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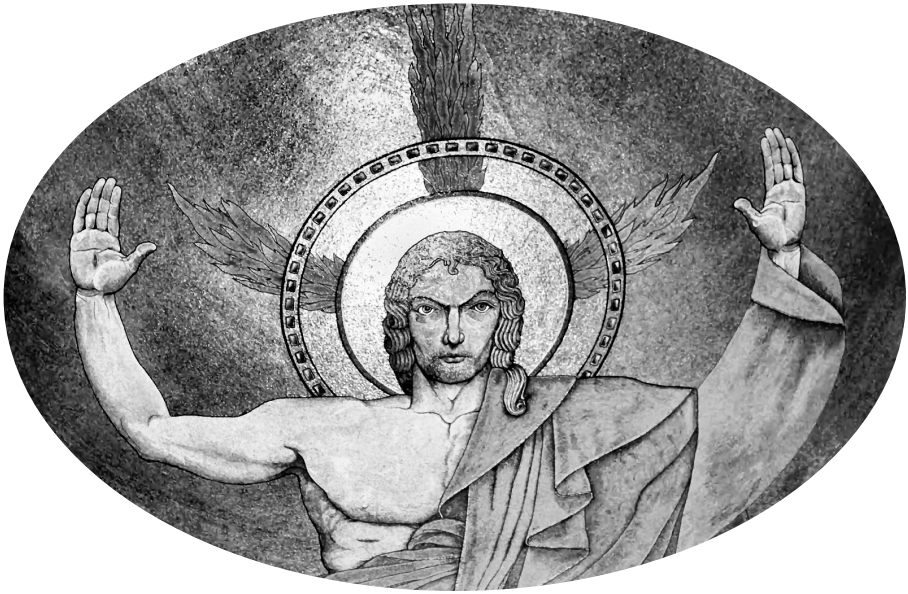
THE PRAYERS OF LUISA

Taken from the writings of
the Servant of God, Luisa Piccarreta

"… daughter Luisa: as you do your first Acts in My Will,
the other souls receive the right to enter into
The Divine Will and *to repeat your Acts,*
in order to receive The Same Effects.**"**
Volume 21 – April 18, 1927



"Therefore, my daughter, be attentive; always work in My Will, if you want to make Your beloved Jesus content.
I would like you to stop everything, in order for you to take up this point alone – Living and working (praying) constantly in My Most Holy Divine Will."

Volume 17 – August 9, 1924

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Effects of Repeating the Prayers of Luisa
From the Writings of Luisa Piccarreta
"The Little Daughter of the Divine Will"

I was following the Holy Divine Volition in the act in which Jesus rose again from the sepulcher, glorious and triumphant; and my adorable Jesus, coming out from within my interior, told me: "My daughter, by resurrecting, My Humanity gave all creatures the right to rise again – not only with their souls, to glory and to Eternal Beatitude, but also with their bodies. Sin had removed from the creatures these rights to rise again; My Humanity, by rising again, gave them back to them. It contained the seed of the resurrection of all, and by Virtue of this seed enclosed within Me, everyone received the good of being able to rise again from death. One who does the first act must have such virtue as to enclose within himself all the other acts that the other creatures must do; in such a way that, by virtue of the first act, the others may imitate him and do the same act. How much good did the Resurrection of My Humanity not bring, giving to all the right to rise again.

"For man, because he had withdrawn from My Will, glory, happiness, honors – everything had failed. He had broken the link of connection which, connecting him with God, gave him the rights to all the goods of his Creator. And My Humanity, by rising again, connected this link of union, returning to him the lost rights, and giving him the virtue of rising again. All the glory, all the honor, is of My Humanity – had I not risen again, no one could have risen. From My Act came the successions of acts similar to the first.

"See what the Power of a First Act is. My Queen Mama did the First Act of conceiving Me. In order to be able to conceive Me, Eternal Word, She enclosed within Herself all the acts of the creatures, in order to repay Her Creator so as to be able to say: 'I am the one who Loves You, adores You, satisfies You for all.' So, finding everyone in My Mama, even though My Conception was one, I was able to give Myself to all, as Life of each creature. The same for you, daughter: as you do Your First Acts in My Will, the other creatures receive the right to enter into It and to repeat your acts, in order to receive the same effects.

"This happens also in the low world: one who is the first to form an object must work more, sacrifice himself more; he must prepare all the materials that are needed; he must make many trials. And once the first is done, not only do others acquire the right to do it, but it is easier for them to repeat it. However, all the glory is of the one who did it first, because if the first had not been done, the other acts, similar to it, could never have existence. Therefore, be attentive in forming your First Acts, if you want the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat to come to Reign upon earth." Vol. 21 – April 18, 1927

***Please Note: Many of Luisa's prayers can be prayed under different headings in this prayer book. Rather than duplicating these prayers under each heading we have place the tab numbers that they might also be prayed under.**

For example the following prayer under the heading: **In Operating/ Obeying -** might also be read under tab 4 **Abandoning/Stripping/ Confessing Nothingness** and tab 7 **Praying for Strength/Help**:

O Jesus, O Spouse, O my Strength! To You I rise, to You I come, into Your Arms I introduce myself, I abandon myself, I rest. O please, relieve me in my affliction and do not leave me alone and abandoned! Without Your Help, I am sure I will not have the Strength to do this obedience that costs me so much - I will let myself be defeated by the enemy, and I fear of being crushed by You, justly, because of my disobedience. (can also be read under tabs 4, 7)

THE THREE APPEALS

Divine Appeal

With His Father and the Holy Spirit, the Divine King appeals to His children on earth to come now and enter into the Kingdom of His Will.

My dear and beloved children,

I come into your midst with My Heart all drowned in Flames of Love. I come as a Father to be among My children because I Love you so very much. My Love is so Great that I come to remain with you so that we may Live together with one, single Will; with one, single Love.... As I come to you, I bring with Me My Pains, My Blood, My Works, and even My very death.

Look at Me. Each drop of My Blood, each of My Pains and Steps, and all the things I did compete with one another because they want to give you My Divine Will. Even My death wants to give Rebirth to the Life of My Will in you.

I have prepared everything for you in My Humanity; and I have prayed for and obtained Graces, Helps, Light and Strength for you to receive a Gift so Great. On My part I have done everything; so now I am waiting for you to do your part. Who would be so ungrateful as to turn Me away and not welcome the Gift I am bringing to you?

Know that My Love is so Great that I will forget about your past life, your sins, all your evils; and I will bury them in the Ocean of My Love to Burn them all away; and then we will begin a New Life together, all of My Will.

Who would have the heart to refuse Me and send Me away without accepting My Visit which is so full of a Father's Love? But, if you will welcome Me, I will remain with you as a Father in the midst of His children. Then we must be in the Greatest Accord and Live together with one Will alone.

O, how much I long for this! How I moan, how I cry, even going into delirium, and weeping because I want My dearest children to gather around Me and Live with My very own Will.

It has been almost six thousand years; and My Humanity has sighed so much and shed so many bitter tears because I want My children to come back and Live together with Me. I want them around Me to make them Holy and Happy again. I weep and weep as I call to them to come back to Me. Who would not be moved to compassion over My Tears and My Love which goes so far as to suffocate Me, even choking Me. Among sighs and agonies of Love, I go about repeating: "My children, where are you? Why don't you come back to your Father? Why do you go away from Me? Why do you want to wander about poor, and full of so many miseries? Your misfortunes are Wounds to My Heart. I am

weary of waiting for you." And, since you do not come back to Me, I come in search of you because I can no longer contain the Love that consumes Me; and I am bringing you the Great Gift of My Will. O, I beg you, I plead with you, be moved to compassion for My so many tears and ardent sighs!

I come to you not only as a Father but also as a Teacher among His disciples... I want you to listen to Me because I will be teaching you Surprising Things, Lessons of Heaven, which will carry with them a Light that will never go out and a Blazing Love which endures forever.... My Lessons will give you a Divine Strength, an Invincible Courage, a Holiness which keeps growing more and more. These Lessons will light the way for your steps and will guide you along the way to your Heavenly Fatherland.

I come as a King to Live among His people, but not for the purpose of levying taxes and heaping burdens upon you. No, no! I come because I want your will, your miseries, your weaknesses, all your evils. My Sovereignty is really this: I want everything that distresses you and causes you to be unhappy and restless so that I can hide it within My Love and Burn it all away. As the Beneficent, Pacific, and Magnanimous King that I am, I want to exchange My Will for yours, filling you with My Most Tender Love, with My Riches and Happiness, with My Peace and Most Pure Joy.

If you will give Me your will, all will be done just as I have said; and you will make Me Happy, and you will be Happy too. I long for nothing else than for My Will to Reign among you. Heaven and earth will be smiling at you. My Heavenly Mamma will be sure to be a Mother and Queen to you. She knows the Great Good that the Kingdom of My Will will bring to you; and, in order to satisfy My Ardent Desires and to stop My weeping, and because She Loves you as Her true children, She is traveling amongst the people of the nations disposing and preparing them to receive the Dominion of the Kingdom of My Will. It was She who prepared the people for Me so that I could descend from Heaven to earth. And now I am entrusting to Her, and to Her Maternal Love, the task of disposing the souls of our people to receive a Gift so Great.

So please listen to Me. And I beg you, My children, to read very attentively these pages that I am placing before you. If you will do this, you will feel the need to Live in My Will and I will be standing right beside you when you read, touching your mind and your heart so that you will understand what you read and truly want the Gift of My Divine "Fiat."

Maternal Appeal

The Appeal of the Queen of Heaven for Her Children to Come into the Kingdom of the Divine Will From The Virgin Mary in the Kingdom of the Divine Will

Dearest daughter, I feel the irresistible need to come down from Heaven to make you my Maternal Visits. If you assure me of your filial love and faithfulness, I will remain always with you in your soul, to be your Teacher, Model, Example and Most Tender Mother.

I come to invite you to enter the Kingdom of your Mama - the Kingdom of the Divine Will - and I knock at the door of your heart, that you may open it to me. You know, with my own hands I bring you this book as a Gift; I offer it to you with Maternal Care so that, in reading it, you may learn in your turn to Live from Heaven and no longer from the earth.

This book is of gold, my daughter. It will form your Spiritual Fortune and your Happiness also on earth. In it you will find the Fount of all Goods: if you are weak, you will acquire Strength; if you are tempted, you will achieve Victory; if you have fallen into sin, you will find the Compassionate and Powerful Hand which will raise you again. If you feel afflicted, you will find Comfort; if cold, the Surest Way to get Warm; if hungry, you will enjoy the Delicious Food of the Divine Will. With It you will lack nothing; you will no longer be alone, because your Mama will keep you sweet company and with all her Maternal Care will take on the commitment to making you Happy. I, Celestial Empress, will take care of all your needs, provided that you agree to Live United with me.

If you knew my anxiety, my ardent sighs, and also the tears I shed for my children! If you knew how I Burn with desire that you listen to my Lessons, all of Heaven, and learn to Live from the Divine Will!

In this book you will see wonders; you will find a Mama who Loves you so much as to sacrifice her own Beloved Son for you, in order to allow you to Live of that very Life from which she Lived on earth.

Do not give me this sorrow - do not reject me. Accept this Gift of Heaven I am bringing you; welcome my Visit and my Lessons. Know that I will go all over the world; I will go to each individual, to all families, to religious communities, to every nation, to all peoples, and if needed, I will go about for entire centuries until, as Queen, I have formed my people, and as Mother, my children, who may know the Divine Will and let It Reign everywhere. Here is the Purpose of this Book. Those who will welcome it with love will be the first fortunate children to belong to the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat, and with Gold Characters I will write their names in my Maternal Heart.

Do you see, my daughter? That same Infinite Love of God, Who wanted to use me in the Redemption to make the Eternal Word

descend upon earth, calls me into the field once again, entrusting to me the difficult task, the Sublime Mandate to form the children of the Kingdom of His Divine Will on earth. Therefore, with Maternal Care I put myself to work, preparing for you the way which will lead you to this Happy Kingdom. For this purpose I will give you sublime and Celestial Lessons, and, finally, I will teach you special and New Prayers, through which you will bind the heavens, the sun, the creation, my own Life and that of my Son, and all the acts of the saints, so that in your name they may beseech the Adorable Kingdom of the Divine Volition. These Prayers are the most Powerful because they bind the Divine Work itself. Through them God will feel disarmed and won over by the creature. Confident of this help, you will hasten the coming of His Most Happy Kingdom, and with me you will obtain that the Divine Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven, according to the Desire of the Divine Master.

Courage, my daughter; make me content, and I will bless you.

The Appeal of Luisa

My Sweet Jesus, I am here in Your arms to ask Your Help. Ah, You know the anguish of my soul, how my heart bleeds, my great repugnance in making known all that which You have told me about Your Most Holy Volition (because of Luisa's desire to remain anonymous)…Obedience imposes herself! You want it…And though I should be crushed, I am constrained by a Supreme Force to accomplish the sacrifice. But remember, O my Jesus, that You Yourself have called me the little newborn of Your Most Holy Will. A newborn hardly knows how to stammer. Therefore, what shall I do? I shall scarcely stammer about Your Volition. You will do all the rest. Will You not, O my Jesus?

Rather, grant that I may disappear completely; and let it be Your Volition which, with Divine and Indelible Letters, dips the pen in that Eternal Sun, and with Golden Letters writes the Concepts, the Effects, the Value, the Power of the Supreme Will; and how the soul that Lives in It, Living as in its Center, is ennobled, is Divinized, deposes its natural remains, returns to its Beginning and, triumphant over all its miseries, regains its Original State: beautiful, pure and all ordered towards its Creator, as it came forth from His Creative Hands.

You write on this paper the long history of Your Will, Your pain in seeing Yourself driven back by creatures into the Celestial Regions. And as a sun on high, although rejected, You dart Your Rays over all the human generations; You want to come down to come to Reign in their midst, and therefore You send the Rays of Your Sighs, of Your Groanings, of Your Tears, of Your intense and eternal pain in seeing Yourself exiled and the Union of Your Will, as it were, broken off from the will of human creatures. And therefore You are waiting for them

to call You into their midst, to receive You as Triumphant King, and to make You Reign on earth as in Heaven.

Descend, O Supreme Volition! I am she who first calls You. Come to Reign upon the earth! You Who Created man so that he do only Your Volition (which he, ungrateful, broke by rebelling against You), come to retie anew this human will to Yourself, in order that Heaven and earth and all may be Re-ordered in You!

O, how I would give my life so that Your Volition be known! I would take flight in Its Interminable Confines, to bring to every creature Its Eternal Kiss, Its Knowledge, Its Goods, Its Value, Your Inexpressible Groans because You want to come to Reign upon the earth so that by knowing You, they receive You with love, and with festivity make You Reign!

O Holy Volition, with Your Luminous Rays shoot forth the arrows of Your Knowledge! Make known to all that You come to us to make us happy, but not with a human happiness, but Divine, to give us the lost dominion over ourselves, and that Light which makes known the True Good to possess it and the true evil to flee it, that renders us stable and strong, but with a Divine Strength and Stability!

Open the current between the Divine Will and the human, and paint with the brush of Your Creative Hand all those Divine Lineaments upon our souls which we lost by withdrawing ourselves from It!…Your Volition will paint in us that Freshness which never grows old, that Beauty which never fades, that Light which is never overshadowed that Grace which always grows, that Love which always Burns and is never extinguished…O Holy Volition, make Your Way; You make the Way to make Yourself known…Manifest to all, Who You are and the Great Good that You want to Give to all, so that attracted, enraptured by such a Good, all become the prey of Your Will; and thus You will be able to Reign freely on earth as in Heaven.

Therefore I pray You that You Yourself write all the Knowledge that You have manifested to me on It; and may every Word, every Saying, every Effect and Knowledge of It be to those who read, Darts and Arrows, which, wounding them, make them fall at Your Feet and receive You with open arms, to make You Reign in their hearts.

To the so many Prodigies of Your Volition, work this one as well that as they know You, may they not make You pass on; no. But may they open the doors to You, to receive You and to make You Reign… The little newborn of Your Will asks this of You. If You have wanted the sacrifice from me, and with so much insistence, of manifesting the Secrets that You have communicated to me on Your Volition; I want another from You: that as It is known, It work this Prodigy: that It take Its place of Triumph and Reign in the hearts that know It. This alone do I ask You, O my Jesus: I ask You nothing else; I want nothing but the requital of my sacrifice: that Your Volition be known and Reign with Its Full Dominion.

You know, my Love, how great has been my sacrifice, my interior struggles, unto feeling myself die; but for Your Love, and to obey Your Representative on earth I have submitted myself to all. Therefore, I want the Prodigy to be Great: that as they come to know Your Sayings on Your Volition, may the souls be enraptured, enchained and attracted more than by a powerful magnet and may they make that Divine "*FIAT*" Reign which You, with so much Love, want to Reign upon the earth.

And if You please, my Life: before these writings come to the light of day, and go through the hands of Your brothers and sisters, and mine, ah, bring Your little newborn of Your Will into the Celestial Fatherland. Ah, do not give me this pain: that I should be spectator of our Secrets become known by the other creatures. If You have given me the first pain, spare me the second, but always: "Not my will but Yours be done."

And now a word to all you who shall read these writings:…I pray you, I supplicate you to receive with love what Jesus wants to give you, that is, His Will. But to give you His, He wants yours, otherwise It will not be able to Reign. If you only knew with how much Love my Jesus wants to give you the Greatest Gift that exists both in Heaven and on Earth, which is His Will!

O how many bitter Tears He sheds, because He sees that by living with your volition, you drag the ground, sickly, impoverished… You are not capable of maintaining a good resolution. And do you know why?…Because His Volition does not Reign in you.

O, how Jesus cries and sighs over your lot…And sobbing, He prays you to make His Volition Reign in you. He wants to change your fortune: from sick to healthy, from poor to rich, from weak to strong, from mutable to immutable, from slaves to kings. It is not great penances that He wants, or long prayers, nor anything else, but that His Volition Reign in you, and that your will no longer have life.

For pity's sake, listen to Him! I am ready to give my life for each one of you, to suffer whatever pain, provided that you open the door of your soul to grant that the Volition of my Jesus Reign and Triumph over the human generations.

And now I invite all:

Come with me into Eden, where our origin had its Beginning, where the Supreme Being Created man, and making him King, gave him a Kingdom to dominate. This Kingdom was the whole universe; but his scepter, his crown, his command came from the depths of this soul, in which resided, as dominating King, the Divine "*FIAT*," which constituted the True Royalty in man. His garments were Royal, more refulgent than the sun; his acts were Noble, his beauty Enrapturing. God Loved him so much, He played with him, He called him "My little King and Son." All was Happiness, Order and Harmony.

This man, our first father, betrayed himself, he betrayed his Kingdom; and by doing his will, he embittered his Creator, Who had so Exalted and Loved him; and he lost his Kingdom, the Kingdom of the Divine Will, in

which everything had been given him. The doors of the Kingdom were closed to him and God withdrew to Himself the Kingdom given to man.

Now I must tell you a secret:

God, in withdrawing to Himself the Kingdom of the Divine Will, did not say: "I will no longer give It to man;" but He kept It on reserve, awaiting the future generations, to assail them with Surprising Graces, with Dazzling Lights such as to eclipse the human volition—which caused us to lose a Kingdom so Holy—and with such attractions of Admirable and Prodigious Knowledge of the Divine Will, as to make us feel the necessity, the desire to put aside our volition which makes us unhappy, and hurl ourselves into the Divine Will, as our permanent Kingdom.

Therefore the Kingdom is ours; Take Courage!…The Supreme "*FIAT*" awaits us, calls us, presses us to take possession of It. Who would be so bold, who would be so perfidious as to not listen to Its Call, and to not accept so much Happiness?…Only, we must leave the miserable rags of our will, the mourning garment of our slavery into which this has cast us, to clothe ourselves as queens, and adorn ourselves with Divine Ornaments.

Therefore, I appeal to all; I do not believe that you will not want to listen to me…Did you know this? I am a tiny, little child, the smallest of all creatures; and bilocating myself in the Divine Volition together with Jesus, I will come as little one onto your lap, and I will knock at your hearts with moanings and tears to ask you, as a little beggar, for your rags, your mourning garments, your unhappy volition, to give it to Jesus in order that He Burn all, and giving you anew His Volition, He return to you His Kingdom, His Happiness, the Whiteness of His Royal Garments.

If you only knew what the Will of God means!…This encloses Heaven and earth. If we are with It, everything is ours, everything lends from us; on the contrary, if we are not with It, everything is against us; and if we have something, we are true robbers of our Creator, and we sustain ourselves by means of fraud and rapine.

Therefore, if you want to know It, read these pages. In them you will find the Balsam for the wounds that the human will has cruelly inflicted on us, the New Air all Divine, the Life all Celestial. You will feel Heaven in your soul; you will see horizons, new Suns, and often you will find Jesus with His Countenance bathed in tears because He wants to give you His Volition. He cries because He wants to see you Happy; and seeing you unhappy, He sobs, sighs and prays for the Happiness of His children; and asking you for your volition to snatch from you your unhappiness, He offers you His as the Confirmation of the Gift of His Kingdom.

Therefore, I appeal to all; and I make this appeal together with Jesus, with His own Tears, with His ardent Sighs, with His Heart that Burns, that wants to give Its "*FIAT*." From within the "*FIAT*" we have

come forth; It has given us Life. It is just, it is our obligation and duty to return into It, into our Dear and Interminable Heritage.

And in the first place, I appeal to the Highest Hierarch, to the Roman Pontiff, to His Holiness, to the representative of the Holy Church, and therefore the representative of the Kingdom of the Divine Will. At his holy feet, this little, tiny child places this Kingdom, so that he dominate It and make It known, and with his paternal and authoritative voice, call his sons to Live in this Kingdom so Holy.

May the Sun of the Supreme "*FIAT*" Invest him and form the First Sun of the Divine Volition in Its Representative on earth; and forming Its Primary Life in Him who is the Head of all, It will spread Its Interminable Rays in all the world; and eclipsing all with Its Light, It will form one flock and one Shepherd

The second appeal I make to all priests. Prostrate at the feet of each one, I pray, I implore them to interest themselves in knowing the Divine Will. Take your first movement, your first act from It; rather, enclose yourselves in the "*FIAT*," and you will feel how Sweet and Dear Its Life is. Draw from It all your workings; you will feel a Divine Strength in you, a voice that always speaks, that will say Admirable Things to you that you have never heard. You will feel a Light that will eclipse all your evils, and eclipsing the peoples, will give you the dominion over them. How many labors you do without fruit, because the Life of the Divine Will is lacking. You have broken a bread for the peoples without the leaven of the "*FIAT*"; and they therefore, in eating it, have found it hard, almost indigestible; and not feeling the Life in themselves, they do not submit to your teachings. Therefore, you eat this bread of the Divine "*FIAT*!" Thus you will have sufficient Bread to give to the peoples. Thus you will form with all, one single Life and one single Will.

The third appeal I make to all, to the entire world, for you are all my brothers and sisters and my children. Do you know why I am calling all? Because I want to give to all the Life of the Divine Will. This is more than air that we can all breathe. It is as Sun from which we can all receive the Good of the Light; It is as Palpitation of the Heart that wants to Beat in all. And, as a little baby, I want, I yearn for you to take the Life of the "*FIAT*"…O, if you knew how many Goods you would receive; you would consume your life to make It Reign in all of you! This little, tiny one wants to tell you another Secret that Jesus has confided to her; and I tell you it so that you give me your will, and in exchange you will receive that of God which will make you Happy in soul and in body.

Do you want to know why the earth does not produce?…Why in various points of the earth the ground opens frequently with earthquakes, and buries in its bosom cities and persons?… Why the wind and the water form storms and devastate all, and so many other evils that you all know?…Because created things possess a Divine Will

that Dominates them and therefore they are Powerful and Dominating; they are more Noble than we. We, on the contrary, are dominated by a human will, and degraded; and therefore we are weak and impotent. If, for our fortune, we will put aside our human will and will take the Life of the Divine Volition, we too shall be Strong, Dominating…We will be brothers with all things created, which not only will no longer trouble us, but will give us the Dominion over them, and we shall be Happy in time and in Eternity.

Are you not content?…Therefore, hurry: listen to this poor little one who loves you very much; and then I shall be content when I shall be able to say that all my brothers and sisters are Kings and Queens, because all possess the Life of the Divine Will.

Therefore, Take Courage all; respond to my appeal. And I yearn much the more for all to respond to me in chorus to the appeal, because it is not I alone who calls you, who prays you; but United to me, my Sweet Jesus calls you with Tender and Moving Voice, and many times, even crying, He says to you: "Take for your Life, My Will; come into Its Kingdom."

Furthermore, you must know that the first to pray to the Heavenly Father—that His Kingdom come and that His Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven—was Our Lord in the "Our Father." And in transmitting His Prayer to us, He Appealed and Prayed to all to ask the "Your Will be done" on earth as It is in Heaven. The Love of Jesus is such (for He wants to Give you His Kingdom, His "*FIAT*"), that every time you recite the "Our Father," He runs to say together with you: "My Father, it is I Who ask You It for My sons; hurry!" Therefore, the first to Pray is Jesus Himself; and then, you also ask for It in the "Our Father." Therefore, do you not want such a Good?

Now, I say to you one last word:

You must know that the yearnings, the sighs, the anxieties of this little child to see you all in the Kingdom of the Divine Will, to see you all Happy, to make Jesus smile, are such (in seeing the Yearnings, the Deliriums, the Tears of Jesus, Who wants to give you His Kingdom, His "*FIAT*"), that if she is not successful through her prayers and with her tears, she wants to succeed with caprices both with Jesus as well as with you.

Therefore, everyone: listen to this little, tiny one…Do not make her sigh any more!…Tell me, please: "So be it, so be it; we all want the Kingdom of the Divine Will."

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

The Round of Creation and the Round of Redemption Hours of the Day of the Divine Will

First Hour: The Soul Follows the Divine Will In All Its Acts, to Keep It Company and to Receive In Itself the Divine Life. It Follows that Will in the Creation of the Heavens and of the Sun.

Jesus, my Life, the Beating of my poor heart, the Breath of my little soul, the Center of my intelligence, my littleness is engulfed in You and loses itself in You. As a tiny baby, unable to take a step, I come close to You. I hold onto Your Hand and, with You, I enter into the unending Light of Your Divine Will.

Thus it is that the Heavenly Father now pronounces the first *Fiat* and releases so much Light that we cannot see where It ends. O my Jesus, let my soul receive all the Virtue, the Power, the Holiness, and the Light of Your Adorable *Fiat*, so I may experience in me nothing other than Its Life alone! Enriched by Its Life, I will be able to embrace everything, compensate for everyone and hold that *Fiat* captive upon the earth, so It may return Triumphantly and Reign in the midst of creatures! Let me then, my Love, wander in Your Will to follow all Its Acts. O, how beautiful it is to contemplate the Supreme Majesty, who with a single *Fiat* dots the azure sky with billions of stars that enchant us with their light! He pronounces another *Fiat* and Creates the sun. He says *Fiat* again and Creates the wind, the air, the sea and all the elements, with Order and Harmony that captivate the soul.

My Jesus, my Love! O, I want to make my own all the Love that Your Divine *Fiat* had in Creating the star-studded sky, so I may in turn spread out my sky of love in Your Omnipotent *Fiat*.

And so, adorning all the sky with my love, I want to give my voice to every star, so it may repeat with me: "Jesus, I love You!… May Your Kingdom come quickly upon the earth!… May perennial glory be given to Your Divine Will!… I praise and adore Your Divine Strength and Your Indestructible Being, so they may strengthen creatures in doing good and dispose them to receive the Kingdom of Your Will."

My Love, I continue my tour and arrive at the sun. I consider You at the moment when Your *Fiat* gave off so much Light from the bosom of Divinity as to form the star of day, that celestial body meant to embrace the earth and all its inhabitants and to give each of them its own kiss of light and love. Through it, everything was meant to become beautiful, fruitful, colorful, embellished and enriched.

This sun was brought forth from Your Bosom by your *Fiat*, for my pure love. Therefore, I want to receive in myself all its light, its warmth and all its effects, so I too may be able to offer You my sun, to praise, glorify and bless with it the Everlasting Light, Its Unquenchable Love, Your Exquisite Beauty, Your Infinite Sweetness, Your Countless Tastes. Yes, O Jesus, I want to embrace You with the same sunlight. I want to give You my ardent kisses with its warmth. I want to invigorate with

my voice all its brilliance and all its effects to ask You, from the height of its heavenly sphere to the very bottom where its rays reach down, for the Kingdom of your *Fiat*. Are You not aware, my Love, that Your Will would like to rend asunder the veils of light to come down and Reign in the midst of creatures? And I, on the wings of the sun's brightness, come to beseech you to send us quickly the Kingdom of Your *Fiat*.

From the center of this sun, I ask You to let Your Splendor descend into the hearts of men to illumine them with Your Grace and to bestow Your Love in order to burn away in them whatever does not belong to Your Will. Ah, yes! If Your Light lowers Itself to their level, they will reflect the Divine Beauty. Hatred and bitterness will come to an end. Everyone will acquire Your Sweetness, and the face of the earth will thus be Renewed.

How happy I am, my Life, to be able to tell You: "A sun You have given me, and a sun I give to You! I have a celestial body in my power that asks You for the Kingdom of Your *Fiat*. Can You resist this great light that beseeches You?… Therefore, O Jesus, make haste and be quick! This sun is Your Divine Reporter. So let its light, my Love, with its own sparkle reveal to all creatures the Kingdom of Your *Fiat*, its holiness and its burning desire to have them bathed in It so It may make them happy and holy.

Second Hour: The Soul Follows the Divine Will in the Creation of the Sea and the Wind.

Jesus, my Life, Your *Fiat* drives me on. Here I am, now, considering the Creation of the sea. What sound is this? I hear a continuous murmur, the symbol of Your Eternal Motion that never stops. I enter into that Infinite and Ceaseless Divine Motion that gives life to everyone, and I make It my own to give It all to everyone and to ask You in behalf of everyone for the Kingdom of Your Will. See, O Jesus, with Your *Fiat* I am descending into the ocean abyss. Wherever I discern motion, life or murmuring, I let out my incessant cry: "I love You, I adore You, I thank You, I praise You, I glorify You!" And investing with my voice the murmur of the sea, the darting of the fish, the waves now stormy then calm, I ask You urgently for the Kingdom of Your *Fiat*! Don't You hear, O Jesus, that all the water drops with their murmuring, like so many voices, are saying: "*Fiat*, *Fiat*, *Fiat*!"… that it seems the roaring waves want to open the bosom of the sea, to let Your Will emerge, Your Will that prevails over them, and to enclose It within all creatures, so they may let Your Divine *Fiat* Reign in them?

In this sea I come to praise and to love, in Your Murmur, Your Ceaseless Motion; in its heaving waves, the Purity that knows no stain; in its grandeur, Your Grace and Your Immensity that envelops everything, that hides everything. With these sentiments I ask You, O Jesus, to make Your people fair-minded, strong and pure. Let them live hidden and immersed in Your Most Holy Will, so they may run in that very Motion of Yours from which they came!

Jesus, my Life, I now consider the wind with its cooling freshness, with its brute force and fury that demolishes things, lifts them up and carries them off; I consider that wind in order to love, to praise, to glorify and to bless the Kingdom of Your Will in it.

It sounds like it's groaning, then it sounds like it's howling. It is the Love of Your Divine Will that groans in the wind and wants to be recognized. Aware that no one is listening, It howls, It speaks with Mysterious Voices, because It wants to Reign and because It demands Its Supremacy in the midst of creatures. With the Sovereignty of Your Supreme Will, make Its Kingdom come in the midst of creatures. Let It Rule over them so no one will ever be able to resist It. Entice them with Its Freshness; make use of Its brute Force and Fury to demolish the human will in them, to raise them up and hold them captive in Your own Will. Let everyone listen to Your continued groans. If You see they are not listening to You, then howl, speak loudly, with Your Mysterious Voices, so that, deafened by them, every person may surrender and acknowledge Your Holy Will as their Supreme Master.

So then, my Love, I too am hastening on the wings of the wind to ask You, by means of it, for the Arrival of the Kingdom of Your Will. With every draft of this wind, I want to bring to everyone Its Kiss, Its Caresses, and Its Captivating Embraces.

Third Hour: The Soul Follows the Divine Will. It Flies Over the Entire Earth and Admires All Created Things.

Jesus, my heart and my Life, all Creation is steeped in Your Adorable Will. Its Acts are numberless in all created things. And I, in order to trace them better, am about to wander through the entire universe. I travel in the air and, in it, I impress my "I love You" to ask of You that creatures, in breathing, may absorb with the air the very Life of Your Will that Reigns in it.

I want to praise, to glorify, and to seal with my "I love You" the order and harmony of all Creation, to bring to everyone the Order and Harmony of the Kingdom of the Divine Will. I want to fly over the entire earth and impress my "I love You" on the small blade of grass, the little plants, on all the flowers, on the highest trees, on the mountain peaks and on the deepest depths, to ask of You that the Kingdom of Your *Fiat* may extend everywhere. I want to enliven everything, to give my voice to all, so that all may say: "May Your Will come to Reign upon the earth!"

Listen, O Jesus, as I impress my words "I love You" on the little bird that sings, warbles and trills. Together with that bird, I ask You for the Kingdom of Your *Fiat*. I stamp my words "I love You" on the little lamb that bleats, on the turtledove that mournfully coos. I ask You, with the bleating and the mournful cooing, for the Kingdom of Your *Fiat*. There is no living being I do not intend to permeate, so I may with everyone and without stopping repeat my refrain: "Thy Kingdom

come!" I want, my Jesus, to penetrate the very center of the earth and deposit there my heart, so with its own beat it may love You for everyone, give love to everyone, embrace everyone and, with everyone, cry out: "May Your Kingdom come and may Your Will prevail!"

Fourth Hour: The Soul Goes to Eden and Joins in God's Festivity Over the Creation of Man

Jesus, my Life, I feel Your Love is drawing me to You. Your Will is calling me to You, because It wants me to witness all Its Acts. It seems to me You won't be satisfied until I attend all the Operations of Your Will. Though I am incapable of doing anything, You are still content that I remain a spectator and repeat my refrain: "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You".

And here I am in Eden: I contemplate You here, my Love, while You with the Father and the Holy Spirit are forming Your precious jewel, Your Masterpiece: the beautiful statue of man. With how much Love You are forming it, with how much Beauty You are putting into it, with what Divine Gradations You are investing it! While You are molding it, You stop every so often to gaze at it. You admire it and enthusiastically say: "How beautiful My Statue is!" Your Love then beats strongly, nearly flowing over! No longer able to contain that Love, You Breathe into the statue; You give it Life and Your Likeness. And thus, You Create man. You fill him with Your Love to the point of letting him form his own oceans of love to love his Creator. Created love then plunges with its heaving waves into Creating Love, and between Creator and creature a lively contest takes place.

O Jesus, my love too thrills in this very Solemn Act of the Creation of Man! I hear Your Creative Voice exclaiming: "How beautiful is My creature! The echo of his love attracts Me and strikes Me. His voice sounds sweet and pleasant to My Ear. Tender and strong are the embraces that this creature gives Me. O, how I Delight in having given Life to him; he will be My Pride and Joy!…"

My Life, I too want to receive Your Creative Breath. I too long to love You and adore You with that same perfection and holiness with which my first father Adam loved You and adored You. Though an unworthy creature, I too want to receive Your Oceans of Love and of Light so I, in turn, can form heaving waves which, reaching up to You, will put me in a contest with my Creator!

Yes, I give You love in order to receive other Oceans of Love; and, with my waves, I ask of You that Your Kingdom may come and Your *Fiat* be known.

O Jesus, I now enter into the Unity of Your Will, so my will may be one with Yours – one in love. With this Unity that embraces everything, my voice resounds in the sky. It permeates all Creation, penetrates the deepest abyss, and calls and cries out: "May the Kingdom of Your Divine Will come. May Your Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven!"

I make my own the holiness, the glory, the adoration, the thanksgiving, the thoughts, the looks, the words, the works, and the steps taken by innocent Adam, to offer You a repetition of his acts. And you, seeing in me Your Divine Will in Act, grant me, I beseech You, that Your Kingdom may come.

In Eden there was always a Festivity between Creator and creature. Man had become the Divine Plaything, the Joy, and the Greatest Delight of the Heavenly Father.

Possessing the Divine Will in which he lived, he enjoyed primacy over the universe. Everything was order and harmony. Even the sky, the stars, the sun and the sea were honored to serve and obey his wishes. Adam was the smile; he was the joy of all Creation. Everything reminded him of his Creator; and God, who was very attentive to him, saw that nothing was lacking to his complete happiness. In fact, seeing him alone, God wanted to make him doubly happy: He made him fall asleep in His Arms. During that profound ecstasy, He removed a rib from man and made out of it a woman and gave her to man as a companion.

O, how this first mother of ours, Eve, who also remained in the Unity of the Divine Will, competed with Adam in heaving sublime waves of love at Him who had given them Life!

My Jesus, in the Unity of Your Divine Will, I too immerse my poor soul. I will never come out of these gigantic waves of love with which our first parents loved and glorified Your Adorable Majesty. In the middle of these waves I will keep crying out: "Thy Kingdom come! Let Your Will be known and fulfilled everywhere!"

Fifth Hour: The Soul is Present at the Fall of Adam in Eden, at the Divine Sorrow, and Tries to Make Amends With its Own Love.

My Love, the Power of the Unity of Your Divine Will joined into one the Creator's Act with that of your first creatures. Therefore, It also placed in common with them all His Goods, all His Joys. O my Jesus, I too want to start my life over in this Unity of Your Will together with my first parents. There, I want to establish my home. There, I want to find forever my joy, my happiness.

But, alas! To their great misfortune, Adam and Eve turned away from Your Will to do their own. From the Highest Degree of all Joy and Delight, they plunged into the abyss of all miseries. Heaven and earth were shaken, seeing that the most beautiful creatures rebelled against their Adorable Majesty, felt such pain as to cloak Yourself in Justice against them.

To console Your Heart, here I am, Jesus my Life, as I form my fixed abode in Your Divine Will. I never want to turn away from It. And this I do in order to regain at least partly the very Great Benefits Your first creatures lost and to wipe away the mark of dishonor that was stamped on their forehead. In order for the joy and happiness my

first parents gave You in the early days of their creation to continue, I want to plant my kiss and my unending act of reparation on that very pain with clothed You in Justice. I want to remove from You the mantle of indignation, so I may contemplate You clothed again in the mantle of Peace. O my Jesus, let the early days of Creation return. Let the Festivities, the Joys, the Amusements between You and Your creatures be Renewed through the coming of the Kingdom of Your Will.

Sixth Hour: The Soul Continues Its Act of Reparation. It Passes In Review the Chief Figures of the Old Testament and Yearns for Redemption.

My Jesus, my Life, I shall never leave You alone in Your Sorrow. From Your Will I shall never turn away. I solemnly promise that I never want to do my own will. What's more, I tie it to the feet of Your Throne so I may no longer have to deal with it. It will offer You deep and continued reparation for the rebellion that Adam and Eve set against Your Adorable Will. In the meantime, by uniting me completely to Your Will, which alone I want to recognize, I shall make myself one and the same with You.

My Most Cherished Life, for the Triumph of Your Divine Will, I intend to impress on each thought – from the first one in the mind of Adam to the last thought of the creatures on earth – my "I love You," my act of reparation, the glory that I owe You, to ask You on behalf of each one of them for the Kingdom of Your Will.

Grant, O my Lord, that all minds may understand what it means to do God's Will and that they all may let It Reign and Rule!…

I want to seal every glance of Your creatures, every word of theirs with my "I love You," with my reparation and with the breath I take of Your Kingdom. In every work, with every step and heartbeat of others, I want to repeat to You: "I love You" and make reparation to You for all sins committed. Come, come into the world the Kingdom of Your Divine *Fiat*!

Abiding in Your Divine Will, I want to make up for all the glory and all the love that creatures should have given You if they had Lived in Your Will. In their behalf, I ask You for Your Kingdom.

O Jesus, I now pass in review the chief figures of the Old Testament. I meditate in them the Marvels of Your Divine Will. I impress first of all my "I love You" on the sacrifice of Abraham and the obedience of Isaac, to implore through them the Kingdom of Your Divine Will.

I stamp my words "I love You" on Jacob's sorrow, on Joseph's sadness and glory. For them, I ask You for Your Kingdom. I dwell with my "I love You" on the power of Moses' miracles, on Samson's strength, on David's holiness, on Job's patience. For all these flashes of Light from Your Will, I ask of You that Your Divine Will may Reign. Observe, my Love, how I go about tracing through the centuries the Acts of Your Will in all creatures to ask of You, through them, that Your *Fiat* may be known, loved and desired by all!

Jesus, my Life, I see that Your Lovable Divine Will approaches ever closer to creatures. Casting Its Rays of Light, It envelopes the Prophets and reveals to them Your Coming upon earth, specifying the time, place and circumstances that will accompany it. O Jesus, flying over each Prophet and over each Revelation You make, I envelop everyone and everything with my "I love You, I praise You, I thank You and I ask You for the Kingdom of Your Will." Every Promise You made, every Revelation You manifested about Your Descent upon earth was a commitment You made. Therefore, also bound to the Kingdom of Your Redemption was the Kingdom of Your Will. Why don't You make haste, my Love? You never leave things half-finished. Nor do You give Your Riches only in part. Therefore, come quickly! If through Your Redemption You gave us half of Your Goods, finish now Your Work: Make Your Will Rule and Prevail in the midst of creatures!

Seventh Hour: The Soul Plunges into the Ocean of Light and Holiness of the Heavenly Mother. With Her, It Prays that the Kingdom of the Divine Will May Come Upon the Earth.

Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, I feel Your Love overflowing in me. I see with greatest joy that You are now laying aside Your mantle of Justice and getting ready for a New Festivity, perhaps even greater than Your Festivity in the Creation of Man. You are displaying Oceans of Power, Wisdom, Love, and Indescribable Beauty. Gathering all these Oceans together, You call from the very depths of these Oceans, based on Your Omnipotent Word, the Life of the Little Queen. And the Royal Lady, so Pure, so Stainless is so Exquisite in Beauty as to captivate Your very Divinity.

With the Conception of this Immaculate Sovereign, the Festivities begin between Heaven and earth. All Creation rejoices and celebrates its Queen. I, too, pay homage to Her. She is the object of Delight of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. I invite the sky, the sun, the wind, all Creation, the Angels and every human being to sing with me the praises of the Little Queen just conceived and to acknowledge Her as Noble Lady, as Mother, as the Chosen One among all creatures.

My Mother, do You see? All people are turning to You their hearts, their glances. Our fate is in Your hands. Therefore, in this first Act of Your Conception, all together we prevail upon our Heavenly Father and exclaim: "Let the Kingdom of the Divine Will come upon the earth!"

Holy Mother, present us to God; and He will be overcome, seeing that all creatures, gathered close around You, are saying with You: "Let the Kingdom of the Divine *Fiat* come!"

Yes, O Divine Persons, You do nothing other than continually pour Love upon the Newborn Queen. Nor do You ever cease granting Her New Graces to extend Her Oceans increasingly and without bound. In this Heavenly Creature, You see She who has to give You everything, who has to make amends to You for everything, She who must restore

to You intact the Glory of Creation. So, You explain to Her immediately the history of fallen man, Your Sorrow, Your Adorable Will rejected by creatures.

While You entrust everything to Her, She generously gives You the gift of Her own will and swears to You that She doesn't care to recognize it. Plunging into Your *Fiat*, She chooses It for Her own *Fiat*. She gives It Dominion over Her and in this way forms in Her soul the First Kingdom of the Divine Will. And now I hear the echo of Her continual refrain: "May the Kingdom of the Redemption come; may the Word come upon earth; may peace come between the Creator and the creature. Eternal Father, I shall not leave Your Lap if You don't give Me what I ask of You."

I, too, Heavenly Father, shall repeat with my Little Queen Mother, the refrain I usually say: "May the Kingdom of the Divine Will come!" Far from getting off Your Paternal Lap, I shall hold You with my arms until You assure me that the Divine Will not only will be known and loved by men but will Reign over them with Complete Triumph.

Eighth Hour: The Soul Continues with the Sovereign Mother to Beseech the Heavenly Father that the Divine Will May be Known to All and His Kingdom May Come.

Jesus, my Sweetest Life, please put my little soul with my Queen Mother upon the knee of our Heavenly Father. There, I shall pray, I shall weep, I shall yearn for the arrival of the Kingdom of Your Divine *Fiat*.

With my loving smiles, with my affectionate kisses, with the same Captivating Strength of Your Will, I shall beseech the Eternal Father to grant me Your Kingdom upon earth. And You, Holy Mother, place Your hand on Your little daughter. Let me cross the sea of Your Love, so that with Your Love I may more effectively ask for the coming of the Kingdom of Your Divine *Fiat*. I make my own Your Adoration of my Creator. I make my own Your Prayers, Your Supplications and Your Sighs, to ask through them for the Kingdom of the Divine *Fiat*.

My Queen Mother, help me to place in the sea of Your Sufferings and Your Deep Sorrows my petty misfortunes, my every distress, my setbacks and sacrifices, so I may incessantly ask with them that the Kingdom of the Divine Will may come quickly and the Divine Will may descend among creatures, and Triumphantly Reign and Prevail in their midst. Just as You drew the Word from Heaven to have Him descend upon earth in Your Womb, cause the Supreme *Fiat* to move from Its Heavenly Throne so It may Come and Reign upon earth in all creatures.

Ninth Hour: The Soul Follows the Divine Will in the Conception of the Divine Word and Keeps the Little Prisoner Jesus Company in the Womb of His Mother.

My Sovereign Mother, I don't want to be without You. With Your Actions I unite my own to make them all one and to ask with You for the arrival of the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

While I consider the Conception of the Word, I hide in Your Maternal Womb my continual "I love You" and all my sufferings, to render heartfelt homage to the Son of God. Through that same Unbounded Love that made Him descend from Heaven into the small prison of Your Womb, offering Him all His Actions united with mine, I ask Him to grant us quickly the Kingdom of His Divine Will.

My Mother, I want to enclose myself in You so I can remain with my Little Jesus and keep Him company in the loneliness He feels. I want to contemplate all His Sufferings to seal them with my "I love You, I praise You, I thank You."

I see my Little Baby Jesus is beginning to suffer as many agonies and as many deaths as are the rejections that men give to the Divine Will. I notice that You, Sweetest Mother, would like to take upon Yourself at once all these deaths, to satisfy the Supreme Will.

O Jesus, my heart is torn as I see You, still so small, in agony. Therefore, my Tender Little Child, I want to give life to the Divine *Fiat* in my soul as often as creatures have rejected It. And I want my will to die as often as creatures have given life to their own wills.

Yes, I want to let this same Divine Will in Your small Humanity flow out, so the agony and the pain of death You suffer may be less excruciating.

O my Sweet Love, how many pains You Suffer in the Womb of the Virgin Mother! You remain motionless there, for You don't have room to move even a finger or a little foot. You don't even have space to open Your Beautiful Eyes. No glimmer of light reaches You. In this narrow prison, there is only deep darkness.

Therefore, my Dear Little Jesus, I want to bring the Life of Your Will into the narrow prison of Your First Dwelling Place on earth, to dispel the darkness where You are. I want to impress my kiss, my "I love You," on Your Tender Limbs constrained to immobility, to ask of You, through the Merits of these Sufferings of Yours, that Your Divine Will may have Motion in creatures and, through Its Light, may dispel the night of the human will and form the Perennial Day of Your *Fiat*.

My Lovable Child, if You won't let Yourself be conquered by me now that You are small, tell me at least when will it be that I can capture the Kingdom of Your Divine Will?

Don't You know, my Beloved, that my soul wants to conquer You through Your very Love and with the Power and Strength of your *Fiat*? To attain my goal, I call to my aid all the Acts of Your Divine Will. I call on the sky with the army of its stars around You. I call on the sun

with the force of its light and heat, the wind with the forceful energy of its authority, the sea with its roaring waves. I call on all Creation. Energizing everything with my voice, I want to offer You in behalf of everyone the Kingdom of Your Divine *Fiat*.

My Tender Child, what I want is for You, in opening Your Eyes to the light, to see Yourself surrounded by the multitude of Your Works, with each of them saying to You with me: "I love You, I love You, I love You! I praise You, I thank You, I adore You!" With them all, I'd like to plant my first kiss on Your baby lips!

As soon as You were born, trembling You took refuge immediately in the arms of the Heavenly Mother, and She hugged You to Her breast. She kissed You, kept You warm, fed You with Her milk, and wiped away Your Tears. I too, dear Baby Jesus, want to place myself in Your Mother's arms and I want to meet Her kiss with my own. I want to let my "I love You" flow in Her Virginal milk so I can feed You with my love. Everything she did for You, I also want to do it for You.

My Beloved Child, see! I am not alone. With me I have everything: I have the sun to warm You; and, to dry Your Tears, I have all Your Works.

You cry and sob, because You don't see Yourself loved. But, with my "I love You," I want to sing You a lullaby to put You to sleep. In this way I'll find it easier to beseech You, when You awake, for the Kingdom of Your Divine *Fiat*.

Tenth Hour: The Soul Follows the Little Child Jesus in the Arms of His Heavenly Mother during the Pain of the Circumcision and Encloses All Human Wills in the Pain of that Wound.

My Tender Little Child, my "I love You, I praise You, I thank You" follows You everywhere to ask You for Your *Fiat*. In Your every Heartbeat and Breath, on Your tongue, in the pupil of Your Eyes, in all the drops of Your Blood, in Your little Humanity, in each of Your Holy Thoughts, I want to impress my "I love You" with my kiss.

Wanting You to find my "I love You" in the embrace that our Heavenly Mother and St. Joseph give You, I place it in their arms. I want You to hear it even in the breath of the animals at Your feet that keep You in warm in mute adoration.

My Delightful Little Child, to invoke Your Divine *Fiat* I immerse my "I love You," in the pain You suffered with the cruel cut of Circumcision, with every drop of the first Blood You shed. I pour my "I love You" into the tears that the sharp pain wrung from You and the tears shed by the Sovereign Queen and St. Joseph in seeing You suffer. That Blood, that pain, those tears clamor for the Triumph of Your Kingdom!

My Dear Little Jesus, pressing You to my heart so You won't suffer so much from the painful wound, I beseech You to enclose in that wound all human wills, to grant us in exchange the Life of Your Divine Will.

Eleventh Hour: The Soul Follows the Baby Jesus in the Flight to Egypt. It Invites All Creation to Caress the Child and, with Everyone, Asks for the Kingdom

My Lovable Child, while the wound of Your Circumcision is still bleeding, another pain comes upon You. A pitiless and tyrannical man desires Your death, so You are forced to flee into Egypt to seek refuge.

Isn't this episode perhaps a symbol of the treachery of the human will, which persecutes Your Divine Will because it doesn't want Your Will to Reign?

My Lovely Little Child, I want my words "I love You," my affectionate kisses, and also my will to mingle with Your keen suffering, to reconcile the Divine with the human will and to make of them a single will.

To ask You for Your *Fiat*, I follow ceaselessly my Mother, who carries You in Her arms. While She walks, I want You to hear the gentle murmur of my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You." Therefore, I impress it step by step with every speck of earth, with every blade of grass that She walks upon. Even as You flee to give me life, I want to offer my own life to defend Yours and to ask for the Triumph of Your Will. My Love, I feel my heart is breaking as I see You cry and hear You sob bitterly at being sought after to be put to death! To still Your tears with my love, I want to wander through the universe. To cheer You up, I want You to hear my "I love You" and my refrain "Give me Your *Fiat*" from the depths of Your sea, from every drop of water, from the fish that dart to and fro. I want to climb the highest mountain and descend into the deepest valleys, to stir up the plants, flowers and trees, and to have them all repeat, "I love You, I love You!"

On the wings of the wind, I want the echo of my love to reach You loudly. Through the air currents, I want to blow my kisses to You and offer You my loving caresses. My Dear Little One, while You are in flight, I extend my invitation to all created things, so they may gladden their Creator. I call on the sunlight to illumine Your Beautiful Face and say "I love You." I call on all the birds of the air so that with their songs and trills they may form lullabies of love for You. In a word, I unite myself with all the elements, the sky and the stars, the mountains and the seas, the plants and animals, to cry out to You in a single voice with them: "We love You. We love You very much. Therefore, we want upon the earth the arrival of Your Reigning and Dominating Will."

This unanimous cry resounds in the Heart of the Queen Mother. That is why She, too, says: "My Son, do You see? My Love harmonizes with that of all the creatures and reunites them. With them, penetrating deeper into Your Heart, I too ask that Your Will may Come and Reign upon the earth!"

Twelfth Hour: The Soul with Jesus in Egypt. It Offers Him its Heart as a Lodging and Asks with the Queen of Heaven for the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

My Dear Little Baby Jesus, here You are, arrived in Egypt. Accompanied by sorrow and tears, by the thought of being completely forgotten, and by the abandonment of everyone, You are forced to enter into a small open shed exposed to the wind and rain, because no one in the world has offered You a decent place to live. O, how You suffer, my Tender Little Baby, in seeing that Your Little Humanity experiences the same waiting periods as Your Adorable Will! No one volunteers to offer It his own soul as a dwelling place so It may Reign. It, too, wandering for long centuries, seeks lodging and doesn't obtain it.

My Love, I see that while You are crying from the pain that so much cruelty causes You, our Mother hides Her own tears to quiet Your crying and to offer Her Beautiful Soul as a Perennial Dwelling Place for Your Divine Will. I, too, want to join with Her in drying Your Lovely Face and in pressing my "I love You" in Your every tear. On Your trembling lips I place my loving kiss and, asking You for Your *Fiat*, I offer my heart to Your Divine Will as a perpetual habitation.

My Beloved Child, the Center of my life, while You are dwelling in this small open shed, I want to follow all Your Acts and those of the Sovereign Lady of Heaven. When she rocks You in the cradle, I want to rock You also and help You go to sleep with the lullaby of my gentle "I love You… I love You… I love You…"

While She is preparing the baby clothes for You to wear, I want to hide in the thread that courses through Her Maternal fingers my words "I love You, I praise You, I thank You, I adore You," so that once our Mother has dressed You, You may be aware that Your clothes are interwoven with my love and with my breath of Your Divine *Fiat*.

Heart of my heart, when You begin to take Your first steps, I want to impress my "I love You" on the ground beneath Your Feet. I want to shelter You in my arms, so that if You totter I can immediately embrace You and press You to my heart. I see, my Heavenly Child, that as soon as You begin to walk by Yourself, though You are still very small, You now keep apart from Your Mother. You bend Your little knees on the bare ground and, with Your Arms open, You pray and weep for the salvation of all, asking with ardent sighs for the Kingdom of Your Divine Will. O, how Your Little Heart is beating fast! It seems like it almost wants to break from the force of Your Love and Suffering.

My little Jesus, let me place my "I love You" under Your weak knees, so the ground won't be so hard on Your tender limbs. Let me impress my "I love You" in the middle of Your open Hands and support Your little arms with mine, so You won't have so much to suffer. And while I support You, my Darling Child, take me in Your Lovable Arms. Offer me to the Heavenly Father as a little daughter of Your Will and grant me the grace that Your Will may Reign in me and in all creatures.

Thirteenth Hour: The Soul is Present as the Dear Baby Jesus Mingles for the First Time with the Children of Egypt. It Watches Him as He Blessed Them and It Prays that He Will Seal also Human Wills with His Blessing.

My Heavenly Child, Your Love now motivates You to leave the small open shed. The children of Egypt, drawn by Your Beauty, gather around You. You speak to them with such Sweetness as to leave them rapt in wonder. After Blessing them, You hasten back to Your Mother because Her Love is drawing You, and You throw Yourself into Her arms. My Love, I want to follow You in everything. I want to let my words "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You" resound beneath Your gentle steps, in Your gestures, in Your Words so Lovable and so Full of Life, in Your fascinating glance, to ask You for the Kingdom of Your *Fiat*. While You Bless the children, Bless also my soul. Seal in it with Your Blessing the Life of Your Will.

I follow You, Divine Little Child, as You walk through the fields and take delight in picking flowers. Every time You reach out for one of them, I want to repeat to You my refrain: "I love You, I love You."

Meanwhile, I ask You to offer to Your Heavenly Father the flower of my little soul, so it may know, love and desire nothing else but Your Holy and Eternal *Fiat*.

Fourteenth Hour: The Soul Follows Jesus Who, after the Exile, Returns to Nazareth. Showering Him with its "I love You," It Asks Him with a Thousand Voices for the Arrival of His Divine Kingdom.

Child Jesus, my Life, now that the exile is over, I see that You are on Your way back to Nazareth. So, I want to follow You step by step. What's more, I want to accompany You under a shower of "I love You, I adore You, I praise You." I therefore call to my aid the light of the sun: May it shed its rays full of "I love You." I invite the stars to rain down on You my glittering "I love You." I command the wind in its fury as it moans, howls, and whistles to spread thick gusts and puffs of "I love You, I love You." I call on all the birds of the air to accompany You with their warbling, trills, and song, repeating "I love You, I love You"; the little lambs, so they may bleat out "I love You." I ask even the sea to send its waves lapping onto the beach and accompany You with the billowing of its "I love You."

But You are now arriving in Nazareth… You are now enclosing Yourself in Your little house… Allow me also to go with You inside that Sacred Enclosure and, there, continue to offer You the canticle of my "I love You," to win You over with love and to obtain what You Yourself want and what the Queen Mother desires: namely, that Your Will be known by all and Reign in the midst of creatures.

Jesus, my life, I remain with You to seal with my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You" every Action of Yours and to ask unceasingly for the Kingdom of Your Will.

In the food You eat, I impress my "I love You" to ask You for the Food of Your Will for all creatures. In the water You drink, I pour my "I love You" to ask of You that the Pure Water of Your Will may pour into our veins and form Its Life there.

These words of mine "I love You" follow You everywhere. When You take up hammer and nails to do Your Manual Labor, I ask You by this means to nail down all human wills and to give Freedom of Life back to Your Will. When You retire to Your little room to pray or go to sleep, I don't want to leave You alone. Staying close to You, if I can say nothing else, I shall continually whisper into Your Ear: "I love You, I adore You." I shall ask You with Your same Prayers for the Kingdom of Your *Fiat*. With Your same sleep I shall ask You to put the human will to sleep, so it may no longer have life.

My Divine Jesus, I would feel unhappy if I couldn't follow You in everything and let You hear my constant refrain: "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You!"

I then follow You at the age of twelve to the Temple, when You vanish from the sight of Your Mother and cause Her the bitter pain of losing You. I let my "I love You" flow into the bewilderment of Your Mother and Her distressing loss, to ask of You that the human will may become lost forever and creatures may want to live only in the Divine Will. Lastly, I place my "I love You" in that same Joy You both felt on meeting again, to beseech You, O my Jesus, that creatures may give You the pure Joy and unspeakable Contentment that arise from the happy Kingdom of Your Divine *Fiat*.

Fifteenth Hour: The Soul Follows Jesus into the Desert. Stopping by the Jordan, It Asks Him for the Life-giving Baptism of His Divine Will, so All May Receive His Life.

My Heavenly and Greatest Love, I want to follow You everywhere. I now see that You are about to go into the desert and take leave of Your Mother. You say to Her: "Goodbye, Mother, I'll be gone for awhile. But I leave You My Divine *Fiat* for Help, for Comfort, for Life. It will be a means of communication between You and Me. Because of My Will, you'll share in My every Act. In this way, even though We are far apart, We'll remain so United as to feel like one single person.

Jesus, my Life, take me by the hand and bring me with You. Let me not lose track of whatever You do, for I want to seal everything with the imprint of my love.

