and change weakness into fortitude, ignorance into wisdom, misery into richness, and so with all the rest. In the other acts something from herself always remains, but in these she remains completely stripped of herself, and I fill her completely with Myself.”

**August 6, 1917**

***The Divine Will renders the soul happy, even in the midst of the greatest storms.***

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came; and since I was very afflicted because of the continuous threats of worse chastisements, and because of His privations, He told me: “My daughter, be cheered, do not loose heart too much. My Will renders the soul happy, even in the midst of the greatest storms. Even more, she rises so high that the storms cannot touch her, though she sees them and hears them. The place in which she dwells is not subject to storms, but is always serene, and smiling sun, because her origin is in Heaven, her nobility is divine, her sanctity is in God, in which she is kept by God Himself; because, jealous of the sanctity of this soul who lives in my Will, I keep her in my inmost Heart, and I say: ‘Nobody touch her - my Will is untouchable, It is sacred, and all must give honor to my Will’.”

**August 14, 1917**

***Jesus did nothing other than give Himself prey to the Will of the Father. Difference between living resigned to the Will of God, and living in the Divine Will.***

As I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus came for just a little and flying past, and told me: “My daughter, I did nothing other than give Myself prey to the Will of the Father. So, if I thought, I

thought in the mind of the Father; if I spoke, I spoke in the mouth and with the tongue of the Father; if I worked, I worked in the hands of the Father; even my breath I breathed in Him, and everything I did was ordered as He wanted. Therefore, I could say that I carried out my Life in the Father, and I was the bearer of the Father, because I enclosed everything in His Will and I did nothing by Myself. My main point was the Will of the Father, because I did not care about Myself, nor did I interrupt my course because of the offenses they gave Me, but I kept flying more and more toward my center; and only when I fulfilled the Will of the Father in everything - then did my natural Life end.

The same for you, my daughter. If you give yourself prey to my Will, you will have no more concern for anything. The very privation of Me, which torments you and consumes you so much, flowing in my Will, will find support, my hidden kisses, my Life in you, clothed with you. In your very heartbeat you will feel mine - burning and sorrowful; and if you do not see Me, you feel Me; my arms hold you tightly; and how many times do you not feel my motion, my refreshing breath that refreshes your ardors? You do feel all this; and when you try to see who squeezed you, who breathes on you, and you do not see Me, I smile at you, I kiss you with the kisses of my Will, and I hide more within you, in order to surprise you again and to give you one more jump into my Will. Therefore, do not sadden Me by afflicting yourself, but let Me do. Let the flight of my Volition never cease in you; otherwise you would hinder my Life in you; while by the living in my Will, I do not find any hindrance, and I make my Life grow, and I carry It out as I want.”

Now, in order to obey, I want to say a few words on the difference between living resigned to the Divine Will, and living in the Divine Will.

First: living resigned. According to my poor opinion, this means to resign oneself to the Divine Will in everything, both in prosperous and in adverse circumstances, looking at the Divine Will in all things - the order of the divine dispositions which It has over all creatures, such that not even one hair can fall from our head if the Lord does not want it so. It seems to me like a good son, who goes wherever his father wants, and suffers whatever his father wants. Poor or rich, it is indifferent to him; he is content only with being what the father wants. If he receives or asks for an order to go somewhere for the fulfillment of some business, he goes only because the father wanted it. But in the meantime, he must take some refreshment, stop to rest, have some food, deal with people; therefore he has to put in much of his own will, even though he goes because the father wanted it. However, in many things he finds himself in the circumstance of doing them by himself; so, he may be far away from the father for days, for months, without receiving specification of the will of the father in all things. So, for one who lives resigned to the Divine Will, it is almost impossible not to mix his own will with It; he may be a good son, but will not have, in everything, the thoughts, the words, the life of the Father fully portrayed in him. In fact, since he has to go, return, follow, deal with others, love is already broken - because only continued union makes love grow, and it never breaks - and the current of the Will of the Father is not in continuous communication with the current of the will of the son; and in those intervals, the son may get used to doing his own will. However, I believe that this is the first step toward sanctity.

Second: living in the Divine Will. I would like the hand of my Jesus to write this. Ah! He alone could tell all the beauty, the goodness and the sanctity of living in the Divine Will. I am incapable, I have many concepts about It in my mind, but I lack the words. My Jesus, pour Yourself into my word, and I will say what I can.

Living in the Divine Will means being inseparable, doing nothing by oneself, because before the Divine Will one feels incapable of anything. He does not ask for orders, nor does he receive them, because he feels incapable of going on his own; and he says: “If You want me to do this, let us do it together; and if You want me to go, let us go together.” So, he does all that his Father does. If the Father thinks, he makes the thoughts of the Father his own, and has not one thought more than

those of the Father. If the Father looks, if He speaks, if He works, if He walks, if He suffers, if He loves, he too looks at what the Father looks at, repeats the words of the Father, works with the hands of the Father, walks with the feet of the Father, suffers the same pains of the Father, and loves with the love of the Father. He lives, not outside, but inside the Father, therefore he is the reflection and the perfect portrait of the Father - which is not for one who lives only resigned. It is impossible to find this son without the Father, or the Father without him; and not only externally, but all his interior is as though interwoven with the interior of the Father - transformed, dissolved completely, completely, in God.

Oh! the rapid and sublime flights of this child in the Divine Will. This Divine Volition is immense; in every instant It circulates in everyone, It gives life to everything and orders everything; and the soul, moving within this immensity, flies to all, helps all, loves all, but as Jesus Himself helps and loves - which one who lives only resigned cannot do. Therefore, one who lives in the Divine Will finds it impossible to act on his own; even more, he feels nausea for his human operating, be it even holy, because in the Divine Will all things, even the smallest ones, take on a different look. They acquire nobility, splendor, divine sanctity, divine power and beauty; they multiply to infinity, and in one instant one does everything. And after he has done everything, he says: 'I have done nothing - Jesus did it. And this is all my contentment: that, meager as I am, Jesus has given me the honor to keep me in the Divine Will, to let me do what He Himself has done.' So, the enemy cannot bother this child - whether he has done well or badly, little or much - because Jesus Himself did everything, and he together with Jesus. He is the most peaceful; he is not subject to anxiety; he loves no one and loves everyone - but divinely. It can be said that he is the repeater of the Life of Jesus, the organ of His voice, the heartbeat of His Heart, the sea of His graces.

True sanctity, I believe, consists only in this. All other things are shadows, larvae, specters of sanctity. In the Divine Will, virtues take their place in the divine order; while, outside of It, in the human order, they are subject to self-esteem, to vainglory, to passions. Oh! how many good works, how many attended Sacraments are to be cried over before God, and to be repaired for, because they are empty of Divine Will, and therefore without fruits. Heaven willing that all would comprehend true sanctity. Oh! how all other things would disappear.

Therefore, many find themselves on the false way of sanctity. Many place it in the pious practices of piety - and woe to those who move them! Oh! how they deceive themselves. If their wills are not united with Jesus, and also transformed in Him - which is continual prayer - with all their pious practices their sanctity is false. And it shows how these souls pass very easily from pious practices to defects, to amusements, to the sowing of discord, and other things. Oh! how dishonored is this kind of sanctity. Others place it in going to church to attend all the services, but their will is far from Jesus; and it shows how these souls have little care for their own duties. And if they are hindered, they get angry, they cry that their sanctity goes up in the air, they lament, they disobey, they are the wounds of the families. Oh! what false sanctity. Others place it in frequent confessions, in minute spiritual directions, in having scruples about everything; but then they have no scruple that their will does not run together with the Will of Jesus - and woe to those who contradict them! These souls are like inflated balloons: a little hole is enough for the air to come out, and their sanctity goes up in smoke, and falls to the ground. These poor balloons have always something to say, they are mostly inclined to sadness, they live always in doubt, and therefore would like to have a director for themselves, who would advise them, give them peace and console them in every little thing. But they are soon more agitated than before. Poor sanctity, how forged it is.

I would like the tears of my Jesus to cry together with Him over these false sanctities, and make everyone know how true sanctity is in doing the Divine Will and in living in the Divine Volition. This sanctity sinks its roots so deep that there is no danger that it may oscillate, because it fills earth and Heaven, and everywhere it finds its support. This soul is firm, not subject to

inconstancies, to voluntary defects; she is attentive to her duties, she is the most sacrificed, detached from everyone and from everything, even from directions themselves; and since the roots are deep, she rises so high that the flowers and fruits bloom in Heaven; and she is so hidden in God that the earth sees little or nothing of this soul. The Divine Will keeps her absorbed within Itself; only Jesus is the author, the life, the form of the sanctity of this enviable creature. She has nothing of her own, but everything is in common with Jesus; her passion is the Divine Will; her characteristic is the Will of her Jesus, and the Fiat is her continuous motto.

On the other hand, the poor and false sanctity of the balloons is subject to continuous inconstancies, and while it seems that the balloons of their sanctity swell so much as to seem to be flying in the air at a certain height, to the point that many, and even the directors, are amazed - soon they are disillusioned. One humiliation, one preference of the directors toward someone else, is enough to make these balloons deflate, for they believe this is a theft against them, considering themselves the neediest. Therefore, while having scruples about trifles, they then reach the point of disobeying. Jealousy is the woodworm of these balloons, which, consuming the good they do, keeps sucking air from them, and the poor balloon deflates and falls to the ground, reaching the point of dirtying itself with earth. Then the sanctity that was in the balloon appears. And what does one find? Love of self, resentment, passions hidden under the aspect of good, almost to have occasion to say: 'They have made themselves the amusement of the devil.' So, of all their sanctity, nothing was found but a mass of defects, apparently disguised as virtues. But then, who can say everything? Only Jesus knows the worst evils of this false sanctity, of this devout life without foundation, because it leans on false piety. These false sanctities are the spiritual lives without fruit, sterile, which are the cause of who knows how much crying for my lovable Jesus. They are the ill feeling of society, the worries of the very directors, and of families. It can be said that they bring with themselves a noxious air that harms everyone.

Oh! how so very different is the sanctity of the soul who lives in the Divine Will! These souls are the smile of Jesus; they are far away from everyone, even from the very directors. Only Jesus is everything for them; therefore, nobody worries because of them. The beneficial air that they possess embalms all; they are the order and the harmony of all. Jesus, jealous of these souls, makes Himself actor and spectator of whatever they do – there is not one heartbeat, breath or thought which He does not regulate and dominate. Jesus keeps this soul so absorbed in the Divine Will that she can hardly remember that she is living in the exile.

**September 18, 1917**

***Effects of constancy in good.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was in it in the midst of pains; more so, since my Celestial Mama had made Herself seen crying. And as I asked Her: 'My Mama, why are You crying?'; She told me: "My daughter, how could I not cry, since the fire of Divine Justice would want to devour everything? The fire of sins devours all the good of souls, and the fire of Justice wants to destroy all that belongs to creatures. And in seeing the fire running, I cry. Therefore, pray, pray."

Then, I was lamenting to Jesus about His privations. It seemed to me that, without Him, I could take no more. And my lovable Jesus, moved to compassion for my poor soul, came, and transforming me into Himself, told me: "My daughter, patience; constancy in good places everything in safety. Even more, I tell you that when you, deprived of Me, fight between life and death for the pain of being without your Jesus, and in spite of this you remain constant in good and you neglect nothing, you do nothing other than squeeze yourself. And in squeezing, love of self, natural satisfactions, come out; your nature remains as though undone, and what is left is a juice so pure and sweet, which I take with so much delight, that I am sweetened, and I look at you with so much love

and tenderness as to feel your pains as if they were my own. In the same way, if you are cold, arid, and the like, and you remain constant, you give as many more squeezes to yourself, and you form more juice for my embittered Heart.

It happens as with a fruit that is prickly and has a hard skin, but contains a sweet and useful substance inside. If the person is constant in removing the prickles, in squeezing that fruit, he will extract all the substance of the fruit, and will enjoy the best of that fruit. So, the poor fruit has remained empty of the good which it contained; even more, the prickles and the skin have been thrown away. The same for the soul: in coldness, in aridities, she throws natural satisfactions to the ground, she empties herself of herself and, through constancy, she squeezes herself. And the soul remains with the pure fruit of good, and I enjoy the sweetness of it. So, if you are constant, everything will serve you as good, and I will lay my graces with confidence.”

### **September 28, 1917**

***The acts done in the Divine Will are suns which illuminate all, and will serve to put in safety those who have a little bit of good will.***

Continuing in my usual state, my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, darkness is thick and creatures precipitate more. Even more, in this darkness they are digging the precipice in which they will perish. The mind of man has remained blind; it has no more light to look at good – but only at evil; and evil will inundate him, and will make him perish. So, there where they believed to find escape, they will find death. Ah! my daughter, ah! my daughter.”

Then He added: “The acts done in my Will are like suns which illuminate all; and as long as the act of the creature in my Will lasts, one more sun shines in the blind minds, and those who have a little bit of good will will find the light to escape from the precipice. As for the others, they will all perish. Therefore, in these times of thick darkness, how much good the acts of the creature done in my Will do. For those who will escape, it will be only by virtue of these acts.” Having said this, He withdrew.

Then He came back again and added: “I can say of the soul who does my Will and lives in It that she is my carriage, and I hold the reins of everything. I hold the reins of her mind, of her affections, of her desires, and I leave not even one of them in her power. And sitting upon her heart in order to be more comfortable, my dominion is complete and I do whatever I want. Now I make the carriage run, now I make it fly, now it brings Me to Heaven, now I go around the whole earth, now I stop. Oh! how glorious and victorious I am - and I dominate and rule.

But if the soul does not do my Will and lives of the human will, the carriage falls apart. She takes the reins away from Me, and I remain without dominion, like a poor king cast out of his kingdom. And the enemy takes my place, while the reins remain at the mercy of her own passions.”

### **October 4, 1917**

***The pains and the Blood of Jesus run after man, to heal him and save him.***

This morning my always lovable Jesus transported me outside of myself; and He was in my arms, with His face so very close to mine, kissing me very softly, as if He did not want me to perceive it. But after He repeated His kisses, I could not contain myself from requiting Him with my kisses. But while I was kissing Him, the thought came to me of kissing His most holy lips and try to suckle the bitternesses that He contained - who knows, Jesus might surrender. Said and done. I kissed Him and I tried to suckle, but nothing would come out. I prayed Him to pour His bitternesses into me and, again, I suckled with more strength, but - nothing. It seemed that my Jesus suffered from the efforts I was making over Him; and after I repeated, with ardor, for the third time, I felt the

breath of Jesus, most bitter, coming into me, and I saw something hard across the throat of Jesus, which could not come out, and prevented the bitternesses that He contained from coming out so that He might pour them into me.

And my afflicted Jesus, almost crying, told me: “My daughter, my daughter, resign yourself. Don’t you see what hardness man has put into Me with sin, which prevents Me from sharing my bitternesses with one who loves Me? Ah! don’t you remember when, in the past, I would tell you: ‘Let Me do, otherwise man will reach the point of doing so much evil as to exhaust evil itself, not knowing what more evil to do’? And you did not want Me to strike man, and man became worse and worse. He has accumulated so much pus within himself that not even the war managed to make this pus come out. War did not knock man down; on the contrary, it made him grow bolder. The revolution will make him furious; misery will make him despair and give himself prey to crime. All this will serve, in some way, to make the rot which man contains come out; and then my goodness, not indirectly through creatures, but directly from Heaven, will strike man. And these chastisements will be like beneficial dew descending from Heaven, which will kill man; and he, touched by my hand, will recognize himself, will wake up from the sleep of sin, and will recognize His Creator. Therefore, daughter, pray that everything may be for the good of man.”

Jesus remained with His bitterness, and I remained afflicted because I was unable to relieve Jesus. I could just feel His bitter breath, and I found myself inside myself. But I felt restless; the words of Jesus tormented me; I could see the terrible future before my mind. And Jesus, to calm me, came back, and almost to distract me, told me: “How much love! How much love! See, as I suffered, and pain remained in Me, I would say: ‘My pain, go, run, run - go in search of man. Help him, and may my pains be the strength of his.’ As I shed my Blood, I would say to each drop: ‘Run, run - save man for Me. And if he is dead, give him life, but Divine Life. And if he escapes, run after him, besiege him from all sides, confound him with love until he surrenders.’ As the wounds were forming in my Body, under the scourges, I repeated: ‘My wounds, do not remain with Me, but go in search of man. And if you find him wounded by sin, place yourselves as seal in order to heal him.’ So, everything I did and said - everything I placed around man to put him in safety. You too, for love of Me, do not keep anything for yourself, but let everything run after man to save him, and I will regard you as another Me.”

**October 8, 1917**

***Everything that has been done by Jesus is eternal. The souls who love Jesus stand in for Him.***

Continuing in my usual state, my lovable Jesus came for just a little; and since I was very much in pain, He told me: “My daughter, everything that has been done by Me is eternal. So, my suffering Humanity was to be, not for a time, but for as long as the world is world. And since my Humanity in Heaven is no longer capable of suffering, I make use of the humanities of creatures, making them share in my pains in order to continue my Humanity on earth; and this, with justice, because when I was on earth I incorporated all the humanities of creatures within Me, in order to place them in safety and do everything for them. Now, being in Heaven, I diffuse this Humanity of Mine in them, especially in those who love Me - my pains and everything that my Humanity did for the good of souls astray, so as to say to the Father: ‘My Humanity is in Heaven but also on earth, in the souls who love Me and who suffer.’ Therefore, my satisfaction is always complete; my pains are always in act, because the souls who love Me stand in for Me. So, be consoled when you suffer, because you receive the honor of standing in for Me.”

**October 20, 1917**

***How the soul can make of herself a host for love of Jesus.***

Having received my Jesus, I was thinking of how I could render love for love, and I found it impossible for me to be able to restrict myself, make myself smaller, as Jesus does in the host for love of me. This is not in my power, as it is in the power of Jesus. And my beloved Jesus told me: “My daughter, if you cannot restrict all of yourself within the small circle of a host for love of Me, you can very well restrict all of yourself within my Will, to be able to form the host of yourself in my Will. For each act you do in my Will, you will make a host for Me; and I will feed Myself of you, as you of Me. What forms the host? My Life in it. And what is my Will? Is It not the whole of my Life? So, you too can make of yourself a host for love of Me: the more acts you do in my Will, the more hosts you will form, to render Me love for love.”

**October 23, 1917**

***The first act that Jesus did in receiving Himself sacramentally.***

This morning, after having received blessed Jesus, I was saying to Him: ‘My Life, Jesus, tell me: what was the first act You did when You received Yourself sacramentally?’ And Jesus: “My daughter, the first act I did was that of multiplying my Life into as many lives for as many creatures as can exist in the world, so that each one might have one Life of Mine within herself alone; a Life that continuously prays, thanks, satisfies, loves, for her alone. In the same way, I multiplied my pains for each soul, as if I were suffering for her alone, and not for others. In that supreme moment of receiving Myself, I gave Myself to all, and to suffer my Passion in each heart, to be able to subdue the hearts by dint of pains and of love. And giving all of my Divine Self, I came to take the dominion of all. But alas! my love remained disappointed by many, and I anxiously await loving hearts which, in receiving Me, would unite with Me to multiply themselves in everyone, desiring and wanting what I want, so that I may take at least from them what the others do not give Me, and receive the contentment of having them as conformed to my desire and to my Will. Therefore, my daughter, when you receive Me, do what I did, and I will have the contentment that there are at least the two of us wanting the same thing.”

But while He was saying this, Jesus was very afflicted; and I: ‘Jesus, why are You so afflicted?’

“Ah! ah! like a flood they will inundate the countries - how many evils! how many evils! Italy is going through sad - most sad hours. Draw yourselves closer to Me, be in accord among yourselves. Pray that the evils may not be much worse.”

And I: ‘Ah! my Jesus – and my country? what will happen to it? You don’t love me as before when, loving Me, You would hold back.’ And He, almost sobbing: “It is not true, I love you.”

**November 2, 1917**

***Laments of Jesus. Threats of chastisements for Italy.***

Continuing in my state amid privations, pains and bitternesses, especially because of so many evils that one hears about, and the entrance of the foreigners into Italy, I was praying good Jesus to stop the enemies, and I said to Him: ‘Was this perhaps the flood You were talking about in the last days?’ And good Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, the flood I was talking about was precisely this, and the flood will continue to flow, and flow; the foreigners will continue to invade Italy - she has very much deserved it. I had chosen Italy as a second Jerusalem; she, in return, has

disregarded my laws, has denied to Me the rights which were due to Me. Ah! I can say that she no longer behaved like man, but like beast; and under the heavy scourge of the war, I was not even recognized, and she wanted to go on as my enemy. Justly has she deserved this defeat, and I will continue to humiliate her to the dust.”

And I, interrupting Him: ‘Jesus, what are You saying? Poor homeland of mine, how torn you will be! Jesus, have pity - stop the current of the foreigner.’ And Jesus: “My daughter, to my sorrow I have to allow the foreigner to advance. You, because you do not love souls as I do, would want her victory; but if Italy wins, it will be a ruin for souls. Their pride would reach such point as to ruin that little bit of good that is left in the nation; they would have pointed themselves out to the peoples as the nation which can do without God. Ah! my daughter, the scourges will continue, towns will be devastated, I will strip them of everything - the poor and the rich will be one single thing. They did not want to know my laws; they had made of the earth a god for each one; and I, by stripping them, will make them recognize what the earth is. I will purify the earth by fire, for the stench it gives off is such that I cannot bear it. Many will remain buried in the fire, and in this way I will make the earth come to its senses. It is necessary - the salvation of souls requires it. I had told to you about these scourges a long time before; the time has come, but not yet completely; more evils will come. I will make the earth come to its senses - I will make the earth come to its senses.”

And I: ‘My Jesus, placate Yourself - enough for now.’ And He: “Ah! no. You, pray, and I will render the enemy less cruel.”

## **November 20, 1917**

### ***The reason for chastisements. Jesus will make the Sanctity of living in the Divine Will reappear.***

Continuing in my state, ever more painful, my always lovable Jesus comes and runs away like a flash, and He does not give me time even to pray Him for the great evils that poor humanity is going through, especially my dear homeland. What a blow to my heart, the entrance of the foreigners into her. I thought that Jesus had told me this before in order to make me pray; and when He comes, if I pray Him, He says to me: “I will be inexorable.” And if I press Him by saying to Him: ‘Jesus, don’t You want to have compassion? Don’t you see how towns are destroyed, how people remain naked and starving? Ah! Jesus, how hard You have become’, He answers me: “My daughter, I am not concerned about the cities, the great things of the earth - I am concerned about souls. Cities, churches and the like, after they have been destroyed, can be redone. Did I not destroy everything in the Flood? And then was it not redone again? But if souls are lost, it is forever - there is no one who can give them back to Me again. Ah! I cry for souls. They have denied Heaven for the earth; and I will destroy the earth, I will make disappear the most beautiful things which, like rope, bind man.”

And I: ‘Jesus, what are You saying?’ And He: “Courage, do not lose heart. I will move forward; and you - come into my Will, live in It, so that the earth may no longer be your dwelling, but I Myself may be your dwelling; and in this way you will be completely safe. My Will has the power to render the soul transparent, and since the soul is transparent, whatever I do is reflected in her. If I think, my thought is reflected in her mind and becomes light; and her thought, like light, is reflected in mine. If I look, if I speak, if I love, etc., like many lights, they are reflected in her, and she in Me. So, we are in continuous reflections, in perennial communication, in reciprocal love. And since I am everywhere, the reflections of these souls reach Me in Heaven, on earth, in the Sacramental Host, in the hearts of creatures. Everywhere and always, I give light, and light they send Me; I give love, and love they give Me. They are my terrestrial dwellings, in which I take refuge from the disgust of the other creatures.

Oh! the beautiful living in my Will. I like it so much that I will make disappear all other sanctities under any other aspect of virtue in the future generations, and I will make the Sanctity of

living in my Will reappear, which are and will be, not human sanctities, but divine. And their Sanctity will be so high that, like suns, they will eclipse the most beautiful stars of the Saints of the past generations. This is why I want to purge the earth – because it is unworthy of these portents of Sanctity.

**November 27, 1917**

***The Sanctity of living in the Divine Will is exempt from personal interest and waste of time.***

I continue in order to obey. It seems that my always lovable Jesus wants to speak about the living in His Most Holy Will. It seems that when He speaks of His Most Holy Will, He forgets everything and makes one forget everything. The soul finds no other thing but the necessity - no other good but to live in His Volition. So, after I had written about His Will on November 20, my sweet Jesus, being disappointed with me, told me: “My daughter, you did not say everything. I want you to neglect to write nothing when I speak to you about my Will - not even the littlest things, because all of them will serve for the good of posterity. In all sanctities there have always been Saints who, as the first, have started each kind of sanctity. So, there was the Saint who started the sanctity of the penitent; another who started the sanctity of obedience; another of humility, and so with all other sanctities. Now I want you to be the beginning of the sanctity of living in my Will.

My daughter, all other sanctities are not exempt from waste of time and from personal interest. As for example, a soul who lives attentive to obedience in everything: there is much waste of time; that continued saying and re-saying distracts her from Me, and she mistakes the virtue for Me; and if she does not have the opportunity to take all the orders, she lives restless. Another one suffers temptations – oh! how much waste of time. She never tires of telling all her trials, and she mistakes the virtue of suffering for Me; and many times these sanctities end up in ruin. But the sanctity of living in my Will is exempt from personal interest, from waste of time; there is no danger that they might mistake the virtue for Me, because I Myself am the living in my Will.

This was the sanctity of my Humanity on earth, and therefore It did everything, and for everyone, without a shadow of interest. Self-interest takes away the mark of divine sanctity, therefore it can never be sun; at the most, as beautiful as it is, it can be a star. This is why I want the sanctity of living in my Will in these times so sad - this generation needs these suns, which may warm it, illuminate it, fecundate it. The disinterest of these terrestrial angels, all for the good of others, without a shadow of their own self, will open the way in their hearts to receive my grace.

And then, churches are few and many will be destroyed; many times I find no priests who may consecrate Me; other times they allow unworthy souls to receive Me, and worthy souls not to receive Me; others are unable to receive Me; so, my love finds itself hindered. This is why I want to make the sanctity of living in my Will; in them, I will have no need of priests for Me to be consecrated, nor churches, tabernacles or hosts; but they will be everything together: priests, churches, tabernacles and hosts. My love will be more free; anytime I want to consecrate Myself, I will be able to do it - in every moment, day and night, in whatever place they might be. Oh! how my love will have its complete outpouring. Ah! my daughter, the present generation deserved to be destroyed completely; and if I will allow a little something to be left of it, it is to form these suns of the sanctity of living in my Will, who, on my example, will repay Me for all that other creatures, past, present and future, owed Me. Then will the earth give Me true glory, and my ‘*Fiat Voluntas Tua* on earth as it is in Heaven’ will have its completion and fulfillment.”

**December 6, 1917**

***Why Jesus can never be pleased with acts done outside of His Will.***

After having received Jesus in the Sacrament, I was saying to my Jesus: ‘I kiss You with the kiss of your Will. You are not content if I give You only my kiss, but You want the kiss of all creatures, and therefore I give You the kiss in your Will, because in It I find all creatures; and on the wings of your Will, I take all their mouths and I give You the kiss of all; and as I kiss You, I kiss You with the kiss of your love, so that I may kiss You, not with my love, but with your own love, and You may feel the contentment, the sweetnesses, the gentleness of your own love on the lips of all creatures, in such a way that, as You are drawn by your own love, I may force You to give the kiss to all creatures.’ And then, who can say all my nonsense that I was speaking to my lovable Jesus?

Then, my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, how sweet it is for Me to see, to hear, the soul in my Will. Without realizing it, she finds herself at the heights of my acts, of my prayers, of the way I acted when I was on this earth. She places herself almost at my level. In my littlest acts, I enclosed all creatures, past, present and future, in order to offer to the Father complete acts in the name of all creatures. Not even one breath of creatures escaped Me, which I did not enclose in Me; otherwise, the Father could have raised exceptions in recognizing the creatures, and all the acts of creatures. In fact, as they would not have been done by Me and come out of Me, He could have said to Me: ‘You have not done everything, and for everyone; your work is not complete. Nor can I recognize all, because You have not reincorporated all within Yourself; and I want to know only what You have done.’ Therefore, in the immensity of my Will, of my love and power, I did everything, and for everyone.

So, how could other things, outside of my Will, ever please Me, as beautiful as they might be? They are always low, human and finite acts. Instead, the acts in my Will are noble, divine, without end, infinite - as it is my Volition. They are similar to mine, and I give them the same value, love and power of my own acts; I multiply them in everyone; I extend them to all generations, to all times. What do I care if they are small? They are always my acts being repeated, and that’s enough. And then, the soul places herself in her true nothingness - not in humility, in which she always feels something of herself. And, as a nothing, she enters into the All, and she operates with Me, in Me and like Me - completely stripped of herself, not caring about merit or self-interest, but all intent only on making Me content, giving Me absolute lordship over her acts, without even wanting to know what I do with them. Only one thought occupies her: to live in my Will, praying Me to give her the honor. This is why I love her so much, and all my predilections, my love, are for this soul who lives in my Will. And if I love others, it is by virtue of the love which I have for this soul, and which descends from her - just as the Father loves the creatures by virtue of the love He has for Me.”

And I: ‘How true it is what You say - that in your Will one wants nothing, and wants to know nothing. If one wants to do something, it is because You have done it; one feels the ardent desire to repeat your things. Everything disappears; one does not want to do anything any more.’ And Jesus: “And I make her do everything, and I give her everything.”

**December 12, 1917**

***How the sun gives a simile of the acts done in the Divine Will.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was fusing all of myself in the Holy Will of my sweet Jesus, and I prayed, loved and repaired. And He said to me: “My daughter, do you want a simile of the acts done in my Will? Look up and you will see the sun - a circle of light, containing its limits, its shape. But the light that comes out of this sun, from within the limits of its roundness, fills the earth and extends everywhere - not in a round shape, but wherever it finds earth, mountains, seas to illuminate and to invest with its heat; so much so, that with the majesty of its light, with the beneficial influence of its heat, and by investing everyone, the sun becomes the king of all planets, and holds supremacy over all created things.

Now, such are the acts done in my Will, and still more. As the creature does her act, it is small, limited; but as it enters into my Will, it becomes immense, it invests all, it gives light and heat to all, it reigns over all, it acquires supremacy over all the other acts of creatures - it has right over all. So, it rules, commands, conquers; yet, her act is small, but by doing it in my Will, it has undergone an incredible transformation, which not even to the Angel is it given to comprehend. I alone can measure the just value of these acts done in my Will. They are the triumph of my glory, the outpouring of my love, the fulfillment of my Redemption; and I feel as though repaid for the very Creation. Therefore, always forward in my Will.”

### **December 28, 1917**

***Jesus wants the continuous acts of the creature. It does not matter if they are small; as long as there is the motion, the seed, He unites them to His own and makes them great.***

Continuing in my usual state and being a little in suffering, I was thinking to myself: ‘How is it that it is not given to me to find rest, either at night or during the day; rather, the weaker and the more in suffering, the more my mind is awake and unable to take rest.’ And my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, you do not know the reason, but I do; and now I will tell you. My Humanity had no rest, and even in my sleep I had no respite, but I worked intensively; and this, because having to give life to everyone and to everything, and redo everything within Me, it was convenient for Me to work without stopping for one instant; and one who must give life must be a continuous motion and an uninterrupted act. So, I was in continuous act of making lives of creatures come out of Myself, and of receiving them. Had I wanted to rest, how many lives would not come out? How many, without my continuous act, would not develop and would remain withered? How many would not enter into Me, because the act of life of the One who alone can give life, would be missing?

Now, my daughter, wanting you together with Me in my Will, I want your continuous act. So, your awake mind is act, the murmuring of your prayer is act, the movements of your hands, the beating of your heart, the moving of your gaze, are acts. They may be small, but what do I care? As long as there is the motion, the seed, I unite them to my own and I make them great, and I give them the virtue of producing lives.

My acts too were not all great in appearance, especially when, as a little one, I moaned and suckled milk from my Mama, I amused Myself in kissing Her, caressing Her, entangling my little hands with hers. When I was a little older, I picked flowers, I drew the water, and other things. These were all small acts, but they were united in my Will, in my Divinity - and this was enough. And they were so great as to be able to create millions and billions of lives. So, while I was moaning, lives of creatures were coming out from my moans; I suckled, I kissed, I caressed, but it was lives that were coming out. Souls were flowing in my fingers entangled with the hands of my Mama; and while I picked flowers and drew the water, it was souls that were coming out from the heartbeat of my uncreated Heart, and they entered into It. My motion was continuous - this is the reason for your vigil. When I see your motion, your acts in my Will - now placing themselves at my side, now flowing in my hands, now in my voice, in my mind, in my Heart - I make of them the motion of all, and I give life to each one in my Will, giving them the virtue of my acts; and I make them run for the salvation and for the good of all.”

### **December 30, 1917**

***Sorrow of Jesus because of those of steal from Him the affections and the hearts of creatures.***

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen afflicted, and was lamenting because of the many who steal from Him the affections and the hearts of creatures, putting

themselves in His place within souls. And I said to Him: ‘My Love, is this vice so ugly that it saddens You so much?’