To ask You for the Kingdom of Your Divine Will on earth, I follow You step by step as You walk alone with my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You." With every Breath You take, I want You to inhale my "I love You." I want to enclose in it Your every Word, and I want to offer it with Your every Glance. As You reach the Jordan, I saturate that water with my "I love You." In this way, as soon as John the Baptist pours water on Your Head to Baptize You, You will

feel the fullness of my love mingled in it, a love that invokes for all creatures the Baptismal Water of Your Divine Will and the arrival of Its Kingdom. Beloved, in this Solemn Act of Your Baptism, I ask You for a Grace You certainly won't deny me: I ask You to Purify with Your Holy Hands my little soul through the Life-giving and Creative Water of Your Divine Will, so I may hear nothing, see nothing and know nothing outside of the Life of Your *Fiat*. O, yes, I ask You: Let my existence be nothing other than an Uninterrupted Act of Your Will!

My Jesus, Sweet Love, allow me to follow You into the desert. There, my "I love You" will never leave You alone. I will stay near You night and day. And when You are troubled, in pain and yearning for love, Praying and Weeping because of the isolation Your Divine Will experiences, I shall console You with the cry of my "I love You."

You feel deep Pain, not only because Your Divine Will does not Reign among creatures but because It was put by them, as it were, into exile. Your Most Holy Humanity Mourns, therefore, and Implores on behalf of the entire human family that the Divine and the human wills may reconcile and Fuse together. O Jesus, I make Your Tears and Your Prayers my own. I take possession of the Agony of Your Burning Heart. Interlacing it with my "I love You," I form sweet chains of love to force You to grant me the Kingdom of Your Divine Will on earth! Listen to them, my Life: They are Your very Heartbeats, Your sighs; they are Your Tears, Your Prayers and Your Sufferings, which desire and invoke the Kingdom of Your *Fiat*. If You won't listen to me, then listen at least to Yourself; and coming out of the desert, assure me there will soon come upon earth the Kingdom of Your Will.

My Jesus, Heart of my heart, here You are now, going out of the desert. With haste, You arrive at Your house in Nazareth, where the love of Your Heavenly Mother incessantly calls and waits for You. What a touching sight this is! Mother and Son, driven by a mutual and compelling need to meet again, throw themselves into each other's arms. O Jesus, I too want to share with the little flame of my "I love You" in Your Chaste Embraces, Your Enthusiasm, the Fire of Your Love, to ask You for the Kingdom of the Supreme Will! You also, Holy Mother, ask for me this Tremendous Grace and pray that the Divine Will may become known and Reign on earth as It is in Heaven.

Sixteenth Hour: The Soul Follows Jesus to the Wedding Feast in Cana. It Asks Him to Exchange the Human Will with the Divine Will. It Continues to Follow Him in His Public Life.

Jesus, my Love and my Life, I see that before beginning Your Public Life, the Love of Your Burning Heart leads You to attend with Your Mother the wedding feast at Cana. I therefore follow You with my "I love You." I feel that Your Heart is Beating with Tenderness and Pain, because You recall having Blessed other nuptials in Eden, i.e., those of innocent Adam and Eve. It was a double wedding feast You

attended at that time: a wedding between Your Divine Will and the human, wedding between man and woman. You gave them as a Gift Your entire Creation and, above all, Your Divine Will Beating in their hearts and in every created thing.

O, my Jesus, I want to draw close to You in order to invest Your tender Eyes, Your melodious Voice and Your fascinating Ways with my "I love You, I adore You, I thank You." Through that Love which moved You to answer the pleas of the Sovereign Queen, who asked You to change the water into wine, I beg You to perform the Great Miracle of changing the human will into the Divine Will, so the latter may Reign on earth as in Heaven. Holy Mother, You who showed so much concern in coming to the aid of that married couple, please show the same attention now to having God's Holy Will Reign on earth!

My Dear Sweet Jesus, to make You grant my wishes, I will follow You and never leave You. I invest all Your Acts with my "I love You," and I continually whisper into Your Ear: "Give me Your *Fiat* that is Beating in Your Heart. Give me Your Will that is Speaking in Your Words, that Works through Your Hands, that Walks in Your Footsteps. O, listen to my sighs, listen to Your Voice in mine, and grant that we may Live in Your *Fiat*."

My Jesus, my Dear Life, I see You are getting ready to leave Your Mother, but our wills will not come apart. You're leaving to begin Your Public Life and You turn Your Steps toward Jerusalem. There, You'll announce in the Temple Your Divine Word and declare that You are the One awaited by the nations, the longed-for Messiah.

But, how many crucial situations are in store for Your Heart, how many Pains! Those who are listening to You, instead of throwing themselves at Your Feet to receive You as their Heavenly Savior, look at You with scorn. Grumbling, they withdraw while You remain there alone, compelled by the ingratitude of those people to beg for bread and to get out of that village. All alone, with the ground as a bed and the starry sky as a roof, You spend the nights in tears and in Prayer, offering Supplication for those who don't want to know You.

Jesus, my Love, come into my arms and take some rest. I want to cry and pray with You. I want to offer You the repetitive series of my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You" amid the Pains You suffer, the Tears You shed, the Words You speak – Words that go unheeded. I want to place my "I love You" before, behind and beneath Your Footsteps, so Your Feet may not feel the hardness of the ungrateful earth but only the softness of my love. I want to say to You: "See, O Jesus, how much You suffer! Let Your Divine Will Reign among us and Your Sufferings will cease immediately!"

Seventeenth Hour: The Soul Follows Jesus in His Miracles and Asks Him to Perform the Great Miracle of Resurrecting All Souls In the Divine Will.

My Jesus, Life of my poor heart, Your Love does not stop. Therefore, You return to the Temple to teach Your Divine Word to people. While the great and the learned don't want to recognize You, all of a sudden a crowd of poor, ignorant and suffering people gather around You. They are attracted by Your Gentle and Pleasant Ways, by Your Enchanting Voice. While You Speak, Your Words Touch their hearts. There's a note of Happiness in Your Soul, because You know that You can Console, Instruct and Heal at least those who are considered the dregs of society. In this way You become the Friend, the Teacher and the Sympathetic Physician of the poor. For everyone You have a Word of Comfort. You don't think it beneath You to Touch their suffering limbs to heal them. It's always a moving spectacle for You to see about You the blind, the mute, the deaf, the lame, paralytics and lepers. All these human miseries go right to Your Divine Heart and make It Throb.

O, how Your Heart breaks in seeing transformed into misery the same human nature that came out so beautiful and perfect from Your Creative Hands! It is this degraded will that, in producing its worst effects, makes humanity so unhappy. Ah, my Love, let Your Fiat return to Reign in our midst and put to flight the unhappiness that the human will has produced!

I let my "I love You" flow in the Act through which You Give sight to the blind, so everyone may learn about Your Divine Will. How many blind people there are who don't perceive Your Divine Will!…

O, with what heartfelt prayers I ask You to grant everyone the Grace of knowing and observing Your Most Holy Will!

I see, my Love, that You, with the Authority of Your Voice, give hearing to the deaf. My words "I love You" flow in the sound of Your Command, and I ask You to Restore hearing to so many who are deaf to Your Divine Will. You loosen the tongues of the mute; and I, prostrate at Your Feet, take hold of Your knees and beseech You to Loosen the tongues unable to pronounce Your Divine Fiat, so everyone without exception may speak the language of Your Adorable Will.

My Jesus, Your Paternal Heart feels a stab of pain because of human misery. You are therefore multiplying Miracles to Restore Your Divine Will and make It Reign in the midst of creatures. You make the lame to walk; You cleanse the lepers and heal the paralytics. And I, my Heavenly Savior, accompanying You always with my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You," ask You to Cure those who are limping in Your Will, to Cleanse the human generations from the leprosy of the will that made them deformed in spirit and perhaps also in body, to Heal all those who are paralyzed due to their self-will.

My Love, the human will is the sower of so many evils. Therefore, I ask You to perform the Miracle of miracles: Let Your Will Reign on earth as in Heaven, so every moral and physical misery may cease.

My Dearly Beloved, during Your Public Life You never stopped spreading Your Divine Word; and You Consoled the afflicted everywhere. Encountering a mother who is weeping as she accompanies the body of her son to the grave, You cannot bear to see her cry. You approach the casket, bring the young man back to life and Restore him to his mother. My Love, my words "I love You" accompany You as You Give life back to the one who has lost it. They beg You to Restore to Life so many souls dead to Your Divine Will in order to dry the Tears of the Divine Will. More than a mother, after so many centuries It is still Crying as It sees so many of Its children who are dead to It.

Eighteenth Hour: The Soul Follows Jesus in Various Other Episodes of His Public Life.

My Jesus, my Most Sweet Life, Your Love keeps You on the move everywhere. Called upon to raise a little girl from the dead, You don't refuse. Holding her hand in Your own, You Restore her to life and, raising her up, You say: "The girl is not dead, but asleep."

How many, my Love, are those who sleep the sleep of their human will! I therefore want my "I love You" to flow in the Act You perform in Bringing the girl back to life, in order to ask You to extend Your Right Hand over all people and Bring them back to the Life of Your Sovereign Will. With a mere Touch of Your Creative Hand, with an Act of Your Power, You will free these souls from their lifelessness and will form the first group of people in the Kingdom of the Divine *Fiat*.

My Merciful Jesus, another moving spectacle awaits You: Martha and Mary tearfully confront You to say that their brother is dead. You are so touched that You cry with them and ask them to take You to Lazarus' grave. Once there, You Command that the tomb be opened. You shudder, shake and cry, then with an Authoritative Voice trembling from the force of Your Grief, You say: "Lazarus, come out of there!" Thus, You Raise him from the dead.

My Love, why do you Weep and Suffer such acute pain? Because Lazarus who was dead represented all humanity mired in evil and reduced to a corpse putrefied by the human will.

O, yes, Life of my heart, let me cry with You, too, and invest each of Your Words with my "I love You" and my "I adore You," to induce You to repeat to each soul what You said to Lazarus: "Come out of the grave of your human will and return to the Life of My Divine Will!"

My Lovable Jesus, I shall not abandon You for a single moment. Therefore, I follow You with Your disciples. Now I see that while You are sleeping in the boat (and this slumber of Yours is a symbol of what You want to give to whoever Lives in Your Divine Will), a storm blows up and strikes fear into the hearts of the Apostles. Waking You up, they cry: "Master, save us! We're about to die!"

My Jesus, this cloudburst vividly reproduces the terrible storm that the human will causes. It, too, raising up its roaring waves in the sea of life, threatens to make us drown! So I, with my "I love You," join with the Apostles to implore You: "Master, save us! We're about to die!"

With that same Authority through which that one day You forced the storm at sea to calm down, Command today the storm of the human will to be calm and reconcile our will with Yours, to make us rest in the Safe Arms of Your Supreme *Fiat*!

My Dearly Beloved, I see You are turning Your Steps again toward Jerusalem. Therefore, I accompany You with my "I love You, I adore You, I thank You." But what Pain does Your Divine Heart suffer when You witness the Temple, Your Father's House, being desecrated as though it were a marketplace… You become angry at the sight, take up some cords and, with Divine Authority, begin swinging left and right. You overturn everything and drive out the desecrators. There is no opposition against Your Commanding Act, and everyone runs away.

My Jesus, I invest those cords with my "I love You," to ask You to take hold of them again in order to drive out our human will that dared to desecrate Your Living Temple of our souls. Beat it down, if You will, so it may no longer dare to dominate souls but surrender fully to Your Divine Will!

Nineteenth Hour: The Soul Follows Jesus as He Enters Jerusalem. It Asks Him for the Victory of the Divine Will over the Human Will, then Follows Him in the Institution of the Sacraments.

Heavenly Lover, my "I love You" follows You in the Triumphant Entry You made into Jerusalem. I impress it everywhere: on the palm branches, on the cloaks thrown at Your Feet, on the jubilant cries of "Blessed is He who comes as King" from the crowds that received You.

My Divine King, Your Aspect of Victorious Conqueror seems to want to bring me the Happy News that the Kingdom of Your Divine Fiat will arrive soon upon the earth. With this in mind, I will not leave You. I will not get tired following You with my "I love You's" until You promise me that It will make a Happy Arrival.

But I already seem to her You whispering into my ear: "O soul, follow Me. My Love feels the need of your company. My enemies, envious of the jubilant cries of 'Blessed is He who comes as King' from the crowd, are trying to take My Life. So, before I die, I want to Institute the Sacrament of the Eucharist, to leave a final remembrance of the Intense Love I have for My children and to Live Perennial Life among them. Take advantage of this Gift of Mine to ask Me ceaselessly for My Divine Fiat!…"

My Love, I bind myself to You so I can place my "I love You" in each of the Sacraments You Institute. I join it to each Baptism administered, to ask You, by virtue of it, to grant the Divine Fiat to each baptized person. I repeat it to You in the Sacrament of Confirmation, to

invoke the Victory of Your Divine Will in each person being confirmed. I seal this "I love You" of mine also in the Sacrament of Anointing of the Sick, so every dying person may complete the final moment of his life in Your Divine Will. I impress it in the Sacrament of Holy Orders, to ask You for Priests who conform to Your Will: May they possess and spread Your Holy Kingdom. My "I love You" is impressed in the Sacrament of Matrimony, to ask You for families formed in the school of Your Divine Fiat. I introduce my "I love You" into the Sacrament of Penance to ask You to give, in each Confession of the Faithful, death to sin and life to Your Divine Will.

My Savior Jesus, I desire that my "I love You" never abandon You and may be eternal with You. Therefore, I leave it with my "I adore You, I praise You, I thank You" in every Sacramental Host, in every hidden Tear You shed through each Consecrated Particle, in every offense You receive and in every Act of Reparation You accomplish, to ask with You that the Kingdom of Your Divine Will may Rule on earth as It does in Heaven. My Heavenly Archer, from every tabernacle wound the human wills and wrap Your Chains of Love around them. Use every Heavenly Tactic You have to overcome them. Then give us in exchange Your Will, so that It may be one with our own, on earth as it is in Heaven.

Twentieth Hour: The Soul Follows Jesus to Gethsemane and in the Sufferings of His Passion.

My afflicted Jesus, now that You have left Yourself in the Sacrament of the Eucharist to descend into each heart, You make Yourself available to Your creatures and say to them: "I won't leave You. I will stay with all of you to form the Kingdom of My Divine Will among you, My children." Your Love is fulfilled, and so you enter generously into the Sea of Your Passion.

I now see that Your Steps are directed toward the Garden of Gethsemane and You prostrate Yourself on the ground to Pray. In the meantime Your Breathing becomes heavy. You are troubled; You sigh, Agonize, and sweat Blood! You see everything in front of You: the sins of men, the Pains of Your Passion, each of which bears the infamous imprints of the deadly weapon of the human will that fights against a God.

My Agonizing Jesus, my poor heart cannot bear to see You fallen to the ground and bathed in Your own Blood. Because of this Cruel Martyrdom of Yours, I ask that Your Divine Will extend Its Kingdom on earth. With Its Divine Weapons, my It put to death the human will, taking up Its own Vital Place in every heart.

My Jesus, I want to bring You some relief by making my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You" flow in every drop of Blood You shed, in Your every Suffering, anguish and sigh. With my "I love You," I'd like to form for You high clouds to hide from Your horror-struck view

the horrendous spectacle of so many sins. O Jesus, if Your Divine Will were to Reign, You wouldn't experience so many sufferings nor would You suffer so excruciating an Agony. Therefore, assure me that the Triumph of Your Divine Will will not be long in coming!

My Suffering Jesus, your enemies are now in the garden. They are binding You with ropes and chains. They tread You underfoot. They drag You along and bring You from tribunal to tribunal.

My Love, I follow You step by step to seal all Your Sufferings with my "I love You" and to ask You, with the same ropes and chains that bind You, to bind our rebellious will so it may no longer go against Your Divine Will but, rather, make It Reign.

My Jesus, Your enemies give You no peace. They heap sufferings upon You. They cover You with spit. They accuse You of being an evil-doer and, after sentencing You to death, they put You in jail. My Prisoner Jesus, I will not leave You. My "I love You" invests that loathsome spit, so You may not feel the nausea but find in it only the sweetness of my love. I want to cover You up with my "I love You," so it may protect You from all the insults aimed at You, soothe Your Pains and be transformed into a defense weapon that puts Your enemies to flight.

May my "I love You" be a light to You in the dark prison where they have thrust You. May it keep You company and induce You to Free us from the prison of our will, to make us children of Your Divine Fiat.

My tormented Jesus, Your enemies release You with the barbaric intention of subjecting You to greater sufferings and putting You to death. Dragging You, they bring You before various tribunals, from Pilate to Herod, who, in making fun of You, goes so far as to have You dressed as a clown, causing You unspeakable suffering.

How much You suffer!… With my "I love You" I want to fashion a robe of light to dazzle and humiliate Your enemies, persuading them to no longer torment You but to recognize You as their King. And You, please be so Merciful as to Heal us from the madness which the human will leads us into, a madness that makes us lose awareness of our True Good, for it hinders us from doing Your Divine Will.

Twenty-first Hour: The Soul Continues to Follow Jesus in the Sufferings of His Passion.

My tormented Jesus, now they are bringing You once again to Pilate! New sufferings await You there! After condemning You to be flogged, they remove Your clothes and tie You to a column to whip You barbarically. I embrace Your Divine Feet and cause to resound with every blow You receive my "I love You." With every piece of Flesh they tear from You, with every Wound that forms in Your Body, I want to exclaim "I love You," to implore You to remove from us the clothes of the human will and cover us with those of the Divine Will.

My scourged Jesus, You are now unrecognizable. My heart cannot bear to witness such torture. Yet, Your enemies are still not content! I'd like to rescue You from all this with my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You, I thank You." I'd like to pull You away from those wicked hands! Far from feeling sorry for You, the impious tormentors crown You with thorns. They put a purple robe on You and, treating You like a mock king, they place a reed in Your Hand!

My Jesus, my Life, let my "I love You" impearl every thorn that pierces Your Head and soothe Your atrocious Agony. And You, for Your part, remove from us the mock crown with which the human will has crowned us. Remove from us its purple robe and take out of our hands the reed of so many empty works. Give us the Crown of Your Divine Will. Grant us Its Royal Purple, which makes us Your True Children, and let the Commanding Scepter of Your *Fiat* Rule and Dominate our souls.

Jesus, my King, my "I love You" penetrates the shouting of the blood-thirsty masses and manifests to You my love as there resounds in Your Ears the unjust condemnation to death: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

I, too, will let my cry be heard; and I'll put my "I love You" into each voice and on the lips of all creatures. O Jesus, let the human will be crucified and let Your Will Reign! By the Pain You suffered in being condemned to death, Free us from the death to which souls condemn Your *Fiat*. Make our will die to itself and make Your Divine Will Rise Triumphant to form Its Kingdom in all our acts.

Twenty-second Hour: The Soul Follows Jesus to Calvary. It Reflects on His Excruciating Sufferings and Asks Him for the Triumph of His Divine Will in the Midst of Creatures.

My Love, my heart can bear no more! As soon as You see the Cross presented to You, You Embrace it and carry it on Your Shoulders. O Jesus, I want to cover Your whole Cross with my "I love You, I adore You, I praise You" and ask You that, through it, all Your Sufferings may bring to creatures the Virtue of Your *Fiat* and dispose them to receive Its Dominion. I want to shout in every Pain You suffer, in every drop of Your Blood, in every fall, in every pull of Your blood-stained hair, in every push You receive: "Come! Let the Kingdom of Your Will Come!"

My Jesus racked with pain, having been stepped on and dragged along, You finally reach Mount Calvary. They now strip You of Your garments, fasten You to the Cross and, with unspeakable Agony, they crucify You. My words "I love You" flow above Your lacerated limbs, in Your dislocated bones, in the Piercings made by the nails. I ask You, O my Love, to strip us of everything that impedes Your Divine Will from Reigning in our hearts.

My Crucified Jesus, racked with pain, You Agonize on the Cross. Let my "I love You" seal Your Torments, the pangs of Your Heart, the Flames that Devour it. Let my words bring You solace, quench Your Burning Thirst, and seal all the Words You Spoke on the Cross. I beseech You as You take Your last Breath in my "I love You," through the excruciating pains You suffered on the Cross, to give us a burning desire to Live in Your Divine Will.

With Your Death, give death to our will and Life to Your *Fiat* in all hearts, so it may spread Triumphant and Victorious throughout the human race and Reign both in Heaven and on earth.

Twenty-third Hour: The Soul is Enclosed in the Tomb with Jesus to Bury its Will with Him. It then Descends into Limbo and Asks with All the Saints for the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

My love, You are now dead! O, how I too would like to die with You! But unfortunately this is not given to me and so: *Fiat*! *Fiat*!…

I want to receive You in my arms to enclose Your Most Holy Humanity in my "I love You." Thus, it will see only my "I love You." It will hear only my "I love You." It will come in contact with only my "I love You." These words of mine "I love You" followed by my "I adore You, I praise You, I thank You," will not abandon You for a single moment!

My dead Jesus, I want to offer You a burial worthy of You! With my "I love You," I ask You to bury our human will, so it may never again have the chance to return to life.

Accompanying You always with my "I love You," I follow You together with my Sorrowful Mother into Limbo. O, what a moving sight!… In this holy place is our first father Adam. There's Abraham, and all the Patriarchs, the Prophets, as well as dear St. Joseph, and all the good people of the Old Testament. Those holy souls, on seeing You, rejoice with unspeakable joy. Prostrating themselves at Your Holy Feet, they adore You, love You and thank You. It seems, however, that their celebration is not complete, for all together they declare: "Sweet Savior, we thank You for all You did and suffered for Love of us! But now that You have Redeemed us, Complete Your Work: Make Your Divine Will Reign on earth as It is in Heaven!"

Don't You hear, my Love, the choir of voices dear to You? Don't You hear the plea of the Queen of Sorrows? Today, the day of Your Death, is also the day of Your Victory, of Your Triumph. Grant us, then, the Triumph of Your Divine Will over human wills! Jesus, my Conqueror, I observe You departing from Limbo with the entire army of the just. You are going to the tomb to conquer death and to make Your Most Holy Humanity Rise from the dead. What a Solemn moment this is!

To celebrate it and to obtain the Resurrection of Your Divine Will in all creatures, I want to hide my "I love You" everywhere: in the tomb, in Your Act of Rising from the dead, in the very Light of Glory that surrounds You.

And You, my Love, to celebrate this day of Rejoicing, bring down our human will and make Your Will Rise forever Victorious!

Twenty-fourth Hour: The Soul Follows Jesus after the Resurrection. It is Present At His Ascension and Asks that It Might Sing Forever its Loving Refrain: "May the Kingdom of Your Divine Will Come upon Earth!"

My Jesus, after Rising from the dead, You do not depart for Heaven. This tells me that You want to Establish the Kingdom of Your Divine Will among creatures, and I won't abandon You for a single instant. I follow You step by step with my "I love You" as You appear in the Risen state to Your Mother. Through the Joy You shared, I ask You ever more insistently for the Kingdom of Your Fiat… My "I love You" accompanies You as You appear to Mary Magdalene and to the Apostles. It asks that Your Divine Will be known in a special way to priests, so they in turn, as New Apostles, may make It known to all the world. My "I love You" follows You in all the Acts You accomplish among Your friends after the Resurrection. Lastly, it invites Heaven and earth to be present at Your Glorious Ascension.

While You with Your Triumphant Entry into Paradise Open the Gates that have been closed for so many centuries to poor humanity, I place my "I love You" on those Eternal Gates. I ask You, through that same Blessing You gave to all Your disciples who were present at the celebration of Your Ascension, to Bless all human wills, so they may know and appreciate the Gift of Life Lived in Your Will.

Through the Great Love with which You open for us the Gates of Heaven, I ask You, O my Glorious Jesus, to let Your Divine Will descend from those Gates. May It Reign upon earth as It Reigns in Heaven.

My, Love, You are now seated at the Right Hand of the Father: Entrenched in my poor little nothingness, "I adore You, praise You, thank You" and I continually form with my "I love You" long chains reaching from earth to Heaven.

Please leave open always the Gates of the Heavenly Home, so I may constantly come and kneel at Your Feet, climb into Your Arms, and repeat to You incessantly my song of love: "Send us the Kingdom of Your Holy Will and may Your Divine Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven!" Amen

Fiat!

The Prayers of Luisa

In Operating/Obeying:

VOLUME 1

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

Out of pure Obedience, I begin to write (read).

You know, O Lord!, the sacrifice it costs me, such that I would submit myself to a thousand deaths rather than write one single line of the things that have passed between me and You. O my God! my nature trembles, it feels crushed and almost undone at the mere thought of it. O please! give me Strength, O Life of my life, that I may do the Holy Obedience! You who have given inspiration to the confessor, give me the Grace to be able to execute what You have commanded of me.

O Jesus, O Spouse, O my Strength! To You I rise, to You I come, into Your Arms I introduce myself, I abandon myself, I rest. O please, relieve me in my affliction and do not leave me alone and abandoned! Without Your Help, I am sure I will not have the Strength to do this obedience that costs me so much - I will let myself be defeated by the enemy, and I fear of being crushed by You, justly, because of my disobedience. (can also be read under tabs 4, 7)

O please! Look at me over and over again, O Holy Spouse, in these Arms of Yours—see how much darkness surrounds me; it is so thick as to allow not even one atom of Light to enter into my soul. O! my Mystical Sun, Jesus – let this Light shine within my mind, that it may dispel the darkness and I may freely remember the Graces which You gave to my soul. O! Eternal Sun, unleash another Ray of Light into the intimate part of my heart, and purify it of the mud in which it lies – ignite it and consume it with Your Love, so that my heart, which, more than everything, has experienced the Sweetnesses of Your Love, may manifest them clearly to the one to whom it is obliged to do so. O! my Sun Jesus, one more Ray of Light over my lips, that I may say the pure Truth, with the sole purpose of knowing whether it is really You, or rather, an illusion from the enemy. But, O Jesus, how poor in Light I still see myself in these Arms of Yours. O please!, content me – You who Love me so much, continue to send me Light. O! my Sun, my Beautiful One, I want to enter right into the Center, that I may remain submerged completely within this Most Pure Light. O Divine Sun, let this Light precede me, follow me, surround me everywhere and penetrate into every intimate hiding place of my interior, that my terrestrial being may be consumed, and You may transform it completely in Your Divine Being.

Most Holy Virgin, Lovable Mother, come to my aid, obtain for me from Your sweet Jesus and mine, Grace and Strength in order to

do this obedience. Saint Joseph, my dear protector, assist me in this circumstance of mine. Archangel Saint Michael, defend me from the infernal enemy, who puts so many obstacles in my mind to make me fail this obedience. Archangel Saint Rafael and you, my Guardian Angel, come to assist me and accompany me, and to direct my hand (eyes), that I may write (read) nothing but the Truth.

"Lord, for You alone I do this; for You alone I want to work - no longer a slave of the creatures." (also tab 4)

"See O Lord, half the chair is empty - come and sit near me."

"Ah! my Good, is this the vigil we have kept last night —that after so much waiting and yearning I was to remain deprived of You? I know well that I must obey, but tell me something - can I be without You? Who will give me strength? And then, who will have the courage to depart from this church without bringing You along? I don't know what to do, but You can remedy everything." (also tab 2)

"Lord, You see, without You I was unable to do anything good. The meditation - I did it all distracted, ugly; so much so that I did not have the courage to offer it to You at Communion. I was unable to stay there for hours, as when I could feel You; I saw myself alone, I had no one with whom to converse, I felt completely empty. The pain of Your absence made me feel mortal agonies; my nature wanted to hurry up so as to escape that pain; more so, since it seemed to me that I did nothing but waste time. And then, the fear that, in coming back, You might chastise me, because I had not been faithful… So I didn't know what to do. And then, the pain because You are offended continuously, and I was unable to do those acts of reparation as You taught me before, and those visits to the Most Holy Sacrament for the different offenses You receive… Tell me, then, what should I have done?" (also tabs 4, 7)

"Lord, I beg You to be with me until I acquire the habit of doing them (visits to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament), for I know that with You I can do everything - but without You, what can miserable I do?" (also tab 4)

"Yes, I love You; but You tell me, Yourself - can I find anything more beautiful, more holy, more lovable than You? And then, why ask me if I am ready to do what You want, when it has been so long since I delivered my will to You, and I prayed You not to spare me even tearing me to pieces, as long as I may give You pleasure? I abandon myself in You, O Holy Spouse - operate freely, do with me whatever You want, but give me Your Grace, for by myself I am nothing and can do nothing." (also tabs 4)

"I don't care either about hell or about paradise; what I care about is to love my God. This is not the time to think about anything else; rather, it is the time to love my good God as much as I can. Paradise and hell I place in His hands - He, who is so good, will give me what is best for me, and will give me a place in which I can glorify Him more."

"Lord, promise me that You Yourself will free me, and then I will accept everything; otherwise - no, I don't want to accept."

"I go to the confessor, but You, my good Jesus, come back soon, as soon as the confessor goes away."

"What can I do? I can no longer stay, for obedience does not want it. If You want, give light to the confessor, and then I will be ready to do what You want."

"My dear Jesus, have patience, do not come, for obedience does not permit that You make me share in your sufferings."

"Holy Spouse, forgive me - it is the confessor that wants it so."

"O! how Beautiful You are - all Beautiful, O my sweet Jesus! What I have said of Your Beauty is nothing; rather, it seems to me that I have said a lot of nonsense - but what can I do? Forgive me, it is obedience that wants it so. By myself, I would not have dared to say one word, knowing my insufficiency.

"As long as I was with the confessor, I was obliged to obey him, but now that I am with You, I am supposed to obey You, because You are the first among all."

"I can do everything, I can bear everything, suffer everything - hoping in Jesus, who forms the object of all my hopes." (also tab 4)

"O! Prodigy of Holy Obedience - you have been everything for me. How many times I found myself clashing with death, so great was the intensity of the pains - and Obedience has almost restored my life."

VOLUME 2

February 28, 1899

"O please! my Good and my All, don't show Yourself so indifferent with me – You make my heart split with pain. If it is because of the writing – let it be, let it be, even if it cost me the sacrifice of my life, I promise I will do it!"

June 17, 1899

"Blessed Lord, I can't - it is Obedience that called me, and You know that You and I must surrender to this Virtue, without being able to oppose it." (also tab 5)

June 25, 1899

"…he (the confessor) had told me to pray for certain needs of his, in seeing him together with Our Lord I began pray Jesus to grant what he wanted." (also tab 5)

September 1, 1899

"*Fiat Voluntas Tua."*

"O God, what pain, what atrocious torture! How to prevent the heart from asking for its very life? How to stop it?"

"Lord, do not come, for obedience does not want it!"

"My dear Life, I cannot speak. Please do not come, for obedience does not want it. If You want to make your Will understood, go to them."

"Lord, do not want to tempt me this morning. Don't You know that obedience does not want this?"

"It is not true. Are you perhaps some demon who wants to deceive me and make me fail the obedience?"

"If you are not a demon, let us make the sign of the cross to each other."

"If it is true that the confessor sent You, let us go to him, so that he himself may see whether you are Jesus Christ or a demon. Then I will be sure."

"Father, look, yourself: is he my sweet Jesus or not?"

"If you really are Jesus, kiss the hand of the confessor."

"O, Holy Obedience! How strong and powerful you are! I see you before me, in these days of martyrdom, like a most Powerful Warrior, armed from head to foot with swords, darts and arrows; filled with all those instruments which are apt to wound. And when you see that my poor heart, tired and down, wants to be cheered, searching for its refreshment, its life, the center to which it feels drawn as by a magnet - looking at me with a thousand eyes, you wound me from all sides with mortal wounds. O please, have pity on me, and don't be so cruel with me!"

September 19, 1899

[To Lady Obedience:] "O please! Do not arm Yourself so quickly - lay down Your claws, be quiet, for I will do as you say, as much as I can, and so we will always remain friends."

"Have you understood, most reverend Obedience? We remain at peace, don't we?"

September 21, 1899

"So Lady Obedience does. Brava! - I would not have thought you were like this."

"O, Holy God! You Yourself, make her a little bit more reasonable, because it really shows that one cannot go on in this way. And you, O Obedience, give me back my sweet Jesus – don't cut me to the quick any more. I pray you not to take the sight of my highest Good away from me any more, and I promise you that, even stammering, I will write (read) as you want. I only ask of you the good Grace to let me recover for a few days, because my mind, too little, can no longer take being immersed in that vast ocean of Divine Charity, especially because in it I can see my miseries and my ugliness more, and in seeing the Love that God has for me, I feel I am almost going mad; and so my weak nature feels faint and can take no more."

September 22, 1899

"O, God! What a great repugnance I feel in writing these words - because what He says does not seem true to me."

"O, my Jesus, what kind of a virtue is this obedience, that makes one tremble at the mere thought of her?"

October 30, 1899

"Dear Obedience, you know how much I love You, and that for love of You I would gladly give my life, but I see that I cannot do this, and You Yourself can see the torture of my soul. O please! Do not make Yourself an enemy, don't be so ruthless with me, be more indulgent with one who loves You so much. O please! You Yourself, come to me, and let us discuss together about what is most appropriate for us to say."

"O, Holy Obedience, how incomprehensible you are! I prostrate myself at Your feet and I adore you. I pray You to be my guide, teacher and light, along the disastrous path of life, so that, guided, instructed and escorted by Your most pure Light, with certainty, I may take possession of the Eternal Harbor."

October 30, 1899

"Lord, it is obedience that wants it so - it is not I that do this."

VOLUME 3

November 10, 1899

"My lovable Jesus, when have You ever opposed obedience? I am not the one who wants to be released - it is the confessor that wants You to make me suffer the crucifixion. Therefore, surrender to this virtue, so favored by You, which bejewels Your whole Life, and which formed the last link by connecting everything into one - the sacrifice of the Cross."

"May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His Glory!"

December 25, 1899

"Lord, accept it as a sacrifice; You alone can soften this heart of mine, so hard"

"Yes, my little Treasure, I promise You."

"If Obedience wants it, I will do it."

"May everything be for the glory of God, and to the confusion of this miserable sinner."

April 2, 1900

"Be pleased to let me know Your Will about my state, especially what I must do when I find myself with little sufferings and You do not come; and if You do come, it is almost like a shadow. So, not seeing You, I feel my senses present within me, and finding myself in this state, I feel as if I were adding something of my own and as if it were not necessary to wait for the coming of the confessor in order to go out of that state."

…"My Lord, it is fine as You say, but it seems to me that I am useless and that much time is wasted, and I feel a bother, a fear.…And then, having the confessor come torments my soul, for it may not be your Will."

"May this never be, O Lord! [distracting oneself from Jesus] I want to know nothing but Your Most Holy Will."

April 25, 1900

"Ah, Lord, keep me all absorbed in this Divine Mirror, that I may have no other shade of intention in my operating."

July 2, 1900

"Lord, it is not I, it is obedience that wants it so."

July 3, 1900

"Lord, Obedience does not want me to accept this suspension."

"Ah, Lord, have pity on me! Do not leave me in abandonment in such a pitiful and sorrowful state! (also tabs 4, 7)

VOLUME 4

September 21, 1900

"Brava, brava, Lady Obedience! The more one goes on, the more You make Yourself known. As for myself, to tell the truth, I admire You, and I am even forced to love You; but I cannot help feeling huffy

with You, especially when You come up with one of Your big ones. Therefore I beg You, O dear Obedience, to be more indulgent – more indulgent in letting me suffer."

October 15, 1900

"Yes, my Good, let me feel Your Pains, and while I suffer in Your place, You will have all the ease to be able to refresh Yourself and take some sweet rest. I only ask of You to wait a little longer until I remain alone, so that no one may see me suffer, because it seems to me that the confessor is still here." (also tab 3)

"But, my Lord, keep still a little bit and leave me alone – don't You see that obedience has armed herself and does not want to yield to You? So, have patience, and if You want to repeat it the third time, promise me that You will let me die."

January 5, 1901

"I too want to obey."

December 27, 1901

"Tell me, my Lord, do You want me to have the obedience given to me to stop being in this state; more so, since no longer suffering as before, I see myself as useless?"

"But, my Lord, tell me at least, what is Your greater glory: for me to continue to stay even if I should die, or to have the obedience to stop given to me?"

November 17, 1902

"Only for me was this chastisement reserved, with no hope to be freed of it. You have given so many graces to other souls; they have suffered greatly for love of You."

November 21, 1902

"Ah, my Life, without You I am dead, I feel no more vital strengths; You used to form my whole being, and if I do not have You, I lack everything." (also tab 7)

November 22, 1902

"Yes, don't leave me on this earth (in my human will) any longer."

"But may the Lord be always blessed, who disposes everything for His Glory and for the good of souls."

December 5, 1902

"This word I cannot give – no. I will stay as long as the Lord wants it; but as soon as He tells me that the time for this penance is ended, I will not stay even for one minute more."

December 30, 1902

"Lord, I fear that my superiors may give me the obedience of the other time."

"What a dismal change has taken place in me! Who has separated my will from the Will of my God, which seemed to be one?"

VOLUME 5

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

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

June 6, 1903

"Ah, dear Jesus, how could You leave me alone? At least teach me how I must behave in this state of abandonment and of sufferings." (also tabs 4, 7, 12)

VOLUME 6

February 8, 1904

"My sweet Good, as for myself, I want nothing but Your Most Holy Will. I do not look at whether I suffer or I enjoy – Your Will is everything for me."

"Jesus Christ is my eye, my mouth, my heart, my hands and my feet."

December 3, 1904

"Everything by the grace of God."

"Certainly grace has always anticipated me."

VOLUME 7

March 4, 1906

"Lord, manifest Your Will to me - whether I must be in this state or not. What would You lose? It is a 'yes' or a 'no' that You need to say."

"If You Yourself tell me that You would want me to go out of it, should I not do it? …I have not done it because obedience does not want it."

September 16, 1906

"If it pleases You, I would like to know how things are in Your sight. You know the state of violence in which I find myself when I am with creatures, because with You alone I feel comfortable. I cannot understand why they want to come. I show myself rustic; I use no means to attract them, but rather, unpleasant manners. Why they want to come – I don't know. O, Heavens grant that I may remain alone!"

VOLUME 8

January 30, 1909

Then, afterwards, Blessed Jesus came for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, in almost all of the events that occur, creatures keep repeating, over and over again: 'And why? And why? And why? Why this illness? Why this interior state? Why this scourge?' And many other why's. The explanation of 'why' is not written on earth, but in Heaven, and there everyone will read it. Do you know what 'why' is? It is egoism, which gives continuous food to love of self. Do you know where 'why' was created? In hell. Who was the first one that pronounced it? A demon. The effects produced by the first 'why' were the loss of innocence in Eden Itself, the war of untamable passions, the ruin of many souls, the evils of life. The story of 'why' is long; it is enough to tell you that there is no evil in the world which does not carry the mark of 'why.' 'Why' is destruction of Divine Wisdom in souls. And do you know where 'why' will be buried? In hell, to make them restless for eternity, without ever giving them peace. The art of 'why' is to wage war against souls, without ever giving them respite."

VOLUME 9

August 10, 1910

I write to obey, but I feel my heart crack from the effort I am making. But, *Viva* Obedience - *Viva* the Will of God!

VOLUME 10

March 26, 1911

"My Celestial Mama, tell me, is there anything in me that displeases Jesus?"

"My tender Jesus, did You hear what our Mama is saying? That I should ask You for Love, and to speak about Love."

VOLUME 12

April 18, 1917

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.

January 31, 1918

"Jesus, I pour this (prayers, works, pains, etc.) into You, that I may do not my will, but Yours…"

November 29, 1918

"Today You really have to do my will."

"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.'" (also tab 2)

December 25, 1918

"Thank You, O Jesus."

March 19, 1920

"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" from a Divine Volition." (also tab 2)

VOLUME 14

(Beginning of Vol. 14 – No date)

"My Love and my Life, guide my hand (eyes) and be together with me as I write (read), so that not I, but You will do everything; You will dictate to me the words, that all of them may be Light of Truth. Do not permit that I put anything of myself; but rather, let me disappear, so that You Yourself may do everything, and the Honor and the Glory may be all Yours. I do this only to obey, and You, do not deny me Your Grace."

May 27, 1922

"If one act done in His Will is so great, how many of them, alas, do I let escape!"

September 15, 1922

Ah, Lord, give me the strength to make this sacrifice." (also tab 7)

September 20, 1922

"O please, my Love, let it be so that nothing but love, praise, reparation and blessing toward You may come from all of my being." (also tab 10)

VOLUME 15

December 8, 1922

"I write (read) to obey, and I offer everything to my sweet Jesus, uniting myself to the sacrifice of His Obedience in order to obtain the grace and the strength to do it as He wants. And now, O! my Jesus, give me Your holy Hand (Eyes) and the Light of Your Intelligence, and write (read) together with me."

April 9, 1923

"Ah! I pray You, never let me go out of Your Most Holy Will. Let it be so that I may always think, speak, operate and Love in Your Lovable Will." (also tab 7)

VOLUME 16

November 5, 1923

"My beloved Jesus, isn't what You are telling something New and Singular - that in one who Lives in Your Will You form Your Real Life? Isn't it rather the mystical Life which You form in the hearts which possess Your Grace?"

"My Love, but how can it be that You can live really in the soul who lives in your Will?"

March 22, 1924

"I don't really want anything; all I want is to do as You Yourself want - that I do Your Most Holy Will; and that what passes between You and me remain in the secret of our hearts."

VOLUME 17

August 14, 1924

"I would like to always go around in His Divine Will; I would like to be like a wheel of the clock which always rotates, without ever stopping." (also tab 9)

February 22, 1925

"You who Love and want that Your Will be done, help me, assist me, and feed me this Will of Yours in every instant, so that nothing else may have life in me." (also tab 7)

June 29, 1925

"My Love, neither did You come, nor did You let me sleep. So, how shall I go on today without You?" (also tab 2)

VOLUME 18

November 9, 1925

"May Jesus be always thanked."

VOLUME 20

September 17, 1926

"My Jesus, I invoke Your Holy Will, that It Itself may come to write (read) on paper the most penetrating and eloquent words, the most appropriate terms to make Itself comprehended, so as to portray the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat with the most beautiful colors, with the most refulgent Light, with the most attracting character, in order to infuse a magnetic force and a powerful magnet in the Words You will make me write (read); so that no one may be able to resist letting himself be dominated by Your Most Holy Will. And You, my Mama, true Sovereign Queen of the Supreme Fiat, do not leave me alone; come to guide my hand, (eyes) give me the Flame of Your Maternal Heart. And while I write (read), keep me under Your blue Mantle, that I may do all that my beloved Jesus wants from me."

September 20, 1926

"My Love, I want what You want. It is true that I feel the sacrifice of writing (reading), but for love of You, I will do everything."

"My Jesus, my Love, the day is now beginning, and in Your Will I want to go through all creatures, so that, in rising from their sleep, they may all rise in Your Will, to give You the adoration of all intelligences, the love of all hearts, the rising of all their works and of all their beings

into the Light which this day will make shine over all generations." (also tabs 5, 12)

November 1, 1926

"My sweet Jesus makes me go around through the whole Creation, almost to reach His Will in all of Its Acts, to keep It company, to give to It my "I love You," my "Thank You," my "I adore You," and to ask that Its Kingdom may come soon. But I do not know all that this Divine Will does in each created thing – I would like to know It, so that my act may be one with Its own." (also tab 10)

December 24, 1926

"I would love to die rather than not do Your Most Holy Will."

December 27, 1926

"God wants it, I want it. If He does not want it, neither do I want it."

January 6, 1927

"I am similar to the One who Created me – whatever He does, I do. One is the Light that invests us, one is the Strength, one is the Will."

VOLUME 22

September 14, 1927

"May everything be for the Glory of God and for the triumph of the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat. Deo Gratias!"

VOLUME 23

September 17, 1927

"My Jesus, Life of my poor heart, come to sustain my weakness. I am still a little child, and I feel the extreme need for You to keep me in Your Arms, to guide my hand while I write (read), to feed me the Words, to give me Your Thoughts, Your Light, Your Love and Your very Will. And if You do not do it, I will remain here like a fussy little girl, doing nothing. If You Love so much to make Your Most Holy Will known, You will be the first in the sacrifice; I will be in the secondary order. Therefore, my Love, transform me into Yourself, take away from me the torpor I feel, for I can bear no more, and I will continue to fulfill Your Holy Will, even at the cost of my life." (also tabs 4, 7)

VOLUME 24

March 19, 1928

"My Heart and my Life Jesus, here I am again, at the great sacrifice of beginning to write (read) yet another volume. My heart is bleeding from the effort I am making, especially because of the conditions in which my little and poor soul finds itself. My Love, if You do not help me, if You do not overwhelm me within You and make use of Your Power and of Your Love over me, I can no longer go on, and I will be incapable of writing (reading) a single word. Therefore I pray You that Your Fiat alone may Triumph in me.

"And if You want me to continue writing (reading), do not abandon me to myself—continue Your office of Teacher who dictates to my little soul. If then You want me to write (read) no more, I kiss and adore Your Divine Will, and I thank You; and I pray that I may profit from the many lessons You have given me, that I may ruminate on them continuously, and that I may model my life according to Your Teachings. Celestial Mama, Sovereign Queen, extend Your blue mantle over me to protect me; guide my hand (eyes) while I write (read), that I may fulfill the Divine Will." (also tab 7)

April 26, 1928

(After this, I was continuing my round in the Fiat, to accompany all that Jesus had done in Redemption; and I thought to myself): "How I wish I had done what the Sovereign Mama did when She was with Jesus—certainly She followed all of His Acts, and let nothing escape Her."

July 10, 1928

"And why this sleepiness? Up to now, so much vigil, such that if I wanted to sleep a little I could not; and now, all the opposite. How many changes one must go through—now one way, now another. It shows how, also with Jesus, it takes patience. With vigil I could do more, but, after all, also to sleep I must say: *'Fiat!'*" (also tabs 4, 8)

VOLUME 25

October 7, 1928

"My Jesus, Life of my poor heart, You who know in what bitternesses I find myself, come to my help! Overwhelm the little newborn of Your Divine Volition into Your Flames, that You may give me, again, the Strength to be able to begin another Volume, and Your Divine Fiat may eclipse my miserable will, that it may have life no more, and Your Divine Will may take over, and It Itself may write (read), with the characters of Its Light, that which You, my Love, want

me to write (read). And so that I may make no mistake, act as my Prompter; and only if You commit Yourself to accepting to be my word, thought and heartbeat, and to lead my hand (eyes) with Yours, can I make the sacrifice of returning to write (read) what You want.

"My Jesus, I am here, near the Tabernacle of Love. From that adored little door which I have the honor to gaze at, I feel Your Divine Fibers, Your Heart Palpitating, emitting Flames and Rays of endless Light at each Heartbeat; and in those Flames I hear Your Moans, Your Sighs, Your incessant Supplications and Your repeated sobs, for You want to make Your Will known, to give Its Life to all; and I feel myself being consumed with You and repeating what You do. Therefore I pray You, while You gaze at me from within the Tabernacle, and I gaze at You from within my bed, to strengthen my weakness, that I may make the sacrifice of continuing to write (read).

"Therefore, I pray You, my Love, to assist me and to give me the Strength to make the sacrifice that You Yourself want." (also tab 7)

December 16, 1928

(Jesus was thanking Luisa for listening to His Lessons) "My Love, what are You saying? It is I who must thank You for having spoken to me, and for having given me, with so much Love, acting as my Teacher, so many Lessons that I did not deserve."

VOLUME 26

April 28, 1929

I was doing my round in the Divine Fiat, to follow Its acts in the Creation; and as I reached Eden, my poor mind paused in the act in which It created man, and breathing over him, It infused life in him; and I prayed Jesus to breathe over my poor soul, to infuse in me the first Divine Breath of Creation, so that, with Their regenerative breath, I might begin my life again, all in the Fiat, according to the purpose for which They had Created me.

VOLUME 27

September 23, 1929

"O! adorable, ruling and Holy Will, since You want the sacrifice, I do not feel the strength to resist and to fight against You; but rather, I adore Your Dispositions, and dissolving myself in Your Holy Volition, I pray You to help me, to fortify my weakness, and not to permit that I write (read) anything but what You want and the way You want it. O please! may I be Your repeater, and may I add nothing of my own. And You, my Love in the Sacrament, from that Holy Cell through which You look at me, and I look at You, do not deny me Your Help while I

write (read), but come to write (read) together with me. Only in this way will I feel the strength to begin."

February 17, 1930

The Divine Volition continues to occupy my little intelligence, and I, immersing myself in It, feel Its vivifying strength that surrounds me inside and out.

"May everything be for the glory of God, and for the fulfillment of His Most Holy Will."

VOLUME 28

April 18, 1930

My poor mind feels the irresistible need to cross the endless Sea of the Supreme Fiat. More than by a powerful magnet, I feel drawn to make my sweet dwelling in my dear inheritance given to me by my dear Jesus, that is His adorable Will. It seems to me that Jesus awaits me now in one act done by His Divine Fiat, now in another, to give me His admirable lessons.

July 9, 1930

"As long as Jesus is content," I would say, "that is enough for me."

February 8, 1931

"My Love, if You let me fall and do not help me to free myself, what shall I do? You do not want to change Your ways that You have had over me, and if the authorities who want otherwise do not want to surrender to what You want, what shall I do? At least, assure me that You take me to Heaven—and You, I and they will all remain content. Don't You see in what a maze they put me; I am the accused one, the condemned one, as if I had become the most wicked creature that exists upon earth; and a curse hangs over my poor existence. Jesus! Jesus! help me, do not abandon me, do not leave me alone. If all have been so barbarous as to leave me, You will not do this to me; isn't it true, O Jesus?" (also tab 4)

I assure Jesus that I never want to do my will. (also tab 4)

VOLUME 29

February 13, 1931

"My Life, my most sweet Jesus, O please! come to my help, do not abandon me; with the Power of Your Most Holy Will invest my poor soul and put out of me everything that troubles me and tortures

me. O please! let the New Sun of Peace and Love rise in me, otherwise I feel no more Strength to continue to make the sacrifice of writing (reading); my hand is already shaking and the pen does not flow on the paper. My Love, if You do not help me, if You do not remove from me Your Justice, that justly knocks me down in the painful state I find myself in, I feel it is impossible for me to write (read) even one word. Therefore, help me, and I will strive as much as I can to obey the one who commands me to write (read) everything that You have told me on Your Most Holy Will; and since these are past things, I will make, all together, a little mention of each thing that regards Your Divine Will." (also tabs 4, 7)

February 17, 1931

"My Jesus, help me! Do not abandon me! You who have always been so good with me, and have sustained me with so much love in the struggles of my life, O please! do not leave me now that the struggles are more terrible and fierce. O please! my Love, show Your Power. See, O! Jesus, they are not demons that fight against me, for with a sign of the cross I would make them flee who knows where; but they are the superiors, whom You alone can put in their place. I am the poor condemned one, and I myself do not know what I have done. O! how sorrowful is my story." (also tabs 4, 7)

"See," I said, "my Love, it has been two months and more of continuous struggles—struggles with creatures, struggles with You, that You would not let me fall into sufferings; and, O! how much it costs me to struggle with my Jesus—but not because I do not want to suffer, but because those who are over me want it so. But now I can bear no more, and only then will I stop crying, when You tell me that You concede to me to free me from the bother I give to the priest—the war is all because of this." (also tab 7)

"My Jesus, I promise, I swear, [to always live in the Divine Will] I want it—to follow what You have taught me; but You must not leave me, because with You I can do anything, but without You I am good at nothing." (also tabs 4, 7)

May 4, 1931

"Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me; yet, not my will, but Yours be done."

July 6, 1931

And I was praying Jesus to teach me how to find It in all things, so that Its perennial Life would never be lacking in me.

August 3, 1931

"There is no sorrow similar to my sorrow. Heavens and earth—cry with me, and, all of you—implore for me the return of that Jesus who loves me and whom I love." (also tabs 2, 4)

VOLUME 30

November 4, 1931

"Hear, O! Jesus, I feel the need of Your Life in order to live. I want to live of You; and then You will be writing (reading), not I, and You will be able to write (read) what You want and the way You want it. Therefore, the task is Yours, not mine; I will only lend You my hand, and You will do all the rest. Let us make this agreement, O Jesus."

December 21, 1931

O! Divine Will, let it be that I may always recognize You, to be able to enclose in my act Your Potentiality, operating and glorifying, of the Works of Your Adorable Will.

VOLUME 32

March 12, 1933

"My Celestial Sovereign Jesus, hide me inside of Your Divine Heart so that not outside of You, but inside of the Sanctuary of Your Heart I give beginning to the present Volume, the pen will be the Light of Your Divine Volition dipped in the Furnace of Your Love and dictating to me that which You want to say to me, I will do as a simple listener and I will lend You the paper of my little soul, so that You Yourself write (read) that which You want, how You want and how much You want; mind my amiable Teacher, to not let me write (read) anything by myself, otherwise I will make a thousand blunders. And You Sovereign Queen, hide me under Your Mantle, keep me defended from everything, do not ever leave me alone so that I can complete the Divine Will in everything."

May 25, 1933

"O! Divine Will, how much You Love me, even to abasing Yourself in my little act, in order to enclose Your Operating Life there."

VOLUME 33

November 19, 1933

"My Celestial Sovereign Jesus and my Great Lady Queen of Heaven, come to my help. Place this rather ignorant little one in the

midst of Your Most Holy Hearts. And while I write (read), my dear Jesus, act as my Prompter, and my Celestial Mama, as to Her daughter, you guide my hand (eyes) on the paper in a way that while I write (read) I will be in the midst of Jesus and of my Mama so that not even one word more will I write (read) of what They tell me and want."

March 4, 1934

"I have disappeared in the Divine Will, and therefore Its Strength, Its Love, Its Sanctity, Its Operation, is mine; we take one single Step, we have on single Motion, and one single Love."

October 4, 1935

"I am at my place of honor, I do my Office, I am a continuous Act of Divine Will. I can say that I am nothing, I do nothing, but I do everything, because I do the Divine Will." (also tab 4)

VOLUME 34

December 2, 1935

"My King of Love Jesus and my Queen Mamma my Divine One, O! weave my will with Yours and make of it one alone, rather enclose me in Your Hearts, so that I write (read) not outside of You, but rather inside of the Heart of my Jesus, (and) in the Womb of my Celestial Mother so that I can say: it is Jesus that writes (reads), it is my Mama that feeds me the Words. Therefore help me and give me Grace to conquer the great repugnance that I feel in beginning another Volume, you who know my poor state, I feel the need to be sustained, strengthened and all renewed by the Power of Your Divine Fiat in order to be able to do in everything and always Your Divine Will."

VOLUME 35

Beginning of Volume

"My sweet Life, my Highest Good – Jesus, come to my help. My littleness and misery are such that I feel the extreme need to feel You within me, as Palpitating, Operating and Loving Life. Otherwise I feel incapable of saying to you even a little *I love You*. So I pray You, I beg You – don't leave me alone, since the task of writing (reading) on the Divine Will is all Yours. I will do nothing other than let my hand (eyes) be carried by You, and be attentive to listen to Your holy Words. You will do all the rest. So, think about it, O Jesus… And then I call my Celestial Mother to help me, so that, while I write (read), She may keep me on Her lap and synchronize me with Her Maternal Heart to let me feel Her sweet Harmonies of the Divine Fiat, so that I may write (read) all that Jesus wants me to write (read) on His Adorable Will."

February 7, 1938

"Hurry up, Holy Will, don't delay any longer. I languish if I don't see You Operating in me with Your Creative Virtue." (also tab 2)

VOLUME 36

April 12, 1938

"O Holy Will, as I start this 36th Volume, I pray You, I beg You, I implore You not to leave me - not even one instant - so that You speak, You write (read). You will make Yourself known, and make known how You want to be the Life of all in order to give Your Goods to all. If You let me do it, I won't be able to make You known as You want, because I'm incapable, but if You do it, You will Triumph, You will be known and You will have Your Kingdom in the whole world. O, Holy Will, with Your Power You eclipse all the evils of the creatures, You put Your Almighty End, so that they leave the way of sin and find themselves in the way of Your Divine Will."

"To You, Queen Mother of the Divine Fiat, I consecrate this Volume in a special way, so that Your Love, Your Maternity may be spread throughout these pages, to call Your children to Live together with You in that same Will whose Kingdom you possessed. As I start, kneeling at Your feet, I implore Your Maternal Blessing."

July 11, 1938

I am always in the arms of the Divine Volition, and as I was writing (reading) I felt the weight of the great sacrifice of writing (reading), and I offered it to my dear Jesus, to obtain that the Divine Will may be known, wanted and loved by all. O! How much I would give my life to let It be known by all.

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DIVINE WILL

Day Fourteen

Celestial Mama, I, Your poor child, feel the irresistible need to be with You, to follow Your steps, to see Your actions in order to copy them, to make of them my model and keep them as guide of my life. I feel so much the need of being guided, because by myself I can do nothing; but with my Mama who loves me so much, I will be able to do everything - and will be able to do also the Divine Will.

My Mama, Your Lessons enrapture me, and descend deep into my heart. O please! You, who so much Love for Your child to Live of Divine Will, with Your Empire, empty me of everything; infuse in me the necessary courage to make me give death to my will; and I, trusting in You, will say to You: "I want to Live of Divine Will."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

Celestial Mama, empty me of everything, to hide me in the Will of God.

HOURS OF THE PASSION

First Hour

O Celestial Mama, the hour of the separation is approaching, and I come to You. O Mother, give me Your Love and Your Reparations; give me Your sorrow, because together with You I want to follow, step by step, adored Jesus.

O Mother, I cling to You with all the tenderness of which my poor heart is capable, so that clinging and bound to You, I too may receive the embraces of adored Jesus. Will You perhaps disdain me? Isn't it rather a comfort for Your Heart to have a soul near You, who would share its pains, affections and reparations?

Third Hour

O Jesus, there is nothing You do which does not portray vividly Your most sorrowful Passion, which You keep always present in Your Mind, in Your Heart - in everything. And this teaches me that if I too had the thought of Your Passion before my mind and in my heart, You would never deny me the Food of Your Love. How much I thank You!

Eighth Hour

My sweet Good, I will be at Your side to defend You, to learn Your Teachings, to count, one by one, all of Your Words.

LETTERS OF LUISA

Letter No. 5

"Give me the Food of Your Will, raise me in Your Arms, clothe me with Your Light, heal me with Your Creative Virtue." (also tab 12)

Letter No. 15

"Jesus, I want to do always Your Will."
"You have suffered for me, and I for You!"

Letter No. 17

"My life will start today; I am born again together with my Queen Mama, with Jesus, and with the Divine Will."
"This pain serves Jesus!"
"The Heart of Jesus wants me a saint: I must become a saint!"

Letter No. 19

"I firmly want it, I continuously want it; I want it!" (also tab 12)

Letter No. 21

"Lord, I want to do Your Will" (also tabs 2, 4)

Letter No. 39

"I know nothing but Divine Will. It is my Mother, my Sister, my Life, my All, my Heaven, and my Paradise on earth."

Letter – No. 41

Therefore, courage! In everything which is not Divine Volition, in all the things that oppress you, say: "These are not our things, they don't belong to us. For us the Divine Will is everything; It is our dear Inheritance, and it is right that we live in our own field, in our dear Home." (also tab 4)

Letter No. 47

"Jesus, take my will and give me Yours." (also tab 5)

Letter No. 59

"These are things that don't belong to me. I don't want to steal from anyone, not even from hell."

Letter No. 92

"I want to be Your facsimile."

Letter No. 97

"I rise again with all my acts together with my sweet Jesus."

"In everything I do, I call Jesus to rise again; I make His Will my own to make of It my life, in order to be one single act with the Divine Will." (also tabs 2, 12)

Letter No. 98

"I want what God wants, to do what God does." (also tab 12)

Letter No. 121

"I am copying Jesus."

Letter No. 124

"I want to do Your Will and Live in It!" (also tabs 2, 12)

Longing for Jesus/for Union:

VOLUME 1

"Beloved Good, see how hard has been our separation."

"O! my all and beautiful Jesus, if You communicate so much peace in the few moments You manifest Yourself in this life - in such a way that one can suffer the most painful martyrdoms, the most humiliating pains with the most perfect tranquility (it seems to me a blend of peace and sorrow) - what will it be like in Paradise?

"Lord, hurry, for I cannot be without You. Accelerate the hours, let the sun rise quickly, for I cannot resist anymore, my heart is fainting." (also tab 11 since Luisa prayed this before Communion)

"O please! O! Holy Spouse, how could You make me wait so long - I could not resist any more, I felt I was dying without You."

"I want nothing but You, and only then will I stop crying, when You promise me You will not make me wait for so long."

"Most sweet Spouse, hurry, no longer delay my intimate union with You. O please! let us bind each other with stronger bonds of Love, so that no one may ever again be able to separate us, even for simple instants." (also tab 4)

"If I have something else that must be removed, tell me, for I am ready to do it." (also tab 4)

"It is that I want to be always united with You. My soul can no longer bear being separated from You - not just for one day, but not even for a moment. Therefore I want to come at any cost."

"But then You leave me, and I lose sight of You, while in Heaven it is not so - there, I could never lose sight of You."

VOLUME 2

April 3, 1899

"Tell Me, O my Good, why have You moved away from me? Where have I offended You, that You no longer make Yourself seen - and if You show Yourself, You are almost concealed, and silent? O please, do not make me wait and wait any longer, for my heart cannot take any more!"

April 7, 1899

"My Good Jesus, don't You Yourself see that I feel Life missing in me? Tell me at least: how can one be without You? How can one live? Though I am ungrateful at so many graces, yet I love You, as I offer You this most bitter pain of Your absence to repair for my ingratitude. But come - have patience, Jesus. You are so good, don't make me wait any more - come. Ah, don't You Yourself know what a cruel tyrant love is, that You don't have compassion for me?"

"What do You want to make of me?"

May 6, 1899

"Jesus, my Lord!"

"Jesus, my Beautiful One, come, do not remain behind my shoulders for I cannot see You. I have been waiting for You and investigating for the whole morning - who knows, I might see You amid these angelic spirits that surrounded my bed. But I could not, therefore I feel very tired, because I can find no rest without You. Come, for we will rest together."

June 14, 1899

"How is it that He is not coming? What is new now? Yesterday He came so often, and today, the hour is getting late, and He has not yet showed Himself at all. What heartbreak! What patience it takes with Jesus!

June 20, 1899

"My beautiful Little Baby, I pray You to take my heart and bring it with You to Paradise, for after the heart, the soul too will come."

June 21, 1899

"Come my beloved, come."

"What have You done to me? How is it… so quickly have You gone away from me, without even saying good-bye?"

"It shows that You are too impertinent, and that You want to behave like a child. I feel I'm going mad with pain because You are not coming, and You are there playing. Well then, play and joke as You please, for I will have patience."

July 30, 1899

"My only good, it has been a while since You gave me even just a kiss."

October 7, 1899

"My dear Jesus, come, don't make me wait so much! I haven't seen You since last night, and now, it is getting late and You are still not coming? See how much patience I have had in waiting for You. O please! Do not let it be that I reach the point of losing patience because of Your long delay in coming, because then You would be the cause of it, with Your delays. Therefore come, for I can take no more."

August 22, 1899

"When I have You, is there anything else I could possibly desire?"

"My most sweet Jesus, give me Your Virtues."

"My benign Jesus, let it be that the pain may not prevent me from dissolving myself in You."

VOLUME 3

November 27, 1899

"Blessed Lord, how come, so late? Have You perhaps forgotten that I cannot be without You, or have I perhaps lost your grace that You do not come?"

January 3, 1900

"No longer to see Jesus! No longer to hear the gentleness of His Voice! To lose the One on whom my life depends, and from whom every good comes to me! How can I live without Him? Ah, everything is over for me if I lose Jesus!"

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

January 17, 1900

"Lord, I do not want to come to Heaven without Your insignia - first crucify me and then take me."

"I am still here! Ah, how many times You have done this to me, my dear Jesus! - indeed You have a special art for being able to do it, for You make me believe that I must die, so I laugh at the world, at the pains, and I even laugh at You, because the time of our being separated is ended, and there will be no more intervals of separation. But as

soon as the laughing begins, as I find myself bound once again with the shackles of the wall of this fragile body, forgetting that I had just begun to laugh, I continue with the crying, the moans and the sighs of my separation from You. Ah, Lord, hurry, for I feel compelled to come!"

January 22, 1900

"O God, what a bloody war this poor heart of mine had to bear!

"Ah, Lord! You don't love me any more!"

January 27, 1900

"O, how my exile has been prolonged! O, what happiness would be mine if I could loosen the bonds of this body so that my soul might take wing, freely, toward my Highest Good!"

"Well then, even from hell I will send my sighs to my sweet Jesus - even from there do I want to love Him."

"Ah, Lord, You alone can put my poor soul in order!"

February 26, 1900

"I hope He will always keep me in this circle (circle of the Will of God) that connects me completely in God."

April 10, 1900

"My heart, let us wait a little longer; who knows - He might come. Let us use some stratagems to draw Him to come."

"Lord, come, it is getting late and You have not come yet? This morning I am trying to remain calm as much as I can; yet, You do not let Yourself be found? Lord, I offer You the martyrdom of Your privation as a proof of love, and as a gift to induce You to come. It is true that I am not worthy, but it is not because I am worthy that I look for You; rather, I do it out of love, and because without You I feel Life missing in me."

"Lord, either You come, or I will tire You with my speaking; and when You are tired… even then You are not going to come?"

"Ah, Lord, it shows that I lack the magnet of humility! If I could spread the magnet of humility everywhere on my path, I would not have to struggle so much in waiting and waiting for Your coming!

June 20, 1900

"Ah, Lord, give me the strength to bear this martyrdom so hard, so unbearable for my poor soul! After all, say whatever You want, but I will not neglect any means, I will try all ways, I will use all stratagems to draw You to come." (also tabs 3, 7)

June 24, 1900

"My sole and only Good, from Your moans I perceive the too painful state You are in. This happens because You want to suffer alone and do not want to let me share in Your pains; even more, so as not to have me in Your company You made me fall asleep and You left me without letting me understand anything any more. I understand where all this comes from: it is so that You may be more free in chastising. But, O please! - have compassion on me, for I am blind without You; and on Yourself, for it is always good in all circumstances to have someone who would keep You company, relieve You, and somehow break Your fury. In fact, now You are determined and You send chastisements, but when You see Your images perish from misery, You will let out more moans than now, and maybe You will say to me: 'Ah, if you had tried harder to placate Me, if you had taken the pains of creatures upon Yourself, I would not see My own members so tormented!' Isn't it true, my most patient Jesus? O please, relieve Yourself a little bit, and let me suffer in Your place!" (also tab 3)

June 27, 1900

"My always good Jesus, how is it that You are not coming? These are not things to do: to wound a soul and then leave her! And what is more, so as not to let her know what You are doing, You leave her prey to sleep. O please! come, do not make me wait so much!"

September 1, 1900

"My good Jesus, do not make me wait so long. This morning I don't feel like getting upset and looking for You so much, to the point of tiring myself. Come once and for all, quickly quickly - as simple as that."

"It shows that You want me to get tired and even reach the point of getting upset; otherwise You do not come."

"If vocal prayer serves to maintain the correspondence, certainly interior meditation must serve as nourishment in order to maintain the conversation between God and the soul."

"Ah, Lord, many times it seems that obedience herself does not want to meddle in it, remaining indifferent; and the poor soul is forced to remain in that state of contrasts and of huffiness."

VOLUME 4

October 14, 1900

"Ah, my beloved, what a hard martyrdom life is, because of the intervals in which I am forced to be without You. You Yourself are saying that I am right, but then You leave me!"

‘For me also, You are all my contentment, so much so that all other things are nothing but bitternesses for me....”

December 3, 1900

“O, how one can touch with hand the Sacrosanct Mystery of the Most Holy Trinity, that while You are One, You are also Three.”

“Ah, Lord, have compassion for a miserable sinner who lives infirm and imprisoned! Break soon the wall of this prison, that I may fly to You and come back no more.”

December 23, 1900

“My sweet Jesus, I want to tell You that I ardently yearn for You and for Your Holy Volition, and if You concede this to me You will make me fully content and happy.”

April 7, 1901

“Ah! Lord, give me the Strength to bear with You in these delays, for I feel faint.” (also tab 7)

April 19, 1901

“Where is Jesus? How is it – you have lost Him? What have you done that He is no longer coming? How can we be without Him? Who else will console us, since we have lost the fount of all consolation? Who will fortify us in weakness? Who will correct us and uncover our defects, since we have been deprived of that light which, more than electric filament, penetrated into the most intimate hiding places, and with the most ineffable sweetness corrected and healed our wounds? Everything is misery, everything is squalor, everything is gloom without Him! How shall we go on?” And even though in the depth of my will I feel resigned, and I keep offering His very privation as the greatest sacrifice for love of Him, everything else wages a continuous war against me, and puts me in a torture. Ah, Lord, how much it costs me to have known You, and at how high a price You make me pay for your past visits!

July 16, 1901

“Tell me, do You love me?”

“I am not content with “yes” alone, but I would like it to be explained better how much You love me.”

“Lord, what a difference between my love and Yours. Not only does mine have a beginning, but as for the past, I see some voids in my soul of not having loved You.”

“My sweet Good, let me come with You to Heaven, and if You do not want it forever, at least for a little while. O please, I pray You, make me content!”

"It is true that I am very dissimilar from You, but if You want You can render me similar."

"Ah, Lord, how come - so little has my happiness lasted? It seems that the clay of this body of mine is too hard, as it takes so much to be shattered, and it prevents my soul from moving out of this miserable earth. But I hope that some vehement blow may cause it to be not only shattered, but pulverized. Then, since I would no longer have a home to be able to stay here, You will have compassion for me, and will receive me forever in the Celestial Dwelling."

August 21, 1901

"My most sweet Mama, I lost the way to find Jesus; I don't know where else to go, nor what to do in order to find Him again."

October 2, 1901

"Lord, I want nothing but You and to be hidden in You – this is what I have always asked of You, and this is what I pray You to confirm in me."

January 25, 1902

"My beloved Good, I can bear no more, take me with You to Heaven once and for all, or remain forever with me on this earth."

February 17, 1902

"My beloved Good, how can You make me wait so long? Do You perhaps not know that without You I cannot live, and my soul experiences a continuous dying?"

March 16, 1902

"O, God, what pain! I don't know how I live, though I live dying."

May 16, 1902

"My dear Good, this time I will clasp You so much as not to let You escape any more." (also tab 9)

March 12, 1903

"My sweet life, how is it that You have left me alone? When You put me in this state everything was union, we arranged everything together, and with sweet force You drew me completely to Yourself. O, how the scene has changed! Not only have You abandoned me, not only do You not put any pressure on me to keep me in this state, but I myself am forced to put continuous pressure on You so as not to go out of this position, and this pressing You is a continuous dying for me." (also tab 4)

VOLUME 5

June 6, 1903

"Ah, Lord, how can You leave me? Are You perhaps not my Life, such that without You, not only the soul, but also the body is completely shattered and cannot bear the intensity of the pain of your privation? So much so, that it seems to me that I am going to die right here and now; my only and sole comfort – death."

VOLUME 6

April 11, 1904

"…Lord, I want nothing – what I care about the most is You alone."

"…Nothing, nothing, I want You alone and whatever You want."

"I want nothing, I think and care about nothing but Him alone, while He seems not to bother about me. I don't know how His good Heart can reach such a point."

April 21, 1904

"Blessed Lord, we are now at the last hour and You are still not coming? O please! do not give me this sorrow – let Yourself be seen at least."

July 30, 1904

"O, separation, how bitter and painful you are! There is no pain that can be compared to you. O, Divine Privation, you consume, you pierce, you are a two-edged sword that cuts on one side, and burns on the other. The pain You give is immense, as immense as is God." (also tab 4)

"Ah, He Himself tells me this – that He alone is everything for me? And yet, He has the courage to leave me without - deprived of Him."

August 6, 1904

"O, Privation, how intense is your bitterness! Your sorrow is always new, and because it is new, the soul feels the bitterness of the pain as ever new. My soul feels as if one whole flesh would separate into many shreds, and all those shreds, with justice, ask for their life, and will find it only if they find God, who is more than their life.

"Tell me, where – where can I find Him? If you want to have pity on me, do not delay showing Him to me, for I can take no more!" (also tab 4)

"Ah, He is here with me!"

August 8, 1904

"It is because I believe that not finding You immediately within myself, I can find You outside; it is love that pushes me to this.

"My Life and my whole Good, so, since I suffer little or nothing, I love You little, or not at all. What fright, the mere thought that I do not love You! My soul feels a sharp disappointment, and I even almost feel offended by You."

October 27, 1904

"Why live? Jesus does not come, suffering is lacking; my dearest and most inseparable companions, Jesus and suffering, have left me – and yet I live? I thought that without both of them I would not be able to live, so inseparable were they from me; and yet, I still live? O, God, what a change, what a painful point, what an unspeakable torment, what an unheard-of cruelty! You have left other souls without You, but never without suffering; to no one have You given this affront, so ignominious. Only for me, for me alone was this slap prepared, so terrible; I alone deserved this chastisement, so unbearable. But, just chastisement for my sins – or rather, I deserved something worse!" (also tabs 4, 6)

December 3, 1904

"Pretty little One of my heart, You know that You are my Life – O please, do not leave Me!"

"My only Good, what are You saying? Life is always necessary; therefore always – always." (always that Jesus comes)

May 12, 1905

"Lord, still, this is something that lacerates my soul… the thought that I might lose Your Love.'

November 2, 1905

"Ah, Lord, I want nothing but You, I find no other contentment but in You alone – and You have left me so cruelly?"

VOLUME 7

March 13, 1906

"Lord, don't You see that I feel Life missing in me? I feel such necessity of You, that if You do not come, I feel my being destroyed. Do not deny me what is absolutely necessary to me; I do not ask You for kisses, caresses, favors, but only for what is necessary."

July 10, 1906

"My Good, I do not want anything – I want only You, and You alone. You alone are enough for me in everything, because if I have You, I have everything."

September 23, 1906

"Ah, Lord, how cruel You are with a soul who is all for You, and who does nothing but suffer continuous deaths for love of You! See, my will is looking for You, and not finding You, it dies continuously, because it does not find You who are the Life of my will; my desires die continuously, because as they desire You and do not find You, they do not find their life. So, my breath, the heartbeats of my heart, my memory, my intellect – everything, everything is undergoing cruel deaths; and You have no compassion for me."

November 6, 1906

I was praying according to my usual way – that whatever I do, I do it as if I were doing it with Our Lord and with His own Intentions.

"My Lord, I too would like to be like You – all Love, and nothing else."

November 12, 1906

"O, how I wish to love You, to be Loved more by You!"

"Thank You for Your benignity in dwelling in me, but I am not so content; I would be more content and would feel safer if I could dwell in You."

December 6, 1906

"Life of my life, how is it that You are not coming? O, how cruel You have become with me! How hard Your Heart has become as You reach the point of not listening to me. Where are Your Promises? Where, Your Love, since You leave me abandoned in the abyss of my miseries? Yet, You promised me that You would never leave me; You told me that You Love me – and now? And now? You Yourself told me that it is from one's constancy that it can be known whether one really loves You, and if there is no constancy, one cannot rely on this love. So, how is it that You want it from me, who does not form your life, and then You who are my life deny it to me?" (also tab 4)

VOLUME 8

October 4, 1907

"Not only of Jesus am I deprived, but also the good of suffering is taken away from me. O, God! You want to put me to fire and the

sword, and touch the things which are most dear to me, and which form my very life: Jesus and the cross. If I am abominable to Jesus because of my ingratitude, He is right in not coming; but you, O Cross - what have I done to you, that you left me so barbarously? Ah, did I perhaps not welcome you when you came? Did I not treat you as my faithful companion? Ah, I remember that I loved you so much that I could not be without you, and sometimes I even preferred you to Jesus. I didn't know what you had done to me, that I could not be without you. Yet, you left me! It is true that you have done much good to me; you were the way, the door, the room, the secret, the light in which I could find Jesus. This is why I loved you so much. And now, everything is over for me." (also tab 4)

June 22, 1908

"I cannot take anymore - how can I go on without my life? What patience it takes with You! What would be the virtue that would induce Him to come?" May His Most Holy Will be always blessed.

January 22, 1909

"When I am in Heaven, my dear Jesus, You will feel irritated for having made so many debts with me; while if you come now, since I become the debtor, You, who are so good, at the first encounter we will have, will cancel all my debts. But I, who am bad, will not let it go, and will demand payment for even a breath of waiting."

VOLUME 9

March 10, 1909

"Lord, come back soon - who knows when You are coming back."

July 8, 1910

"Don't You know, O Jesus, that without You I cannot be, nor do I want to be?"

VOLUME 11

Good-bye in the Evening to Jesus in the Sacrament:

"O my Jesus, Celestial Prisoner, the sun is now setting, the darkness invades the earth, and You remain alone in the Tabernacle of Love. I seem to see You with an air of sadness because of the loneliness of the night, not having around You the crown of Your sons and of Your tender spouses, who may at least keep You company in Your voluntary imprisonment.

"O my Divine Prisoner, I too feel my heart catch for having to leave You, and I am forced to say good-bye to You. But, what am I saying?

O Jesus - never again good-bye. I don't have the courage to leave You alone. Good-bye with my lips, but not with my heart; rather, I leave my heart with You in the Tabernacle. I will count Your Heartbeats and I will correspond to them with my heartbeat of love; I will number Your panting Sighs and, to cheer You, I will make You rest in my arms. I will be Your vigilant sentry; I will be attentive to see if anything comes to trouble You or to sadden You, not only so as to never leave You alone, but also to take part in all Your Pains.

"O Heart of my heart! O Love of my love! Leave this air of sadness and be consoled; I don't have the heart to see You afflicted. While with my lips I say good-bye, I leave with You my breaths, my affections, my thoughts, my desires and all my movements, which, forming a chain of continuous acts of love, united to Yours, will surround You like a crown, and will love You for all. Aren't You happy, O Jesus? It seems You say *Yes*, don't You?

"Good-bye, O Loving Prisoner - but, I have not finished yet. Before I depart, I also want to leave my body before You; I intend to make of my flesh and of my bones many tiny little pieces in order to form as many lamps for as many Tabernacles as exist in the world; and of my blood, many little flames to light those lamps. And in every Tabernacle I intend to put my lamp which, uniting with the lamp of the Tabernacle that gives You light at night, will say to You: 'I love You, I adore You, I bless You, I repair You and I thank You for me and for all.'

"Good-bye, O Jesus - but, listen to one more word: let us make a pact, and the pact be that we will love each other more. You will give me more Love, will enclose me in Your Love, will make me live of Love, and will bury me in Your Love. Let us tighten our bond of Love more strongly; I will be content only if You give me Your Love to be able to really Love You.

"Good-bye, O Jesus, bless me - bless all. Clasp me to Your Heart, imprison me in Your Love; and I leave You, placing a kiss upon Your Heart. Good-bye, good-bye...."

Good Morning to Jesus:

"O my Jesus, sweet Prisoner of Love, here I am before You again. I left You saying *good-bye*, and now I come back saying *good morning.* I was anxiously burning to see You again in this prison of Love, to give You my yearning obsequies, my affectionate heartbeats, my ardent desires and all of myself in order to transfuse myself completely in You, and to abandon all of myself in You in perpetual memory and pledge of my love toward You.

"O my always Lovable Sacramental Love, You know? While I have come to give You all of myself, I have also come to receive from You all of Yourself. I cannot Live without a Life, therefore I want Yours. All is given to one who gives all; isn't it true, O Jesus? Therefore, today I will love with Your Heartbeat of a Passionate Lover; I will breathe with

Your panting Breath in search for souls; I will desire Your Glory and the Good of souls with Your Immeasurable Desires. All the heartbeats of creatures will flow within Your Divine Heartbeat; we will grasp them all, we will save them, we will let no one escape, at the cost of any sacrifice - even if I should bear all the pain. If You should push me away, I will fling myself deeper inside; I will cry out louder in order to plead together with You the salvation of Your children and my brothers.

"O my Jesus, my Life and my All, how many things does Your voluntary imprisonment tell me! But the emblem with which I see You all studded, is the emblem of the souls; and the chains which bind You completely, so very tightly, are Love. It seems that the words *souls* and *love* make You smile, debilitate You and force You to surrender in everything; and I, pondering well these excesses of Your Love, will be always around You and together with You, with my usual refrains: '*Souls* and *Love.'*

"Therefore, today I want all of You - always together with me in the prayer, in the work, in the pleasures and displeasures, in the food, in the steps, in the sleep - in everything. I am certain that, being unable to obtain anything by myself, with You I will obtain everything; and everything we do, will serve to soothe each of Your Pains, to sweeten every bitterness of Yours, to repair for any offense, to repay You for everything, and to impetrate any conversion, no matter how difficult and desperate. We will go begging for a little love from every heart, to make You more content and happy. Isn't it Good like this, O Jesus?

"O dear Prisoner of Love, bind me with Your Chains, seal me with Your Love. O please! show me Your beautiful Face. O Jesus, how beautiful You are! Your blond Hair braids and sanctifies all my thoughts; Your Forehead, calm and serene in the midst of so many offenses, gives me peace and puts me in the most perfect calm - even in the midst of the greatest storms, of Your very Privations, of Your Whims, which cost me my life. Ah, You know it, but I move on; it is my heart that tells You this, for it knows how to say it better than I do. O Love, Your beautiful cerulean Eyes, sparkling with Divine Light, abduct me to Heaven and make me forget the earth; but, alas, to my greatest sorrow my exile yet continues. Hurry, hurry, O Jesus! Yes, You are beautiful, O Jesus; I seem to see You in that Tabernacle of Love. The Beauty and the Majesty of Your Face enamors me and makes me see Heaven; Your gracious Mouth kisses me softly in every instant. Your gentle Voice calls me and invites me to love every moment; Your Knees sustain me; Your Arms clasp me with indissoluble bond; and I will impress my burning kisses, thousands upon thousands, on Your Adorable Face.

"Jesus, Jesus, may our will be one; one our love, one our contentment. Never leave me alone, for I am a nothing, and *the nothing* cannot be without *the All*. Do You promise me, O Jesus? It seems that You say *Yes.* And now bless me - bless all; and in the company of the

Angels, of the Saints, of the sweet Mama and of all creatures, I say to You: 'Good morning, O Jesus, good morning...'

"I would want Jesus in my mind, Jesus in my lips, Jesus in my heart; I would want to look only at Jesus, hear only Jesus, be clasped only with Jesus. I want to do everything together with Jesus - love with Jesus, suffer with Jesus, joke with Jesus, cry with Jesus, write (read) with Jesus. Without Jesus I don't even want to draw a breath. I will stay here like a fussy little girl, doing nothing, so that Jesus will come to do everything with me, content to be his amusement, abandoning myself to His Love, to His lashes, to His worries and to His Loving whims, as long as I do everything with Jesus.

"See, O my Jesus? This is my will, and You will not move me - did You hear? So, now come and write (read) with me."

June 9, 1912

"When will You take me with You? O please! hurry, O Jesus; let death cut this life of mine and unite me with You in Heaven."

November 2, 1912

"I no longer recognize myself. Sweet Life of mine, where are You? What should I do to find You again? Without You, my Love, I cannot find the Beauty that embellishes me, the Strength that fortifies me, the Life that vivifies me. I lack everything - everything is death for me; and life itself, without You, is more harrowing than any death. Ah, it is a constant dying! Come, O Jesus, I can take no more! O, Supreme Light, come – don't make me wait any more! You let me feel the touch of Your Hands, but as I try to grab You, You escape me. You let me see Your Shadow, but as I try to look into the Shadow at the Majesty and the Beauty of my Sun Jesus, I lose both shadow and Sun. O please, have pity! My heart is tortured, it is lacerated into pieces - I cannot live any more. Ah, if only I could die!" (also tab 7)

March 14, 1914

"Jesus, let me come."

October 29, 1914

"My Love, how can this be? Have You forgotten that I don't know how, nor can I be without You? Either with You on earth, or with You in Heaven. Do You perhaps want me to remind You of this? Do You want to be silent, asleep, troubled? Then do so - as long as You remain always with me. But I feel that You have put me out of Your Heart.... Ah, did You have the heart to do this?"

July 28, 1915

"How is it that You left me? You promised me that You would come every day, at least once, and today the morning is gone, the day is ending, and You are still not coming? Jesus, what torment is Your privation - what a continuous death. Yet, I am all abandoned in Your Will. Even more, I offer You this privation of You, as You teach me, in order to give salvation to as many souls for as many instants as I am deprived of You. I place the pains which I suffer when I am without You like a crown around Your Heart in order to prevent the offenses of creatures from entering into Your Heart, and to prevent You from condemning any soul to hell. But with all this, O my Jesus, I still feel my nature being upset, and incessantly I call You, I search for You, I long for You." (also tabs 3, 4, 5)

"I desire You, and that all souls be saved; I want to do Your Will, and I love You alone." (also tabs 5, 10)

December 10, 1915

"If I could, I would deafen Heaven and earth with my laments so as to move Him to compassion for my poor state. What a great misfortune - to know Him, to love Him, and to remain without Him! Can there ever be a graver misfortune?"

April 21, 1916

"Jesus, don't do this to me. If You don't want to speak - so be it; if You don't want to let me suffer, I resign myself; if You don't want to give me the gift of Your Charisms - Fiat; but not coming at all - not this. You know that it would cost me my life, and my very nature, left without You until evening, would melt."

VOLUME 12

March 16, 1917

"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."

March 28, 1917

"… Life of my life, tell me another word.
"… Jesus, say one more word.

April 2, 1917

"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."

June 7, 1917

"What bitter separation; separated from You - everything is over. I have remained as the most unhappy creature that can exist."

August 7, 1918

"Everything is over. What bitter days. My Jesus has eclipsed Himself, He has withdrawn from me. How can I continue to live?"

"How can this be - You have left me?"

May 24, 1919

"Come, my Life; without You I feel I am dying - and not to die once, but to die continuously. Come, I cannot take any more, I cannot take any more. (also tab 7)

"Jesus, how much You make me suffer; the privation of You kills me. All other pains would be nothing, or rather, smiles and kisses of yours; but Your privation is death without pity. Ah, Jesus! Jesus, how You have changed!"

April 15, 1920

"Tell me, my Love, where are You? Which way did You take in going away, so that I can follow You? Show me Your Footprints so that, step by step, I will be able to find You with certainty. Ah! Jesus, I can no longer go on without You. But although You are far away, I send You my kisses. I kiss that Hand which no longer hugs 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."

May 15, 1920

"Where are Your Promises? No more Cross, no more likeness to You. Everything has vanished - there is nothing left for me but to cry over my painful end."

VOLUME 14

February 17, 1922

"Jesus, Jesus, come!"

March 1, 1922

"My Love and my Life, O! how I would love one of Your Arms clasped around my neck as necklace. Yes, this would delight me,

because I would feel Life and I would cling to it so tightly that I would let You escape no more. Your things are beautiful, it is true, but when You detach them from Yourself, I do not find You - I do not find the Life; and in spite of Your things, my heart raves, agonizes, bleeds with pain, because You are not with me. Ah! if You knew in what torture You put me when You do not come, You would be very careful not to keep me waiting so long."

April 1, 1922

"Ah, everything is over for me. What shall I do to find Him again? To whom shall I turn? Ah, no one is moved to pity for me!"

April 13, 1922

"Yes, O Jesus."

"It is really true (that she wants to Live in the Holy Divine Will), my Love, nor would I adapt myself to live of another will."

"My Life, Jesus, You make me fear with these questions. Explain Yourself better. I say it firmly, but always helped by You, and in the strength of Your Will, which involves me completely, in such a way that I could not do without Living in Your Volition."

April 17, 1922

"Finally I found You. Now I will not leave You any more. You make me wait so long, and I remain without Life, without You. But I cannot be without Life, therefore now I will not leave You any more."

"Ah, my Love, sometimes, as much as I look for You, You do not come, and therefore, now that I have found You, I will not leave You any more. I will no longer go back into my bed - I cannot; You made me wait too long, and I fear that if I go back, You will repeat Your privations."

"I won't leave You any more, I won't leave You any more."

"Jesus, do what You want."

April 21, 1922

"O God, what pain!

"How soon He broke His promise of not leaving me! O Holy Eternal Volition, bring me my Highest Good, my All!"

May 12, 1922

"Who knows in what I have offended Him, that my sweet Jesus does not come as usual? How can it ever be possible that without any reason, the goodness of His Most Holy Heart, which easily overabounds toward those who love Him, would resist so many calls of mine?"

VOLUME 15

December 21, 1922

"O, privation of my Jesus, how ruthless and cruel you are! Even death would be an absolute nothing compared to you. After all, death does nothing other than bring one to Eternal Life, while the privation of Jesus makes Life itself run away."

January 16, 1923

"Why does He not come? Who knows where I offended Him, that He is hiding from me?"

March 12, 1923

"My Love, what pain, I feel I am dying without You - but dying without dying, which is the hardest of deaths. I don't know how the goodness of Your Heart can bear seeing me in a state of continuous death only because of You."

May 8, 1923

"My Love, what a long way I had to go through - it seemed centuries without seeing You, and without finding the One who forms my Life."

May 23, 1923

"Tell me, my Love, where have I offended You, that You run far away from me? Ah! my heart is bleeding because of the bitterness of the pain."

"No, no - may Heaven free me from such a misfortune." (of withdrawing from His Will)

June 10, 1923

"As long as He comes, I care little about everything else; what I care about is Jesus, my Life, my All - everything else is nothing for me."

"Since You have called me into Your Will, do not leave me behind. O, Jesus, let it be so that, together with You, I may follow the Acts of Creation, to requite You for the Love of all created things, as well as those of Redemption and of Sanctification, so that wherever Your Acts and Your Love are present, there may be the requital of mine." (also tabs 3, 12)

"Good Jesus disposes as He best pleases - and everything for His Glory." (also tab 9)

VOLUME 16

August 28, 1923

"My Jesus, could You not come before? Now I must obey. If it pleases You, You will come when I receive You in the Most Holy Sacrament; then we will be alone again, and will be free to be together."

"But, tell me, my Love, why don't You come, and You make me wait so much as to almost make me lose the hope of Your return, and because of the pain, my heart struggles between life and death?"

September 2, 1923

"My Life, Jesus, tell me, where have I offended You that You do not come? What is this pain, on top of the pain of Your privation, that lacerates Me and separates Me from You?"

"No, my Jesus, I want to die rather than displease You."

September 21, 1923

"Ah! how could I continue them (flights in God's will) without You? I lacked the Light, and if I would start, I would not finish, because the One who, making everything present to me, would make me do it for all, making me bind all the relations between the Creator and all Creation, was not with me. My mind would swim in the empty space, without seeing anyone. How could I do them?"

October 16, 1923

The pain of the privation of my Jesus concentrates more inside my poor heart. How long the nights without Him - they seem to be eternal nights without Jesus, without stars and without sun. The only thing left to me is His Lovable Will, in which I abandon myself and I find my rest in the thick darkness that surrounds me. (also tab 4)

"Ah! Jesus, Jesus, come to my tormented heart, for I cannot go on without You." (also tab 12)

October 20, 1923

"My Jesus! My Jesus! How hard is Your privation! O! how my heart bleeds in seeing everything dying in me, because the One who is Life, and who alone can give Life, is not with me."

October 30, 1923

"Tell me, O my only and Highest Good, where did You direct Your Steps, so that, by following them, I may find You? Ah! from afar I kiss those Hands of Yours which, with so much love, used to embrace me and press me to Your Heart. I adore and kiss that Face which, so much Grace and Beauty, would let Itself be seen by me, and now it hides and is far away from me. Tell me, where are You? Which way should I

take so as to come and reach You? Tell me, what should I do? Where have I offended You, that You run far away from me? Yet, You told me that You would never leave me - and now You leave me? Ah! Jesus, Jesus, come back to the one who cannot Live without You, to Your little daughter, to the poor exiled one."

December 26, 1923

"My Jesus, forgive me if I am telling You this, but You Yourself are the cause of my fears. If You did not leave me, if You did not hide and deprive me of You, there would be no place in me to let these fears arise. Ah! Jesus, You make me die - but of cruel death and double death, because I do not die. Ah! if only I could experience death and die, how sweet it would be for me! Ah! Jesus, I am telling You - I can bear no more; either You take me with You, or You remain with me. (also tab 6)

March 13, 1924

"Ah! my Jesus, how you have changed. It shows that You no longer want to suffer together with me - You want to do it on your own. After all, if I am no longer worthy to suffer together with You, do not hide Yourself, but come without making me suffer. It is true that not sharing in Your pains will be a nail too piercing for me, but it will be less painful than Your privation."

"My Jesus, forgive me; I said this because You said that You suffered in seeing me suffer, but may it never be that there be anything which may separate us in love; rather, any pain, but separated - never."

February 5, 1924

"My Love, what a hard lot mine is; Your privation kills me, the fear that I might go out of Your Will crushes me. Tell me, where have I offended You? Why do You leave me? And even though You are with me now, it does not seem to me that You have come to stay with me like before, to be together, but in passing. Ah! how can I be without You, my Life? You Yourself, tell me if I can."

VOLUME 17

September 11, 1924

I was feeling very disturbed, and I prayed Jesus to have compassion on me, and to take, Himself, all the care of my poor soul:

"O please! take even everyone away from me, as long as You alone remain with me - You alone are enough for me. After so long, You should have made me content; more so, since I ask for nothing but You alone." (also tab 7)

October 2, 1924

"O! how much harder and more bitter my exile becomes without the One who forms the whole of my life! And I prayed Him to have compassion for me, and not to leave me at the mercy of myself." (also tabs 4, 7)

October 23, 1924

"And now, where is He? Where did He direct His steps? Where could I find Him? Ah! everything is over, I will no longer see Him! I will no longer hear His Voice, we will no longer pray together; how hard is my destiny - what torment! What pain! Ah, Jesus, how You have changed! You have run away from me! "But, though far away, on the wings of Your Will, wherever You are, I send You my kisses, my love, my cry of sorrow which tells you: 'Come, come back to the poor exiled one, to the little newborn, who cannot Live without You!

"My Life, my Jesus, I can endure no more, help me, give me Strength, do not leave me again, take me with You - I want to come!" (also tab 7)

"Certainly I want to do Your Will, but Your Will is also in Heaven; so, if I have done It on earth until now, from now on I want to come to do It in Heaven. Therefore, hurry, take me, do not leave me anymore. I feel I cannot take it any more - have pity on me!"

December 24, 1924

"O please! my Jesus, have pity on me! You who are the only one who knows my harrowing state - do not abandon me, do not leave me at the mercy of myself." (also tabs 4, 6)

January 22, 1925

"O! God, what pain! Have pity on my hard lot - O please! let the One who used to give me Life come back to me! Or let it be that my poor nature, paying You the tribute of death, may rise up there, into the Bosom of my Jesus, where we will never separate again."

"Jesus, do not leave me any more; don't you see that without You I cannot last in this exile!"

March 1, 1925

"Have pity on me, do not abandon me; come - rise in my poor soul immersed in the bitter waters of Your privation." (also tab 4)

May 30, 1925

"My Love, come, do not leave me, I am too little, I need You; and You know that my littleness cannot be without You. And yet, You leave me? Ah! come back, come back, O Jesus." (also tab 4)

July 9, 1925

"My Love, come back to Your little daughter; don't You see that I can take no more? Ah! to what a hard martyrdom You expose my poor existence by depriving me of Yourself!" (also tab 4)

"My Life and my All, look at me - how ugly I have become; how I am about to wither. Ah! how I change without You! Your privation makes me lose the freshness, the beauty; I feel I am under a scorching sun that, draining me of all vital humors, makes me wither and be consumed." (also tab 4)

August 4, 1925

"Everything is over for me. Ah! I will never see Him again! I will never again hear His Voice, which so much delighted me! Ah! I have been abandoned by the One who formed all my contentment and was everything to me! What a prolonged martyrdom! What life without Life - without Jesus!"

VOLUME 18

September 16, 1925

"Where - where did the One go who Loved me so much? What have I done that He has left me? Ah! Jesus, come back, come back, for I can take no more!"

"My love, why are You silent? It seems to me that You don't want to tell me anything any more, nor confide to me Your Secrets and Your pains any longer."

October 1, 1925

"My Love, I don't know - You tell me that I Live in Your Will, and then You leave me? Ah! what a hard martyrdom You make me go through. As You leave me, everything changes for me; I myself no longer recognize myself; everything dies for me - the Light dies, the Love, the Good. You alone maintain the beating of Life in my poor soul; as soon as You depart and leave me, everything dies. See, then, in what hard and painful conditions You leave me. O please! have pity on me and do not leave me anymore, for I can take no more." (also tab 4)

November 1, 1925

"I love You; I feel the Seed of Love deep inside my bones, in my nerves, in my blood. Ah! don't You remember that, having lived together for as long as forty years, You filled my bones, my nerves, my blood – all of myself, with Yourself? I felt like a garment that covered You and concealed You within me. And now, without You, I feel emptied of everything; so, my bones cry out, my nerves and my blood cry out - for they want the One who used to fill them. There is a continuous cry inside me, that lacerates me, tortures me - for they want You, who used to fill my life. Do You see, then, how many cruel tearings my poor existence suffers? Ah! in hell there aren't these atrocious pains, these cruel tearings, this void of a God, possessed and loved! Ah! Jesus, come back to the one who loves You; come back to the unhappy one among the unhappy, but rendered unhappy only for You, only because of You. Ah! I can say this - You alone have rendered me unhappy; other unhappinesses I do not know!"

I prayed that He would give me strength; and since the pain of His privation was so great and had a mysterious and Divine Sound which other pains do not have, and a weight which surpasses the weight of all other pains together, I prayed that, by His Goodness, He would accept my pain, and in view of it, He would grant me the Greatest Grace: that all may know His Most Holy Will, and with Its Mysterious and Divine Sound, It may resound in all hearts, and call everyone to fulfill the Most Holy Will, crushing with Its weight the human will, the passions and sin, so that all may know You, love You, and comprehend what the loss of a God means. (also tabs 5, 7)

January 24, 1926

"O! God, what pain. Have pity on me - come back to the one who feels the need of Your Life, more than of her own life."

VOLUME 19

April 25, 1926

"O! Privation of my Jesus, how painful you are! You are the true martyrdom of my poor soul! O, Supreme Will, how strong and powerful You are - by giving me Life, You prevent my flight toward the Celestial Fatherland, to find the One whom I so much long for and desire. O please! have pity on my hard exile - pity on me, who lives without the One who alone can give me Life."

July 23, 1926

"How shall I go on, if the One who forms my life leaves me alone and abandoned! How can I possibly live? And if I do live - because

now I understand how it is not the pains that make one die; if it were so, after so many of His privations I would be dead; at the most, they make one feel death, but they are unable to give it; they make one live as though under a press - squeezed, crushed, but the Supreme Will alone has the power of death….”

August 1, 1926

“How hard is His privation. Ah! Jesus does not Love me any more; and not only have the caresses, the kisses, His great shows of Love which He so abundantly gave me before ended, but His Lovable and enrapturing Presence also keeps me waiting longer and longer. O, God, what pain! What a continuous martyrdom! What a life without Life, without Air, without Breath! My Jesus, have pity on me, on your little exiled one.”

August 4, 1926

“Jesus, how can You leave me! Without You I don’t know where I am.”

“My Jesus, I pray You by Virtue of Your own Will; and since Your Will is spread throughout the whole Creation, filling It completely, it is Your very Will that prays You in the sun to come back to Your little newborn; It prays You in each star, It prays You in the azure sky to hasten to come to the one who cannot Live without You; It supplicates You in the sea, in its roaring waves, in its sweet murmuring, to come quickly to Your little exiled one. Don’t You hear, my Love, my voice in Your Will resounding in all created things, and all Creation praying, supplicating, sighing, crying for You to return to the little one of Your Will? How can so many voices not move You to pity? How can so many sighs not push You, and not make You fly? Don’t You know, O Jesus, that it is Your Will that prays You, and if You do not listen to It, it is Your Will that pays the price? And I believe You cannot do without listening to It.”

VOLUME 20

September 26, 1926

“My Love, Jesus, have pity on me; don’t You see how ugly I am? Your privation during these days has made me even uglier. I feel I am good at nothing; even the rounds in Your Will I do with difficulty. O, how bad I feel! Your Privation is like a Consuming Fire for me, which, Burning me completely, takes away from me the Life of doing good. It leaves me only Your Adorable Will which, binding me all to Itself, makes me want nothing but Your Fiat, and see and touch nothing but Your Most Holy Will.” (also tab 4)

October 6, 1926

"My Jesus, how can You not have compassion for this little daughter of Yours who, in feeling deprived of You, feels life being torn away. It is not just one pain that I feel, which would be more tolerable, but it is Life Itself that I feel missing. I am little, I am weak; and if for nothing else, at least for my excessive littleness You should have had compassion for this poor little one, who is almost in continuous act of feeling Life missing, and of taking it back only to feel like dying again. My Jesus, my Love, what kind of new martyrdom is this - never felt before? To die times upon times, and then die again, feeling life missing, without the sweet hope of taking flight toward my Celestial Fatherland."

November 10, 1926

"My Jesus, come – come back to Your little exiled one. Come back once and for all. Come back to bring me to Heaven; do not leave me in my long exile any longer, for I cannot resist any more."

December 3, 1926

"My Love, how You make me struggle and sigh for Your return – You are really waiting for the moment when I can take no more. How clearly it shows that You no longer Love me as before. Yet, You told me that You would Love me more and more, and that You would never be without me; and now You leave me, maybe even for one entire day - prey to pain and under the press of Your privation, abandoned and all alone."

January 16, 1927

"My Love, see, I am in Your Lovable Will, and since I want to come to Heaven with You, it is Your very Will – not me, that asks You to take me with You. Therefore, make Your own Will content, which, being everywhere, prays You everywhere – in the heavens, in the sun, in the sea, that You may no longer keep Its little daughter in the exile, far away from You, but that You may let her land, after so many hardships and privations of Yourself, into Your Celestial Fatherland. O please, have compassion for me and for Your Will that prays You!"

January 20, 1927

"My Love, when You take me to Heaven, I pray that You take me quickly quickly, so that they may not have the time to give me this obedience."

VOLUME 21

February 23, 1927

"My Jesus, come - come back; Your little daughter is calling You from the sea. I call you together with the vastness of these waters, with their murmuring; I call You in the darting of the fish; I call You with the Power of Your own Will which extends within this sea. If You do not want to listen to my voice calling you, listen to the many innocent voices which are unleashed by this sea, and which call You. O please, don't let me be crushed any longer, for I cannot take it any more."

February 26, 1927

"Ah! Jesus! Jesus! Come back! Don't You feel my heartbeat in Yours, which calls You; and having no more vital humor, it palpitates with difficulty, and has no more strength to call You?"

March 5, 1927

"My Love and my Life, how is it? You have departed from me without saying good-bye, without teaching me where to direct my steps, or the way I must follow in order to find You. Even more, it seems to me that You Yourself have burned away the paths through which You may be found. And as much as I wander around and call You, You do not listen to me – the paths are closed; and exhausted with tiredness, I am forced to stop, longing for the One whom I wish to find at any cost, but I don't. Ah! Jesus! Jesus! Come back - come to the one who cannot live without You."

"My Jesus, my Life, how is it? You make me wait for so long, to the point that I cannot take anymore; and if You make Yourself seen, You just flash by, and You don't say anything to me. So it becomes darker than before, and I remain fidgety and delirious with pain; I search for You; I call You – but I wait for You in vain.'

March 10, 1927

"O! God, what pain – to live without the One who forms my life, my heartbeat, my breath. Jesus, what a harsh tearing is your privation for me – everything is hampered, everything is hardship. How can the goodness of Your tender Heart resist in seeing me so hampered only because of You? How can You leave me for so long? My sighs do not wound You any more? My moans, my fidgets, searching for You, for nothing else but desire of Life – do they not move You to compassion? It is Life that I want – nothing else; and You deny me this Life? Jesus! Jesus! Who would ever have thought that You would leave me for so long? O! Come back, come back, for I cannot take any more."

March 13, 1927

"Jesus! Jesus! Who would ever have thought that You would leave me for so long? Ah! Come back, come back, for I can take no more."

March 22, 1927

'My Jesus, I don't know what to do in order to find You. I have You called by Your Justice within the sea, by Your Power in its roaring waves – and You do not listen to me. I have You called by Your Light in the sun, by the intensity of its heat which symbolizes Your Love – and You do not come? I have You called by Your Immensity, by all of Your Works in the vastness of the vault of the heavens – and it seems it is not for You. But, tell me at least: what should I do to find You? If I do not find You, in Your own Will - in the midst of Your Works which are Your boundaries, where can I find my Life?'

April 12, 1927

"O! Privation of my Highest Good, Jesus, how painful and ruthless you are. And so, in the Adorable Will, I call everyone to cry over my hard destiny. I call the heavens with their immensity, to cry for the One for whom I so much long; I call the stars with their twinkling flickering to cry with me, so that with their crying, they may direct the steps of Jesus toward me, so as to no longer make me suffer. I call the sun, that it may turn its light into tears, and its heat into burning darts, to assail Jesus and say to Him: Hurry! Don't You see I can take no more, and how all of us are shedding bitter tears for she who loves You so much; and since her Will is one with ours, we are all forced to cry together with her? I call all Creation to grieve and cry together with me. Who would not cry out of a pain so great, incalculable and immeasurable, as the pain of Your Privation? O, how I would want to turn the murmuring of the sea into pitying voices, to call You in the darting of the fish – to deafen You. I would want to turn the singing of the birds into sobs, in order to move You to compassion. Jesus! Jesus! How much You make me suffer. O, how much does Your Love cost me."

VOLUME 22

June 1, 1927

"Jesus! Jesus! How can You not want to have pity on me—on this poor prisoner? How can it be? You left me without even coming to visit me often in the dark prison I find myself in?"

"O! Jesus, without You, how much more painful, more gloomy, more terrible my imprisonment becomes, in which You put me, telling me that I should remain in it for love of You and to do Your Will, but that You would not leave me alone—You would keep me company. And now? And now everything is over! I do not have Your Smile that

cheers me, I do not have Your Word that breaks my long silence, nor Your Company that interrupts my loneliness. I am alone, imprisoned and bound by You in this prison; and then, as the fulfillment, You have left me. Jesus! Jesus! I did not expect this from You."

June 20, 1927

"Ah! Jesus, come back to her whom You wounded and left prey to the pain of the wound that You Yourself gave her. And besides, why keep me alive when I am no longer good at doing anything?"

June 26, 1927

"How hard His abandonment is—I feel as though I am under a press, squeezed drop by drop. O, Jesus! where are Your Promises? Where is Your Love? Where is the Triumph of Your Divine Will in my poor soul? I feel as though betrayed by You. How bitter my end is. It is not the beginning that one must look at—it is the end that says everything!"

August 17, 1927

"Jesus, what are You doing? Do not leave me, for I don't know how to Live without You!" (also tab 7)

VOLUME 23

October 10, 1927

"How can You not have compassion for me? How can this be? You leave me alone without You, prey only to Your Lovable Will? How can You leave me on this earth of exile for so long?"

November 10, 1927

"I am alone, I feel nothing flow within me but the great Sea of the Divine Will—everything else does not exist for me. Jesus Himself flies away and hides within Its endless Light; and if He makes Himself seen for a little while, the rays of the Sun of the Divine Volition rain down upon Him, and my sight, too weak, remains eclipsed; and I lose Him, waiting for my Jesus, my Life, to free Himself of that light or to render it less bright, so that I may find Him again.

"O! if this Light of the Blessed Fiat were less dazzling, I would enjoy my sweet Jesus, because many times I feel His Divine Touch, His refreshing Breath; other times, His lips that give me His Kiss.

"O! Holy Will of God, how Strong and Powerful You are—to the point of hiding my beloved Jesus from me."

December 6, 1927

"Ah! Jesus! Jesus! How can You not help me? Don't You have pity on me? How can You not run, not fly to her, the little daughter of Your Will, whom You said You Loved so much?"

February 12, 1928

"O! Holy God, how can You do this—You take away from me that very Life that You want me to possess? How can this be—You put me in the impossibility to live, and live dying, because the fount of Your Life is not in me? Ah! Jesus, come back, do not abandon me to myself; I cannot Live without Life. Jesus! Jesus! how much it costs me to have known You; how many tearings You have made to my human life, to give me Yours. And now I live suspended—my own life, I can find no more, because with Your Stratagems You have stolen it from me; Yours, I just barely feel, but as though torn by the strong eclipse of the Light of Your Will. So, everything is over for Me, and I am forced to resign myself, and to feel Your Life through the rays of light, through the reflections that Your Adorable Will brings me. I can endure no more. Jesus, come back to her whom You so much loved, and You told You Loved, and have now had the strength to abandon. Come back once and for all, and decide not to leave me any more." (also tabs 4, 7)

February 20, 1928

"Ah! Jesus! Jesus! come back. How can You do this? You make me feel Your Heartbeat in my heart, and You hide?"

VOLUME 24

May 10, 1928

"My Jesus, have pity on me—do not leave me in a state so unhappy."

July 29, 1928

My days become more bitter and long because of the privation of my sweet Jesus. Hours are centuries, days never end; and while I do my usual rounds in the Creation, I want and invite everyone to cry for He who, flying away from me, leaves me alone and abandoned in my hard martyrdom of living as if I had no life, because He who formed my true Life is no longer with me.

And so, in my bitterness, I call the sun to cry tears of light to move Jesus to compassion, so that He would come back to His little exiled one. I call the wind to make tears of moans, of screams, and to deafen the hearing of Jesus with its mighty empire, so as to bend Him to come back. I call the sea to my help, that it would convert all of its waters into tears, and murmuring tears and tumulting with its waves, it may make a tumult deep into His Divine Heart, so that He may quickly

resolve to give me back His Life, my All. But who can say all my nonsense?

I sought help from all, so that they would make Jesus come back to me. But He would not come; and I would continue my round in His Adorable Will, and following all the Acts He did when He was on this earth, I paused when Jesus was Blessing the children, Blessing His Celestial Mama, Blessing the crowds, and other things, and I prayed Jesus to Bless this little daughter of His, who so much needed it. (also tab 4)

September 8, 1928

"Therefore, hurry, my Love—let us end it once and for all with these privations of You, for I can take no more."

February 3, 1929

So, I was continuing my round in the Creation and Redemption, recalling within my mind all the Acts done by God in order to follow them, giving, for each Act, homages, adoration, love, thanksgiving. (also tab 10)

VOLUME 25

December 2, 1928

"O! Heaven, when will You open Your doors to me? When will You have pity on me? When will you retrieve the little exiled one into her Fatherland? Ah! yes! only there I will no longer miss my Jesus!"

VOLUME 26

April 7, 1929

"O! Adorable Will, raise Your gigantic waves up into the Celestial Regions, and transport the little exiled one, Your newborn, from Your Will on earth up into Your Will in Heaven. O please! have pity on my littleness, and fulfill over me Your last Act on earth, so as to resume Your continuous Act in Heaven…."

VOLUME 28

March 5, 1930

"Ah! Jesus, Jesus!!! How easily You put aside and forget the one who loves You, and whose martyrdom You form—and You Yourself said many times that You Loved me so much! Ah! Jesus, come back, for I can endure no more."

June 2, 1930

"O! God, what pain—its pain is without mercy, without relief, without support. If Jesus is missing, everything is missing, therefore one feels that the Life of the One who can give Life is missing. It is pain that converts the poor human being all into voices that call He who can give it Life; it is pain of Light that reveals with more clarity who Jesus is." (also tab 4)

July 4, 1930

"My Love, keep me clasped in Your Arms—do not leave me any more, because only in Your Arms I feel secure, I fear nothing. Jesus, have pity on me; You know what passes in my soul—do not abandon me." (also tab 7)

July 9, 1930

"O! Divine Will, O please! do not abandon me; and if I, ungrateful, have not been able to follow Your Flight, Your Light, O please! forgive me, and fortifying my weakness, absorb into Yourself the small atom of my existence, and may it Live dissolved in You, to Live only and always of Your Supreme Will." (also tab 6)

November 9, 1930

"Ah! Jesus, come back—come back to her from whom You Yourself said that You wanted no other than she Live only for You and with You."

February 8, 1931

"O! my Highest Good, Jesus, do not leave me alone in a period so sorrowful of my life—either You remain with Me, or You take me with You. I feel drowned, my strength fails me. O please! help me! help me, O Jesus!" (also tab 7)

VOLUME 29

June 16, 1931

"My Jesus, my Life, did You Yourself not use to tell me that You wanted me to Live and Breathe Your Divine Air, and to form my life in Your own Heartbeat, so that mine might be dissolved in Yours, and live of Your Heartbeat, and therefore of Your Love, of Your pains and of the whole of Yourself?"

October 4, 1931

So, I did nothing but abandon myself in the arms of the Divine Will, praying It to unveil for me Him whom I so much longed for.

VOLUME 31

July 24, 1932

"My most sweet Life, Jesus, my Celestial Teacher, take my little soul in Your Hands, and if You want, continue Your Divine Lessons on Your Will; I feel the extreme need of being fed by Your Word. Besides, You Yourself have me so habituated, You Yourself have given me this Way of Life, You have made me Live of You and of Your Sweet Word. I am certain that I have not formed this way of Living—no, You did, O Jesus, so much so that I feel more You than me, and when You are silent I feel this life of mine smashed to pieces. And although it is the hardest of my martyrdoms, yet I am ready, if You stop Your speaking, to say Fiat! But have pity on me, and do not leave me alone and abandoned." (also tab 4)

VOLUME 33

June 6, 1935

"My God, what Power Your Volition contains. O please! make it that I always Live of It." (also tab 7)

VOLUME 36

May 27, 1938

I feel the need to enclose myself inside the Divine Volition to continue my life in It. O! how I would Love to be imprisoned in Its Light, so that I could neither see nor hear anything else but what regards Its Will.

June 16, 1938

"Divine Will, how much You Love me! O! how much I'd like to Love You in return." (also tab 10)

July 11, 1938

"Jesus, dissolve my will into Yours, and give me Yours to Live."

November 20, 1938

O! how much I too would like to be all attentive—to imitate It by letting nothing escape me, so that we can surprise each other.

Day Fifteen: The soul to the Queen of Heaven:

"Queen Mama, here I am at Your side as Your child to follow Your steps as You enter the Temple. O! how I wish that my Mama would take my little soul and enclose it in the Living Temple of the Will of God, isolating me from everyone, except my Jesus and Her sweet company."

The soul:

"O! Holy Mama, how beautiful are Your Lessons. How sweetly they descend into my heart. O please! I pray You to extend in me the Sea of the Divine Fiat, and to raise it around me like a wall, so that Your child may see and know nothing else but Divine Will, in such a way that, journeying always through It, I may know Its Secrets, Its Joys, Its Happiness."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Queen Mama, enclose me in the Sacred Temple of the Will of God."

Day Twenty-nine: The soul to her Mother Queen:

"Admirable Mother, here I come to You again, on Your Maternal knees, to unite myself with You in the Feast and Triumph of the Resurrection of our dear Jesus. How beautiful is Your appearance today – all Loveliness, all Sweetness, all Joy. I seem to see You risen together with Jesus. O please, O Holy Mama, in so much Joy and Triumph, do not forget Your child. Rather, enclose the Seed of the Resurrection of Jesus in my soul, so that, by Virtue of It, I may rise again fully in the Divine Will, and Live always united with You and with my sweet Jesus."

The soul:

"Most Holy Mama, Your beautiful Lessons enrapture me, and – O, how I wish and yearn for the Operating Life of the Divine Will in my soul. I too want to be the inseparable one from my Jesus and from You, my Mama. But to be sure of this, You must take on the commitment to keep my will enclosed in Your Maternal Heart; and even if You should see that it costs me much, You must never give it to me. Only in this way will I be certain; otherwise, it will always be words, but I will never do facts. Therefore, Your child commends herself to You, and hopes for everything from You."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"My Mama, with Your Power, triumph in my soul, and make me be reborn in the Will of God."

Meditation 1: The soul to her Celestial Mother:

"Celestial Mama, Your poor child has extreme need of You. Since You are my Mother and the Mother of Jesus, I feel the right to be near You, to place myself at Your side, and to follow Your steps in order to model mine. O please! Holy Mama, give me Your hand, and take me with You, that I may learn to behave well in the different actions of my life."

The soul:

"Holy Mama, how I thank You for Your beautiful Lessons. I feel that they have such power over me as to make me yearn continuously to Live in the Divine Will. But so that I may obtain this Grace – come, descend into my soul together with Jesus; renew for me the visit you made to St. Elisabeth and the Prodigies You worked for her. Ah! yes, my Mama, bring me Jesus - Sanctify me. With Jesus I will be able to do His Most Holy Will."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Holy Mama, visit my soul, and prepare in it a worthy Dwelling for the Divine Will."

HOURS OF THE PASSION

First Hour

O Jesus, I embrace You together with Your Mama, and kissing Your Heart, I pray You to place my heart between Your two Hearts, that it may be nourished continuously by Your Love, by Your Sorrows, by Your very Affections and Desires, and by Your own Life. Amen. (also tab 11)

Eighth Hour

O chained and bound Love, can You ever allow Yourself to be bound for me, making a greater display of Your Love toward me, while I, Your little child, remain without chains? No, no; rather, with Your most Holy Hands, bind me with Your own ropes and chains.

Therefore I pray You, as I kiss Your Divine Forehead, to bind all of my thoughts, my eyes, my ears, my tongue, my heart, my affections, and all of me; and together with me, bind all creatures, so that, in feeling

the Sweetnesses of Your Loving Chains, they may never again dare to offend You." (also tab 5)

Thirteenth Hour

My Angel, bring me to the house of Caiaphas. But I go round and round, I search everywhere, and I do not find You. My Love, hurry, with Your Hands move the Chains with which You keep my heart bound to Yours, and draw me to You, that I may take flight and come to throw myself into Your Arms.