And He: “My daughter, it is not only ugly, but awful. It is to turn upside down the order of the Creator, putting themselves on top and Myself below, and saying to Me: ‘I too am good at being God.’ What would you say if someone stole a million from someone else, and rendered him poor and unhappy?” And I: ‘Either he should give it back, or he would deserve condemnation.’ And Jesus: “Yet, when they steal from Me affections, hearts, it is more than stealing a million from Me, because these are material and low things, while those are spiritual and high. If one wants, the millions can be returned, but those - never. So, these are irreparable and uncancelable thefts. And if the fire of Purgatory will purify these souls, it will never be able to return and fill the void of one single affection that they took away from Me. Yet, this is not taken into account; on the contrary, it seems that some go along selling these affections, and they are content only when they find one who buys them, to make a purchase of someone else’s affection without having any scruple. They have scruples if they steal from creatures; but they steal from Me, and do not give it a thought. Ah! my daughter, I gave everything to creatures, and I said: ‘Take anything you want for yourself; and for Me – leave Me only your heart.’ Yet, this is denied to Me. Not only this, but they steal the affections of others; and this is not only from secular people, but from sacred people, from pious souls. Oh! how many evils they do by certain directions too sweet, by certain unnecessary compliances, by too much listening, using attractive manners. Instead of doing good, it is a maze that they form around souls; and when I am forced to enter into those hearts, I would rather flee, seeing that the affections are not mine, the heart is not mine. And this, from whom? From one who should reorder souls in Me. On the contrary, he has taken my place, and I feel such nausea that I cannot adapt to being in those hearts; but I am forced to stay until the accidents are consumed. What a slaughter of souls! These are the true wounds of my Church. This is the reason for so many ministers being snatched from churches; and no matter how many prayers they say to Me, I do not listen - there are no graces for them; rather, I answer them with the sorrowful cry of my Heart: ‘Thieves! Move - go out of my Sanctuary, for I cannot stand you any more.’”

I remained frightened, and I said: ‘Placate Yourself, Oh Jesus! Look at us within Yourself, as the fruit of your Blood, of your wounds, and change the scourges into graces.’ And He added: “Things will go forward. I will humiliate man to the dust, and various sudden and unexpected incidents will continue to occur, to confound man even more. And there where he believes to find escape, he will find a tie; where a victory, a defeat; and where light, darkness; so, he himself will say: ‘I am blind, and I don’t know what else to do.’ And the destructive sword will continue to devastate until everything is purified.”

**January 27, 1918**

***Things will rage more.***

Days are most bitter. Sweet Jesus almost does not come, or He does like a flash; and in that flash He makes Himself seen while He dries His tears, and without telling the reason, He runs away. Finally, after many hardships, He told me: “My daughter, after so long that you have been dealing with Me, you still have not learned to know my ways and the reason for my absence; yet, I have told you many times. How easily you forget my words. Things will rage more – that’s all.”

Then, finding myself outside of myself, I saw, and they were saying, that two or three nations were to be rendered powerless to defend themselves. How many miseries, how many ruins, because other nations were clutching them so tightly, to the point of laying hands on them, in such a way that they will remain powerless.

**January 31, 1918**

***Dissolving oneself in Jesus, to be able to say: 'What belongs to Jesus is mine'.***

I was abandoning all of myself in Jesus, and He said to me: "My daughter, dissolve yourself in Me. Your prayer - dissolve it in mine, so that your prayer and mine may be one single prayer, and it may not be recognized which one is yours and which mine. Your pains, your works, your will, your love - dissolve them all with my pains, with my works, etc., in such a way that they may mix one with the other, to form one single thing; so much so, that you may be able to say: 'What belongs to Jesus is mine', and I: 'What is yours is mine.'

Imagine a glass of water, which is poured into a large container of water. Would you be able to distinguish, afterwards, the water of the glass from the water of the container? Certainly not. Therefore, to your greatest gain and my highest contentment, repeat to Me often, and in whatever you do: 'Jesus, I pour it into You, that I may do not my will, but Yours'; and I, immediately, will pour my acting into you."

**February 12, 1918**

***Churches deserted and without ministers.***

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen so very afflicted, and I said to Him: 'My Love, what's wrong that You are so afflicted?' And He: "Ah! my daughter, when I allow that churches remain deserted, ministers dispersed, Masses reduced, it means that the sacrifices are offenses to Me, the prayers insults, the adorations irreverences, the confessions amusements, and without fruits. Therefore, no longer finding my glory, but rather, offenses, nor any good for them, since they are of no use to Me any more, I remove them. However, this snatching ministers away from my Sanctuary means also that things have reached the ugliest point, and that the variety of scourges will multiply. How hard man is - how hard!"

**February 17, 1918**

***The heat of the Divine Will destroys imperfections.***

I was feeling a little distracted, and pouring myself into the Holy Will of God, I was asking forgiveness for my distraction. And Jesus told me: "My daughter, the sun, with its heat, destroys the miasma, the infectious part of manure, when it is spread in the soil to fecundate the plants; otherwise they would rot and would end up withering. Now, the heat of my Will, as soon as the soul enters into It, destroys the infection, the defects which the soul has contracted in her distraction. Therefore, as soon as you feel the distraction, do not remain within yourself, but enter immediately into my Will, so that my heat may purify you and prevent it from making you wither."

**March 4, 1918**

***Firmness produces heroism.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was lamenting to Jesus about my poor state, and He told me: "My daughter, courage, do not move in anything; firmness is the greatest virtue. Firmness produces heroism, and it is almost impossible that one not be a great saint. Even more, as she keeps repeating her acts, she forms two bars - one to the right, and the other to the left - which serve her as support and defense; and as she reiterates her acts, a fount forms within her, of new and increasing love. Firmness strengthens grace and places on it the seal of final perseverance. Your Jesus does not fear that His graces may remain without effects, and therefore I pour them in torrents over the constant soul. From a soul who today operates and tomorrow does not, who now does one good, now another,

there is not much to expect. She will not have any support, and will be bounced now to one point, now to another. She will die of hunger, because she will not have the fount of firmness, which makes love arise. Grace fears to pour itself, because she will abuse it, and will use it to offend Me.”

**March 16, 1918**

***The nourishment of Jesus.***

I felt a great need, and I turned my sorrowful laments to Jesus. And He, all goodness, came out from within my interior, clothed in a garment studded with most refulgent diamonds, and as though waking up from a great sleep, and all tenderness, told me: “My daughter, what do you want? Your laments wounded my Heart, and I woke up to answer your needs immediately. You must know that I was inside your heart, and as you were doing your acts, your prayers, the reparations, as you were pouring yourself into my Will and were loving Me, I took everything for Myself, and I used it to nourish Myself and to embellish my garment with precious diamonds. This is so true that, as you were loving Me, praying Me, and so on, I did not remain on an empty stomach as if you were doing nothing. I was the One who took everything, since you gave Me full freedom. Now, when the soul does this, I cannot rest when she is in need - I make Myself all for her. Tell Me then, what do you want?”

And I told Him my extreme needs, shedding bitter tears, to the point of wetting the most holy hands of Jesus. And sweet Jesus clasped me to His Heart, pouring a most sweet water from His Heart into mine, which refreshed all of me; and then He added: “My daughter, do not fear, I will be all for you. If creatures will be missing, I will do everything - I will bind you and release you. I will never leave you without Me; you are too dear to Me. I have raised you in my Will, you are part of Myself; I will guard you, and I will say to everyone: ‘Nobody touch her.’ Therefore, calm yourself, for your Jesus does not leave you.”

**March 19, 1918**

***Jesus feels nausea over the disunion of priests.***

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came, all afflicted, and told me: “My daughter, what nausea I feel over the disunion of priests - it is intolerable for Me. Their disordered lives are the cause for my Justice to permit my enemies to be over them to ill-treat them. The evil ones are already about to come out against them, and Italy is about to commit the greatest sin - that of persecuting my Church and of dirtying her hands with innocent blood.” And while He was saying this, He showed our allied nations devastated, many places disappeared, and their pride knocked down.

**March 26, 1918**

***As one operates in the Divine Will, what is human remains as though suspended, and the Divine Life acts and takes its place.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was trying to fuse myself in the Divine Volition, and my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, every time the soul enters into my Volition, and prays, works, suffers, etc., she acquires as many new divine beauties. So, one more act or one less, done in my Will, is one more beauty or one less that the soul acquires. Not only this, but in each additional act that she does in my Will, she takes one more divine strength, wisdom, love, sanctity, and the like. And while she takes the divine qualities, she leaves the human ones. Even more, as she operates in my Will, what is human remains as though suspended, and the Divine Life acts and takes its place, and my love has the freedom to undertake its attitude within the creature.”

**March 27, 1918**

***By living in the Divine Will, the soul finds everything in a divine and infinite way.***

I was lamenting to Jesus for I could not even listen to Holy Mass; and Jesus told me: “My daughter, am I not the One who forms the Sacrifice? Now, since I am present in each Sacrifice, the soul who lives with Me and in my Will remains as though sacrificed together with Me - not in one Mass, but in all the Masses. And since she lives in my Will, she remains consecrated with Me in all the hosts.

Never go out of my Will, and I will let you reach wherever you want. Even more, between you and Me there will be such electricity of communication, that you will not do one act without Me, and I will not do one act without you. So, when you lack something, enter into my Will, and you will find, ready, whatever you want: as many Masses as you want, as many Communions, as much love as you want. Nothing is missing in my Will. Not only this - but you will find things in a divine and infinite way.”

**April 8, 1918**

***Difference between living united with Jesus and living in the Divine Will.***

Returning to the point about living in the Divine Will, I had been told that it was like living in the state of union with God; and my always lovable Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, there is great difference between living united with Me and living in my Will.” And as He was saying this, He stretched His arms toward me and told me: “Come into my Will, even for one instant, and you will see the great difference.”

I found myself in Jesus; my little atom was swimming in the Eternal Volition; and since this Eternal Volition is one single act which contains all acts together, past, present and future, I, being in the Eternal Volition, took part in that single act which contains all acts, as much as it is possible for creature. I took part also in the acts which do not exist, and which must yet exist, until the end of the centuries, and until God will be God; and for these too I loved Him, I thanked Him, I blessed Him, etc. There was not one act that would escape me, and I would now take the love of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, I would make it my own, just as Their Will was my own, and I would give it to Them as mine. How content I was to be able to give Them Their own love as mine; and how They found Their full contentment and complete outpouring in receiving from me Their own love as mine. But who can say everything? I lack the words.

Now, blessed Jesus told me: “Have you seen what it is to live in my Will? It is to disappear; it is to enter the sphere of Eternity; it is to penetrate into the all-seeingness of the Eternal One - into the Uncreated Mind, and to take part in everything, as much as it is possible for creature, and in each divine act. It is to enjoy the use, even while being on earth, of all the divine qualities; it is to hate evil in a divine way. It is extending oneself to everyone without exhaustion, because the Will that animates this creature is divine. It is the sanctity not yet known, which I will make known, and which will place the last ornament, and the most beautiful, the most refulgent, among all other sanctities, and will be crown and fulfillment of all other sanctities.

Now, to live united with Me is not to disappear - two beings can be seen together, and one who does not disappear cannot enter the sphere of Eternity to take part in all the divine acts. Ponder well, and you will see the great difference.”

**April 12, 1918**

***The soul must lean within Jesus.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I felt an extreme need of Jesus, and of leaning myself all within Him. And my sweet Jesus came and told me: “My daughter, lean yourself completely within Me; you will find Me always ready – I will never be lacking to you. Even more, the more you lean within Me, the more I will pour Myself into you. And since many times I feel the need to lean, I will come to you and will lean within you, using my own support, which I have formed in you. And when I see that you despise the support of creatures, I will love you twice as much, and I will double for you my support.”

Then He added: “When the soul does everything to please Me, to love Me and to live at the expense of my Will, she comes to be like members to my Body; and I glory in these members as my own. Otherwise, they would be like members dislocated from Me, which give Me pain - and not only to Me, but to themselves and to their neighbor. These are members which spurt a matter, such as to infect and wither the very good that they do.”

**April 16, 1918**

*Jesus comes as hidden in the pains.*

Continuing in my usual state, I felt my poor heart oppressed and amid bitter pains - which it is not necessary here to say. And my always lovable Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, I send pains to creatures, so that in the pains they may find Me. I am as though wrapped within the pains, and if the soul suffers with patience, with love, she tears the wrapping that covers Me and finds Me. Otherwise, I remain hidden in the pain, and she will not have the good of finding Me, and I will not have the good of revealing Myself.”

Then He added: “I feel an irresistible force to spread Myself toward the creatures. I would like to spread my beauty to make them all beautiful; but the creature, dirtying herself with sin, rejects the divine beauty and covers herself with ugliness. I would like to spread my love, but, loving what is not mine, they live numb with cold, and my love is rejected. I would like to communicate all of Myself to man, overshadow him completely within my own qualities, but I am rejected; and in rejecting Me, he forms a wall of division between Me and him, to the point of breaking any communication between creature and Creator. But in spite of this, I continue to spread Myself - I do not withdraw, in order to find at least someone who would receive my qualities. And if I find him, I double my graces for him - I increase them a hundredfold; I pour all of Myself into him, to the point of making of him a portent of grace.

Therefore, remove this oppression from your heart; pour yourself into Me, and I will pour Myself into you. Jesus told you this, and that’s enough; have no concern about anything, and I will do and take care of everything.”

**April 25, 1918**

*Jesus plays with Luisa.*

I was saying to my sweet Jesus: ‘My Life, how *cattiva*<sup>1</sup> I am; but even though I am *cattiva*, I know that You love me.’ And my beloved Jesus told me: “My little *cattiva*, you surely are *cattiva* - you have captivated my Will. Had you captivated my love, my power, my wisdom, etc., you would have captivated part of Me; but by captivating my Will, you have captivated the whole substance of my Being, which crowns all my qualities, and therefore you have taken the whole of Me at once. This is why I often speak to you not only about my Will, but of the living in my Will – because, since you have captivated It, I want you to know Its qualities and the way how to live in my Volition, so

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<sup>1</sup> *Cattiva*, in Italian, means bad, naughty.

that you may live common and inseparable life together with Me, and I may reveal to you the secrets of my Will. Could you be more *cattiva*?”

And I: ‘My Jesus, You are making fun of Me. I want to tell You that I am really *cattiva*, and to help me to become good.’

And Jesus: “Yes, yes”; and He disappeared.

**May 7, 1918**

***The Divine Will grinds what is human.***

Continuing in my usual state, my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, if for a few days you do not see Me as usual, do not afflict yourself; evils will increase, and Heaven and earth will unite to strike man, and I do not want to afflict you by letting you see so many evils.”

And I: ‘Ah! my Jesus, the greatest pain for me is your privation; it is death without dying – a pain indescribable and without end. Jesus, Jesus, what are You saying? I without You? Without life? Mind, Jesus - don’t say this to me any more.’

And Jesus added: “My daughter, do not become alarmed. I did not tell you that I will not come at all - but not often; and I told you before so as not to make you worry. My Will will compensate for everything, because in my Will the human remains ground down, and I extract the flower, the fruit, the crafting of my Will, and I place it together with Me, to live common life; and the human, like bran, remains separated and remains outside. Therefore, let the machine of my Will grind you thoroughly, so that nothing human may remain in you.”

**May 20, 1918**

***Everything is concentrated in the Will of God.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was saying to my sweet Jesus: ‘How I would like to have your desires, your love, your affections, your Heart, etc., to be able to desire, to love, etc., as You do.’ And my always lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, I do not have desires or affections, but everything is concentrated in my Will. My Will is everything in Me. One who can not, desires; but I can – in anything. One who does not have love, wishes to love; but in my Will there is the fullness, the fount of true love. And since I am infinite, in one simple act of my Will I possess all goods, which, overflowing from my Being, descend for the good of all. If I had desires, I would be unhappy, I would lack something; but I possess everything, therefore I am happy and I make everyone happy.

Infinite means having the power to do anything, possessing everything, making everything happy. The creature, who is finite, does not possess everything, nor can she embrace everything; and this is why she contains desires, anxieties, affections, etc., which she can use as many steps in order to ascend to the Creator, lap up the divine qualities into herself, and be filled so much as to overflow for the good of others.

But if the soul concentrates all of herself in my Will, dissolving herself completely in my Volition, then, she will not just lap up my qualities, but in one single gulp she will absorb Me into herself; and she will no longer have within herself her own desires and affections, but only the Life of my Will which, dominating her completely, will make everything disappear from her, and will make my Will reappear in everything.”

**May 23, 1918**

***The flights of the soul in the Divine Will.***

This morning my sweet Jesus did not come, and I spent it amid sighs, anxieties and bitternesses, but all immersed in His Will. As the night came, I could not take any more, and I kept calling Him over and over again. My eyes could not close, I felt restless - I wanted Jesus at any cost. At that point He came, and said to me: "My dove, who can say to you the flights that you take in my Will, the space that you cover, the air that you swallow? No one, no one - not even you would be able to say it. I alone - I alone can say it; I, who measure the fibers; I, who number the flights of your thoughts, of your heartbeats; and as you fly, I see the hearts that you touch. But, do not stop - fly to more hearts, and knock, again and again; and fly over again, and on your wings bring my 'I love you' to more hearts, to make Me loved; and then, in one single flight, come to my Heart to take refreshment, to then start again more rapid flights. I amuse Myself with my dove, and I call the Angels and my little Mama to amuse themselves with Me. But, you know? I am not telling you everything; the rest I will tell you in Heaven. Oh! how many surprising things I will tell you."

Then He placed His hand on my forehead and added: "I leave you the shadow of my Will, the breath of my Volition. Sleep." And I fell asleep.

**May 28, 1918**

***The jealousy of the love of Jesus for Luisa is so great, that He takes everything away from her.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I was saying to my beloved Jesus: 'Jesus, love me. I have more right than others to be loved, because neither do I love anyone but You, nor does anyone love me. And if someone seems to love me, it is for the good that comes to them - not for me. Therefore, between my love and yours, no other love enters in the middle.' And sweet Jesus told me: "My daughter, this is nothing other than my strongest love; and it is such that the jealousy of my love for you takes all things away from you. And my jealousy is such that I remain on guard, so that not even a shadow of love of creature may breathe on you. At the most, I tolerate that some may love you in Me, but not outside of Me; otherwise I would make them flee. And this also means that neither have you entered into any heart, nor has anyone entered into yours."

Then, around nighttime, Jesus came back with the Queen Mama, calling me by name, as if they wanted me to pay attention. How beautiful it was to see Mama and Jesus speaking to each other. The Celestial Mama was saying: "My Son, what are You doing? What You want to do is too much. I have the rights of Mother, and I grieve that my children have to suffer so much. You want to open Heaven to scourges, and destroy creatures and the food that will serve to nourish them; with infectious diseases You want to inundate them. What shall they do? You say that You love this daughter of mine - how much will she suffer if You do this. So as not to embitter her, You will not do it." And She pulled Him toward Me; but Jesus, determined, answered: "I cannot. I divert many evils because of her - but not everything. My Mama, let us allow the whirl of evils to pass, so that they may surrender."

Then they said many other things between themselves, which I could not fully understand. I remained terrified, but I hope that Jesus will placate Himself.

**June 4, 1918**

***Repetition of the reparations of Jesus.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was saying to my beloved Jesus: 'Do not disdain my prayers; it is your own words that I repeat, your own intentions - souls that I want, just as You want them, and with your own Will.' And blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, when I hear you repeat my words, my prayers, wanting as I want, I feel drawn toward you, as though by many magnets. And as I hear you repeat my words, my Heart feels many distinct joys, and I can say that it is a feast for Me. And while I enjoy, I feel debilitated by the love of your soul, and I do not have the strength to strike the

creatures. I feel in you the same chains that I put on the Father in order to reconcile mankind. Ah! yes, repeat what I did - repeat it always, if you want that your Jesus, in the midst of so many bitternesses, may find one joy on the part of creatures.”

Then He added: “If you want to be safe, repair always, and repair together with Me. Identify yourself with Me so much, as to form one single echo of reparations between Me and you. Wherever there is reparation, the soul is as though under shelter, where she is protected from cold, from hail and from everything. But where there is no reparation, it is like being out in the middle of the street, exposed to lightnings, to hail and to all evils. Times are most sad, and if the circle of reparations does not expand, there is the danger that those who remain uncovered may be struck by the lightnings of Divine Justice.”

### **June 12, 1918**

***By sinning, man comes against Divine Justice. Jesus has done everything for us.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I was saying to my always lovable Jesus: ‘How is it possible? You have done everything for us; You have satisfied everything; You have reintegrated the glory of the Father in everything on the part of creatures, in such a way as to cover us all with a mantle of love, of graces, of blessings; and in spite of this, scourges fall down, almost breaking the mantle of protection with which You covered us.’ And my sweet Jesus, interrupting my speaking, said to me: “My daughter, all that you are saying is true; everything - I have done everything for the creature. Love pushed Me so much toward her, that in order to be sure of putting her in safety, I wanted to wrap her within my works, as though within a mantle of defense. But the creature, ungrateful, by voluntary sin, breaks this mantle of defense; she escapes from underneath my blessings, graces and love, and placing herself in the open air, she is struck by the lightnings of Divine Justice. I am not the One who strikes man - he himself, by sinning, comes against Divine Justice to receive Its blows. Pray, pray for the great blindness of creatures.”

### **June 14, 1918**

***Jesus reproaches her because she does not write everything.***

Continuing, one evening, after I had written, my sweet Jesus came and told me: “My daughter, every time you write, my love receives one more little outpouring, one more contentment, and I feel more drawn to communicate my graces to you. Know, however, that when you do not write everything, or you pass over my intimacies with you - over the display of my love, I feel as though betrayed, because in that display of love, in those intimacies of mine with you, I tried to attract not only you to know Me and love Me more, but also those who would read my intimacies of love, in order to receive, also from them, one more love. And if you do not write, I will not have this love, and I remain as though saddened and betrayed.”

And I: ‘Ah! my Jesus, it takes such an effort to put on paper certain secrets and intimacies with You; it seems as if one wanted to go outside of the order of others.’ And Jesus: “Ah! yes, this is the weakness of all the good, who, out of humility, out of fear, deny love to Me; and in hiding themselves, they want to hide Me, while they should manifest my love, in order to make Me loved. And I remain always the Jesus betrayed in love, even by the good.”

### **June 20, 1918**

***Jesus, doing the office of Priest, consecrates the souls who live in His Will.***

Continuing in my usual state, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen around me, all full of attentions. It seemed He was watching me in everything; and as He was doing this, a rope came out

from His Heart, coming toward my heart; and if I was attentive, the rope would remain fixed in my heart, and Jesus would move this rope and amuse Himself. And my beloved Jesus told me: “My daughter, I am all attention for souls. If they reciprocate Me, and pay as much attention to Me, the ropes of my love remain fixed in their heart, and I multiply my attentions and amuse Myself; otherwise, the ropes remain loose, and my love rejected and saddened.”

Then He added: “With one who does my Will and lives in It, my love finds no obstruction; and I love her so much and have so much predilection for her, as to reserve to Myself alone everything that is needed for her: both help and direction, both unexpected aids and unforeseen graces. Even more, I am jealous that others might do something – I Myself want to do everything for her. And I reach so much jealousy of love that, if I give to priests the authority to consecrate Me in the Sacramental Hosts so that I may be given to souls, with these souls, instead, as they keep repeating the acts in my Will, as they resign themselves, as they make the human will go out in order to let the Divine Will enter, I Myself reserve to Myself the privilege to consecrate these souls. And what the priest does over the host, I do with them - and not only once, but every time she repeats the acts in my Will, like powerful magnet, she calls Me, and I consecrate her for Myself like privileged host, repeating over her the words of the Consecration. And I do this with justice, because the soul, by doing my Will, sacrifices herself more than those souls who receive Communion and do not do my Will. They empty themselves of themselves in order to place Me within; they give Me full dominion, and if needed, they are ready to suffer any pain in order to do my Will. And I cannot wait - my love cannot keep from communicating Me to them until when it is convenient to the priest to give them a Sacramental Host. Therefore, I do everything by Myself. Oh! how many times I communicate Myself before the priest feels comfortable to communicate her himself. If it were not so, my love would remain as though hampered and bound in the Sacraments. No, no, I am free; I have the Sacraments inside my Heart, I am the Owner of them and can exercise them whenever I want.”

And while He was saying this, He seemed to go around everywhere, to see if there were souls who did His Will, in order to consecrate them. How beautiful it was to see lovable Jesus going around as though in a hurry, doing the office of Priest, and to hear Him repeat the words of the Consecration over those souls who did and lived in His Will. Oh! blessed are those souls who, by doing His Most Holy Will, receive the Consecration of Jesus.

**July 2, 1918**

*As the soul abandons herself in Jesus, He abandons Himself in the soul.*

I was saying to my beloved Jesus: ‘Jesus, I love You; but my love is small, therefore I love You in your love, to make it great. I want to adore You with your adorations, pray in your prayer, thank You in your thanksgivings.’ Now, while I was saying this, my lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, as you placed your love in mine in order to love Me, yours remained fixed in mine, and it became longer and larger within mine; and I felt I was being loved the way I would want the creature to love Me. And as you adored in my adorations, prayed, thanked, these remained fixed in Me; and I felt I was being adored, prayed and thanked with my adorations, prayers and thanksgivings. Ah! my daughter, it takes great abandonment in Me. And as the soul abandons herself in Me, I abandon Myself in her; and filling her with Myself, I Myself do what she must do for Me. But if she does not abandon herself, then what she does remains fixed in her, not in Me; and I feel the operating of the creature as full of imperfections and miseries - which cannot please Me.”

**July 9, 1918**

***One who lives in the Divine Will, lives within the fount of the love of Jesus.***

Continuing in my usual state, my sweet Jesus came and told me: “My daughter, I am all love. I am like a fount which contains nothing other than love; and everything that might enter into this fount, loses its qualities and becomes love. So, in Me, justice, wisdom, goodness, strength, etc. are nothing other than love. But who directs this fount, this love, and everything else? My Will. My Will dominates, rules, orders. So, all my qualities carry the mark of my Volition - the Life of my Will; and wherever they find my Will, they make feast, they kiss each other; where they don't, saddened, they withdraw.

Now, my daughter, one who lets himself be dominated by my Will and lives in my Volition, lives within my same fount, being almost inseparable from Me; and everything in him turns into love. So, love are his thoughts; love the word, the heartbeat, the action, the step - everything. It is always daylight for him. But if he moves from my Will, it is always nighttime for him; and all that is human - miseries, passions, weaknesses - come out into the field and do their crafting on him. But what sort of a crafting - a crafting to be wept over.”

**July 12, 1918**

***Effects of the Passion of Jesus.***

I was praying for a dying soul with a certain fear and anxiety, and my lovable Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, why do you fear? Don't you know that for each word on my Passion, for each thought, compassion, reparation, memory of my pains, as many ways of electricity of communication open between Me and the soul, and therefore the soul keeps adorning herself with as many varieties of beauties? She has done the *Hours of my Passion*, and I will receive her as daughter of my Passion, clothed with my Blood and adorned with my wounds. This flower has grown inside your heart, and I bless it and receive it in my Heart as a favorite flower.” And while He was saying this, a flower came out of my heart, and took flight toward Jesus.

**July 16, 1918**

***One who wants to do good to all must live in the Will of God.***

This morning my sweet Jesus came and told me: “My daughter, do not remain in yourself, in your will, but enter into Me and into my Will. I am immense, and only one who is immense can multiply acts for as many as he wants; one who is up high can give light to the bottom. Don't you see the sun? Because it is up high, it is light of every eye; even more, each man can have the sun at his disposal, as if it were all his own. On the other hand, the plants, the trees, the rivers, the seas, which are down below, are not at everyone's disposal. One cannot say of them as of the sun: ‘If I want, I make it all mine, even though others can enjoy it.’ However, all the low things receive the benefit of the sun: some the light, some the heat, the fecundity, the color.

Now, I am the Eternal Light, I am at the highest point, and as much higher as I am, so much more do I find Myself everywhere and deeper down; and therefore I am life of all, and as if I were only for each one. So, if you want to do good to all, enter into my immensity, live up high, detached from everything, and also from yourself. Otherwise, there will be earth around you, and then you could be a plant, a tree - but never a sun; and instead of giving, you have to receive, and the good you will do will be so limited that it could be numbered.”

**August 1, 1918**

***Effects of the privation of Jesus.***

I go on amidst privations and anxieties, and I often lament to my sweet Jesus. And He came; and drawing close to me, He clasped me to His Heart and told me: “Drink from my Side.” I drank the Most Holy Blood which came out from the wound of His Heart. How happy I was! But Jesus, not content with letting me drink the first time, told me to drink a second time, and then a third. I remained amazed at His goodness - that, without my asking, He Himself wanted me to drink.

Then He added: “My daughter, every time you remember that you are without Me and you suffer, your heart remains wounded with a divine wound which, being divine, has the virtue of being reflected in my Heart and of wounding It. This wound is sweet - it is balm to my Heart, and I use it to soothe Myself from the cruel wounds that creatures give Me – of the neglect of Me, of the scorns that they give Me, reaching the point of forgetting about Me. So, if the soul feels cold, dry, distracted, and she feels pain from this because of Me, she remains wounded, and she wounds Me - and I feel relieved.”

**August 7, 1918**

***The consummation of Jesus in the soul.***

I was lamenting to Jesus about His privation, and was saying to myself: ‘Everything is over. What bitter days. My Jesus has eclipsed Himself, He has withdrawn from me. How can I continue to live?’ While I was saying this and other nonsense, my always lovable Jesus, with an intellectual light that came to me from Him, told me: “My daughter, my consummation on the Cross still continues in souls. When the soul is well disposed and gives Me life within herself, I live again in her as if within my Humanity. The flames of my love burn Me; I feel the yearnings to attest it to creatures and say: ‘See how much I love you. I am not content with having consumed Myself on the Cross for love of you, but I want to consume Myself for love of you in this soul who gave Me life within herself.’ And therefore I make the soul feel the consummation of my Life within her. The soul finds herself as though in a tight corner; she suffers mortal agonies. No longer feeling the Life of her Jesus within herself, she feels consumed. As she feels my Life missing in her, with which she was accustomed to living, she writhes, she trembles, almost like my Humanity on the Cross, when my Divinity, withdrawing strength from It, let It die.

This consummation in the soul is not human, but fully divine; and I feel the satisfaction as if another Divine Life of Mine had consumed Itself for love of Me – as, in fact, it is not her life that was consumed, but Mine, which she can no longer feel, no longer see, and it seems to her that I am dead for her. And I renew the effects of my consummation for creatures, and I redouble grace and glory for the soul. I feel the sweet enchantment, the attractions of my Humanity, which allowed Me to do whatever I wanted. Therefore, you too, let Me do whatever I want in you – let Me be free, and I will carry out my Life.”

Another day, I was lamenting again, and was saying to Him: ‘How can this be - You have left me?’ And Jesus, serious and imposing, told me: “Quiet, do not speak nonsense. I have not left you - I am in the depth of your soul; this is why you do not see Me. And when you see Me, it is because I come to the surface of your soul. Do not get distracted; I want you all intent in Me, so that I may keep you for the good of all.”

**August 12, 1918**

***The predominant passion of Luisa: that Jesus free her from the bother in which His Will put her. Why Luisa must take food.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was thinking to myself that if the Lord wanted a certain thing from me, He should give me a sign; and it was that of freeing me from the coming of the priest. And blessed Jesus made Himself seen in my interior with a ball in His hand, as though in the act of throwing it to the ground; and then He told me: “My daughter, this is your predominant passion - that I free you from the bother in which my Will put you. I keep you in this state for the whole world, and I use you so as not to send it to ruin completely; while this other thing with which you could do good is a small part.”

And I: ‘My Jesus, I am unable to understand this. You keep me without suffering; it seems that You keep me suspended from the state of victim, and then You tell me that You use me in order not to send the world completely to ruin?’ And Jesus: “Yet, it is false that you do not suffer. At the most, you do not suffer such pains as to be able to disarm Me completely; and if sometimes you remain suspended, your part - your will - is not in it. But here your will would enter. Ah! you cannot understand the sweet violence you do to Me with your waiting; feeling suspended, not seeing Me as you used to, and remaining at the same place, without moving in anything. And besides, I want to be free over you - whenever I please, I will keep you suspended; when I don’t, I will keep you bound. I want you at the mercy of my Will, without your will. If you are content with this, you can do It; otherwise - no.”

Another day I was feeling ill, with the continuous throwing up that I do; and I was saying to my sweet Jesus: ‘What would You miss by giving me the grace of not feeling the necessity to take food, to the point that I am forced to bring it up?’ I say this to obey. And my lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, what are you saying? Quiet, quiet, don’t say this any more. You must know that if you had no need of anything, I would let the peoples die of starvation. But because you need it, since it can serve your necessities, I, for love of you and because of you, give the necessary things to creatures. So, if I listened to you, you would want harm for others. On the other hand, by taking food and then bringing it up, you do good to others, and your suffering glorifies Me. Even more, how many times, while you throw up, I see you suffering; and since you suffer in my Will, I take that suffering of yours, I multiply it and divide it for the good of creatures; and I enjoy, and say to Myself: ‘This is the bread of my daughter, which I give for the good of my children’.”

**August 19, 1918**

*Jesus is tired of the vile deeds of priests.*

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen in my interior as though within a circle of light; and looking at me, He told me: “Let’s see, what good have we done today?” And He looked and looked. I believe that that circle of light was His Most Holy Will, and that since I had united myself to His Most Holy Will, this is why He was saying so.

And He added: “Anyway, I am tired of the vile deeds of priests - I can take no more, I would want to have done with it. Oh! how many devastated souls, how many of them disfigured, how many idolatrized. To use holy things in order to offend Me – this is my most bitter pain, it is the most execrable sin, it is the mark of the total ruin, which draws the greatest maledictions and breaks any communication between Heaven and earth. I would want to eradicate these beings from the earth; therefore, chastisements will continue and will multiply - death will devastate the cities, many houses and roads will disappear, there will be no one to live in them; mourning, desolation will reign everywhere.”

I prayed Him and prayed Him again, and having remained with me for a good part of the night, He was so much in suffering that I felt my heart break for the pain. But I hope that my Jesus will placate Himself.

**September 4, 1918**

*Laments of Jesus because of priests.*

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came for just a little, and told me: “My daughter, creatures want to challenge my Justice; they do not want to surrender, and therefore my Justice does Its course against the creature. And these are from all classes, excepting not even those who are said to be my ministers - and maybe these more than others. What poison they have - and they poison those who approach them. Instead of placing Me in souls, they want to place themselves; they want to be surrounded, be known - and I remain aside. Their poisonous contact, instead of recollecting souls, distracts them from Me; instead of rendering them withdrawn, they render them more free, more faulty; so much so, that one can see souls who have no contact with them being more good, more withdrawn. So, I cannot trust anyone; I am forced to allow that the peoples go far away from churches, from the Sacraments, so that their contact may not poison them more and render them more evil. My sorrow is great, the wounds of my Heart are deep. Therefore, pray, and united with those few good who are left, compassionate my bitter sorrow.”

**September 25, 1918**

*Office of victim.*

I was very afflicted, and I felt a force in my interior, of wanting to go out of my usual state. Oh! God, what pain; I felt a mortal agony. Only Jesus can know the torment of my soul; I have no words to express it – or rather, I want Jesus alone to know all my pains, therefore I move on.

Now, while I was swimming amid bitternesses, my always lovable Jesus, all afflicted, came, and placing one of His fingers on my mouth, told me: “I have made you content, be quiet. Don’t you remember how many times I showed you great mortalities, cities depopulated and almost deserted, and you told Me: ‘No, don’t do this. And if You want to do it, You must allow them to have the time to receive the Sacraments’? And I am doing this - what else do you want? But the heart of man is hard; he is not completely tired, he has not yet touched the summit of all evils, and therefore he is not yet satiated; so, he does not surrender, and he looks with indifference even upon the epidemic. But these are the preludes. It will come! - the time will come in which I will make this generation, so malignant and perverted, almost disappear from the earth.”

I was shaking in hearing this, and praying; and I wanted to ask Jesus: ‘And I, what should I do?’ But I did not dare; and Jesus added: “What I want is that, on your part, you do not dispose yourself to doing it, although, being free, you can do it. I want you at the mercy of my Will. In these past days, it was I who pushed you to go out of your usual state; I wanted to widen the scourge of the epidemic, and I did not want to keep you, in order to be more free.”

**October 3, 1918**

*How Justice must balance Itself.*

I was praying blessed Jesus that He would placate Himself, and He came for just a little, and I said to Him: ‘My Love, Jesus, how awful it is to live in these times. Everywhere one hears tears and sees pains. My heart bleeds, and if your Holy Will did not sustain me, I certainly would not be able to live any longer. But, oh! how much sweeter would death be for me.’ And my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, it is my Justice that must balance Itself - everything is balance in Me. However, the scourge of death touches souls with the imprint of grace, so much so, that almost all of them ask for the last Sacraments. Man has reached such extent that only when he sees his own flesh being touched and feels himself being undone, he shakes himself; so much so, that others who are not being touched live lightheartedly and continue the life of sin. It is necessary for death to harvest in order to

remove many lives which do nothing other than make thorns sprout beneath their steps; and this, in all classes - secular and religious. Ah! my daughter, these are times of patience. Do not become alarmed, and pray that everything may abound to my glory and for the good of all.”

**October 14, 1918**

***True peace comes from God. The greatest chastisement is the triumph of the evil.***

Continuing in my usual state, full of bitternesses and of privations, my sweet Jesus came for just a little, and told me: “My daughter, governments feel the ground missing under their feet. I will use all means to make them surrender, to make them come back to their senses, and to make them know that only from Me can they hope for true peace - and lasting peace. So, now I humiliate one, now another; now I make them become friends, now enemies. I will do all sorts of things to make them surrender; I will make their arms fall off; I will do things unexpected and unforeseen in order to confound them and make them comprehend the instability of human things and of themselves - to make them comprehend that God alone is the stable Being from whom they can hope for every good, and that if they want justice and peace, they must come to the fount of true justice and of true peace. Otherwise, they will achieve nothing, they will continue to struggle; and if it seems that they will combine, it will not be lasting, and the brawls will start again, more strongly. My daughter, the way things are, only my omnipotent finger can fix them; and at the appropriate time I will place it, but great trials are needed and will take place in the world. Therefore, it takes great patience.”

Then He added, with a more moving and sorrowful tone: “My daughter, the greatest chastisement is the triumph of the evil. More purges are needed, and the evil, in their triumph, will purge my Church. And then I will crush them and scatter them like dust in the wind. Therefore, do not be troubled at the triumphs you hear, but cry with Me over their sad lot.”

**October 16, 1918**

***He predicts wars and the lot of some countries.***

I was feeling very afflicted because of the privation of my lovable Jesus, and my mind was gloomed by the thought that everything in me had been either the crafting of my fantasy or of the enemy. Rumors circulate, of peace and triumph for Italy, while I remembered that my sweet Jesus had told me that Italy will be humiliated. What pain - what mortal agony, to think that my life was a continuous deception. I felt that Jesus wanted to speak to me, and I did not want to hear Him - I rejected Him. I fought for three days with Jesus, and many times I was so exhausted that I did not have the strength to reject Him; and then Jesus would speak and speak, and I, drawing strength from His speaking, would say to Him: ‘I don’t want to know anything.’

Finally, Jesus surrounded my neck with His arm and said to me: “Calm yourself, calm yourself, it is I - listen to Me. Don’t you remember that months ago, as you were lamenting to Me for poor Italy, I said to you: ‘My daughter, those who win, lose; those who lose, win’?<sup>2</sup> Italy, France, have already been humiliated, and won’t be again until they are purged and have returned to Me, free independent and peaceful. In the triumph, merely apparent, which they enjoy, they already suffer the greatest of humiliations: not themselves, but a foreigner, not even European, came to drive the enemy away. So, if this could be called a triumph - which it is not - it is of the foreigner. But this is nothing; now, more than ever, they lose more - in moral things, as much as in the temporal - because this will make them dispose themselves to committing greater crimes, to fierce internal revolutions, such as to surpass the very tragedy of the war. And besides, what I told you did not regard only the present times, but also the future, and what will not happen now, will happen then. And if anyone

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<sup>2</sup> Re: Vol. 12, Nov. 2, 1917.

will raise difficulties and doubts, it means that he knows little about my way of speaking. My speaking is eternal, as I am.

Now I want to tell you something consoling. Italy, France, now win, and Germany loses. All nations have some black stains, and all of them deserve humiliations and crushings. There will be a general uproar - confusion everywhere; by the sword, by fire and by water, by sudden deaths, by contagious diseases, I will renew the world - I will make new things. The nations will form a sort of tower of Babel; they will reach the point of being unable even to understand one another; the peoples will rebel among themselves, they will no longer want kings. All will be humiliated, and peace will come only from Me. And if you hear them say 'peace', it will not be true, but apparent. Once I have purged everything, I will place my finger in a surprising way, and will give the true peace. And then, all those who are humiliated will return to Me; and Germany will be Catholic - I have great designs upon her; England, Russia, and every place where blood was shed, will rise again to faith and will be incorporated into my Church. There will be the great triumph and the union of peoples. Therefore, pray - and it takes patience, because this will not be so soon, but it will take time."

**October 24, 1918**

***The soul must invest herself with Jesus in order to receive Him in the Sacrament.***

I was preparing myself to receive my sweet Jesus in the Sacrament, and I prayed that He Himself would cover my great misery. And Jesus told me: "Daughter, in order for the creature to have all the necessary means to receive Me, I wanted to institute this Sacrament on the last day of my life, to be able to line up my whole life around each host, as preparation for each creature who would receive Me. The creature could never receive Me, if she did not have a preparing God, such that, taken only by excess of love for wanting to give Himself to the creature, and she being unable to receive Me, the same excess of love led Me to give my whole life in order to prepare her. So, it placed my steps, my works, my love before hers; and since in Me there was also my Passion, it placed also my pains to prepare her. So, invest yourself with Me; cover yourself with each of my acts, and come."

Afterwards, I lamented to Jesus because He no longer makes Me suffer as He used to; and He added: "My daughter, I look not so much at the suffering, but at the good will of the soul - at the love with which she suffers. Because of this, the smallest suffering becomes great; trifles take life within the All, and acquire value; and the lack of suffering is stronger than suffering itself. What sweet violence it is for Me, to see a creature who wants to suffer for love of Me. What do I care if she does not suffer, when I see that not suffering is for her a nail more piercing than suffering itself? On the other hand, lack of good will, things which are forced and without love, as great as they might be, remain small. I do not look at them; on the contrary, they are a weight for Me."

**November 7, 1918**

***The soul who does the Divine Will imprisons Jesus.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I was saying to my sweet Jesus: 'If You wanted me to go out of my usual state, how is it possible that, after so much time, You don't make me content?' And He told me: "Daughter, one who does my Will and lives in my Volition - and not for a short time, but for a period of her life - forms as though a prison for Me in her heart, totally and fully of my Will. So, as she kept doing my Will and tried to live in my Volition, she raised the walls of this divine and celestial prison; and I, to my highest contentment, remained imprisoned inside of it. And as she absorbed Me, I absorbed her into Myself, in such a way as to form in Me her prison. So, she has remained imprisoned in Me, and I in her. Hence, when the soul wants something, I say to her: 'You have always done my Will; it is right that sometimes I do yours.' More so since, this soul living of

my Will, what she wants can be the fruit, the desire, of my own Will that lives in her. Therefore, do not worry - when it is necessary, I will do your will.”

**November 15, 1918**

***How one can live at the expense of the Sanctity of Jesus.***

I was thinking: ‘What would be better: to think about sanctifying oneself, or to occupy oneself, only before Jesus, with repairing Him, and to seek at any cost, together with Jesus, the salvation of souls?’ And blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, one who thinks only of repairing Me and of saving souls, lives at the expense of my Sanctity. In seeing that the soul wants nothing other than to repair Me, and echoing my enflamed heartbeat, she asks Me for souls, I see in her the characteristics of my Humanity; and taken by folly toward her, I make her live at the expense of my Sanctity, of my desires, of my love, at the expense of my strength, of my Blood, of my wounds, etc. I can say that I place my Sanctity at her disposal, knowing that she wants nothing other than what I want. On the other hand, one who thinks about sanctifying only herself, lives at the expense of her sanctity, of her strength, of her love. Oh! how miserable will she grow. She will feel all the weight of her misery, and will live in continuous struggle with herself. Instead, for one who lives at the expense of my Sanctity, her path will flow placid; she will live in peace with herself and with Me. I will watch over her thoughts and each fiber of her heart; and I will be jealous that not even one fiber may not ask for souls, and her being may be in continuous pouring of itself into Me, to repair Me. Don’t you yourself feel this jealousy of mine?”

**November 16, 1918**

***Humiliations are the fissures through which light enters.***

Continuing in my usual state, my sweet Jesus came for just a little, and it seemed that He was feeling a strong pain in His Heart; and asking me for help, He told me: “My daughter, what chains of crimes in these days - what a satanic triumph. The prosperity of one who is evil is the worst sign - and these are shoves by which faith departs from their nations; they remain as though trapped inside a dark prison. Instead, humiliations to one who is evil are like many fissures through which light enters, such that, making him come back to his senses, they bring faith to him and to the nations themselves. So, humiliation will do more good to them than any victories or conquests. What critical and painful points they will go through! Hell and the wicked are consumed with rage to begin their plots and wicked deeds. Poor children of mine - poor Church of Mine.”

**November 29, 1918**

***One who goes out of the Divine Will, goes out of the light.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I was praying my always lovable Jesus, that today, as He had promised me another time - that when the soul always does His Will, sometimes He consents to do the will of the soul - so I said to Him: ‘Today You really have to do my will.’

And Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, don’t you know that as the soul goes out of my Will, it is like a day without sun for her, without heat, without the life of the divine attitude within her?” And I: ‘My Love, may Heaven keep me from doing this - I would rather die than go out of your Will. Therefore, place your Will in me, and then say to me: “It is my Will that today I do your will”.’ And Jesus: “Ah! bad little one! All right, I will make you content; I will keep you with Me as long as I want, and then I Myself will leave you free.” Oh! how content I was, that without doing my will, Jesus, identifying His Will with mine, while doing His Will, would do mine.

Then, afterwards, my lovable Jesus spent some time with me, and it seemed that He was dipping the point of His finger in His most precious Blood, and would pass it over my forehead, my eyes, my mouth, my heart; and then He kissed me. In seeing Him so affectionate and sweet, I tried to suckle from His mouth the bitternesses which His Heart contained, as I used to do before. But Jesus immediately drew back a little bit, and showed me a bundle which He had in His hand, full of other scourges; and He told me: “Look at how many other scourges are there to be poured upon the earth; this is why I do not pour into you. The enemies have prepared all the internal plans to make revolutions; now there is nothing left but to finish preparing the external plans. Ah! my daughter, how my Heart grieves; I have no one with whom to pour out my sorrow - I want to pour it out with you. You will have patience in hearing Me speak very often about sad things. I know that you suffer because of it, but it is love that pushes Me to do this. Love wants to make its pains known to the beloved. I almost would not be able to do without coming to pour Myself out with you.”

I felt ill in seeing Jesus so embittered. I could feel His pains in my heart; and Jesus, to cheer me, gave me a few sips of a most sweet milk to drink. And then He added: “Now I withdraw and I leave you free.”

### **December 4, 1918**

#### ***Effects of the imprisonment of Jesus in the Passion.***

I spent last night in prison together with Jesus. I compassionated Him, I clung to His knees to sustain Him; and Jesus told me: “My daughter, in my Passion I wanted to suffer also imprisonment, in order to free the creature from the prison of sin. Oh! what a horrible prison sin is for man. His passions chain him like a vile slave, and my imprisonment and my chains released him and unchained him.

For the loving souls, my imprisonment formed their prison of love, in which to remain safe and defended from everyone and from everything; and it chose them to keep them as living prisons and tabernacles which were to warm Me from the coldness of the tabernacles of stone, and, much more so, from the coldness of the creatures who, imprisoning Me within themselves, make Me die of cold and of hunger. This is why many times I leave the prisons of the tabernacles and I come into your heart, to be warmed from the cold, to refresh Myself with your love. And when I see you going in search of Me in the tabernacles of the churches, I say to you: ‘Are you not my true prison of love for Me? Look for Me inside your heart, and love Me’.”

### **December 10, 1918**

#### ***Effects of the prayers of the souls who are intimate with Jesus.***

I was saying to my sweet Jesus: ‘See, I don’t know how to do anything, nor do I have anything to give You, but I want to give You also my trifles. I unite these trifles of mine to the All, as You are, and I ask You for souls. Therefore, as I breathe, my breaths ask You for souls; the beating of my heart, with an incessant cry, asks You for souls; the motion of my arms, the blood that circulates in me, the batting of my eyelids, the moving of my lips - are souls that I ask of You. And this I ask united with You, with your love and in your Will, so that all may hear my incessant cry that, in You, always asks for souls.’

Now, while I was saying this and yet more, my Jesus moved in my interior and told me: “My daughter, how sweet and pleasing to Me is the prayer of the souls who are intimate with Me. How I feel my hidden life of Nazareth being repeated – without any exteriority, with no circle of people, with no sound of bells; all neglected, alone, so much so, that I was barely known. I kept rising between Heaven and earth, and I asked for souls; and not even a breath or a heartbeat escaped Me, which did not ask for souls. And as I did this, my blast resounded in Heaven, and drew the love of

the Father to grant Me souls. And this sound, reverberating in the hearts, cried out with sonorous voice: ‘Souls!’ How many wonders did I not operate during my hidden life, known only to my Father in Heaven and to my Mama on earth.

The same for the hidden soul, who is intimate with Me: as she prays, though no sound is heard on earth, her prayers, like bells, resound more vibrantly in Heaven, to the extent of calling the whole of Heaven to unite Itself with her, and to let mercies descend upon earth, which resounding, not to the hearing, but to the hearts of creatures, may dispose them to convert.”

**December 25, 1918**

***Jesus repeats His Life in the soul.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was feeling all afflicted for many different reasons. And blessed Jesus came, and almost compassionating me, told me: “My daughter, do not oppress yourself too much - courage, I am with you; even more, I am right inside of you, continuing my Life. This is the reason why now you feel the weight of justice, and you would want it to unload itself upon you; now the tearing of the souls who want to be lost; now you feel the yearning to love Me for all. But seeing that you do not have sufficient love, you plunge yourself into my love and you take as much love for as much as all should give Me; and releasing your silvery voice, you love Me for all; and all the other things that you do. Do you think it is you? Not at all. It is I - it is I who repeat my Life in you. I feel the yearning to be loved by you - not with a love of creature, but with my own. Therefore I transform you, I want you in my Will, because in you I want to find one who stands in for Me and for all creatures. I want you like an organ that lends itself to all the sounds I want to make.”

And I: ‘My Love, there are certain times when life becomes so bitter, especially because of the conditions in which You have put me.’ And Jesus, knowing what I wanted to say to Him, added: “And what do you fear? I Myself will take care of everything; and when one directs you, I give my grace to him; and when another, I give grace to the other. And besides, it is not you whom they will assist, but Me; and according to how they will appreciate my work, my sayings and teachings, so will I be generous with them.” And I: ‘My Jesus, the confessor appreciated very much what You said to me; so much so, that he cared very much about it, and he worked very hard to make me write. You, what will You give to him?’ And Jesus: “My daughter, I will give him Heaven as recompense, and I will count him as the office of Saint Joseph and of my Mama, who, having assisted my Life on earth, had to go through hardships in order to nourish Me and assist Me. Now, since my Life is in you, I hold his assistance and sacrifices as if my Mama and Saint Joseph were doing them again for Me. Aren’t you happy?” And I: ‘Thank You, O Jesus.’

**December 27, 1918**

***The word of Jesus is sun.***

In these past days I had recorded nothing on paper of what Jesus had told me. I felt such listlessness; and Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, why don’t you write? My word is light, and just as the sun shines in all the eyes, in such a way that all have sufficient light for all their needs, so is each one of my words more than a sun, which can be light sufficient to illuminate any mind and to warm each heart. So, each word of mine is a sun that comes out from Me, which now serves you; by writing it, it will serve others. And you, by not writing, come to suffocate this sun within Me, and to prevent the outpouring of my love and all the good that a sun could do.”

And I: ‘Ah! my Jesus, who is going to calculate on paper the words that You tell me?’ And He: “This is not up to you to say, but to Me. And even if they were not calculated - which will not be - the many suns of my words will rise majestically, placing themselves for the good of all. On the other hand, by not writing, you prevent the sun from rising, and you would cause great harm. If

someone could prevent the sun from rising on the azure heavens, how much harm would he not cause to the earth? That one, to nature - and you, to souls. And besides, it is the glory of the sun to shine majestically, and to take the earth and everyone as though in its hands, with its light; the harm is for those who do not take advantage of it. So it will be with the sun of my words: it will be my glory to make rise as many different enchanting and beautiful suns for as many words as I speak; the harm will be for those who do not take advantage of it.”

**January 2, 1919**

***Just as in Jesus, everything must be silent in souls.***

This morning my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen under a storm of blows; and with His sweet gaze He looked at me, asking me for help and refuge. I flung myself toward Jesus to rescue Him from those blows and enclose Him in my heart; and Jesus told me: “My daughter, my Humanity, under the blows of the scourges, was silent. And not only was my mouth silent, but everything was silent in Me: esteem, glory, power, honor, were silent. But in a mute language, and eloquently, spoke my patience, the humiliation, my wounds, my Blood, the annihilation of my Being, almost to dust. And my ardent love for the salvation of souls placed an echo on all my pains.

Here, my daughter, is the true portrait of loving souls - everything must be silent in them, and around them: esteem, glory, pleasures, honors, greatness, will, creatures. And if she had these, she must be as though deaf, and as if she did not see anything. On the other hand, my patience, my glory, my esteem, my pains, must take over within her; and everything she does, thinks, loves, will be nothing other than love, which will have one single echo with mine, and will ask Me for souls. My love for souls is great, as I want all to be saved; therefore I go in search for souls who love Me and who, taken by the same follies of my love, would suffer and ask Me for souls. But alas! how scarce is the number of those who listen to Me!”

**January 4, 1919**

***Effects of the pains suffered in the Will of God.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was all afflicted because of the privation of my sweet Jesus. I tried, however, to remain united with Him, doing the *Hours of the Passion*. It was precisely that of Jesus on the Cross when, at the summit, I heard Him in my interior, joining His hands and saying with articulate voice: “My Father, accept the sacrifice of this daughter of mine - the pain of my privation that she feels. Do You not see how she suffers? The pain makes her as though lifeless, without Me, so much so that, though hidden, I am forced to suffer it together with her in order to give her strength; otherwise she would succumb. O please! Oh Father, accept it, united to the pain which I suffered on the Cross, when I was abandoned even by You; and concede that the privation of Me that she feels be light, knowledge, divine life in other souls, and everything that I Myself impetrated with my abandonment.” Having said this, He hid again.

I felt as though petrified by the pain and, though crying, I said: ‘My Life, Jesus – ah!, yes, give me souls; and may the strongest bond that forces You to give them to me be the tormenting pain of your privation. And may this pain run within your Will, so that all may feel the touch of my pain, my incessant cry, and may surrender.’

Then, around evening, blessed Jesus came for just a little, and added: “Daughter and refuge of mine, what sweet harmony did your pain form today in my Will. My Will is in Heaven, and since your pain was in my Will, it harmonized in Heaven, and with its cry it asked the Sacrosanct Trinity for souls. And as my Will was flowing in all the Angels and Saints, your pain asked them for souls; so much so, that all remained struck by your harmony, and together with your pain they all cried out before my Majesty: ‘Souls, souls!’ My Will flowed in all creatures, and your pain touched all hearts,

and cried out to all: ‘Be saved, be saved!’ This Will of Mine centralized Itself in you, and like refulgent Sun, It placed Itself as guard of all, to convert them. See what great good there is; yet, who takes the care to know the value, the incalculable price of my Volition?”

**January 8, 1919**

***The Divine Volition has the power to render infinite everything that enters into the Divine Will.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was all afflicted, without my sweet Jesus. But all of a sudden He came, though tired and afflicted, almost seeking a refuge inside my heart, to escape the grave offenses that they were giving Him. And heaving a sigh, He told me: “My daughter, hide Me; don’t you see how they persecute Me? Alas! they want to put Me out, or give Me the last place. Let Me pour Myself out; it has been many days since I told you anything about the destiny of the world, or the chastisements that they snatch from Me with their wickedness; and the pain is all concentrated in my Heart. I want to say it to you, to let you take part in it, and so we will share together the destiny of the creatures, in order to pray, suffer and cry together for their good.

Ah! my daughter, there will be contentions among them; death will claim many lives, and also priests. Oh! how many masks dressed as priests. I want to remove them before the persecution against my Church and revolutions arise; who knows - they might convert at the moment of death. Otherwise, if I leave them there, during the persecution they will remove their masks, will unite with the sectarians, and will be the fiercest enemies of the Church; and their salvation will be more difficult.”

And I, all afflicted, said: ‘Ah! my Jesus, what pain, to hear You speak of these blessed chastisements. And the peoples - what shall they do without priests? They are already few enough; You want to take away more – and who will administer the Sacraments? Who will teach your laws?’ And Jesus: “My daughter, do not afflict yourself too much; the scarce number is nothing. I will give to one the grace and the strength that I give to ten - to twenty; and one will be worth ten, or twenty. I can make up for everything. And besides, the many priests who are not good are the poison of the peoples; instead of good, they do evil, and I do nothing other than remove the first elements that poison the peoples.”

Jesus disappeared, and I remained with a nail inside my heart, of what He had told me, and almost restless, thinking of the pains of my sweet Jesus and the destiny of the poor creatures. Then Jesus came back, and surrounding my neck with His arm, added: “My beloved, courage; enter into Me, come to swim in the immense sea of my Volition, of my love; hide yourself in the uncreated Will and love of your Creator. My Volition has the power to render infinite everything that enters into my Will, and to raise and transform the acts of the creatures as eternal acts. In fact, what enters into my Will acquires the eternal, the infinite, the immense, losing the beginning, the finite, the littleness. That which my Will is, so It renders their acts. Therefore, say – cry out loudly in my Will: ‘I love You!’ I will hear the note of my eternal love; I will feel the created love hidden inside the uncreated love, and will feel Myself loved by the creature with an eternal, infinite, immense love, and therefore a love worthy of Me, which stands in for Me, and which can compensate Me for the love of all.”

I remained surprised and enchanted, saying: ‘Jesus, what are You saying?’ And He: “My dear, do not be surprised; everything is eternal in Me - nothing has a beginning, nor will it have an end; you yourself and all creatures were eternal in my mind. The love with which I formed the Creation, which was released from Me and which endowed each heart, was eternal. What is the wonder, then, if the creature, leaving her own will, enters into Mine, and uniting herself to the love which longed for her and loved her from eternity, and binding herself with that eternal love from which she came, does her acts, loves Me, acquires eternal, infinite, immense value and power? Oh! how little is my Will known – therefore It is neither loved nor appreciated; and this is why the

creature contents herself with remaining down below, and she operates as if she did not have an eternal origin, but temporary.”

I myself don't know whether I am speaking nonsense. My lovable Jesus casts such light into my mind about His Most Holy Will, that not only am I unable to contain it, but I lack the right words to express myself. Then, while my mind was wandering within this light, blessed Jesus gave me a simile, telling me: “In order to make you comprehend better what I have told you, imagine a sun. This sun emits many little lights, which it diffuses over the whole Creation, giving them full freedom to live either spread in the Creation, or inside the sun itself, from which they came out. Is it not right that the little lights which live in the sun, their acts, their love, acquire the heat, the love, the power, the immensity of the sun itself? After all, they were in the sun, are part of the sun, live at the expense of the sun, and live the same life of the sun. Nothing do they add to or subtract from the sun, because what is immense is not subject either to growing or to decreasing; only, it receives the glory, the honor that the little lights return to it, and live common life with it; and this is all the fulfillment and the satisfaction of the sun. I am the Sun; the little lights that come out from the Sun are the Creation; the lights which live inside the Sun are the souls who live in my Will. Have you understood now?”

‘I believe so.’ But who can say what I comprehended? I would have wanted to remain silent, but the Fiat of Jesus did not want it; and I kissed His Fiat, and wrote in His Will. May He be always blessed.

**January 25, 1919**

***The Divine Will is light, and one who lives in It becomes light. Jesus dwells in one who lives in the Divine Will as He did in His Humanity.***

After having spent most bitter days of privation of my sweet Jesus, of my Life, of my All, my poor heart could take no more. I was saying to myself: ‘What hard lot was reserved for me - after so many promises, He left me. Where is His love now? Ah! who knows whether I myself have not been the cause of His abandonment, rendering myself unworthy of Him. Ah! maybe it was that night, when He wanted to speak about the troubles of the world, and He started saying that the heart of man is still bloodthirsty, and that the battles are not finished because the thirst for blood is not yet extinguished in the human heart, and I said to Him: ‘Jesus, You always want to talk about these troubles; let's leave them aside - let's talk about something else’; and He, afflicted, remained silent. Ah! maybe He was offended. My Life, forgive me, I won't do it any more! - but come.’

While I was saying this and other nonsense, I felt myself lose consciousness, and I saw my sweet Jesus inside of me, alone and taciturn, walking from one point of my interior to another, and as though He would now stumble at one point, now bump into another. I was all confused and did not dare to tell Him anything, but I thought: ‘Who knows how many sins there are in me that make Jesus bump?’ But He, all goodness, looked at me, though He seemed tired and was dripping sweat; and He told me: “My daughter, poor martyr - not of faith, but of love; not human, but divine martyr, because your most cruel martyrdom is my privation, which places on you the seal of divine martyr; why do you fear and doubt about my love? And besides, how can I leave you? I dwell in you as within my Humanity; and just as I enclosed the entire world in my Humanity, so do I enclose it in you. Did you not see that while I was walking, now I bumped, and now I stumbled? Those were the sins, the evil souls that I encountered. What pain for my Heart. It is from within you that I allot the destiny of the world; it is your humanity that shelters Me, just as Mine did for my Divinity. If my Divinity did not have my Humanity to give It shelter, the poor creatures would have no escape, either in time or in eternity, and Divine Justice would no longer look at the creature as Its own, deserving preservation, but as an enemy, deserving destruction. Now my Humanity is glorious, and a humanity that may grieve, suffer, share the pains with Me, love souls together with Me, and lay down its life in order to

save them, is necessary for Me. I have chosen you; aren't you happy? Therefore I want to tell you everything - my pains, the chastisements that creatures deserve, so that you may take part in everything and form one single thing with Me. And this is also why I want you in the height of my Will, so that wherever you cannot reach with your will, with Mine you will reach everything that befits the office of my Humanity. Therefore, fear no more; do not afflict Me with your pains, with the fears that I may abandon you. I get enough of these from other creatures - do you want to increase my pains with yours? No, no, be sure, your Jesus will not leave you."

Then, afterwards, He came back again, showing Himself crucified, transforming me into Himself and into His pains; and He added: "My daughter, my Will is light and one who lives of It becomes light, and, as light, she easily enters into my most pure light, and has the key to open and take whatever she wants. But in order to be able to open, a key must be without rust or mud; and the lock itself must be of iron, otherwise the key cannot open. In the same way, the soul, to be able to open with the key of my Will, must not mix the rust of her own will, nor a shadow of the mud of earthly things. Only in this way can we combine together, and she can make whatever she wants of Me, and I whatever I want of her."

After this, I saw my Mama and a late confessor of mine. I wanted to tell them about my state, and they said to me: "In these days you have run the risk that the Lord would suspend you completely from the state of victim; and we, the whole of Purgatory and Heaven have prayed very much - and how much we did so that the Lord would not do that. From this you can comprehend how Justice is still full of grave chastisements. Therefore, have patience and do not get tired."

**January 27, 1919**

***The three mortal wounds of the Heart of Jesus.***

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus, on coming, made me see His adorable Heart, all full of wounds, from which rivers of blood gushed out. And, all sorrowful, He told me: "My daughter, among the many wounds that my Heart contains, there are three wounds which give Me mortal pains and such bitterness of sorrow as to surpass all the other wounds together. These are the pains of my loving souls. When I see a soul, all mine, suffering because of Me, tortured, trampled upon, ready to suffer even the most painful death for Me, I feel her pains as if they were my own - and maybe even more. Ah! love knows how to open deeper gashes, to the extent of making one not feel the other pains. Into this first wound enters my dear Mama as the first. Oh! how Her Heart, pierced because of my pains, overflowed into Mine, and felt, vividly, all Its piercings. And in seeing Her dying, yet not dying, because of my death, I felt the torment, the harshness of Her martyrdom in my Heart, and I felt the pains of my death which the Heart of my dear Mama felt, and my Heart died together with Hers. So, all my pains, united together before the pains of my Mama, surpassed everything. It was right that my Celestial Mama have the first place in my Heart, both in sorrow and in love, because each pain suffered for love of Me opened seas of graces and of love, which poured into Her pierced Heart. Into this wound enter all the souls who suffer because of Me, and out of pure love. You yourself enter into it; and even if all offended Me and no one loved Me, I would find in you the love which can compensate Me for all. Therefore, when creatures cast Me away and force Me to run away from them, very quickly I come to take refuge in you as in my hiding place; and finding my own love, not theirs, and suffering only for Me, I say: 'I do not regret having created Heaven and earth, and having suffered so much. A soul who loves Me and who suffers for Me is all my contentment, my happiness, my reward for everything I have done.' And as though putting all the rest aside, I delight and play with her.

However, this wound of love in my Heart, while it is the most painful, such as to surpass everything, it contains two effects at the same time: it gives Me intense pain and highest joy;

unspeakable bitterness and indescribable sweetness; painful death and glorious life. These are the excesses of my love, inconceivable to created mind. And in fact, how many contentments did my Heart not find in the sorrows of my pierced Mama?

The second mortal wound of my Heart is ingratitude. With ingratitude, the creature closes my Heart; even more, she herself turns the key with double locks; and my Heart swells because It wants to pour graces and love, and It cannot, because the creature has closed It, and has put on It the seal with her ingratitude. And I become delirious, I agonize, without hope that this wound may be healed, because ingratitude keeps embittering it more and more, giving Me mortal pain.