Twenty-first Hour

Reign in my mind, O Jesus, and heal it by Virtue of the thorns that pierce Your Head; and do not allow any disturbance to enter into me. Majestic Forehead of my Jesus, I kiss you; draw all of my thoughts to contemplate You and to comprehend You. Most sweet Eyes of my Good, though covered with Blood, look at me, look at my misery, look at my weakness, look at my poor heart, and let it experience the admirable effects of Your Divine Gaze. Ears of my Jesus, though deafened by the insults and the blasphemies of the wicked, and yet intent on listening to us, O please, listen to my prayers and do not disdain my reparations. Yes, O Jesus, listen to the cry of my heart; only when You have filled it with Your Love, then will it be calmed. Most beautiful Face of my Jesus, show Yourself, let me see You, that I may detach my poor heart from everyone and from everything. May Your Beauty enamor me continuously, and keep me always enraptured within You. Most sweet Mouth of my Jesus, speak to me; may Your Voice always resound in me, and may the Power of Your Word destroy all that is not Will of God - all that is not Love. (also tabs 3, 4, 7)

O Jesus, I extend my arms around Your Neck in order to embrace You; and You, extend Yours to embrace me. Please, O my Good, let this embrace of Love be so tight, that no human strength may be able to unbind us. And while we are embraced like this, I will place my face upon Your Heart, and then, with trust, I will kiss Your Lips, and You will give me Your Kiss of Love. So You will make me breathe Your Most Sweet Breath, Your Love, Your Will, Your Pains, and all of Your Divine Life. Most Holy Shoulders of my Jesus, always strong and constant in suffering for Love of me, give me the Strength, the Constancy and the Heroism to suffer for Love of Him. (also tabs 3, 4, 7)

O Jesus, please, do not allow that I be inconstant in Love; on the contrary, let me share in Your Immutability! Enflamed Breast of my Jesus, give me Your Flames; You can no longer contain them, and my heart anxiously searches for them through that Blood and those Pains. It is the Flames of Your Love, O Jesus, that torment You the most. O my Good, let me take part in them; does a soul so cold and poor in Your Love not move You to compassion? Most Holy Hands of my Jesus, you

who have Created Heaven and earth, are now reduced to being unable to move! O my Jesus, continue Your Creation, the Creation of Love. Create New Life, Divine Life, in all my being; pronounce Your Words over my poor heart, and transform it completely into Yours. Most Holy Feet of my Jesus, never leave me alone; allow me always to run with you, and to take not one step away from you. Jesus, with my love and with my reparations, I intend to relieve You from the Pains You suffer in Your most Holy Feet. (also tabs 3, 4, 7)

Twenty-fourth Hour

My Sorrowful Mama, crying, I pray You not to allow, for now, that Jesus be taken away from our gaze. Wait for me to first enclose myself in Jesus, in order to take His Life within me. If You, who are the Spotless, the All Holy, the Full of Grace, cannot Live without Jesus, much less can I do it, who am weakness, misery, and full of sins. How can I Live without Jesus? Sorrowful Mama, do not leave me alone, take me with You; but first place all of myself in Jesus. Empty me of everything, in order to place all of Jesus within me, just as You placed Him within Yourself. Begin with me the Maternal Office which Jesus has given You on the Cross; let my extreme poverty break through Your Maternal Heart, and with Your own hands, enclose me completely in Jesus. (also tab 12)

Enclose the Thoughts of Jesus in my mind, so that no other thought may enter into me. Enclose the Eyes of Jesus within mine, that He may never escape from my gaze; and His Hearing in mine, that I may always listen to Him and do His Most Holy Will in everything. Place His Face within mine, so that, by looking at Him so disfigured for Love of me, I may Love Him, compassionate Him, and repair; His Tongue in mine, that I may speak, pray and teach with the Tongue of Jesus; His Hands in mine, so that each movement I make and each work I perform may have Life from the Works and Actions of Jesus. Place His Feet in mine, so that each one of my steps may be a Life of Salvation, of Strength and of Zeal for the other creatures. (also tab 12)

And now, my afflicted Mama, allow me to kiss His Heart and to lap up His Most Precious Blood; You Yourself, enclose His Heart in mine, that I may Live of His Love, of His Desires, of His Pains. Lastly, take the stiffened right Hand of Jesus, that He may give me the last Blessing. (also tab 12)

LETTERS OF LUISA

Letter No. 44

"Jesus, take our will and give us Yours." (also tab 12)

Praying for Hidden Suffering/ Relieving the Pains of Jesus:

VOLUME 1

"My Jesus, if only I could help You! If only I could free You from those wolves so rabid! Ah! I wish at least to suffer those pains in Your place, to give a relief to my sorrow. O please! my Good, give me suffering, for it is not fair that You suffer so much, while I, a sinner, remain without suffering."

"Lord, what are You doing? I beg You to give me suffering, but let it be hidden to everyone."

"Help - Your Omnipotence knocks me down; I see that if You do not lift me, my nothing will undo and be dissolved. Give me suffering, but I beg You to give me Strength, for I feel I am dying." (also tab 7)

"How many times, O Lord, I begged You to let me suffer hiddenly. This was my only and sole contentment, and now I am deprived also of this. O please! tell me, how shall I endure this? You alone can help me and relieve me from my affliction. Don't You see how many things they say? One thinks in one way, one in another; one wants to apply one remedy on me, one, another - they are all eyes over me, in such a way that they give me no more Peace. O please! help me in so many pains, for I feel life failing me." (also tab 7)

"Lord, do not allow them to see me."

"Lord, let me share in Your Pains. O please! if only I could relieve You and free You."

"Lord, how public my sufferings have become - not only to my family, but also to people from outside. I see myself all covered with confusion; it seems to me that everyone is pointing his finger at me, as if these sufferings were the most wicked actions. I myself am unable to tell what has happened to me. O please! You alone can free me from such publicity, and let me suffer hiddenly. I beg You, I implore you - answer me."

"Lean on me, and let me share in Your Pains, for my soul cannot bear seeing You suffer alone."

"Sustain me with the Fruits, which is suffering, because I am languishing with love; and where else can I show You my love other than in suffering for You?"

"My Jesus, my Love, hurry - crucify me with You."

"Holy Spouse, crucified for me, I pray You to concede me the Grace to be crucified and, at the same time, not to allow any external sign to appear on the outside. Yes, give me suffering, give me Wounds, but let everything be hidden between me and You."

"Holy Spouse, give me suffering, give me crosses. From this alone will I know whether You Love me - if You content me with crosses and with sufferings."

(Jesus asks her if she wants him to stop crucifying her) "No, no, my Beloved, continue. It hurts, yes, but I am happy."

"My Beloved, everything ends in a joke. You used to tell me that You were going to take me to Heaven, and then You would make me come back to earth. Now You tell me that You must crucify me, and we never get to the complete crucifixion."

"I present myself before the Supreme Throne of God, bathed in the Blood of Jesus Christ, praying Him, by the merit of His most luminous Virtues and of His Divinity, to concede to me the Grace of being crucified."

"Holy Spouse, I would rather not have external things; and if sometimes I dare to ask for that, it is because You Yourself tell me to, and also to give a sign to the confessor that it is You who Operates in me. But for the rest, I would like nothing but those pains which You make me suffer when You renew the crucifixion. If only they were permanent - I would rather not have that diminution after some time. This alone is enough for me. As for the outward appearance, the more You can keep me hidden, the more You will make me content."

"My Jesus, do not cry, I give You my heart and all of myself."

"My Love, my Life, do not die, do not leave me alone. You want Love, and I will Love You; I will not leave You ever again. Give me Your Flames to be able to Love You more, and be consumed completely for You." (also tab 10)

VOLUME 2

May 9, 1899

"Heart of my heart, Jesus, it has never been your usual way to appear so afflicted to me. If other times You made Yourself seen afflicted, by pouring it into Me, You would immediately change appearance; but now I am being denied the opportunity to give You this relief. Who would have thought, after You have consented to pour and to share your sufferings with me for so long, and You Yourself did so much to

dispose me, that now I would have to be deprived of it? Suffering for love of You was my only relief; it was suffering that made me bear my exile from Heaven. But now, being deprived of it, I feel I have no place on which to lean any more, and life becomes tedious to me. O please! O Holy Spouse, beloved Good, my dear Life, O please! - let the pains come back to me, give me suffering. Do not look at my unworthiness and at my grave sins, but at Your Mercy, which has not exhausted itself." (also tab 6)

May 12, 1899

"Jesus, my dear, it is precisely for this that I want You to pour Your bitternesses into me - to be able to relieve You from so many pains; and if I pray You also to spare the creatures, it is because I remember well that on other occasions, after You had chastised the creatures, in seeing them suffer so much from poverty and other things, You too suffered very much. On the other hand, when I have been attentive and I have prayed You and importuned You to the point of tiring You, so much so that You were pleased to pour it into me, sparing them, afterwards You have been very content about it. Don't You remember? Besides, are they not your images?" (also tab 5)

"My dear Good, what are You doing? What comes out is not bitter, but sweet. O please! I pray You, pour Your own bitternesses into me."

June 8, 1899

"I would gladly give You anything, but I have nothing. You Yourself, tell me, what can I give You?"

July 9, 1899

"Yes, my Jesus, I yearn for nothing but the cross."

August 16, 1899

(singing to stop Baby Jesus from crying):

"Little Baby, You are little and strong,
from You I expect every comfort;
little Baby, gracious and beautiful,
You enamor even the stars;
little Baby, steal my heart
so as to fill it with Your Love;
little Baby, tender little one,
make me a little baby too;
little Baby, You are a Paradise,
O please! Let me come
to delight in Your Eternal Smile."

September 16, 1899

"Lord, only for love of You do I want to suffer this pain."

October 1, 1899

"O, incomparable Patience of Jesus, how great you are!" (also tab 6)

"My dear Good, my sweet Life, tell me a little bit - why do You no longer tell me anything? You have never been used to hiding Your Secrets from me. O please! Let us speak together a little, for in this way we will pour out a little bit the sorrow and the Love that oppress us." (also tab 6)

October 25, 1899

"Tell me, my only Good, how could I sweeten this poisonous echo for You which afflicts You so much?"

VOLUME 3

November 13, 1899

"My sweet Good, do not afflict Yourself; I see that Your affliction is mostly because You feel forced to chastise the people. Ah, no, this will never be! If You are all for me, I want to be all for You; therefore, You will send the chastisements upon me - here is the victim, always ready and at Your disposal; You can make me suffer whatever You want, and so Your Justice will be somehow placated, and You will be relieved from the affliction You feel in seeing creatures suffer. My intention has always been this - not to conform to Justice, because if man suffers, You would suffer more than he does." (also tab 5)

November 26, 1899

I began to do my usual adorations to all of His Holy Members, beginning with His Most Sacred Head.

"Great God, too little is my suffering, I am not content with the cross alone, but I also want the thorns and the nails; and if I do not deserve this, because I am unworthy and a sinner, certainly You can give me the dispositions in order to deserve it." (also tab 6)

November 28, 1899

"My sweet Jesus, what You tell me is true, but I too feel that I love You very much, and if You say that my love compared to Yours can just barely be seen, it is because Your Power is without limits, while mine is limited, and therefore I can do according to how much You Yourself give me. This is so true, that when the will comes to me to suffer more in order to prove my love to You more, if You do not concede the pains

to me, suffering is not in my power, and I am forced to resign myself also in this, and be that useless being which, by myself, I have always been. On the other hand, You have even suffering in Your Power, and in whatever way You want to manifest Your Love for me, You can do it. My beloved, give the Power to me, and then I will show You what I can do for Love of You, because whatever the measure You give to me, that very measure I will give to You."

"Everything for Love of You, I am ready, but You must come with me, otherwise, if You leave me, You do not let Yourself be found any more, and then You make me cry quite a bit."

"I do not want to go alone, but as we go into that fire, You will remain behind my shoulders, so I will not see You, and I will accept this suffering."

"Tell me, my Good, why are You mourning? My dear Life, have I perhaps been the cause of it because I did not want to go into that place of pains by myself? Tell me, tell me, did You suffer very much in seeing those souls suffer? How are You feeling?"

"No, no, my sweet Love, You will pour them (bitternesses) upon me, won't You?"

January 6, 1900

I remembered that today is the Epiphany, and in the example of the Holy Magi, I was to offer something to Baby Jesus, but I saw myself as having nothing to give Him. So, in seeing my misery, the thought came to me of offering my body as myrrh, with all the sufferings of the twelve years in which I had been in bed, ready to suffer and to remain there as much longer as He pleased; as gold, the pain I feel when He deprives me of His Presence, which is the most painful and sorrowful thing for me; as incense, my poor prayers, united to those of the Queen Mama, so that they might be more pleasing to Baby Jesus. So I made the offering with full confidence that the Baby would accept everything. (also tab 11 since Luisa prayed this after receiving Holy Communion).

"Maybe He wants milk, this is why He is sad." So I said to Him: "Do You want to suckle from me since the Queen Mama is not here?"

"Are you really Jesus the Nazarene, the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity, Son of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God?"

March 7, 1900

"Finally I have found You! You made me go round so much to the point of tiring myself, and You were here." (also tab 9)

"My dear, it is nothing, we will remedy it quickly; You will pour your bitternesses into me and so You will be relieved of this load, isn't it true?"

March 9, 1900

"Lord, what I would like is that You do not spare me the sharing in Your Pains."

March 20, 1900

"Lord, how can these poor people go on if they lack the food to nourish themselves? O please! You can do anything - just as You made it wither, make it (the earth) become green again." (also tabs 5, 11))

"My Good, what have these people done to You? Did they perhaps put this Crown of Thorns on You? Well then, give it to me, so You will be placated, and will give them food so as not to let them perish." (also tab 5)

"Lord, I have not done anything; forgive me if You know that I have done evil, but, O please! take me with You!" (also tab 6)

"I am not the one who does this, it is You Yourself who make me operate in this way, because in being with You, I see that all things are Yours, and if I did not care about Your things, it seems to me that I would not care about You Yourself. Therefore, You must forgive me if I act in this way, because I do it for Love of You, and You must not drive me away because of this." (also tab 6)

"Yes, I will put it on myself in your place, but let me be with You."

June 10, 1900

"Tell me, my Good, what is it - that You are suffering so much? Allow me to remove these thorns that torment You not a little!"

September 4, 1900

"Lord, don't You feel better now?" (after pouring His bitterness into Luisa)

"Pour a little into me, so You will be relieved a little. I know that my weakness is great, but You will give me Grace and Strength, and so I will be able to contain it within myself."

VOLUME 4

September 14, 1900

"My Lord, don't even ask me; I am at Your disposal – You can do with me whatever You want."

October 12, 1900

This morning He was wearing a thick crown of thorns; I removed it very gently, I put it on my head, and said:

"Lord, help me to drive it in."

October 29, 1900

"My Beloved, You have not admitted me to suckle from Your Side for some time. I pray You to admit me today." (also tab 4)

November 14, 1900

"My Most Sweet Love, if the Queen Mama was here, She could refresh You with Her milk, but as for myself I have nothing but miseries." (also tab 4)

(To the Blessed Mother): "Jesus feels the necessity of a refreshment, give Him Your most sweet milk for He will be refreshed.

February 5, 1901

"My sweet Good, You have not renewed in me the Pains of the Cross for some time; I pray You to renew them today, so You will be more relieved."

"O Holy Dissimulation, complete my crucifixion - don't you see that tolerance has left me? Show Yourself, how much better You are in dissimulating."

September 9, 1901

"Ah, Lord, I am no longer worthy of suffering Your thorns."

"Ah, Lord, for as many drops as You shed, for as many thorns as You suffered, for as many Wounds, so much Glory do I intend to give You for as much Glory as all creatures should give You if the sin of pride did not exist; and so many Graces do I intend to ask of You for all creatures, so that this sin be destroyed." (also tab 5)

February 3, 1902

"Lord, let us withdraw, don't You see how men embitter You and almost give You no peace?"

"Since You would be so afflicted if men should do this, (law of divorce) I offer You my life to suffer any pain in order to obtain that they do not come to this. And so that my offering may not be rejected in any way, I unite it to Your Sacrifice in order to obtain the Deed of Grace with certainty."

February 9, 1902

"My sweet Good, since You deign to place Yourself at my disposal, I want You to operate a Prodigy with Your Omnipotence – that the will of creatures be chained so that they may not be able to confirm this law.' (also tab 5)

February 24, 1902

(Jesus asked Luisa if she wanted to expose herself to the fury of demons and people who wanted the law of divorce) "Yes, as long as You come with me." May the Lord be always blessed.

March 5, 1902

"My Sweet Love, had You come in the past days, You would not have so many thorns stuck inside of You; at the most, as some would stick, I would have pulled them out at once. This is what You have done by not coming."

April 25, 1902

"My Loving Good, it has been a while since You shared with me the Pains of Your Wounds; maybe this is why they are so embittered. I pray You to let me share in Your Pains, so that, as I suffer myself, Your Sufferings might be lessened."

November 1, 1902

"Yet, he is a serious man, and did this to you. Poor Little One, come to me, for I want to dry Your Tears."

December 7, 1902

"Lord, placate Yourself and let me suffer by pouring Your indignation upon me."

"Lord, if You wanted to suspend me for other chastisements, I would easily have accepted, because it is right that the creature conform to Your Holy Will in everything; but to accept it for this evil (chastisement) most grave.… my soul cannot digest this suspension. Rather, invest me with Your Power and allow me to go into the midst of those people who want this." (also tab 6)

December 15, 1902

"Lord, what is it to You to allow those very nails that pierce You to pierce me as well?

December 24, 1902

"I can ask of You nothing but suffering."

"No, suffering, because in giving me suffering You will give me more love. I know this out of experience – that in order to obtain graces, the strongest love and all of You, these cannot be obtained but through suffering; and in order to earn all Your Sympathies, Delights and Satisfactions, the only and sole means is to suffer for love of You."

VOLUME 5

June 16, 1903

"Lord, share it (cup of bitterness) with me so You won't suffer alone."

VOLUME 6

September 17, 1905

"Lord, what You have for Yourself – that is what I yearn for myself."

[Thorns, nails, cross] "Well then, that is what I want for myself."

November 6, 1905

While thinking about the Passion of Our Lord: "How I would like to enter the interior of Jesus Christ, to be able to see everything He did, and to see what was most pleasing to His Heart, so that I too may do it and mitigate His pains by offering Him what pleased Him the most."

VOLUME 7

January 21, 1907

"Lord, let it be that I may be all Yours and that I may be always, always with You, and that I may never separate from You. However, while I am with You, do not permit that I may be a goad that embitters You, that I may bother You, that I may displease You, but that I may be a goad that is present in You to sustain You when You are tired or oppressed, that consoles You when You are bothered by the other creatures."

VOLUME 8

July 10, 1907

"My good Jesus, tell me, is there much time left before You take me to Heaven?"

November 3, 1907

"O please! Let me feel Your Thorns."

VOLUME 9

August 19, 1910

"My pretty Little One, what is it? Pour Yourself out with me. Isn't Love the balm and the alleviation for all of Your sorrows? Isn't Love what makes one forget everything, that sweetens everything and pacifies any dispute? If You cry, there must be something discordant

between Your Love and that of the creatures, therefore let us love each other, give me Your Love, and I will Love You with Your own Love."

VOLUME 10

October 20, 1911

"What is it, O Jesus, that You cry? O please! do not cry. I beg You - pour it into me, let me share in Your bitternesses, but do not cry, for I feel I am dying of sorrow. Poor Jesus, what have they done to You?"

"In seeing You cry, I feel my arms being broken and I am unable to tell You not to do it. I just tell You: take me first, because being in Heaven, I will think as those of Heaven, but while being on earth, I will not think as those of Heaven, and therefore I feel I cannot resist in seeing all this."

"O! How good is Jesus!"

VOLUME 11

November 25, 1912

"My sweet Love and my Life, show me that You continue to Love me - remove this Crown that surrounds Your Head and put it on mine with Your own Hands."

"Jesus, my heart, the thorns are not enough for me to be certain that You Love me as before – don't You have the nails with which to nail me? Hurry, O Jesus, don't keep me in doubt, for the mere doubt of not being ever more Loved by You gives me continual death! Pierce me!"

August 15, 1914

So I clasped Him to myself, and wanting to relieve Him, I fused myself in His Intelligence so as to be present in all the intellects of creatures, and therefore give my good thought for each evil thought, in order to repair and relieve all the offended thoughts of Jesus. In the same way, I fused myself in His Desires so as to be present in all the evil desires of creatures, in order to place my good desire and relieve the offended Desires of Jesus; and so with all the rest.

VOLUME 12

February 6, 1919

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; 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.

"Jesus, my hosts are your own things, while Yours are Your things; so, I remain always below You."

May 4, 1919

"My poor Jesus, how much compassion I feel for You! Ah, yes, I will cry and pray together with You!

March 19, 1920

"How You have changed! Is it possible that even suffering is no longer there for me? Everybody suffers - I am the only one unworthy of suffering! It is true that I surpass everyone in wickedness, but You - have pity on me; do not deny me at least the crumbs of the very much suffering which You, in abundance, do not deny to anyone. My Love, how horrifying is my state. Have pity on me - have pity!"

March 23, 1920

"My Love, You want me to equal You, so why don't you give me Your Pains? Give them to me – don't deny them to me!"

December 25, 1920

I squeezed Him so very tightly to myself, and according to my usual way, I fused myself in His Will in order to find the thoughts of all with mine, and surround shivering Jesus with adorations from all created intellects; in order to find the gazes of all, and make all look at Jesus and distract Him from crying; in order to find 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.

VOLUME 13

December 25, 1921

"In my heart I possess Your Will; so, Its Heat is more than sufficient to Warm You."

VOLUME 14

February 9, 1922

I clasped Him to my heart, but He was crying strongly. What torment, to see Jesus crying! I would have wanted to suffer any pain so

that He would not cry. So I compassionated Him, I kissed His Wounds, I dried His Tears…

April 21, 1922

"What is it, Jesus, why do you cry? Tell me, what have they done to You?"

May 8, 1922

"Jesus told me many times that He Loves me very much, and that He suffers greatly when He sees that I suffer because of His privation. Who knows how much He suffers now, in seeing me petrified by the pain of His privation? So, in order not to make Him suffer much, I want to pluck up my strength, and try to be more content, less oppressed, more attentive in maintaining my flight, my attitude in His Will, so as to bring Him my kiss - not embittered, but peaceful and content, which may not sadden Him, but rather, console Him."

October 3, 1922

"My Love, I pray You, I implore You, do not again allow that I suffer in the presence of anyone. Let everything pass between You and me, and that You alone be aware of my pains. O please! make me content, give Me Your Word that You will not do it any more. Even more, make me suffer twice as much; I am happy, as long as everything is hidden between You and me."

VOLUME 15

April 2, 1923

"My Highest Good, why do You want to heal me? Am I not worthy of suffering for You? Your Heart is all Wounded, and mine, compared to Yours - O! how scarce is my suffering. Rather, if it pleases You, give me more pains." May everything be for His Glory.

VOLUME 16

February 5, 1924

"Beat me wherever You want to beat me, I don't want to know anything - I want nothing but Your Will." (also tab 12)

"Jesus, my Love, my pains are nothing compared to Yours. So, let us think about Your Pains if You don't want to add more bitternesses to mine. Let me dry Your Tears, and let me share in the Pains of Your Heart." (also tab 12)

March 22, 1924

"Jesus, my Love, what's wrong? O please! You suffer very much, let us share the Pains, do not want to be alone; don't You see how much You suffer and how you can take no more?"

"My Love, I lay my intelligence in Your Will in order to find Your Uncreated Intelligence, so that, by laying mine within Yours, I may shade all created intelligences, in such a way that You may feel Your Shadow placed before all created minds, and You may find rest for the Sanctity of Your Intelligence. I lay my word in Your Fiat, in order to place the Shadow of that Omnipotent Fiat before the human voices, so that Your Breath and Your Mouth may be able to rest. I lay my works in Yours, to place the Shadow and the Sanctity of Your Works before the works of creatures, so as to give rest to Your Hands. I lay my little love in Your Will, to place You in the shade of Your Immense Love, which I place before the hearts of all, to give rest to Your weary Heart." (also tab 12)

VOLUME 19

May 23, 1926

I was accompanying my sweet Jesus in His sorrowful agony in the Garden, especially when all the weight of our sins unloaded itself upon His Most Holy Humanity, to the point of making Him shed living Blood. O! how I would have wanted to relieve Him from pains so excruciating.

July 11, 1926

"My Love and my Life, Jesus, if You do not tell me all the secrets that are in It, not knowing everything, I will not enjoy the Fullness of the Goods that this Kingdom possesses, nor will I be able to give You the return of love for the Goods that You hide; and I would feel unhappy in the midst of so much happiness, because my '*I Love You'* would not be flowing in everything that You possess in It. It may be small, but it is the '*I love You'* of your little daughter, whom You Love so much."

"Fiat! Fiat! Fiat!"

VOLUME 20

September 23, 1926

"My Love, leave this sadness; You will give them Light, and they will not do it. And if my pains are needed - I am ready, as long as they all remain in Peace." (also tab 5)

VOLUME 22

August 21, 1927

"My Love and my Life, of course You suffer very much and can take no more – because You want to suffer alone. But if You shared Your Pains with me, You would suffer less and would not reach the point of no longer being able to bear the poor creatures. Therefore, let me take part in Your Pains, let us share them together, and You will see how You will be able to bear them still. Hurry, do not suffer alone any longer – try, O Jesus. You are right, You suffer very much, and this is why I pray You – let us share them together, and placate Yourself."

VOLUME 25

February 3, 1929

"O! Power of the Divine Will!—You know how to change things, and wherever You are present You make everything appear as Beautiful and Good. Even more, with Your Light You bejewel the pains and make them appear as rare and precious pearls that enclose Seas of Joy and of Happiness within themselves. How Ingenious You are, O, Divine Will! Under Your Empire of Light one can do nothing but remain mute, love You and follow You." (also tab 9)

VOLUME 27

December 29, 1929

"And O! how my little soul would want to melt in love in order to warm Him and calm His crying."

VOLUME 28

April 12, 1930

"O! how I would like to defend Jesus, and prevent His receiving new offenses."

VOLUME 29

April 2, 1931

"My Love, You want to make me fall into sufferings? Go ahead; but, from myself, I don't want to put my will in. You will do it Yourself, I will be happy; but from myself I don't want to put anything." (also tab 9)

VOLUME 30

May 30, 1932

"O! Power of the Divine Volition, that in Your Immensity seeks the act of the creature in order to form as many Lives of You in each of their acts. And how many of these acts do not receive You and reject You, and Your Life remains suffocated in You, in Your Immensity. Ah! without ever tiring Yourself, with a Love that conquers all, You continue Your searches for the human acts, in order to give Your Life, and bilocate It in every instant."

VOLUME 33

March 11, 1934

"O! Adorable Will, make me always Live in You, so that You break Your solitude and I might give You the field to let You Speak."

May 14, 1935

"But, O please! my Love, hide my miseries in Your Wounds, cover me with Your Blood. I unite my sufferings to Your sufferings so that they cry together: 'Pity, pardon for this poor creature,' but without You I cannot go on." (also tabs 5, 6)

VOLUME 35

December 25, 1937

Then, I continued to think about the little Newborn Jesus—and O, how it broke my heart seeing Him crying, sobbing, wailing and shivering with cold! I wanted to place one 'I love you' of mine for each Pain and each tear of the Divine Little One, to warm him and to calm His crying.

VOLUME 36

May 10, 1938

"My Father, You've been waiting and watching for too long; You are tired, please rest. To let Your rest be sweet and smooth I'd like You to rest in my love, and I will start watching over souls, taking Your place. Who knows, maybe I'll manage to bring someone back by the time You wake up." (also tabs 5, 12)

THE VIRGIN MARY
IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DIVINE WILL

Day Twenty-one: The soul to her Queen Mama:

"Holy Mama, O! how fortunate You are - You are the true Blessed One among all women. O please! for the sake of those Joys which You experienced when You pressed Jesus to Your breast and gave Him Your first kiss, I pray You to let me hold little Jesus in my arms for a few instants, that I may give Him contentment by saying to Him that I swear to love Him always – always, and that I want to know nothing but His Divine Will."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

My Mama, enclose little Jesus in my heart, that He may Transform it completely into Will of God.

Day Twenty-two: The soul to her Celestial Mama:

"Today, Holy Mama, I feel an ardor of love, and I feel that I cannot be without coming onto Your Maternal knees to find the Celestial little Baby in Your arms. His Beauty enraptures me, His Gazes Wound me, His Lips, in the act of moaning and bursting into tears, capture my heart to Love Him. My dearest Mama, I know that You Love me, and therefore I ask You to give me a little place in Your arms, so that I may give Him my first kiss, pour my heart into little King Jesus, and entrust to Him my interesting secrets, which so much oppress me. And in order to make Him smile, I will say to Him: "My will is Yours and Yours is mine; therefore, form in me the Kingdom of Your Divine Fiat."

Day Twenty-four: The soul to her Queen, overwhelmed by Sorrow:

"My Sovereign Mama, Your little child feels the need to come to Your Maternal knees to keep You a little company. I see Your face veiled with sadness, and a few fleeting tears flowing from Your eyes. The sweet little Baby is shivering, and, sobbing, He cries. Holy Mama, I unite my pains to Yours in order to comfort You and to calm the crying of the Celestial Baby. But, O please! my Mama, do not refuse to reveal to me Your Secret. What is it that is so gloomy for my dear little Baby?"

The soul:

"Most sweet Mama, how much I thank You for making me comprehend the great evil of the human will. Therefore I pray You, for the sake of the sorrow You suffered in the exile of Egypt, to make my soul go out of the exile of my will, and to make me repatriate to the dear Fatherland of the Divine Will."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

My Mama, enclose little Jesus in my heart, that He may reorder it all into Divine Will.

HOURS OF THE PASSION

First Hour

I too unite myself to You, O sweet Mama. Upon the wings of the winds I want to go around the heavens to ask the Father, the Holy Spirit and all the Angels, for an "I bless You" for Jesus, so that, as I go to Him, I may bring Him their blessings. And here on earth, I want to go to all creatures and ask, from every lip, from every heartbeat, from every step, from every breath, from every gaze, from every thought - blessings and praises for Jesus. And if no one wants to give them to me, I intend to give them for them.

O sweet Mama, after going round and round, to ask the Sacrosanct Trinity, the Angels, all creatures, the light of the sun, the fragrance of the flowers, the waves of the sea, every breath of wind, every spark of fire, every moving leaf, the twinkling of the stars, every movement of nature, for an 'I bless You', I come to You and I place all my blessings together with Yours.

My sweet Mama, I see that You receive comfort and relief, and that You offer Jesus all my blessings in reparation for the blasphemies and the maledictions which He receives from creatures. But as I offer You everything, I hear Your trembling voice saying: "Son, bless me too!"

O my sweet Love, Jesus, bless me also, together with Your Mama; bless my thoughts, my heart, my hands, my works, my steps, and with Your Mother, all creatures.

O my Mother, in looking at the Face of sorrowful Jesus, pale, sad, harrowing, the memory of the Pains which He is about to suffer awakens in You. You foresee His Face covered with spit and You bless it, His Head pierced by the thorns, His Eyes blinded, His Body tortured by the scourges, His Hands and Feet pierced by the nails; and wherever He is about to go, You follow Him with Your blessings. And I too will follow Him together with You. When Jesus is struck by the scourges, crowned with thorns, slapped, pierced by the nails, everywhere He will find my "I bless You" together with Yours.

O Jesus, O Mother, I compassionate You. Immense is Your pain in these last moments. The Heart of one seems to tear the Heart of the other.

O Mother, snatch my heart from the earth and bind it tightly to Jesus, so that, clinging to Him, I may share in His Pains, and as You cling to each other, as You embrace, as You exchange the last glances, the last kisses, being in-between Your two Hearts, may I receive Your last kisses, Your last embraces. Don't You see that I cannot be without You, in spite of my misery and my coldness?

Jesus, Mama, keep me close to You; give me Your Love, Your Will. Dart through my poor heart, hold me tightly in Your Arms; and together with You, O sweet Mother, I want to follow, step by step, adored Jesus, with the intention of giving Him comfort, relief, love and reparation for all.

Second Hour

No, I will not move from under Your Mantle. At Your wish, I will fly to Jesus; I will bring Him Your Love, Your affections, Your kisses together with mine, and I will place them in each Wound, in every drop of His Blood, in every pain and insult, so that, in feeling the kisses and the Love of His Mama in each pain, His sufferings may be sweetened. Then I will come again under Your mantle, bringing You His Kisses to sweeten Your pierced Heart. My Mama, my heart is pounding, I want to go to Jesus. And as I kiss Your Maternal hands, bless me as You blessed Jesus, and allow me to go to Him.

My sweet Jesus, Love directs me toward Your steps and I reach You, as You walk along the streets of Jerusalem together with Your beloved disciples. I look at You and I see You still pale. I hear Your Voice, sweet, yes, but sad - so much as to break the heart of Your disciples, who feel troubled.

I want to repair together with You, to sweeten the stabbing of Your Heart.

But I see that You are horrified at the sight of Jerusalem, and withdrawing Your gaze, You enter the cenacle. My Love, hold me tightly to Your Heart, that I may make Your bitternesses my own, to offer them together with You. And You, look with pity upon my soul, and pouring Your Love into it - bless me.

Fourth Hour

O my afflicted Good, I make Your Life my own, and together with You I intend to repair for all these offenses. I want to enter into the most intimate hiding places of Your Divine Heart and repair with Your own Heart for the most intimate and secret offenses, which You receive from Your dearest ones. O my Jesus, I want to follow You in everything, and together with You I want to go through all the souls who are about to receive You in the Eucharist, enter into their hearts, and place my hands together with Yours, to purify them. (also tab 5)

O please, O Jesus, with these Tears of Yours and this water with which You washed the feet of the Apostles, let us wash the souls who must receive You; let us purify their hearts; let us inflame them, and shake off the dust with which they are dirtied, so that, when they receive You, You may find in them Your Satisfactions, instead of Your bitternesses. (also tab 5)

My Jesus, I too unite myself to You; I make Your Prayers, Your Reparations and Your appropriate Remedies for each soul, my own. I want to mix my tears with Yours, that You may never be alone, but may always have me with You, to share in Your Pains." (also tab 5)

…My Heart and my Life, allow me to sustain You in my arms. I understand that these are Your Loving Stratagems, which You use with each obstinate sinner. (also tab 5)

O please, I pray You, my Heart - as I compassionate You and repair for the offenses which You receive from the souls who are obstinate in not wanting to convert, let us go around the earth, and wherever there are obstinate sinners, let us give them Your Tears to soften them, Your Kisses and Your Squeezes of Love to bind them to You, in such a way that they will not be able to escape, and will therefore relieve You from the pain of the loss of Judas. (also tab 5)

…O Jesus, I contemplate You in the Holy Host, and as though seeing You in Your Adorable Person, I kiss Your Majestic Forehead; but in kissing You, I feel the pricks of Your Thorns. O my Jesus, in this Holy Host, how many creatures do not spare You Thorns. They come before You, and instead of sending You the homage of their good thoughts, they send You their evil thoughts; and You lower Your Head again as You did in the Passion, receiving and bearing the Thorns of these evil thoughts. O my Love, I draw near You to share in Your Pains; I place all my thoughts in Your Mind in order to expel these thorns which sadden You so much. May each one of my thoughts flow in each one of Your Thoughts, to make an act of reparation for each evil thought, and therefore console Your sad Mind. (also tabs 11, 12)

Jesus, my Good, I kiss Your beautiful Eyes; I see Your loving Gaze toward those who come before Your presence, anxious to receive the return of their gazes of love. But how many come before You, and instead of looking at You and searching for You, look at things which distract them, and so deprive You of the pleasure You feel in the exchange of Gazes of Love! You cry, and as I kiss You, I feel my lips wet with Your Tears. My Jesus, do not cry; I want to place my eyes in Yours to share in these Pains with You, and to cry with You. And wanting to repair for all the distracted gazes of creatures, I offer You my gazes, always fixed in You. (also tabs 11, 12)

Jesus, my Love, I kiss Your most Holy Ears; I now see You intent on listening to what the creatures want from You, in order to console them. But, instead, they send to Your Ears prayers badly said, full of diffidence, prayers done out of habit; and in this Holy Host, Your Hearing is molested more than in Your very Passion. O my Jesus, I want to take all the harmonies of Heaven and place them in Your Ears to repair You, and I want to place my ears in Yours, not only to share these Pains with You, but to offer You my continuous act of reparation, and to console You. (also tabs 11, 12)

Jesus, my Life, I kiss Your most Holy Face; I see it bleeding, bruised and swollen. The creatures, O Jesus, come before the Holy Host, and with their indecent postures and evil discourses, instead of giving You honor, seem to send You slaps and spittle. And You, just like in the Passion, receive them in all Peace and Patience, and You bear everything! O Jesus, I want to place my face close to Yours, not only to kiss You and to receive the insults which come to You from Your creatures, but to share with You all Your Pains. With my hands, I intend to caress You, wipe off the spit, and press You tightly to my heart; and of my being, to make many tiny little pieces, placing them before You, like many souls who adore You; and to turn my movements into continuous prostrations, to repair for the dishonors You receive from all creatures. (also tabs 11, 12)

My Jesus, I kiss Your most Holy Lips; I see that in descending sacramentally into the hearts of Your creatures, You are forced to lean on many cutting, impure, evil tongues. O, how embittered You remain! You feel as though poisoned by these tongues, and it is even worse when You descend into their hearts! O Jesus, if it were possible, I would want to be in the mouth of each creature, to turn into praises all the offenses You receive from them! (also tabs 11, 12)

My weary Good, I kiss Your Most Holy Head. I see it tired, exhausted, and all occupied in Your crafting of love. Tell me, what do You do? (also tabs 11, 12)

How much compassion I feel for You, O Jesus! Your Love is cornered, and in order to relieve you from the offenses You receive from these souls, I ask You to chain my heart with those chains broken by them, in order to give You my return of love in their place. (also tabs 11, 12)

My Jesus, my Divine Archer, I kiss Your Breast. The Fire You contain in it is such that, in order to give a little vent to Your Flames and to take a little break from Your Work, You begin to play with the souls who come to You, shooting Arrows of Love which come out from Your Breast toward them. Your Game is to form arrows, darts, spears; and when they strike souls, You become festive. But many, O Jesus, reject them, sending You arrows of coldness, darts of lukewarmness, and spears of ingratitude in return. And You remain so afflicted as to cry bitterly! O Jesus, here is my breast, ready to receive not only Your Arrows destined to me, but also those which the other souls reject; so You will no longer remain defeated in Your Love Game. In this way, I will also repair for the coldness, the lukewarmness and the ingratitude, which You receive from them. (also tabs 11, 12)

O Jesus, I kiss Your left Hand, and I intend to repair for all the illicit or blameworthy touches, done in Your Presence; and I pray You always to hold me tightly to Your Heart! (also tabs 11, 12)

O Jesus, I kiss Your right Hand, and I intend to repair for all the sacrileges, especially the Masses badly celebrated! How many times, my Love, You are forced to descend from Heaven into unworthy hands and breasts; and even though You feel nausea for being in those hands, Love forces You to stay. Even more, in some of Your ministers, You find the ones who renew Your Passion, because, with their enormous crimes and sacrileges, they renew the Deicide! Jesus, I am frightened at this thought! But, alas, just as in the Passion You were in the hands of the Jews, You are in those unworthy hands, like a meek lamb, waiting, again, for Your death and also for their conversion. O Jesus, how much You suffer! You would like a loving hand to free You from those bloodthirsty hands. O Jesus, when You are in those hands, I pray You to call me near You, and in order to repair You, I will cover You with the purity of the Angels, I will perfume You with Your Virtues to reduce the nausea You feel in being in those hands, and I will offer You my heart as escape and refuge. While You are in me, I will pray for priests, that they may be Your worthy Ministers. Amen. (also tabs 11, 12)

O Jesus, I kiss Your left Foot, and I intend to repair for those who receive You out of habit and without the necessary dispositions. (also tabs 11, 12)

O Jesus, I kiss Your right Foot, and I intend to repair for those who receive You to offend You. O please, when they dare to do this, I pray You to renew the miracle You made to Longinus. Just as You healed him and converted him at the touch of the Blood which gushed forth from Your Heart, pierced by his lance, in the same way, at Your Sacramental Touch, convert the offenses into Love, and the offenders into Lovers! (also tabs 11, 12)

O Jesus, I kiss Your Most Sweet Heart, into which all offenses pour, and I intend to repair for everything, to give You return of love for all, and to share in Your Pains, always together with You! (also tabs 11, 12)

"O Celestial Archer, if any offense escapes my reparation, I pray You to imprison me in Your Heart and in Your Will, so that I may repair for everything. I will pray the Sweet Mama to keep me always with Her, in order to repair everything, and for everyone. We will kiss You together, and keeping You sheltered, we will drive away from You the waves of bitterness which You receive from creatures. O please, O Jesus, remember that I too am a poor sinful soul. Enclose me in Your Heart, and with the Chains of Your Love, do not only imprison me, but bind, one by one, my thoughts, my affections, my desires. Chain my hands and my feet to Your Heart, that I may have no other hands and feet but Yours! (also tabs 11, 12)

And so, my Love, my prison will be Your Heart, my chains will be made of Love; Your Flames will be my Food, Your Breath will be mine, the Fences preventing me from going out will be Your Most Holy Will. So I will see nothing but Flames, I will touch nothing but Fire;

and while they give me Life, they will give me death, like that You suffer in the Holy Host. I will give You my life, and so, while I remain imprisoned in You, You will be released in me. Is this not Your intent in imprisoning Yourself in the Host, in order to be released by the souls who receive You, becoming alive in them? And now, as a sign of Love, bless me, give the mystical Kiss of Love to my soul, while I remain clasped and clinging to You. (also tabs 11, 12)

Fifth Hour

Ah, yes my panting Jesus, we will drink together the chalice of Your bitternesses; we will suffer Your Pains, and I will never move from Your side!

Here I am, O Jesus, together with You. But I don't have the heart to see You cast on the ground. I take You in my arms, I press You to my heart; I want to count, one by one, Your strainings, and, one by one, the offenses which advance toward You, in order to give You relief for everything, reparation for everything, and to give You at least one act of my compassion, for everything.

Sixth Hour

I too want to accompany You, so that if You stagger, I may sustain You.

I too, O my Jesus, prostrate myself with You, and with You I intend to do what You do.

Ah Love, to what a state I see You reduced! You are about to breathe Your last. O, my Good, my sweet Life, O please, do not die! Raise Your Face from this ground, which You wet with Your Most Holy Blood! Come into my arms! Let me die in Your place!

Therefore, my Love, I kiss Your most Holy Head.

Jesus, I compassionate You, and would like to place upon You as many Crowns of Glory; and in order to soothe You, I offer You all the angelic intelligences and Your own Intelligence, to give You an act of compassion and of reparation for all.

O Jesus, I kiss Your pitying Eyes, and in them I see all the evil gazes of creatures, which make tears and blood flow over Your Face. I compassionate You, and I would like to soothe Your Sight by placing before You all the pleasures that can be found in Heaven and on earth through Union of Love with You.

Jesus, my Good, I kiss Your most Holy Ears.

O insatiable Love, I compassionate You, and I want to console You by making resound in it all the harmonies of Heaven, the most sweet voice of dear Mama, the ardent accents of Magdalene, and of all the loving souls.

Jesus, my Life, I want to impress a more fervent kiss on Your Face, whose Beauty has no equal. Ah, this is the Face on which the Angels, like cupids, desire to fix, for the great Beauty that enraptures them. Yet, the creatures dirty it with spit, beat it with slaps, and trample it under foot. My Love, what daring! I would like to shout so loudly as to put them to flight! I compassionate You, and in order to repair for these insults, I go to the Most Holy Trinity, to ask for the Kiss of the Father and of the Holy Spirit, and the Divine Caresses of Their Creative Hands. I also go to the Celestial Mama, that She may give me Her kisses, the caresses of Her Maternal hands, and Her profound adorations; and I offer You everything, to repair for the offenses given to Your most holy Face. (also tab 12)

My sweet Good, I kiss Your Most Holy Mouth, embittered by horrible blasphemies, by the nausea of drunkenness and gluttony, by obscene discourses, by prayers done badly, by evil teachings, and by all the evil that man does with his tongue. Jesus, I compassionate You, and I want to sweeten Your Mouth by offering You all the angelic praises and the good use of the tongue made by many holy Christians. (also tab 12)

My oppressed Love, I kiss Your Neck, and I see it loaded down with ropes and chains, because of the attachments and the sins of creatures. I compassionate You, and in order to relieve You, I offer You the indissoluble Union of the Divine Persons; and fusing myself in this Union, I extend my arms toward You, and forming a sweet chain of love around Your Neck, I want to remove the ropes of the attachments, which almost suffocate You; and to console You, I press You tightly to my heart. (also tab 12)

Divine Fortress, I kiss Your most Holy Shoulders.

I compassionate You, and in order to relieve You, I offer You Your most holy examples, the examples of the Queen Mama, and those of all the saints. And I, O my Jesus, letting my kisses flow over each one of these Wounds, want to enclose in them the souls who, by force of scandals, have been snatched from Your Heart, and so re-join the Flesh of Your Most Holy Humanity. (also tab 12)

My labored Jesus, I kiss Your Breast, which I see Wounded by coldness, lukewarmness, lack of correspondence and ingratitudes of creatures. I compassionate You, and in order to relieve You, I offer You the reciprocal Love of the Father and the Holy Spirit - the perfect correspondence of the Three Divine Persons. And plunging into Your Love, O my Jesus, I want to shelter You in order to reject the new blows that creatures throw at You with their sins; and taking Your Love, I want to Wound them with it, that they may never again dare to offend You; and I want to pour it upon Your Breast, to soothe You and to heal You. (also tab 12)

My Jesus, I kiss Your Creative Hands.

I compassionate You, and to give You relief, I offer You all the holy works, and the courage of the martyrs in giving their blood and life for love of You. In sum, O my Jesus, I would like to offer You all the good works, in order to remove from You the many nails of the evil works. (also tab 12)

O Jesus, I kiss Your Most Holy Feet, always untiring in searching for souls.

My God and my Good, I compassionate You, and in order to console You, I offer You the steps of the good religious and of all the faithful souls, who expose their lives in order to save souls. (also tab 12)

O Jesus, I kiss Your Heart. I compassionate You, and I want to soothe the bitterness of Your Heart, pierced three times, by offering You the Eternal Sweetnesses and the most sweet Love of dear Mama Mary, as well as those of all Your true lovers. (also tab 12)

And now, O my Jesus, let my poor heart draw life from Your Heart, that I may Live only with Your Heart; and in each offense You will receive, let me be ever ready to offer You a relief, a comfort, a reparation, an act of love, never interrupted.

Seventh Hour

But, please, O my Jesus, rise; what You suffer is too much. Let it be enough for Your Love! (also tab 5)

Sweet Life of mine, let me carry You in my arms. Are You perhaps going to Your dear disciples? But what is not the sorrow of Your Adorable Heart in finding them asleep again! (also tab 5)

Therefore, as I compassionate You for these souls, whose negligences, fickleness and offenses are the most bitter for Your Heart, I pray that, if they came to taking one single step which might slightly displease You, You will surround them with so much Grace as to stop them, so as not to lose the spirit of continuous prayer! (also tab 5)

My Jesus, be consoled, I now see that the Father sends You an Angel as comfort and help, that You may leave this state of Agony and give Yourself into the hands of the Jews. And while You are with the Angel, I will go around Heaven and earth. You will allow me to take this Blood that You have shed, that I may give It to all men, as pledge of salvation for each one, and bring You as comfort and in exchange, their affections, heartbeats, thoughts, steps and works. (also tab 5)

My Celestial Mama, I come to You in order to go to all souls, to give to them the Blood of Jesus. Sweet Mama, Jesus wants comfort, and the greatest comfort we can give Him is to bring Him souls. (also tab 5)

Magdalene, accompany us! All of you, Angels, come and see how Jesus is reduced! He wants comfort from all, and His state of exhaustion is such that He refuses no one. (also tab 5)

Delirious Jesus, each one of Your Moans and Sighs is a wound to my heart, which gives me no peace. So I make Your Blood, Your

Will, Your ardent Zeal, Your Love, my own, and wandering around Heaven and earth, I want to go through all souls, to give them Your Blood as a pledge for their salvation, and bring them to You, to calm Your restlessness, Your delirium, and to sweeten the bitternesses of Your Agony. And while I do this, You, accompany me with Your Gaze. (also tab 5)

My Mama, I come to You, because Jesus wants souls – He wants comfort. Therefore, give me Your Maternal hand, and let us go around together, throughout the whole world, searching for souls. Let us enclose in His Blood the affections, the desires, the thoughts, the works, the steps of all creatures, and let us throw the Flames of His Heart into their souls, that they may surrender, and so, enclosed in His Blood and transformed within His Flames, we will bring them around Jesus, to soothe the Pains of His most bitter Agony. (also tab 5)

My Guardian Angel, precede us; go and dispose the souls who must receive this Blood, so that not one drop may remain without its abundant effect. My Mama, hurry, let us go around! I see the Gaze of Jesus that follows us; I hear His repeated sobs, pushing us to hasten our task. (also tab 5)

And here we are, Mama, at the first steps, already at the door of the houses where the sick are lying. How many tormented limbs; how many, in the atrocity of the spasms, burst into blasphemies and try to take their own lives away. Others are abandoned by all, and have no one who would offer them a word of comfort, the most necessary aids, and so they swear and despair even more. Ah, Mama, I hear the sobs of Jesus, who sees, repaid with offenses, the dearest predilections of Love, which make the souls suffer in order to render them similar to Him. O please, let us give them His Blood, that It may administer to them the necessary aids, and with Its Light, It may make them understand the Good that is in suffering and the Likeness to Jesus they acquire. And You, my Mama, place Yourself near them, and as affectionate Mother, touch their suffering limbs with Your Maternal hands; soothe their pains; take them in Your arms, and pour from Your Heart torrents of Graces over all of their pains. Keep company with the abandoned; console the afflicted. For those who lack the necessary means, dispose generous souls to help them; for those who find themselves under the atrocity of the spasms, impetrate respite and rest, so that, relieved, they may bear with more patience whatever Jesus disposes for them. (also tab 5)

Let us continue to go around, and let us enter into the rooms of the dying. My Mama what terror! How many souls are about to fall into hell! How many, after a life of sin, want to give the last sorrow to that Heart, repeatedly pierced, by crowning their last breath with an act of desperation. Many demons are around them, striking into their hearts terror and fright of the Divine Judgments, and therefore wage against them the final assault, to lead them to hell. They would want to unleash

the infernal flames in order to enwrap them, and therefore prevent the rising of hope. Others, entangled by the bonds of the earth, are unable to resign themselves to take the last step. Please, O Mama, these moments are extreme, they need much help. Don't You see how they tremble, how they wriggle about in the midst of the spasms of Agony, how they ask for help and for pity? The earth has already disappeared for them! Holy Mama, place Your Maternal hand upon their ice-cold forehead; receive their last breaths. Let us give the Blood of Jesus to each of the dying, so that, putting the demons to flight, It may dispose them all to receive the last Sacraments, and to a good and holy death. For comfort, let us give them the Agonies of Jesus, His Kisses, His Tears, His Wounds. Let us tear the laces which keep them entangled; let us make everyone hear the word of forgiveness, and let us place such confidence in their hearts, as to make them fling themselves into the Arms of Jesus. When Jesus judges them, He will find them covered with His own Blood, abandoned in His Arms, and so He will give His Forgiveness to all. (also tab 5)

Let us continue to go around, O Mama. Let Your Maternal gaze look with Love upon the earth, and be moved to compassion for many poor creatures who need this Blood. My Mama, I feel pushed to run by the searching Gaze of Jesus, because He wants souls. I hear His Moans in the depth of my heart, repeating to me: *"My child, help Me, give Me souls!"* (also tab 5)

But see, O Mama, how the earth is filled with souls who are about to fall into sin, and Jesus bursts into crying in seeing His Blood suffer new profanations. It would take a miracle to prevent their fall; therefore, let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that they may find in It the Strength and the Grace not to fall into sin. (also tab 5)

"One more step, O Mama, and here are the souls already fallen into guilt, who would like a hand in order to stand up again. Jesus Loves them, but He looks at them with horror, because they are covered with mud, and His Agony becomes more intense. Let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that they may find the Hand which raises them up again. See O Mama, these are souls who need this Blood – souls who are dead to Grace. O, how deplorable is their state! Heaven looks at them and cries with sorrow; the earth fixes on them with disgust; all the elements are against them and would want to destroy them, because they are enemies of the Creator. Please, O Mama, the Blood of Jesus contains Life, so let us give It to them, so that, at Its touch, these souls may rise again - and may rise again more beautiful, so as to make all Heaven and all earth smile. (also tab 5)

Let us continue to wander, O Mama. See, there are souls who carry the mark of perdition; souls who sin and run away from Jesus; who offend Him and despair of His Forgiveness. These are the new Judases, spread throughout the earth, who pierce that Heart, so embittered. Let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that It may erase from them the mark

of perdition, and impress that of Salvation. May It place in their hearts such confidence and love after sin, as to make them run to the feet of Jesus, and cling to those Divine Feet, never to detach from them again. (also tab 5)

See, O Mama, there are souls who are hurling themselves toward perdition, and there is no one to arrest their race. O please, let us place this Blood before their feet, so that, at Its Touch, at Its Light, and at Its supplicating Voices which want to save them, they may draw back and place themselves on the path of Salvation! (also tab 5)

Let us continue to go around, O Mama. See, there are good souls, innocent souls, in whom Jesus finds His Delights and His Rest in creation. But creatures are around them with many snares and scandals, to snatch this innocence away, and to turn the Delights and Rest of Jesus into crying and bitternesses, as if they had no other aim than to cause continuous sorrows to that Divine Heart. So, let us seal and surround their innocence with the Blood of Jesus, like a wall of defense, so that sin may not enter into them. With It, put to flight whoever wanted to contaminate them, and preserve them spotless and pure, so that Jesus may find, through them, His Rest in Creation and all His Delights; and for Love of them, He may be moved to pity for many other poor creatures. My Mama, let us place these souls in the Blood of Jesus; let us bind them, and bind them all over, with the Holy Will of God; let us place them in His Arms, and let us bind them to His Heart with the sweet Chains of His Love, in order to soothe the bitternesses of His mortal Agony. (also tab 5)

But listen, O Mama, this Blood cries out and wants yet more souls. Let us run together, and let us go to the regions of the heretics and of the unbelievers. How much sorrow does Jesus not feel in these regions. He, who is the Life of all, receives not even a tiny act of love in return; He is not known by His very creatures. Please, O Mama, let us give them this Blood, that It may cast away the darkness of ignorance and of heresy. Let them comprehend that they have a soul, and open the Heavens for them. Then, let us place them all in the Blood of Jesus; let us lead them around Him, like many orphaned and exiled children, who find their Father; and so Jesus will feel comforted in His most bitter Agony. (also tab 5)

But Jesus seems to be not yet satisfied, because He wants yet more souls. He feels the dying souls of these regions being snatched from His Arms, to fall into hell. These souls are now about to breathe their last and fall into the abyss. No one is near them to save them. Time is short, the moments are extreme – they will certainly be lost! No, Mama, this Blood will not be shed uselessly for them; therefore, let us quickly fly to them; let us pour the Blood of Jesus over their heads, that It may serve them as Baptism and infuse in them Faith, Hope and Love. Place Yourself near them, O Mama; make up for all that they lack. Even more, make Yourself seen. On Your face shines the Beauty

of Jesus; Your manners are all similar to His; and so, in seeing You, they will certainly be able to know Jesus. Then, press them to Your Maternal Heart; infuse in them the Life of Jesus, which You possess; tell them that, as their Mother, You want them to be happy forever, with You in Heaven; and as they breathe their last, receive them into Your arms, and let them pass from Yours into those of Jesus. And if Jesus, according to the Rights of Justice, will show He does not want to receive them, remind Him of the Love with which He entrusted them to You at the foot of the Cross. Claim Your rights as Mother, so that He will not be able to resist Your Love and Prayers, and while making Your Heart content, He will also content His ardent Desires. (also tab 5)

And now, O Mama, let us take this Blood and let us give It to all: to the afflicted, that they may receive comfort; to the poor, that they may suffer resigned to their poverty; to those who are tempted, that they may obtain victory; to the disbelieving, that the Virtue of Faith may triumph in them; to the blasphemers, that they may turn the blasphemies into benedictions; to the priests, that they may understand their mission and be worthy ministers of Jesus. With this Blood, touch their lips, that they may say no words which are not of glory to God; touch their feet, that they may let them fly to go in search for souls to lead to Jesus. (also tab 5)

Let us give this Blood to the leaders of the peoples, that they may be united among them, and feel meekness and love for their subjects. (also tab 5)

Let us fly now into Purgatory, and let us give It also to the purging souls, because they so much cry for and claim this Blood for their liberation. Don't You hear, O Mama, their moans, the fidgets of love, the tortures, and how they feel continuously drawn to the Highest Good? See how Jesus Himself wants to purge them more quickly in order to have them with Himself. He attracts them with His Love, and they requite Him with continuous surges toward Him. But as they find themselves in His presence, unable to yet sustain the purity of His Divine Gaze, they are forced to draw back and to plunge again into the flames! (also tab 5)

My Mama, let us descend into this profound prison, and pouring this Blood over them, let us bring them light; let us calm their fidgets of love; let us dampen the fire that burns them; let us purify their stains; and so, free of every pain, they will fly into the arms of the Highest Good. Let us give this Blood to the most abandoned souls, that they may find in It all the suffrages that creatures deny to them. To all, O Mama, let us give this Blood; let us not deprive any of them, so that, by virtue of It, all may find relief and liberation. Be Queen in these regions of crying and of lamentations; extend Your Maternal hands and, one by one, take them out of these ardent flames, and allow them all to take flight toward Heaven. And now, we too, let us fly toward Heaven; let us place ourselves at the Gates of Eternity and allow me,

O Mama, to give this Blood also to You, for Your greater Glory. May this Blood inundate You with New Light and with New Contentments. And let this Light descend for the Good of all creatures, to give Graces and Salvation to all. (also tab 5)

My Mama, give this Blood also to me; You know how much I need It. With Your own Maternal hands, retouch me completely with this Blood; and while retouching me, purify my stains, heal my wounds, enrich my poverty; let this Blood circulate in my veins and give me again all the Life of Jesus. May It descend into my heart, and transform it into His very Heart; may It embellish me so much that Jesus may find all His Contentments in me. Finally, O Mama, let us enter the Celestial Regions, and let us give this Blood to all the Saints, to all the Angels, that they may receive greater Glory, burst into thanksgivings to Jesus, and pray for us, that we may reach them, by virtue of this Blood. And after having given this Blood to all, let us go to Jesus again. Angels, Saints, come with us. Ah, He sighs for souls; He wants to let them all enter His Humanity, to give to all the Fruits of His Blood. Let us place them around Him, and He will feel restored to Life, and repaid for the most bitter Agony He has suffered. And now, Holy Mama, let us call all the elements to keep Him company, that they too may give honor to Jesus. (also tab 5)

O light of the sun, come to dispel the darkness of this night, to give comfort to Jesus. O stars, with Your flickering rays, descend from heaven; come and give comfort to Jesus. Flowers of the earth, come with Your fragrances; birds, come with Your warblings; all elements of the earth, come to comfort Jesus. Come, O sea, to refresh and wash Jesus. He is our Creator, our Life, our All; come all of you to comfort Him, to pay Him homage as our Sovereign Lord. But – ah, Jesus does not look for light, stars, flowers, birds…He wants souls – souls! (also tab 5)

Here they are, O my sweet Good, all together with me. Your dear Mama is close to You - please rest in Her arms; She too will receive comfort by pressing You to Her womb, because She greatly shared in Your sorrowful Agony. Magdalene also is here; Mary is here, and all the loving souls of all centuries. Please, O Jesus, accept them, and say a word of forgiveness and of Love to all. Bind them all to Your Love, so that not one more soul may escape You! (also tab 5)

Agonizing Jesus, it seems that Your Life is extinguishing. I already hear the rattle of Agony, Your Beautiful Eyes eclipsed by the nearness of death, all of Your Limbs abandoned; and often it seems that You no longer breathe. I feel my heart burst with pain. I hug You and I feel You ice-cold. I shake You and You give no sign of life! Jesus, are You dead? Afflicted Mama, Angels of Heaven, come to cry over Jesus, and do not permit that I continue to live without Him. Ah, I cannot! I press Him more tightly to myself, and I hear Him taking another breath - and then, again, He gives no sign of life! I call Him: *"Jesus, Jesus, my Life, do not die!"* (also tab 5)

My panting Jesus, since You also wanted to enclose my life in You, and therefore also my death, I pray You, for this most bitter Agony of Yours, to come to my assistance at the moment of my death. I have given You my heart as refuge and rest, my arms to sustain You, and all of my being at Your disposal; and – O, how gladly I would give myself into the hands of Your enemies, to die in Your place! Come, O Life of my heart, at that moment, to return to me all I have given You: Your Company, Your Heart as bed and rest, Your Arms as support, Your labored Breath to alleviate my labors; in such a way that, in breathing, I will breathe through Your Breath which, like purifying Air, will purify me of any stain, and will dispose me to enter the Eternal Beatitude. (also tab 5, 7)

Even more, my Sweet Jesus, then You will give Your very Most Holy Humanity to my soul, so that, in looking at me, You may see me through Yourself; and in looking at Yourself, You may find nothing for which to judge me. Then You will bathe me in Your Blood; You will clothe me with the candid Garment of Your Most Holy Will; You will adorn me with Your Love, and giving me the last Kiss, You will let me take flight from earth unto Heaven. And what I want for myself, do it for all the agonizing; clasp them all in Your Embrace of Love, and giving them the Kiss of their Union with You, save them all and allow no one to be lost! (also tab 5, 7)

My afflicted Good, I offer You this holy hour in memory of Your Passion and Death, to disarm the just wrath of God for the so many sins, for the triumph of the Holy Church, for the conversion of all sinners, for peace among peoples, especially our country, for our Sanctification, and in suffrage for the purging souls. (also tab 5, 7)

Jesus, allow me to offer You all the holy kisses of Your Most Holy Mother; let me kiss those lips, which Judas is about to dare to kiss with his infernal kiss. Let me dry Your Face, wet with Blood, and upon which slaps and spit are about to pour. I cling tightly to Your Heart, I do not leave You – I will follow You. And You, bless me and assist me. Amen." (also tab 5, 7)

Eighth Hour

I too, O my Jesus, give myself into Your Hands, that You may do with me, freely, whatever You best please; and together with You, I want to follow Your Will, Your Reparations, and suffer Your Pains. I want to be always around You, that there may be no offense which I do not repair; no bitterness which I do not soothe; no spit or blows that You receive, which are not followed by one kiss and caress of mine. In the falls You will suffer, my hands will always be ready to help You in order to lift You. So, I want to be always with You, O my Jesus; I do not want to leave You alone even for one minute. And to be more certain, place me inside of Yourself, and I will be in Your Mind, in Your

Gazes, in Your Heart, and in all of You, so that whatever You do, I may do as well. In this way, I will be able to keep You faithful company, and nothing of Your Pains will escape me, in order to give You my return of love for everything. (also tab 12)

My sweet Good, it is now one o'clock. My mind begins to doze off. I will do the best I can in order to stay awake; but if sleep surprises me, I leave myself inside of You, in order to follow whatever You do; even more, You Yourself will do it for me. In You I leave my thoughts, to defend You from Your enemies; my breathing, as cortege and company; my heartbeat, to tell You, constantly, that I love You and to make up for the love which others do not give You; the drops of my blood, to repair You and to render back to You the honor and the esteem which they will take away from You with insults, spit and slaps. My Jesus, bless me and let me sleep in Your Adorable Heart; and from Your Heartbeats, accelerated by Love or by sorrow, I will be able to wake up often, so as not to interrupt our company. Let us make this agreement, O Jesus!" (also tabs 4, 12)

Ninth Hour

My beloved Good, my poor mind follows You between vigil and sleep. How can I leave myself prey to sleep, when I see that everyone leaves You and runs away from You?