The third one is obstinacy. What mortal wound for my Heart. Obstinacy is the destruction of all the goods I have done for the creature; it is the signature of declaration that the creature places - that she no longer recognizes Me, that she no longer belongs to Me. It is the key of hell into which the creature goes to hurl herself. My Heart feels the tearing of it; It is torn to pieces, and I feel one of those pieces being taken away from Me. What mortal wound obstinacy is.

My daughter, enter into my Heart and take part in these wounds of mine; compassionate my tormented Heart; let us suffer together, and let us pray.” I entered into His Heart. How painful but beautiful it was to suffer and pray with Jesus.

**January 29, 1919**

***God will accomplish the third renewal of humanity by manifesting what His Divinity did within His Humanity.***

I was doing the adoration to the wounds of blessed Jesus, and at the end I recited the Creed, intending to enter into the immensity of the Divine Will, in which are all the acts of creatures, past, present and future, and even those acts which the creature should do and, because of negligence and wickedness, she has not done. And I was saying: ‘My Jesus, my Love, I enter into your Volition, and with this Creed I intend to redo, to repair, all the acts of faith which creatures have not done, all the disbeliefs, and the adoration which is due to God as Creator.’

While I was saying these and other things, I felt my intelligence being dissolved in the Divine Will, and a light investing my intellect, inside of which I could see my sweet Jesus. And this light spoke and spoke - but who can say everything? I will say it confusedly; and besides, I feel such repugnance, that if obedience were not so strict, but more indulgent, it would not force me into such sacrifices. But You, my Life, give me strength, and do not leave the poor little ignorant one on her own.

Now, it seemed that He was saying to me: “My beloved daughter, I want to make known to you the order of my Providence. Every course of two thousand years I have renewed the world. In the first two thousand years I renewed it with the Flood; in the second two thousand I renewed it with my coming upon earth, in which I manifested my Humanity, from which, as though from many fissures, my Divinity shone forth. And the good and the very Saints of the following two thousand years have lived of the fruits of my Humanity, and, in drops, they have enjoyed my Divinity. Now we are at the turn of the third two thousand years, and there will be a third renewal. This is the reason for the general confusion - it is nothing other than the preparation for the third renewal; and if in the second renewal I manifested what my Humanity did and suffered, and very little of what the Divinity was operating, now, in this third renewal, after the earth has been purged and the current generation destroyed for the most part, I will be even more generous with creatures, and I will accomplish the renewal by manifesting what my Divinity did within my Humanity; how my Divine Will acted with my human will; how everything remained linked within Me; how I did and redid everything, and even one thought of each creature was redone by Me and sealed with my Divine Volition. My love wants its outpouring, and wants to make known the excesses which my Divinity

operated in my Humanity for the good of creatures, which surpass by far the excesses that my Humanity operated externally. This is also why I often speak to you about the living in my Will, which I have not manifested to anyone until now. At the most, they have known the shadow of my Will, the grace, the sweetness that doing It contains; but to penetrate inside of It, to embrace immensity, to multiply oneself with Me and penetrate everywhere, even while being on earth, both into Heaven and into the hearts, to lay down the human ways and act with the divine ways - this is not yet known; so much so, that not to a few will it appear strange, and those who do not keep their minds open to the light of truth will not understand a thing. But I, little by little, will make my way, manifesting now one truth, now another, of this living in my Will, so that they will end up comprehending It.

Now, the first link which connected the true living in my Will was my Humanity. My Humanity, identified with my Divinity, swam in the Eternal Volition, and kept tracing all the acts of creatures in order to make them Its own, and give to the Father a divine glory on the part of creatures, and bring to all the acts of creatures the value, the love, the kiss of the Eternal Volition. In this sphere of the Eternal Volition, I could see all the acts of creatures that could possibly be done and were not done, and the very good acts done badly; and I did those which were not done, and redid those done badly. Now, these acts, not done, and done only by Me, are all suspended in my Will, and I await the creatures to come to live in my Volition, and repeat in my Will that which I did. This is why I chose you as the second link of connection with my Humanity, forming one single link with mine, living in my Volition, repeating my very acts. Otherwise, on this side my love would remain without outpouring, without glory on the part of creatures for what my Divinity operated in my Humanity, and without the perfect purpose of Creation, which must be enclosed and perfected in my Will. It would be as if I had shed all my Blood, suffered so much, and no one had known it. Who would have loved Me? Which heart would be shaken? No one; and therefore in no one would I have had my fruits, the glory of Redemption.”

And I, interrupting the speaking of Jesus, said: ‘My Love, if there is so much good about this living in the Divine Will, why have You not manifested it before?’ And He: “My daughter, first I had to make known what my Humanity did and suffered on the outside, to be able to dispose souls to knowing what my Divinity did on the inside. The creature is incapable of comprehending my work all together; therefore I keep manifesting Myself little by little. Then, from your link of connection with Me, the other links of creatures will be connected, and I will have crowds of souls who, living in my Volition, will redo all the acts of creatures; and I will have the glory of many suspended acts done only by Me, also from creatures - and these, from all classes: virgins, priests, lay people, according to their office. They will no longer operate humanly, but penetrating into my Will, their acts will multiply for all in a way fully divine; and I will have, on the part of creatures, the divine glory of many Sacraments received and administered in a human way; others, profaned; others, sullied with interest; and of many good works in which I remain more dishonored than honored. I so much long for this time; and you, pray and long for it together with Me, and do not move your link of connection with mine, starting, yourself, as the first one.”

## **February 4, 1919**

### ***The interior Passion which the Divinity made the Humanity of Jesus suffer during the course of His whole life.***

Continuing in my usual state, for about three days I felt myself lost in God. Many times good Jesus drew Me inside His Most Holy Humanity, and I swam in the immense sea of the Divinity. Oh! how many things could be seen; how clearly one could see everything that the Divinity operated in the Humanity. And very often my Jesus interrupted my surprises, saying to me: “See, my daughter, with what excess of love I loved the creature; my Divinity was jealous of entrusting to the creature

the task of Redemption, making Me suffer the Passion. The creature was impotent to make Me die as many times for as many creatures as had come out, and were to come out, to the light of Creation, and for as many mortal sins as they would have the disgrace to commit. The Divinity wanted life for each life of creature, and life for each death which, by mortal sin, she gave herself. Who could be so powerful over Me as to give Me so many deaths, if not my Divinity? Who would have had the strength, the love, the constancy to see Me die so many times, if not my Divinity? The creature would have grown tired and fallen short. And do not think that this crafting of my Divinity started late, but as soon as my conception was accomplished, even in the womb of my Mama, who many times was aware of my pains, and remained martyred, and felt death together with Me.

So, even from the maternal womb, my Divinity took on the commitment of loving executioner – but, because loving, more demanding and inflexible; so much so, that my groaning Humanity was spared not even one thorn - not one nail. But not like the thorns, the nails, the scourges I suffered in the Passion which creatures gave Me, and which did not multiply - as many as they inflicted, so many remained. Rather, those of my Divinity multiplied at each offense - as many thorns for as many evil thoughts; as many nails for as many unworthy works; as many blows for as many pleasures; as many pains for as much diversity of offenses. Therefore, they were seas of pains, innumerable thorns, nails and blows. In the face of the Passion which the Divinity gave Me, the Passion which creatures gave Me on the last of my days was nothing but the shadow - the image of what my Divinity made Me suffer during the course of my life. This is why I love souls so much: they are lives that they cost Me - they are pains inconceivable to created mind. Therefore, enter into my Divinity, and see and touch with your own hand what I suffered.”

I don't know how, I found myself inside the divine immensity, as it erected the throne of justice for each creature, to which sweet Jesus had to answer for each act of creature, suffer their pains, their death, pay the penalty for everything. And Jesus, like a sweet little lamb, was killed by divine hands, to rise again and suffer more deaths. Oh! God, Oh! God, what harrowing pains – to die in order to rise again, and to rise again in order to submit to a more harrowing death. I felt myself dying in seeing my sweet Jesus being killed so many times; I would have wanted to spare the One who loves me so much even just one death. Oh! how well I comprehended that only the Divinity could make my sweet Jesus suffer so much, and could boast of having loved men to folly and to excess, with unheard-of pains and with infinite love. Neither Angel nor man had this power in hand, of being able to love us with such great heroism of sacrifice, as a God. But who can say everything? My poor mind swam in that immense sea of light, of love and of pains; and I remained as though drowned, without being able to get out. And if my lovable Jesus had not drawn me into the little sea of His Most Holy Humanity, in which the mind was not so submerged, without being able to see any boundary, I could not have said a thing.

Then, after this, my sweet Jesus added: “Beloved daughter, birth from my Life, come into my Will - come and see how much there is to substitute for so many acts of mine, still suspended, not yet substituted for by creatures. My Will must be in you as the first wheel of the clock: if it moves, all the other wheels move, and the clock signals the hours and the minutes. So, all the accord is in the motion of this first wheel; and if this first wheel has no motion, the clock is stopped. In the same way, the first wheel in you must be my Will, which must give motion to your thoughts, to your heart, to your desires - to everything. And since my Will is the central wheel of my Being, of Creation and of everything, your motion, coming out from this center, will come to substitute for many acts of creatures; and multiplying in the motions of all as central motion, it will come to lay before my throne, on their behalf, the acts of creatures, substituting for everything. Therefore, be attentive, your mission is great - it is fully divine.”

**February 6, 1919**

***How the soul in the Divine Will can form the hosts in order to nourish Jesus.***

I was fusing all of myself in my sweet Jesus, doing as much as I could to enter into the Divine Volition, to find the chain of my eternal love, of the reparations, of my continuous cry asking for souls, with which my always lovable Jesus longed for me *ab æterno*<sup>3</sup>; and wanting to chain my little love in time together with that love with which Jesus longed for me eternally, to be able to give Him infinite love, infinite reparations, substituting for everything - just as Jesus had taught me. While I was doing this, my sweet Jesus came, all in a hurry, and told me: “My daughter, I am very hungry.” And it seemed He would take many tiny little white balls from inside my mouth, and would eat them. Then, as if He wanted to satisfy His hunger completely, He entered inside my heart, and with both hands He took many crumbs, big and small, and ate them hurriedly.

Then, as if having satisfied His hunger, He leaned on my bed and told me: “My daughter, as the soul keeps enclosing my Will and loves Me, in my Will she encloses Me; and, in loving Me, she forms around Me the accidents in order to imprison Me inside, and forms a host for Me. So, if she suffers, if she repairs, etc., and encloses my Will, she forms many hosts for Me in order to communicate Me<sup>4</sup>, and to satisfy my hunger in a divine way and worthy of Me. As soon as I see these hosts formed in the soul, I go and take them in order to feed Myself, to satisfy my insatiable hunger that I have for the creature to render Me love for love. So, you can say to Me: ‘You have communicated me - I too have communicated You.’

And I: ‘Jesus, my hosts are your own things, while yours are your things; so, I remain always below You.’ And Jesus: “For one who really loves, I am unable to consider this, nor do I want to. And besides, in my hosts it is Jesus that I give you, and in yours it is the whole of Jesus that you give Me. Do you want to see it?” And I: ‘Yes.’

He stretched out His hand into my heart and took a tiny little white ball; He broke it, and another Jesus came out from inside of it. And He: “Did you see? How happy I am when the creature arrives at being able to communicate Myself. Therefore, make Me many hosts, and I will come to feed Myself in you. You will renew for Me the contentment, the glory, the love, when I communicated Myself in instituting Myself as Sacrament.”

**February 9, 1919**

***Fears of Luisa. Jesus tells her that He has elected her from eternity for the Sanctity of living in the Divine Will.***

I continue to say what is written on January 29.

I was saying to my sweet Jesus: ‘How is it possible that I am the second link of connection with your Humanity? There are souls so very dear to You, under whose feet I do not deserve to be; and then, there is your inseparable Mama, who occupies the first place in everything and over everything. It seems to me, my sweet Love, that You really want to play with me; yet, to the crudest torment of my soul, I am forced by obedience to put this on paper. My Jesus, have pity on my hard martyrdom.’

While I was saying this, my always lovable Jesus, caressing me, told me: “My daughter, why do you trouble yourself? Is it perhaps not my usual way to elect from the dust and form great portents - portents of grace? All the honor is mine, and the weaker and lower is the subject, the more I am glorified. And then, my Mama does not enter the secondary part of my love, of my Will, but

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<sup>3</sup> From eternity.

<sup>4</sup> “...*per communicare Me.*” Read: to give communion to Me.

forms one single link with Me. And it is also certain that I have souls most dear to Me, but this does not exclude that I might elect one rather than another to a height of office - and not only of office, but of such height of Sanctity as befits the living in my Will. The graces which were not necessary for others, whom I did not call to live in this immensity of Sanctity of my Will, are necessary for you, whom I elected even from eternity. In these most sad times I elected you, who, by living in my Will, would give Me divine love, divine reparation and satisfaction, which are found only in the living in my Will. The times, my love, my Will, required this greater display of love, in the face of so much human wickedness. Am I perhaps not free to do whatever I want? Can anyone perhaps bind Me? No, no. Therefore, calm yourself and be faithful to Me.”

## **February 10, 1919**

***Jesus asks Luisa whether she wants to live in His Will; whether she wants to accept the office of second link with His Humanity, and whether she wants to accept His love as her own, and His Will as life.***

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came, and taking my hands in His, He clasped them, and with a majestic affability, He said to me: “My daughter, tell Me, do you want to live in my Will? Do you want to accept the office of second link with my Humanity? Do you want to accept all my love as your own, my Will as life, my very pains that the Divinity inflicted on my Humanity, which were so many that my love feels an irresistible need not only to make them known, but to share them, as much as it is possible for creature? And I can share them and make them known only with one who lives in my Will - completely dependent on my love. My daughter, it is my usual way to ask for the ‘yes’ of the creature, to then operate freely with her.”

Jesus became silent, as though waiting for my ‘Fiat’. And I remained surprised, and I said: ‘My Life, Jesus, your Will is mine. You - unite them together and form one single Fiat, and I say “yes” together with You. And I pray You to have pity on me; my misery is great, and only because You want it, I say: “Fiat, Fiat”.’ But – oh! how annihilated and pulverized I felt in the abyss of my nothingness; more so, since this nothing was called to live life in the All.

So, my sweet Jesus united the two wills together and impressed a ‘Fiat’; and my ‘yes’ entered into the Divine Volition, and it seemed, not a human ‘yes’, but divine, because it had been pronounced in the Will of Jesus. And this ‘yes’ in the Divine Will multiplied into many, for as many refusals as creatures gave to my sweet Jesus; this ‘yes’ made the most solemn reparations, embraced everyone, as though wanting to bring everyone to Jesus, substituting for all. It was a ‘yes’ which had the seal and the power of the Divine Volition, pronounced neither out of fear, nor out of interest of personal sanctity, but only to live in the Will of Jesus, and run for the good of all, and bring to Jesus divine glory, love, reparations.

My lovable Jesus seemed so happy with my ‘yes’ that He said to me: “Now I want to adorn you and clothe you like Me, so that, together with Me, you may come before the Majesty of the Eternal One, to repeat my same office.” So, Jesus clothed me and as though identified me with His Humanity, and, together, we found ourselves before the Supreme Majesty. I don’t know how to say it... this Majesty was an inaccessible, immense, varied Light of incomprehensible beauty, upon which everything depended. I was lost in It, and even the Humanity of Jesus was small. The mere entering into the air of this Light brought happiness, embellished... but I don’t know how to go on in saying it. And my sweet Jesus said: “Adore the Uncreated Power together with Me in the immensity of my Will, so that not I alone, but also another creature may adore in a divine manner, in the name of all her brothers of the generations of all centuries, the One who created everything and upon whom all things depend.”

How beautiful it was to adore together with Jesus; they<sup>5</sup> multiplied for all, they placed themselves before the throne of the Eternal One, as though in defense from those who would not recognize the Eternal Majesty, or would even insult It; and they ran for the good of all to make It known. We did other acts, together with Jesus, but I feel that I don't know how to go on; my mind wavers and is unable to lend me the right words; therefore I will not go on. If Jesus wants it, I will come back to this point. Then, my sweet Jesus brought me back into myself; but my mind remained bound as though to an eternal point from which it could not move. Jesus! Jesus! help me to correspond to your graces, help your little daughter, help the little spark.

**February 13, 1919**

*Jesus speaks to Luisa about her new office.*

Continuing in my usual state, I was searching, and with anxiousness, for my always lovable Jesus; and He, all goodness, came and told me: "Beloved daughter of my Volition, do you want to come into my Will to substitute in a divine manner for so many acts not done by our other brothers? For many others done humanly; and for other acts, holy, yes, but human and not in the divine order? I did everything in the divine order, but I am not yet content; I want the creature to enter into my Will and, in a divine manner, to come to kiss my acts, substituting for everything, as I did. Therefore, come - come; I long for it, I desire it so much that I put Myself as though in feast when I see that the creature enters this divine sphere, and multiplying herself together with Me, she multiplies in everyone, and loves, repairs, substitutes for all and for each one in a divine manner. I no longer recognize human things in her, but all my things. My love rises and multiplies; the reparations multiply to the infinite; the substitutions are divine. What joy! What feast! The very Saints unite with Me and make feast, ardently waiting for a sister of theirs to substitute for their own acts, holy in the human order, but not in the divine order. They pray Me to let the creature enter soon this divine sphere, and that all of their acts be substituted only with the Divine Will, and with the imprint of the Eternal One. I did this for all; now I want you to do it for all."

And I: "My Jesus, your speaking confounds me, and I know that You alone are enough for everything; and besides, everything is your own." And Jesus: "Surely I alone am enough for all; but am I not free to elect one creature and, together with Me, give her the office and make her be enough for all? And besides, what do you care if it is my own thing? Can I perhaps not give you what is mine? This is all my contentment - to give you everything; and if you do not correspond to Me and do not accept it, you make Me discontent, and all of that chain of graces I have given you to bring you to this point of calling you to this office, you render defrauded."

I entered into Jesus and did what Jesus was doing. Oh! how I could see with clarity what Jesus had told me; with Him I remained multiplied in everyone, even in the Saints. But as I returned into myself, some doubts arose within me, and Jesus added: "One act alone of my Will, even one instant, is full of creative life, and one who contains this life, in that instant, can give life to everything, preserve everything. So, from this act alone of my Will the sun receives the life of the light, the earth preservation, the creatures life. Why do you doubt, then? And besides, I have my court in Heaven and I want another court on earth. Can you guess who will form this court?"

And I: "The souls who will live in your Will." And He: "*Brava*, they are precisely the ones who, without the shadow of interest and of personal sanctity, but fully divine, will live for the good of their brothers, and will form one single echo with Heaven."

**February 20, 1919**

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<sup>5</sup> The acts of adoration.

***In each created thing God placed a relation, a channel of graces, a special love between the Supreme Majesty and the creature.***

Continuing in my usual state, I spent it together with my sweet Jesus; and He made Himself seen, now as a child, now crucified; and transforming me into Himself, He told me: “My daughter, enter into Me - into my Divinity, and run in my Eternal Will. In It you will find the creative power as though in act of issuing the machine of the entire universe. In each thing I created, I placed a relation, a channel of graces, a special love between the Supreme Majesty and the creature. But the creature would not consider these relations, these graces, this love; so, God would have suspended the Creation, not recognized and appreciated. But in seeing my Humanity, which would appreciate such a great good, and which, for each created thing, would have Its relations with the Eternal One, recognizing Him, loving Him, not only for Itself, but for the whole human family, He did not look at the wrong of the other children, and with highest contentment, He extended the heavens, dotting them with stars, knowing that those stars would be many and varied relations, innumerable graces, rivers of love, which would flow between my Humanity and the Supreme Being.

The Eternal One looked at the heavens and remained content in seeing the immense harmonies, the communications of love which He opened between Heaven and earth. Therefore, He moved forward, and with one single creative word He created the sun, as the continuous relater of His Supreme Being, endowing it with light, with heat, placing it suspended between Heaven and earth, in act of holding everything, of fecundating, warming, illuminating everything. With its searching eye of light, it seems to say to all: ‘I am the most perfect preacher of the Divine Being. Reflect yourselves in me, and you will recognize Him. He is immense light, He is endless love, He gives life to everything, He has need of nothing; no one can touch Him. Look well at me, and you will recognize Him; I am His shadow, the reflection of His majesty, His continuous relater.’

Oh! what oceans of love, of relations, opened between my Humanity and the Supreme Majesty. So, each thing you see, even the tiniest little flower of the field, was one more relation between the creature and the Creator. Therefore, it was right for Him to want a recognition for it, one more love on the part of creatures. I undertook everything; I recognized Him, and I adored the creative power for all. But my love toward such great goodness is not content; I would want other creatures to recognize, love and adore this creative power, and - as much as it is possible for creature - to take part in these relations which the Eternal One has spread through the whole world, and, in the name of all, to pay homage to this act of creation of the Eternal One.

But do you know who can pay this homage? The souls who live in my Will. In fact, as they enter into It, they find, as though in act, all the acts of the Supreme Majesty; and since this Will is present in everything and in everyone, they remain multiplied in everything, and can pay honor, glory, adoration and love for all. Therefore, come into my Will, come together with Me before the Divine Height, as the first one to pay Him homage as the Creator of everything.”

I am unable to say how, I entered into this Divine Volition, but always together with my sweet Jesus, and I could see this Supreme Majesty in act of issuing the entire Creation. Oh! God, what love. Each created thing received the imprint of love, the key of communication, the mute language to eloquently speak of God. But to whom? To the ungrateful creature. But I don’t know how to go on in saying this; my little intelligence was lost in seeing the many openings of communication, the immense love that came out of them; and the creature, who rendered all these goods as though extraneous. Then, together with Jesus, as though multiplying ourselves in everyone, we adored, thanked and recognized the creative power in the name of all; and the Eternal One received the glory of Creation. Jesus disappeared, and I returned into myself.

**February 24, 1919**

***Man, the masterpiece of the creative power.***

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, you have said nothing about the creation of man - the masterpiece of the creative power, in whom, not in sprays, but in waves, in rivers, the Eternal One poured His love, His beauty, His mastery; and taken by excess of love, He placed Himself as the center of man. But He wanted a worthy dwelling; so, what does this Uncreated Majesty do? He creates man in His image and likeness. He draws a breath from the depth of His love, and with His omnipotent breath He infuses life in him, endowing man with all His qualities, proportioned to a creature, making him a little god. So, everything you see in Creation was absolutely nothing compared to the creation of man. Oh! how many more beautiful heavens, stars, suns, He extended in the created soul; how much variety of beauty, how many harmonies. It is enough to say that He looked at man created, and He found him so beautiful as to become enamored with him. And jealous of this portent of His, He Himself made Himself the custodian and possessor of man, and said: ‘I have created everything for you; I give you dominion over everything – everything is yours; and you will be all mine.’”

You will not be able to comprehend everything - the seas of love, the intimate and direct relations, the likeness that runs between Creator and creature. Ah! daughter of my Heart, if the creature knew how beautiful her soul is, how many divine qualities it contains, and how, among all created things, it surpasses everything in beauty, in power, in light – so much so, that it can be said that it is a little god, and a little world which contains everything within itself – oh! how much more would she esteem herself, and would not dirty with the slightest sin a beauty so rare, so portentous a prodigy of the creative power. But the creature, almost blind in knowing herself, and much more blind in knowing her Creator, keeps dirtying herself among a thousand filthy things, to the point of disfiguring the work of the Creator; so much so, that she can barely be recognized. Think, you yourself, of what Our sorrow is. Therefore, come into my Will, and together with Me come to substitute for our brothers before the throne of the Eternal One - for all the acts which they should do for having been created as a prodigy of love of His omnipotence; and yet, they are so ungrateful.”

In one instant we found ourselves before this Supreme Majesty, and in the name of all we expressed our love, the thanksgiving, the adoration, for having created us with such great excess of love, and endowed us with so many beautiful qualities.

**February 27, 1919**

***In the Divine Will there is no hindrance for the love of God.***

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus, in coming, almost always calls me into His Will to repair or to substitute for the acts of creatures in a divine manner. Now, on coming, He told me: “My daughter, what stench emanates from the earth. I can find no place for Myself; and because of the stench, I am forced to flee from the earth. You, however, can make for Me some sweet-smelling air that might be suitable for Me. And do you know how? By doing what you do in my Will. As you do your acts, you will form for Me a divine air; and I will come to breathe it, and will find a point of the earth for Me. And since my Will circulates everywhere, everywhere will I feel the air that you will make for Me, and it will break for Me the bad air that the earth sends Me.”

After a little while, He came back and added: “My daughter, how much darkness. It is such that the earth seems covered with a black mantle, to the point that they can no longer see – they have either become blind, or have no light in order to see; and I want not only divine air for Me, but also light. Therefore, let your acts be continuous in my Will, so you will make not only air for your Jesus, but also light. You will be my reflector, my reverberation, the reflection of my love and of my very

light. Even more, I tell you that as you do your acts in my Volition, you will erect tabernacles. Not only this; as you keep forming thoughts, desires, words, reparations, acts of love, many hosts will be unleashed from you, because they are consecrated by my Will.

Oh! what a free outpouring my love will have. I will have free field in everything - no more hindrance; as many tabernacles as I want, so many will I have. The hosts will be innumerable; at each instant we will communicate each other, together; and I too will cry out: 'Freedom! Freedom! Come all into my Will, and you will enjoy true freedom!' Outside of my Will, how many hindrances does the soul not find; but in my Will she is free. I leave her free to love Me as she wants; even more, I tell her: 'Lay down your human guises - take the divine. I am not stingy and jealous of my goods; I want you to take everything. Love Me immensely; take - take all my love, make it your own; my power, my beauty - make it your own. The more you take, the happier your Jesus will be.' The earth forms few tabernacles for Me; the hosts are almost numbered. And then, the sacrileges, the irreverences that they do to Me - oh! how offended and hindered is my love. In my Will, instead, no hindrance - there is not a shadow of offense; and the creature gives Me love, divine reparations and complete correspondence; and she substitutes together with Me for all the evils of the human family. Be attentive, and do not move from the point at which I call you and want you."

**March 3, 1919**

***The terrestrial Eden and the divine Eden.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was all immersed in the Divine Volition; and my always lovable Jesus came and pressed me to His Heart, telling me: "You are my firstborn daughter of my Will. How dear and precious you are in my eyes. I will keep you so guarded that, if in creating man I prepared a terrestrial Eden, for you I have prepared a divine Eden. If in the terrestrial Eden the union between the first ancestors was human, and I gave them to enjoy the most beautiful delights of the earth, while they enjoyed Me at intervals - in the divine Eden the union is divine. I will make you enjoy the most beautiful celestial delights, and you will enjoy Me as much as you want; even more, I will be your life, and we will share together the contentments, the joys, the sweetnesses and, if needed, also the pains. The enemy had access to the terrestrial Eden, and the first sin was committed; in the divine Eden entrance is precluded to the devil, to passions and to weaknesses. Even more, he does not want to enter, knowing that my Will would burn him more than the very fire of hell; and upon merely feeling the sensation of It, he flees; and you will give start to the first acts in the divine manner, which are immense, eternal, infinite, and embrace everything and everyone."

And I, interrupting the speaking of Jesus, said: 'Jesus, my Love, the more You speak about this Divine Will, the more I am confounded and I fear, and I feel such annihilation that I feel myself being destroyed, and therefore unable to correspond to your designs.' And He, all goodness, added: "It is my Will that destroys the human in you; and instead of fearing, you should fling yourself into the immensity of my Will. My designs upon you are high, noble and divine; the very work of Creation - oh! how It remains behind this work of calling you to live in the Divine Will so as to live in It, not human life, but divine life. It is a stronger outpouring of my love; it is my love constrained by creatures, such that, unable to contain it any longer, I pour it in torrents toward one who loves Me. And in order to be sure that my love be not rejected and maltreated, I call you into my Will, so that neither you nor what is mine may remain without its full effect, and in full defense. My daughter, do not sadden with your fears the work of your Jesus, and continue the flight there where I call you."

**March 6, 1919**

***Different steps that Jesus takes in the soul to make her live in the Divine Will.***

I was all concerned about what my sweet Jesus keeps telling me on the Divine Volition, and I said to myself: ‘How is it possible that the soul can reach such extent, and live more in Heaven than on earth?’ And Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, that which is impossible to the creature – everything, is possible for Me. It is true that this is the greatest prodigy of my omnipotence and of my love, but when I want, I can do anything, and what seems difficult is very easy to Me. However, I want the ‘yes’ of the creature, and that she lend herself, like soft wax, to whatever I want to make of her. Even more, you must know that before calling her definitively to live in my Volition, I call her every now and then, I strip her of everything, I make her undergo a sort of judgment, because in my Will there are no judgments - things remain all confirmed with Me. Judgment is outside of my Will; but everything that enters into my Volition, who can ever dare to place under judgment? And I never judge Myself. Not only this, but many times I make her die, also corporally, and then, again, I give life back to her; and the soul lives as if she did not live; her heart is in Heaven, and to live is her greatest martyrdom. How many times have I not done this for you? These are all dispositions in order to dispose the soul to live in my Will. And then, the chains of my graces, of my repeated visits - how many have I not given you? Everything was to dispose you to the height of living in the immense sea of my Will. Therefore, do not want to investigate, but continue your flight.”

**March 9, 1919**

***The Divine Will must be center and nourishment of the soul.***

As I am in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus draws me always into His Will - what an endless abyss. So, He told me: “My daughter, take a look at how my Humanity swam in the Divine Volition, which you should imitate.” At that moment, I seemed to see a sun before my mind – however, not so small as the one which shines over our horizon, but so big as to surpass the entire surface of the earth. Even more, one could not see where its boundaries reached; and the rays it spread, forming an enchanting harmony around it, went up and down, and penetrated everywhere. In the center of this sun I could see the Humanity of Our Lord, which nourished Itself from this sun, and this sun formed the whole of Its life. It received everything from the sun, and It gave everything back to it, and, like beneficial rain, it spread over the whole human family. What an enchanting sight.

Then, my sweet Jesus added: “Have you seen how I want you? The Sun that you see is my Will, in which my Humanity resided as within Its own center. It received everything from my Will; no other food entered into Me. Not even the nourishment of one thought, of one word or breath entered into Me, which was nourished by food extraneous to my Will. It was right that I should give everything back to It. So do I want you - in the center of my Will, from which you will take the nourishment of everything. Guard yourself well from taking any other food; you would descend from your nobility, and would degrade yourself, like those queens who lower themselves to taking vile and dirty foods, unworthy of them. And as you take, you must immediately give everything back to Me. So, you will do nothing other than take and give to Me. In this way, you too will form an enchanting harmony between you and Me.”

**March 12, 1919**

***How the earth is image of one who does not live in the Divine Will.***

Continuing in my poor state, my sweet Jesus came for just a little, and clasping me all to His Most Holy Heart, told me: “My daughter, if the earth were not movable and mountainous, but fixed and all one plain, it would enjoy more the benefit of the sun. For the whole earth it would be always midday, the heat equal at all points, therefore it would produce more fruit. But because it is movable and formed of heights and of depths, it does not receive the light and the heat of the sun equally, and now one point remains in the dark, now another; other points receive little of the light of the sun.

Many lands become sterile because the mountains, with their height, prevent the light and the heat of the sun from penetrating into their depths; and how many – how many more inconveniences.

Now, my daughter, I tell you that the earth is image of one who does not live in my Will. The human acts render her movable; weaknesses, passions, defects, form the mountains, the sunken places in which dens of vices are formed. So, their movability causes darkness and cold for them; and if they enjoy a little bit of light, it is at intervals, because the mounts of their passions come up against this light. How much misery for one who does not live in my Will. On the other hand, for one who lives in my Volition, my Will renders her fixed, and levels all the mountains of the passions, in such a way as to render her all one plain; and the Sun of my Volition darts through her as It wants, and there is no receptacle in which Its light does not shine. What is the wonder if the soul becomes holier in one day lived in my Will, than in one hundred years outside of my Will?"

**March 14, 1919**

***Effects of a suffrage done in the Divine Will. Participation in the pains which the Humanity of Jesus received from the Divinity. The first soul stigmatized in the Divine Will.***

While I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I saw a late confessor of mine. A thought flashed into my mind: 'Ask about that thing which you have not told the confessor - whether you are obliged to say it and therefore write it, or not.' I asked him, telling him what the thing was, and he said to me: "Of course you are obliged." Then he added: "Once you did for me a beautiful suffrage. If you knew the good you did to me, the refreshment that I felt, the years that I paid off..." And I: 'I don't remember. Tell me what it was, and I will repeat it for you.' And he: "You immersed yourself in the Divine Volition, and took Its power, the immensity of Its love, the immense value of the pains of the Son of God and of all the divine qualities. You came over me and poured them upon me; and as you poured them, I received the bath of the love that the divine power contains, the bath of the beauty, the bath of the Blood of Jesus, and of all the divine qualities. Who can tell you the good you did to me? They were all baths which contained a divine power and immensity. Repeat it for me - repeat it for me." As he was saying this, I found myself back into myself.

Now, in order to obey, to my highest confusion and repugnance, I will say the thing that I had neglected to say and write. I remember that one day my sweet Jesus, speaking to me of His Most Holy Will and of the pains which the Divinity made His Most Holy Humanity suffer in His Will, said to me: "My daughter, since I have chosen you as the first one to live life in my Will, I want that you too take part in the pains which my Humanity received from the Divinity in my Will. Every time you enter into my Volition, you will find the pains that the Divinity gave Me - not those which the creatures gave Me, although these too were wanted by the Eternal Will; but since those were given to me by creatures, they were in a finite way. Therefore I want you in my Will, in which you will find pains in an infinite way and innumerable. You will have countless nails, multiple crowns of thorns, repeated deaths, pains without end - all similar to mine, in a divine way and immense, which will extend in an infinite way to all, past, present and future. You will be the first one who - not a limited number of times, as those who have shared in the wounds of my Humanity, but as many times as my Divinity made Me suffer - together with Me, will be the little lamb killed by the hands of my Father, to rise again and be killed again. You will remain crucified with Me by the eternal hands, to receive in you the mark of the eternal, immense and divine pains. We will present ourselves together before the throne of the Eternal One, with written on our foreheads, in indelible characters: 'We want death to give life to our brothers; we want pains to free them from the eternal pains.' Aren't you happy?"

And I: 'Jesus! Jesus! I feel too unworthy, and I believe that You are making a big mistake in choosing me, poor little one. Therefore, mind what You do.' And Jesus, interrupting my speaking,

added: “Why do you fear? Yes, yes, I minded for thirty-two years of bed in which I have kept you. I exposed you to many trials, and even to death - I calculated everything. And besides, if I am mistaken, it will be a mistake of your Jesus, which can never do harm to you, but immense good. However, know that I will have the honor, the glory, of the first soul stigmatized in my Will.”

**March 18, 1919**

***In His conception, Jesus conceived all souls, their pains and their deaths.***

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus, making Himself seen, drew me into the immensity of His Most Holy Will, in which He showed, as though in act, His conception in the womb of the Celestial Mama. Oh! God, what an abyss of love. And my sweet Jesus told me: “Daughter of my Will, come to take part in the first deaths and in the pains which my little Humanity suffered from my Divinity in the act of my conception. As I was conceived, I conceived all souls, past, present and future, together with Me, as my own Life; and I also conceived all the pains and the deaths which I was to suffer for each one of them. I had to incorporate everything within Me – souls, pains and death which each one was to suffer, so as to say to the Father: ‘My Father, You will no longer look at the creature, but only at Me; and in Me You will find all, and I will satisfy for all. As many pains as You want - I will give them to You. Do You want Me to suffer death for each one? I will suffer it. I accept everything, provided You give life to all.’ This is why a Divine Power and Will were needed in order to give Me so many deaths and so many pains, and a Divine Power and Will to make Me suffer. And since in my Will all souls and all things are in act – so, not in an abstract or intentional way, as some might think, but in reality I kept all within Me, identified with Me, they formed my very Life – in reality I died for each one and I suffered the pains of all. It is true that in this concurred a miracle of my omnipotence, the prodigy of my immense Volition; without my Will, my Humanity could not have found and embraced all souls, nor could It die so many times. So, my little Humanity, as It was conceived, began to suffer alternations of pains and deaths, and all souls swam within Me as if inside an immense sea, forming the members of my members, the blood of my Blood, the heart of my Heart. How many times my Mama, taking the first place in my Humanity, felt my pains and my deaths, and died together with Me. How sweet it was for Me to find in the love of my Mama the echo of mine. These are profound mysteries, in which the human intellect, not comprehending well, seems to get lost. Therefore, come into my Will, and take part in the deaths and in the pains which I suffered as soon as my conception was accomplished. From this you will be able to better comprehend what I tell you.”

I am unable to say how, I found myself in the womb of my Queen Mama, where I could see the Infant Jesus, so very little. But, though tiny, He contained everything. A dart of light flashed from His Heart into mine, and as it would penetrate into me, I felt myself being given death; and as it would come out, life came back to me. Each touch of that dart produced a most sharp pain, such that I felt myself being undone, and dying, in reality. And then, with its same touch, I felt myself coming to life again. But I don’t have the right words to express myself, and therefore I stop here.

**March 20, 1919**

***The deaths and the pains which the Divinity made the Humanity of Jesus suffer for each soul were not just the intention, but they were real.***

I felt my poor mind immersed in the pains of my lovable Jesus; and since I had been told that it seemed impossible that Jesus could suffer so many deaths and so many pains for each one, as it is said above, my Jesus told me: “My daughter, my Will contains the power of everything. It was enough that my Will just wanted it, for it to happen. And if it were not so, then my Will would have a limit in Its power, while I am without limits and infinite in all my things, and it is because of this

that whatever I want, I do. Ah! how little I am understood by creatures, and therefore I am not loved. You, then, come into my Humanity, and I will let you see and touch with your hand what I have told you.”

At that moment I found myself in Jesus, from whom the Divinity and the Eternal Volition were inseparable. And this Volition, by just wanting it, created repeated deaths, innumerable pains, blows without scourges, sharpest pricks without thorns, with such an ease, just as when, with one ‘Fiat’, It created billions of stars. It did not take as many Fiats for as many stars as It created - one alone was enough. Yet, in spite of this, not just one star came out to the light and the others remained in the Divine Mind, or in the intention - but all of them, in reality, came out, and each one had its own light to adorn our atmosphere. In the same way, it seemed that, in the Heaven of the Most Holy Humanity of Our Lord, with Its creative ‘Fiat’ the Divine Volition created life and death as many times as It wanted.

So, finding myself in Jesus, I found myself at that point when Jesus suffered the scourging from the divine hands. By the Eternal Will’s mere wanting so, without blows, without lashes, the flesh of the Humanity of Jesus would fall off in pieces; deep furrows were formed, but in such a harrowing way, in His deepest interior. The obedience of Jesus to that Divine Volition was such that His Humanity would melt by Itself, but in such a painful way, that it can be said that the scourging which the Jews gave Him was the image or the shadow of that which He suffered on the part of the Eternal Volition. And then, by the Divine Volition’s mere wanting so, His Humanity would compose Itself. So it happened when He suffered deaths for each creature, and all the rest. I took part in these pains of Jesus, and – oh! how vividly I comprehended that the Divine Volition can make us die as many times as It wants, and then give us life again.

Oh! God, these are unutterable things, excesses of love, profound mysteries, almost inconceivable to created mind. I felt incapable of coming back to life, to the use of senses, to motion, after suffering those pains; and my blessed Jesus told me: “Daughter of my Will, my Will gave you pains, and my Will gives back to you life, motion and everything. I will call you often into my Divinity to take part in the many deaths and pains which, in reality, I suffered for each soul – not as some believe, that it was only in my Will, or that I only intended to give life to each one. False! false! They do not know the prodigy, the love and the power of my Will. You, who have somehow known the reality of the many deaths suffered for all, do not put it in doubt, but love Me and be grateful to Me for all, and be ready when my Will calls you.”

**March 22, 1919**

*All things came out to life from the Eternal Fiat. Excesses of love in the creation of man.*

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I could see all the order of created things. And my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, see what harmony, what order in all created things, and how all of them came out to life from the Eternal Fiat. So, everything cost Me one Fiat. The littlest star just as the refulgent and splendid sun, the littlest plant just as the great tree, the small insect just as the largest animal - they seem to say among themselves: ‘We are noble creatures, our origin is the Eternal Volition; we all have the mark of the Supreme Fiat. It is true that we are distinct and different among ourselves; we have diversity of office, of light, of heat; but this says nothing. One is our value - the Fiat of a God. One our life and preservation - the Fiat of the Eternal Majesty.’ Oh! how eloquently Creation speaks of the power of my Will, and teaches that from the greatest thing to the smallest, one is the value, because they have life from the Divine Volition. In fact, a star would say to the sun: ‘It is true that you have much light and heat - your office is great, your goods immense. The earth almost depends on you, so much so, that I do nothing

in comparison to you. But the Fiat of a God made you so; therefore our value is equal, the glory that we give to our Creator is fully similar'."

Then He added with a more afflicted tone: "It was not so in creating man. It is true that his origin is my Fiat, but this was not enough for Me. Taken by excess of love, I breathed on him, wanting to infuse in him my very Life; I endowed him with reason, I made him free, and I constituted him king of all Creation. But man, ungrateful - how did he correspond to Me? Amid all Creation, he alone has rendered himself the sorrow of my Heart, the clashing note. And then, what to tell you about my crafting in the sanctification of souls? Not just one Fiat, not just my breath do I place at their disposal, but my very Life, my love, my wisdom. Yet, how many rejections, how many defeats does my love receive. Ah! my daughter, compassionate my hard sorrow, and come into My Will to substitute for the love of the whole human family, so as to soothe my pierced Heart."

**April 7, 1919**

***Effects of the Divine Will. Threats of chastisements.***

Continuing in my usual state, my sweet Jesus came all tired, in act of asking for my help; and leaning His Heart upon mine, He made me feel His pains. Each pain that I felt was capable of giving me death, but Jesus, sustaining me, gave me the strength not to die. Then, looking at me, He told me: "My daughter, patience. In certain days, more than ever, your pains are necessary to Me, so that the world may not turn all into one flame. Therefore, I want to make you suffer more." And with a lance that He had in His hand, He ripped my heart open. I suffered very much, but I felt happy, thinking that Jesus was sharing His pains with Me, and pouring Himself out with me He could spare the peoples the imminent and terrible scourges that will break out. Then, after some hours of intense pains, my lovable Jesus told me: "My beloved daughter, you suffer very much. Come then, into my Will to take refreshment, and let us pray together for poor humanity."

I don't know how, I found myself in the immensity of the Divine Volition, in the arms of Jesus; and He, as though in a low voice, was speaking, and I repeated after Him. I will give some idea of what He was saying, because it is impossible for me to say everything. I remember that in the Will of Jesus I could see all the thoughts of Jesus, all the good He had done to us with His intelligence, and how all human intelligences received life from His mind. But, oh! God, what an abuse they made - how many offenses. And I said: 'Jesus, I multiply my thoughts in your Will, to give to each one of your thoughts a kiss of a divine thought, an adoration, a recognition of You, a reparation, a love of divine thoughts, as if another Jesus were doing it. And this, in the name of all and for all the human thoughts, past, present and future; and I intend to compensate even for the intelligences of lost souls. I want that the glory of all creatures be complete, and that no one miss the roll-call; and what they do not do, I do in your Will, to give You divine and complete glory.'

Then, looking at me, Jesus was waiting, as if He wanted a reparation to His eyes. And I said: 'Jesus, I multiply myself in your gazes, so that I too may have as many gazes for as many times as You have gazed upon the creature with love; in your tears, so that I too may cry for all the sins of creatures, to be able to give You, in the name of all, gazes of divine love and divine tears, to give You complete glory and reparation for all the gazes of all creatures.'

Then, Jesus wanted me to continue the reparations to everything - to His mouth, to His Heart, to His desires, etc., multiplying everything in His Will, such that it would be too long for me to say everything, therefore I move forward. Then Jesus added: "My daughter, as you were doing the acts in my Will, many suns were formed between Heaven and earth; and I look at the earth through these suns, otherwise the earth would be so disgusting to Me that I would not be able to look at it. But the

earth receives little of these suns, because the darkness that they<sup>6</sup> spread is such that, as it comes up against these suns, they can receive neither all the light, nor the heat.”

Afterwards, He transported me into the midst of creatures. But who can say what they were doing? I will only say that my Jesus, with sorrowful tone, added: “What disorder in the world. But this disorder is because of the leaders, both civilian and ecclesiastical. Their self-interested and corrupted lives did not have the strength to correct their subjects, therefore they closed their eyes over the evils of the members, since they already showed their own evils; and if they did correct them, it was all in a superficial way, because, not having the life of that good within themselves, how could they infuse it in others? And how many times these perverted leaders have placed the evil before the good, to the point that the few good have remained shaken by this acting of the leaders. Therefore, I will have the leaders struck in a special way.”

And I: ‘Jesus, spare the leaders of the Church - they are already few. If You strike them, the rulers will be lacking.’ And Jesus: “Don’t you remember that I founded my Church with twelve Apostles? In the same way, those few who will remain will be enough to reform the world. The enemy is already at their doors; the revolutions are already in the field; the nations will swim in blood, the leaders will be dispersed. Pray, pray and suffer, so that the enemy may not have the freedom to reduce everything to ruin.”

**April 15, 1919**

***Major things are done after minor ones, and are the fulfillment and crowning of those. The resurrected Humanity of Jesus, symbol of those who will live in the Divine Will.***

I was fusing myself in the Holy Will of my always lovable Jesus, and together with my Jesus, my intelligence was wandering in the work of Creation, adoring and thanking the Supreme Majesty for everything and for everyone. And my Jesus, all affability, told me: “My daughter, in creating the heavens, first I created the stars as minor spheres, and then I created the sun, major sphere, endowing it with such light as to eclipse all the stars, as though hiding them within itself, constituting it king of the stars and of all nature. It is my usual way to do minor things first, as preparation for major ones, and these, as crowning of the minor things. The sun, while being my relater, also veils the souls who will form their sanctity in my Will; the Saints who lived in the mirror of my Humanity and as though in the shadow of my Will, will be the stars; the former souls, though later in time, will be the suns.

I maintained this order also in Redemption. My birth was without clamor; on the contrary, it was neglected; my childhood was without splendor of great things before men; my life in Nazareth was so hidden that I lived as if ignored by all; I adapted Myself to do the littlest and most common things of the human life. During my public life there were a few things that were great; but, still, who knew my Divinity? No one, not even all the Apostles. I passed through the crowds like any other man; so much so, that anyone could come close to Me, talk to Me, and if needed, even despise Me.” And I, interrupting the speaking of Jesus, said: ‘Jesus, my Love, how happy those times were, and happier those people who, by just wanting it, could come close to You, talk to You, and be with You.’ And Jesus: “Ah! my daughter, only my Will brings true happiness. It alone encloses all goods in the soul, and making Itself crown around the soul, It constitutes her queen of true happiness. Only these souls will be the queens of my throne, because they are a birth from my Will. This is so true, that those people were not happy; many saw Me, but did not know Me, because my Will did not reside within them as center of life. Therefore, even if they saw Me, they remained unhappy; and only those who received the good of receiving the seed of my Will in their hearts disposed themselves to receive the good of seeing Me resurrected.

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<sup>6</sup> Creatures.

Now, the portent of my Redemption was the Resurrection, which, more than refulgent sun, crowned my Humanity, making even my littlest acts shine, with such splendor and marvel as to make Heaven and earth to be astonished; It will be the beginning, the foundation and the fulfillment of all goods - crown and glory of all the Blessed. My Resurrection is the true Sun, which worthily glorifies my Humanity; It is the Sun of the Catholic Religion; It is the glory of every Christian. Without the Resurrection, it would have been as though heavens without sun, without heat and without life.

Now, my Resurrection is symbol of the souls who will form their sanctity in my Will. The Saints of these past centuries are symbols of my Humanity; although resigned, they did not have continuous attitude in my Will, therefore they did not receive the mark of the Sun of my Resurrection, but the mark of the works of my Humanity before my Resurrection. Therefore, they will be many; almost like stars, they will form for Me a beautiful ornament to the Heaven of my Humanity. But the Saints of the living in my Will, who will symbolize my resurrected Humanity, will be few. In fact, many throngs and crowds of people saw my Humanity before Its death, but few saw my resurrected Humanity - only the believers, those who were most disposed and, I could say, only those who contained the seed of my Will. In fact, if they did not have it, they would have lacked the necessary sight to be able to see my resurrected and glorious Humanity, and therefore be spectators of my ascent into Heaven.

Now, if my Resurrection symbolizes the Saints of the living in my Will - and this, with reason, because each act, word, step, etc. done in my Will is a divine resurrection that the soul receives; it is a mark of glory that she undergoes; it is to go out of herself in order to enter the Divinity, and to hide within the refulgent Sun of my Volition; and in It she loves, works, thinks - what is the wonder if the soul remains fully risen and identified with the very Sun of my glory, and symbolizes my resurrected Humanity? But few are those who dispose themselves to this, because souls, even in sanctity, want something of their own good; while the Sanctity of living in my Will has nothing - nothing of its own, but everything is of God; and in order for souls to dispose themselves to this, to stripping themselves of their own goods, it takes too much. Therefore, they will not be many. You are not in the number of the many, but of the few; therefore be always attentive to the call, and to your continuous flight.”

**April 19, 1919**

***Jesus did for each soul everything that they were obliged to do toward their Creator.***

Continuing in my usual state, I felt all afflicted, and my always lovable Jesus, on coming, clasped me, and surrounding my neck with His arm, told me: “My daughter, what’s wrong? Your affliction weighs upon my Heart and pierces Me more than my own pains. Poor daughter, you have compassionated Me many times, and have taken my pains upon yourself; now I want to compassionate you and take your pain Myself.” And He clasped me all to His Heart, and drawing me outside of myself, He added: “Cheer up, my daughter; come into my Will to be able to better comprehend and see what my Humanity did for the good of creatures.”

I don’t know how to say what I comprehended; in many things I lack the words. I will just say what my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, my Humanity was the sole organ which reordered the harmony between Creator and creature. I did for each soul all that they were obliged to do toward their Creator, not excluding even the very lost souls, because for all created things I was to give to the Father complete glory, love and satisfaction. With this difference only: that for the souls who somehow fulfill their duties toward the Creator - as almost no one arrives at satisfying them all - their glory unites to mine, and everything they do remains as though grafted in mine; while the lost ones remain as though parched members which, lacking the vital humors, are not fit for receiving any graft of the good I have done for them, but are only fit for burning in the eternal fire. So, my Humanity

restored the lost harmony between creatures and Creator, and sealed it at the price of blood and unheard-of pains.”

**May 4, 1919**

***Jesus has His throne on earth in one who lives in His Will.***

I live amid privations and bitternesses; only the Will of my Jesus is my sole strength and life. So, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen in my interior for a little while, all afflicted and pensive, sustaining His forehead with His own hand. In seeing Him so afflicted, I said to Him: ‘Jesus, what’s wrong - so afflicted and pensive?’ And He, looking at me, told me: “Ah! daughter, from within your heart I am allotting the destiny of the world. Your heart is the center of my throne upon earth; and from my center I look at the world, the madness of creatures, the precipice which they are preparing; while I am as though put aside, as if I were nothing for them. And I am forced to withdraw the light, not only of grace, but also of their very natural reason, to confound them and make them touch with their own hands who man is, and what man can do. And from within your heart I look at him, and I cry and pray for the ungrateful man; and I want you together with Me, crying and praying, and suffering for my relief and company.”

And I: ‘My poor Jesus, how much compassion I feel for You. Ah! yes, I will cry and pray together with You. But tell me, my Love, how is it possible that my heart be the center of your throne upon earth, while there are so many good souls in whom You dwell – while I am so bad?’ And He added: “In Heaven also I have the center of my throne, while I am the life of each Blessed, and by being life of each Blessed, I do not exclude that I have a throne in which all my Majesty, my Omnipotence, Immensity, Beauty, Wisdom, etc. reside as in the central point, since each Blessed cannot contain Me, not having the capacity of containing all the immensity of my Being. In the same way, on earth I have my center; while I dwell in others, I have my central point from which I decide, I command, I operate, I do good, I chastise – which I do not do in the other dwellings. And do you know why I have chosen you as the central place? Because I have chosen you to live life in my Will, and one who lives in my Will is capable of containing Me completely, as my central point, because she lives in the center of my Being and I live in the center of hers. But while I live in her center, I live as if I were in my own center. On the other hand, one who does not live in my Will cannot embrace Me completely; therefore, at the most I can dwell there, but not erect my throne. Ah! if all understood the great good of living in my Will, they would compete. But alas! how few of them understand it, and they live more in themselves than in Me.”

**May 8, 1919**

***Cause and necessity of the pains which the Divinity gave to the Humanity of Jesus. The reason why He has delayed in making them known.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about the pains of my adorable Jesus, especially those which the Divinity made the Most Holy Humanity of Our Lord suffer. Meanwhile, I felt myself being drawn inside the Heart of my Jesus, and I took part in the pains of His Most Holy Heart, which the Divinity made Him suffer during the course of His life upon earth. These pains are quite different from those which blessed Jesus suffered in the course His Passion from the hands of the Jews; they are pains which almost cannot be described. From the little I shared in them, I can say that I felt a sharp, bitter pain, accompanied by a tearing of the heart itself, such that I felt myself dying in reality; and then Jesus, almost with a prodigy of His love, gave me life again.

Then, after I suffered, my sweet Jesus told me: “Daughter of my pains, know that the pains which the Jews gave Me were the shadow of those which the Divinity gave Me. And this was just, in order to receive full satisfaction. Man, in sinning, offends the Supreme Majesty not only externally,

but also internally, and he disfigures in his interior the divine part which was infused in him when he was created. So, sin is formed first in the interior of man, and then comes outside; even more, many times what comes outside is the minimum part - the greatest remains in the interior. Now, creatures were incapable of penetrating into my interior and making Me satisfy, through pains, the glory of the Father which they had denied to Him with so many offenses of their interior. More so, since these offenses wounded the noblest part of the creature – that is, the intellect, the memory and the will - in which the divine image is imprinted. Who, then, was to take on this commitment if the creature was incapable? Therefore, it was almost necessary that the very Divinity would take on this commitment and act as my loving executioner - and, though loving, more demanding, in order to receive full satisfaction for all the sins committed in the interior of man.

The Divinity wanted the complete work and the full satisfaction of the creature, both of the interior and of the exterior. So, in the Passion which the Jews gave Me I satisfied the external glory of the Father, which creatures had taken away from Him; in the Passion which the Divinity gave Me during the whole course of my life, I satisfied the Father for all the sins of the interior of man. From this you can comprehend how the pains which I suffered from the hands of the Divinity surpassed by far the pains which creatures gave Me - even more, they almost cannot be compared, and they are less accessible to the human mind. Just as there is great difference between the interior and the exterior of man, much greater is the difference between the pains which the Divinity inflicted upon Me and those which creatures gave Me on the last day of my life. The first ones were cruel tearings, superhuman pains, capable of giving Me death – and repeated deaths in my inmost parts, of both soul and body; not even a fiber was spared Me. The second were bitter pains, but not tearings capable of giving Me death at each pain. But the Divinity had the power and the Will to do so.

Ah! how much man costs Me. But man, ungrateful, does not care about Me, and does not try to comprehend how much I have loved him and suffered for him; so much so, that he has not even come to understand all that I suffered in the Passion that creatures gave Me. And if they do not understand the lesser, how can they understand the greater, which I suffered for them? This is why I delay in revealing the innumerable and unheard-of pains which the Divinity gave Me because of them. But my love wants outpouring and requital of love, therefore I call you in the immensity and height of my Will, where all these pains are in act. And not only do you take part in them, but in the name of the whole human family you honor them and give them requital of love; and together with Me, you substitute for all that creatures owe, but, to my highest sorrow and to greatest harm for themselves, they do not give it a thought.”

**May 10, 1919**

***For as long as the Divine Will lasts in the soul, so does the Divine Life last within her.***

I was very afflicted and almost worried about my poor state; and Jesus, wanting to distract me from thinking about myself, told me: “My daughter, what are you doing? The thought of yourself makes you go out of my Will. And don’t you know that for as long as my Will lasts in you, so does the Divine Life last within you, and that as soon as my Will ceases, so does the Divine Life cease and you take back your human life? Beautiful exchange you make! The same happens with obedience; for as long as the obedience lasts, so does the life of the one who commanded last in the one who obeys; as soon as obedience ceases, so does one take back one’s own life.”

Then, as though sighing, He added: “Ah! you do not know the ruin the world will fall into; and everything that has happened until now can be called a game, compared to the chastisements that will come. I do not let you see them all so as not to oppress you too much; and I, in seeing the obstinacy of man, remain as though hidden within you. And you, pray together with Me, and do not want to think about yourself.”

**May 16, 1919**

***Effects of the acts done in the Divine Will. The sun is an image of these acts.***

I was thinking: ‘How can it be that one act alone, done in the Divine Will, multiplies into so many as to do good to all?’ At that moment, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior, and with a light that He sent to my mind, told me: “My daughter, an image of this you will find in the sun. One is the sun, one the heat, one the light; yet, this sun multiplies in everyone, giving to each one its light and its heat according to the various circumstances. For man, it is the light of every eye, of every action, of every step; and if the creature varies the action or the way, the light follows her, though one is the sun. The sun multiplies in all nature, giving to each thing its different effects. At its rising, it embellishes all nature, and its light, multiplying in the night frost, forms the dew, spreading upon all plants a silvery mantle, which gives such prominence and beauty to all nature, as to astonish and enchant the human gaze; so much so, that man, with all his industriousness, is incapable of forming one single drop of dew. Go further on: to the flowers it gives color and fragrance - and not one color only, but to each one its own distinct color and fragrance. To the fruits, instead, with its light and heat, it gives sweetness and maturation - and diversity of sweetness to each fruit, though one is the sun. It fecundates and makes other plants grow; so, all nature receives life from the sun, and each thing has the distinct effect that befits it.

Now, if the sun does this because it is up high, and makes itself life of all Creation which lives down below, though the sun is one, much more so for the acts done in my Will, as the soul rises in Me and operates in the height of my Will; and, more than sun, they place themselves as guards of all creatures in order to give them life. Although the act is one, like sun it darts over all creatures, and some it embellishes, for some it fecundates grace, for some it melts the cold, for some it softens the heart, for some it dispels the darkness, for some it purifies and burns, giving to each one the different effects that are needed, according to the greater or lesser dispositions of each one. And this happens also in the sun that shines over your horizon. If the ground is sterile, the sun gives little development to the plants; if the seed of the flower is not there, the sun, with all its light and heat, does not make it sprout; if man does not want to activate himself in operating, the sun makes him earn nothing. So, the sun produces goods in the Creation according to the fecundity of the grounds and to the attitude of man. In the same way, these acts done in my Will, though they run for the good of all, act according to the dispositions of each one, and according to the attitude of the soul who lives in my Volition. So, each additional act done in my Will is one more sun that shines over all creatures.”

Then, afterwards, I tried to fuse myself in my Jesus, in His Will, multiplying my thoughts in His, in order to repair and substitute for all created intelligences, past, present and future. And from the heart, I said to my Jesus: ‘How I wish to give You, with my mind, all the glory, the honor, the reparation for the whole human family, even for the very lost souls, who have not given them to You with their own intelligence.’ And He, as though pleased, kissed me on my forehead, saying to me: “And I, with my kiss, seal all your thoughts with mine, that I may always find in you all created minds and, in their name, receive continuous glory, honor and reparation.”

**May 22, 1919**

***In the Era of the living in the Divine Will, souls will complete the glory on the part of Creation.***

Continuing in my usual state, my little mind was wandering in the Holy Will of God and, I don't know how, I comprehended how the creature does not render to God the glory which she is obliged to give; and I felt embittered. And my sweet Jesus, wanting to instruct me and console me, through intellectual light, told me: “My daughter, all of my works are complete; so, the glory that the creature must give Me will be complete; and the last day will not come if the whole Creation does not

give Me the honor and the glory wanted and established by Me. And what some do not give Me, I take from others; in these I double the graces which others reject from Me, and from these I receive double love and glory. To others, according to their dispositions, I reach the point of giving graces which I would give to ten; to others, those which I would give to a hundred; to others, those which I would give to a thousand; and sometimes I give graces which I would give to cities, to provinces, and even to entire kingdoms. And these love Me and give Me glory for ten, for a hundred, for a thousand, etc. In this way my glory is completed on the part of Creation. And when I see that the creature cannot reach in spite of her good will, I draw her into my Will, in which she finds the virtue of multiplying one single act for as many as she wants; and she gives Me glory, honor, love, which others do not give Me.

This is why I am preparing the Era of the living in my Will, so that, for what they have not done in the past generations, and will not do, in this Era of my Will they will complete the love, the glory, the honor of the whole Creation, as I give them astounding and unheard-of graces. And this is why I call you to live in my Will, and I whisper in your ear: ‘Jesus, I lay at your feet the adoration, the subjection of the whole human family; I place in your Heart the *‘I love You’* of all; upon your lips I impress my kiss in order to seal the kiss of all generations; with my arms I clasp You, to clasp You with the arms of all, to bring You the glory of all the works of creatures.’ And I feel in you the adoration, the *‘I love You’*, the kiss, etc. of the whole human family. How could I not give to you the love, the kisses, the graces, which I should give to others?

Now, know, my daughter, that what the creature does on earth is the capital that she makes for Heaven. So, if she has done little, she will have little; if much, she will have much. If one has loved Me and glorified Me for ten, she will receive ten more contentments, corresponding to as much glory, and will be loved by Me ten times more. If another has loved Me and glorified Me for a hundred and for a thousand, she will have contentments, love and glory for a hundred and for a thousand. In this way I will give to Creation what I have decided to give, and Creation will give Me what I must receive from them – and my glory will be completed in everything.”

**May 24, 1919**

***The soul in whom Jesus dwells feels what the world sends to Him: hardness, darkness, sins, etc.***

I was feeling very oppressed and afflicted because of the privation of my sweet Jesus, and I was saying to Him with all my heart: ‘Come, my Life; without You I feel myself dying - and not so as to die, but only to always die. Come, I can take no more, I can take no more.’ My sweet Jesus moved in my interior, and I felt Him kissing my heart strongly. And then, unveiling Himself, He told me: “My daughter, I felt an irresistible need to pour Myself out with you in love.” And I, immediately: ‘Jesus, how much You make me suffer - the privation of You kills me. All other pains would be nothing for me, or rather, smiles and kisses of yours; but your privation is death without pity. Ah, Jesus! Jesus! how You have changed.’ And He, interrupting my speaking, told me: “Daughter of my love, you do not want to persuade yourself that I look at the world through you; and since I dwell in you, you are forced to feel what the world sends Me - hardness, darkness, sins, fury of my Justice, etc. So, instead of thinking of my privation, you must think of defending Me from the evils that creatures send Me, and of breaking the fury of my Justice. In this way I will remain sheltered within you, and the creatures will be struck less.”

**June 4, 1919**

***In order for Redemption to be complete, Jesus was to suffer injustice, hatred, mockeries; and since the Divinity was incapable of giving Him these pains, this is why He suffered the Passion on the part of creatures on the last of His mortal days.***

I was thinking about the Passion of my always lovable Jesus, especially when He found Himself under the storm of the scourges; and I thought to myself: ‘When did Jesus suffer more – in the pains which the Divinity had made Him suffer during the whole course of His Life, or on the last day on the part of the Jews?’ And my sweet Jesus, with a light that He sent to my intellect, told me: “My daughter, the pains which the Divinity gave Me surpass by far those which creatures gave Me, both in power and in intensity and multiplicity and length of time. However, there was no injustice or hatred, but highest love and accord on the part of all Three Divine Persons in the commitment which I had taken upon Myself to save souls at the cost of suffering as many deaths for as many creatures as would come out to the light of Creation, and which the Father had granted to Me with highest love.

Neither injustice nor hatred exist in the Divinity, nor can exist; therefore It was incapable of making Me suffer these pains. But man, with sin, had committed highest injustice, hatred, etc.; and I, in order to glorify the Father completely, was to suffer injustice, hatred, mockeries, etc. This is why, on the last of my mortal days, I suffered the Passion on the part of creatures, in which the injustices, the hatreds, the mockeries, the revenges, the humiliations that they used against Me were so many as to render my poor Humanity the opprobrium of all, to the point that I did not look like a man. They disfigured Me so much that they themselves were horrified in looking at Me. I was the abject and the refuse of all. So, I could call them two distinct Passions. The creatures could not give Me as many deaths or as many pains for as many creatures and sins as would be committed by them - they were incapable of it. Therefore the Divinity took on this commitment, but with highest love and accord on both sides. On the other hand, the Divinity was incapable of injustice, etc., and so creatures took over, and I completed the work of Redemption in everything. How much souls cost Me - and this is why I love them so much.”

Another day, I was thinking to myself: ‘My beloved Jesus has told me so much; and I - have I been attentive to do what He has taught me? Oh! how I lack in contenting Him; how incapable I feel of everything. So, His many teachings will be my condemnation.’ And my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, why do you afflict yourself? The teachings of your Jesus will never serve to condemn you. Even if you did only once what I have taught you, it is always a star that you place in the heaven of your soul. In fact, just as I extended a heaven over the human nature and my Fiat studded it with stars, so have I extended a heaven in the depth of the soul; and the Fiat of the good that she does - because every good is the fruit of my Will - comes to embellish this heaven with stars. So, if she does ten goods, she places in it ten stars; if a thousand goods, one thousand stars. So, think rather of repeating my teachings as much as you can, in order to stud with stars the heaven of your soul, so that the heaven of your soul may not be inferior to the heaven that shines over your horizon; and each star will carry the mark of the teaching of your Jesus. How much honor you will give Me.”