My Jesus, do not cry; or rather, let me cry together with You.

Yes, O my Jesus, I promise, (to never leave Him alone) helped by Your Grace, identifying myself with Your Divine Will.

Ah, my Jesus, I see that as they drag You, You leave behind Yourself Your Precious Blood, and Your golden Hair which they tear from Your Head! My Life and my All, allow me to gather it, that I may bind all the steps of creatures who do not spare You even at nighttime; rather, they use the night to offend You more, some for gatherings, some for pleasures, some for theatricals, some for committing sacrilegious thefts! My Jesus, I unite myself to You in order to repair for all these offenses.

Here I am, O Jesus - come into my arms. I want to cry so much as to form a bath for You in order to wash You, clean You, and with my hands, fix Your hair, which is all disheveled. My Love, I want to enclose You in my heart to warm You with the warmth of my affections; I want to perfume You with my holy desires; I want to repair for all these offenses, and place my life together with Yours, in order to save all souls. I want to offer You my heart as a place of rest, to be able to somehow relieve You from the pains You have suffered up to now; and then, we will continue together the way of Your Passion. (also tab 5)

Tenth Hour

Jesus, be always with me. Sweet Mama, let us follow Jesus together. My Jesus, Divine Sentry, watching over me in Your Heart,

and not wanting to remain alone without me, You wake me up and let me be present with You in the house of Annas. (also tab 5)

My Jesus, I hug You; even more, I want to form a wall with my being and I offer You my cheek with courage, ready to bear any suffering for love of You. I compassionate You for this outrage, and together with You I repair for the fearfulness of many souls, who get easily discouraged. I repair for all those who, out of fear, do not speak the truth; for the lack of respect due to priests, and for murmuring. (also tab 5)

I too want to follow You in these Reparations, and on the way to Caiaphas, I send You my sighs in order to defend You from Your enemies. While I sleep, continue to be my sentry, and wake me up whenever You need to. Give me Your Kiss and Your Blessing, and I kiss Your Heart, and in It I continue my sleep. (also tab 5)

Eleventh Hour

Remember that my blood is in Yours, and as You shed It, mine kisses It, adores It and repairs It. May Your Blood be Light to all those who offend You at night, and a magnet to draw all hearts around You, my Love and my All. (also tab 5)

Share everything with me, O Jesus. (also tab 5)

O Jesus, I want to make my heartbeat flow within Yours to soothe the harrowing spasm that You suffer. And my heartbeat in Yours swears loyalty and love to You, and repeats and swears thousands and thousands of times that I know You. (also tab 5)

My Love and my Life, Jesus, as they torment You, my poor heart is lacerated by the pain. O please, allow me to leave Your Sorrowful Heart and face all these offenses in Your place. Ah, if it were possible, I would like to snatch You from the hands of Your enemies. But You do not want it, because the salvation of all requires it, and I am forced to resign myself. But, sweet Love of mine, let me tidy You up, fix Your hair, remove the spit, dry Your Blood, and enclose myself in Your Heart, as I see that Caiaphas, tired, wants to withdraw, delivering You into the hands of the soldiers.

Therefore, I bless You; and You, Bless me and give me the Kiss of Your Love. And I enclose myself in the Furnace of Your Divine Heart to sleep. I place my mouth on Your Heart, so that in breathing, I may kiss You, and from the differences in Your heartbeats, more or less suffering, I may sense whether You are suffering or resting. Therefore, making wings of my arms to keep You sheltered, I hug You, I cling tightly to Your Heart, and I fall asleep.

Twelfth Hour

I would like to hide You in my heart to expose myself in Your place, and receive upon myself pains so intense, insults and humiliations so

incredible. But only Your Love could bear so many outrages. My Most Patient Jesus, what could You expect from people so inhuman?

Jesus, my Love, my heart cannot bear seeing You in the midst of so many pains. You want me to notice everything, but I feel I would rather cover my eyes so as not to see scenes so painful, which tear the heart from any chest. But my love for You forces me to look at what happens to You.

Thirteenth Hour

My Jesus, Divine Master, since we have one hour free in this prison and we are alone, not only do I want to do what You are doing, but I want to clean You, fix Your hair, and fuse myself completely in You. So I draw near Your Most Sacred Head, and in rearranging Your hair, I want to repair for so many minds, distraught and full of earth, which have not one thought for You. Fusing myself in Your Mind, I want to reunite all the thoughts of creatures within You and fuse them in Your Thoughts, in order to find sufficient Reparation for all evil thoughts, and for so many suffocated enlightenments and inspirations. I would like to make all thoughts one with Yours, to give You true Reparation and perfect Glory. (also tab 12)

My afflicted Jesus, I kiss Your Eyes, sad and filled with tears. Having Your Hands bound to the column, You cannot dry them, nor remove the spit with which they smeared You. And since the position in which they bound You is excruciating, You cannot close Your tired Eyes to take rest. My Love, how gladly would I offer You my arms as bed, to give You rest. I want to dry Your Eyes, ask for Your Forgiveness, and repair for all the times we have not had the aim of pleasing You, and of looking at You to see what You wanted from us, what we were supposed to do, and where You wanted us to go. I want to fuse my eyes in Yours, and also those of all creatures, to be able to repair with Your own Eyes for all the evil we have done with our sight. (also tab 12)

My compassionate Jesus, I kiss Your Most Holy Ears, tired from the insults of the whole night, and much more so from the echo of all the offenses of creatures which resounds in Your Hearing. I ask for Your Forgiveness, and I repair for all the times You have called us and we have been deaf, or we have pretended not to hear You; and You, my weary Good, have repeated Your calls – but in vain! I want to fuse my hearing in Yours, and also that of all creatures, to make a continuous and complete reparation. (also tab 12)

Enamored Jesus, I adore and kiss Your Most Holy Face, all bruised by the slapping. I ask for forgiveness and I repair for all the times You have called us to offer reparation, and we, uniting to Your enemies, have given You slaps and spit. My Jesus, I want to fuse my face in Yours, to restore Your natural Beauty, giving You full reparation for all the contempt given to Your adorable Majesty. (also tab 12)

My embittered Good, I kiss Your most Sweet Mouth, hurt by blows and parched by love. I want to fuse my tongue in Yours, and also the tongues of all creatures, in order to repair with Your own Tongue for all sins and evil discourses. And I want, my thirsty Jesus, to unite all voices into one with Yours, so that, when we are about to offend You, as Your Voice flows in those of all creatures, it may suffocate the voices of sin and turn them into Voices of Praise and of Love. (also tab 12)

Chained Jesus, I kiss Your Neck, oppressed by heavy chains and by ropes, which, going from Your Chest to the back of Your Shoulders and passing through Your Arms, keep You bound, very tightly, to the column. Your Hands are already swollen and blackened from the tightness of the knots, and they spurt blood from several points. O please, allow me to release You, my bound Jesus; and if You Love to be bound, allow me to bind You with the Chains of Love, which, being sweet, instead of making You suffer, will soothe You. And as I release You, I want to fuse myself in Your Neck, in Your Chest, in Your Shoulders, in Your Hands, in Your Feet, to be able to repair together with You for all attachments, and therefore give to all the Chains of Your Love; to be able to repair with You for all the coldness, and so fill the breasts of all creatures with Your Fire, as I see that You have so much of it, that You are unable to contain it; and to be able to repair with You for all illicit pleasures and for love of comforts, to give to everyone the spirit of sacrifice and Love of suffering. (also tab 12)

And I want to fuse myself in Your Hands to repair for all the evil works, for the good done badly and with presumptuousness, and give to all the fragrance of Your Works. I want to fuse myself in Your Feet, to block all the steps of creatures, and so repair for them and give Your Steps to all, to make them walk in a saintly way. (also tab 12)

Finally, my sweet Life, as I fuse myself in Your Heart, allow me to enclose all the affections, heartbeats and desires, to repair for them together with You, and to give to everyone Your Affections, Heartbeats and Desires, so that no one may ever again offend You. (also tab 12)

My prisoner Jesus, I want to be in all of Your prisons of love, to be spectator when Your ministers release You, and to keep You company and repair for the offenses You may receive. (also tab 12)

Jesus, my Love, before leaving the prison, in my sorrow I ask You to bless me, in order to receive the strength to follow You along the rest of Your Passion. (also tabs 7, 12)

Fourteenth Hour

My Sorrowful Jesus, I want to place myself at Your side in order to sustain You, when I see that You are about to fall.

Fifteenth Hour

My crazy Jesus, I too want to call You crazy, but crazy with Love.

Your Voice resounds in my heart, and I follow whatever You do.

And now, let me place myself at Your side, share in Your Pains, and console You with my love. Driving the enemies away from You, I take You in my arms to refresh You, and to kiss Your Forehead."

I want to kiss You to prove my love to You, in the midst of so many pains. And You, Strengthen me with Your Kiss and with Your Blessing, that I may follow You before Pilate. (also tab 7)

Sixteenth Hour

My Jesus, allow me to take You in my arms, in order to refresh You a little with my love. I kiss You, and with my kiss, I enclose all souls in You, so no one will be lost; and You - Bless me. (also tabs 5, 6, 12)

Seventeenth Hour

Therefore I come into Your Arms; I want to sustain Your pierced and suffering Head, and I want to place my head under those thorns in order to feel their pricks. (also tab 5)

My Love, my heart breaks in leaving You; therefore I pray You to deafen my ears with Your thorns, that I may hear only Your Voice; cover my eyes with Your thorns, that I may look at You alone; fill my mouth with Your thorns, that my tongue be mute to everything that may offend You, and be free to praise You and bless You in everything. O my King Jesus, surround me with thorns, that they may hold me in custody, defend me, and keep me all intent on You. And now I want to dry Your Blood and kiss You, because I see that Your enemies take You to Pilate, who will condemn You to death. My Love, help me to follow Your Sorrowful Way, and bless me. (also tab 5)

I would want to snatch You from the presence of Pilate, to enclose You in my heart and give You rest. I would want to heal Your Wounds with my love, and flood the whole world with Your Blood, to enclose all souls in it and conduct them to You, as the conquest of Your Pains! (also tab 5)

Jesus, my Love, allow me to sustain You, because I see that, unable to stand under the weight of so many pains, You stagger. (also tab 6)

My Jesus, forgive me if I too, a miserable sinful soul, want You dead! But, I pray You to make me die together with You. (also tab 6)

My Heart, Jesus, Your Pains are mine, and I echo Your reparations.

Ah, Your Heart faints; allow me to sustain It in my hands, making Your Reparations and Your pains my own.

My Life, I will follow You, but for now rest in my arms; then, we will reach Mount Calvary together. Therefore, remain in me, and Bless me. (also tab 5)

Eighteenth Hour

My Jesus, King of Sorrows, let me sustain You and hold You tightly to my heart. I would want to take the Fire that devours You to burn

Your enemies to ashes and rescue You; but You don't want it, because Your yearnings for the Cross become more ardent, and You quickly want to immolate Yourself on It - also for Your enemies!

My tortured Good, with You I repair, with You I suffer.

O please, my Love, I don't have the heart to leave You alone - I want to share the weight of the Cross with You; and to relieve You from the weight of sins, I cling to Your Feet. I want to give You, in the name of all creatures, love for those who do not love You, praises for those who despise You, blessings, thanksgivings, obedience on behalf of all. I promise that in any offense You receive, I intend to offer You all of myself in reparation, to do the acts opposite to the offenses the creatures give You, and to console You with my kisses and continuous acts of love. But I see that I am too miserable; I need You to be able to really repair You. Therefore I unite myself to Your Most Holy Humanity, and together with You I unite my thoughts to Yours in order to repair for the evil thoughts, mine, and of all; my eyes to Yours, to repair for the evil glances; my mouth to Yours, to repair for the blasphemies and the evil discourses; my heart to Yours, to repair for the evil tendencies, desires and affections. In a word, I want to repair everything that Your Most Holy Humanity repairs, uniting myself to the Immensity of Your Love for all, and to the Immense Good You do to all. But I am not yet content. I want to unite myself to Your Divinity, and I dissolve my nothingness in It, and in this way I give You everything. I give You Your Love to quench Your bitternesses; I give You Your Heart to relieve You from our coldness, lack of correspondence, ingratitude, and the little love of the creatures. I give You Your Harmonies to cheer Your Hearing from the deafening blasphemies it receives. I give You Your Beauty to relieve You from the ugliness of our souls, when we muddy ourselves in sin. I give You Your Purity to relieve You from the lack of righteous intention, and from the mud and rot You see in many souls. I give You Your Immensity to relieve You from the voluntary constraints into which souls put themselves. I give You Your Ardor to burn all sins and all hearts, so that all may love You, and no one may offend You, ever again. In sum, I give You all that You are, to give You Infinite Satisfaction, Eternal, Immense and Infinite Love. (also tabs 6, 12)

I unite my steps to Yours, and when You, weak, bled dry and staggering, are about to fall, I will be at Your side to sustain You; I will place my shoulders beneath It, so as to share Its weight with You. Do not disdain me, but accept me as Your faithful companion. (also tab 5)

My fallen Love, let me help You to stand, let me kiss You, dry Your Blood, and repair together with You for those who sin out of ignorance, fragility and weakness. I pray You to give help to these souls. (also tab 5)

My Jesus, let me place my shoulder under the Cross to relieve You and repair with You for all hidden sins. (also tab 6)

My Jesus, while I repair with You, I pray You to hold me in Your Arms, but so tightly that there may be no pain that You suffer in which I do not take part, so as to be transformed in them and make up for the abandonment of all creatures. (also tab 4)

My Generous Jesus, I too want to dry You, but not with a cloth; I want to expose all of myself to relieve You, I want to enter into Your interior and give You, O Jesus, heartbeat for Heartbeat, breath for Breath, affection for Affection, desire for Desire. I intend to dive into Your Most Holy Intelligence, and making all these heartbeats, breaths, affections and desires flow in the Immensity of Your Will, I intend to multiply them to infinity. I want, O my Jesus, to form waves of heartbeats, so that not one evil heartbeat may resound in Your Heart, and so soothe all Your interior bitternesses. I intend to form waves of affections and desires to cast away all evil affections and desires which might, even slightly, sadden Your Heart. Still more, O my Jesus, I intend to form waves of breaths and thoughts, to cast away any breath or thought that could slightly displease You. I will be on guard, O Jesus, so that nothing else may afflict You, adding more bitterness to Your interior Pains. O my Jesus, please, let all of my interior swim in the Immensity of Yours; in this way I will be able to find enough Love and will, so that no evil love may enter Your Interior, nor a will which may displease You. (also tab 4)

O my Jesus, to be more certain, I pray You to seal my thoughts with Yours, my will with Yours, my desires with Yours, my affections and heartbeats with Yours; so that, being sealed, they may take no life but from You. I ask You, again, O my Jesus, to accept my poor body which I would want to tear to shreds for love of You, and reduce it to tiny little pieces, to place over each one of Your Wounds. On that Wound, O Jesus, which gives You pain from so many blasphemies, I place a little piece of my body, wanting it to say to You constantly: *"I bless You."* On that Wound that gives You so much pain from the many ingratitudes, I intend, O Jesus, to place a portion of my body, to prove my gratitude to You. On that Wound, O Jesus, which makes You suffer so much from coldness and lack of love, I intend to place many little bits of my flesh, to say to You constantly: *"I love You, I love You, I love You!"* On that Wound which gives You so much pain from the so many irreverences to Your Most Holy Person, I intend to place a piece of myself, to tell You always*: "I adore You, I adore You, I adore You!"* O my Jesus, I want to diffuse myself in everything, and in those Wounds embittered by the many misbeliefs, I desire that the shreds of my body tell You, always: *"I believe - I believe in You, O my Jesus, my God, and in Your Holy Church, and I intend to give my life to prove my Faith to You!"* O my Jesus, I plunge myself into the Immensity of Your Will, and making It my own, I want to compensate for all, and enclose the souls of all in the Power of Your Most Holy Will. O Jesus, I still have my blood left, which I want to pour over Your Wounds as balm

and soothing liniment, in order to relieve You and heal You completely. Again, I intend, O Jesus, to make my thoughts flow in the heart of every sinner, to reprimand him continuously, that he may not dare to offend You. And I pray to You with the Voice of Your Blood, so that all may surrender to my poor prayers. In this way I will be able to bring them into Your Heart! Another Grace, O my Jesus, I ask of You: that in everything I see, touch and hear, I may see, touch and hear always You; and that Your Most Holy Image and Your Most Holy Name, always be impressed in every particle of my poor being. (also tabs 4, 9, 12)

O Jesus, with You I repair for the lack of charity, and I ask You for the Grace of making me forget myself, to remember nothing but You alone. (also tab 4)

Let me sustain You, and protect Your Most Holy Face with my hands. (also tab 4)

My stripped Jesus, allow me to hold You to my heart to warm You, as I see that You are shivering and an icy mortal sweat invades Your Most Holy Humanity. How I would want to give You my life – my blood to take the place of Yours, which You have lost to give me life! (also tab 6)

Nineteenth Hour

O, please, let me come to You, I, who more than anyone else, feel the need to be near You in these moments. Dear Mama and the others give me their place, and here I am, O Jesus, I come to You. I hug You, and I pray You to lean Your Head upon my shoulder, to let me feel the piercings of Your thorns, in order to repair for all the offenses of thought that creatures commit. My Love, please, hold me to Yourself; I want to kiss, one by one, the drops of Blood which flow down Your Most Holy Face, and I pray You that each one of these drops may be light for every mind of creature, so that no one may offend You with evil thoughts. (also tab 12)

My Love, before You lay Yourself on the Cross, allow me to hold You more tightly to my heart, and to kiss Your Loving and bleeding Wounds. Hear me, O Jesus, I do not want to leave You; I want to come with You, to lay myself on the Cross and remain nailed to It with You. True love does not tolerate separation, and You will forgive the daring of my love. Concede that I be crucified with You. See, my Tender Love, I am not the only one to ask this of You, but also Your Sorrowful Mama, inseparable Magdalene, faithful John: we all say to You that it would be more bearable to be nailed with You to Your Cross, than to see You crucified alone! Therefore, together with You I offer myself to the Eternal Father - identified with Your Will, with Your Heart, with Your reparations and with all Your Pains. (also tab 12)

Ah, my Love, how willingly would I take Your place to spare You so much pain! I want to place on every part of You a relief, a kiss, a comfort, a reparation for all. (also tab 12)

O Jesus, let me take Your place, and while Your executioners pound on the nails, let these blows wound me as well, and nail me completely to Your Love.

My Jesus, as the thorns are driven more and more into Your Head, I want to offer You, O my Sweet Good, all my thoughts which, like loving kisses, may console You and soothe the bitterness of Your thorns.

I want to comfort Your Divine Gazes with my gazes of love.

My Sweet Love, I intend to send You rivers of love, to soothe in some way the bitterness of the bile and Your ardent thirst.

My dear Good, to relieve and soothe this pain I offer You the holy works of all creatures.

My Most Sweet Life, I would want to reunite the steps of creatures of all generations, past, present and future, and direct them all to You, to come to console You in Your hard Pains.

O my Jesus, alas, how tortured is Your poor Heart! How to comfort so much pain? I will diffuse myself in You; I will place my heart in Yours, my ardent desires in Yours, so that any evil desire may be destroyed. I will diffuse my love in Yours, so that by means of Your Fire, the hearts of all creatures may be burned, and the profaned loves destroyed. Your Most Sacred Heart will be comforted, and from now on I promise You, O Jesus, always to remain nailed to this most loving Heart, with the nails of Your Desires, of Your Love and of Your Will.

O my Jesus, Crucified You; crucified I in You. Do not allow me, even slightly, to unnail myself from You, but let me always be nailed to You to be able to love You and repair for all, and to soothe the pain which creatures give You with their sins. (tab 6, 12)

Ah, how I wish to penetrate into each drop of Your Most Precious Blood, and to pour my own in order to soothe each one of Your Wounds, to lessen and render less painful the pricks of each thorn, and into every interior pain of Your Heart to relieve the intensity of Your bitternesses. I wish I could give You life for Life. If it were possible, I would want to unnail You from the Cross and put myself in Your place; but I see that I am nothing and can do nothing - I am too insignificant. Therefore, give me Yourself; I will take Life in You, and in You, I will give You Yourself. In this way You will satisfy my yearnings. Tortured Jesus, I see that Your Most Holy Humanity is ending, not because of You, but to fulfill our Redemption in everything. (also tabs 4, 12)

I too, yes, agonize together with You. And all of you, Angels and Saints – come to Mount Calvary, to admire the excesses, and the follies of the Love of a God! Let us kiss His bleeding Wounds; let us adore them; let us sustain those lacerated limbs; let us thank Jesus for the accomplished Redemption. Let us turn our gaze to the pierced Mother, who feels pains and deaths in Her Immaculate Heart, for as many pains as She sees in Her Son God. Her own clothes are soaked with His Blood; Mount Calvary is all covered with It. So, all together, let us take this Blood, let us ask the Sorrowful Mother to unite Herself to us; let us

divide ourselves throughout the whole world, and let us go to the help of all. Let us help those who are in danger, that they may not perish; those who have fallen, that they may stand up again; those who are about to fall, that they may not fall. Let us give this Blood to the many poor blind, that the light of truth may shine in them. In a special way, let us go into the midst of the poor soldiers, to be their vigilant sentries, and if they are about to be struck by the lead of the enemy, let us receive them into our arms, to comfort them. And if they are abandoned by all, if they are desperate with their sad destiny, let us give them this Blood that they may be resigned, and the atrocity of the pain lessened. And if we see that there are souls who are about to fall into hell, let us give them this Divine Blood, which contains the price of Redemption - let us snatch them from Satan! And while I hold Jesus tightly to my heart in order to defend Him and shelter Him from everything, I will hold everyone to this Heart, so that all may obtain effective Grace of Conversion, Strength and Salvation. (also tabs 5, 6, 7, 12)

O Jesus, I unite myself to You and I cling to Your Cross; I take all the drops of Your Blood and I pour them into my heart. (also tab 12)

When I see Your Justice irritated against sinners, I will show You this Blood in order to appease You. When I want the conversion of souls obstinate in sin, I will show You this Blood, and by Virtue of It You will not reject my prayer, because I hold its pledge in my hands. And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say: "*We adore You, O Christ, and we bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have redeemed the world.*" (also tabs 5, 6 , 12)

Twenty-first Hour

O my Jesus, while You are immersed in so many pains, You plead even more the salvation of souls. I will not remain indifferent; like a dove, I want to take flight onto Your Wounds, kissing them, soothing them, and diving into Your Blood, to be able to say, with You: "*Souls, souls!*" I want to sustain Your pierced and sorrowful head, to repair and ask for mercy, love and forgiveness for all. (also tabs 5, 6)

My Love, how I grieve together with You!

My Love, I feel I am dying; I too want to cry out with You: "*Souls, souls!*" I will not detach myself from this Cross, from these Wounds, so that I may ask for souls. And if You want, I will descend into the hearts of creatures, I will surround them with Your Pains, so that they may not escape me. And if it were possible, I would like to place myself at the gate of hell, to make the souls who are destined to go there, draw back, and to conduct them to Your Heart. But You agonize and remain silent, and I cry over Your nearing death. O my Jesus, I compassionate You, I press Your Heart tightly to mine, I kiss It, and

I look at It with all the tenderness I am capable of; and to give You a greater relief, I make the Divine Tenderness my own, and with it I intend to compassionate You, change my heart into rivers of sweetness and pour it into Yours, to soothe the bitterness You feel because of the loss of souls. This cry of Yours, O my Jesus is, alas, painful; more than the abandonment of the Father, it is the loss of the souls who move far away from You that makes this painful lament escape from Your Heart! O my Jesus, increase Grace in everyone, that no one may be lost; and may my reparation be for the good of those souls who should be lost, that they may not be lost. (also tab 5)

I also pray You, O my Jesus, for the sake of this extreme abandonment, to give help to so many loving souls, whom You seem to deprive of Yourself, leaving them in the dark, to have them as companions in Your abandonment. O Jesus, may their pains be like prayers that call souls near to You, and relieve You in Your Pain. (also tab 5)

Twenty-second Hour

O my Jesus, here is my heart, my thoughts, my affections - here is all of my being, to quench Your thirst and give a relief to Your Mouth, dried and embittered. (also tab 4)

Everything I have, everything I am - everything is for You, O my Jesus. Should my pains be necessary in order to save even one soul alone - here I am, I am ready to suffer everything. I offer myself wholly to You - do with me whatever You best please. (also tab 4)

I intend to repair for the sorrow You suffer for all the souls who are lost, and for the pain You receive from those who, while You allow sadnesses and abandonments, instead of offering them to You as relief for the burning thirst that devours You, abandon themselves to themselves, and make You suffer even more. (also tab 4)

O my Jesus, You have now exhausted Yourself completely; You have nothing left - love has reached its end. And I - have I consumed myself completely in Your Love? What thanksgiving shall I not render to You? What shall my gratitude not be for You? O my Jesus, I intend to repair for all - repair for the lack of correspondence to Your Love, and console You for the offenses You receive from creatures, while You are consuming Yourself with Love on the Cross. (also tab 12)

LETTERS OF LUISA

Letter No. 80

Jesus has made of me another Jesus.

Letter No. 100

Crucified You, O my Jesus - crucified I. Slandered, despised, abandoned by all, You - slandered, despised and abandoned I. So, O Jesus, we look alike. (also tab 4)

Abandoning/Stripping/Confessing Nothingness:

VOLUME 1

"O! Jesus, how good You have been with this miserable creature." (also tab 6)

"O! if they (people) knew how bad I am, and if they could see the graces that the Lord is giving me (for I wouldn't tell anything to anyone), and that I am always the same - O, how horrified they would be with me!"

"O! my Divine Master, how wise You are - had I at least corresponded to You."

"Lord, I lack everything - I have nothing."

"Yes, Lord, but give me the grace, for I see that by myself I can do nothing."

"Lord, have pity on me! O please! do not leave me alone and abandoned. I see that the rage of the demons is such that they will leave not even the dust of myself - how shall I be able to resist them? My misery is well known to You, and also how bad I am; therefore, give me New Grace that I may not offend you. My Lord, the pain that most torments my soul is to see that You too must leave me. Ah! to whom shall I say a word any more? Who will teach me? However, may Your Will be always done - I bless Your Holy Will.

"Lord, do with me what You want."

"Lord, my all and my life, how can I survive without You - who will give me the strength? How is it, after You have made me leave everything, so much so that I feel as if no one existed for me - You want to leave me alone and abandoned. What, have You perhaps forgotten how bad I am, and that without You I can do nothing?" (also tab 7)

VOLUME 2

April 9, 1899

"This time, O Jesus, I will not leave You any more, because when You go away from me You make me suffer and wait so much."

August 7, 1899

"Lord, I am so bad and ugly as to be horrifying to myself. What must I be before You?"

"But, may everything be for His glory."

August 12, 1899

"I fear very much, O my beloved Jesus, in knowing myself all full of misery, that instead of doing good, I may make bad use of Your graces. But what I fear the most is my tongue that oftentimes makes me slip in charity toward my neighbor."

August 13, 1899

"May everything be for His Glory, and may His Holy Name be always blessed."

August 15, 1899

"My sole and only Good, how can you do this since I am so bad and full of defects and imperfections? If Charity is order, aren't these defects and sins disorder that keeps my soul all messy and upside-down?"

September 30, 1899

"O, God! What pain, being unable to love You!"

"Lord, it is true that I am not worthy to love You, but at least, accept this pain - that I would want to love You, but cannot."

"O, God, what a cruel blow my heart had to suffer!"

October 21, 1899

"Lord, You know how much being deprived of You costs Me; but I resign myself to Your Most Holy Will, offering this most bitter pain as a means to prove my love and to placate You. These bothers, annoyances, wearinesses, coldnesses that I feel, I intend to send You as messengers of praises and of reparations for myself and for all creatures. This I have, and this I offer You. Surely You accept the sacrifice of the good will, when one offers You what he can with no reserve – but come, for I can take no more. (also tabs 5, 7)

October 29, 1899

"My dear and only Good, what I ask of You for me is that You strip me of everything, because I see well that in order to be clothed again by You and live in You, and for You to Live again in me, it is necessary for me to have not even a shadow of that which does not belong to You."

VOLUME 3

December 2, 1899

"But, Lord, what are You saying? I have nothing; I have nothing but defects."

"You know that all my contentment is in being with You, and in having You, I have everything. So, in possessing You, it seems I have nothing else to desire, or to say."

"My Beloved, who can say to You what the Cross is? Your mouth alone can speak worthily of the sublimity of the Cross; but since You want me to speak, I will do it.

"The Cross, suffered by You, freed me from the slavery of the devil, and espoused me to the Divinity with an indissoluble bond. The Cross is Fecund and gives birth to Grace in me. The Cross is Light, It disillusions me of what is temporal, and reveals to me what is eternal. The Cross is Fire, and reduces to ashes all that is not of God, to the point of emptying my heart of the tiniest blade of grass that might be in it. The Cross is Coin of inestimable Value, and if I have, O Holy Spouse, the fortune of possessing it, I will be enriched with Eternal Coins, to the point of becoming the richest in Paradise, because the currency that circulates in Heaven is the Cross suffered on earth. The Cross, then, makes me know myself; not only this, but It gives me the Knowledge of God. The Cross grafts all Virtues into me. The Cross is the Noble Pulpit of the uncreated Wisdom, that teaches me the highest, the finest and most sublime doctrines. So, only the Cross will reveal to me the most hidden Mysteries, the most secret things, the most perfect Perfection, hidden to the most erudite and learned of the world. The Cross is like Beneficent Water that purifies me; not only this, but It administers to me the nourishment for the Virtues, It makes them grow, and only then does It leave me, when It brings me back to Eternal Life. The Cross is like Celestial Dew, which preserves and embellishes for me the beautiful Lily of Purity. The Cross is the nourishment of Hope. The Cross is the Beacon of Operating Faith. The Cross is like Hard Wood, which preserves the Fire of Charity, keeping it always lit. The Cross is like dry wood, which dispels and puts to flight all the smokes of pride and of vainglory, producing the humble violet of humility in the soul. The Cross is the most Powerful Weapon that offends the demons, and defends me from all of their claws. Therefore, the soul who possesses the Cross is the envy and admiration of the very Angels and Saints, and the rage and indignation of the demons. The Cross is my Paradise on earth, in such a way that if the Paradise of the Blessed up there, is of delights, the Paradise down here is of sufferings. The Cross is the Chain of most Pure Gold that connects me to You, my Highest Good, and forms the most intimate union which can possibly be given, to the point of making my being disappear. And It transforms me in You, my Beloved, to the point that I feel lost within You, and I Live from Your very Life."

January 28, 1900

"Lord, this is not my will; I myself don't know what has happened to me. I feel so full that I do not know where to contain them. Only a prodigy of Yours can enlarge my interior so that I may receive Your bitternesses."

February 13, 1900

"Ah, Lord, bind me Yourself, with indissoluble friendship (of mortification), to this good friend, because on my own I can only show myself all coarseness. And she, not seeing herself being welcomed nicely, uses all regards with me, and keeps sparing me, fearing that I may come to the point of turning my back on her completely. So, she never accomplishes with me her beautiful and majestic crafting, because as long as we remain a little distant, her prodigious hands cannot reach me, in order to be able to work me and present me to You as a work worthy of her most holy hands."

February 23, 1900

"Lord, how I fear that my state may not be Will of God!"

"If it were Your Will, this change - that You do not come as before - would not happen."

April 9, 1900

"Ah! Lord, keep me, Yourself, all abandoned and well clasped in Your Arms, so that I may never escape; otherwise I will always make my little escapes!"

April 24, 1900

"Lord, I am in Your Hands, do with me whatever You want." (also tab 12)

May 13, 1900

"Ah, Lord, lend me help, and do not leave me in abandonment, though I deserve it." (also tab 7)

May 21, 1900

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

July 17, 1900

"Blessed Lord, my poor heart is tormented by a fear - that You do not Love me any more. I fear I have incurred Your indignation and this is why You no longer come as before, You do not pour Your bitternesses into me, and you no longer give me my good, which is suffering; and by denying this to me, You come to deny me Yourself. O please! Give peace to a poor heart! Tell me, assure me, swear to me - do You Love me? Do You continue Loving me?"

"How can I be sure of this, since when one really loves somebody, whatever he wants one gives him? But I say to You: "Do not chastise the people", and You chastise them. "Pour your bitternesses [into me]",

and You do not pour them; on the contrary, it seems that this time You are going too far. So, how can I rely on Your Loving me?" (also tab 11)

August 9, 1900

"Ah, Lord, give me the Grace to ask for all that is holy, and that it be Your Desire and Will, so that You may communicate Yourself to me more abundantly." (also tab 7)

VOLUME 4

October 2, 1900

"How I fear that my state is no longer Your Will; because I see that I lack the two main things that kept me bound: suffering and Your Presence.

"Ah, Lord, to remain in this state without suffering is almost impossible for me; I feel my strengths fail me, because the strength to remain in this state comes to me from the sufferings. So, since these are lacking, some day, when You are not coming, I will try to go out. I am telling You this before, so You won't be displeased."

October 10, 1900

"Ah, Lord, if my love were enough, and strong, I believe I would have the strength to remain before You, and would not be subject to returning into my body. But since it is very weak, I am subject to these circumstances."

October 17, 1900

"How can I break Your fury if I see You so strong as to be able to annihilate heaven and earth in one simple instant?"

November 18, 1900

"My sweet Love, my will is no longer mine, but Yours – do whatever You want, and I will be more than happy."

January 6, 1902

"My Lovable Jesus, it must be a defect in me, this not fearing death. I see that others fear it so much, while to me, instead, thinking only that death will unite me with You forever and will put an end to the martyrdom of my hard separation, the thought of death not only gives no fear, but is of relief; it gives me peace and I make feast, disregarding all the other consequences which death brings with itself."

March 30, 1902

"Lord, if I am not worthy to touch Your Glorified Humanity, let me at least touch Your garments."

April 29, 1902

"Lord, have compassion on me; don't You see how everything is dry and withered? It seems to me that I have become so dry, as if I had never received a drop of rain."

December 17, 1902

"Lord, if I cannot sustain the weight of Your Justice by myself, there are so many good souls among whom it can be divided, a little bit each, so that it might be easier to bear the weight, and people might be spared." (also tab 5)

"But how can union with You be permanent in me? I see myself so bad!"

December 18, 1902

"Yes, Lord, do whatever You want."

VOLUME 5

March 24, 1903

"I am everything while being with You; I feel I am nothing but a will come out of the womb of my Creator, and as long as this will is united with You, it feels Life, existence, peace, all of its good. Without You I feel it without Life, I feel I am being destroyed, I feel dispersed, restless. I can say I experience all evils, and in order to have life, and so that I may not be dispersed, this will that came out from You looks for Your womb, Your center, and there it wants to remain forever."

"Lord, I am nothing but a drop of water, and as long as this drop of water is in Your Sea, it seems to it that it is the whole sea. If it does not go out of the sea, it remains clean and clear, in such a way as to be able to stand the comparison with other waters. But if it goes out of the sea, it will become muddy, and because of its littleness, it will be dispersed."

VOLUME 6

May 1, 1904

"My Adorable Lord, I see in You but a garment of Blood adorned with Wounds; for taste and pleasure, I see bitternesses of gall, and for honor and glory, I see confusion, opprobriums and crosses. O please! do not permit, after You have suffered so much, that I look at the things

of this earth as anything other than dung and mud, that I take any other pleasure but in You alone, and that all my honor be anything else but the Cross."

September 28, 1904

"What am I still here for? What is the value for me of this repressing myself continuously?"

May 23, 1905

"And I am the nothing. See Lord, how right I am that this nothing must remain united with the All, otherwise it will be like a handful of dust which the wind scatters away."

May 26, 1905

"My pretty Little One, I am all and always Yours. O please! do not permit anything to flow within me, be it even a shadow, which is not Yours."

May 30, 1905

"Lord, what do You want from me? Manifest Your Holy Will to me."

July 3, 1905

"How I wish to know the Will of God with regard to me."

August 17, 1905

"I have nothing good at all – how can He delight?"

VOLUME 7

March 5, 1906

"My beloved, I cannot understand what You want. Do You want me to suffer the crucifixion?"

"My dear Little One, tell me, what do You want? That I suffer in order to relieve You?"

"Do you want me to be stripped? I feel great repugnance, but for love of You, I submit myself.'

I found myself inside myself, praying the Lord to have mercy on that unfortunate soul.

August 10, 1906

"My Good, what are You saying? I feel honored and almost Your debtor because You give me the occasion to be deprived for love of You, and You tell me that You will give me as many paradises?" Deo Gratias.

September 2, 1906

"Let us do the accounts now, so as not to leave them for the last extreme of my life. I myself don't know how I am; I make no reflection over myself, and by not reflecting on it, I do not perceive myself, and so I feel neither fears, nor scruples, nor agitations, while I see that others, who are far more good than I am - and even the very lives of the Saints which I read - they all reflect upon themselves: whether they are cold or warm, whether tempted or calm, whether they confess well or badly; and almost all of them are shy, agitated and scrupulous. All my attention, instead, is on wanting You, on loving You, and on not offending You. As for the rest, I take nothing into account; it seems I have no time to think of anything else, and if I engage in doing it, an interior voice shakes me, scolds me, and says: 'Do you want to waste time? Think of doing your things with God.' Therefore, I myself do not know the state in which I am – whether I am cold, dry, or warm. And if anyone wanted an account of it, I certainly would not be able to do it. I think I did it wrong. So, let us do the accounts now, that I may remedy it."

September 14, 1906

"My Adorable Good, since when You suffered the crucifixion all souls had a place in Your Humanity, what was my place?"

October 13, 1906

How it weighs on me – if it wasn't for fear of going out of your Will and of displeasing You, I would not do it."

VOLUME 8

July 4, 1907

"How bad I have become - yet, the Lord does not correct me; He does not scold me."

November 18, 1907

"My Sweet Life, how bad I have become - I feel I am reduced to nothing. I no longer feel anything in me, everything is empty; I just feel an enchantment in my interior, and in this enchantment I wait for You, so that You may fill me. But in vain do I wait for this filling; on the contrary, I feel I always return to nothing."

February 7, 1908

"Lord, life too is a weight - but what a weight, especially because You, my Highest Good, are far away."

August 10, 1908

"My state is too hard, my dear Life - and what am I here for if You do not let Me suffer to spare my neighbor the chastisements? You have said many times that You would not allow rain - and it is not raining; so, I cannot beat You in anything. Whatever You say, You do; while if I had You near Me like before, I would tell You so much that You would let me win. How can You say that distance is nothing?"

August 19, 1908

(I was thinking about what good I could sow, given my position, my misery and inability). "So, in my position I too can sow good in spite of my extreme misery."

VOLUME 9

October 1, 1909

"My God, what pain! If You Yourself did not keep me distracted from these losses - of crosses, of You, and of everything, I would die of grief. Ah! if it wasn't for your Holy Will, into what a sea of troubles I would have fallen! O! keep me always in Your Holy Will - this is enough for me."

February 24, 1910

"You have deprived me of everything - of Your sufferings, of Your Favors, of Your Harmonious, Sweet and Gentle Voice. I no longer recognize myself from the way I have become; and if You let me comprehend something, it is so deep inside, that it does not find the way to come out. Tell me, my Life, how should I behave?"

February 26, 1910

"O God! What a descent I have made."

"You say that You deprive me of Yourself out of Love, and for love of You I accept Your privation; for love of You I will not cry."

VOLUME 10

November 23, 1910

"I myself do not know how I am with regard to this virtue (of purity); but I do not want to meddle in this - love is enough for me, in everything."

October 6, 1911

"How is it possible that Blessed Jesus, in order to chastise the people, has to deprive me of His Lovable Presence. I would like to see

whether He does not go to other souls to make Himself seen. I believe that these are excuses, or that there is something in me that prevents Him from coming."

"Certainly, Lord, I would have to stick to all that You Yourself have taught me - to love the creatures as Your images and as Yourself. If I could see You as before, You would never be able to permit the war in Italy; but You hide, and I remain as nothing - and pure nothing. With You I can do everything; without You I can do nothing."

"With You I can do everything; without You I can do nothing."

January 27, 1912

"I fear, O Jesus, that even at this moment we are not alone; and if You allow things to get out, where will my hiddenness in You be any more? Listen, O Jesus, I'm telling You this, nice and clear: I don't want my nonsense to get out. You alone must know it, because You alone know me - how mad and bad I am, for I even reach the point of doing impertinences with You, and of becoming fussy as if I were a little girl. Who would ever reach this point? No one - only my madness, my pride, my great wickedness. And since I see that You Love me more, in order to have more Love from You I continue with my nonsense, caring about nothing but to be Your amusement. What do others know about this, O dear Jesus?"

"By myself I can say nothing to no one - only to You can I say everything. Through You, You will tell them that I regard and greet everyone - the sweet Mama, the Saints and the Angels my brothers, and the Virgins, my sisters. And You will tell them to remember the poor exiled one."

VOLUME 11

February 24, 1912

"Tell me, will You give me a first place in Your Will?"

"Jesus, I want to be poor poor, little little; I want nothing, even of Your very things; it is better if You keep them. I want only You, and as I need things You will give them to me; isn't it true, O Jesus?" (also tab 8)

July 4, 1912

"To what a state I have reduced myself! It seems that everything escapes me: suffering, virtues - everything!"

February 19, 1913

"Ah, Jesus, have You forgotten about my misery and nothingness, and the extreme need I have? What shall I do?"

June 12, 1913

While praying, I was uniting my mind to the Mind of Jesus, my eyes to those of Jesus, and so with all the rest, with the intention of doing what Jesus did with His Mind, with His Eyes, with His Mouth, with His Heart, and so forth. And as it seemed that the Mind of Jesus, His Eyes, etc., diffused for the good of all, it seemed that I too would diffuse for the good of all, uniting and identifying myself with Jesus.

Now, I thought to myself: "What kind of a meditation is this? What prayer? Ah, I am no longer good at anything - I am not even capable of reflecting on something!"

"Ah! Jesus, Jesus, I feel, rather, that I have become awful bad; and the worst is that I am unable to find this badness of mine, for at least I would do anything I can to cast it away."

September 12, 1913

"Jesus, what are you saying? Go away, go away - it is my evils that have reduced me to such a state."

"My Love, I don't know. You Yourself have said that your Will keeps me captured. How can I know them?"

"I cannot know them, because You keep me always up above, and You give me no time to think about myself; and at the moment I want to think about myself, You scold me - now severely, to the point of telling me that I should be ashamed of doing that; now lovingly, drawing me to Yourself with such strength as to make me forget about myself. How can I do it?"

April 3, 1915

"O! Holy Divine Will, in You I enclose myself, in You I abandon myself, in You I rest. Ah, all run away from me - even suffering, and even that very Jesus who once seemed unable to be without me! You alone do not escape from me, O Holy Will. O please, I beg You, when You see that my weak strengths can take no more, reveal to me my Sweet Jesus, whom You hide from me, and whom You possess. O, Holy Volition, I adore You, I kiss You, I thank You - but don't be cruel with me!"

VOLUME 12

June 14, 1917

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.

February 9, 1919

"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."

March 3, 1919

"Jesus, my Love, the more You speak about this Divine Will, the more I become confused and fearful, and I feel such annihilation as to feel destroyed, and therefore unable to correspond to Your Designs."

September 26, 1919

"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!"

October 15, 1919

"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 stones cry - if this could be seen. But in spite of this, no doubts, no fears, either of judgment or of hell. What a horrifying state is mine!"

December 22, 1920

"How can I do this if He does not come? I could do it with Him, but I am unable to go by myself. And then, how can I suffer so many deaths?"

December 25, 1920

"Thank you, O Mama - you take away from me every taste which is not Jesus."

January 7, 1921

"How can this be? My Jesus, do not permit this! Maybe You want the will, but not the act of this sacrifice. And then, in the hard state in which I find myself, I aspire to nothing but Heaven."

January 10, 1921

"I don't know what Jesus wants from me; yet, He knows how bad I am, and how good at nothing."

January 24, 1921

"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 ever keep up with the multiplicity and infinity of the Fiat of Creation and of Redemption? Since my Fiat is similar to the other two Fiats, I must run together with them, multiply myself with them, do the good which they do, braid myself with them. Jesus, think of what You are doing! I am not for this much."

March 17, 1921

"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, it is all the opposite."

"My sweet Jesus, I can find no reason why You want to give me such an office; nor have I done anything to deserve such a great favor."

VOLUME 13

July 20, 1921

"Your Will alone is left to me; I have nothing else - everything has disappeared."

October 27, 1921

"It has been a long time since You placed me inside of You. I would feel safer, and I could share more in Your Divinity, as if the earth did not belong to me, and Heaven were my dwelling. How many tears did I not have to shed, when Your Volition would put me out! The mere sensing the air of the earth was an unbearable weight for me. But Your Will would win, and I, bowing my forehead, would resign myself. Now I feel that You are always inside of me; and when I become delirious for seeing You, by just moving in my interior, or by putting out an arm, You calm me and give me life. Tell me, what is the reason?"

November 4, 1921

I felt all identified with my sweet Jesus, and as He came, I flung myself into His arms, abandoning myself completely in Him, as in my own center. I felt an irresistible force to stay in His arms…

December 3, 1921

"Because I see myself bad, and the more You speak, the more annihilated I feel."

VOLUME 14

August 12, 1922

"Ah! my Jesus, all of my sufferings, as painful as they are, such that they seem to annihilate me, do not oppress me; and if it pleases You, multiply them for me. But You know which is the pain that tortures me; for that one alone I implore Your Compassion, for it seems that I cannot go on any more. O please! - for pity's sake, help me and free me, if it pleases You." (also tab 7)

September 1, 1922

"Jesus, I can take no more; I cannot contain what I have, and You want to add more?"

September 27, 1922

"My Jesus, forgive me, I don't know how to multiply myself, I do not possess the Creative Power, so I have nothing in my power. How can I give You as much Love as You give me? I too know that my love is a shadow compared to Yours, but the pain of Your privation makes me delirious, and makes me say silly things. Therefore, don't leave me alone without You any more, if You don't want me to speak nonsense."

October 6, 1922

"My Love, Jesus, how is it possible that after so many centuries of life of the Church, which put out so many Saints - and many of them have astonished Heaven and earth with their virtues and with the wonders they performed - they did not operate fully in the Divine Will so as to form this plane You are talking about? Were You waiting just for me, the most unable, the most *cattivella* [bad little one] and ignorant one, in order to do this? It seems just incredible."

VOLUME 15

December 2, 1922

"Jesus, I pray You to make me do what You want. You want it - I want it"

January 5, 1923

"My Love, what are You doing? It seems that You want to show me to everyone, to let everyone point at me. What repugnance I feel."

April 20, 1923

"If Jesus Loves so much that this way of Living in the Divine Will be known - since It will be a New Era which will bring so much Good as to surpass the very Goods of His Redemption - He could have spoken

to the Pope who, as the Head of the Church, having the authority, could immediately influence the members of the whole Church by making known this Celestial Doctrine, and by bringing this Great Good to the human generations; or He could have spoken to some authoritative people. To them it would be easier; but how can I, poor ignorant one and unknown, make this Great Good known?"

June 6, 1923

"Who knows what evil there is in my interior, that Jesus hides Himself so as not to be displeased?"

"My Love, I don't feel like getting a taste for anything, as good as it might be. And besides, You know it better than I do - how can I get a taste for other things if the pain of Your privation absorbs me, embitters me down to the marrow of my bones, makes me forget about everything, and the only thing which is present to me, and driven into in my heart, is the nail that I am without You?"

VOLUME 16

August 20, 1923

He says that the Living in His Will leaves all the Saints behind."

November 10, 1923

"How little I am. Jesus was right in telling me that I was the littlest of all. I would really like to know whether I am the littlest among all."

"Jesus, my Love, it seems to me that I am so very bad, and this is why I am so little; and You are saying that You love me very much because I am little? How can this be?"

November 28, 1923

"Jesus, my Love, I am little, it is true - I myself see it. But I am also a bad little one; and yet, you are saying all this? How can it be? Maybe You want to make fun of me? I know that many make You cry, and to be cheered from Your crying, You want to amuse Yourself with me by playing this joke on me. But even though I feel confusion because of Your jokes, go ahead and do it, and let it be the joke of Your Will."

January 23, 1924

"My Sweet Love, You know how miserable I am and in what state I find myself; therefore I feel it is impossible for me that with my acts I may reach the same way as that of the Creating Fiat and of the Redeeming Fiat."

February 24, 1924

"How Great, Profound, High, Immense and Holy is Your Will, O my Jesus! You want to place what regards It all together, and I, being little, drown in It. Therefore, if You want me to comprehend what You want to make me understand, infuse it in me little by little; in this way I will be able to manifest it to the one You want me to." (also tab 7)

March 19, 1924

So I abandoned myself in the Supreme Volition, and going around within It, I made my thoughts, my words, my reparations, etc., flow through each created intelligence and in all the rest of the human works; and as I did my acts, Jesus was formed. O! how beautiful and enchanting it was to see many Jesuses wherever the passport of the Light of the Eternal Will passed by! (also tab 9)

"My Love, it does not seem real to me that I could multiply Your Life, to give you the great honor of so many Divine Lives. And besides, You are present everywhere, therefore it is by virtue of Yourself that this Life arises in each act - not because of me. I remain always the little child who is good at nothing."

April 11, 1924

"My Love, Jesus, no, I do not want to be forced, but, freely, I want to remain in this state, even at the cost of mortal pains. And You - never leave me, and give me the Grace to always do Your Will." (also tab 12)

June 6, 1924

"O! punishing Justice of God, how terrible You are. But You are even more terrible when You hide from the one who loves You. Your arrows would be sweeter to me, if while You punish me, even tearing me to pieces, my Jesus were with me. O! how I cry over my lot. Even more, I would want Heaven and earth - everyone to cry with me over the lot of the poor exiled one, who not only lives far away from her Fatherland, but is also left by her Jesus, who was her only comfort, the only support of her long exile." (also tab 12)

"My Jesus, this is too much - who can do them? I am already tired enough; and besides, You leave me alone, and without You I can do nothing. Ah! if I had You always with me, then I could do them; but, alas! You leave me alone and I can do nothing."

"My Love, what are You saying? You know how poor I am and in what state I find myself. And besides, how can I enclose the whole of Your Will? At the most, with Your Grace, I can do Your Will, I can live in It, but to enclose It is impossible. I am too little and I cannot contain an unending Will."

Deo gratias, and may the One who uses so much Goodness with the least of His creatures be always blessed.

VOLUME 17

September 2, 1924

"My Love and my Life, Jesus, how I fear that You might leave me! How shall I go on without You? How shall I be able to live? To what a deplorable state will my poor soul be reduced? What a harrowing pain is the thought that You might leave me! A pain that lacerates me, takes peace away from me and puts hell into my heart! Jesus, have pity, compassion, mercy on me, a little child! I have no one; if You leave me, everything is over for me!" (also tabs 6, 7)

January 22, 1925

"I am doing nothing; it is the Divine Will that carries me in Its Arms. Therefore, all the glory is of His Adorable Will."

March 15, 1925

"Ah! my Jesus, it is true that I feel another Life within me, which operates, suffers, moves, breathes, lays Itself within me - but so much, that I myself am unable to say what happens to me. Many times I believe I am about to die; but as soon as that Life that I feel within me makes itself smaller, withdrawing from my arms, from my head, I begin to live again. But many times I do not see You; I feel You, but I do not see Your Lovable Presence; and I fear - I am almost afraid of that Life which I feel within me, thinking: 'Who can be the one who has so much dominion within me, that I feel like a rag under his power? Could it not be also an enemy of mine? And if I want to oppose what he wants to do within me, he makes himself so strong and imposing as to leave me not one act of my will, and I immediately give him victory over me."

VOLUME 19

March 2, 1926

I prayed Jesus to give me the grace to fulfill His Most Holy Will.

At that moment, the Heavens opened and I heard everyone say, in chorus: "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit." I don't know how, but it was my turn to answer: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

April 16, 1926

I was feeling so very little and incapable of doing anything, and I called my Queen Mama to my help, so that, together, we might love, adore, glorify my highest and only Good, for all and in the name of all.

May 27, 1926

"Jesus has left me, and in this Blessed Light I do not know where to turn my steps in order to find Him, because one can see neither where it begins nor where it ends. O! Holy Light, let me find the One who is my whole life - my Highest Good."

"My Love, be consoled, I promise - I swear; and You must promise me to keep me always in Your Arms and sunken in Your Will. You must never leave me if You want me to be always, always, the little daughter of Your Will, for I tremble and I fear myself; more so, since the more You speak about this Supreme Volition, the more I feel that I am no good, and the nothingness of my nothing makes itself felt more."

VOLUME 20

January 1, 1927

I was meditating on the old year which was setting, and the new one which was rising. My state continued in the flight of the Light of the Divine Will, and I prayed the pretty Little Baby that, just as the old year was dying never to be born again, He would make my will die and live no more; and as gift for the new year, He would give me His Will, just as I gave Him mine as gift, placing it as footstool at His tender little feet, that it might have no life but His Will alone.

January 20, 1927

I kiss, I adore and I bless the Supreme Fiat.

February 21, 1927

"O Will of God, how Admirable, Powerful and Desirable You are. O please! With Your Empire, conquer all, make Yourself known, and make us all surrender to You." (also tab 5)

VOLUME 21

May 12, 1927

"O God, what pain - being forced by a Supreme Power to see these evils, the blindness of the leaders of nations who want the destruction of the peoples, and my impotence in holding back Divine Justice with my sufferings, in order to spare the peoples so many evils."

VOLUME 22

July 26, 1927

"How hard His abandonment is—I feel as though I am under a press, squeezed drop by drop. O, Jesus! where are Your Promises?

Where is Your Love? Where is the triumph of Your Divine Will in my poor soul? I feel as though betrayed by You. How bitter my end is. It is not the beginning that one must look at—it is the end that says everything!"

August 4, 1927

"Ah! Jesus! Jesus! Do You want to make fun of me?"

"O, God! what a double-edged knife is Your privation. With one edge it cuts, with the other it kills, and with its cuts it removes and destroys everything, and leaves such nakedness, even of the holiest things, that one can just barely live, and only to fulfill the Supreme Volition."

"My Jesus, but You almost no longer tell me anything, and not only does it seem to me that I have to work alone without You, but I miss Your Word that lays for me the way that I must cover in the Kingdom of Your Will." (also tab 7)

August 9, 1927

"Why this sleepiness, when vigil has almost always been nature in me?"

VOLUME 23

November 27, 1927

"O! Divine Will, how Admirable You are—Your Light lets nothing escape it; and caressing and playing with my littleness, You make Yourself the conqueror of my little atom, and You delight in dissolving it within the Immensity of Your Endless Light."

January 13, 1928

"O! God, what terrible pain. O! how I miss my past, His sweet Smile, His affectionate Kisses, the gentleness of His Voice, His enchanting and enrapturing Beauty, His chaste Embraces, His tender Heartbeats that, with so much Love, He let palpitate within mine, Divinizing me and Transforming His Life into myself."

VOLUME 26

September 4, 1929

"O! God, what pain, to breathe and palpitate the intense sorrow of being without He who was more than my own life, such that only the abandonment in the Fiat gives me the strength to bear a sorrow so great.

VOLUME 27

November 10, 1929

"Fiat! Fiat! have pity on my littleness. I feel I cannot contain Your Light – I am too little. So, You Yourself - form the void, make me larger, so I can contain more Light, that I may not remain suffocated by this Light, which it is not given to me to be able to embrace completely, so as to enclose It in my little soul."

December 24, 1929

"My Love, Your Run of Love never stops; You run—You run always, and I feel I am incapable of doing my runs of love as You do them—I am too little and do not have the flight of running everywhere to love You."

VOLUME 28

May 2, 1930

My abandonment in the Divine Fiat continues; Its Light eclipses me, Its Powerful Strength chains me, Its Beauty enraptures me—so much as to feel myself nailed, without being able to move from thinking of and looking at a Will so Holy. Its Life knocks out mine, and I get lost in Its Immensity.

July 16, 1930

My abandonment in the Divine Fiat continues. O! yes, I feel It, like air, letting Itself be breathed by my poor soul. I feel Its Most Pure Light that keeps repressed the darkness of the night of my human will, such that, as it is about to rise to put itself in the field of action, the Light of the Divine Will, sweetly Ruling over mine, not only represses the darkness so as not to give it life, but, powerfully, calls me and draws me to follow Its Acts. So, while following Its Divine Acts, I could touch with my own hand how much It Loves us, because, in each of Its Acts, Seas of Love came out for the creatures.

November 20, 1930

"My abandonment in the Divine Volition continues, though with the fear that because of my infidelities I might have the great misfortune of being rejected from living inside the Beautiful Heaven of the Supreme Fiat. O! God, what pain! My Jesus, do not allow that I may go out of my dear Inheritance that You, with so much Love, have given me, and in which, with so much jealousy, You have always kept me. I ask You this for Love of the heavens that, with so much Love, You extended over my head—symbol of the Heaven that, with even greater Love, You enclosed in my poor soul—that is Your Will."

"Make it so that It may always Reign in me, and that Its Kingdom may extend in the whole world. I ask You this for the sake of that Love with which You created the sun that beats continuously on the earth, without ever stopping its course, to offer to me Your Love of light—living and real image of the Sun of Your Will within which, more than in a sea of light, You enfolded Your little daughter. I ask You this for the sake of the maze of the pains in which I have been enveloped and besieged—pains that water me with gall continuously, that makes me feel myself under the rain of storms that threaten to drown me; pains that it is not given to me to entrust to the paper. Jesus, Jesus, have pity on me, and let Your Divine Will Reign in me and in all." (also tabs 5, 12)

VOLUME 29

February 15, 1931

My abandonment in the Divine Fiat continues, though I live in the nightmare of intense bitternesses, of continuous tears, and I am forced to live from the unhealthy air of agitations, that take away from me the beautiful serene day of peace, always enjoyed by me. I am resigned, I kiss the hand that strikes me, but I feel, vividly, the fire that burns me, of the many storms that are unloading themselves over my poor existence. "My Jesus, help me; do not abandon me. O please! give me Peace, that Peace that You so much wanted me to possess." (also tab 7)

March 23, 1931

"My Jesus, help me, do not abandon me, do not leave me at the mercy of my will. If You want, You can; put it under the Sweet Empire of Your Divine Will." (also tab 7)

April 4, 1931

"My Jesus, I will never abandon You, but You will give me Grace, You will help me in my present conditions—and You know how painful they are. My Jesus, help me; and I too say to you from the heart: 'O please! do not abandon me, do not leave me alone. O! how vividly I feel the need of You. Help me! help me!'" (also tab 7)

May 27, 1931

My poor mind was swimming in the Immense Sea of the Eternal Fiat; and I was flowing in It like a little rivulet, and in my littleness I wanted to embrace Its Immensity so as to fill myself completely with a Will so holy, to be able to have the contentment of being able to say: "My little being is nothing other than one single act of Divine Will. My little rivulet is full, inside and out, of that Will that fills Heaven and earth." (also tab 12)

June 16, 1931

"My Jesus, my Life, did You Yourself not used to tell me that You wanted me to live and breathe Your Divine Air, and to form my life in Your own Heartbeat, so that mine might be dissolved in Yours, and live of Your Heartbeat, and therefore of Your Love, of Your pains and of the whole of Yourself?"

October 12, 1931

"O! Power of the Supreme Fiat, prostrate in the Immensity of Your Light, I adore You profoundly, and my little nothing, loving You, dissolves within You." (also tab 10)

VOLUME 32

April 2, 1933

"If You want something done, let us do it together, because by myself I do not know how to do anything."

April 29, 1933

"My God, free me from living one single instant outside of Your Will."

May 25, 1933

"Jesus, Your Life ended upon the earth, Your Works, Your Words, Your sufferings remained, now touch me to continue Your Life, therefore all that which You did should serve to my life, otherwise I can not form another Jesus of myself, if you don't give me everything I am not able neither to form, nor to continue Your Life in earth."

September 2, 1933

"My God, have pity on me and do not permit that I either know or acquire any other life, except that of Your Divine Will."

VOLUME 33

May 12, 1934

"Do with me what You want, my life is Yours, and I do not want to know anything about mine anymore."

March 19, 1935

"O! Power of the Divine Volition, how I would want to possess You as Life in my soul, to Live of You in order to not know any other Life than Yours. But O! how very far I am from it, there is needed so much in order to arrive at Living of Divine Will."

May 26, 1935

"O! how I would want to be one single Act of Divine Will."

VOLUME 34

March 1, 1936

"O! Divine Will, how much You Love me. You make me feel death in order to centralize Your Life in me all the more."

July 4, 1936

"Ah! yes, It is Beautiful, one feels the Victory, the Triumph, the Dominion, the Happiness, the Beautiful Conquests of Living in the Divine Volition. But the human volition, while it feels itself alive, it must continually die. It is true that it is the greatest Honor, the greatest Love of God, to deign to descend into the will of the creature, and with His Majesty and Power to Operate, to do what He wants. And the human one, remaining at its place, can only do what God does, while it must give up everything of its own. This is the sacrifice of sacrifices, especially in certain circumstances. O! how sorrowful it is to feel life and hold it as if one did not have it, because the Divine Fiat does not tolerate that even one fiber of human volition would act in Its."

VOLUME 35

September 12, 1937

"Stop Jesus, for now. You want to say so many things, but I am incapable of retaining them. I won't be able to say them all, and much less to write (read) them as You want."

Therefore I stop and abandon myself in the arms of Jesus to rest together with Him, Who Loves me so much and wants to be Loved in return; Who gives me the whole of Himself to be Loved as He Loves me. So, I continued my round in the Creation, to trace the Acts done by the Divine Volition and make them mine; to be able to Love Him the way He Loved me.

September 26, 1937

"Will of God, how much you Love me! How can I ever repay you?"

VOLUME 36

April 15, 1938

"My God, I feel such pain, You know how much pain and how much it costs me. Only the fear of displeasing You and not doing Your

Will holds me on. Otherwise, who knows what I would do not to be submitted to this."

September 27, 1938

I am always in the Sea of the Divine Will and my pains and bitterness are unspeakable. I let them flow into It, so that they may be invested by Its Light and turn into Light for me.

October 2, 1938

Its Power is such as to reduce to nothing my bitterness, making rise again from within itself Its Life full of Sweetness, all Beautiful and Majestic; and I adore It, I thank It, I pray It never to leave me alone and abandoned. (also tab 10)

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DIVINE WILL

Day Two: The soul:

"Here I am again upon Your Maternal knees, to listen to Your Lessons. Celestial Mama, this poor child entrusts herself to Your power. I am too poor, I know; but I know that You Love me as a Mama, and this is enough for me to fling myself into Your arms, that You may have compassion for me; and opening the ears of my heart, You will let me hear Your most sweet voice, to give me Your sublime lessons. You, Holy Mama, will purify my heart by the touch of Your Maternal fingers, that I may enclose in it the Celestial Dew of Your Celestial Teachings."

"Celestial Mama, if You love me so much, I pray You not to allow me to come down from Your Maternal knees; and as soon as You see that I am about to do my will, watch over my poor soul, and enclosing me in Your Heart, let the power of Your Love burn up my will. In this way, I will change Your tears into smiles of delight."

Little Sacrifice:

"My Mama, I want this will of mine to be Yours, that You may exchange it with the Divine Will."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Sovereign Queen, with Your Divine empire, knock down my will, so that the Seed of the Divine Will may spring up within me."

Day Thirteen: The soul to the Triumphant Queen:

"Celestial Mama, today I come to prostrate myself before You, to ask for Your invincible Strength in all my pains; and You know how my

heart is filled with them, to the point of feeling drowned with pains. O please! if You Love so much to act as my Mother, take my heart in Your hands and pour into it the Love, the Grace and the Strength to triumph in my pains, and to convert them all into Divine Will.

The soul:

"Holy Mama, help Your child; make a visit to my soul, and with Your Maternal hands, snatch from me everything You find which is not Will of God. Burn away the thorns, the noxious herbs, and You Yourself, call the Divine Will to reign in my soul."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Sovereign Queen, take my soul in Your hands, and transform it completely into Will of God."

Day Seventeen The soul to her Celestial Mama:

"Holy Mama, today more than ever I feel the need to remain clasped in the arms of my Mama, so that that Divine Will which reigns in You may form the sweet enchantment to my will, that It may keep it subdued, and it may not dare to do anything which is not Will of God. Your Lessons of yesterday made me comprehend the life imprisonment into which the human will casts the poor creature, and I so much fear that my will may make little escapes from me, and take its place in me again. Therefore I entrust myself to You, my Mama, that You may watch over me so much, that I may be sure to live always of Divine Will."

The soul:

"Celestial Queen, Your child entrusts herself to You. With my trust, I want to wound Your Heart; and may this wound always say in Your Maternal Heart: Fiat! Fiat! Fiat! so Your little child always asks from You."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Powerful Queen, give me the weapons to wage battle, to make me conquer the Will of God."

Day Twenty: The soul:

"Holy Mama, I abandon myself in Your arms. O! how I would like to wet Your Maternal hands with my tears, to move You to compassion for the state of my poor soul. O please! if You Love me as Mama, enclose me in Your Heart, let Your Love burn away my miseries, my weaknesses, and let the Power of the Divine Fiat, which You possess as Queen, form Its Operating Life in me, in such a way that I may be able to say: "My Mama is all for me, and I am all for Her."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Mama of Jesus, be my Mama and guide me on the path of the Will of God."

Day Twenty-five: The soul to her Sovereign Queen:

"Most sweet Mama, here I am again at Your Maternal knees, as I find You together with the little child Jesus; and caressing Him, You tell Him Your Love story, and Jesus tells You His. O! how beautiful it is to find Jesus and the Mama speaking to each other. And the ardor of their Love is so great that they remain mute – enraptured: the Mother in the Son, and the Son in the Mother. Holy Mama, do not put me aside, but keep me with You, so that, in listening to what You say, I may learn to Love You and to do always the Most Holy Will of God."

The soul:

"Holy Mama, I abandon myself into Your arms. I am a little daughter who feels the extreme need of Your Maternal cares. O please! I pray You to take this will of mine and to enclose it in Your Heart. Never give it to me again, that I may be happy to Live always of Divine Will; and so I will make You and my dear Jesus content."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

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

Day Thirty-one: The soul to her Glorious Queen:

"My dear Celestial Mama, I am back again in Your Maternal arms, and in looking at You, I see that a sweet smile arises on Your most pure lips. Today Your attitude is all festive; it seems to me that You want to narrate to me and confide to Your child something that will surprise me even more. Holy Mama, O please! I pray You, with Your Maternal hands, touch my mind, empty my heart, that I may comprehend Your holy teachings and put them into practice.

The soul:

"Holy Mama, in the ardor of my sorrow, I say it to You crying: if You see that I am about to do one act alone of my will, make me die; come Yourself to take my soul into Your arms, and take me up there; and from the heart, I promise, I swear, never - never to do my will."

HOURS OF THE PASSION

Third Hour

"O my sweet Good, I too place myself near You, and together with Your beloved disciple I want to place my weary head upon Your

Adorable Heart, praying You to let me experience the Delights of Heaven, also on this earth; so that, enraptured by the sweet harmonies of Your Heart, the earth may no longer be earth for me, but Heaven."

Eighteenth Hour

"My stripped Good, while I repair with You, I pray You to strip me of everything with Your most Holy Hands, and not to allow that any bad affection may enter into my heart. Watch over it; surround it with Your Pains; fill it with Your Love. May my life be nothing but the repetition of Yours; strengthen my stripping with Your Blessing; bless me from Your Heart, and give me the strength to be present at Your sorrowful crucifixion, to remain crucified with You!" (also tab 7)

Twenty-fourth Hour

"And now, desolate Mama, I thank You in the name of all for everything You have suffered; and I ask You, for the sake of Your bitter desolation, to come to my assistance at the moment of my death. When I find myself alone and abandoned by all, in the midst of a thousand anxieties and fears - come then, to return to me the company which I have given You many times in life. Come to my assistance; place Yourself beside me, and put the enemy to flight. Wash my soul with Your tears, cover me with the Blood of Jesus, clothe me with His Merits, embellish me and heal me with Your Sorrows and with all the Pains and Works of Jesus; and by Virtue of them, let all my sins disappear, giving me total forgiveness. And as I breathe my last, receive me into Your arms, place me under Your Mantle, hide me from the gaze of the enemy, take me straight to Heaven, and place me in the Arms of Jesus. Let us make this agreement, my dear Mama! (also tabs 5, 12)

"And now, I pray You to return the company I have given You to all those who are agonizing. Be the Mama of all; these are extreme moments, and great aids are needed. Therefore, do not deny Your Maternal Office to anyone. (also tabs 5, 12)

"One last word: as I leave You, I pray You to enclose me in the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus; and You, my Sorrowful Mama, be my sentry, so that Jesus may not put me out of It; and I, even if I wanted, may not be able to leave. So I kiss Your Maternal hand; and You, bless me." (also tab 12)

LETTERS OF LUISA

Letter No. 74

"I do not want or know anything but the Divine Will." (also tab 12)

Praying for Creatures/the Church/Priests:

VOLUME 1

"O! Lord, reward her - You Yourself. O! my Good Lord, how much I suffered on this side - You alone know everything."

"O! Holy Spouse, hold back the scourges which Your Justice has prepared. If the multiplicity of the iniquities of men is great, there is the Immense Sea of Your Blood in which You can bury them. In this way Your Justice will be satisfied. If You have no where to go to delight Yourself, come into me - I give You all my heart, that You may somehow rest and delight with it. It is true that I too am a bilge of vices, but You can purify me and make of me what You want. But, O please!, placate Yourself. If the sacrifice of my life is necessary - O! how gladly I would make it for You, as long as I may see Your own images spared."

"O! how awful is sin! Ah! Lord, let everyone know it, so that all may flee from this monster so horrible." (also tab 6)

"O God! how high, great, sublime is their ministry." (priests)

"My Jesus, dear, hurry up."
"Yes, anything You want me to suffer, I am ready, as long as You save him."
"Lord, I am ready, as long as You save him and restore his life."
"May the Lord be always blessed."

VOLUME 2

March 10, 1899

"O God, what pain to see these things, and to be forced to manifest them! Ah, Lord, placate Yourself! I hope that Your Blood and Your Wounds will be our remedy. Or rather, pour the chastisements upon this sinner, for I deserve them; or otherwise take me, and then You will be free to do whatever You want; but as long as I live, I will do everything I can to oppose it."

March 13, 1899

"My always Lovable Jesus, why so indignant? If man is ungrateful, it is not so much because of malice, but because of weakness. O, if they knew You a little bit - O, how humble and palpitating they would be! Therefore, placate Yourself. I commend to you at least Corato and those who belong to me."

March 14, 1899

"O Lord, it will never be that You chastise man. Holy Spouse, do not cry; just as You have done the other times, You will do now: You will pour it into me; You will make me suffer, and so Your Justice will not force You to chastise the people."

"Lord, if Your Intention is to chastise men, I too do not have the heart to see creatures suffer so much. Therefore, if You truly want to send the scourges, and my sins no longer make me worthy to suffer in the place of others, I want to come - I want to be on this earth no more."

April 26, 1899

"My Little Treasure, my intention was for You to kiss, not his face, but his mouth, so that, touched by Your Most Pure Lips, it might be sanctified and strengthened from that weakness. In this way, it will be able to announce Your Holy Word more freely, and to sanctify others. O please! I pray You to make me content."

June 8, 1899

"Jesus, my dear, what I would really want is that the whole world would convert."

June 17, 1899

"Lord, I give You thanks for Your Highest Goodness in wanting to content me, but in spite of this I cannot do what You are telling me; I do not feel the strength to put my will in chastising any of Your creatures. What would be the torment of my poor heart in hearing that that person or that other has been chastised, and I have put my will in it. May it never be - may it never be, O Lord."

June 20, 1899

I prayed Jesus to bless me and those whom I was seeing at that moment…

June 23, 1899

After this, the confessor and I, together, prayed to Jesus that He would pour His bitternesses [into me], so as to spare people the so many scourges which He is pouring over them…

"My Good and Dear Jesus, I pray You to give Grace to my confessor, to make him all Yours, according to Your Heart, and to give him corporal health also. You have seen how he cooperated both in relieving Your Head from the thorns, and in having You pour. If he could not manage to drive the thorns into my head, it wasn't for the

purpose of not relieving You, nor was it his will, but because he did not have enough strength to do it; therefore, because of this also You must answer him. So, tell me, O my sole and only Good, will You make him be well, both in the soul and in the body?"

"This morning I will not leave You, nor will I stop praying, if You do not give me Your Word that You will grant what I ask for him.

"Lord, my Jesus, what are You doing? How is this? - up until now You did not want to be seen, and now You start playing. Be quiet, be quiet – don't make people scared; don't You see how they are all frightened?"

"My Adorable Jesus, what are You saying? You always go there: that You want to do Justice; but - no! Mercy! Mercy on Your people, I pray." (also tab 6)

August 1, 1899

"Lord, You are right that You find nothing good in man any more, and that he has reached such blindness as to no longer be able even to keep to the laws of nature. So, if You want to look at man, You will do nothing but send chastisements; therefore I pray You to keep Your Gaze on Your Mercy, and in this way everything will be remedied." (also tab 6)

August 10, 1899

[Jesus was swinging the rod He had in His hand, in the act of wounding man. I said to Him]: "Lord, what are You doing?"

"Ah, Lord! Who is good? We are all evil. I beg You not to look at us, but at Your Infinite Mercy; in this way You will be placated for all." (also tab 6)

August 30, 1899

"O Lord, in what a heart-rending state the world finds itself in these times, in the things of religion. It seems that she who ennobles man and makes him aspire to an eternal purpose is no longer recognized by the world. But that which makes one cry the most, is that religion is ignored by some of the very ones who call themselves religious, who should lay down their lives to defend her and revive her."

October 1, 1899

"My Good Jesus, have You perhaps forgotten that You Yourself suffer after You have made use of Your Justice? It is seeing You suffer in the creatures themselves that makes me more than ever alert in forcing You not to chastise the people. And then, seeing the creatures themselves turning against You like many poisonous vipers, such that

they would almost take Your Life if it were in their power, because they see themselves under Your scourges, and they irritate Your Justice even more… I don't have the heart to say *Fiat Voluntas Tua*."

"Lord, what are You saying?! If there are some who abuse the Sacraments, there are also many good daughters who receive them with the due dispositions, and who would suffer very much if they could not attend them."

October 7, 1899

"My good Jesus, I pray You to make peace with the world."

"Lord, if You want to lay hands to chastisements, I want to come - I no longer want to be on this earth. How will my heart be able to resist in seeing Your creatures suffer?"

"Ah, Lord, what is the purpose of my state of victim for so many years? What good has come to the peoples, while You said that You wanted me victim so as to spare people? And now You show how these chastisements, instead of happening many years ago, are happening later - nothing more and nothing less than this."

October 21, 1899

"Lord, I offer You Your Wounds, Your Blood, the most holy use of Your Senses which You made during the course of Your mortal Life, to repair for the offenses and for the bad use of the senses which creatures make."

"Ah, Lord, how indignant I see You! If You want to continue sending chastisements, I want to come; otherwise, I want to go out of this state. Why remain in it, since I can no longer offer myself as victim to spare the people?"

(Jesus speaking): "…accompany Me with your sighs and with your sufferings, praying that the very chastisements may turn out for the conversion of the peoples."

October 24, 1899

"Ah, Lord, it seems that this time You have no other words to say but about chastisements! Your Power has other means to save these souls. And then, if I were certain that all the pain would fall upon them and You would remain free, without suffering in them, I would resign myself; but I see that You are already suffering very much from those chastisements You have sent. What will happen if you continue sending more chastisements?"

October 30, 1899

"My beloved Jesus, when it is about chastisements, one must no longer argue, but only pray." And so I began to pray, to kiss His Wounds, and to make acts of reparation.

VOLUME 3

November 12, 1899

"O please, O please, Lord, what are You doing? How much ruin will come if this happens! You tell me that You Love me, and then you want me to be frightened. You have seen it, haven't You? Don't do it, no, no! You cannot do it for I do not want it."

I prayed Him to placate Himself…

November 17, 1899

She (Queen Mama) was bringing Him (Jesus) to me so that I would placate Him and pray to Him together with Her that He would make me suffer to spare the people.

I saw the confessor and immediately I prayed for him to Jesus and to the Queen Mother;…

I began to pray Him to pour those lightnings upon me…

I tried to follow Him…

I wanted to go to help those poor people…

November 24, 1899

Now, since I saw Him all full of bitterness, I prayed Him and prayed Him again to pour it into me; but as much as I prayed, I could not manage to obtain that He would pour His bitternesses into me, although, as I would draw close to His mouth to receive His bitternesses, a bitter breath would come out. While I was doing this, I saw a priest who was dying, but I could not recognize well who he was, because I had another intention to pray for a sick priest, but not recognizing him as that one, I got confused whether it was him or someone else. So I said to Jesus: "Lord, what are You doing? Don't You see how much scarceness of priests there is in Corato that You want to take more away from us?"

March 20, 1900

"Lord, do not allow this - poor people! How shall they go on?"

May 29, 1900

"Poor people, poor people, how shall they go on?"

"What is it, that You are crying, dear child? Do You want to come with me, since they all left You prey to tears and to sorrow, which oppresses You so much as to make You scream so loud?"

June 6, 1900

I began to pray Him to placate Himself and to be content with making me suffer, sparing the people. Then I added: "Lord, if You do

not want to listen to my prayers, I know I deserve that. If You do not want to have compassion for the peoples, You are right, because great are our iniquities. But I ask You, for pity's sake, to have compassion for Yourself - have pity on the violence You do to Yourself in punishing Your images. Ah, yes! I ask You, for Love of Yourself, not to send chastisements to the point of taking bread away from Your children and letting them perish. Ah, no! It is not in the nature of Your Heart to operate in this way; and this is the reason for the violence You feel, which would give You death if it had the power to."

"Therefore, Lord, unload Justice upon me, and Your Love will no longer feel violence from Justice, and will not be in this contrast of chastising the people, who, truly…- how will they go on if You act as You let me understand, withering all that serves as nourishment of man? O please! I beg You, let me suffer and spare them, if not completely, at least in part."

"Ah, Lord, it is too little - at least half!"

"Lord, if You do not want to content me for everyone, at least content me for Corato and for those who belong to me."

"May everything be for the Glory of God."

June 7, 1900

"Lord, now that I feel within me part of Your Pains, I beg You to content me, as I said to You yesterday, by giving me at least half of what serves as nourishment of man."

"If it is up to me, I will not chastise anyone at all.

"Through this Light with which You have surrounded me I understand things differently, and if You leave it up to me, I would do worse than You do. Therefore I do not accept this Knowledge and I renounce the Keys of Justice. What I accept and want is that You make me suffer and spare the people; as for the rest, I don't want to know anything about it."

"Lord, it is not that I don't want to know reason, but it is because this is not my office, but Yours. My office is that of being victim; therefore, You do Your Office and I do mine; isn't it true, my dear Jesus?"

June 12, 1900

"Lord, what are You doing? It seems You are going too far with Justice."

July 3, 1900

"My beloved Lord, how is it that You are sending so many chastisements? Why this time do You not want to placate Yourself for

any reason? It seems that all means have failed - both praying, and saying: 'Lord, pour Your bitternesses upon me.' Ah, it has not been Your usual way to act like this!"

July 11,1900

"What do You want me to do to break Your fury?"

"Ah, Lord, placate Yourself and have mercy on those whom You Yourself call "my children"!

July 16, 1900

"Ah, Lord, You always get there - to chastisements. Placate Yourself once and for all, and no more scourges. Besides, I cannot commend myself to Your Will in this regard."

July 19, 1900

"Ah, Lord, how much mutilated human flesh! How many bitternesses and pains! Ah, would it not have been a lesser cruelty if You had satisfied Yourself in this body of mine, by tearing it into as many pieces for as many divisions as You have caused in these members? Would it not have been a lesser evil to see only one suffer, rather than many poor peoples?"

July 21, 1900

"Placate Yourself, spare so many peoples torments so cruel. Let us go together where such things are happening, that we may comfort and console those poor Christians who are in such a sad state."

"Ah, Lord, how is it that You have permitted this?"

July 30, 1900

"Lord, what are You doing? Don't You see how many disasters will occur if You throw this sword? What grieves me the most is that I see that You are putting Italy in the middle. Ah, Lord, placate Yourself, have pity on Your images! And if You say that You Love me, spare me this bitter sorrow."

"I cannot let it (a sword) go, I do not have the heart to do it."

"O, God! What a heartbreak, the mere remembering!"

August 31, 1900

"…seeing that Blood was pouring from His Hands, I prayed that from His left Hand He would pour Blood over the world, for sinners who were about to die and were at risk of being lost; and from His right Hand He would pour His Blood over Purgatory.

VOLUME 4

September 9, 1900

"Ah, Lord, have compassion on the blindness in which poor humanity is immersed!"

September 12, 1900

"Ah, Lord! Give peace to the Church and do not allow so many troubles!"

September 14, 1900

"Yes, Lord, pour; this is my only desire – that You give vent to Your wrath upon me and spare the creatures."

October 4, 1900

I did as much as I could to compassionate Him and pray Him to share His pains with me. "Ah, Lord, did I not tell You: 'Do not lay hand to chastisements, for what grieves me the most is that You Yourself will be struck in Your own members!' Ah, this time there has been no way nor prayers to placate You. Unable to refrain, I cried with Him over the sad condition of the world; so much so, that my tears mixed with those of Jesus."

"Ah, Lord, then I am right to say that my state is no longer Your Will! Why my state of victim, if it is not given to me to spare Your so very dear members, and to exempt the world from so many chastisements?"

"Ah, Lord, how I would like to come before these chastisements advance more!"

"Lord, do not permit that I remain here, present at such sorrowful scenes."

After this, I prayed for various people…

October 10, 1900

"My Lord, spare Your beloved city, so many Ministers of Yours, the Pope… O, how gladly I offer You myself to suffer their torments, as long as You spare them."

I began to plead before Him for the salvation of that soul.

October 31, 1900

[Luisa says to a soul who was prey to despair]: "The most salutary and efficacious medicine in the saddest encounters of life is resignation. By despairing, instead of taking the medicine, you are taking the poison with which to kill your soul. Don't you know that the most appropriate remedy for all evils, the main thing that renders us noble, divinizes us,

makes us similar to Our Lord, and has the virtue of converting the very bitternesses into sweetness, is resignation? What was the Life of Jesus upon earth if not continuing the Will of the Father? And while He was on earth, He was united with the Father in Heaven. The same for a resigned soul: while living on earth, her heart and will are united with God in Heaven. Can there be anything more dear and desirable than this?' As though stirred, that soul began to calm herself, and Jesus and I, together, withdrew. May everything be for the glory of God, and may He be always blessed.

November 13, 1900

"Most Holy God, give peace to the Church, let Her be given back what they have taken away from Her; do not allow the evil to laugh behind the back of the good."

November 14, 1900

"How come, O my good Jesus, You turned Your Face away from those blessed souls who so much longed for You, while it would have been enough that You just let Yourself be seen for those souls to be freed of the pains and beatified?"

December 25, 1900

"…I prayed to Baby Jesus for my confessor, for those who belong to me, and lastly, for everyone…"

March 22, 1901

"My dear Good, I don't have the heart to conform to You in chastising people."

April 22, 1901

"Lord, what are You doing? Poor people!"

September 10, 1901

"Lord, all the Glory which creatures should give You with their mouths, but do not, I intend to give You myself with my mouth, and I impetrate for them to make good and holy use of the mouth, by uniting myself always with the very Mouth of Jesus."

"May the Lord be always thanked and blessed, who uses so many mercies with this sinner."

January 26, 1902

I saw the confessor, and I prayed the Most Holy Virgin to intercede with the Most Holy Trinity for him.

March 19, 1902

"Lord, let's go see what creatures are doing. They are your images –don't You want to have compassion for them?"

September 5, 1902

"I too feel I am under a violence - truly they would deserve a penalty for putting a poor creature in this torture."

"My Sweet Lord, since Sanctity brings sacrifice with itself, make them saints, so that, if nothing else, they will obtain their intent of keeping me with them, and I will obtain the intent of seeing them saints, as they would have the patience to feel the pain which Sanctity brings with itself."

December 30, 1902

"Supreme Majesty, forgive the human ingratitude; now more than ever the heart of man has rebelled, but if man sees himself being mortified he will rebel even more, adding outrages upon outrages against Your Majesty."

January 5, 1903

"Lord, You give too much liberty to these infernal men. Up until now it has been about infernal words, but now they want to reach the point of laying hands on Your Ministers. Bind them, and have compassion on them, and, at the same time, defend those who belong to You."

VOLUME 5

April 7, 1903

"Lord, is it Your Will that I continue to remain in this state of victim? Because, not feeling myself in the same position as before, I see myself as if the coming of the priest was no longer necessary, for if nothing else, I would spare the confessor the sacrifice."

April 21, 1903

"Ah, Lord, what about yesterday – what did You do? You made Your bravado, and besides, without even telling me anything, for at least I would have prayed You to hold back the chastisement in part."

May 20, 1903

"Lord, I offer my life for the Church and for the Triumph of the Truth – accept, I pray You, my sacrifice."

October 24, 1903

"For pity's sake, let me get down; I am doing nothing good, nor am I helping anyone – why stay here, so useless? If I get down, at least I can serve her, help her [the Church, who Luisa saw gravely infirm]."

"I have been the cause of this, I myself have given the push for so much evil to happen."

"Lord, it is not that I do not want to stay – Heavens forbid that I move away from Your Will even for the blink of an eye; only, if You want me to, I will stay, if You don't want me to, I will get out."

VOLUME 6

November 8, 1903

"I was praying for certain needs of others, and Blessed Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "For what purpose are you praying for these people?" And I: 'Lord, and You, for what purpose did You Love us?'

"Lord, I am praying for these people because they are Your own thing, otherwise I would not have interested myself."

February 21, 1904

In the presence of the Most Holy Trinity, of the Queen Mother, Mary Most Holy, of my Guardian Angel and of the whole Celestial Court, and in order to obey my confessor, I promise that if the Lord, by His Infinite Mercy, should give me the grace of letting me die, when I find myself together with my Celestial Spouse, I will pray and plead for the triumph of the Church and the confusion and conversion of Her enemies; that the Catholic party may triumph in our country, and that the church of St. Cataldo may be reopened for service; that my confessor be freed of his usual sufferings, with a holy freedom of spirit and the sanctity of a true apostle of Our Lord; and that – always if the Lord permits it – I will go to him, at least once a month, to confer about celestial things and things pertaining to the good of his soul. I promise all this, for my part, and I swear.

February 22, 1904

This morning, as I was in my usual state, I saw Blessed Jesus for just a little, and I saw people who were suffering. I prayed Jesus to free them of those sufferings, even at the cost of suffering myself in their place..

April 16, 1904

"How I wish I could see whether the Lord is there in the midst of these people, so as to say to Him: 'Have mercy – pity on these poor people!"

"Amiable Lord, don't You see the tragedy that is happening? You don't want to make use of Mercy any more? Do You perhaps want to keep this attribute as useless, which has always glorified Your Incarnate Divinity with so much honor, forming a special Crown on Your August Head, and bejeweling You with a second Crown, so wanted and Loved by You - which is souls?"

"There is no remedy - why then leave me on this earth when I can no longer placate You and suffer in the place of my neighbor? Since it is so, it is better if You let me die."

"Adorable Goodness, Infinite Mercy, knowing that You are Mercy Itself, I have come to ask for Your Mercy – Mercy on Your very images, Mercy on the works created by You; Mercy on nothing else but Your creatures themselves."

"Father, Infinitely Holy, when servants or people in need present themselves before their masters or rich people, if these are good, even if they do not give everything that is necessary for them, they always give something. And to me, who have had the good of presenting myself before You, Absolute Master, Rich without limit, Infinite Goodness, don't You want to give anything of what this poor little one has asked of You? Does a master perhaps not remain more honored and content when he gives, than when he denies what is necessary to his servants?"

May 30, 1904

"I was thinking about and offering the Passion of Our Lord, especially the Crown of Thorns, and I was praying that He would give Light to so many blinded minds, and that he would make Himself known, because it is impossible to know You and not to love You."

"Lord, I do not feel the strength to accept such a gift - I am too unworthy of such a favor. It is better if You keep it, for You are everything and know everything, and You know to whom it is necessary and appropriate to apply this Garment [garment of His Passion] so Precious and of Immense Value. But I, poor one, what can I know? And if it is necessary to apply it to someone and I do not do it, what strict account would You not ask of me?"

December 29, 1904

"Lord, forgive those who renew for You these sorrowful steps, because too great is the weakness that man contains." (also tab 6)

VOLUME 7

March 5, 1906

I found myself inside myself, praying the Lord to have Mercy on that unfortunate soul.

April 25, 1906

"Lord, what are You saying? You told me that You are all mine, and one who gives himself to someone else is no longer the master of himself. I do not want You to do this, and You must not do it. If You want satisfaction from me, make me suffer whatever You want, for I am ready for everything."

[Jesus wants to pour chastisements] "I do not want it, Lord, I do not want it."

May 7, 1906

"Lord, come out, spare Your children, Your very members, Your images. Fiat – always Fiat." (also tab 11)

September 14, 1906

"My Sweet Life, I do not want anyone to suffer because of me, and from this I will know whether You Love me - if You calm Yourself with them and do not beat them; otherwise, I will be discontent."

October 5, 1906

I commended the confessor to Him, praying Him to touch him with His little hand, and to make him get well.

October 20, 1906

"Do not permit that they arrive at this – profaning Your Sacred Temples – because who knows how many terrible chastisements You would unload upon Your creatures because of these horrendous sins."

(Jesus tells Luisa): "Therefore, pray for priests, that they may be light for the peoples, so that, as the light arises again, the secular may acquire life and may see the errors they commit; and by seeing them, they will feel disgusted to commit these grave excesses, which will be the cause of grave chastisements."

March 13, 1907

"My Lord, You want her, and I give her [Luisa's mother] to You as gift before You take her; I do not want to wait until You take her,

without giving her to You before. But I want from You the recompense for the gift I give You, giving me as reward Your taking her straight to Paradise, without letting her touch Purgatory, at the cost of making me suffer the purgatory that Mama should have."

"But, my Sweet Love, who will have the heart to see my mama suffer in Purgatory, she who suffered so much, and who cried so much because of me. It is the weight of gratitude that pushes me, that urges me, and gives me strength. As for all other things, do whatever You want, but in this – no, I do not give up. You will content me and will do what I want."

May 9, 1907

"My Sweet Love, tell me – where did You take her? I am content that You have taken her away from us, because You keep her with Yourself; but if You do not have her with Yourself, this I do not tolerate, and I will cry so much until You content me."

"May the Lord be always thanked."

I gave him [Luisa's father] to Him as a gift in advance, and I repeated the same pleas which I made for my mother – that He should not let him touch Purgatory.

"Adorable Judgments of God, in His Ways."

VOLUME 8

August 6, 1907

"My Life and my All, if You want to be left free to do what You want, take me with You; then You will be able to do whatever You want." [Jesus was sending chastisements]

November 21, 1907

I was uniting myself with Our Lord, making His Thought, His Heartbeat, His Breath and all of His Movements one with mine, and then adding the intention of going to all creatures, to give all this to all. And since I was united to Jesus in the Garden of Olives, I also gave to all and to each one, and also to the purging souls, the drops of His Blood, His Prayers, His Pains and all the Good He did, so that all the breaths, movements and heartbeats of creatures might be Repaired, Purified, Divinized; and I gave the Fount of all Goods, which are His Pains, as Remedies for all.

"How can it be possible that You are wounded, when You hide and make me suffer so much in waiting for Your coming? Are these the wounds - is this the Love You have for me?"

January 23, 1908

"Lord, grant him what he told me, for it is something that regards Your Glory very much."

VOLUME 9

August 12, 1910

"May the Lord enlighten everyone."

September 11, 1910

Then I prayed for the confessor, who seemed to be there present. I wanted to take his hands, to have him touched by Jesus, and it seemed that Jesus did it. I prayed Him to tell what He wanted from Father…

"O, how Good is Jesus!"

"How I wish I would not have to write these things, if it is true that Jesus suspends the scourge to content me, or if it is my fantasy."

October 17, 1910

[Praying for the happy transit of a priest]: "Remember how many sacrifices he made, how much zeal he had for Your Honor and Glory - and then, how much did he not do for me? How much did he not suffer? On this point You must render him to us, by letting him pass even into Heaven."

"My Sweet Love, tell me, where is this soul?"

"You say that he is in Purgatory, and then You say that he swims in Light?" I understood that this Light was his good works done with purity of intention.

VOLUME 10

January 15, 1911

"What do you want from me? Don't You want love to make You happy and calm Your crying? Have You Yourself not told me other times that Your Happiness is my love? And I love You, very, very much - but I love You together with You, because by myself I don't know how to love You. Give me Your Burning Breath that it may melt my whole being into a flame of love, and then I will love You for all, I will love You with all, I will love You in the hearts of all." (also tab 10)

"My Life and my All, be consoled; when they do the reunions of priests - O! how consoled You will be!"

"Ah! my Sweet Jesus, instead of telling these things to me, go to the leaders, to the bishops; and they who have authority can manage to

content You on this point. But I, poor one - what can I do? Nothing but compassionate You, Love You and repair You."

September 6, 1911

I was praying Him to placate Himself because of the many scourges that one hears about…

"O God, what heartbreak! Placate Yourself, O Lord - placate Yourself!"

October 10, 1911

"Poor brothers of mine, poor brothers of mine!"

"Certainly - as You wish [that she will do His Will]; but can I ever forget that these are Your children, who have come out of Your very Hands?"

"My Jesus, what shall they do? There are no means to save them - save at least their souls! Who will be able to resist? At least take me first!"

"Jesus, don't leave me, for I am not crying any more!"

October 11, 1911

"The war, the wars, the earthquakes, the cities destroyed - now You want to add this too; You really want to go too far! But who shall be able to resist?"

"You cannot do this - at least this of making the foreigners come. I will win over You with my love - what am I saying? Rather, with Your Love. Have You Yourself not said that You can deny nothing to one who loves You?"

"Certainly - united with Your Will in everything, but not in this. Here the harm of others enters. We will fight when the war has ended, but You will not win it."

"It is better to fight with You than with someone else, because You alone are the Good One, the Holy One, the Lovable One, who takes care of His children."

October 12, 1911

"Thank You, O Jesus! But I am not content. I hope I can win You and placate You, because from the news one hears about the war, it seems that Italy is winning; therefore since Italy is winning, it will never get to the point that the foreigners may invade Italy."

"Ah! I have seen it, Jesus. Keep me content – placate Yourself."

October 15, 1911

"Jesus, my Love, how Burning is Your Breath! Burn everyone, give Love to everyone, especially to those who want it."

VOLUME 11

February 24, 1912

I prayed that He would take what was left of her human sensitivity away from that soul, and that He would clasp her more closely to Himself and tell her that He Loved her, for He would conquer her completely, as she would hear that He Loved her. "You will see that You will succeed. Have You not conquered me in this way, telling me that You Loved me very, very much?" (also tab 12)

October 1914

"My daughter, as recompense for having written the *Hours of my Passion*, for each word you have written I will give you a kiss - a soul." And I: "My Love, this is for me; and what will You give to those who will do them?" And Jesus: "If they do them together with Me and with my own Will, I will also give them a soul for each word they will recite, because the greater or lesser effectiveness of these *Hours of my Passion* is in the greater or lesser union that they have with Me. By doing them with my Will, the creature hides within My Volition, and since it is My Volition that Acts, I can produce all the Goods I want, even through one word alone; and this, for each time you will do them."

February 8, 1915

"Jesus, don't You hear the tragedies that are happening? How is it possible that Your Compassionate Heart can bear so much torment in your children?"

"My Love and my Life, how can I conform to Your Will in regard to the many scourges You are sending? It takes too much to say '*Fiat.*' And besides, how many times have You told me that if I did your Will, You would do mine? And now what? Have You changed?"

August 12, 1915

"Souls, souls!"

November 4, 1915

"My Mama, pity on so many poor victims. Don't you see how much blood, how many members torn to pieces, how many moans and tears? You are the Mama of Jesus, but also our own; so it is up to you to reconcile Your children."

November 21, 1915

"My Jesus, no more - my poor heart is crushed in hearing about so many tragedies. Jesus, enough - it is Your dear images, Your beloved children, that moan, cry and grieve under the weight of almost infernal instruments."

April 21, 1916

"My Jesus, each moment of Your privation asks of You that a New Life of Yours be created within souls. And You must give me this Grace - on this condition only do I accept Your privation. It is not something trivial that I deprive myself of - but of You, Immense, Infinite, Eternal Good. The cost is immense; therefore, let's come to a deal."

May 25, 1916

"Save my brothers, Your images, from this pool of blood. Do not permit that any soul plunge into hell."

June 4, 1916

"My Love and my Life, I know little about Justice; if I pray to You, it is for Mercy. I make appeal to Your Love, to Your Wounds, to Your Blood. After all, they are always Your children, Your dear images. Poor brothers of mine, how shall they go on? Into what constraints will they be put? To make me content, You tell me that You have poured into Me, but the points You spare are too few. (also tab 6)

"Yet, You tell me that You love me; and where is all this Love that You have for me? True Love knows how to content the beloved in everything. And then, why don't You make me larger, so that I may contain more bitternesses and spare my brothers?"

VOLUME 12

May 16, 1917

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.

"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 cortège 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."

"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*."

July 25, 1917

"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."

October 23, 1917

"Jesus, why are You so afflicted?"

"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."

November 2, 1917

"Jesus, what are You saying? Poor homeland of mine, how torn you will be! Jesus, have pity - stop the current of the foreigner."

"My Jesus, placate Yourself - enough for now."

November 20, 1917

"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…"

"Jesus, what are You saying?"

December 6, 1917

[After having received Jesus in the Sacrament] "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." (also tabs 10, 11, 12)

December 30, 1917

"Placate Yourself, O Jesus! Look at us within Yourself, as the fruit of Your Blood, of Your Wounds, and change the scourges into Graces."

December 10, 1918

"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."

December 25, 1918

"My Love, there are certain times when life becomes so bitter, especially because of the conditions in which You have put me."

January 4, 1919

"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."

January 8, 1919

"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?"

April 7, 1919

"Jesus, spare the leaders of the Church - they are already few. If You strike them, rulers will be lacking."

December 6, 1919

I was doing the adoration to my Crucified Jesus telling Him: "My Love, in Your Will I find all generations; and in the name of the whole human family, I adore You, I kiss You, I repair You for all. I give Your Wounds and Your Blood 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 take It in their place, in order to do what they should have done. I do not want Your Love to remain defrauded in anything on the part of creatures. I want to compensate, repair You, love You for all, from the first to the last man." (also tabs, 10, 12)

VOLUME 13

November 16, 1921

I prayed Jesus to touch their chains with His chains, so that, at the touch of His chains, those of the creatures would be all shattered.

January 11, 1922

"My Love - everything in Your Will: my little pains, my prayers, my heartbeat, my breathing - all that I am and all that I can, united

to all that You are, so as to give proper growth to the members of the Mystical Body."

VOLUME 14

March 10, 1922

"My Jesus, in a special way for help, relief and liberation of this soul."

April 21, 1922

So I spent the morning praying together with Jesus in His Will; but - O, surprise! - as we prayed, one was the word, but the Divine Volition diffused it over all created things, and its mark remained on all of them. It brought it into Heaven, and not only did all the Blessed receive its mark, but it was cause of New Beatitude for them. It descended down below to the earth, and even into Purgatory, and all received its effects. But who can say how it was to pray with Jesus, and all the effects that it produced?

May 12, 1922

"So, my Love, now that You are striking the creatures, making their homes collapse, am I doing this together with You? No, no, Heaven forbid that I touch my brothers! When You want to strike them I will make myself small in Your Will, I will not diffuse myself in It, so as not to take part in what You are doing. In everything I want to do what You do. But in this - striking creatures - never."

May 19, 1922

"My Love and my Life, do You see how much Your dear brothers and mine suffer – don't You want to have pity? How willingly would I suffer everything so that they might be spared. See, this is a duty that the state of victim imposes on me - the imitation of You. Did You not suffer everything for us? And how could You want me not to suffer in order to spare them, and to imitate You, who suffered so much?"

VOLUME 15

December 21, 1922

"Poor souls without God, how - how can they go on? What pain must the loss of God be for them? Ah! my Jesus, do not allow anyone - anyone to lose You."

January 16, 1923

"Placate Yourself, my Love, placate Yourself – don't You see how much confusion of peoples there is - how many turmoils? If this is the preparation, what will it be in act?"

February 3, 1923

"My Life, who knows how long this second turmoil will last? If the first one lasted for so long, what is going to happen with the second, which seems larger?"

July 14, 1933

"May everything be for the glory of God, for the good of my soul, and for the salvation of all."

June 25, 1925

"My Jesus and my Life, it seems to me that it takes complete sacrifice in order to do Your Will and Live in It. At first sight, it seems nothing; but then, in the practice, it seems difficult. Not having a single breath of one's own will, even in holy things, in good itself, seems to be too painful for the human nature. Therefore, will souls never be able to come to Living in Your Will with the complete sacrifice of everything?"

VOLUME 18

October 1, 1925

"May everything be for the Glory of God, and for the good of my soul and of all souls. Amen."

January 30, 1926

"My Love, if You took him away from me, at least bring him straight to Heaven with You." I place him in Your Will. Your Will contains everything - Love, Light, Beauty, all the Good which has been done and will be done; may these purify him, embellish him, enrich him with all that is needed in order to be in Your Presence, so You will find nothing in him which might prevent his entrance into Heaven."

VOLUME 19

September 5, 1926

I prayed Him to spare the peoples…

VOLUME 20

October 26, 1926

"My Love, I want to annihilate my will in Yours, that it may never have life, so that Your Will may have Life in everything and forever, in order to repair for the first act which Adam did, and return to Your Supreme Will all the Glory as if Adam had never withdrawn from It. O! how I wish to give back to him the Honor he lost because he did his

own will and rejected Yours. And I intend to do this act for as many times as creatures have done their own will - the cause of all evils, and have rejected Yours - the origin and fount of all Goods. Therefore I pray You that the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat may come soon, so that everyone, from Adam up to all the creatures who have done their own will, may receive the Honor and the Glory which they lost, and Your Will may receive Triumph, Glory and Its Fulfillment." (also tab 12)

November 3, 1926

"How I would like to descend into the prisons of the purging souls and release them all, and in the Light of the Eternal Will, bring them all to the Celestial Fatherland." (also tab 12)

November 27, 1926

I was all abandoned in the Arms of the Adorable Will, and I prayed my Sweet Jesus to make use of an Act of His Power so that the Supreme Will might invest the human generations; and binding them to Itself, It might form Its first children, so longed for by It. (also tab 12)

December 22, 1926

I was thinking about the Supreme Fiat, and I prayed my Sweet Jesus to give me the grace, so great, of making me fulfill His Most Holy Will entirely and completely, and of making It known to the whole world, so that He might be reintegrated into the Glory which creatures deny Him.

December 27, 1926

"I am stretched within the heavens, to preserve them for the Good of my brothers. I am in the sun, to germinate, to fecundate, to give Light, and to prepare the Food for all mankind."

"I Love my God as He Loves Himself, and I Love everyone, and I do all the Good that my Creator does to the whole human family." (also tab 10)

VOLUME 21

February 23, 1927

"My Love and my Life, Your Will has the virtue of multiplying Your Life for as many beings as exist and will exist on earth. So, in Your Will I want to form as many Jesuses, in order to give the whole of You to each soul of Purgatory, to each Blessed of Heaven, and to each being living on the earth." (also tab 11)

VOLUME 22

August 12, 1927

"…And if You do not want to concede this [Mercy] to me, take me away from the earth, for I can no longer stay here. Your privations give me continuous death, the scourges torture me; and then, how can I live when I cannot spare our brothers the pains through my pains? Jesus! Jesus! Pity on me, pity on all—placate Yourself and make Your little daughter content." (also tab 6)

VOLUME 23

December 14, 1927

I was praying my Beloved Jesus to hasten—to quickly make His Will known, so that, by knowing It, all might long for Its Kingdom to let themselves be dominated by It.

December 30, 1927

"Your Will envelops everything, and – O! how I wish that, just as the sun rises and invests all the earth with light, so may the Sun of Your Will rise in the intellects, in the words, in the hearts, works and steps of all creatures, so that each of them may feel the Sun of Your Fiat rise within herself; and letting themselves be invested by Its Light, all may let It Dominate and Reign in their souls."

VOLUME 24

September 5, 1928

"O! how I would like to convert everything—thoughts, words, works, steps of all creatures—into Will of God, so that sin may exist no more. I would like to eclipse them with the Light of the Divine Will, so that, invested with Light and enchanted by it, under the eclipse caused by Divine Light, creatures may lose the strength, the passions, the will to offend my Sweet Jesus." (also tabs 6, 12)

VOLUME 27

October 30, 1929

"Give me the Kingdom of Your Divine Will, that I may give It to creatures, so that It may Reign in their midst, and all of them may love You with Divine Love, and be all reordered in You." (also tab 12)

November 14, 1929

"I cannot descend from within the Divine Fiat, nor do I want to lose even one drop of It—I would lose my rights, that I do not want

to do. Rather, come up, all of you, and one will be the Will of all; in this way we will Live common Life. But for as long as you remain at the low level of the human will, like sun, I will give you the effects of the Divine Will; however, Its Life will be always mine, praying and waiting for all of you in the Will of our Creator."

VOLUME 28

June 2, 1930

"See, My Love, what it means for You not to make Yourself seen and known by all. If You did so, they would be caught in the net of not being able to be without You, and they would catch You into not being able to be without them."

February 8, 1931

"Only, I pray You, O Jesus, to put an end to this storm; with Your Power, command that it be calmed, and giving Light to those who have provoked it, may they know the evil they have done, that they may use it in order to sanctify themselves."

VOLUME 29

May 27, 1931

"O! Holy Volition, You be the Life, the Actor and the Spectator of all my acts, so that, all of them rising again in You, they may be the call of all the acts of creatures, to make them rise again in Your Fiat, so that Its Kingdom may extend in all creatures." (also tab 12)

July 13, 1931

"Great God, peace I bring to You from the earth; and You—give me Your Peace, to bring it as bond of Peace between You and the human generation." (also tab 12)

July 16, 1931

"Therefore, pray together with Me, that those who must serve My Glory may remain safe, and those who want to strike My Church, confounded."

August 22, 1931

My abandonment in the Divine Volition continues, and I try as much as I can to unite my little acts to those of the Divine Will, so as to form a single one with Its Acts, almost to be able to say: "Whatever You do, I do. I plunge myself into Your Light in order to extend myself together with You, and in this way I can embrace and love all with Your own Will." (also tab 12)

October 20, 1931

My little existence always goes around in the Holy Divine Volition. I feel that It draws me ever more to Itself, and each of Its Words, Light or Knowledge of It, is a New Life that It infuses in me, an unusual Joy that I experience, and a Happiness without end, such that, unable to contain it because I am too small, I feel as if my heart wanted to burst with Joy and with Divine Happiness. "O! Divine Will, make Yourself known, possessed and Loved, so that all may be happy—but of Celestial Happiness, not terrestrial." (also tabs 9, 12)

VOLUME 33

July 15, 1934

"I want Your Fiat as Life for me and for everyone."

VOLUME 34

November 3, 1936

I do not want, I do not ask, for anything else for me and for all, than that the Divine Will come to Reign on earth. "My God, what Magnetic Force It possesses, that while It gives everything, It invests You from every part, but at the same time It takes everything that belongs to the littleness of the poor creature."

VOLUME 35

August 15, 1937

"O, Adorable Will, how I wish that all knew You, Loved You and would let You Reign, allowing themselves to be caught in Your Net of Love!"

February 20, 1938

[Luisa wants to save a person in danger of death]: Therefore, I took the Divine Will, I made It all mine, and in my pain I said to Jesus: "Jesus, Your Will is mine. Your Power and Immensity are in my power. I don't want it, so neither must You want it."

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DIVINE WILL

Offering of the human will to the Celestial Queen:

"Most Sweet Mama, here I am, prostrate at the foot of Your Throne. I am Your little child, I want to give You all my filial love, and as Your child, I want to braid all the little sacrifices, the ejaculatory prayers, my

promises to never do my will, which I have made many times during this month of Graces. And forming a crown, I want to place it on Your lap as attestation of love and thanksgiving for my Mama.

"But this is not enough; I want You to take it in Your hands as the sign that You accept my gift, and at the touch of Your Maternal fingers, convert it into many suns, for at least as many times as I have tried to do the Divine Will in my little acts.

"Ah! yes, Mother Queen, Your child wants to give You homages of Light and of most refulgent suns. I know that You have many of these suns, but they are not the suns of Your child; so I want to give You mine, to tell You that I love You, and to bind You to Loving me. Holy Mama, You smile at me and, all Goodness, You accept my gift; and I thank You from the heart. But I want to tell You many things; I want to enclose my pains, my fears, my weaknesses, my whole being in Your Maternal Heart, as the place of my refuge - I want to consecrate my will to You. O please! my Mama, accept it; make of it a Triumph of Grace, and a field on which the Divine Will may extend Its Kingdom. This will of mine, consecrated to You, will render us inseparable, and will keep us in continuous relations. The doors of Heaven will not be closed for me, because, as I have consecrated my will to You, You will give me Yours in exchange. So, either the Mama will come and stay with her child on earth, or the child will go to live with her Mama in Heaven. O! how happy I will be.

"Listen, dearest Mama, in order to make the consecration of my will to You more solemn, I call the Sacrosanct Trinity, all the Angels, all the Saints, and before all I protest - and with an oath - to make the solemn consecration of my will to my Celestial Mama.

"And now, Sovereign Queen, as the fulfillment, I ask for Your holy blessing, for myself and for all. May Your blessing be the Celestial Dew which descends upon sinners to convert them, and upon the afflicted to console them. May it descend upon the whole world and transform it in good; may it descend upon the purging souls and extinguish the fire that burns them. May Your Maternal blessing be pledge of salvation for all souls." (also tab 12)

HOURS OF THE PASSION

First Hour

"O Jesus, together with Your Mama, I kiss Your left Foot, asking You to forgive me and all creatures, for all the times we have not walked toward God. (also tab 6)

"I kiss Your right Foot: forgive me and all for all the times we have not followed the perfection You wanted from us. (also tab 6)

"I kiss Your left Hand: communicate to us Your Purity. I kiss Your right Hand: bless all of my heartbeats, thoughts, affections, so that, given value by Your Blessing, they all may be Sanctified. And with

me, bless all creatures, and seal the salvation of their souls with Your Blessing." (also tab 6)

Third Hour

"O Jesus, O please, do not allow any more souls to be lost. Let Your Heartbeat, flowing through them, make them feel the heartbeats of the Life of Heaven, just as Your beloved disciple John felt them; so that, attracted by the Gentleness and Sweetness of Your Love, they may all surrender to You.

Thirteenth Hour

"My Jesus, Love with no boundaries, I unite myself to You, and I too thank You for all that You have made me suffer, and for all that is left for me to suffer. And I pray You to make the dawn of Grace arise within all hearts, so that You, Divine Sun, may Rise Again in all hearts and Reign over them." (also tab 12)

Fourteenth Hour

"My Jesus, I unite myself to Your pierced Mama in following You, to fuse myself in You together with Her. And You, give me Your Gaze of Love, and Bless me."

Fifteenth Hour

"My Divine King, I want to repeat Your Prayers and Reparations, as I accompany You to Herod." (also tab 12)

Eighteenth Hour

"I unite my steps to Yours, and when You, weak, bled dry and staggering, are about to fall, I will be at Your side to sustain You; I will place my shoulders beneath It, so as to share Its weight with You. Do not disdain me, but accept me as Your faithful companion." (also tab 6)

"My fallen Love, let me help You to stand, let me kiss You, dry Your Blood, and repair together with You for those who sin out of ignorance, fragility and weakness. I pray You to give help to these souls."

Nineteenth Hour

Blessed right Hand of my Jesus, I kiss you, I compassionate you, I adore you and I thank you for myself and for all. For as many blows as you receive, so many souls do I ask you to free, at this moment, from eternal damnation. As many drops of Blood as You shed, so many souls do I pray You to wash in this Most Precious Blood of Yours. O my Jesus, for the bitter pain You suffer, I ask You to open the Heavens to all, and to bless all creatures. May Your Blessing call all sinners to conversion, and all heretics and unbelievers to the Light of the Faith.

Left Hand of my Jesus, I kiss you, I compassionate you, I adore you, I thank you, and, for the blows you receive and for the bitter pains you suffer while they drive the nail through, I ask you to concede, at this moment, liberation from Purgatory to the purging souls. Yes, O Jesus, for the Blood You shed from this Hand, I pray You to extinguish the flames that burn these souls. May this Blood be refreshment and a healthy bath for all, such as to purge them from any stain and dispose them to the Beatific Vision. My Love and my All, for this sharp pain You suffer, I ask You to close hell to all souls, and to hold back the lightnings of Divine Justice irritated, alas, by our own sins! O Jesus, let Divine Justice be appeased, so that the Divine chastisements may not pour down upon the earth, and treasures of Divine Mercy may be opened for the benefit of all. My Jesus, I place the world and all generations into Your Arms, and I pray You, O my Sweet Love, with the Voices of Your own Blood, to deny no one Your Forgiveness, and by the Merits of Your Most Precious Blood, to concede to all the salvation of their souls! Do not exclude anyone, O Jesus! (also tabs 6, 12)

Blessed Feet of my Jesus, I kiss you, I adore you, I thank you; and for the most bitter pains you suffer, for the tearing and for the Blood you shed, I pray you to enclose all souls in Your Most Sacred Wounds. (also tab 10)

O Jesus, do not disdain anyone! May Your nails nail our powers, so that they may not move away from You; may they nail our hearts, so that they may always be fixed in You alone; may they nail all our feelings, so that they may have no taste which does not come from You. O my Crucified Jesus, I see You all bleeding, as though swimming in a bath of Blood, which asks continuously for souls. By the Power of this Blood, I ask You, O Jesus, that not one of them may escape You ever again!

My Jesus, I hug You, I kiss You, I compassionate You, I adore You and I thank You for myself and for all. Jesus, I want to place my head upon Your Heart, to feel what You feel in this painful Crucifixion. Ah, I hear every blow of the hammer echoing in It; everything is centered in It, from It do Your pains begin, and in It do they end. Ah, if it were not already decreed that a lance would rip Your Heart, the Flames of Your Love would open their way, and would make It explode! These Flames call loving souls to find a happy dwelling in Your Heart, and I, O Jesus, for the sake of Your Most Precious Blood, ask You for Sanctity for these souls. O please, do not allow them ever to go out from Your Heart, and with Your Grace, multiply the vocations of victim souls, who may continue Your Life upon earth. You wanted to give a distinct place in Your Heart to the loving souls; let them never lose this place. O Jesus, may the Flames of Your Heart Burn me and consume me; may Your Blood embellish me; may Your Love keep me always nailed to It through suffering and reparation.

My Jesus, how is it possible that You Love us so much? Your Love crushes my poor heart. O, I would want to go into the midst of all creatures to show this Face of Yours, so disfigured because of them, to move them to compassion for their own souls and for Your Love; and with the Light which emanates from Your Face, and with the enrapturing power of Your Love, make them understand who You are, and who they are, who dare to offend You, so that they may prostrate themselves before You, to adore You and glorify You. (also tab 10)

My embittered Jesus, my voice in Yours wants to face all these offenses, all the blasphemies, in order to change all human voices into voices of blessings and praises. (also tab 6)

My Jesus, Your Love is a sweet enchantment for me, and pushes me to do what You do. So, together with You, at the cost of any pain, I want to prevent Divine Justice from taking Its course against poor humanity. With the Blood that pours out of Your Hands I want to extinguish the fire of sin that ignites It, and to calm Its fury. Allow me to place in Your Arms, the sufferings and the torments of all men, and the many hearts, grieving and oppressed. Allow me to go among all creatures and press them all into Your Arms, so that all of them may return to Your Heart. By the Power of Your Creative Hands, allow me to stop the current of so many evil works, and to hold everyone back from doing evil. (also tab 6)

Twentieth Hour

O my Lovable Jesus, repeat this word again to all the sinners which are in the world. Beseech Mercy for all; apply the Infinite Merits of Your Most Precious Blood for all. O Good Jesus, continue to placate Divine Justice for all, and concede Your Grace to those who, finding themselves in the act of having to forgive, do not feel the strength to do it.