**June 16, 1919**

***There is no sanctity without the cross. No virtue is acquired without union with pains.***

I was thinking in my interior: ‘Where are the pains that my sweet Jesus had told me He would let me take part in - while I am suffering almost nothing?’ And my always lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, how you deceive yourself; you calculate the corporal pains, and I calculate the corporal and moral pains. Every time you have been without Me, it was a death that you felt, and I felt Myself repaired for the many deaths that creatures give themselves with sin, and you took part in the many deaths that I suffered. When you felt cold, it was another little death you felt, and you came to take part in the coldness of creatures, who would want to cool down my love. But my love, triumphing of their coldness, absorbs it in Me, to feel the death of their coldness; and I give to them more ardent love. The same with all your other pains: they were the evils opposite to those of

creatures, which, like many little deaths, made you take part in my deaths. And then, don't you know that my Justice, when It is forced by the wickedness of the peoples to pour new scourges, suspends your pains? The evils will be so grave as to be horrifying. I know that this is a pain for you, but I too had this pain; I would have wanted to free creatures from all pains, both in time and in eternity, but this was not granted to Me by the Wisdom of the Father, and I had to resign Myself. Would you perhaps want to surpass my very Humanity? Ah! daughter, no kind of sanctity is without cross; no virtue is acquired without union with pains. Know, however, that I will repay you at usury for all my privations, and for the very pains which you would want to suffer, and do not suffer."

**June 27, 1919**

*The Heart of Jesus, spring of glory and of graces.*

Continuing in my usual state, my lovable Jesus made me see His Most Holy Heart, saying to me: "My daughter, for as many virtues as my Heart practiced, so many springs were formed in It. And as they formed, so did innumerable rivulets gush forth, which, spurting up unto Heaven, worthily glorified the Father in the name of all; and these rivulets, from Heaven, fell down again for the good of all creatures. Now, as creatures also practice the virtues, little springs are formed in their hearts, from which their little rivulets gush forth, which cross with my rivulets, and spurting up together with mine, glorify the Celestial Father and descend for the good of all, forming such harmony between Heaven and earth, that even the Angels remain amazed at the enchanting sight. Therefore, be attentive to practice the virtues of my Heart, so as to let Me open the springs of my graces."

**July 11, 1919**

*The heavens of the soul.*

I am going through most bitter days. My lovable Jesus makes Himself seen little or not at all, or like a flash and flying past. I remember that one night He made Himself seen tired and exhausted, carrying as though a bundle of souls in His arms. And looking at me, He told me: "Ah! my daughter, the slaughter they will make will be such and so great, that only this bundle of souls that I am carrying in my arms will be saved. What madness has man reached! You, do not become disturbed; be faithful to Me during my absence, and after the storm I will repay you at usury for all my privations, redoubling for you my visits and my graces." And almost crying, He disappeared. It is needless to tell the torment of my poor heart.

Another day, almost flying over in front of me, a light remained in my mind: that blessed Jesus, just as He has stretched out the heavens over our heads, so has He stretched out a heaven within our souls; or rather, not one, but several. So, heaven is our intelligence, heaven is our gaze, heaven is the word, the action, the desire, the affection, the heart; with the difference, however, that the external heaven does not change, nor do stars increase or decrease, while the heavens of our interior are subject to changes. So, if the heaven of our mind thinks in a saintly way, as the thoughts are formed, so are stars, suns, beautiful comets, formed; and our Angel, as he sees them formed, takes them and keeps placing them in the heaven of our intelligence. And if the heaven of the mind is holy, the gaze is holy, the word, the desire, the heartbeat, are holy. So, the gazes are stars, the word is light, the desire is comet that extends, the heartbeat is sun, and each one of the senses adorns its own heaven. On the other hand, if the mind is evil, nothing beautiful is formed; rather, such darkness spreads as to darken all the other heavens. So, the gaze sends flashes of impatience, the word thunders with blasphemies, the desires cast lightnings of brutal passions, the heart unleashes from its bosom a devastating hail over the whole work of the creature. Poor heavens, how dark they are - how they arouse pity.

**August 6, 1919**

***The abandonment in God. Value of the acts done in the Divine Will.***

I go through my days most bitter. My poor heart is as though petrified by the pain of the privation of the One who forms my life, my all; and although resigned, yet I cannot do without lamenting to my sweet Jesus when, almost in flight, He either passes before me, or moves in my interior. And I remember that, during these laments, once He told me: “Abandonment in Me is the image of two torrents, each one unloading itself into the other with such impetus, that their waters blend together; and forming gigantic waves of water, they arrive at even touching Heaven, to the point that the bed of those torrents remains dry. And the roaring of those waters, their murmuring, is so sweet and harmonious, that Heaven, in seeing Itself touched by those waters, feels honored and shines with new beauty; and the Saints, in chorus, say: ‘This is the sweet sound and the harmony that enraptures, of a soul who has abandoned herself in God. How beautiful it is - how beautiful it is!’”

Another day He told me: “What do you fear? Abandon yourself in Me, and you will remain surrounded by Me as though within a circle, in such a way that if enemies, occasions or dangers come, they will have to deal with Me, not with you; and I will answer for you. True abandonment in Me is rest for the soul and work for Me; and if the soul is restless, it means that she is not abandoned in Me - a just pain restlessness is, for one who wants to live of her own, doing great wrong to Me, and great harm to herself.”

Another day I was lamenting even more strongly; and my lovable Jesus, all goodness, told me: “My daughter, calm yourself; this state of yours is the void which is being formed upon the second preparation of the new chastisements that will come. Read well into what I made you write, and you will find that not all the chastisements have yet occurred. How many more cities will be destroyed; the nations will continue to draw up, each one against the other. And Italy? The nations which are friends to her will become her fiercest enemies. Therefore, patience, my daughter; when everything is prepared to call man back, I will come to you as before, and we will pray and cry together for ungrateful man. You, however, never go out of my Will, for since my Volition is Eternal, what is done in my Will acquires an eternal, immense, infinite value; it is like currency that arises and never runs out. The littlest acts done in my Will remain written with indelible characters: ‘We are eternal acts, because an Eternal Will animated us, formed us and performed us.’ It happens as to a vase of clay into which liquid gold is poured, and the goldsmith, from that liquefied gold, forms objects of gold. Is it perhaps that, because that gold has been liquefied in the vase of clay, it is said it is not gold? Certainly not. Gold is always gold, in whatever vase it might be liquefied. Now, the vase of clay is the soul, my Will is the gold, the act of the creature, of operating in my Will, combines my Will with hers, and they liquefy together; and from that liquid, I, Divine Goldsmith, form the acts of eternal gold, in such a way that I can say that they are mine, and the soul can say that they are hers.”

**September 3, 1919**

***Fusing oneself in Jesus balances the reparations.***

I was lamenting to my sweet Jesus about my poor state, and how I have remained like a useless being who does no good. So, what is the purpose of my life? And my lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, the purpose of your life is known to Me, and it is not up to you to investigate it. Know, however, that your mere fusing yourself in Me every day, and several times a day, serves to maintain the balance of all the reparations, because only one who enters into Me and takes from Me the origin of everything she does, can balance the reparations of everyone and of everything. She can balance the glory of the Father on the part of creatures, because, since in Me there is an eternal origin,

an Eternal Will, I was able to balance everything: satisfaction, reparation and complete glory of the Celestial Father on the part of all.

So, as you enter into Me, you come to renew the balance of all the reparations and of the glory of the Eternal Majesty. And do you think this is little? Don't you yourself feel that you cannot do without it, and that I do not leave you if, before, I do not see you fuse yourself in all my single parts, to receive from you the balance of all the reparations, as you substitute in the name of the whole human family? Try, as much as you can, to repair Me for everything. If you knew how much good the world receives when a soul, without a shadow of personal interest, but only for love of Me, rises between Heaven and earth and, united with Me, balances the reparations of all!"

### **September 13, 1919**

#### ***One must die to one's own life in order to live of the Life of Jesus.***

My bitternesses grow, and I do nothing but lament to my always lovable Jesus, saying to Him: 'Pity, my Love, pity! Don't you see how I have reduced myself? I feel I have no more life, nor desires, affections or love; all of my interior is as though dead. Ah! Jesus, where in me is the fruit of your many teachings?' While I was saying this, I felt my sweet Jesus near me, binding me over and over with strong chains; and He told me: "My daughter, the surest sign and the seal of my teachings in you is that you feel nothing of your own. And besides, isn't the living in my Will precisely this - to lose oneself in Me? How can you go searching for your desires, affections and other things, if you have lost them in my Will? My Will is immense, and it takes too much to find them. And in order to live in Me, it is befitting to live no longer of one's own life; otherwise you show that you are not happy to live of my Life, and completely lost in Me."

### **September 26, 1919**

#### ***Effects of the state of victim.***

I do nothing but lament to my lovable Jesus; and blessed Jesus, making Himself heard, told me: "My daughter, one who is victim must be exposed to receiving all the blows of Divine Justice, and must feel within herself the pains of the creatures and the rigors which these pains deserve from Divine Justice. Oh! how my crushed Humanity moaned under these rigors. Not only this, but from your state of privation and abandonment, you can see how creatures are with Me, and how Divine Justice is about to punish them with more terrible scourges. Man has reached the state of complete madness, and with madmen the hardest lashes are used." And I: 'Ah! my Jesus, my state is too hard; if I did not have the enchantment of your Will, which keeps me as though absorbed, I don't know what I would do.' And Jesus: "My Justice cannot take satisfaction from two; this is why It keeps you as though suspended from those pains of before. But since, when I wanted you to put yourself in this state, there was also the concourse of obedience, now obedience wants to still keep you in it; and this is why it continues. However, this is always something before Divine Justice - that the creature wants to do her part. You, however, do not move in anything, and then you will see what your Jesus will do for you."

### **October 8, 1919**

#### ***Effects of confidence in Jesus.***

Continuing in my usual state of pains and of privations, I spend it with Jesus almost in silence, all abandoned in Him like a little girl. Then, my sweet Jesus, making Himself seen in my interior, told me: "My daughter, confidence in Me is the little cloud of light, in which the soul remains so enveloped as to make all fears, all doubts, all weaknesses, disappear from her, because

confidence in Me not only forms for her this cloud of light that enwraps her completely, but feeds her with opposite foods, which have the virtue of dispelling all fears, doubts and weaknesses.

In fact, confidence in Me dispels fear, and nourishes the soul with pure love; it dissolves doubts, and gives her certainty; it takes away weakness, and gives her fortitude. Even more, it makes her so daring with Me, that she attaches herself to my breasts, and she suckles and suckles, and feeds herself; nor does she want any other food. And if she sees that, in suckling, nothing comes to her - and I allow this in order to excite her to the highest confidence - she neither gets tired, nor does she detach herself from my breast; on the contrary, she suckles more strongly, she knocks her head against my breast, and I laugh to Myself, and I let her do it.

So, the trusting soul is my smile and my amusement. One who has confidence in Me loves Me, esteems Me, believes I am rich, powerful, immense; on the other hand, one who has no confidence does not really love Me; she dishonors Me, believes I am poor, powerless, small. What an affront to my goodness.”

**October 15, 1919**

***The living in the Divine Will brings the state of security.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was thinking: ‘How can it be? I am so bad, I am good at nothing; with the privations of my Jesus I have reduced myself to such a state as to make even the stones cry, if it could be seen. And in spite of this, no doubts, no fears, either of judgment or of hell. What a horrifying state mine is.’

While I was thinking this, my lovable Jesus moved in my interior and told me: “My daughter, as soon as the soul enters into my Volition and decides to live in It, all doubts and all fears depart from her. It happens as to a daughter of a king: no matter how much people might say that she is not the daughter of her father, she pays no heed. On the contrary, she goes on, proud, and says to everyone: ‘It is useless for you to tell me the contrary, to put doubts and fears in me; I am a true daughter of the king - he is my father. I live with him; even more, his very kingdom is mine.’

So, among the many goods which the living in my Will brings, it also brings the state of security. And since she makes what is mine her own, how can she fear what she possesses? Therefore, fear, doubt, hell, get lost and cannot find the door, the way, the key to enter into the soul. Even more, as the soul enters into the Divine Volition, she strips herself of herself, and I clothe her of Me, with royal garments; and these garments place on her the seal that she is my daughter. My Kingdom, just as It is Mine, is hers; and defending Our rights, she takes part in judging and in condemning others. Therefore, how can you want to go fishing for fears?”

**November 3, 1919**

***Participation in the pains of the state of victim of Jesus.***

I was worried about my poor state; the pain of His privation petrifies me, though I remain calm, and all abandoned in my sweet Jesus. Heaven seems closed to me; as for the earth, I have not even known it for a long time; and if I don’t know it, how can I hope for help? So, I have not even the sweet hope of hoping for help from people of this poor world. If I did not have the sweet hope in my Jesus, in my Life, in my All, my only and sole support, I don’t know what I would do.’

Then, my always lovable Jesus, seeing that I could not take any more, came, and placing His holy hand on my forehead to give me strength, told me: “Poor daughter, daughter of my Heart and of my pains, courage, do not lose heart. Nothing is over for you; on the contrary, when it seems it is over, then it begins. Of all that you think, nothing is true; on the contrary, your present state is nothing other than one point of the state of victim of my Humanity. Oh! how many times my

Humanity found Itself in these painful constraints. It was identified with my Divinity - even more, It was one with It; yet, my Divinity, which held all the power over It and demanded from It expiation for the whole human family, made Me feel the denial, the oblivion, the rigors, the detachment which all the human nature deserved. These pains were the most bitter for Me, and the more identified I was with the Divinity, the more painful it was for Me to feel the detachment while being united; to be loved, and to feel forgotten; honored, and to experience denial; holy, and to see Myself covered with all sins. What contrast! what pains! So much so, that in order to suffer this, there was a miracle of my omnipotence.

Now my Justice wants the renewal of these pains of my Humanity. And who could ever feel them, if not one whom I had identified with Me - honored so much, to the point of calling her to live in the height of my Volition, in which, from the center of It, she takes all parts of all generations, unites them together, and repairs Me, loves Me, substitutes for all creatures; and while she does this, she feels the oblivion, the denial, the detachment of the One who forms her very Life? These are pains which only your Jesus can calculate; but in certain circumstances they are necessary to Me, so much so, that I am forced to hide you more within Me so as not to let you feel all the bitterness of the pain; and while I hide you, I repeat what my Humanity did and suffered.

Therefore, calm yourself; this state will end, to make you pass on to other steps of my Humanity. When you feel that you can take no more, abandon yourself more in Me, and you will feel your Jesus praying, suffering, repairing. And you - follow Me; I will be the actor and you the spectator; and when you are cheered, you will take the part of actor, and I will be the spectator; so we will alternate with each other.”

**December 6, 1919**

***The soul in the Divine Will gives God the love that lost souls do not give Him. God, in creating man, left him free, and gave him the power to do the good he wants.***

I don't feel the strength to write of my painful fortunes. I will just say a few words which my sweet Jesus told me, and which I wasn't even thinking of putting on paper. But Jesus, reproaching me for this, made me make up my mind to write them.

Now, I remember that one night I was doing the adoration to my crucified Jesus, and was saying to Him: 'My Love, in your Will I find all generations; and I, in the name of the whole human family, adore You, kiss You, repair You for all. Your wounds, your Blood, I give to all, so that all may find their salvation. And if the lost souls can no longer benefit from your Most Holy Blood, nor love You, I myself take It for them, so as to do, myself, what they should do. I do not want your love to remain defrauded in anything on the part of creatures. I want to make up, repair You, love You for all, from the first to the last man.'

While I was saying this and other things, my sweet Jesus extended His arms around my neck, and clasping all of me, told me: "My daughter, echo of my Life, while you were praying, my Mercy softened and my Justice lost sharpness - and not only in the present time, but also in the future time, because your prayer will remain in act in my Will. And by virtue of it, my Mercy, softened, will flow more abundantly, and my Justice will be less rigorous. Not only this, but I will hear the note of the love of the lost souls, and my Heart will feel toward you a love of special tenderness, finding in you the love which these souls owed Me; and I will pour into you the graces which I had prepared for them."

Another time He told me: "My daughter, I love the creature so much that, in creating the heavens, the stars, the sun and all nature, I left no freedom to them. So, the heavens can add not one star, nor remove one; nor can the sun lose or add a single drop of light. But in creating man, I left him free; even more, I wanted him together with me, creating the stars, the sun, to embellish the

heaven of his soul. And as he would do good or exercise himself in the virtues, I would give him the power to form for himself stars and the most splendid suns. And the more good he would do, the more stars he would form; and the greater the intensity of love and of sacrifice, the more splendor and light he would add to his suns. And I, spreading Myself also in the heaven of his soul, would say to him: "My son, the more beautiful you want to make yourself, the more pleasure you give Me. Even more, I love your beauty so much, that I push you, I teach you; and as soon as you make up your mind, I run and, together with you, I renew the creative power, and give you the power to do the good you want. I love you so much that I did not make you a slave, but free. But alas! how much abuse of this power that I gave you. You have the courage to convert it into your ruin and into offense to your Creator."

**December 15, 1919**

***The Divine Will, fount of good and of sanctity.***

I was saying to my always lovable Jesus: 'Since You don't want to tell me anything, tell me at least that You forgive me if I have offended You in anything.' And He, immediately, answered: "What do you want Me to forgive you for? One who does my Will and lives in It has lost the fount, the seed, the origin of evil, because my Will contains the fount of sanctity, the seed of all goods, the eternal origin, immutable and inviolable. So, one who lives in this fount is holy, and evil has no more contact with her; and if evil seems to appear in anything, the origin, the seed, is holy; evil does not take root. And this happens also in Me: when my Justice forces Me to strike the creatures, in appearance it seems that I do evil to them, making them suffer - and how many things they tell me, to the point of saying that I am unjust. But this cannot be, because the origin, the seed of evil, is not in Me; on the contrary, in that pain that I send, there is in Me a more tender and more intense love. Only the human will is fount which contains the seed of all evils; and if it seems to do some good, that good is infected, and whoever touches that good will remain infected and poisoned."

Then I continued my course - that is, substituting for all, as Jesus has taught me, and as mentioned somewhere else in my writings. And while I was doing this, He told me: "My daughter, as you keep repeating what I have taught you, I feel wounded by my own love. When I taught you this, I wounded you with my eternal love; when you repeat it for Me, you wound Me, and by even just remembering my words and teachings, it is wounds that you send Me. If you love Me, wound Me always."

**December 26, 1919**

***To live in the Divine Will is Sacrament, and surpasses all the Sacraments together.***

I was thinking to myself: 'How can it be that doing the Will of God surpasses the very Sacraments?' And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "My daughter, and why are the Sacraments called Sacraments? Because they are sacred; they have the value and the power to confer grace, sanctity. However, these Sacraments act according to the dispositions of the creatures; so much so, that many times they remain even fruitless, without being able to confer the goods they contain. Now, my Will is sacred and holy, and It contains altogether the virtue of all the Sacraments. Not only this, but It does not have to work in order to dispose the soul to receive the goods that this Will of Mine contains. In fact, as soon as the soul has disposed herself to do my Will, she has already disposed herself by herself, and my Will, finding everything prepared and disposed, even at the cost of any sacrifice, communicates Itself to the soul without delay, pours the goods It contains, and forms the heroes - the martyrs of the Divine Volition, the portents most unheard-of. And besides, what do the Sacraments do if not unite the soul with God? What is to do my Will? Isn't it perhaps to unite the will of the creature with her Creator? To dissolve oneself in the Eternal Volition - the

‘nothing’ ascending to the ‘All’, and the ‘All’ descending into the ‘nothing’. It is the noblest, the most divine, the purest, the most beautiful, the most heroic act that the creature can do.

Ah! yes, I confirm it to you, I repeat it: my Will is Sacrament, and It surpasses all the Sacraments together - but in a more admirable way, without mediation from anyone, without any matter. The Sacrament of my Will is formed between my Will and that of the soul; the two wills tie themselves together and form the Sacrament. My Will is life, and the soul is already disposed to receive life; It is holy, and she receives sanctity; It is strong, and she receives strength; and so with all the rest.

On the other hand, my other Sacraments - how much they have to work to dispose souls, if they manage at all. And these channels which I left to my Church - how many times they remain beaten up, despised, trampled upon! And some use them to sully themselves, and they turn them against Me to offend Me. Ah! if you knew the enormous sacrileges committed in the Sacrament of Confession, and the horrendous abuses of the Sacrament of the Eucharist, you would cry with Me for the great pain. Ah! yes, only the Sacrament of my Will can sing glory and victory; It is full in Its effects, and untouchable by creature’s offense. In fact, in order to enter into my Will, she must lay down her will, her passions; and only then does my Will bend down to her, invests her, identifies her with Itself, and makes portents of her. This is why when I speak about my Will I become festive, I never end; my joy is full, nor does any bitterness enter between Me and the soul. But for the other Sacraments my Heart swims in sorrow, and man has turned them into fount of bitternesses for Me, while I gave them as many founts of grace.”

**January 1, 1920**

***In each act that the soul does in the Divine Will, Jesus remains multiplied as in the Sacramental Hosts.***

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus seemed to come out from within my interior, and in looking at Him, I saw Him all wet with tears; even His garments, His most holy hands, were pearled with tears. What torment! I remained shaken, and Jesus told me: “My daughter, what ruin will the world fall into. The scourges will flow as more painful than before; so much so, that I do nothing but cry over its sad lot.”

Then He added: “My daughter, my Will is wheel, and one who enters into It remains encircled inside, to the point of not being able to find an opening to go out; and everything she does remains fixed on the eternal point, and pours into the wheel of eternity. But do you know what the garments are of the soul who lives in my Will? They are not of gold, but of most pure light; and this garment of light will serve her as mirror to make all of Heaven see how many acts she has done in my Will. In fact, in each act she has done in my Will, she enclosed the whole of Me, and this garment will be adorned with many mirrors, and in each mirror the whole of Me will appear. So, from whatever side she will be looked at - from behind, from the front, to the right, to the left - they will see Me, and multiplied for as many acts as she has done in my Volition. A more beautiful garment I could not give her; it will be the distinction of only the souls who live in my Will.”

I remained a little confused in hearing this, and He added: “How is it - you doubt? Does the same not happen in the Sacramental Hosts? If there are one thousand Hosts, there are one thousand Jesuses, and I communicate Myself entirely to a thousand; and if there are one hundred Hosts, there are one hundred Jesuses, and I can give Myself only to a hundred. In the same way, in each act done in my Will, the soul encloses Me inside, and I remain sealed inside the will of the soul. So, these acts done in my Volition are eternal Communion, the species not subject to being consumed as in the Sacramental Hosts. And as the species are consumed, my Sacramental Life ends; while in the hosts of my Will there is neither flour, nor any other matter; the food, the substance of these hosts of my

Will is my Eternal Will Itself, united with the will of the soul, eternal with Me, these two wills not subject to being consumed. Therefore, what is the wonder if the whole of my Person will be seen multiplied for as many acts as she has done in my Will? More so, since I have remained sealed in her, and she, as many times, in Me. So, the soul too will remain multiplied in Me for as many acts as she has done in my Will. These are the prodigies of my Will - and this is enough for you to remove any doubt.”

**January 9, 1920**

***Each created thing holds out the love of God to man.***

I was praying, and with my thought I was fusing myself in the Eternal Volition; and bringing myself before the Supreme Majesty, I was saying: ‘Eternal Majesty, I come to your feet in the name of the whole human family, from the first to the last man of the future generations, to adore You profoundly. At your most holy feet I want to seal the adorations of all; I come to recognize You in the name of all as Creator and absolute ruler of everything. I come to love You for all and for each one; I come to requite You in love for all, for each created thing, inside of which You placed so much love, that the creature will never find enough love to repay You in love. But in your Will I find this love, and wanting that my love, as the other acts, be complete, full and for all, I have come into your Will where everything is immense and eternal, and where I find love to be able to love You for all. So, I love You for each star You have created; I love You for as many drops of light and intensity of heat as You have placed in the sun....’ But who can say all that my poor mind was saying? I would be too long, therefore I stop here.

Now, while I was doing this, a thought told me: ‘How is it, and in what way did Our Lord place rivers of love toward the creature in each created thing?’ And a light answered my thought: “Indeed, my daughter, my love poured out in torrents toward the creature in each created thing. I told you somewhere else, I confirm to you now, that as my uncreated love created the sun, it placed in it oceans of love. And in each drop of light that was to inundate the eye, the step, the hand, and everything of the creature, my love ran within it; and almost pounding sweetly upon the eye, the hand, the step, the mouth, it gives her my eternal kiss and it holds out my love to her. Together with the light runs the heat, and pounding on her a little more strongly, almost impatient for the love of the creature, to the point of pelting her, I repeat to her, more strongly, my eternal ‘*I love you.*’ And if the sun, with its light and heat, fecundates the plants, it is my love that runs for the nourishment of man; and if I extended a heaven above man’s head, studding it with stars, it was my love that, wanting to delight man’s eye, also at night, spoke to him my ‘*I love you*’ in each sparkling of star. So, each created thing holds out my love to man; and if it were not so, Creation would have no purpose; and I do nothing without purpose. Everything was made for man; but man does not recognize it, and he has turned into sorrow for Me.

Therefore, my daughter, if you want to soothe my sorrow, come often into my Will, and, in the name of all, give Me adoration, love, gratitude and thanksgiving for all.”

**January 15, 1920**

***One who wants to love, repair, substitute for all, must live life in the Divine Will.***

I was pouring all of myself into the Divine Volition, to be able to substitute for everything that the creature is obliged to do toward the Supreme Majesty; and while I was doing this, I said to myself: ‘Where shall I find enough love to be able to give my sweet Jesus love for all?’ And in my interior He told me: “My daughter, in my Will you will find this love, which can make up for the love of all, because one who enters into my Will will find many springing founts; and as much as he may take, they never decrease by one drop. So, there is the fount of love, which mightily spouts its

waves; but as much as it spouts, it always springs. There is the fount of beauty, and no matter how many beauties it puts out, it never fades; on the contrary, it springs with ever new and more beautiful beauties. There is the fount of wisdom, the fount of contentments, the fount of goodness, of power, of mercy, of justice, and of all the rest of my qualities. They all spring up, and each one pours into the other, in such a way that love is beautiful, is wise, is powerful, etc.; the fount of beauty, the beauty love, wise, powerful, and with such power as to keep the whole of Heaven enraptured, without ever tiring them. These springing founts form such a harmony, such a contentment and an enchanting show, that all the Blessed remain so sweetly enchanted, that they do not move even one glance, so as not to miss even one of these contentments. Therefore, my daughter, the strict necessity, for one who wants to love, repair, substitute for all, to live life in my Volition, where everything springs, things multiply for as many as are needed, and remain all coined with the divine imprint. And this divine imprint forms other founts, whose waves rise - rise so high, that in pouring down, they flood everything and do good to all. Therefore, always - always in my Will; there do I await you - there do I want you.”

**January 24, 1920**

***God created man so that he might keep Him company.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was uniting myself with Jesus, praying Him not to leave me alone, and to come to keep me company. And He, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, if you knew how I desire, long for, love the company of the creature! So much, that if in creating man I said: ‘It is not good for man to be alone, let Us make another creature, who may resemble him and keep him company, so that one may form the delight of the other’, these same words I spoke to my love before creating man: ‘I do not want to be alone, but I want the creature in my company. I want to create him in order to amuse Myself with him, to share with him all my contentments. With his company I will pour Myself out in love.’ This is why I made him in my likeness; and as his intelligence thinks of Me, is occupied with Me, so he keeps company with my wisdom; and as my thoughts keep company with his, we amuse ourselves together. If his gaze looks at Me and at created things in order to love Me, I feel the company of his gaze. If his tongue prays, teaches what is good, I feel the company of his voice. If his heart loves Me, I feel the company in my love; and so with all the rest. But if, instead, he does the opposite, I feel lonely and like a destitute king. But alas! how many leave Me alone and neglect Me.”

**March 14, 1920**

***The martyrdom of love surpasses in an almost infinite way all other martyrdoms together.***

My state is ever more painful; and while I was swimming in the immense sea of the privations of my sweet Jesus, of my Life, of my All, I couldn’t help lamenting and also speaking some nonsense. And my Jesus, moving in my interior, sighing, told me: “My daughter, you are the hardest martyrdom, the crudest pain for my Heart; and every time I see you moan and petrified by the pain of my privation, my martyrdom becomes more bitter. And the spasm is such that I am forced to sigh, and, moaning, I say: ‘Oh! man, how much you cost Me. You formed my martyrdom to my Humanity which, taken by folly of love for you, took upon Itself all your pains; and you continue to form the martyrdom of the one who, taken by love for Me and for you, offered herself as victim for Me, and for your sake. So, my martyrdom is continuous; even more, I feel it more vividly, because it is the martyrdom of one who loves Me, and the martyrdom of love surpasses in an almost infinite way all other martyrdoms together.”

Then, drawing His mouth close to the ear of my heart, moaning, He said: “My daughter! my daughter! poor daughter! Only your Jesus can understand you and compassionate you, because I feel

your own martyrdom in my Heart.” Then He added: “Listen, my daughter; if with the chastisement of war man had humbled himself and come to his senses, other chastisements would not be necessary. But man has raged even more. Therefore, in order to make man come to his senses, more terrible chastisements than the war itself are needed – which will happen. Therefore Justice is forming voids; and if you knew what void is being formed in my Justice with my not coming to you, you would tremble. In fact, if I came to you, you would make my Justice your own, and taking the pains upon yourself, you would fill the voids that man forms with sin. Have you not done this for many years? But now the obstinacy of man renders him unworthy of this great good; and this is why I often deprive you of Myself. And in seeing you martyred because of Me, my pain is so great that I become delirious, I moan, I sigh, and I am forced to hide my moans from you, without even being able to pour them out with you, so as not to give you more pains.”

**March 19, 1920**

***Life in the Divine Will is to live without one's own life, without personal reflections, but is the life that embraces all lives together.***

I was lamenting to my always lovable Jesus, saying to Him: ‘How You have changed! Is it possible that not even suffering is there for me any more? Everyone suffers - I alone am not worthy to suffer. It is true that I surpass everyone in badness, but You - have pity on me; do not deny me at least the crumbs of the much suffering which You abundantly do not deny to anyone. My Love, how horrifying my state is. Have pity on me - have pity.’

While I was saying this, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior, telling me: “Ah! my daughter, calm yourself, otherwise you hurt Me, opening deeper gashes in my Heart. Do you perhaps want to surpass Me? I too would have wanted to enclose in Me all the pains of creatures. My love toward creatures was so great that I would have wanted no pain to touch them any more; but this I could not obtain. I had to submit to the Wisdom and the Justice of the Father who, while allowing Me to satisfy to a large extent for the pains of creatures, did not want satisfaction from Me for all the pains – and this, for the decorum and the balance of His Justice. My Humanity would have wanted to suffer so much, as to put an end to Hell, to Purgatory and to all scourges, but the Divinity did not want it; and Justice said to my Love: ‘You wanted the right of love, and it was granted to You – and I want the rights of justice.’ I resigned Myself to the Wisdom of my Father - I saw It as just; but my moaning Humanity felt the pain of it, because of the pains that touched the creatures. In hearing your laments for not suffering, I hear the echo of my laments and I run to sustain your heart to give you strength, knowing how hard such pain is. Know, however, that this is also a pain of your Jesus.”

I resigned myself for love of Jesus, also to not suffer, but the torment of my heart was most bitter; and many things wandered through my mind, especially on what He had told me on the Divine Volition. I seemed not to see in me the effects of His word; and Jesus, benignly, added: “My daughter, when I asked you whether you would consent to want to live life in my Volition and you accepted, saying, ‘I say “yes”, not in my will, but in Yours, so that my “yes” may have all the power and the value of a “yes” of a Divine Volition’ - that ‘yes’ exists and will always exist, just as my Will will exist. Therefore, your life ended - your will has no more reason to live; and this is why I told you that, since all creatures are in my Will, in the name of the whole human family you come to lay at the foot of my throne, in a divine manner, the thoughts of all in your mind, to give Me the glory of each thought; in your gaze, in your word, in your action, in the food you take, and even in your sleep, those of all. So, your life must embrace everything. And don’t you see that when, sometimes, oppressed by the weight of my privation, something escapes you of what you do, and you do not unite all the human family together, I reprimand you; and if you don’t listen to Me, afflicted, I say to you: ‘If you do not want to follow Me, I do it on my own’? Life in my Will is to live without one’s

own life, without personal reflections, but is the life that embraces all lives together. Be attentive in this, and do not fear.”

**March 23, 1920**

*The soul wants hiddenness, and Jesus wants her as light.*

I was saying to my sweet Jesus: ‘I would like to hide myself, to the point of disappearing from everyone, and so that everyone would forget about me, as if I no longer existed on earth. How heavy it is for me having to deal with people. I feel all the necessity of a profound silence.’ And He, moving in my interior, told me: “You want to hide yourself, and I want you as candelabra that must give light; and this candelabra will be lit by the reflections of my eternal light. So, if you want to hide, you do not hide yourself, but you hide Me, my light, my word.”

After this, I continued to pray and, I don’t know how, I found myself outside of myself together with Jesus. I was small, and Jesus was big; and He told me: “My daughter, stretch yourself, so as to equal Me. I want your arms to reach mine; your mouth, mine.” I did not know how to do that, because I was too small. And Jesus placed His hands within mine, and He repeated to me: ‘Stretch yourself, stretch yourself.’ I tried, and I felt like a spring, such that, if I wanted to stretch, I got longer; if not, I remained small. So, I easily stretched myself, and I leaned my head upon Jesus’ shoulder, and He continued to keep His hands within mine. At the contact with His most holy hands, I was reminded of the wounds of Jesus, and I said to Him: ‘My Love, You want me to equal You - and why don’t you give me your pains? Give them to me – don’t deny them to me.’ Jesus looked at me, and pressed me tightly to His Heart, as if He wanted to tell me many things; and He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**April 3, 1920**

*All the Will of God in creating man was that he would do His Will in everything, in order to develop His Life in him.*

Continuing in my poor state, I felt my lovable Jesus in my interior, uniting Himself to pray together with me. And then He told me: “My daughter, all my Will in creating man was that he would do my Will in everything. And as he would gradually continue to do this Will of Mine, I would come to complete my Life in him, in such a way that, after repeated acts done in my Will, forming my Life in him, I would come to him; and finding him similar to Me, the Sun of my Life, finding the Sun of my Life that he had formed in his soul, would absorb him into Me; and as they would be transformed together, like two Suns into one, I would bring him into the delights of Heaven.