Twenty-first Hour

O my Jesus, I intend to repair for those who despair of the Divine Mercy at the point of death. My Sweet Love, inspire trust and unlimited confidence in You for all, especially for those who find themselves in the grips of agony; and by virtue of Your Word, concede to them Light, Strength and Help, to be able to die in a saintly way, and fly from this earth up to Heaven. O Jesus, enclose all souls, all of them, in Your Most Holy Body, in Your Blood, in Your Wounds. And by the Merits of this Most Precious Blood of Yours, do not allow even one soul to be lost! Together with Your Voice, may Your Blood cry out for all, again: "*Today you will be with Me in Paradise.*" (also tab 6)

O my Jesus Crucified, I adore Your Most Precious Blood; I kiss Your Wounds one by one, intending to profuse in them all my love, my

adorations, my most heartfelt reparations. May Your Blood be for all souls, Light in darkness, Comfort in sufferings, Strength in weakness, Forgiveness in guilt, Help in temptations, Defense in dangers, Support in death, and Wings to carry them all from this earth up to Heaven. (also tabs 6, 7, 12)

O Jesus, I come to You, and in Your Heart I form my nest and my home. O my Sweet Love, I will call everyone to You from within Your Heart; and if anyone wants to draw near to offend You, I will expose my breast, and I will not permit him to Wound You; even more, I will enclose him in Your Heart; I will speak about Your Love, and I will make the offenses turn into Love. (also tabs 6, 12)

O Jesus, do not allow me ever to leave Your Heart; feed me with Your Flames, and give me Life with Your Life, that I may Love You as You Yourself yearn to be Loved. (also tabs 10, 12)

Twenty-second Hour

With Magdalene I cling to Your Feet and, if it were possible, I would like to give my life to revive Yours.

My Jesus, I too abandon myself in You; give me the Grace to die completely in Your Love - in Your Will, and I pray that You never permit me, either in life or in death, to go out of Your Most Holy Will. Meanwhile I intend to repair for all those who do not abandon themselves perfectly to Your Most Holy Will, therefore losing or maiming the Precious Gift of Your Redemption. What is not the sorrow of Your Heart, O my Jesus, in seeing so many creatures escaping from Your Arms and abandoning themselves to themselves? Have pity on all, O my Jesus - have pity on me. (also tabs 4, 6, 12)

I kiss Your Head crowned with thorns, and I ask Your Forgiveness for my many thoughts of pride, of ambition and of self-esteem. And I promise You that every time a thought arises in me which is not completely for You, O Jesus, and that I find myself in occasions of offending You, immediately I will cry out: *"Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You."* (also tabs 6, 12)

O Jesus, I kiss Your Beautiful Eyes, still wet with tears and covered with dried Blood, and I ask Your Forgiveness for all the times I have offended You with evil and immodest gazes. I promise You that every time my eyes are led to look at things of the earth, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You."* (also tabs 6, 12)

O my Jesus, I kiss Your Most Sacred Ears, deafened by insults and horrible blasphemies up to the very last moments, and I ask Your Forgiveness for all the times I have listened to, or made others listen to discourses which move us away from You, and for all the evil discourses made by creatures. I promise You that every time I find myself in the occasion of hearing unseemly discourses, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You."* (also tabs 6, 12)

O my Jesus, I kiss Your Most Holy Face, pale, bruised and bleeding, and I ask Your Forgiveness for the many scorns, offenses and insults You receive from us, most miserable creatures, with our sins. I promise You that every time I have the temptation of not giving You all the Glory, the Love and the adoration which is due to You, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You.*" (also tabs 6, 12)

O my Jesus, I kiss Your Most Sacred Mouth, dry and embittered. I ask Your Forgiveness for all the times I have offended You with my evil discourses; for all the times I have contributed to embittering You and increasing Your thirst. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of making discourses which might offend You, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You.*" (also tabs 6, 12)

O my Jesus, I kiss Your Most Holy Neck, and I can still see the marks of the chains and ropes which have oppressed You. I ask Your Forgiveness for the many bonds and the many attachments of the creatures, which have increased the ropes and the chains around Your most Holy Neck. And I promise You that every time I feel disturbed by attachments, desires and affections which are not for You, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You.*" (also tabs 6, 12)

My Jesus, I kiss Your Most Holy Shoulders, and I ask Your Forgiveness for the many illicit satisfactions; Forgiveness for the many sins committed with the five senses of our body. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of taking some pleasures or satisfactions which are not for Your Glory, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You.*"' (also tabs 6, 12)

My Jesus, I kiss Your Most Holy Breast, and I ask Your Forgiveness for all the coldness, indifference, lukewarmness and horrendous ingratitude You receive from the creatures; and I promise You that every time I feel my love for You become cooler, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You.*" (also tabs 6, 12)

My Jesus, I kiss Your Most Sacred Hands. I ask Your Forgiveness for all the evil and indifferent works; for many acts rendered malicious by love of self and self-esteem. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of not operating only for love of You, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You.*"' (also tabs 6, 12)

O my Jesus, I kiss Your Most Holy Feet, and I ask Your Forgiveness for the many steps, the many paths covered without righteous intention; for many who move away from You to go in search of the pleasures of the earth. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of moving away from You, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, I commend my soul to You.*" (also tabs 6, 12)

O Jesus, I kiss Your Most Sacred Heart, and I intend to enclose in It, with my soul, all the souls redeemed by You, so that all may be saved - no one excluded. (also tabs 6, 12)

O Jesus, lock me in Your Heart, and close the doors, that I may see nothing but You. I promise You that every time the thought comes to me of wanting to go out of this Heart, immediately I will cry out: "*Jesus and Mary, to You I give my heart and my soul.*" (also tabs 6, 12)

LETTERS OF LUISA

Letter No. 14

"I want to place my life at everyone's disposal, so that all may do the Will of God! Sin, evils, would then cease, and - O, how happy we'll all be!"

Sorrow for Sins/Confession/Praying for Mercy:

VOLUME 1

May everything be for the Honor and Glory of God – and to me, all the confusion. O Holy Spouse, come to my help! In considering the many Graces You have given to my soul, I feel all horrified and frightened, all full of confusion and shame at seeing myself still so bad and unrequiting of Your Graces. But, my Lovable and Sweet Jesus, forgive me, do not withdraw from me, but continue to pour Your Grace in me, that You may make of me a Triumph of Your Mercy. (also tab 7)

Lord, how is it that You have done this? Between You and me, You now want to place a third? And this third one does not want to make himself available. See, we could have been so content, the two of us. When You wanted me to suffer, I would immediately accept, because I would know that You Yourself would free me. There is no need of another hand now. I beg You, free me, and both of us will be more content.

O! God, what pain - how many tears I shed. How many times I thought I was disobedient, saying to myself: "How can this be - that virtue which is the most pleasing to the Lord is so far away from me. What good can a disobedient soul ever do or hope for?"

"But, O Lord, too ungrateful have I been with You!"

"Dear, my Beloved, give me sorrow for my sins, so that, consumed by sorrow and by regret for having offended You, my sins may be erased from my soul, and also from Your Memory. Yes, give me as much sorrow, for as much as I have dared to offend You. Even more, let sorrow surpass this, so that I may draw more intimately close to You."

"If I cross the sea, You are in the sea, though I do not see You; I tread the earth, and You are under my feet. I sinned."

"Ah Lord, how Good You have been with me, and I - always ungrateful, and still so bad!"

"Lord, before Your Presence, I accuse myself of the sin of pride."

"Great, immense, has been the evil I have done against You. These powers of mine and these senses of my body were meant to be as many tongues with which to praise You. Ah! instead, they have been like many poisonous vipers which were biting You and were even trying to kill You. But, Holy Father, forgive me - do not want to cast me away because of the great wrong I have done to You by sinning."

"Ah! yes, with all my heart I promise You [to sin no more]. I would die a thousand times rather than sin again. Never again, never again."

VOLUME 2

May 26, 1899

"O, God, what human misery! Yet, after I have been given so many Graces, I am still so bad!"

"May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His Glory."

June 5, 1899

"Holy Jesus, how do You want me not to be afflicted - after so many Graces, I shouldn't be so bad any more. Sometimes, also in the good works I try to do, I mix so many defects and imperfections, that I myself feel horror. What must they be before You, who are so perfect and holy? And then, the suffering, so very scarce compared to before, Your long delays in coming - everything tells me in clear notes that my sins, my awful ingratitudes, are the cause of it, and that You, indignant with Me, deny me even that daily bread which You usually concede to everyone, which is the cross. So, You will end up abandoning me completely. Can there be a greater affliction than this?"

June 19, 1899

"O, God, what pain, to offend God!"

"Good Jesus, forgive me for the many sins I committed yesterday."

July 4, 1899

"My Lord Jesus, I feel I am all covered with wounds and with grave sins. O please! I beg You - have pity on this miserable one!"

July 14, 1899

"My dear Jesus, have pity on this misery - continue to make use of Your Mercy!"

September 22, 1899

"My Good Jesus, what good is it for my soul to have so many Graces, if then they embitter my whole life, especially because of the hours of Your privation? In fact, understanding Who You are, and of Whom I am being deprived, is a continuous martyrdom for me. So, they serve me for nothing but to make me live continuously embittered."

"My Jesus, most Patient in bearing a soul so miserable and ungrateful - forgive me. It seems to me that this time I want to investigate too much."

September 30, 1899

"Lord, forgive me - how many offenses I have given You."

VOLUME 3

November 19, 1899

"O, God, what an abominable monster this vice [pride] is! Ah, Lord, keep it away from me!"

November 21, 1899

"O! God, am I an object fit for letting You take delight, or for embittering You?"

January 5, 1900

"May the Lord be always thanked and glorified!"

January 12, 1900

"A God, humiliated and confused for Love of me, and I, a sinner, without these insignia! A God, stable, firm in bearing so many insults, to the point that He does not move, not one bit, to shake that disgusting spit off of Himself. Ah, His Interior before God, and His Exterior before men are made manifest to me; and yet, if He wanted to free Himself, He could, because it is not the chains that bind Him, but His firm Will, which wants to save mankind at any cost. And I? And I? Where are my humiliations? Where, the firmness, the constancy in doing good for love of my Jesus and for love of my neighbor? Ah, how different we are as victims - myself and Jesus! Ah, we are not similar at all!"

January 31, 1900

"Ah, Lord, free me from such misfortune, and from the abominable monster of sin!"

April 1, 1900

"Ah, Lord, yet, I feel I am so bad that I am ashamed of myself!"

April 20, 1900

"Ah, Lord, I pray You to keep me always nailed to the cross, so that, having this Divine Mirror ever before me, I may clean all my stains and embellish myself ever more in Your Likeness."

June 12, 1900

"Ah, Lord, I beg You to forgive me."

June 24, 1900

"Ah, Lord, wake me up Yourself, that I may see my miseries, and know at least of what I am being deprived!"

August 24, 1900

"O God, what a harrowing pain it is to offend You!" (I did as much as I could to remain in God, to resign myself to His Holy Will, to offer Him that very restless state for love of Him, to not pay attention to the enemy, showing highest indifference, so that I would not incite him myself to tempt me more. But in spite of all this, I could not help hearing the murmuring that the enemy provoked around me).

VOLUME 4

September 10, 1900

"Blessed Lord, who can tell You the perversity, the hardness, the ugliness of the world? I have no words to tell You how bad it is!"

"Ah, Lord, forgive me for this lack of charity, and use Mercy!"

September 12, 1900

"Do not come, Love - have compassion for me, and [do not] relieve me."

"Have patience, do not come, for I do not want relief."

"No, Lord, I do not want relief."

"My Adorable Jesus, once You have poured [Your bitternesses] into me and I suffer, don't You have to spare the world - don't You?"

October 14, 1900

"Pity – Mercy! Move this scourge away, so dangerous for miserable humanity! Let the tears of innocence move You to compassion!"

November 23, 1900

"No, Lord, You cannot make Justice - I do not want it, and since I do not want it, neither do You want it, because my will is no longer mine, but Yours; and since it is Yours, whatever I do not want, You do not want either. Have You not told me Yourself that I must Live of Your Will, entirely and completely?"

January 4, 1901

"May everything be for the Glory of God and for the good of my soul."

September 4, 1901

"My Sweet Love, how I yearn to hear from Your Lips whether You have forgiven my many sins."

April 4, 1902

"Lord, I repent of the offenses given by me and by all creatures of the earth, and I repent and I am sorry for the sole reason that we have offended You, Highest Good, who deserve love, while we have dared to give You offenses."

[Luisa is placating Jesus by trying to convince two men of the evil they are doing]:

"Let me speak, and then do to me whatever you want. You must know that if you reach your intent of destroying every moral good pertaining to religion, virtue, dependency and social welfare, without realizing your mistake, you would also destroy all corporal and temporal goods. In fact, as much as is taken away from moral goods, so much are physical evils doubled. So, without realizing it, you go against yourselves, destroying all those fleeting and passing goods which you so much love. Not only this, but you are looking for those who will destroy your very lives, and you will cause the survivors among you to shed bitter tears." Then I made a most great act of humility, which I am not even able to repeat, and they remained like someone who recovers from a state of madness; and also so weak, that they did not have the strength even to touch me. So I passed through them freely, and I understood that there is no power that can resist the power of reason and of humility.

September 3, 1902

I prayed the Lord to give me the exercise of His Holy Mind to satisfy for the evils I might have committed with my thoughts; His Eyes, His Mouth, His Hands, Feet, Heart and all of His Most Sacred Body, to satisfy for all the evils I might have committed, and for all the good I was supposed to do, but did not.

"Lord, if You take me, I pray You to content Father."

VOLUME 5

October 16, 1903

"My Lord, how is it that while in Your Presence I should know my sins better, it happens the opposite?"

VOLUME 6

November 24, 1904

"Blessed Lord, what about me? Don't You want to give me at least one drop of Blood as Remedy for all my evils?"

VOLUME 8

July 14, 1907

"Lord, yesterday I went to confession; if I had died, since confession remits sins, would You not have brought me straight to Heaven?"

August 23, 1908

"Who knows what evil there is in my soul that the Lord deprives me of Him, and leaves me abandoned to myself."

VOLUME 9

October, 4, 1909

Following Jesus in the Hours of the Passion:

"My Jesus, are Your Blood, Your Pains, Your Cross not there for me? I have been so bad, that having trampled them under my feet with my sins, maybe You have exhausted them for me. But, O please!, forgive me; and if You do not want to forgive me, leave me Your Will and I will be content. Your Will is everything for me. I have remained alone without You, and You alone can know the loss I suffered. I have no one; creatures without You bore me; I feel I am in this prison of my body like a slave in chains. At least, for pity's sake, do not take Your Holy Will away from me!"

October 14, 1909

"It is true that as I lament to You, You always give excuses - that You want to chastise and this is why You do not come; but I don't believe it. Who knows what evil there is in my soul, and because of it You do not come. Tell me at least, for at any cost, even of giving my life, I will remove it; but without You I cannot be. Think what You want; in this way I cannot go on - either with You on earth, or with You in Heaven." (also tab 11)

November 16, 1909

"It really seems You want to leave me completely; but, at least tell me: do You want me to go out of this state? Who knows what disorder there is in me that You have moved away. I promise You from the heart - I will be more good."

"But, Lord, there must be something bad in me. Before, You did nothing but come and go, and in these visits… sharing of crosses, of nails, of thorns; but when nature has become so used to them to the point of considering them natural, so much so, that suffering is easier for her than not suffering, You withdraw. How is it possible that there is nothing grave in me?"

August 3, 1910

"Bravo, Jesus, You want to make fun of me! But then, can this be done with You? You let Yourself be bound and clasped as much as one can, but at the best moment You disappear and no longer let Yourself be found. *Bravo,* Jesus, You want to make fun of me! But, after all, do whatever You want; what I care is that You tell me where I offend You, and in what I displeased You - that You no longer come as before."

VOLUME 11

November 1, 1912

"Have Mercy on me - forgive this soul! Your Blood, Your Pains - are they not mine too? Do they perhaps count less for me?"

VOLUME 12

April 25, 1918

"My Life, how *cattiva* (bad) I am; but even though I am *cattiva* (bad), I know that You Love me."

"My Jesus, You are making fun of me. I want to tell You that I am really *cattiva* (bad), and to help me to become good."

June 12, 1918

"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."

"Pray, pray for the great blindness of creatures."

October 3, 1918

"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, O! how much sweeter would death be for me."

January 25, 1919

"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."

"Who knows how many sins there are in me that make Jesus bump?"

September 13, 1919

"Pity, my Love, pity! Don't you see how I have reduced myself? I feel that I no longer have 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?"

December 15, 1919

"Since You don't want to tell me anything, tell me at least that You forgive me if I have offended You in anything."

VOLUME 13

October 6, 1921

I was praying and adoring the Wounds of my Crucified Jesus, and I thought to myself: "How ugly sin, to have reduced my Highest Good to such a harrowing state!"

December 5, 1921

"My Highest and only Good, see how I have become more bad. Before I used to have no doubts about what You told me; now - no; how many doubts, how many difficulties. I myself don't know where I go fishing for them."

VOLUME 14

May 15, 1922

"O God, what pain! How awful guilt is!"

July 30, 1922

"My Jesus, forgive me, You are right; it is because of the great repugnance I feel - this having to put my will into how I should come out tortures me. You, have pity on me, give me more Strength and Grace, and make my heart larger, so that I may never again give You this sorrow." (also tab 7)

November 16, 1922

[Luisa, receiving absolution]:
"My Jesus, I want to receive it in Your Will."

VOLUME 15

February 22, 1923

"My Beloved Jesus, what an ugly thought this is. O please! do not let pretense have existence in me; rather, send me death, but do not let me offend You with the ugliest vice, which is pretense. It terrorizes me, it crushes me, it annihilates me, it snatches me away from Your Sweet Arms, and puts me under the feet of all, even of the damned. My Jesus, You say that You Love me very much, and then You permit this tearing of my soul away from You. How can Your Heart endure such a great pain of mine?"

VOLUME 16

September 9, 1923

"My Jesus, free me from the hands of the enemy. I don't want to know anything - all I care about is to save my soul."

November 5, 1923

"So, having received Holy Communion, I abandoned myself in the arms of my Most Sweet Jesus, and I said to Him: My Love, help me - do not abandon me. You know in what a state I find myself because of Your privation; and still, instead of help, creatures add pains upon pains. Without You, I have no one else - either with You, or on my own, crying over my hard lot of having lost You. This should push You more not to leave me alone - to at least keep company with a poor abandoned one who lives dying in her hard exile. Therefore, You who are the Highest Priest, give me the absolution, tell me that You forgive the sins that are in my soul - let me hear Your Most Sweet Voice that gives me Life and Forgiveness." (also tabs 4, 11)

"Ah! my Love, Jesus; yet, I feel so bad because of all these contrasts - and You know it. It is true that this serves me to abandon myself more into Your Arms, and to ask from You what they do not give me; but in spite of this, I feel a breath of disturbance that troubles the peace of my soul. And you are saying that You want to form Your Real Life in me? O, how far I am from this!"

December 26, 1923

"My Jesus, help me, don't You see how much pride there is in me? Have pity on me - free me from this subtle pride. I don't want to know anything - it is enough for me to love You." (also tab 7)

May 24, 1924

"If I were allowed, and if all the writings were in my hands and in my power - O! how gladly I would burn them all up. But, alas! they are no longer in my power, they are in someone else's hands; and if I wanted to, it would not be conceded to me. Ah! Jesus, save my poor soul at least - do not let me perish; and since everything is over, the relations between You and me, do not permit that I have the greatest of misfortunes, of not doing, even slightly, Your Most Holy and Adorable Will."

September 11, 1924

"My Love, what are You saying? Is this possible - all this evil? Your speaking makes me die of pains. O please! forgive me; have Mercy on me, who am so bad, and confirm my *"yes"* with stronger bonds in Your Will. Even more, make me die, rather than letting me go out of Your Will. (also tab 7)

VOLUME 18

October 21, 1925

"My Jesus, my Love, it is not enough for me to feel sorrow and to ask for forgiveness, but I would like to annihilate any sin, so that You may never - never again be offended."

January 24, 1926

"My Beloved Jesus has told me many times that I was the little newborn of the Divine Will - just newly born, without having formed my little life in this Supreme Volition. And now that I am most in need in order to form my growth, Jesus leaves me alone. So, I will be like an aborted birth in the Divine Will, without having existence. Don't You see, then, my Love, in what pitiful state I find myself, and how Your very Designs upon Me are reduced to nothing? O please! if You do not want to have pity on me, have pity on Yourself, on Your Designs and on Your Works which You have made for my poor soul."

VOLUME 19

June 15, 1926

"Jesus, my Life, have pity on me - look at how full of defects I am, and how much badness there is in me."

VOLUME 28

April 12, 1930

Then, I was following the Supreme Fiat in the Creation, and my mind was lost in comprehending the continuous Act of It toward the creatures.

VOLUME 29

March 30, 1931

"Ah! my Jesus, help me; O please! if You want me to continue, continue to sustain me Yourself, and use Your Mercy toward this poor sinner, that I may not oppose Your Most Holy Will." (also tab 7)

"My Love, forgive me, You know the struggles I find myself in, and what profound humiliations I have been cast into. (also tab 7)

September 7, 1931

"My Love, a thought afflicts me—I fear I may lack the continuation of my acts in Your Divine Will, and as I would interrupt the sound of my bell, You, offended by me, might put me aside, and will not give me any more Grace to make me Live in Your Will."

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DIVINE WILL

Day Twenty-seven: The soul to her Sorrowful Mother:

"My dear Sorrowful Mother, today, more than ever, I feel the irresistible need to be close to You. No, I will not move from Your side, to be spectator of Your bitter Sorrows and to ask You, as Your child, for the Grace to place in me Your Sorrows and those of Your Son Jesus, and also His very death; so that His death and Your Sorrows may give me the Grace to make my will die continually, and make rise again, upon it, the Life of the Divine Will."

The soul:

"Sorrowful Mama, Your words wound my heart, and I feel myself dying in hearing that it was my rebellious will that made You suffer so much. Therefore I pray You to enclose it in the Wounds of Jesus, that I may Live of His Pains and of Your bitter sorrows."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"May the Wounds of Jesus and the sorrows of my Mama give me the Grace to make my will rise again in the Will of God."

Meditation 3: The soul to her Celestial Mother:

"Holy Mama, here I am close to You, to accompany You to the Temple, where You go to make the greatest of sacrifices – to place the Life of the Celestial Infant at the mercy of each creature, that they may use it to reach safety and to be Sanctified. But, ah! sorrow – many will use it to offend Him, and even to become lost. O please! my Mama, place little Jesus in my heart, and I promise You, I swear, to love Him always, and to keep Him as the Life of my poor heart."

HOURS OF THE PASSION

Third Hour

O my Jesus, not one act escapes You which does not keep me present and which does not intend to do me a special good. So I pray You that Your Passion be always in my mind, in my heart, in my gazes, in my steps and in my pains, so that, wherever I turn, inside and outside of myself, I may always find You present in me. And You, give me the Grace never to forget what You have borne and suffered for me. May this be the magnet which, drawing my whole being into You, will never again allow me to go far away from You.

Eighth Hour

How much compassion I feel for You, O my Jesus! I would like to take the very ropes with which Your enemies are about to bind You, in order to bind these souls and spare You this sorrow.

Fourteenth Hour

My Life, Jesus, Your Reparations and Prayers echo in my heart, and I repair and pray together with You.

Eighteenth Hour

My Suffering Jesus, I too unite with the pierced Mama. I make all Your Pains, and every drop of Your Blood my own; in each Wound I want to act as a mama for You, and together with Her, and with You, I repair for all the dangerous encounters, and for those who expose themselves to occasions of sin, or, forced by necessity to be exposed, remain entangled in sin. (also tab 12)

Twentieth Hour

My Jesus, Endless Love, let me go through all Your Life together with You, with the inconsolable Mama, with Saint JOn, and with the pious women. (also tab 12)

My sweet Jesus, I thank You for the many thorns that pierced Your Adorable Head, for the drops of Blood shed by It, for the blows You

received on It, and for the Hair they tore from You. I thank You for all the Good You have done and impetrated for all, for the enlightenments and the good inspirations You have given us, and for all the times You have forgiven all of our sins of thought, of pride, of conceit and of self-esteem. I ask Your Forgiveness in the name of all, O my Jesus, for all the times we have crowned You with thorns; for all the drops of Blood we made You shed from Your Most Sacred Head; for all the times we have not corresponded to Your Inspirations. For the sake of all these Pains suffered by You, I ask You, O Jesus, to impetrate for us the Grace to never again commit sins of thought. I also intend to offer You everything You suffered in Your Most Holy Head, in order to give You all the Glory that the creatures would have given You, had they made good use of their intelligence. (also tab 12)

O my Jesus, I adore Your Most Holy Eyes, and I thank You for all the tears and the Blood they have shed, for the cruel pricks of the thorns, for the insults, the derisions and the contempts You bore during all of Your Passion. I ask Your Forgiveness for all those who use their sight to offend You and insult You, asking You, for the sake of the Pains suffered in Your Most Sacred Eyes, to give us the Grace that no one may ever again offend You with evil gazes. I also intend to offer You all that You Yourself suffered in Your Most Holy Eyes, to give You all the Glory that the creatures would have given You if their gazes were fixed only on Heaven, on the Divinity and on You, O my Jesus. (also tab 12)

I adore Your Most Holy Ears; I thank You for all that You suffered while those wicked people on Calvary deafened them with shouts and mockeries. I ask Your Forgiveness in the name of all for all the evil discourses which are listened to, and I pray that the ears of all men may be opened to the Eternal Truths, to the voices of Grace, and that no one may offend You, ever again, with the sense of hearing. I also intend to offer You all that You suffered in Your Most Holy Hearing, to give You all the Glory that the creatures would have given You, had they made holy use of this organ. (also tab 12)

O my Jesus, I adore and I kiss Your Most Holy Face, and I thank You for all that You suffered from the spit, the slaps and the mockeries received, and for all the times You allowed Yourself to be trampled by Your enemies. I ask Your Forgiveness in the name of all, for all the times we have dared to offend You, asking You, for the sake of these slaps and this spit, to let Your Divinity be recognized, praised and glorified by all. Even more, O my Jesus, I myself intend to go throughout the whole world, from the east to the west, from the south to the north, to unite all the voices of the creatures and change them into as many acts of praise, of love and of adoration. Also, O my Jesus, I intend to bring You all the hearts of the creatures, so that You may cast Light, Truth, Love and compassion for Your Divine Person into all. And as You forgive all, I ask You not to allow anyone to offend You,

ever again; if possible, even at the cost of my blood. Finally, I intend to offer You everything You suffered in Your Most Holy Face, to give You all the Glory that the creatures would have given You, if no one had dared to offend You. (also tab 12)

I adore Your Most Holy Mouth, and I thank You for Your first wails, for the milk You suckled, for all the Words You said, for the ardent kisses You gave to Your Most Holy Mother, for the food You took, for the bitterness of the gall and of the ardent thirst You suffered on the Cross, and for the Prayers You raised to the Father. I ask Your Forgiveness for all the gossip and the evil and mundane discourses made by creatures, and for all the blasphemies they utter. I intend to offer Your Holy Discourses in reparation for their evil discourses; the mortification of Your taste to repair for their gluttonies, and for all the offenses they have given You with an evil use of their tongue. I intend to offer You everything You suffered in Your Most Holy Mouth, to give You all the Glory that the creatures would have given You, if none of them had dared to offend You with the sense of taste and with the abuse of their tongue. (also tab 12)

O Jesus, I thank You for everything, and in the name of all, I raise to You a hymn of eternal and infinite thanksgiving. O my Jesus, I intend to offer You everything You have suffered in Your Most Holy Person, to give You all the Glory that the creatures would have given You, had they conformed their lives to Yours. (also tab 12)

I thank You, O Jesus, for everything You have suffered in Your Most Holy Shoulders, for all the blows You have received, for all the Wounds You have allowed them to open on Your Most Sacred Body, and for all the drops of Blood You have shed. I ask Your Forgiveness in the name of all, for all the times in which, for love of comforts, they have offended You with illicit and evil pleasures. I offer You Your painful scourging to repair for all the sins committed with all the senses, for love for one's own tastes, for sensible pleasures, for one's own self and all natural satisfactions. I also intend to offer You all that You have suffered in Your shoulders, to give You all the Glory that the creatures would have given You, if they had tried to please You alone in everything, and to find shelter under the shadow of Your Divine Protection. (also tab 12)

My Jesus, I kiss Your left Foot; I thank You for all the steps You took during Your mortal life, and for all the times You tired Your poor Limbs, going in search of souls to lead to Your Heart. Therefore, O my Jesus, I offer You all of my actions, steps and movements, with the intention of giving You reparation for everything and for everyone. I ask Your Forgiveness for those who do not operate with righteous intention; I unite my actions to Yours in order to Divinize them, and I offer them united to all the Works You did with Your Most Holy Humanity, to give You all the Glory that the creatures would have given You, had they operated in a saintly way and with upright purposes. (also tab 12)

O my Jesus, I kiss Your right Foot, and I thank You for all You have suffered and do suffer for me, especially in this hour, in which You are hanging on the Cross. I thank You for the excruciating crafting that the nails are making in Your Wounds, which rip open more and more at the weight of Your Most Sacred Body. I ask Your Forgiveness for all the rebellions and disobediences committed by creatures, offering You the pains of Your Most Holy Feet in reparation for these offenses, to give You all the glory that the creatures would have given You, had they been submitted to You in everything. (also tab 12)

O my Jesus, I kiss Your most Holy left Hand; I thank You for all that You have suffered for me, for all the times You have placated the Divine Justice, satisfying for everything! I kiss Your right Hand, and I thank You for all the Good You have done, and You do, for all. In a special way, I thank You for the Works of Creation, of Redemption and of Sanctification. I ask Your Forgiveness in the name of all, for all the times we have been ungrateful at Your Benefits, for our many works done without upright intention. In reparation for all these offenses, I intend to give You all the Perfection and Sanctity of Your Works, to give You all the Glory that the creatures would have given You, had they corresponded to all of these Benefits. (also tab 12)

O my Jesus, I kiss Your Most Sacred Heart, and I thank You for all You have suffered, desired and yearned for, for Love of all and for each one in particular. I ask Your Forgiveness for the many evil desires, and for the affections and tendencies which are not good, Forgiveness, O Jesus, for many who place Your Love after the love of creatures. And to give You all the Glory that these have denied You, I offer You everything that Your Most Adorable Heart has done and continues to do. (also tab 12)

Praying for Strength/Help:

VOLUME 1

My Good Jesus, how my pains have increased - I am deprived also of the things dearest to me, which are the Sacraments. I had never thought I would reach this point. But who knows where I will end up! O please! give me Help and Strength, for my nature is failing me.

My Jesus, how is it, for the entire morning You made me go around and around in order to find You, and You are here? You could at least tell me, so I would not have become so worked up. My Sweet Good, my Dear Life, take a look at how tired I am, I feel I have no more strengths, I feel faint - O please! sustain me in Your Arms for I feel I am dying.

VOLUME 2

February 28, 1899

"But, O Holy Obedience, what a powerful bond you are! You alone could win over me, and surpassing all my repugnance, almost impassable mountains, you bind me to the Will of God and of the confessor. But, please! O! Holy Spouse, as great as my sacrifice is, so much help do I need; I want nothing but for You to hold me in Your Arms and sustain me. In this way, assisted by You, I will be able to say only the Truth, only for Your Glory, and to my confusion."

VOLUME 3

February 4, 1900

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

March 11, 1900

[Luisa prays to a soul in Purgatory]:

"Since you are present before the Truth and you know things with clarity, with no possibility of deceiving yourself, you can tell me the truth about my things."

May 13, 1900

"O, God, what state is this? Tell me at least: where have I offended You? What is the cause of it? Ah, Lord, lend me help, and do not leave me in abandonment, though I deserve it."

May 24, 1900

"And You, my Beloved Jesus, give me some fruits, because idleness and scarce suffering increase my languishing so much that I faint, to the point of feeling I am dying. So I will be able to give You not only flowers, but also fruits to relieve Your Languishing more."

May 27, 1900

"Ah, Lord, give me the Strength to endure the pain!"

July 3, 1900

"Ah! Lord, that's all we need! What are You doing? What are You doing? If You want to do this, take me away from this earth, for my heart cannot bear the sight of scenes so gloomy. Besides, who can endure continuing in this state in which You put me - that You do not come, or You come like a shadow; and not only this, but You leave me dazed, sleepy, not letting me understand anything any more. Yet, You told me that You would leave me like this until You would somehow give vent to Your fury; but now You want to add fury to fury, and it seems You will not be done for now. Poor me! Poor me! Who will give me the strength to remain in this state? Who would be able to endure?"

July 17, 1900

"Blessed Lord, O please! Give peace to a poor heart! Tell me, assure me, swear to me - do You Love me? Do You continue Loving me?"

August 31, 1900

"Ah, Lord, if You please to instruct me, give me the Grace to profit from Your Holy Instructions, otherwise everything will be for my condemnation."

VOLUME 4

September 22, 1900

"Ah, my Beloved, how can I not be afflicted since You do not want to take me with You yet, and You leave me on this earth still?"

"Ah, Lord, it does not seem to me that death is a sacrifice; on the contrary, it seems to me that life is sacrifice."

October 15, 1900

"Ah, Lord, who can tell You what I feel! It seems to me as if I had been crushed inside a machine. I feel such exhaustion of strengths, that if You do not infuse vigor in me, I cannot come round."

January 24, 1901

"Lord, how is it that You do not come! How things have changed! It shows that it is either for the chastisement of my sins that You deprive me of Your Lovable Presence, or because You no longer want me in this state of victim. O please! I beg You – let me know Your Will. If I could not be opposed when You wanted the sacrifice from me, much less can I do it now that, finding me no longer worthy of being victim, You want to take me out of it."

"No Lord, I want You always; whatever the cause might be, I do not give way to remaining a single day without You."

October 25, 1901

"What pain, what a disgrace mine has been – to be the victim of my fantasy! I believed I was seeing You, but instead, it was all the hallucination of my fantasy. I believed I was fulfilling Your Will by remaining in this bed for such a long time, but who knows whether this also has been a fruit of my fantasy. Lord, the mere thought of this gives pain – it frightens. Your Will used to sweeten everything, but this embitters me down to the marrow of my bones. O please! give me the Strength to get out of this imaginary state."

"Well then, I will make use of my fantasy to be able to love Him in hell."

March 27, 1902

"My Love, is this Your Promise that You would not leave me, when in the past days You have barely come, if at all?"

December 15, 1902

"My Life and Strength, by myself I am weak and can do nothing, but with You I can do everything. Therefore, strengthen my weakness by infusing Your very Strength in me, and I will be able to carry the weight of Your Person - the only way to be able to spare each other this sorrow; for me, of letting You fall, and for You, of suffering the fall."

"May the Lord be always blessed."

December 31, 1902

"Lord, have pity on me; don't You see the danger I am in? How is it possible that I, most wretched little worm, dare so much as to

feel myself opposed to Your Holy Will? And besides, what good can I possibly find, and into what abyss will I plunge myself if I am separated from Your Will?"

"Lord, You don't love me any more; bitternesses You do not want to pour – pour Your Sweetnesses at least."

"May He be always blessed and thanked."

VOLUME 5

June 30, 1903

"My most sweet Mother, in what terrible constraints I find myself – deprived of my only good and of my very life. I feel I am touching the extremes."

"My Mama, help me, for they want to snatch Jesus away from me."

VOLUME 6

March 16, 1904

"Good Shepherd, if you are so very expert, give me some remedy for my troubles, as I find myself in this state of sufferings."

September 2, 1904

"Lord, why do I feel my soul and body being consumed when You deprive me of Yourself? Is this not the diabolical breath that has penetrated into my soul and torments me like this?"

December 4, 1904

"Lord, I can take no more, my nature has failed me; I lack the necessary Strength to be able to continue in this state of victim. If You want me to continue, give me the Strength, otherwise I quit."

VOLUME 8

March 9, 1908

"Move creatures away from me; I feel very oppressed - I don't know what they find or want from me. Have pity on the violence I do myself continuously, to be with You in my interior and with creatures externally."

VOLUME 9

July 29, 1910

"How many times have I told You: if You see that I am about to offend You, even slightly, make me die."

October 29, 1910

"Life of my life, my dear Jesus, during these past days I have been disturbed, and You, who have been so jealous of my peace, have not had a single word for me in these past days to give me that peace which You so much want."

VOLUME 11

May 22, 1912

"Jesus, it seems that You want to escape me with this talking, but know that I am not giving up. For now, You surrender to me out of Love; do for me an Act of Love and surrender to that which is so necessary to me, and to which I am so bound. As for the rest, I surrender everything to You. Otherwise I will be discontent."

July 23, 1912

"Since I myself am unable to have compassion for myself - You, have compassion for this heart, which You have Loved so much, and which You intended so firmly to receive."

August 27, 1913

"Life of my life, You don't want to have compassion on me any more. Why live? You don't want to use me any more - everything is over. My bitterness is such and so great that I feel petrified because of the pain. And what is more is that while I remain all abandoned in Your Arms, as if I gave not a thought to my great misfortune, others - and You know who they are - whisper in my ear: 'And how is this? And why? Maybe you have committed sins? You have become distracted!' And what is worse is that, while they say this to me, I feel that I don't want to hear them, as if they would interrupt the sleep You make me have in the Arms of Your Will. Ah! Jesus, maybe You did not pay attention to how hard this pain is for me, otherwise You would come to my aid."

"You see, O Jesus, how much evil I do, to the point of making You suffer so much!"

June 17, 1915

"My Life, Jesus, everything is ended. There is nothing left for me but Your Flashes and shadows at the most."

VOLUME 12

March 28, 1917

"My Love, many times it is difficult to always maintain this Divine attitude."

May 7, 1918

"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."

March 23, 1920

"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 deep silence."

March 8, 1921

"Jesus, what are You saying? You really want to confuse me and humiliate me to the dust. I feel that I cannot even tolerate what You are saying - I feel a terror that frightens all of me."

VOLUME 13

June 2, 1921

"My Love, this sacrifice is too hard; at the mere thought that all that passed between You and me has to come out, I feel I am dying and my heart cracks for the pain. If I wrote, it was only to obey and for fear that You might be displeased; and now look into what a maze Obedience is casting me. My Life, have pity on me, and put Your Holy Hand into this."

December 28, 1921

"My Jesus, help me, do not abandon me in so much bitterness. What oppresses me the most is that I feel a volition arise within me, which would want to say to You: 'This time You will do my will - not I Yours.' The mere thought of this gives me death. O, how true it is that Your Will is Life! But the circumstances push me… O please, help me!"

January 5, 1922

"My Love, what I want is that You give me the Grace to always, always do Your Will - this is enough for Me. How much I fear that I may not do It! Isn't this the greatest misfortune - not doing Your Will, even in the tiniest thing? Yet, Your Proposals, Your very Attentions induce me to this, because I see that You want to do my will, not because this is Your Will, but because You want to make me happy and empty my heart of the bitterness with which it is as though soaked. Ah, Jesus, Jesus, do not permit this! If You want to make me happy, Your Power does not lack other means to take me away from my affliction."

VOLUME 14

February 14, 1922

"My Love, to write the truths that You tell me is a sacrifice; but the sacrifice becomes harder, and I almost feel no strength to make it, when I am obligated and when they force me to write of my intimacies between You and me, and of things that regard me. I don't know what I would do so as not to put the pen on paper."

March 3, 1922

"What is it, Jesus, that You don't speak? If You are my Life, Your Word is my Food, and I cannot fast; I am very weak, and I feel the continuous necessity of Food in order to grow and maintain myself strong."

"My Love, am I one of these?" [the souls that tire the Celestial Farmer]

July 16, 1922

"My Love, only for me these martyrdoms - that I myself have to be the instrument for putting out what You have manifested to me. More so, since in having to put out what You have told me, I am forced in certain things to put out myself also. My Jesus, what martyrdom! Yet, although with highest torture for my soul, I am forced to obey. Give me Strength, help me! Only for me, this. You have said so many things to others, and given many Graces to them, but no one has known anything; and if something has become known after their death, the rest remained all buried with them. I alone had to get this martyrdom!"

"But in order to put your whole part, I am forced to put part of mine."

"Ah, Jesus, into what a maze You throw me! I feel I am dying! I hope that Your Fiat will give me the Strength."

July 28, 1922

"Ah, my Jesus, I don't know what happened to me. I still feel great repugnance for having accepted those of pain; how could I accept those of love, which seem harder to me? I tremble at the mere thought of it; my poor nature is annihilated more - it is undone. Help me, give me Strength, for I feel I cannot go on any more."

VOLUME 16

November 8, 1923

"My Jesus, I want to tell You of the state of my soul - O, how bad I feel! Tell me, why do you leave me? What should I do so as not to lose You?" (also tab 7)

November 15, 1923

"Jesus, my Heart, don't You know that I am little? I cannot contain what You want to put into my intelligence."

"Jesus, my Love, how can I do this? I am too little, and also a bad little one, and You know it. Even more, I fear I am unable to do it even for myself - how can I do it for others?"

"My Beloved Good, Your Speaking confuses me; even more, it annihilates me, to the point that I feel like a little newborn whose members are not yet well formed, and therefore it is necessary to swaddle her. And while swaddling clothes are necessary to me so that I may be formed, You want to unswaddle me - but to do what? To make me stretch out my little baby hands and embrace Your Eternal Will. My Jesus, don't You see? I cannot reach, I cannot grab It - I am too little. And besides, if it pleases You so much that Your Will Reign upon earth, why have You waited so long? And why, when You came upon earth, did You not do both things Yourself - that is, the Redemption and the *Fiat Voluntas Tua* on earth as it is in Heaven? You had strong and long arms to be able embrace Your Endless Will. See, see, O Jesus, mine are weak and short - how can I do that?"

April 23, 1924

"My Jesus, what bitter pains, what a sorrowful sea You want my poor soul to navigate. O please! give me Strength, do not leave me, do not abandon me. Remember that You Yourself said that I am little, or rather, the littlest of all, just newly born; and if You leave me, if You do not help me, if You no longer give me Strength, the newborn will certainly die."

"Who knows whether it is the devil that forms this shadow over me and puts me in this state of immobility?"

"No, my Jesus; on the contrary, I feel as though plunged into an Immense and Deep Sea - Your Will; and my only fear is that I might go out of the abyss of this sea. But while I fear, I feel Its Waves rising more powerfully over me, plunging me even deeper."

May 13, 1924

"My Love, if You knew how my heart bleeds because of You, and how wounded and embittered I feel it because of Your privation, to the point that I can take no more. So, I feel it more wounded than You do."

VOLUME 17

September 11, 1924

"My Jesus, may this never be - nor do I want to withdraw from Your Will; on the contrary, I pray You to free me from the most awful

of misfortunes - that of not doing Your Most Holy Will. Nor do I ask You to free me from suffering; rather, increase it if You please. Only, I pray You, and as a Grace I want from You only if You want it, that You free me from the bother I give to the confessor. This is too hard for me, and I feel I do not have the strength to bear it. So, only if You please; otherwise, give me more Strength, but do not permit that Your Most Holy Will be not fulfilled upon me."

September 22, 1924

"My Jesus, I feel that it takes Your Omnipotent Hand for me to write (read) what You say about the Living in Your Will. In the face of the so many difficulties they raise, especially when they keep saying to me: 'How is it possible that no other creature has Lived in Your Most Holy Will?,' I feel so annihilated that I would want to disappear from the face of the earth, so that no one may see me ever again. But, against my will, I am forced to stay in order to fulfill Your Holy Will."

October 30, 1924

"I would like to beg everyone - the Angels, the Saints, my Queen Mama, the whole of Creation - for a word, a little prayer to Jesus for me, so that, prayed by all, He may be moved to compassion for the little daughter of His Will, and let her come back from the hard exile in which I find myself."

December 1, 1924

"My state is irreparable; no one is moved to pity for me - everything is justice. And then, who would be moved to pity for me, if the One who is the Source of pity, denies it to me?"

"My God! My Jesus, have pity on me - pity on a poor dying one! Mine is the hardest lot among all poor mortals: to die without being able to die!"

"Jesus, my Love, it does not seem to me that it is so - it is Your privation that kills me, that takes life away from me without letting me die."

VOLUME 18

August 9, 1925

"My Jesus, give me Strength; You who see the great repugnances I feel in writing, such that, if it wasn't for blessed obedience and for fear of displeasing You, I would not have written a single word any more. Your long privations daze me and render me incapable of anything, therefore I need greater help in order to put on paper what Your Holy Will whispers to me. Therefore, give me Your Hand, and be always with me."

October 4, 1925

"I hope that Blessed Jesus will give me the Grace to correspond, and to fulfill His Adorable Will in me, and in all. Amen."

February 11, 1926

"Why so much fear in me, to the point of feeling my life missing in me, that - may this never be - I might not do the Most Holy Will of God entirely and completely? The mere thought of this destroys me; what would it be, then, if I came to the point of withdrawing, even for one single instant, from the Supreme and Adorable Will of my Creator?"

"My Jesus, give us all the Grace never to do our own will, which is like calling all passions back to life."

So, almost trembling, I tried to plunge more deeply into the Supreme Will, and I called my Celestial Mama to my help, so that, together, in the name of all, we might adore the Supreme Will on behalf of all the human wills opposed to It.

February 21, 1926

"May everything be for the glory of God and to my confusion, as I am the most miserable of all creatures. Deo gratias."

VOLUME 19

May 18, 1926

"My Love, thank You for so much Goodness of Yours toward me, but I feel that what You want to give me is too much. I feel an Infinite Weight that crushes me, and my littleness and incapacity have neither strength nor ability. As I fear that I might displease You, and I might be unable to embrace everything - go to some other creature, more capable, so that all this capital of Your Supreme Will may be safer, and You may receive all the interest equivalent to such a Great Capital. I had never thought of such a great responsibility, but now that You are making me understand it, I feel my strengths fail me and I fear my weakness."

July 18, 1926

"Jesus, think of some other creature - I am incapable of this."

"My Love, yet, my fears have not completely ceased, and many times I am so frightened that I fear I might act like a second Adam."

VOLUME 20

September 28, 1926

"My Jesus, forgive me; I myself would not want to feel what I feel. Thinking that what has passed between me and You will be known by

others makes me restless, and gives me such pain that I myself cannot explain. Therefore, give me Strength; I abandon myself in You, and I give everything to You."

November 14, 1926

"My Jesus, my Love, may it never be that I give this sorrow to Your Adorable Will. You will help me - You will give me more Grace, and I will be more attentive in order to receive this Reflection, this Echo, which Your Holy Will produces in the whole Creation, that I may correspond with mine."

November 27, 1926

"My Love, look at what they are up to - from making known what You have told me about the virtues and about Your Adorable Will, they are putting what regards myself. At most, they should do this after my death – not now. Only for me there was this confusion and this highest sorrow; for the others - no. Ah! Jesus, give me the Strength to do Your holy Will also in this."

VOLUME 24

April 22, 1928

"I prayed the Sovereign Queen to come to my help—to lend me Her Love, that I might Love my Sweet Jesus with Her Love of Mother."

VOLUME 29

April 16, 1931

"My Jesus, help me, and give me Strength in the painful state I find myself in. My poor heart bleeds and seeks a refuge in so many pains—You alone, my Jesus, can help me. O please! help me, do not abandon me…." (also tab 4)

"The circumstances of my life are most painful, so much so, that often times I feel myself succumbing under so long a storm, that gives no sign of ending. On the contrary, it often seems to rage more, and if Our Lord does not give me help and Superabundant Grace, my weakness is so great, that I feel as if I wanted to go out of the Divine Will; and if, may it never be, this happens—poor me, everything will be lost."

October 26, 1931

"O! Divine Will, how Admirable, Powerful and Lovable You are—and highly jealous wherever You Reign. O please! always put to flight for me my miseries, the weaknesses, the clouds of my will, so that my day may be always perennial, and the heaven of my little soul may be always serene."

VOLUME 30

July 9, 1932

"Jesus, help me, without Your Volition I die of hunger. O please! make me feel Its Sweet Empire, so that, nourishing me, Your Life may Live in me, and I may Live of You."

VOLUME 32

June 29, 1933

"My God, my Jesus, Holy Mama, free me, and when You see me in danger of stopping, come to my help, give me a hand so that I do not stop, or else bring me to Heaven, where there are no dangers of these stops, and I can boast by saying: 'I have never stopped, and therefore I have never lacked either Food, or Light, or He who, while He conducted me, with His Sweet Speech He instructed me and enraptured me.'"

VOLUME 33

May 12, 1934

(To Divine Will) "My beautiful Mama, O please! do not detach me from Your Bosom of Light so that Your Life can be felt in me, that continually painting me makes me know how much You Love me, who You are, and how Beautiful, Lovable, and Adorable You are."

VOLUME 34

July 4, 1936

"But my cross—and You know it, in what a labyrinth You have placed me, I feel hindered and humiliated even to dust, I have need, and You know of whom…, without being able to help myself, and not for one day, one year—O! how hard it is. I know that only Your Volition gives me the Strength, the Grace, because by myself I would not have been able to endure."

VOLUME 35

September 6, 1937

I prayed my dear Jesus to help me and keep me locked inside His Heart so that I could Live and know nothing other than His Will.

VOLUME 36

October 12, 1938

"I am in the Arms of the Divine Volition, although under the nightmare of the hardest sufferings, so as to move to pity the whole Heaven and make It run to my rescue—to give me Strength in such

a painful state. My Jesus help me, do not abandon me, I feel like succumbing. How hard my state is."

October 26, 1938

"My Jesus, Celestial Mother, help me. Can't you see that I am about to succumb? If You don't hold me in Your Arms, if You don't continue to inundate me with the waves of Your Divine Volition, I tremble and fear. What will happen to me? Please, don't leave me! Don't abandon me to myself in such a hard state."

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DIVINE WILL

Day Five: The soul to the Virgin:

"Celestial Sovereign, I see that You stretch out Your arms toward me, to take me onto Your Maternal knees; and I run – or rather, I fly, to enjoy the chaste embraces, the celestial smiles of my Celestial Mama. Holy Mama, Your appearance today is of a Triumpher, and with an air of Triumph You want to narrate to me the Triumph of Your test. Ah! yes, most gladly I will listen to You, and I pray You to give me the Grace to be able to triumph in the tests which the Lord will dispose for me."

The soul:

"Triumphant Sovereign, into Your hands of Mother do I place my will, so that You Yourself, as Mama, may purify it and embellish it for me, and bind it together with Your own to the foot of the Divine Throne, that I may live not with my will, but always – always with that of God."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Triumphant Queen, steal my will from me, and grant me the Divine Will."

Day Seven: The soul to the Divine Secretary:

"Queen Mama, here I am, prostrate at Your feet. I feel that, as Your child, I cannot be without my Celestial Mama; and even though today You come to me with the glory of the scepter of command and with the crown of Queen, yet You are always my Mama. So, though trembling, I fling myself into Your arms, that You may heal the Wounds which my bad will has made to my poor soul. Listen, my Sovereign Mama, if You do not make a prodigy – if You do not take Your scepter of command in order to guide me and hold Your Empire over all my acts, so that my will may have no life – alas! I will not have the beautiful destiny of coming into the Kingdom of the Divine Will."

The soul:

"Holy Mama, help me; don't You see how weak I am? Your beautiful Lessons move me to tears, and I cry over my great misfortune of having fallen many times into the maze of doing my own will, detaching myself from that of my Creator. O please, be my Mama, do not leave me to myself. With Your Power, unite the Divine Will to mine; enclose me in Your Maternal Heart, in which I will be sure never to do my will."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Holy Mama, enclose me in Your Heart, that I may learn from You to Live of Divine Will."

Day Nine: The soul to her Celestial Queen:

"Sovereign Lady and my dearest Mama, I see that You call me as You feel the ardor of the Love that burns in Your Heart, because You want to narrate to me what You did for Your child in the Kingdom of the Divine Will. How beautiful it is to see You direct Your steps toward Your Creator; and as They hear the treading of Your feet, They look at You and feel Wounded by the purity of Your gazes; and They await You in order to be spectators of Your innocent smile, to smile at You, and to amuse Themselves with You. O please! Holy Mama, in Your joys, in Your chaste smiles with Your Creator, do not forget Your child who lives in the exile, who is so much in need, and whose will, peeping out, would often want to overwhelm me, to snatch me from the Kingdom of the Divine Will."

The soul:

"Beautiful Mama, help Your child. You Yourself, place me into the Sea of the Divine Will, and cover me with the waves of the Eternal Love, that I may see and hear nothing but Divine Will and Love."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Queen of Peace, make the Divine Will give me Its Kiss of Peace."

Day Twenty-one: The soul to her Queen Mama:

"Most sweet Mama, my poor heart feels the extreme need to come onto Your Maternal knees to confide to You my little secrets and to entrust them to Your Maternal Heart. Listen, O! my Mama, in looking at the Great Prodigies that the Divine Fiat operated in You, I feel it is not given to me to imitate You because I am little, weak; and then, the tremendous struggles of my existence, which crush me and leave me but a breath of life.

"My Mama, O, how I would want to pour my heart into Yours, to let You feel the pains that embitter me and the fear that tortures me - that I may fail to do the Divine Will. Have pity, O Celestial Mother, have pity. Hide me in Your Heart and I will lose the memory of my evils, to remember only to live of Divine Will."

Day Twenty-two: The soul:

"Holy Mama, Your beautiful Lessons confound me; but if You want me to put them into practice, do not leave me alone, so that, when You see me succumb under the enormous weight of the Divine Privations, You may press me to Your Maternal Heart; and I will feel the strength never to deny anything to the Divine Will."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Holy Mama, pour the Tears of Jesus into my heart, that He may dispose in me the Triumph of the Will of God."

Meditation 2: The soul to her Celestial Mother:

"Divine Mama, Your Love calls me powerfully to You, because You want to let me share in Your Joys and in Your Sorrows, to enclose them in my heart as pledge of Your Love and of that of little Baby Jesus, that I may comprehend how much You have Loved me, and how obliged I am to imitate You, keeping the model of Your lives to make a perfect copy of them. And You, holy Mama, help me, that I may be able to imitate You."

The soul to her Queen:

"Celestial Mama, how I must thank You for the beautiful Lessons You have given me. O please! I pray You, inscribe them in my heart, that I may never forget them. And I pray You to give the bath of the Blood of the Celestial Baby to my soul, that It may heal the wounds of my human will to enclose in them the Divine; and I pray You to write over each wound, as guard, the Most Holy Name of Jesus."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"My Mama, write "Jesus" inside my heart, that He may give me the Grace to Live of Divine Will."

Meditation 5: The soul to her Celestial Mother:

"Holy Mama, Your Maternal Love calls me to You with ever more powerful voice. I see You now all busy, ready to leave Nazareth. My Mama, do not leave me, take me with You, and I will listen attentively to the rest of Your sublime Lessons."

The soul to her Celestial Mother:

"Holy Mama, I tremble in thinking of the abysses into which my will is capable of making me fall. Because of it, I can lose You, I can lose Jesus, and all the Celestial Goods. Mama, if You do not help me, if You do not surround me with the Power of the Light of the Divine Will, I feel it is not possible for me to Live of Divine Will with constancy. Therefore I place all my hope in You, in You I trust, from You I hope for everything. Amen."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Holy Mama, let me lose my will forever, to Live only in the Divine Will."

HOURS OF THE PASSION

Fifth Hour

O my Jesus, since You call me into Your Heart to show me what Love made You suffer, I enter into It. But as I enter, I see the portents of Love, which crowns Your Head, not with material thorns, but with Thorns of Fire; which scourges You, not with lashes of ropes, but with Lashes of Fire; which crucifies You with Nails, not made of iron, but of Fire. Everything is Fire, which penetrates deep into Your Bones and into Your very Marrow; and distilling all of Your Most Holy Humanity into fire, it gives You mortal Pains, certainly greater than the very Passion, and prepares a Bath of Love for all the souls who will want to be washed of any stain and acquire the right of children of Love.

O, Love without end, I feel like drawing back before such Immensity of Love, and I see that in order to enter into Love and to comprehend it, I should be all Love! O my Jesus, I am not so! But since You want my company, and You want me to enter into You, I pray You to make me become all Love.

And so I supplicate You to crown my head and each one of my thoughts with the Crown of Love. I implore You, O Jesus, to scourge my soul, my body, my powers, my feelings, my desires, my affections – in sum, everything, with the Scourge of Love; so that, in everything, I may be scourged and sealed by Love. O Endless Love, let there be nothing in me which does not take Life from Love.

O Jesus, Center of all Loves, I beg You to nail my hands and my feet, with the Nails of Love, so that, completely nailed by Love - Love I may become, Love I may comprehend, with Love I may be clothed, with Love I may be nourished, and Love may keep me completely nailed within You, so that nothing, inside and outside of me, may dare to divert me and take me away from Love, O Jesus!

In Eating/Taking Refreshment:

VOLUME 2

June 23, 1899

Then, all of a sudden, we found ourselves surrounded by people; they seemed to be sitting around a table, eating, and there was also my portion. Jesus told me: "My daughter, I am hungry." And I: "I give You my portion, aren't You happy?"

VOLUME 5

June 6, 1903

"Ah, Lord, how bad I have made myself – I have become even greedy."

"Lord, I intend to refresh Your suffering Body within mine."

VOLUME 11

December 14, 1916

"I take Your Sleep and I make it my own, and by sleeping with Your Sleep, I want to give You the contentment as if another Jesus was sleeping."

VOLUME 13

December 23, 1921

"My sleep too in Your Will. Even more, may my breath be transformed into Yours, so that what Jesus did while sleeping, I may do as well. But then, did my Jesus really sleep?"

VOLUME 14

September 11, 1922

"Also my sleep in Your Will; I want nothing else but to take true rest in the Arms of Your Volition."

VOLUME 16

April 8, 1924

"My Love, You suffer very much, to the point of suffocating - but then You want me to sleep? Why don't You let me suffer together with You? And if You want me to sleep, why don't You sleep together with me?"

VOLUME 29

May 31, 1931

My abandonment in the Divine Volition continues, and my poor mind pauses now at one point, and now at another, as though wanting to take rest in each effect of the Divine Will.

VOLUME 34

January 5, 1936

"I am hungry, come O Divine Will to give me Your Life in order to satiate me of You, otherwise I die." (also tab 7)

HOURS OF THE PASSION

Third Hour

O Jesus, as I remain upon Your Heart, give Food also to me, as You gave it to the Apostles: the Food of Love, the Food of the Divine Word, the Food of Your Divine Will. O my Jesus, do not deny me this Food, which You so much desire to give me so that Your very Life may be formed in me.

In Happiness/Joy:

VOLUME 1

"O! how Beautiful You are - all Beautiful, O my Sweet Jesus!"

"See how Good the Lord is with me, that He comes to give me strength in this state of sufferings; otherwise, how could I sustain it - who would give me the strength?"

"Being with You, in whatever way, one always feels well."

VOLUME 2

February 28, 1899

"O, how much more content and rich I will be in Heaven!"

October 14, 1899

"O, my Beautiful Mother! O dear Hope, how Admirable you are - I love you! O please! Keep me always on your lap, and I will be the happiest in the world." (also tab 10)

VOLUME 3

February 27, 1900

"O Admirable Secret of the Will of my Lord - indescribable is Your Happiness!"

July 25, 1900

"My Beloved, enough, enough, for I can take no more - I faint; my poor heart is not so large as to be capable of receiving so much; so enough for now."

VOLUME 4

December 25, 1900

"My Beloved, You have suckled the milk of our Mama, share it with me."

"Lovable Baby, do not sadden with Your Tears a night so happy for one who loves You. Instead of pouring ourselves out in crying, let us pour ourselves out in singing." (also tab 12)

July 5, 1901

"May everything be for the Glory of God, and may His Holy Name be blessed."

July 7, 1902

And I, pleased and yearning to be humiliated with Christ, said: "Always, O Lord!"

VOLUME 6

December 3, 1903

"O, Power of the Will of God, how Holy, Adorable and Lovable You are! With You we are everything, even if we did nothing, because Your Will is fecund and gives birth to all Goods for us. Without You we are nothing, even if we did everything, because the human will is sterile and makes everything sterile."

August 4, 1904

"Everything - You are everything for me; nothing enters into me, everything flows outside but You alone."

August 12, 1904

"This is my Highest Happiness – only Jesus, Him alone and nothing else. O, how well one feels!"

February 10, 1905

"Ah, Lord, You alone are the True Contentment!"

VOLUME 7

July 3, 1906

"O, Will of God, how Admirable, Lovable, Desirable, Beautiful You are! It is enough to say that, being in You, I feel all my miseries and all my evils being dissolved, and I acquire a New being, with the Fullness of all the Divine Goods."