Now, by the creature’s not doing my Will, or if now she does It, now she does not, my Life is halved by the human life, and the Divine Life cannot be completed. It is obscured by the human acts, and does not receive abundant food to give a development that would be sufficient in order to form a life. Therefore, the soul is in continuous opposition to the purpose of Creation. But alas! how many are there who, by living the life of sin, of passions, form within themselves the diabolical life!”

**April 15, 1920**

*Cause of the pains of Jesus: the love of souls.*

I was lamenting to my sweet Jesus about my painful state, saying to Him: ‘Tell me, my Love, where are You? Which way did You take in going away, so that I may follow You? Let me see the marks of your steps, so that, step by step, with certainty, I may find You. Ah! Jesus, without You I can endure no more. But, though You are far away, I send You my kisses. I kiss that hand which no

longer embraces me; I kiss that mouth which no longer speaks to me; I kiss that face which I no longer see; I kiss those feet which no longer walk toward me, but turn their steps somewhere else. Ah! Jesus, how sad is my state; what cruel end was awaiting me.'

While I was saying this and much more nonsense, my sweet Jesus moved in my interior and told me: "My daughter, calm yourself; for one who lives in my Will all points are sure ways in order to find Me. My Will fills everything; whatever way she might take, there is no fear that she might not find Me. Ah! my daughter, I feel your painful state in my Heart. I feel the current of pain that passed between Me and my Mama being repeated to Me. She was crucified because of my pains; I was crucified because of hers. But the cause of all this – what was it? The love of souls. For love of them my dear Mama bore all my pains, and even my death; and I, for love of souls, bore all her pains, to the point of depriving Her of Me. Oh! how much it cost my love and her maternal love to deprive my inseparable Mama of Me. But the love of souls triumphed of everything.

Now, your state of victim to which you submitted yourself - it was for love of souls; and for love of them you accepted all the pains that have unfolded in your life. The cause has been souls, as well as the sad times that are coming, because of which my Divine Justice prevents Me from being with you in a familiar way, in order to let more favorable times flow, rather than stormy, and keep you on earth. It is because of souls; if it were not for love of them, your exile would be ended, and you would not have the pain of seeing yourself without Me; nor would I have the pain of seeing you so tormented because of my privation. Therefore, patience - and let it be that, also in you, the love of souls may triumph to the last."

**May 1, 1920**

***The Sanctity of one who lives in the Divine Will is the continued 'Glory Be'. One who lives in the Divine Will, living up high, must bear the pains of those who live down below.***

My misery makes itself felt more; and in my interior I was saying: 'My Jesus, what life is this?' And He, without giving me time to say anything else, immediately answered: "My daughter, for one who lives in my Will, her Sanctity has only one point - it is the continued '*Glory be*', followed by '*as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end.*' There is nothing which does not give glory to God - complete in everything, always stable, always the same, always queen, without ever changing. This Sanctity is not subject to setbacks, to losses – It is to always reign. So, Its foundation is the '*Glory be*', Its prerogative is the '*as it was in the beginning, etc.*'"

As I continued to lament about His privations and the subtractions of suffering - while He gives it abundantly to others - my always lovable Jesus came out from within my interior, and leaning His head on my shoulder, all afflicted, told me: "My daughter, one who lives in my Will lives up high; and one who lives up high can look down below with more clarity, and must take part in the decisions, in the afflictions and in everything that befits people who live up high. Don't you see this in the world? Sometimes, father and mother, and sometimes also an elder child is capable of taking part in the decisions, in the sorrows of the parents. While they are under the nightmare of sorrowful pains, of uncertainties, of intrigues, of losses, the other little children know nothing about it; rather, they let them play and continue the course of ordinary family life, not wanting to embitter those tender lives, without a useful purpose for them and for the parents.

The same happens in the order of grace. One who is little, and still growing, lives down below; and therefore purges are necessary, and the necessary means in order to make him grow in sanctity. It would be as if one wanted to talk about business, intrigues, pains, to the little ones of the family – they would be stunned without understanding a thing. But one who lives in my Will, living

up high, must bear the pains of those who live down below, see their dangers, help them, and take such serious decisions as to make one tremble, while they remain tranquil.

Therefore, calm yourself, and in my Will we will live life in common; and together with Me you will take part in the pains of the human family. You will watch over the great storms which will arise again; and while they play in the midst of danger, you, together with Me, will cry over their misfortune.”

**May 15, 1920**

***The Divine Will forms the complete crucifixion in the soul.***

I was lamenting to my sweet Jesus, saying to Him: ‘Where are your promises? No more cross, no more likeness to You. Everything has vanished, and there is nothing left for me but to cry over my sorrowful end.’ And Jesus, moving, told me in my interior: “My daughter, my crucifixion was complete - and do you know why? Because it was done in the Eternal Will of my Father. In this Will, the Cross became so long and so wide as to embrace all centuries and penetrate into every heart, present, past and future, in such a way that I remained crucified in each heart of creature. This Divine Will put nails through all of my interior – into my desires, into my affections and heartbeats. I can say that I did not have a life of my own, but the Life of the Eternal Will, which enclosed in Me all creatures, and which wanted Me to answer for everything. My crucifixion could never have been complete and so extended as to embrace all, if the Eternal Volition had not been the Actor.

I want that in you also the crucifixion be complete and extended to all. This is the reason for the continuous call into my Will, for the spurs to bring the whole human family before the Supreme Majesty, and to emit, in the name of all, the acts which they do not do. The oblivion of yourself, the lack of self-reflections, are nothing other than the nails that my Will puts. My Will does not know how to do incomplete and small things; and forming a circle around the soul, It wants her within Itself; and extending her within the whole sphere of Its Eternal Volition, It places on her the seal of Its completion. My Will empties the interior of the creature of all that is human, and places in it all that is divine; and in order to be more sure, It keeps sealing all of her interior with as many nails for as many human acts as can have life in the creature, substituting them with as many divine acts. In this way, It forms in her the true crucifixion – and not for a time, but for her entire life.”

**May 24, 1920**

***The acts done in the Divine Will will be the defenders of the divine throne, not only in the present time, but until the end of the centuries.***

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, the acts done in my Will leave the human acts behind, and identifying themselves with my divine acts, they rise up, even into Heaven, circulate in everyone, embrace all centuries, all points and all creatures. And since they remain fixed in my Will, these acts are, and will be, the defenders of my throne for each offense which creatures give Me - not only in the present time, but until the end of the centuries. And rising to my defense, they will make the reparations counter to the offenses that creatures will give. The acts done in my Will have the virtue of multiplying themselves according to the need and the circumstances which my glory requires.

What will be the happiness of the soul, when she finds herself up there in Heaven, and sees her acts done in my Will as defenders of my throne, which, having a continuous echo of reparation, will reject the echo of the offenses that comes from the earth?

Therefore, for the soul who lives in my Will on earth, her glory in Heaven will be different from that of the other Blessed. The others will draw all their contentments from Me; while these

souls will not only draw them from Me, but will have their own little rivers within my own Sea, since, by living in my Volition, they themselves formed them on earth within my Sea. It is right that they have the little rivers of happiness and of contentments in Heaven. How beautiful are these rivers within my Sea; they pour into Me, and I into them. It will be an enchanting sight, at which all the Blessed will remain astounded.”

**May 28, 1920**

***The acts done in the Divine Will enter the sphere of Eternity, and run ahead of the human acts.***

I was offering myself in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass together with Jesus, so that I too might undergo His same consecration. And He, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, enter into my Will, so that you may find yourself in all the hosts, not only present, but also future; and in this way you will undergo, together with Me, as many consecrations as I undergo. In each host I place one Life of Mine, and I want another one in return. But how many do not give it to Me! Others receive Me; I give Myself to them, but they do not give themselves to Me, and my love remains suffering, hampered and suffocated, and without requital. Therefore, in my Will, come to undergo all the consecrations which I undergo, and I will find in each host the requital of your life – and not only for as long as you remain on earth, but also when you are in Heaven. In fact, since you have been consecrated in advance while being in my Will on earth, just as I will undergo consecrations until the end, so will you undergo them; and I will find, unto the last day, the requital of your life.”

Then He added: “The acts done in my Will are always those which excel over all, and have supremacy over everything. In fact, having been done in my Will, they enter the sphere of Eternity; and taking the first places in It, they leave all human acts behind, running always ahead. Nor can whether they are done before or after have any influence - whether in one era or in another, or whether they are small or great. It is enough that they be done in my Will for them to be always among the first, and to run ahead of all the human acts. They are similar to oil, placed together with other edibles: be these even of greater value, even gold or silver, or foods of great substance, they all remain underneath, while the oil excels on top of them - it never lowers itself to be under. Be it even in minimal quantity, with its little mirror of light, it seems to say: ‘I am here to excel over everything; nor do I band together with other things, or blend with them.’ In the same way, the acts done in my Volition, because they are done in my Will, become light - but a light that is bound to, and identified with, the eternal light. So, they do not mix with the human acts; rather, they have the virtue of making the human acts turn into divine. Therefore, they leave everything behind, while they are the first among all.”

**June 2, 1920**

***Jesus felt the pain of the separation which man had caused with sin.***

Continuing in my usual state and recollecting myself in prayer, I saw an abyss within me, of which I could not see the bottom; and in the middle of this abyss of depth and width, my sweet Jesus, afflicted and taciturn. I could not comprehend how I saw Him in me, and I felt far away from Him, as if He did not exist for me. My heart remained tortured, and I felt the torment of a cruel death; and this, not once, but who knows how many times I find myself in this abyss, as though separated from my All, from my Life.

Now, while my heart was dripping blood, my always lovable Jesus, coming out of this abyss, surrounded my neck with His arms, placing Himself behind my shoulders, and told me: “My beloved daughter, you are my true portrait. Oh! how many times my moaning Humanity found Itself in these tortures. It was identified with the Divinity - even more, They were one single thing; and while They were one, I felt the torment of the separation, of the abyss of the Divinity, because, while It

enveloped Me inside and out, I being identified with It, I felt far away. My poor Humanity was to pay the penalty and the separation which abusing humanity had caused with sin; and in order to join it to the Divinity, I was to suffer all the pain of their separation; but each instant of separation was for Me a ruthless death.

This is the cause of your pains and of the abyss that you see: it is likeness to Me. Also in these stormy times, humanity runs far away from Me as though in reckless flight, and you must feel the pain of its separation to be able to join it to Me. It is true that your state is too painful, but it is always a pain of your Jesus. And I, in order to give you strength, will hold you tightly from behind your shoulders, so that, while keeping you safer, I give greater intensity to your pain. In fact, if I kept you in front of Me, by merely seeing my arms close to you, your pain would be halved, and my likeness would be achieved later.”

**June 10, 1920**

***The Humanity of Our Lord lived suspended in the air. For one who lives in the Divine Will, whatever It does, the soul does.***

I was feeling very afflicted and all alone, without support from anyone; and my sweet Jesus clasped me in His arms, lifting me up in the air, and told me: “My daughter, when my Humanity lived on earth, It lived suspended half way between Heaven and earth. Having all the earth under Me and all Heaven above Me, and by living in this way, I tried to draw all the earth into Myself, and all Heaven, and make them one single thing. Had I wanted to live at the earth’s level, I could not have drawn everything into Myself, only a few points at the most. It is true that living suspended in the air cost Me much; I had no place on which to lean, nor anyone on which to lean, and only things of strict necessity were given to my Humanity; as for the rest, I was always alone and without any comfort. However, this was necessary: first, because of the nobility of my Person, to whom it did not befit living down below, with vile and faulty human supports; second, because of the great office of Redemption, which had to have supremacy over everything. Therefore, it befitted Me to live up high, above everyone.

Now, one whom I call to my likeness, I place in the same conditions in which I placed my own Humanity. Therefore, I Myself am your prop, my own arms are your support; and as I make you live in my arms, suspended in the air, only things of strict necessity can reach you. For one who lives in my Will, detached from everyone, all for Me, anything more than strict necessities are vile things, and a degrading herself from her nobility. And if human supports are given to her, she senses the stench of the human, and she herself drives them away.”

Then He added: “As soon as the soul enters into my Will, her volition remains bound with my Eternal Volition; and even if she does not think about it, since her will has been bound to Mine, whatever my Will does, hers does as well, and together with Me she runs for the good of all.”

**June 22, 1920**

***The Sanctity of the Humanity of Jesus was complete absence of self-interest.***

I was bringing the whole human family to my sweet Jesus, according to my usual way, praying, repairing, substituting in the name of all, for what each one is obliged to do. But while I was doing this, a thought told me: ‘Think and pray for yourself - don’t you see in what a pitiful state you have reduced yourself?’ And I was almost about to do so, when my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior and pulling me to Himself, told me: “My daughter, why do you want to move away from my likeness? I never thought about Myself; the Sanctity of my Humanity was complete absence of self-interest. I did nothing for Myself, but I did and suffered everything for creatures. My love can be called true, because it is marked by disinterest for my own self. Wherever there is interest, it cannot

be said that there is a fount of truth. On the other hand, the soul with no self-interest is the one who comes forward the most; and as she comes forward, the sea of my grace takes her from behind, inundating her, in such a way as to make her remain completely submerged, without her thinking about it. On the contrary, one who thinks about herself is last; the sea of my grace is in front of her, and she is the one who has to cross the sea by arm strokes - if she manages at all. In fact, the thought of herself will create many obstacles for her, such as to strike into her the fear of diving into my sea; and she runs the risk of remaining on the shore.”

**September 2, 1920**

***The martyrdom of love and of pain for Jesus, because of the lack of company of the creature.***

I live amid almost continuous privations. At the most, my sweet Jesus makes Himself seen and escapes me like a flash. Ah! only Jesus knows the martyrdom of my poor heart. Now, I was thinking about the love with which He suffered so much for us, and my always lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, my first martyrdom was love; and love gave birth for Me to my second martyrdom: pain. Each pain was preceded by immense seas of love. But when love saw itself alone, abandoned by the majority of creatures, I raved, I agonized, and since my love could find no one to whom to give itself, it concentrated within Me, drowning Me and giving Me such pains, that all other pains seemed to Me a refreshment compared to these. Ah! if I had company in love, I would feel happy, because with company all things acquire happiness, they diffuse, they multiply. Love, close to another love, is happy, be it even a small love, because it finds one to whom to give itself, one to whom to make itself known, one to whom it can give life with its own love. But when it is close to one who does not love it, who despises it, who does not care about it, it is quite unhappy, because it does not find the way to communicate itself and to give him life. Beauty close to ugliness feels dishonored, and it seems that they shun each other, because what is beautiful hates ugliness, and ugliness feels uglier close to beauty. But what is beautiful, close to another beautiful, is happy, and they communicate their beauty to each other. The same for all other things.

What good is it for a teacher to be learned, to have studied so much, if he finds no pupil to whom to teach? Oh! how unhappy he is, not finding anyone to whom to teach so much doctrine. What good is it for a doctor to have comprehended the art of medicine, if no sick person calls him to display his ability? What good is it for a rich person to be rich, if no one approaches him; and as he remains alone in spite of his riches, not finding the way to make them known and to communicate them to someone, this one will probably die of starvation? Only company is what makes everyone happy, it allows good to be carried out, it makes it grow. Isolation makes everything unhappy and sterile. Ah! my daughter - oh! how my love suffers this isolation; and those few who keep Me company form my refreshment and my happiness.”

**September 21, 1920**

***The acts done in the Divine Will remain confirmed in It.***

I was doing my acts in the Most Holy Will of my Jesus, and He, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, as the soul does her acts in my Will, her act remains confirmed in my Will – that is, if she prays in my Will, remaining confirmed in my Will, she receives the life of prayer, in such a way that she will no longer need an effort in order to pray, but will feel within herself the spontaneous promptness in praying. In fact, remaining confirmed in my Will, she will feel within herself the fount of the life of prayer - almost like a healthy eye that makes no effort in seeing, but naturally looks at objects, it delights, it enjoys them, because it contains the life of light within the eye. But a sick eye - how many strains; how it suffers in looking. In the same way, if she suffers in my Will, if she operates, she will feel within herself the life of patience, the life of operating in a

saintly way. So, as her acts remain confirmed in my Will, they lose weaknesses, miseries and what is human, and remain substituted by founts of Divine Life.”

**September 25, 1920**

***The truth is light. Likeness to the sun.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I saw my always lovable Jesus as if He were placing a globe of light in my interior. And then He told me: “My daughter, my truth is light, and in communicating them to souls, since they are limited beings, I communicate my truths with limited light, since they are not capable of receiving immense light. However, it happens as to the sun: while, up high in the heavens, one sees a globe of light, limited, circumscribed, the light that spreads from it invests the whole earth, warms, fecundates; so, it is impossible for man to number the plants fecundated, and the lands illuminated and warmed by the sun. While he can see it up high in the heavens in a twinkling of an eye, then he cannot see where its light ends up, and the good it does. The same happens to the suns of the truths which I communicate to souls: inside of them they appear as limited; but when these truths come out, how many hearts do they not strike? How many minds do they not illuminate? How much good do they not do? This is why you saw Me place a globe of light in you: these are my truths which I communicate to you. Be attentive in receiving them, more attentive in communicating them, to give course to the light of my truths.”

Now, returning to pray, I found myself in the arms of my Celestial Mama who, squeezing me to Her breast, was caressing me. But then, I don’t know how, I forgot about this and I was lamenting that everyone had left me. And Jesus, passing by me briefly, told me: “Just a little while ago my Mama was here, who squeezed you in her arms with great love.” (But as He was saying this, I remembered) “The same happens with Me: how many times I come, and you forget about it? Could I perhaps be without coming? On the contrary, I act like a mama: when her child sleeps, she kisses her, caresses her, and the child does not know anything about it; and when she wakes up, she laments that her mama does not kiss her and does not love her. So you do.”

Praised be Jesus, Author of loving stratagems.

**October 12, 1920**

***For one who lives in the Divine Will, her help is Jesus alone, and she must be the help of others.***

I was feeling very oppressed, all alone, without even the hope of receiving a word of help, of reassurance. Be it even holy people, it seems to me that, if they come to me, they want help, comforts, or to rid themselves of doubts; but for me - nothing. So, while I felt in this state, my always lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, one who lives in my Will is placed in my same conditions. Suppose that I might have need of creatures - which cannot be, since creatures are not capable of being able to help the Creator. It would be as if the sun wanted to ask for light and heat from other created things. What would they say? They would all draw back and, confused, would say to it: ‘What? You are asking for light and heat from us? You who fill the world with your light, and fecundate the whole earth with your heat? Our light disappears before you. You, rather - give us light and heat.’

So it happens to one who lives in my Will. Being placed in my conditions, and the Sun of my Volition being in her, she is the one who must give light, warming, helping, reassuring, comforting. So, I alone am your help - and you, from within my Will, will help others.”

**November 15, 1920**

***Continuous good makes it so that the creature feels transported to operate good.***

My state is ever more painful; the Most Holy Will alone is my only help. Then, as I was with my sweet Jesus, He told me: “My daughter, each work done for Me – thought, word, prayer, suffering, and even a simple memory of Me, are many chains which the soul keeps forming in order to bind Me, and to bind herself to Me. And these chains, without using violence on the human freedom, have the virtue of sweetly administering to her the chain of perseverance, causing the final link and the final step to be formed, so as to make her take possession of immortal glory. In fact, continuous good has such virtue, such attraction over the soul, that without anyone forcing her or using violence on her, voluntarily she feels transported to operate good.”

**November 28, 1920**

***When Jesus wants to give, He asks. Effects of the blessing of Jesus.***

I was thinking of when my sweet Jesus, to give start to His sorrowful Passion, wanted to go to His Mama to ask for Her blessing. And blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, how many things this mystery reveals. I wanted to go to my dear Mama to ask for Her blessing, in order to give Her the occasion to ask, Herself too, for my blessing. Too many were the pains that She was to bear, and it was right that my blessing would strengthen Her. It is my usual way, that whenever I want to give, I ask; and my Mama understood Me immediately; so much so, that She did not bless Me before She asked Me for my blessing; and after She was blessed by Me, She bless Me Herself.

But this is not all. In order to create the universe, I pronounced one Fiat, and by the Fiat alone I reordered and embellished heaven and earth. In creating man, my omnipotent breath infused life in him. In giving start to my Passion, with my omnipotent and creative word I wanted to bless my Mama. But it was not Her alone that I blessed; in my Mama I saw all creatures. She was the one who had primacy over everything, and in Her I blessed all, and each one. Even more, I blessed each thought, word, act, etc.; I blessed each thing that was to serve the creature. Just as when my omnipotent Fiat created the sun, and this sun, without decreasing in light or in heat, keeps following its course for all, and for each of the mortals; in the same way, my creative word, in blessing, remained in the act of blessing always – always, without ever ceasing to bless, just as the sun will never cease to give its light to all creatures.

But this is not all yet. With my blessing I wanted to renew the qualities of Creation. I wanted to call my Celestial Father to bless, in order to communicate power to the creature; I wanted to bless her in My name, and of the Holy Spirit, in order to communicate to her wisdom and love, and therefore renew the memory, the intellect and the will of the creature, restoring her as sovereign of everything.

Know, however, that in giving, I want. And my dear Mama understood, and She immediately blessed Me, not only for Herself, but in the name of all. Oh! if all could see this blessing of mine, they would feel it in the water they drink, in the fire that warms them, in the food they take, in the sorrow that afflicts them, in the moans of prayer, in the remorse of guilt, in the abandonment of creatures. In everything they would hear my creative word saying to them – but unfortunately it is not heard: ‘I bless you in the name of the Father, of Myself, the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. I bless you to help you, I bless you to defend you, to forgive you, to console you - I bless you to make you a saint.’ And the creature would echo my blessings, by blessing Me too, in everything. These are the effects of my blessing; and my Church, instructed by Me, echoes Me, and in almost all circumstances, in the administration of the Sacraments and others, She gives Her blessing.”

**December 18, 1920**

***Requital of love and of thanksgiving for all that God operated in the Celestial Mama.***

I was all afflicted without my Jesus; and while I was praying, I felt Him near me, saying to me: “Ah! my daughter, things get worse. It will enter like whirlwind, to shake everything; it will reign for the time of a whirlwind, and it will end as the whirlwind ends. The Italian government lacks the ground under its feet, and does not know where to turn to. Justice of God!”

After this, I felt I was outside of myself, and I found myself together with my sweet Jesus, but so clasped with Him, and He with me, that I almost could not see His Divine Person. And I, I don't know how, said: ‘My sweet Jesus, while I am clasped to You, I want to attest to You my love, my gratitude, and everything that the creature has the duty to do, because You have created our Immaculate Queen Mama - the most beautiful, the holiest, and a portent of grace, enriching Her with all gifts, and making Her also our Mother. And this I do in the name of creatures, past, present and future; I want to seize, in flight, each act of creature - word, thought, heartbeat and step, and in each of them tell You that I love You, I thank You, I bless You, I adore You, for all that You have done for my Celestial Mama and Yours.’ Jesus enjoyed my act – but so much, that He said to me: “My daughter, I was anxiously awaiting this act of yours in the name of all generations. My justice, my love, felt the need of this requital, because great are the graces that descend upon all, for having so enriched my Mama. Yet, they never have a word, a ‘thank You’, to say to Me.”

Another day I was saying to my lovable Jesus: ‘Everything is over for me – suffering, visits of Jesus – everything.’ And He, immediately: “Have you perhaps stopped loving Me, or doing my Will?” And I: ‘No, may this never be.’ And He: “If this is not there, nothing is over.”

## **December 22, 1920**

### ***The creative power is found in the Divine Will. Deaths which give life to others.***

I was thinking about the Most Holy Will of God, saying to myself: ‘What a magic force this Divine Will has - what power, what enchantment.’ Now, while I was thinking of this, my lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, the mere word ‘Will-of-God’ contains the creative power. Therefore, it has the power to create, to transform, to consume, and to make new torrents of light, of love, of sanctity, run within the soul. Only in the Fiat is there the creative power; and if the priest consecrates Me in the host, it is because my Will gave that power to those words which are pronounced over the holy host. So, everything comes from and is found in the Fiat. And if at the mere thought of doing my Will the soul feels sweetened, strengthened, changed - because by thinking of doing my Will, it is as if she placed herself on the way to find all goods - what will it be to do It?”

After this, I recalled that years before my sweet Jesus had told me: “We will present ourselves before the Supreme Majesty with written on our foreheads, in indelible characters: ‘We want death to give life to our brothers; we want pains to free them from eternal pains.’ Now, I said to myself: ‘How can I do this if He does not come? I could do it together with Him, but I am unable to go by myself. And then, how can one suffer so many deaths?’ And blessed Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, you can do it always and in each instant, because I am always with you and I never leave you. And then, I want to tell you how these deaths are, and how they are formed. I suffer death when my Will wants to operate some good in the creature, and departing from Me, It brings with Itself the grace and the help which are needed in order to do that good; if the creature is willing to do that good, it is as if my Will multiplied another life; if the creature is reluctant, it is as if my Will suffered a death. Oh! how many deaths my Will suffers. Death in the creature is when I want her to do some good, and by not doing it, her will dies to that good. So, if the creature is not in continuous act of doing my Will, she suffers as many deaths for as many times as she does not do It. She dies to that light which she should have by doing that good; she dies to that grace; she dies to those charisms.

Now I will tell you what your deaths are, with which you could give life to our brothers. When you feel you are without Me and your heart is lacerated, and you feel an iron hand that clutches it - you feel a death; or rather, more than death, because death would be life for you. This death could give life to our brothers, because this pain and this death contain a Divine Life, an immense light, a creative strength - they contain everything. It is a death and pain that contains an eternal and infinite value. Therefore, how many lives could you give to our brothers? I will suffer these deaths together with you; I will give them the value of my death, so as to make life come out of death. So, look a bit at how many deaths you suffer: each time you want Me and you do not find Me is a real death for you, because you truly do not see Me, you do not feel Me. For you it is death, it is martyrdom; and what is death for you can be life for others.”

**December 25, 1920**

***The Sacramental lot of Jesus is even harder than His lot as an Infant.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, together with Jesus. I was walking a long way, and on this journey, now I walked with Jesus, now I found myself with the Queen Mama. If Jesus disappeared, I found myself with Mama; and if Mama disappeared, I found myself with Jesus. During this journey, they told me many things. Jesus and Mama were very affable, with an enchanting sweetness. I forgot about everything - my bitternesses, and even their very privation; I thought I would never lose them again. Oh! how easy it is to forget evil in the face of good.

Now, at the end of the journey the Celestial Mama took me in Her arms. I was very, very little, and She said to me: “My daughter, I want to strengthen you in everything.” And it seemed that with Her holy hand She was marking my forehead, as if She were writing and placing a seal on it; then, as if She were writing in my eyes, in my mouth, in my heart, in my hands and feet; and then She placed a seal upon them. I wanted to see what She was writing in me, but I could not read that script. Only on my mouth I saw two letters that said: “Annihilation of every taste”; and immediately I said: ‘Thank You, Oh! Mama - You are removing from me every taste which is not Jesus.’ I wanted to understand more, but Mama told me: “It is not necessary for you to know. Trust in Me, I have done to you that which was needed.” She blessed me and disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

Then, afterwards, my sweet Jesus came back. He was a tender little Baby; He was wailing, crying and shivering with cold. He threw Himself into my arms to be warmed. I squeezed Him very, very tightly to myself, and according to my usual way I fused myself in His Will in order to find the thoughts of all together with mine, and surround shivering Jesus with the adorations of all created intelligences; the gazes of all, to make them look at Jesus and distract Him from crying; the mouths, the words, the voices of all creatures, that all might kiss Him so as not to make Him wail, and might warm Him with their breath. While I was doing this, the Infant Jesus was no longer wailing; He stopped crying, and, as though warmed, He told me: “My daughter, did you see what made Me shiver, cry and wail? The abandonment of creatures. You placed them all around Me; I felt Myself looked upon, kissed by all, and I calmed Myself from crying.

However, know that my Sacramental lot is even harder than my lot as an Infant. The grotto, though cold, was spacious, it had air to breathe; the host too is cold, but is so small that I almost lack air. In the grotto I had a manger with a little hay for bed; in my Sacramental Life, I lack even the hay, and I have nothing but hard and ice-cold metals for bed. In the grotto I had my dear Mama, who very often took Me with Her most pure hands, and covered Me with ardent kisses in order to warm Me; She calmed my crying, She nourished Me with Her most sweet milk. All the opposite in my Sacramental Life: I do not have a Mama; if they take Me, I feel the touch of unworthy hands - hands that smell like earth and muck. Oh! how I feel their stench - more than the manure that I smelled in

the grotto. Instead of covering Me with kisses, they touch Me with irreverent acts; and instead of milk, they give Me the gall of sacrileges, of indifference, of coldness. In the grotto, Saint Joseph never left Me without the light of a little lantern at night; here in the Sacrament, how many times I remain in the dark also at night! Oh! how much more painful is my Sacramental lot; how many hidden tears, not seen by anyone; how many wails not listened to. If my lot as an Infant moved you to pity, much more should my Sacramental lot move you to pity.”

**January 5, 1921**

***The true life of the soul done in the Divine Will is nothing other than the formation of her life in the Life of Jesus.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was praying; and while praying, I intended to enter into the Divine Will. And so, making all that exists in the Divine Will my own, as nothing escapes It, past, present and future, and making myself crown of all, in the name of all I brought my homage before the Divine Majesty, my love, my satisfaction, etc. Now, my always lovable Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, the true life of the soul done in my Will is nothing other than the formation of her life in Mine, giving my own shape to everything she does. I did nothing other than put in flight, in my Will, all the acts I did, both internal and external. I put in flight each thought of my mind; and hovering over each thought of creature, as all existed in my Will, my thought, hovering over all, made itself as though crown of each human intelligence, and brought to the Majesty of the Father the homage, the adoration, the glory, the love, the reparation of each created thought. The same with my gaze, my word, the motion, the step.

Now, in order to live life in my Will, the soul must give the shape of my mind to hers, that of my gaze, of my word, of my motion, to hers. And by doing this, she loses her shape and acquires mine; she does nothing other than give continuous deaths to the human being and continuous life to the Divine Will. In this way, the soul will be able to complete the Life of my Will within herself; otherwise, this prodigy, this shape fully modeled on mine, will never be accomplished completely. It is my Will alone, which is eternal and immense, that makes one find everything; past and future It reduces to one single point, and in this single point she finds all hearts palpitating, all minds alive, all my operating in act. And the soul, making this Will of Mine her own, does everything, satisfies for all, loves for all, and does good to all and to each one, as if all were one. Who can ever reach such extent? No virtue, no heroism - not even martyrdom can stand before my Will. All - all remain behind the operating in my Will. Therefore, be attentive, and let the mission of my Will have fulfillment in you.”

**January 7, 1921**

***The smile of Jesus when He will see the first fruits, the daughters of His Will, living not in the human sphere, but in the divine sphere.***

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus came and surrounded my neck with His arm. Then He drew close to my heart, and holding His breast between His hands, He squeezed it over my heart, and rivulets of milk came out of it; and with those rivulets of milk He filled my heart. And then he said to me: “My daughter, see how much I love you. I wanted to fill all your heart with the milk of grace and of love; so, everything you will say and do will be nothing other than the outpouring of the grace with which I have filled you. You will do nothing; you will only place your will at the mercy of my Will, and I will do everything. You will be nothing other than the sound of my voice, the bearer of my Will, the destroyer of the virtues in the human way, and the resurrector of the virtues in the divine way, marked by an eternal, immense, infinite point.” Having said this, He disappeared.

After a little while He came back, and I was feeling all annihilated, especially in thinking about certain things which it is not necessary to say here. My affliction was at the summit, and I said to myself: 'Is it possible that there can be this? My Jesus, do not permit it! Perhaps You want the will, but not the act of this sacrifice. And then, in my hard state in which I find myself, I aspire to nothing but Heaven.' And Jesus, coming out from my interior, burst into a sob of crying. I could hear that sob reverberating in Heaven and on earth; but as the sob was about to end, a smile took over which, like the sob, reverberated in Heaven and on earth. I remained enchanted, and my Jesus told me: "My beloved daughter, after so much sorrow that creatures give Me in these sad times, to the point of making Me cry – and since it is the crying of a God, it reverberates in Heaven and on earth - a smile will take over, which will fill Heaven and earth with gladness. And this smile will arise on my lips when I see the first fruits, the daughters of my Will, living not in the human sphere, but in the divine sphere. I will see them all marked by the eternal, immense, infinite Will; I will see that eternal point which has life only in Heaven, flowing over the earth and molding souls with its infinite principles, with the divine acting, with the multiplication of acts in one single act. And just as Creation came out from the Fiat, in the Fiat will It be completed. So, only the daughters of my Will, in the Fiat, will complete everything; and in my Fiat, which will take life in them, I will receive complete love, glory, reparation, thanksgiving and praise - and for everything and for everyone. My daughter, things return there where they come from; everything came out from the Fiat, and in the Fiat it will all come to Me. They will be few, but in the Fiat they will give Me everything."

**January 10, 1921**

***The 'Fiat Mihi' of the Most Holy Virgin. God wants a second 'yes' in His Will: the 'Fiat' of Luisa.***

I was concerned about what is written above, and was saying to myself: 'I don't know what Jesus wants from me; yet, He knows how bad I am, and how I am good at nothing.' And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "My daughter, remember that years ago I asked you whether you wanted to live life in my Will; and since I wanted you in my Will, I wanted you to pronounce your 'yes' in my own Will. This 'yes' was bound to an eternal point, and to a Will that will have no end. This 'yes' is in the center of my Volition, and is surrounded by infinite immensity; and if it wants to get out, it almost cannot find the way. Therefore, at your little oppositions, at some discontent of yours, I laugh and I amuse Myself, seeing you like those people who are bound of their own will in the depth of the sea, and wanting to get out, they find nothing but water. And since they are bound in the depth of the sea, they feel the bother of wanting to get out, and in order to remain tranquil and happy, they plunge themselves even more into the depths of the sea. In the same way, in seeing you perplexed, as though wanting to get out, and, unable to do so, bound by your own 'yes', you plunge yourself even more into the depths of my Will – I laugh, and I amuse Myself. And then, do you think it is something trivial and easy to move from within my Will? You would move an eternal point; and if you knew what it means to move an eternal point, you would tremble with fright."

Then He added: "The first 'yes' in my Fiat I asked of my dear Mama, and – oh! power of Her Fiat in my Will - as soon as the Divine Fiat met with the Fiat of my Mama, the two became one. My Fiat raised Her, divinized Her, overshadowed Her, and without human intervention, She conceived Me, Son of God. Only in my Fiat could She conceive Me; my Fiat communicated to Her the immensity, the infinity, the fecundity, in a divine manner, and this is why the Immense, the Eternal, the Infinite One could be conceived in Her. As soon as She said '*Fiat Mihi*', not only did She take possession of Me, but She overshadowed all creatures, all created things together. She felt all the lives of creatures within Herself, and from that moment She began to act as Mother and Queen of all. How many portents does this 'yes' of my Mama not contain – if I wanted to tell them all, you would never finish hearing them."

Now, a second 'yes' in my Will I asked of you; and you, though trembling, pronounced it. This 'yes' in my Volition will have its portents, it will have a divine fulfillment. You – follow Me, and sink deeper into the immense sea of my Will, and I will take care of everything. My Mama did not think about how I would get to conceive Myself in Her; She only said '*Fiat Mihi*', and I took care of the way in which to be conceived. So you will do."

**January 17, 1921**

***The 'Fiat Mihi' of the Most Holy Virgin had the same power of the Creative Fiat. The Third Fiat will be the fulfillment and completion of the prayer taught by Jesus: the 'Fiat Voluntas Tua sicut in Coelo et in Terra'.***

I felt my poor mind immersed in the immense sea of the Divine Volition. Everywhere I could see the imprint of the Fiat. I saw it in the sun, and it seemed to me that the echo of the Fiat in the sun brought me the divine love that darts through me, that wounds me, that flashes through me. And I, on the wings of the Fiat of the sun, rose up to the Eternal One, and brought, in the name of the whole human family, the love that darted through the Supreme Majesty, that wounded Him, that flashed through Him. And I said: 'In your Fiat You gave me all this love, and only in the Fiat can I return it to You.' I looked at the stars and I could see the Fiat in them; and in their sweet and meek twinkling, this Fiat brought me the pacific love, the sweet love, the hidden love, the compassionate love in the very night of sin. And I, in the Fiat of the stars, brought to the throne of the Eternal One, in the name of all, the pacific love in order to put peace between Heaven and earth, the sweet love of the loving souls, the hidden love of many others, the love of the creatures when, after sin, they return to God. But who can say all that I understood and did in so many Fiats with which I saw all Creation strewn? I would be too long, therefore I stop here.

Then, my sweet Jesus took my hands in His, and clasping them tightly, He told me: "My daughter, the Fiat is all full of life; even more, It is life itself, and therefore all lives and all things come out from within the Fiat. From my '*Fiat*' Creation came out; therefore in each created thing one can see the imprint of the Fiat. From the '*Fiat Mihi*' of my dear Mama, pronounced in my Volition, having the same power of my Creative '*Fiat*', Redemption came out. So, there is nothing in Redemption which does not contain the imprint of the '*Fiat Mihi*' of my Mama. Even my very Humanity, my steps, the works, the words, were sealed by Her '*Fiat Mihi*.' My pains, the wounds, the thorns, the Cross, my Blood, had the imprint of Her '*Fiat Mihi*', because things carry the imprint of the origin from which they came out. My origin in time was the '*Fiat Mihi*' of the Immaculate Mama, therefore all my operating carries the mark of Her '*Fiat Mihi*'. So, in each Sacramental Host there is Her '*Fiat Mihi*'; if man rises from sin, if the newborn is baptized, if Heaven opens to receive souls, it is the '*Fiat Mihi*' of my Mama that marks, that follows everything, and from It everything proceeds. Oh! power of the Fiat - It rises at each instant, It multiplies, and It makes Itself life of all goods.

Now I want to tell you why I asked for your '*Fiat*' - your 'yes' in my Will. I want my prayer that was taught – the '*Fiat Voluntas Tua sicut in Coelo et in terra*' - this prayer of so many centuries, of so many generations, to have its fulfillment and completion. This is why I wanted another 'yes' in my Will - another '*Fiat*' containing the creative power. I want the '*Fiat*' that rises at each instant, that multiplies for all; I want in one soul my same '*Fiat*' which rises to my throne, and with Its creative power brings upon earth the life of the '*Fiat* on earth as It is in Heaven'."

Surprised and annihilated in hearing this, I said: 'Jesus, what are You saying? And yet You know how bad I am, and incapable of anything.' And He: "My daughter, it is my usual way to choose the most abject, incapable and poor souls for my greatest works. My very Mama had nothing extraordinary in Her exterior life - no miracles, not a sign that would make Her be distinguished from

other women. Her only distinction was perfect virtue, to which almost no one paid attention. And if to other Saints I gave the distinction of miracles, and others I adorned with my wounds, to my Mama, nothing - nothing. Yet, She was the portent of portents, the miracle of miracles, the true and perfect crucified - no one else like Her.

I usually act like a master, who has two servants: one seems a giant, herculean, capable of everything; the other one, small, short, incapable, seems to be good at nothing - not an important service. If the master keeps him, it is more out of charity, and also for His amusement. Now, having to send a million - a billion, to another country, what does he do? He calls the little one, the incapable one, and entrusts the great sum to him, saying to himself: 'If I entrust it to the giant, all will fix their attention on him; thieves will assail him, they may rob him; and if he defends himself with his herculean strength, he may remain wounded. I know that he is capable, but I want to spare him; I do not want to expose him to the obvious danger. On the other hand, this little one - knowing him to be incapable, no one will pay attention to him; no one would think that I might entrust such an important sum to him; and so he will come back safe and sound.' The poor incapable one is surprised that the master would trust him, when he could use the giant, and, all trembling and humble, he goes to deposit the great sum, with no one deigning to look at him; and safe and sound he returns to his master, more trembling and humble than before.

So I do. The greater the work I want to do, the more I choose abject, poor, ignorant souls, with no exteriority that might draw attention upon them. The abject state of the soul will serve as safe custody for my work; the thieves of self-esteem, of love of self, will not pay attention to her, knowing her inability. And she, humble and trembling, will carry out the office entrusted by Me, knowing that, not herself, but I Myself did everything in her."

**January 24, 1921**

***The Third Fiat will bring to completion the glory and the honor of the Fiat of Creation, and will be confirmation and development of the fruits of the Fiat of Redemption. These three Fiats will veil the Most Holy Trinity upon earth.***

I was feeling annihilated in thinking about this blessed Fiat; but my lovable Jesus wanted to increase my confusion. It seems that He wants to make fun of me, proposing to me astounding things, and almost incredible, taking pleasure in seeing me confused and more annihilated. And, what is worse, I am forced to write them by obedience, to my greater torment. So, while I was praying, my sweet Jesus leaned His head against mine, sustaining His forehead with His hand; and a light coming from His forehead told me: "My daughter, the first Fiat was pronounced in Creation without the intervention of any creature. The second Fiat was pronounced in Redemption, and I wanted the intervention of the creature, and I chose my Mama as fulfillment of the second Fiat. Now, in fulfillment, I want to pronounce the third Fiat, and I want to pronounce It through you; I have chosen you for the fulfillment of the third Fiat. This third Fiat will bring to completion the glory and the honor of the Fiat of Creation, and will be confirmation and development of the fruits of the Fiat of Redemption. These three Fiats will veil the Most Holy Trinity upon earth, and I will have the '*Fiat Voluntas Tua* on earth as it is in Heaven'. These three Fiats will be inseparable - one will be life of the other; They will be one and triune, but distinct among Themselves. My Love wants it, my Glory demands it: having unleashed the first two Fiats from the womb of my creative power, It wants to unleash the third Fiat, for my Love can no longer contain It - and this, in order to complete the work that came out of Me; otherwise, the work of Creation and of Redemption would remain incomplete."

On hearing this, I remained not only confused, but as though stunned, and I said to myself: 'Is all this possible? There are so many; and if it is true that He has chosen me, it seems to me that this is one of the usual follies of Jesus. And then, what could I do or say from within a bed, half

crippled and inept as I am? Could I keep up with the multiplicity and infinity of the Fiat of Creation and of Redemption? My Fiat being similar to the other two Fiats, I must run together with Them, multiply myself with Them, do the good that They do, braid myself with Them. Jesus, think of what You are doing! I am not for this much.’ But who can say all the nonsense I spoke?

Now, my sweet Jesus came back and told me: “My daughter, calm yourself - I choose whomever I please. Know, however, that I begin all of my works between Myself and one single creature; and then they are diffused. In fact, who was the first spectator of the Fiat of my Creation? Adam, and then Eve. It surely wasn’t a multitude of people; only after years and years did crowds and multitudes of people become spectators of It. And in the second Fiat my Mama was the only spectator; not even Saint Joseph knew anything, and my Mama found Herself more than in your condition: the greatness of the creative force of my work which She felt within Herself was such that, confounded, She did not feel the strength to breathe a word to anyone. And if Saint Joseph then knew it, it was because I manifested it to him. So, this Fiat germinated like seed inside Her virginal womb; the ear of grain was formed in order to multiply It, and then It came out to daylight. But who were the spectators? Very few; and in the room of Nazareth the only spectators were my dear Mama and Saint Joseph. Then, when my Most Holy Humanity grew up, I went out and I made Myself known - but not to all. Then, It diffused more, and It will still diffuse.

So it will be for the third Fiat. It will germinate in you; the ear of grain will form; only the priest will have knowledge of It. Then, a few souls - and then It will diffuse. It will diffuse, and will do the same course as Creation and Redemption. The more crushed you feel, the more the ear of the third Fiat grows in you and is fecundated. Therefore, be attentive and faithful.”

**February 2, 1921**

***The Third Fiat must run together with the other two Fiats. These three Fiats have one same value and power, because they contain the creative power.***

Continuing in my usual state, I was fusing all of myself in the Divine Volition, and was saying to myself: ‘My Jesus, I want to love You, and I want so much love as to compensate for the love of all generations, which have been, and which will be. But who can give me so much love as to be able to love for all? My Love, in your Will there is the creative strength; therefore in your Will I myself want to create so much love as to compensate for and surpass the love of all, and everything that all creatures are obliged to give God as Our Creator.’

But while I was doing this, I said: ‘How much nonsense I am speaking.’ And my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, indeed, in my Will there is the creative strength. From within one single ‘Fiat’ of Mine came out billions and billions of stars. From the ‘Fiat Mihi’ of my Mama, from which Redemption had Its origin, come out billions and billions of acts of grace which communicate themselves to souls. These acts of grace are more beautiful, more resplendent, more varied than the stars; and while the stars are fixed and do not multiply, the acts of grace multiply to infinity; in each instant they run, they attract creatures, they delight them, they strengthen them and give them life. Ah! if creatures could see in the supernatural order of grace, they would hear such harmonies, they would see such an enchanting scene, as to believe that that is their paradise. Now, the third Fiat too must run together with the other two Fiats; It must multiply to infinity, and in each instant It must give as many acts for as many acts of grace as are unleashed from my womb; for as many stars, for as many drops of water, and for as many created things as the Fiat of Creation unleashed. It must blend with them and say: ‘As many acts as you are - so many I do.’

These three Fiats have one same value and power. You disappear – it is the Fiat that acts, and therefore you too can say in my omnipotent Fiat: ‘I want to create so much love, so many adorations, so many blessings, so much glory to my God, as to compensate for everyone and for everything.’

Your acts will fill Heaven and earth; they will multiply with the acts of Creation and Redemption, and will become one.

All this will seem astounding and incredible to some; in that case they would have put my creative power in doubt. And besides, when it is I who want it, and give this power, every doubt ceases. Am I perhaps not free to do whatever I want, and to give to whomever I want? You - be attentive; I will be with you, I will overshadow you with my creative strength, and I will accomplish what I want upon you.”

**February 8, 1921**

***While the world wants to cast Jesus away from the face of the earth, He is preparing an Era of Love: the Era of the Third Fiat.***

This morning, after I had received Communion, I heard in my interior my always lovable Jesus saying: “Oh! iniquitous world, you are doing everything you can to cast Me away from the face of the earth, to banish Me from society, from schools, from conversations - from everything. You are plotting how to demolish temples and altars, how to destroy my Church and kill the ministers; and I am preparing for you an Era of Love - the Era of my Third Fiat. You will follow your way in order to banish Me, and I will confound you by means of love. I will follow you from behind, I will come toward you from the front so as to confound you in love; and there where you have banished Me, I will raise my throne, and will reign more than before - but in a more astounding way; so much so, that you yourself will fall at the foot of my throne, as though bound by the strength of my love.”

Then He added: “Ah! my daughter, the creature rages ever more in evil. How many machinations of ruin they are preparing - they will reach such point as to exhaust evil itself. But while they occupy themselves with following their way, I will occupy Myself so that my *Fiat Voluntas Tua* may have Its completion and fulfillment, and my Will may reign upon the earth - but in a completely new way. I will occupy Myself with preparing the Era of the Third Fiat in which my love will show off in a marvelous and unheard-of way. Ah! yes, I want to confound man completely in love. Therefore, be attentive - I want you with Me, in preparing this Era of Love, Celestial and Divine. We will hold each other’s hand, and will work together.” Then He drew close to my mouth, and as He sent His omnipotent breath into it, I felt new life being infused in me; and He disappeared.

**February 16, 1921**

***In order to enter into the Divine Will, the creature must do nothing other than remove the little stone of her will.***

While I was thinking about the Holy Divine Volition, my sweet Jesus told me: “My daughter, in order to enter into my Will there are neither paths nor doors nor keys, because my Will is everywhere. It flows under one’s feet, on the right, on the left, above one’s head - everywhere. The creature must do nothing other than remove the little stone of her own will, which, though it is there in my Will, does not take part in, nor does it enjoy Its effects, rendering itself as though a stranger in my Volition. In fact, it is as if the little stone of her will prevented the water from flowing from the shore to run somewhere else, because the stones are blocking it. But if the soul removes the little stone of her will, at that very instant she flows into Me, and I into her; she finds all my goods at her disposal: strength, light, help - whatever she wants. This is why there are no paths, nor doors, nor keys - it is enough to want it, and everything is done. My Will takes charge of everything, and of giving her what she lacks, and It makes her wander freely within the interminable boundaries of my Will. All the opposite for the other virtues: how many efforts are needed, how many struggles, how

many long ways. And while it seems that the virtue is smiling at her, one passion a little bit violent, one temptation, one unexpected encounter, hurl her back and put her at the start, to walk the way.”

**February 22, 1921**

***The Third Fiat will give such grace to the creature as to make her return almost to the state of origin; and then God will take His perpetual rest in the last Fiat.***

I was in my usual state, and my sweet Jesus was all silent; and I said to Him: ‘My Love, why are You not saying anything to me?’ And Jesus: “My daughter, it is my usual way, after I have spoken, to remain silent. I want to rest in my own word - that is, in my own work come out of Me. And I did this in the Creation: after I said ‘*Fiat Lux*’, and light came to be, ‘*Fiat*’ to all other things, and things came out to life, I wanted to rest, and my eternal light rested in the light that was issued in time. My love rested in the love with which I invested all Creation; my beauty rested in the whole universe, which I tempered with my own beauty. My wisdom and power also rested, with which I ordered everything, with such wisdom and power that I Myself, in looking, said: ‘How beautiful is the work come out of Me - I want to rest in it.’ So I do with souls: after I have spoken, I want to rest and enjoy the effects of my word.”

After this, He added: “Let us say ‘*Fiat*’ together.” And everything - Heaven and earth - was filled with adorations to the Supreme Majesty. And, again, He repeated: “*Fiat*”, and the Blood, the wounds, the pains of Jesus, arose and multiplied to infinity. And then, for the third time: “*Fiat*”, and this Fiat multiplied in all the wills of creatures, to sanctify them. Then He said to me: “My daughter these three Fiats are the Creating, the Redeeming, and the Sanctifying. In creating man, I endowed him with three powers - intellect, memory and will; with three Fiats I will accomplish the work of the sanctification of man.

At the Creating Fiat, the intellect of man remains as though enraptured - and how many things he comprehends of Me and of how I love him, as I am hidden in all created things to make Myself known and to give him love in order to make Myself loved. In the Fiat of Redemption, his memory remains as though enchained by the excesses of my love in suffering so much in order to help and save man in the state of sin. In the third Fiat, my love wants to display even more; I want to assail the human will, I want to place my very Will as support of his will, in such a way that the human will will remain not only enraptured, enchained, but sustained by an Eternal Will, such that, making Itself prop for the whole of man, he will almost be unable to escape It.

The generations will not end until my Will reigns upon earth. My Redeeming Fiat will place Itself in the middle, between the Creating Fiat and the Sanctifying Fiat. They will intertwine, all three together, and will accomplish the sanctification of man. The third Fiat will give such grace to the creature as to make her return almost to the state of origin; and then, once I have seen man just as he came out of Me, my work will be complete, and I will take my perpetual rest in the last Fiat. Only the life in my Volition will give back to man the state of origin. Therefore, be attentive, and together with Me, help Me to complete the sanctification of the creature.”

On hearing this, I said: ‘Jesus, my Love, I am not able to do as You do, nor as You teach Me; and I am almost afraid of your reproaches if I don’t do well what You want from me.’ And He, all goodness: “I too know that you cannot do perfectly what I tell you, but wherever you cannot reach, I make up for you. However, it is necessary that I attract you, and that you comprehend what you must do, so that, if you cannot do everything, you may do what you can. But while I speak to you, your will remains chained with Mine, and you would want to do what I tell you; and I consider this as if you were doing everything.” And I: ‘How can this way of living in the Divine Will be spread and taught to others; and who will be willing?’ And Jesus: “My daughter, with my descending upon earth, even if no one had been saved, the work of glorifying the Father would already be complete.

The same now: even if no one wanted to receive this gift - which will not be - you alone will be enough for Me, and you will give Me the complete glory that I want from all creatures.”

**March 2, 1921**

***Jesus changes the office of Luisa, from victim of Divine Justice, to that of preparing the Era of His Will.***

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, the third Fiat - my *‘Fiat Voluntas Tua* on earth as It is in Heaven’ - will be like the rainbow that appeared in the sky after the Flood, which, like iris of peace, assured man that the Flood had ceased. So it will be with the third Fiat. As It becomes known, and loving and disinterested souls come to live life in my Fiat, they will be like rainbows which, as irises of peace, will reconcile Heaven and earth, and will dispel the flood of so many sins that inundate the earth. These irises of peace will have the third Fiat as life; so, my *‘Fiat Voluntas Tua*’ will have completion in them. And just as the second Fiat called Me upon earth to live among men, so will the third Fiat call my Will into souls, and in them It will reign ‘on earth as It is in Heaven’.”

Then, since I was sad because of His absence, He added: “My daughter, rise - come into my Will. I chose you amid thousands and thousands, so that my Will may have full completion in you, and you may be like an iris of peace which, from its seven colors, draws others to live life in my Will. Therefore, let us put the earth aside; up until now I have kept you together with Me to placate my Justice and prevent harder chastisements from pouring upon the earth. Now let us allow the current of human evil to run, and I want you together with Me, in my Volition, to occupy yourself with preparing the Era of my Will.

As you go forward on the path of my Volition, the iris of peace will form, which will form the link of connection between the Divine Will and human will. From it, my Will will have life upon earth, and the fulfillment will begin, of my prayer and the prayer of the whole Church: *‘Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done, on earth as It is in Heaven’.*”

**March 8, 1921**

***The Virgin, with Her love, called the Word to incarnate Himself in Her womb. Luisa, with her love, and by fusing herself in the Divine Will, calls the Divine Will to have life on earth within her.***

While I was praying, I was fusing all of myself in the Divine Will, and my sweet Jesus came out from within my interior, and throwing His arm around my neck, told me: “My daughter, my Mama, with Her love, with Her prayers and with Her annihilation, called Me from Heaven to earth, to incarnate Myself in Her womb. You, with your love, and with the continuous dissolving of yourself in my Volition, will call my Will to have life on earth within you; and then you will give Me life in other creatures.

Know, however, that as my Mama called Me from Heaven to earth into Her womb, since what She did was a unique act, which will never be repeated again, I enriched Her with all graces, I endowed Her with so much love as to make Her surpass the love of all creatures united together; I gave Her primacy in the privileges, in the glory - in everything. I could say that the whole of the Eternal One reduced Himself to one single point and poured Himself upon Her in torrents, in immense seas; so much so, that all remain below Her.

As you call my Will into yourself, this too is a unique act; therefore, for the decorum of my Will which must dwell in you, I must pour so much grace, so much love, as to make you surpass all other creatures. And since my Will has supremacy over everything - It is eternal, immense, infinite - there where the Life of my Will must have Its beginning and completion, I must communicate to her,

endow her with, enrich her with, the same qualities of my Will, giving her supremacy over everything. My Eternal Volition will take the past, the present and the future, It will reduce them to one single point, and It will pour it into you. My Will is eternal, and wants to have life there where It finds eternity; It is immense, and wants life in the immensity; It is infinite, and wants to find infinity. How can I find all this, if I do not pour it in you before?"

On hearing this, I was frightened and terrified – and if I wrote this, it is because obedience imposed itself - and I said: ‘Jesus, what are You saying? You really want to confound me and humiliate me to the dust. I feel that I cannot even tolerate what You are saying - I feel a terror that frightens the whole of me.’ And He added: “What I say to you will serve Me; it is necessary to the sanctity and dignity of my Will. I do not lower Myself to dwelling there where I do not find the things that belong to Me. You will be nothing other than the depository of a good so great, which you must be jealous of keeping. Therefore, pluck up courage, and do not fear.”

**March 12, 1921**

***The Divine Will, wheat that will become food; Luisa, the straw that clothes it and defends it.***

I was saying to myself: ‘My Queen Mother provided to Him the blood in order to form the Humanity of Jesus in Her womb. And I - what will I give Him in order to form the Life of the Divine Will in me?’ And my lovable Jesus told me: “My daughter, you will provide to Me the straw in order to form the ear, in which I will be the wheat, as I will give my Will as food for the nourishment of the souls who will want to feed themselves with my Will. You will be the straw that will preserve the wheat.” On hearing this, I said: ‘My Love, my office of serving You as straw is ugly, because the straw is thrown away and burned, and it has no value.’ And Jesus: “Yet, the straw is necessary to the ear of wheat. If it wasn’t for the straw, the wheat could not mature, nor multiply. The poor straw serves as garment and defense for the wheat. If the scorching sun invests it, the straw defends it from the too much heat so as not to let it wither. If frost, rain or something else invade the wheat, the straw takes all these evils upon itself. So, it can be said that the straw is the life of the wheat; and if the straw is burned and thrown away, this is when it is detached from the wheat. The wheat of my Will is not subject to either increasing or decreasing; as much as they may take of it, it will not diminish by a single grain; so, your straw will be necessary to Me, for it will serve Me as garment, as defense, defending the rights of my Volition. Therefore, there is no danger that you may be separated from Me.”

After a little while He came back, and I said to Him: ‘My Life, Jesus, if the souls who will have life in your Volition will be rainbows, what will be the colors of these irises of peace?’ And Jesus, all goodness: “Their qualities and colors will be all divine; they will blaze with the most beautiful and radiant colors, which are: Love, Goodness, Power, Wisdom, Sanctity, Mercy, Justice. The variety of these colors will be as light in the darkness of the night, and by virtue of these colors, they will make daylight arise in the minds of creatures.”

**March 17, 1921**

***Jesus makes Luisa pass from the office which His Humanity had upon earth, to the office which His Will had within His Humanity.***

I was saying to my sweet Jesus: ‘I don’t know - the more You say You give to me by means of your Holy Volition, the more wretched and ugly I feel. I should feel better - more good; instead, all the opposite.’ And Jesus told me: “My daughter, the more the wheat of my Will grows in you, the more you will feel the misery of your straw. In fact, when the ear begins to form, wheat and straw are one single thing; but as the life of the ear keeps forming, since the wheat forms, the straw is detached from the wheat, and remains only as defense of the wheat. So, the more wretched you feel,

the more the wheat of my Will keeps forming in you, and is closer to perfect maturation. The straw in you is nothing other than your weak nature which, living together with the sanctity and nobility of my Will, feels its misery more.”

Then He added: “My beloved, up until now you have occupied before Me the office which my Humanity had upon earth. Now I want to change your office, giving you another one, more noble, more extensive: I want to give you the office which my Will had within my Humanity. See how much higher, more sublime, this is: my Humanity had a beginning - my Will is eternal; my Humanity is circumscribed and limited - my Will has no limits and no boundaries, It is immense. A more noble and distinguished office I could not give you.”

On hearing this, I said: ‘My sweet Jesus, I cannot give myself a reason why You want to give me such an office; nor have I done anything to deserve such a great favor.’ And Jesus: “The whole reason is my love, your littleness, your living in my arms like a baby who is concerned with nothing but her Jesus alone, your not refusing Me, ever, any sacrifice that I have asked of you. I do not let Myself be impressed by great things, because in the things that are great in appearance there is always something human; but by small things – yet small in appearance, but great in themselves. And besides, you yourself should have understood that I was to give you a special mission in my Will. That continuous speaking to you about my Will; that making you understand Its admirable effects, which I have not done with anyone until now. I behaved with you like a teacher, when he wants his disciple to become perfect, whether in medicine, or in history, or something else: it seems that he cannot speak about anything else; he keeps beating on that point. So I have done with you: I assumed the attitude of Teacher of Divine Will, as if I ignored everything else. After I instructed you well, I manifested to you your mission, and how in you there will take place the beginning of the fulfillment of the *Fiat Voluntas Tua* upon earth. Courage, my daughter; I see that you lose heart. Do not fear, you will have the whole of my Will as your help and support.” And while He was saying this, He marked my head, my face, my heart with His hands, as though confirming in me what He was saying; and He disappeared.

**March 23, 1921**

***The Divine Will renders the soul little. Luisa is the littlest of all.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself together with Jesus, and I said to Him: “My Love, I want to let You hear what I do in order to enter into your Will, to see whether You like it or not.” So I said what I usually say when I enter into His Will - which I don’t think it is necessary to say here, since I have said it elsewhere. And Jesus gave me a kiss, approving, with His kiss, of what I was saying to Him. And then He said to me: “My daughter, my Will has the special virtue of rendering souls little, making them become so little, that they feel the extreme need for my Will to administer life to them. Their littleness is such that they are unable to do one act or take one step if my Will does not administer to them the act or the step. So they live completely at the expense of my Will, because their littleness carries no baggage, either of their own things, or of love of self, but they take everything from my Will - not in order to keep it for themselves, but to give it to Me; and since they need everything, they live dissolved in my Will.

Listen: I went round the earth over and over again; I looked at all creatures, one by one, in order to find the littlest of all. Among many I found you - the littlest of all. I liked your littleness and I chose you. I entrusted you to my Angels, so that they might keep you, not to make you great, but to preserve your littleness; and now I want to begin the great work of the fulfillment of my Will. Nor will you feel greater because of this; on the contrary, my Will will make you smaller, and you will continue to be the little daughter of your Jesus - *the little daughter of my Will.*”

**April 2, 1921**

***The soul who operates in the Divine Will gives for all and receives for all.***

I feel my poor mind as though dazed, and I lack the words to put on paper what I feel. If my Jesus wants me to write, He will deign to say in words what He infuses in Me by means of light. So, I just remember that, on coming, He said to me: “My daughter, in one who prays, loves, repairs, kisses Me, adores Me in my Will, I feel as if all were praying Me, loving Me, etc. In fact, since my Will envelops everything and everyone, in my Volition the soul gives Me the kiss, the love, the adoration of all; and I, looking at everyone in her, give to her as many kisses, as much love, as I should give to all.

The soul in my Will is not content if she does not see Me fulfilled by the love of all, if she does not see Me kissed, adored, prayed by all. In my Will one cannot do things by halves, but complete; and to the soul who acts in my Volition I cannot give small things, but immense, which can be sufficient for all. I behave with the soul who acts in my Volition like a person who would want to have a work done by ten people. Now, of these ten, only one offers himself to do the work - all the others refuse. Is it not right that he give to one alone everything that he should give to all ten of them? Otherwise, where would be the difference between one who acts in my Will and one who acts in his own will?”

**April 23, 1921**

***The love of God will triumph over all the evils of creatures. God will look at the acts of the creatures through the acts of the soul done in the Divine Will.***

I am going through most bitter days; my always lovable Jesus has almost eclipsed Himself. What pain! What torment! Only, I feel my mind beyond the spheres, in His Will, wanting to take this Holy Volition and bring It below the spheres, into the midst of men, and give It to each one of them as their own life. My poor mind struggles between the Divine Will and the human will of all, in order to make them one.

Now, as I was at the summit of my bitterness, my sweet Jesus just barely moved in my interior, and putting out His hands, He took my hands in His, and told me in my interior: “My daughter, courage, I will come, I will come. You - occupy yourself with nothing else but my Volition. Let us leave the earth aside; they will get tired in evil. Everywhere they will keep sowing terrors and frights and slaughters; but the end will come - my love will triumph over all their evils. Therefore, you - extend your will within Mine, and with your acts you will come to extend it like a second heaven over the heads of all. And I will look at the acts of the creatures through your acts - divine, because they all start from my Will; and you will force my Eternal Volition to descend below the spheres, to triumph over the evil of the human will. Therefore, if you want my Will to descend, and my love to triumph, you must ascend beyond the spheres, dwell up there, extend your acts in my Will. And then we will descend together, we will assail the creatures with my Volition, with my love; we will confound them in such a way that they will not be able to resist us. Therefore, for now let us allow them to do what they want. Live in my Will and have patience.”

**April 26, 1921**

***The war which the Divine Will will wage on the creatures.***

I continue in my painful state. My sweet Jesus came for just a little, and drawing me strongly to Himself, told me: “My daughter, I repeat it to you - do not look at the earth; let us allow them to do what they want. They want to make war - let them do it; when they get tired, I too will make my war. Their tiredness in evil, their disenchantments, the disillusionings, the losses suffered, will dispose

them to receive my war. My war will be war of love. My Will will descend from Heaven into their midst; all your acts, and those of others done in my Volition, will wage war on the creatures - but not a war of blood; they will wage war with the weapons of love, giving them gifts, graces, peace. They will give such surprising things as to astonish ungrateful man. This Will of Mine, militia of Heaven, will confound man with divine weapons; It will overwhelm him, It will give him the light in order to see - not evil, but the gifts and the riches with which I want to enrich him. The acts done in my Will, carrying the creative power within themselves, will be the new salvation of man; and descending from Heaven, they will bring all goods upon earth - they will bring the New Era, and the triumph over the human iniquity. Therefore, multiply your acts in my Will to form the weapons, the gifts, the graces, so as to be able to descend into the midst of creatures and wage on them the war of love.”

Then, with a more afflicted tone, He added: “My daughter, it will happen with Me as to a poor father, whose bad children not only offend him, but would want to kill him; and if they don’t do it, it is because they are unable to. Now, since these children want to kill their father, it is no wonder that they kill one another, that one is against the other, that they impoverish themselves, and reach the point of being all in the act of perishing. And, what is worse, they don’t even remember that they have their father.

Now, what does this father do? Exiled by his own children, while these fight, wound one another, and are about to perish from starvation, the father is toiling in order to acquire new riches, gifts and remedies for his children. And when he sees them almost lost, he goes into their midst to make them richer; he offers the remedies for their wounds, and brings peace and happiness to all. Now, conquered by so much love, these children will bind themselves to their father with lasting peace, and will love him. So it will happen with Me. Therefore, in my Will do I want you, as faithful daughter of my Volition; and together with Me, at the work of the acquisition of new riches to give to the creatures. Be faithful to Me, and occupy yourself with nothing else.”