July 17, 1906

I felt all immersed in the Divine Will, so much so, that I could see nothing but Will of God, and I spent the whole day in this Paradise of His Will. What happiness, what contentment!

But who can say what I understood of this Divine Will? These are things that cannot be expressed. May everything be for the Glory of God.

December 15, 1906

"What strength, what enchantment, what magnet this Divine Will contains, such as to make me forget about myself, and make the Divine Volition flow in everything."

VOLUME 8

June 25, 1907

"Lord, I myself cannot say what I feel. But after all, I will not afflict myself; whether I am behind, or still, or ahead, as long as I am in Your Will I am always fine. In whatever point or in whatever way I may be, Your Will is always Holy, and in whatever way I will be in It, I will always be fine."

March 15, 1908

"What a change - I feel petrified from the pain of Your absence, yet, I do not cry, I feel a profound Peace that invests me completely; not a contrary breath enters into me."

January 28, 1909

"If this is true, who knows how much Grace my always Lovable Jesus pours in me, and how much Love He has for me!"

VOLUME 10

January 19, 1912

"Yes, O Jesus, I understood! Poor ones, if they understood the secret contained in Your clasping, they would not do this - they would let You do it; even more, they themselves would make themselves smaller so as to let You tighten the knot more."

"O! how happy I felt with the Life of Jesus! I was able to love more, and I could reach everything that Jesus wanted."

January 20, 1912

"My Sweet Life, You have been so Good with me in letting me share in the Grace which others refuse; yet, I feel no squeezes - on the contrary, I feel so very wide, so much so, that I am unable to see either the width or the height or the depth of the boundaries in which I find myself."

"Ah! yes, I remember. The day before yesterday, precisely, I was about to get upset because You put Me outside of Yourself, and as I saw You crying over the evils of the earth, I cried together with You and the huffiness went away. You are truly naughty, O Jesus! Don't You know that You are naughty - little naughty one? But of Love. In order to give Love and to receive Love, You arrive at naughtiness. Isn't it true, Jesus? After a huff or a fuss that we take with each other, don't we love each other more?"

VOLUME 12

December 22, 1920

"What a magic Force this Divine Will has - what Power, what Enchantment!"

VOLUME 13

October 13, 1921

"It is some time that my Sweet Jesus has not been speaking to me about His Most Holy Will, but about other virtues. I feel more inclined to write (read) about His Most Holy Will; I feel more of a taste for It, as if It was something exclusively mine, and His Will is enough for me in everything."

VOLUME 14

February 14, 1922

"What is it, Jesus? Are You bringing me good news, that You are so content?"

March 18, 1922

"How Good is Jesus! May He be always blessed!"

VOLUME 15

July 1, 1923

"How Good Jesus is. It seems to me that He greatly delights in communicating Himself to the creature, and that He takes so much pleasure in manifesting His Truths, that while He is saying one, that very Truth is a spur for Him, and almost pushes Him with an irresistible force to manifest more Truths. What Goodness! What Love!"

VOLUME 17

February 15, 1925

"My Love, my Jesus, how Beautiful is the Heaven of Your Will! How enjoyable it is to be under It. O! how Refreshing and Salutary is Its Celestial Air!"

June 3, 1925

I was fusing myself in the Holy Divine Volition according to my usual way, and I was thinking to myself: "Where has Our Lord God done more for the creature: in the Creation, in the Redemption, or in the Sanctification?" And my always Lovable Jesus, moving in my

interior, showed me the whole Creation. How much Sublimeness! What Magnificence! How many Harmonies! What Order! There is not one point, either in Heaven or on earth, in which God has not created something special and distinct - and with such Mastery that the greatest scientists, before the smallest thing created by God, feel that all of their science and mastery is an absolute nothing compared to the things Created by God, which are Full of Life and of Motion. O! how true it is that to look at the universe and not to recognize God, not to love Him and not to believe in Him, is true folly! All created things are like many veils that hide Him; and God comes to us as though veiled in each created thing, because man is incapable of seeing Him unveiled in his mortal flesh. The Love of God for us is so Great, that in order not to dazzle us with His Light, frighten us with His Power, make us feel ashamed in front of His Beauty, annihilated before His Immensity, He veils Himself in the created things, so as to come in each created thing and be with us - even more, to make us swim in His very Life.

"My God, how much You have Loved us, and how much You Love us!"

June 25, 1925

"O! how easy it is to forget everything while being with Jesus!"

"My Jesus, if You so much Love and want that this Will of Yours be known, that It may have Its Field of Divine Action within souls, O please! You Yourself, manifest Its Truths to souls, the Great Good which Your Will contains, and the Great Good which they will receive. Your direct Word contains a magic Force, a powerful Magnet, the Virtue of the Creative Power. O! how difficult it is not to surrender to the Sweet Enchantment of Your Divine Word! So, if things are said directly by You, all will surrender."

VOLUME 18

November 22, 1925

"How happy I am, the Will of God is mine - I possess It and I love It."

VOLUME 19

May 1, 1926

"The heavens, the sun, the earth and all the other things, are mine. Therefore I want to enjoy them, also to give honor to that Supreme Will which created them, and which Reigns in me."

July 14, 1926

I continue my usual fusions in the Holy Will. Many times my Sweet Jesus accompanies me in the repetition of these acts; other times He stays there, to see whether anything escapes me of all that He has

done, both in Creation and in Redemption; and, all Goodness, He makes it present to me, that I may place even just one little 'I love You,' one 'thank You,' one adoration, telling me that it is necessary to recognize to what point His Will has extended the boundaries of the Kingdom of His Volition for love of the creature, that she may go around in this Kingdom to enjoy It, and through her love, her possession of It may become more stable; and seeing her always in It, everyone - Heaven and earth - may recognize that the Kingdom of His Will has now delivered Its heiress, who loves It and is happy to possess It. (also tab 10)

September 9, 1926

"How much Power, how many Goods are enclosed in the Holy Divine Will. How everything is Peace in It, everything is Happiness, nor does one need commands in order to operate, but one's own nature feels so much Strength of Good within itself that it cannot help doing it. What Happiness, to feel one's own nature converted into Good, into Sanctity, into Strength. So, in the Kingdom of the Supreme Will there will be no laws, but everything will be Love, and one's nature will be converted into Divine Law, in such a way that, of its own, it will want to do what the Supreme Fiat wants it to do."

VOLUME 20

October 19, 1926

"It is really true that the Fiat of the Divine Majesty contains the virtue - the source of a New Continuous Act! What happiness it is to let oneself be Dominated by this Omnipotent Fiat – to be under the influence of a New Act, never interrupted."

November 23, 1926

"I enclose everything, I lack nothing of the Works of my Creator and of all that belongs to Him. With my Wings of Light, I lay myself over everything, I embrace all, I triumph over all - even over my Eternal Maker, because in the Light of His Will there is nothing He wants that I do not bring to Him, there is no act I do not do for Him, there is no Love I do not give Him. With my Wings of Light, which my Eternal Fiat administers to me, I am the true king that, investing all, dominates everything."

January 25, 1927

"I give everything to God, even God Himself, because since I Live in His Will, God is mine, the heavens are mine, the sun and everything that this Supreme Fiat has done is mine. So, since everything is mine, I can give everything and I can take everything." (also tab 12)

VOLUME 23

October 30, 1927

"Will of God, how Lovable, Adorable, Desirable You are – more than my very life. Your Reigning is Reign of Light, which has the Power of emptying me of what does not belong to Its Light; It is Reign of Sanctity, which transforms me, not in the sanctity of the Saints, but in the Sanctity of my Creator; it is Reign of Happiness and of Joy, which puts to flight, away from me, all bitternesses, troubles and bothers."

January 31, 1928

I was gathering, all together, all the Acts of the Divine Will done in Creation, the Seas of the Celestial Queen, those of my Beloved Jesus—in sum, all the Acts that the Divine Fiat has issued outside of Itself. So, I was recapitulating everything, in order to bring them before the height of the Supreme Majesty, so as to make, through this, the final assault at It, and force It to give me Its Kingdom on earth.

February 5, 1928

"How Beautiful are Your Works - Perfect and Holy; their Harmony, their Perfect Order tell who You are, and narrate Your Glory."

February 25, 1928

"O! Divine Will, how Adorable, Lovable and Insuperable You are. The more I go on, the more I comprehend You and Love You." (also tabs 10, 11)

March 3, 1928

"O! Supreme Will, how Admirable You are! Lovable, Desirable, more than life itself. You Love me so much as to put me in a contest with my Creator, wanting me to be even with the One who created me."

VOLUME 24

July 10, 1928

"How Beautiful are the Works of my Creator, and the Order, the Harmony that the Omnipotent Fiat has in all Creation!"

VOLUME 25

October 10, 1928

"After forty years, and months, that I had not seen the tabernacle, that I had not been given to be before His Adorable Sacramental Presence—forty years, not only of prison, but of exile—finally, and

after so long an exile, I have come back as though to my fatherland, though a prisoner, but no longer exiled, near my Jesus in the Sacrament; and not once a day, as I used to do before Jesus made me a prisoner, but always—always. My poor heart, if I have it at all in my chest, feels consumed at so much Love of Jesus."

October 25, 1928

"O! Power! O! Sweet Enchantment of the Eternal Volition! How Admirable and Lovable You are! And so I would want everyone to murmur together with me, and I prayed the Sovereign Queen to give me the murmuring of Her Love, of Her kisses, so as to give them back to Jesus, because I had received Communion and I felt that, in order to please Jesus, I wanted to give Him the kisses of His Mama." (also tabs 11, 12)

"Your Will be known and Reign on earth as It does in Heaven." (also tabs 11, 12)

December 5, 1928

"O! Divine Will, how Admirable You are – You alone are the Fecundator, the Preserver and the Bilocator of the Life of God in the creature."

December 13, 1928

"Jesus, my Love, my Happiness for me is You alone, all other things hold no attraction over me."

VOLUME 27

October 2, 1929

"My abandonment and Living in the Divine Fiat continues. O! how Powerful is Its Creative Strength. O! how Dazzling is Its Light that, penetrating into the inmost fibers of the heart, invests them, and caressing them, It makes space for Itself and raises Its Throne of Dominion and of Command—but with such Enrapturing Sweetness, that the littleness of the creature remains vanished, but happy to remain without life and dissolved in the Divine Fiat. O! if all knew You, O Adorable Will, O! how they would love to become lost in You in order to reacquire Your Life and be Happy of the very Divine Happiness."

VOLUME 28

March 9, 1930

My abandonment in the Fiat continues. I feel clasped in Its Arms of Light, and so tightly, that it is not given to me to be able to detach

even a tiny bit; nor do I, even less so, want to do it—I would very much beware of detaching from Its Bosom of Light. It seems to me that there is an agreement between me and the Divine Will—that both of us cannot separate from the other.

"O! Holy Will, how Lovable and Powerful You are. With Your Loveliness You attract me, You enrapture me, You enchant me; and I, enchanted, would not know what to do so as not to remain fixed in You. And with Your Power You maintain Yourself firm over my littleness, You pour Yourself in torrents, in such a way that I have lost the way to go out of Your Endless Light. But, happy loss. O please! O Adorable Fiat, make everyone lose the way, that they may know no other way than that which leads into Your Divine Will." (also tab 12)

March 12, 1930

My flight in the Divine Fiat continues, nor can my poor mind be without going around in Its Innumerable Acts; I feel that a Supreme Force keeps it as though fixed in the works of my Creator, and it goes round and round, always, without ever tiring; and—O! how many Beautiful Surprises it finds, now in Creation, now in Redemption, as blessed Jesus makes Himself the Narrator of how, in what surprises me, there is nothing other than a Greater Invention of His Love.

July 16, 1930

My abandonment in the Divine Fiat continues. O! yes, I feel It, like air, letting Itself be breathed by my poor soul. I feel Its Most Pure Light that keeps repressed the darkness of the night of my human will, such that, as it is about to rise to put itself in the field of action, the Light of the Divine Will, sweetly Ruling over mine, not only represses the darkness so as not to give it life, but, Powerfully, calls me and draws me to follow Its Acts. So, while following Its Divine Acts, I could touch with my own hand how much It Loves us, because, in each of Its Acts, seas of Love came out for the creatures.

VOLUME 29

May 31, 1931

My abandonment in the Divine Volition continues, and my poor mind pauses now at one point, and now at another, as though wanting to take rest in each effect of the Divine Will. In fact, though Its Act is one, Its Effects are innumerable, so much so, that I never arrive at finding them all—much less at comprehending them; and therefore, seeing that it is not given to me to embrace them all, being too little, I pause in one of Its Effects, to enjoy it and rest.

June 23, 1931

"This is a Gift of my Father. O! how He Loves me—and I want to Love Him very, very much." (also tab 10)

September 16, 1931

"O! Power of the Supreme Will—You who know how to change the human into Divine, ugliness into Beauty, pains into Joys, should they even remain pains—do not leave me for one instant, let Your Arms of Light hold me so tightly, that all other things, dispelled by Your Light, may not dare to molest me and to break my Happiness." (also tab 9)

VOLUME 31

December 21, 1932

"O! Power of the Supreme Fiat, You don't know how to ever leave the creature. On the contrary, it seems to me that You place me in the labyrinth of Your Immense Light, in the Act of always giving me New Life, and I feel the need to receive from You Your continuous Life, to remain lost in You—but happy lost, because one is not lost, but Conquered by New Divine Life that It makes in the creature."

March 5, 1933

"Divine Goodness, how Admirable you are, and more than a tender and loving mother who wants to enclose herself in her child and place him in safety, and become repeater of the Life of her same birth, in order to have the glory of being able to say: 'The child is all similar to his Mother.'" (also tab 12)

VOLUME 32

June 29, 1933

"How Content and Happy I am; I can tell You that Your Immensity is Yours and mine, and I Love You with Immense Love, with Powerful Love. My Love does not lack anything, neither Your Sanctity, nor Your Goodness, nor Your Beauty that Enraptures, Conquers and obtains all." (also tab 10)

August 13, 1933

"O! Divine Will, let us Live together if You want to make me Happy and be able to find in me the Happiness of Your same Life."

VOLUME 33

February 4, 1934

(In the joy of Our Lady's Love): "She will cover me with Her Virtues, will dress me up again in Her Beauty, and in such a way She shall hide all my poverty and my weaknesses."

February 10, 1934

"O! Divine Will how much You Love me. I feel Your Life repour into me in order to give me Life, and how It is in expectation of wanting the atoms of my actions in order to invest them with Its Creative Strength and tell me: 'The atoms of My daughter match Me because they possess My Invincible Strength.'"

September 24, 1934

"O Divine Will! You Love so much the one who Lives in You, that You do not want to do anything, nor do You know how to do anything, if You do not let she who already Lives in You take part. So much is Your Ardor of Love that You say: "What I do, you who Live in Me must do." It seems to me that You would become unhappy if You could not do and say: "What the creature does, I do; what I do, she does."

January 20, 1935

"O! Divine Will, how Admirable and Powerful You are. You alone have the Virtue of Uniting whatever distance and dissimilarity with Our Celestial Father. It seems to me that it is exactly this to Live in You: to feel the Divine Paternity and to feel oneself daughter of the Supreme Being."

VOLUME 34

August 23, 1936

"O, Divine Will, how very Admirable You are, You are my Everything, You raise me in You, I find You everywhere, You Love me always, even to forming the Life of my life."

December 28, 1936

"Is it possible, all this chain of Excessive Love that it seems that it never ends? I know that Our Lord can do everything, but to arrive at so much, even to making descend from the Height of His Sanctity this Celestial Mother into the depth of our souls and raising us as one of Her most tender children, not only this, but to Generate Her Son Jesus and to raise us together, gives of the incredible."

VOLUME 35

November 12, 1937

"O Power and Love of the Divine Will, how Insuperable You are! Your Power Conquers all; Your Love is incredible!"

February 20, 1938

"I do the Life of Jesus, with Jesus. I Love like Jesus Loves, and I want what Jesus wants."

March 16, 1938

"Divine Will, how much You Love me! How Adorable and Admirable You are!"

March, 20 1938

"O, Divine Will, how much Love and Power You contain for those who Live in You!"

March 22, 1938

"Divine Will, how capable You are of changing the human will! Your Power is such as to Renew the poor creature, making her be Born to New Life."

March 30, 1938

"Divine Will, how Adorable You are! Only You can truly Love me; in You, I find the refuge from all my evils!"

VOLUME 36

April 12, 1938

"My God, how many Wonders, how many Surprises there are in Your Will. Its Sweet Enchantment is so great that not only does one remain captivated, but as if embalmed—Transformed in the Wonders of the Fiat in such a way that one doesn't know how to get out of It."

June 20, 1938

I am under the Empire of the Divine Will. Its Power raises me in Its Center; Its Love, embalming me, brings me Its Celestial Air; Its Light Purifies, Embellishes, Transforms me, enclosing me in the range of the Divine Will, so that all is forgotten; so Great and so many are the Joys, so Enchanting the Scenes of the Supreme Being that one remains enraptured. "O, Divine Will, how I'd love for all to know You, to enjoy Joys so Pure, Gladness so Ineffable, that can be found only in You!"

August 12,1938

The Divine Will is always around me, wanting to Invest my acts with Its Light—to lay Its Life in them. It seems to me that It is attentive to the extent of persecuting me with Love and Light, because It wants, in everything I do, that I ask for Its Life. O! how happy I am in feeling persecuted with Love and Light by the Supreme Fiat.

September 11, 1938

"O! Divine Will, how much You Love me; so much that You want to give Yourself always, without ceasing, to form Your Life in my poor soul. Your Love is such that it besieges me with Light, Love and Sighs to obtain the purpose."

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DIVINE WILL

Day Three: The soul to the Virgin:

"Sovereign Mama, this little child of Yours, enraptured by Your Celestial Lessons, feels the extreme need to come each day upon Your Maternal knees, to listen to You and to place Your Maternal teachings into my heart. Your Love, Your sweet accent, Your pressing me to Your Heart, in Your arms, infuse courage in me, and the confidence that my Mama will give me the great Grace of making me comprehend the great evil of my will, to make me Live of Divine Will."

The soul:

"Celestial Mama, Your Lessons descend into my heart and fill it with Celestial Balm. I thank You for lowering Yourself so much toward me, poor little one. But listen, O my Mama - I fear myself; but if You want, You can do anything, and with You, I can do anything. I abandon myself like a little baby in the arms of my Mama, and I am certain that I will satisfy Her Maternal yearnings."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Powerful Queen, dominate over my will, to convert it into Divine Will."

Day Four: The soul to the Virgin:

"Here I am again, on the Maternal knees of my dear Celestial Mama. My heart beats so very strongly. I am restless with love for the desire to hear Your beautiful Lessons; therefore, give me Your hand and take me in Your arms. In Your arms I spend moments of Paradise – I feel happy. O, how I yearn to hear Your voice - a new life descends into my heart. Therefore, speak to me, and I promise to put Your Holy Teachings into practice."

The soul:

"Holy Mama, I know my weakness, but Your Maternal Goodness infuses such confidence in me that I hope for everything from You, and with You I feel secure. Even more, I place into Your Maternal hands the very tests which God will dispose for me, that You may give me all those Graces so that I may not send the Divine Designs to ruin."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Celestial Mama, take me into Your arms, and write in my heart: *"Fiat, Fiat, Fiat."*

Day Eight: The soul to the Divine Agent:

"Here I am with You, Celestial Mama. I feel I cannot be without my dear Mama; my poor heart is restless, and only when I am on Your lap like a tiny little one, clasped to Your Heart, to listen to Your Lessons - then do I feel it at Peace. Your sweet accent sweetens all my bitternesses, and sweetly binds my will; and placing it like a footstool under the Divine Will, it makes me feel Its Sweet Empire, Its Life, Its Happiness."

LETTERS OF LUISA

Letter No. 117

"Divine Will, how Admirable and Incomprehensible to our little capacity are You!" (also tab 12)

I Love You/I Adore You:

VOLUME 1

"Yes, I love You; but You tell me, Yourself - can I find anything more Beautiful, more Holy, more Lovable than You?

VOLUME 2

February 28, 1899

"Jesus, do You love me?"

("And you, do you love Me?" Immediately I said):

"Yes Lord, and You know that without You I feel that life is missing in me."

August 21, 1899

"How Good the Lord is with me; yet, I find nothing in me that might please Him."

"My Jesus, everything for love of You. May these pains be as many acts of praise, of honor, of homage that I offer You. May these pains be as many voices that glorify You, and as many proofs that tell you that I love You."

VOLUME 3

November 3, 1899

"My pretty Little One, Beautiful One, the other day You wanted to pour Yourself out with me, with kisses and with hugs, and I gave You all the freedom. Today I too want to pour myself out with You - O please! Give me the freedom to do it."

VOLUME 4

September 19, 1900

"No Lord, no, do not free me – I want to come. Besides, You know that I don't know how to love You, I am cold, I don't do great things for You – at least I offer You this suffering to satisfy for what I am unable to do for love of You."

October 12, 1900

"May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory."

October 20, 1900

"Just as I feel the need to pour Myself out with you in Love, so do you have the need to pour yourself out in Love for Me. Isn't it true?"

December 26, 1900

As I continued to see the Holy Baby, I saw the Queen Mother on one side and Saint Joseph on the other, adoring the Divine Infant profoundly. Being all intent on Him, it seemed to me that the continuous Presence of the Little Baby kept them engrossed in continuous Ecstasy; and if they could work, it was a Prodigy that the Lord Operated in them; otherwise they would have remained motionless, unable to attend to their external duties. I too did my adoration, and then I found myself inside myself.

January 6, 1901

"Lord, I would want nothing but You, and if You say to me, 'Do you love Me?,' I have no words to be able to manifest it. I can only say that I feel this passion that no one may be able to prevail over me in loving You, and that I should be the first in loving You, above everyone, and no one may be able to surpass me. But this does not content me yet; in order to be content, I would want to Love You with Your own Love, so that I may be able to Love You as You Love Yourself. Ah, yes! Only then would my concerns about Loving You cease."

August 3, 1901

"My Sweet Good, let us Love each other; if we ourselves do not Love each other, who else can Love us? And if You are not content with my love, who will ever be able to content You? O please! give me a sure sign that You are content with my love, otherwise I faint – I die."

January 14, 1902

"Ever Holy and Indivisible Trinity, I adore You profoundly, I love You intensely, I thank You perpetually, for all and in the hearts of all."

VOLUME 6

December 5, 1903

"You see, the state of victim subjects me to the sacrifice of depriving myself of receiving You in the Sacrament. At least accept the sacrifice of depriving myself of You to content You as a more intense act of love for You, because, at least, thinking that the very privation of You proves my love for You more, sweetens the bitterness of Your privation."

June 6, 1904

Continuing in my usual state, He made Himself seen for a little from within my interior - first Himself alone, and then all Three Divine Persons, but They were all in profound silence. I continued my usual interior work in Their Presence, and it seemed that the Son would unite

with me and I would do nothing but follow Him. But everything was silence, and in this silence I would do nothing but identify myself with God, and my whole interior, my affections, heartbeats, desires, breaths, would become profound adorations to the Supreme Majesty.

July 29, 1904

'My Lord and my God.'

August 10, 1904

"Prisoner of Love, You are here abandoned and alone, and I have come to keep You company. And while keeping You company I intend to love You for those who offend You, praise You for those who despise You, thank You for those in whom You pour Graces, but do not render You the tribute of thanksgiving; console You for those who afflict You, and repair for any offense against You. In a word, I intend to do for You all that creatures are obliged to do for You, for having remained in the Most Holy Sacrament. And I intend to repeat this for as many drops of water, for as many fish and grains of sand as are in the sea." (also tab 12)

"My sight cannot grasp the whole vastness of the sea, nor does it know the depth and the weight of those immense waters, but the Lord knows their number, weight and measure."

February 10, 1905

"Do You see how I love You?"

VOLUME 7

May 4, 1906

"He does not Love me any more? - and out of spite that He does not Love me any more, I will love Him more than before."

May 9, 1907

"See how I love You more, and how my love grows, since for love of You alone I submit myself to this sacrifice, and for as long as it lasts, I can also say that I love You more."

VOLUME 8

January 23, 1908

"My Adorable Good, You know that I have never cared about merits, but only about loving You. It seems that they want to make me a servant in Your House, as if I cared about gains. No, I don't want to be servant, but daughter - even more, You my Beloved, and I, Yours."

January 2, 1909

"Ah! my Good, my Life and my All, I send You my adorations under the rubble - wherever You are; and my embraces, kisses and all my powers to keep You continuous company. O, how I wish I could come to dig You out, to put You in a more comfortable place, and more worthy of You!"

VOLUME 9

May 22, 1909

"What bitter separation! I feel lifeless, yet I live - but life is harder than death. However, may Your privation be for love of You; for love of You the bitterness I feel; for love of You my tormented heart; for love of You the life I don't feel, though I live. But so that it may be more acceptable to You, I unite this suffering of mine to the Intensity of Your Love, and with mine, I offer You Your own Love."

May 25, 1909

"The more He does not come, the more I will confound Him with love. I don't want to give Him the occasion - this is what I can do, and this is what I want to do; and He is free to do whatever He wants."

October 4, 1909

"See, my Life, my Good, I will stay here in the place of all of them. Do You see how many waves of blasphemies? I am here to repeat that I bless You for all. How many waves of bitternesses, of hatreds, of scorns, of ingratitudes, of so very little love! And I want to soothe You for all, love You for all, thank You, adore You, honor You for all. But my reparations are cold, meager, finite. You, who are the One who is offended, are Infinite, therefore I want to render infinite also my reparations and my love; and in order to make it infinite, immense, endless, I unite myself with You, with Your own Divinity - even more, with the Father and with the Holy Spirit, and I bless You with Your own Blessings, I love You with Your Love, I soothe You with Your own Sweetnesses, I honor You, I adore You, as You do among Yourselves, Divine Persons." (also tab 12)

VOLUME 10

November 28, 1910

In every moment, in every hour,
I want to love You with all my heart.
In every breath of my life,
while breathing, I will love You.
In every beat of my heart,
Love, love, I will repeat.
In every drop of my blood,
Love, love, I will cry out.
In every movement of my body,
Love alone I will embrace.
Of Love alone I want to speak,
at Love alone I want to look,
to Love alone I want to listen,
always of Love I want to think.
With Love alone I want to burn,
with Love alone I want to be consumed,
only Love I want to enjoy,
only Love I want to content.
From Love alone I want to live,
And within Love I want to die.
In every instant, in every hour,
I want to call everyone to Love.
Only and always together with Jesus
and in Jesus I shall live,
into His Heart I will plunge myself,
and together with Jesus, and with His Heart,
Love, Love, I will love You.

February 8, 1911

"Enough, enough, I can take no more." (after spending six days immersed in Jesus' Love).

"Jesus, my Love, what are You saying? Do You want to make fun of me? You are already Happy because of Yourself; why do You say that You are happy because of me?"

"And here is what I would say about Love, and what Jesus would say…

(Luisa):

O! my Jesus, Love are You, You are all Love,
and Love do I want, Love I desire, for Love I long;
Love I supplicate, and Love I implore of You.
Love invites me, Love is my Life,
Love kidnaps my heart

deep into the womb of my Lord.
With Love He inebriates me, with Love He delights me,
I, all alone, and only for You!
You, alone and only for me!
Now that we are alone, shall we speak about Love?
O please! let me comprehend how much You Love me,
Because only in Your Heart can one comprehend Love."

(Jesus):

"Do you want Me to speak to you of Love?
Listen, My beloved daughter:
My Life is Love.

If I breathe, I Love you;
if My Heart beats, My Heartbeat says to you: Love, Love.
I am mad with Love for you.

If I move, I add Love for you,
with Love I inundate you, with Love I surround you,
with Love I caress you, with Love I dart through you.

With Love I flash through you, with Love I attract you,
with Love I nourish you,
and sharp arrows I send to your heart."

(Luisa):

"Enough, O my Jesus, for now - I already feel faint with Love;
sustain me in Your arms, enclose me in Your Heart,
and from within Your Heart, let me too give vent to my love;
otherwise I die of Love.

With Love I rave, with Love I burn,
with Love I make feast, with Love I languish,
with Love I am consumed;
Love kills me and makes me rise again more beautiful to New Life.

My life escapes me, and I feel only the Life of Jesus, my Love,
and in Jesus, my Love, I feel immersed and I love everyone;
He Wounds me with Love, He makes me ill with Love,
with Love He embellishes me, and makes me ever more rich.

I can say nothing more.
O! Love, You alone understand me,
You alone comprehend me,
my silence tells You even more.
In Your Beautiful Heart one says more by keeping silent
than by speaking;

and by loving, one learns how to love.
Love, Love - speak, You alone,
because being Love, You know how to speak of Love."

(Jesus):

"Do you want to hear Love?
All Creation tells you Love.
If the stars twinkle, they tell you Love;
if the sun rises, it gilds you with Love.

If it shines with all of its light in its full day,
it sends arrows of Love to your heart;
if the sun sets, it tells you: 'It is Jesus that dies of Love for you.'
In the thunders and lightnings, I send you Love,
and smacking kisses I give to your heart.

It is Love that runs upon the wings of the winds;
if the waters murmur, I extend My Arms to you;
if the leaves move, I clasp you to my Heart;
if the flower gives out its fragrance, I cheer you with Love.

All Creation, in mute language, tells you, in chorus:
'From you alone do I want Life of Love.'
Love do I want, Love I desire,
for Love I beg from within Your Heart.
I am only content if you give Me Love."

(Luisa):

"My Good, my All, insatiable Love,
if You want Love, then give me Love;
if You want me happy, then speak to Me of Love;
if You want me content, then render me Love.

Love invests me, Love makes me fly,
and brings me to the Throne of my Maker.
Love shows me the Uncreated Wisdom,
It leads me into the Eternal Love,
and there do I set my home.

Life of Love, I will Live in Your Heart;
I will Love You for all,
I will Love You with all,
I will Love You in all.
Jesus, seal me completely with Love inside Your Heart;
empty my veins, and instead of blood, let Love flow in them;
take away my breath, and let me breathe air of Love;

burn my bones and flesh, and weave me completely -
completely with Love.

May Love Transform me, may Love conform me,
may Love teach me how to suffer with You;
may Love crucify me,
and make me all similar to You."

VOLUME 11

April 23, 1912

"O! my Lover Jesus, who can ever match You?"

November 1, 1915

"My Life, You know that I have nothing, and whatever I do I take from You, and then I leave it in You again, so that my things, remaining in You, may have continuous attitude and life in You, while I remain always nothing. Therefore I take Your Love, I make it my own, and I say to You: 'I Love You with an Eternal and Immense Love; with a Love that has no limits and no end, and that is equal to Yours.'"

I kissed Him over and over again. As I kept repeating, 'I Love You.'

VOLUME 12

May 28, 1918

"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."

July 2, 1918

"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."

May 22, 1919

"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; on Your Lips I impress my kiss in order to seal the kiss of all generations; I clasp You with my arms in order to clasp You with the arms of all, to bring You the Glory of all the works of all creatures." (also tab 12)

January 9, 1920

"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 all. I come to love You for all and for each one; I come to requite You in Love for all, because of each created thing, in 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 well 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 can find Love to be able to Love You for all. So, I Love You for each star You have created; I Love You for all the drops of light and for all the intensity of heat which You have placed in the sun." (also tab 12)

"… in the name of all, adoration, love, gratitude and thanksgiving for everything."

January 17, 1921

"In Your Fiat You gave me all this Love, and only in the Fiat can I return it to You."

February 2, 1921

"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." (also tab 12)

VOLUME 14

April 6, 1922

"My Love, in Your Will what is Yours is mine; all created things are mine. The sun is mine, and I give it to You in return, so that all the light and heat of the sun, each drop of its light and heat, may tell You that I love You, I adore You, I bless You, I pray to You for all. The stars are mine, and in every flickering of the stars I seal my '*I love You*', infinite and immense, for all. The plants, the flowers, the water, the fire, the air, are mine, and I give them to You in return, that all of them may say to You, in the name of all: 'I love You with that same Eternal Love with which You created us. (also tab 12)

June 9, 1922

"Glory, gratitude, honor to my God, trice Holy."

VOLUME 15

June 10, 1923

"My Jesus, in Your Will, I love You, I bless You, I thank You for all, I feel sorrow for each offense, etc." (also tab 12)

July 1, 1923

"Do You see how Good, Lovable, Loving, Holy, Immense, Powerful You are? You are Everything, and I want to move the whole of You in order to Love You and to give You pleasure."

VOLUME 16

August 1, 1923

"How can it be that my sweet Jesus no longer remembers anything? I don't know how the Goodness of His Heart can bear not letting the sun of His Lovable Presence rise, when He told me that He would not be able to endure without coming to His little daughter, because the little ones cannot be too long without their father. So many are their needs, that the father is forced to be with them to watch them, guard them and nourish them. Ah! does He not remember when He would carry me outside of myself and take me up there, even under the vault of the heavens, in the midst of the celestial spheres, and strolling together with Him, I would impress my '*I love You'* in each star, in each sphere? Ah! I seem to see it in each star - my '*I love You'*. Ah! it seems to me that in that glittering of light that forms around the stars, they resound among themselves with my '*I love You, Jesus'*. Yet, He does not listen to it, He does not come, He does not let His sun rise, which, eclipsing all the stars with my '*I love You',* may make of them one with His own. And so, rising again in the midst of the celestial spheres, I impress a new '*I love You, Jesus*.' O please! O stars, cry out loudly, make my '*I love You'* resound, so that, touched, Jesus may come to His little daughter, to the little exiled one. O Jesus, come, give me Your Hand, let me enter into Your Holy Will, that I may fill the whole atmosphere, the azure heavens, the light of the sun, the air, the sea, everything - everything, with my '*I love You',* with my kisses; so that, wherever You may be, if You look, You may look at my '*I love You'* and at my kisses; if you hear, You may hear my '*I love You'* and the smacking of my kisses; if You speak and breathe, You may breathe my '*I love You'* and my anguishing kisses; if You work, my '*I love You's'* may flow in Your Hands; if you walk, You may tread my '*I love You'* and the roaring of my kisses under Your Steps. May my '*I love You'* be the chain that draws You to me, and may my kisses be the powerful magnet which, whether You want it or not, may force You to visit the one who cannot live without You."

VOLUME 17

October 2, 1924

"So I prostrated myself before the Supreme Majesty, adoring It, praising It and loving It in the name of all, with the Power, the Wisdom and the Love of Their Will, which I felt within me."

May 10, 1925

"I come to adore You, to bless You, to thank You for all. I come to bind to Your Throne all human wills of all generations, from the first to the last man, so that all may recognize Your Supreme Will, adore It, love It, and give It life within their souls. Supreme Majesty, in this immense void there are all creatures, and I want to take them all in order to place them in Your Holy Will, so that all may return to the Origin from which they came - that is, Your Will. This is why I have come into Your Paternal Arms - to bring You all Your children and brothers of mine, and bind them all with Your Will. And in the name of all, and for all, I want to repair You and give You the homage and the glory as if all done Your Most Holy Will. But, O please! I pray You, let there be no more separation between Divine Will and human will. It is a little girl who asks this of You, and I know that You can deny nothing to the little ones."

"Other times, then, while I fuse myself in the Divine Volition and that immense void comes before my mind, I go around through all created things and I impress on them an '*I love You'* for the Supreme Majesty, as though wanting to fill the whole atmosphere with many '*I love You's'*, in order to requite the Supreme Love for so much Love toward the creatures. Even more, I go around through each thought of creature, and I impress in them my '*I love You'*; through each gaze, and I leave my '*I love You'* within them; through each mouth and each word, and I seal in them my '*I love You'*; through each heartbeat, work and step, and I cover them with my '*I love You'* to my God. I go down deep, into the sea, into the depths of the ocean, and I want to fill each darting of the fish, each drop of water, with my '*I love You'*. Then, after she has as though sowed my '*I love You'* everywhere, the little girl brings herself before the Divine Majesty, and as though wanting to give Him a surprise, she says: "My Creator and my Father, my Jesus and my Eternal Love, look - all things, on the part of all creatures, tell You that they love You. Everywhere there is an *'I love You'* for You; Heaven and earth are filled with them. And You - will You not concede to your tiny little one that Your Will descend into the midst of creatures, make Itself known, make peace with the human will; and as It takes Its Just Dominion, Its Place of Honor, no creature may ever do her will again, but always Yours?"

"Other times, then, while I fuse myself in the Divine Volition, I want to feel sorrow for all the offenses given to my God, and I resume

my round within that immense void, in order to find all the sorrow that Jesus felt for all sins. I make it my own, and I go around everywhere, in the most hidden and secret places, in public places, over all evil human acts, to feel sorrow for all the offenses and for each sin. I feel I would want to cry out, at each motion of creature: '*Sorrow! Forgiveness!'* And so that all may hear it, I impress it on the rumbling of the thunder, so that sorrow for having offended my God may thunder in all hearts; forgiveness, in the striking of lightning; sorrow, in the whistling of the wind; sorrow, forgiveness, in the tinkling of the bells. In sum, sorrow and forgiveness in everything. Then I bring to my God the sorrow of all, I implore forgiveness for all, and I say: "Great God, let Your Will descend upon earth, so that sin may take place no more. It is the human will alone that produces so many offenses as to seem to be flooding the earth with sins. Your Will will be the Destroyer of all evils. Therefore, I pray You, make the little daughter of Your Will content, who wants nothing else but that Your Will be known and loved, and that It Reign in all hearts."

"My Creator and my Father, my Jesus and my Eternal Love, look - all things, on the part of all creatures, tell You that they love You. Everywhere there is an *'I love You'* for You; Heaven and earth are filled with them. And You - will You not concede to Your tiny little one that Your Will descend into the midst of creatures, make Itself known, make Peace with the human will; and as It takes Its Just Dominion, Its Place of Honor, no creature may ever do her will again, but always Yours?"

May 17, 1925

"Now, I add that as that immense void becomes present before my mind when I fuse myself in the Supreme Volition, the little girl continues her round, and rising up high, she wants to requite her God for all the Love He had for all creatures in Creation. She wants to honor Him as the Creator of all things, and so she goes around through the stars, and in each twinkling of light she impresses my '*I love You'* and '*Glory to my Creator'*; in each atom of the light of the sun that descends down below, '*I love You'* and '*glory'*; in the whole expanse of the heavens, within the distance between one step and another, my '*I love You'* and '*glory'*; in the warbling of the bird, in the beating of its wings, '*love'* and '*glory to my Creator'*; in the blade of grass which sprouts from the earth, in the flower that blooms, in the fragrance that ascends, '*love'* and '*glory'*; on the height of the mountains and in the depth of the valleys, '*love'* and '*glory'*. I go around through each heart of creature, as though wanting to enclose myself within it, and cry out, inside each heart, my '*I love You'* and '*glory to my Creator'*. I would want that one be the cry, one the Will, one the harmony of all things: '*Glory and love to my Creator'*. And then, as though having gathered everything together, in such a way that everything says requital of love and attestation of glory for all that God has done in Creation, I bring

myself to His Throne, and I say to Him: Supreme Majesty and Creator of all things, this little girl comes into Your Arms to tell You that all Creation, in the name of all creatures, gives You the requital, not only of Love, but of the just Glory for the so many things created by You for Love of us. In Your Will, in this immense void, I have wandered everywhere, so that all things may glorify You, love You and bless You. And now that I have placed for You the Love between Creator and creature in their relationship, which the human will had broken, as well as the Glory that everyone owed You, let Your Will descend upon earth, that It may bind and strengthen all the relations between Creator and creature. All things will return to the original order established by You. Therefore, hurry, delay no more – don't You see how the earth is full of evils? Your Will alone can stop this current, can place it in safety - but Your Will known and Ruling."

"Then, after this, I feel that my office is not complete, therefore I descend down below within that void, in order to requite Jesus for the work of Redemption. And as though finding all that He did in Act, I want to give Him my requital of all the acts which all creatures should have done for Him, in awaiting Him and receiving Him upon earth. Then, as though wanting to transform all of myself into love for Jesus, I go back to my refrain, and I say: I love You in Your Act of Descending from Heaven; I impress my '*I love You'* in Your Act of being Conceived; '*I love You'* in the first drop of Blood which was formed in Your Humanity; '*I love You'* in the first Beat of Your Heart, so as to mark all Your Heartbeats with my '*I love You'*. '*I love You'* in Your first Breath; '*I love You'* in Your first Pains; '*I love You'* in the first Tears You shed in the Maternal Womb. I want to requite Your Prayers, Your Reparations, Your Offerings, with my '*I love You'*; I want to seal each instant of Your Life with my *I love You'*. '*I love You'* in Your being born; '*I love You'* in the cold You suffered; *'I love You'* in each drop of the milk You suckled from Your Mama. I intend to fill with my '*I love You's'* the clothes with which Your Mama swaddled You; I lay my '*I love You'* upon that ground on which Your dear Mother laid You down gently in the manger, and Your most tender Limbs felt the hardness of the hay - but more than of hay, the hardness of hearts. My '*I love You'* in each of Your Wailings, in all the Tears and Pains of Your tender age. I make my '*I love You'* flow within all the relations and communications and Love You had with Your Mama. '*I love You'* in each Word You spoke, in the food You took, in the steps You took, in the water You drank. '*I love You'* in the work You did with Your Hands; '*I love You'* in all the Acts You did during Your hidden Life. I seal my '*I love You'* in each one of Your Interior Acts and in the Pains You suffered; I lay my '*I love You'* on the roads You covered, in the air You breathed, in all the Sermons You gave during Your Public Life. My *'I love You'* flows in the Power of the Miracles You performed, in the Sacraments

You Instituted. In everything, O my Jesus, even in the inmost Fibers of Your Heart, I impress my '*I love You'* for myself and for all. Your Will makes everything present to me, and nothing do I want to leave out, in which my '*I love You'* is not impressed. Your little daughter of Your Will feels the duty, if there is nothing else she can do for You, that You may have at least a little '*I love You'* for everything You have done for me and for all! Therefore, my *'I love You'* follows You in all the Pains of Your Passion, in all the spit, scorns and insults that they gave You. My '*I love You'* seals each drop of the Blood You shed, each blow You received, each Wound that formed in Your Body, each thorn that pierced Your Head, the bitter pains of the Crucifixion, the Words You pronounced on the Cross. Up to Your last Breath, I intend to impress my '*I love You'*. I want to close all Your Life, all Your Acts, with my '*I love You'*. I want You to touch, see and feel my continuous '*I love You'* everywhere. My '*I love You'* will never leave You - Your very Will is the life of my '*I love You.'*

"But do You know what this little girl wants? That the Divine Volition which You so much Loved, and which You did during Your whole Life upon earth, make Itself known to all creatures, so that all may Love It, and may fulfill Your Will on earth as It is in Heaven. This little girl wants to conquer You in Love, that You may give Your Will to all creatures. O please! make this poor little one happy, who wants nothing else but what You want: that Your Will be known and that It Reign upon earth."

"I come to requite You in Love for everything that the Sanctifier does for those who are to be sanctified. I come to enter into the Order of Grace, so as to be able to give You the Glory and the requital of Love as if all had made themselves saints, and to repair You for all the oppositions and lack of correspondence to Grace."

"Spirit Sanctifier, hurry, I implore You, I pray You again – make Your Will known to all, so that, by knowing It, they may Love It, and may welcome Your First Act of their Complete Sanctification - which is Your Holy Will."

August 2, 1925

"I was praying and fusing myself in the Holy Divine Volition. I wanted to go around everywhere, up into the Empyreum, in order to find that Supreme 'I Love you' which is not subject to any interruption. I wanted to make it my own, so that I too might have an 'I love you' never interrupted, which might echo the Eternal 'I Love you'; and by possessing within myself the Source of the True 'I Love you,' I might have an 'I love you' for all, for each one, for each motion, for each act, for each breath, for each heartbeat, and for each 'I Love you' of my

Jesus Himself. And as I seemed to reach the bosom of the Eternal One, making Their 'I love you' my own, I kept repeating, everywhere and upon each thing, a singsong of 'I love you's' for my Supreme Lord."

"May the Most Holy Will of God be always blessed, and may everything be for His Glory."

VOLUME 18

November 22, 1925

"May my mind rise in the Supreme Will, in order to cover all the intelligences of creatures with Your Will, so that all may rise in It; and in the name of all I give You the adoration, the love, the submission of all created intelligences."

December 6, 1925

I was doing in my interior my usual acts in the Supreme Volition, embracing all Creation and all creatures, in order to make all of Their Acts my own, and requite my God with my little love, for everything He has done in Creation and for everything that all creatures should do.

I wandered in the Divine Volition. O! how I would have wanted to place my loving and grateful kiss upon all created things, and my little 'I love You' on all the Supreme Acts of the Divine Volition, so as to remain bound - I to them, and they to me, to be able to surround my Jesus in me, with all the Acts of the Eternal Will.

January 10, 1926

I was fusing all of myself in the Holy Divine Volition, and the littleness of my mind wandered within It. I could see It everywhere and in every place, always in the Act of Operating in the whole Creation. O! how I would have wanted to follow It, in order to give It my little requital of love in everything It was doing; my 'thank you', my profound adoration, my meager company.

January 30, 1926

"But may the *Fiat Voluntas Tua* be always done, loved and adored."

February 7, 1926

I was fusing myself in the Holy Divine Volition according to my usual way, and taking the Eternal '*I Love you'* of my Sweet Jesus, and making it my own, I was going around throughout the whole Creation in order to impress it upon each thing, so that everything and everyone might have one single note, one single sound, one single harmony – '*I love You, I love You, I love You'* - for myself and for all, toward my Creator, who so much Loved me.

February 21, 1926

I was feeling all immersed in the Holy Divine Volition. A Celestial and Divine Air surrounded me, and an Inaccessible Light made present to me, as though in act, all the Acts of the Supreme Will, which, finding the same Will in me, gave me their kiss and their love, and I gave them my kiss in return, and I impressed my 'I love You' in each Act of the Eternal Volition.

VOLUME 19

March 14, 1926

I continue to dissolve myself in the Holy Divine Will. I would like to embrace everything and everyone, to be able to bring everything to my God as my own things, given to me by Him as gifts, in order to give Him, for each created thing, a little word of love, a 'thank You,' an 'I bless You,' an 'I adore You.'

"I love, I glorify, I adore my Creator."

"I love, I bless, I glorify, I adore, I thank the One who created us."

April 18, 1926

I felt all shrunken within myself, and I tried to fuse myself in the Holy Divine Will, to run along with It so as to keep It company in Its Works, and to requite It at least with my little 'I love You.'

May 18, 1926

I was fusing myself in the Holy Divine Will, and after going around all created things in order to impress my 'I love You', so that my 'I love You' might resound everywhere and over all to requite my Jesus for His Great Love, I arrived at that point at which I would be requiting my God for all the Love He had in the Act of being Conceived in the womb of the Celestial Mama.

"I love You for everyone and for everything."

May 23, 1926

Then, afterwards, my poor mind was wandering in the Holy Divine Will, doing my usual acts in It. It seemed to me that everything was mine, and as I went around through all created things to impress everywhere my 'I love You,' my adoration, my 'Glory to my Creator', I acquired New Knowledge of what God has done for the creature, and of how much He has Loved us. The Supreme Will seemed to delight in making known the New Surprises of Its Love, so that I might follow Its Acts in order for It to give me the right to possess what has come out of Its Creative Will. My littleness wandered amid Its Immense Goods.

August 4, 1926

"I love You."

September 12, 1926

So I became occupied with doing my usual round in the Supreme Will. Its Light made everything present to me - both what It has done in Creation and what It has done in Redemption. The Divine Will, bilocated in each Act It does in Them, awaited a little visit of mine to each of Its Acts - be it even a passing visit there where It Reigned and Dominated as Queen - to have Its little daughter as Its company. O! how It enjoyed my little visit in each of Its Acts - my little 'I love You,' my meager adoration, my gratitude, my 'thank You,' my subjection; and since Its Acts are Innumerable, I never finished reaching them all.

VOLUME 20

January 25, 1927

"You made everything for me. You Loved me so much, and still do, and I want to convert everything – everything into love for You." (also tab 12)

VOLUME 21

March 26, 1927

"My Jesus, just as my "I love You" has followed You into Limbo, and investing all the inhabitants of that place, we have asked You, all together, to hasten the coming of the Kingdom of Your Supreme Fiat upon earth - so do I want to impress my "I love You" upon the tomb of Your Resurrection, so that, just as Your Divine Will made Your Most Holy Humanity Rise Again as Fulfillment of Redemption and as the New Contract with which You would Restore the Kingdom of Your Will on earth – so my incessant "I love You," following all the Acts You did in the Resurrection, may ask You, pray You - supplicate You to make souls rise again in Your Will, that Your Kingdom may be established in the midst of creatures." (also tab 12)

April 30, 1927

"One is the Glory, the Honor, the Love I want to give You, because my act contains everything - it is perfect, and worthy of You alone. One was the Will that came out from You, and I want to bring It to You as one." (also tab 12)

May 22, 1927

"I have loved You from Eternity. Your Will has no beginning - It is Eternal like You; and in It I have Loved You with a Love with no beginning and no end."

May 24, 1927

"Jesus, my Love, I want Your Hands in mine, in order to give to our Celestial Father that Love and that Glory which You, individually, gave Him with Your Works while being on earth. Not only this, but I want to unite myself with You when You, Word of the Father, even from Eternity Operated together with Him with His very Works, Loving with Reciprocal Love and with Perfect Equality; and I want to Glorify You with that same Glory with which You Glorified Yourselves among the Three Divine Persons.

"But I am not content; I want to place my hands in Yours in order to flow together with Your Hands, in Your own Will, within the sun, to give You the glory of the light, of the heat, of the fecundity of the sun; in the sea, to give You the glory of its waves, of its continuous murmuring; in the air, to give You the glory of the singing of the birds; in the azure heaven, to give You the glory of its immensity. And in the flickering of the stars, in their twinkling, I make my voice flow, saying to You: *'I love You.'* I want to flow in the flowery fields, to give You the glory and the adoration of their fragrances. There is no point in which I do not want to be, so that everywhere, You may feel Your little daughter, adoring You, loving You, glorifying You." (also tab 12)

VOLUME 22

June 26, 1927

I continued my flight in the Divine Volition, and hovering over each thought and act of creature, over each plant and flower, and over everything, I impressed my *"I love You,"* and I asked for the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat.

What a long story in my poor mind, nor does it seem that I can get out of it—I must keep tracing all times, all places, all human acts, and even plants, flowers and everything, to impress an "*I love You,"* an *"I adore You,"* an *"I bless You,"* a *"thank You,"* and to ask Him for His Kingdom. (also tab 12)

September 4, 1927

I was following my round throughout the whole Creation, and I had invested heavens, sun, sea—in sum, all created things, with my "I love You, I adore You, I bless You," to sing glory to my Creator in all Creation.

September 14, 1927

"My pretty Little One, I want to invest Your Tears with my *'I love You,'* to ask You, in each one of Your Tears, for the Kingdom of Your Divine Will; and in each drop of milk that Our Celestial Mama gives You, I want to let flow my *'I love You'*, so that, while She nourishes You

with Her milk, I may nourish You with my love, to ask You, in each drop of milk You take, for the Kingdom of Your Divine Fiat.

Then I said to my Mama: "Say together with me: 'I want the Kingdom of Your Will in each drop of milk I give You, in each Tear and Wailing of Yours, in each one of my kisses which I impress on Your Beautiful and Charming Face.' When it is said by You, Jesus will give His Kingdom! (also tab 12)

VOLUME 23

October 6, 1927

After this, I followed my Beloved Jesus in the Acts He did in Redemption. I tried to follow Him Word by Word, Work by Work, Step by Step. I wished nothing would escape me, so that I might press Him and ask Him, in the name of all His Acts, Tears, Prayers and Pains, for the Kingdom of His Divine Will in the midst of creatures.

October 10, 1927

My poor mind continues to follow the Acts of Jesus, done for Love of us; and going back to His Conception, I offered all my acts done in His Divine Volition, together with all my being, for the honor of His Conception.

October 23, 1927

After this, I was continuing my round in the Divine Will, bringing myself into Eden, so as to be present when the Divine Majesty, having formed the beautiful statue of man, was giving Life to it, Breathing over it with Its Omnipotent Breath, so that I might glorify my Creator in an Act so solemn, and love Him, adore Him and thank Him for a Love so Excessive and Overflowing toward man.

November 6, 1927

I was following the Divine Volition, accompanying all the Acts that my Sweet Jesus had done while being on earth. He made them present to me, and I invested them with my *"I love You,"* and asked Him, with His very Acts, for the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat; and I prayed Him to apply to my soul everything He had done in the Kingdom of Redemption, to give me the Grace to Live always in His Divine Volition.

November 10, 1927

After this, I was following my round in the Divine Volition, and as I arrived at Eden, I was glorifying my Creator in the Act in which, with His Omnipotent Breath, He infused Life in the body of my first father Adam.

November 13, 1927

Then, I continued my round in the Divine Fiat, and while accompanying with my *"I love You"* all the Prodigies It had done in the Saints, Patriarchs and Prophets of the Old Testament, as well as those after His Coming upon earth, to ask for His Divine Kingdom in the midst of creatures by virtue of all these, Its Acts… (also tab 12)

January 18, 1928

"O! how I would like to enclose myself in the Prime Act of God, in order to do everything with One Single Act, so as to be able to give to my Creator all the Love, all the Glory, His very Beatitudes and Infinite Joys, to be able to Love Him and Glorify Him as He Glorifies and Loves Himself. What would I not give Him if I were present in that Prime Act of the Divine Fiat? I would lack nothing to make my Creator happy with His own Happiness." (also tab 12)

And seeing myself impotent, I was praying my Sovereign Mama to come to my help and to enclose me with Her Maternal hands in that Prime Act in which She had had Her Perennial Dwelling, because, since She lived in the Divine Will, the Prime Act of God was hers, and therefore She could give Him whatever She wanted. (also tab 12)

January 29, 1928

After this, I was continuing my round in the Divine Fiat, and I accompanied the sighs, the tears, the steps of Jesus, and all the rest done and suffered by Him, saying to Him: 'My Love, Jesus, I place the Army of all Your Acts around You; and investing Your Words, Your Heartbeats, Your Steps, Your Pains and all Your Acts with my *'I love you,'* I ask You for the Kingdom of Your Will. Hear, O Jesus - if You do not listen to me by means of the Army of Your Acts, which pray You, which press You, what else could I do to move You to grant me a Kingdom so Holy?' (also tab 12)

"Jesus, I love You, and because I love You, give me the Kingdom of Your Divine Will." (also tab 12)

February 9, 1928

Continuing to follow the Acts of Jesus done in His Divine Will when He was on earth, I was following Mother and Son when they fled to Egypt, and I thought to myself: "How beautiful it must have been to see the dear Little Baby in the arms of His Divine Mama. Though He was so little, enclosing the Eternal Fiat within Himself, He enclosed Heaven and earth; everything came out from Him, as the Creator, and everything hung upon Him. And the Sovereign Queen, Transfused in the Little Jesus by virtue of the same Fiat that animated Them, formed the Reflector of Jesus, His Echo, His very Life. How many

hidden Beauties they possessed; how many varieties of Heavens, more Beautiful than what can be seen above our horizon; how many more refulgent suns They contained. And yet, no one could see anything; nothing appeared other than three poor fugitives.

"Jesus, my Love, I want to follow, step by step, the steps of my Celestial Mama; and as She walks, I want to animate the blades of grass, the atoms of the earth, and make You feel my *'I love You'* under Her soles. I want to animate all the light of the sun, and, as it shines on Your face, I want it to bring You my *'I love You;'* all the waves of the wind, its caresses – let all say to You: *'I love You.'* I am the one who, in Your Fiat, brings You the warmth of the sun to warm You, the waves of the wind to caress You, its whistling to speak to You and say: 'Dear Little One, let everyone know Your Divine Will; let It come out from within Your Little Humanity, that It may take Its Dominion and form Its Kingdom in the midst of creatures." (also tab 12)

"I love You, I love You - let Your Kingdom come." (also tab 12)

March 11, 1928

After this, I was following my Divine Fiat, doing my round in It; and as I arrived at the home of Nazareth in which my Lovable Jesus had conducted His Hidden Life, in order to follow His Acts, I was saying to Him: "My Love, there is no Act You do in which my *'I love you'* does not follow You, to ask You, by means of Your Acts, for the Kingdom of Your Will. My *'I love you'* follows You everywhere – in the Steps You take, in the Words You speak, in the wood You hammer; and while You hammer the wood, You hammer the human will, that it may be undone, and Your Divine Will may Rise Again in the midst of creatures. My *'I love you'* flows in the water You drink, in the food You take, in the air You Breathe, in the rivers of Love that pass between You and Your Mama and Saint Joseph, in the Prayers You do, in Your ardent Heartbeat, in the sleep You take. O! how I wish to be near You, to whisper to Your Ear: "I love You, I love You…. O Please! let Your Kingdom come."' (also tab 12)

May everything be for the glory of God and for the fulfillment of His Most Holy Will. D e o G r a t i a s!

VOLUME 24

April 29, 1928

"Jesus, my Love, I want to leave all of my being in Your Fiat, so that I may find myself in all created things, to bead them with my *'I love You.'* Even more, I want to place my heart in the center of the earth, and as it beats, I want to embrace all of its inhabitants; and following all of their heartbeats with my *'I love You,'* I want to give You the love

of each one of them. And as my heartbeat is repeated from within the center of the earth, I want to place my *'I love You'* in all the seeds which the earth encloses in its womb; and as the seeds sprout and plants, herbs and flowers are formed, I want to place in them my *'I love You,'* that I may see them enclosed in my *'I love You'* for Jesus…"

June 3, 1928

"The Divine Will is Eternal, and whatever is done in It is always in Act, nor does it ever lose the Present Act. Therefore, in the Fiat I want to anticipate the Love of Adam and amuse my Creator with my love. In the Act in which He formed the human body I want to echo His Love, to say to Him: "In Your Will I have loved you always, even before all things existed."'

June 29, 1928

I was doing my usual acts in the Divine Fiat, and for each created thing I repeated my long singsong of my "*I love You"*; but while doing this, I thought to myself: "I have become so used to it, that it seems I cannot do without saying, '*I love You, I love You….'*

August 23, 1928

"My Jesus, Your little daughter does not have the heart to leave You alone. I want to place myself by You, and if I can do nothing else, I will whisper to Your ear: "I love You, I love You…" For the sake of Your loneliness, Prayers and Tears, give me the Kingdom of Your Will. Hurry - see how the world is falling; Your Will will place it in safety." (also tab 12)

September 10, 1928

I was following all that the Divine Will had done in Creation and Redemption; I would have wanted to leave not one of Its Acts without my little act, as Its company and perennial homage of glory and of love for a Will so Holy. (also tab 12)

September 2, 1928

"Therefore, each created thing is Sacred, more than a relic, because they enclose within themselves the Creative Power and Will, and the very Life of He Who Created them. And while going around, I felt like loving, adoring, embracing and kissing the sun, the heavens, the stars, the wind, the sea, because they enclosed, veiled and formed as though many dwellings for He Who had Created them.

"It is I that love You and glorify You in the heavens, in the sun, in the sea, in the wind, and also in the little bird that sings, in the little lamb that bleats, in the fragrance of the flower that ascends to You..."

VOLUME 25

December 25, 1928

I was thinking about the birth of Baby Jesus, and I prayed Him to come to be born in my poor soul. And in order to sing His praises and form a cortège for Him in the act of His Birth, I fused myself in the Holy Divine Volition, and flowing in all created things, I wanted to animate the heavens, the sun, the stars, the sea, the earth and everything with my "*I love You.*" (also tab 12)

I wanted to place all created things as though in waiting, in the act of Jesus' Birth, so that all would say to Him, *"I love You,"* and *"We want the Kingdom of Your Will upon earth."* (also tab 12)

March 3, 1929

I was continuing my round in the Divine Fiat, and pausing in Eden, I was adoring the Supreme Will in the Act of Creating man, in order to unite myself to that union of wills that existed between Creator and creature when he was created.

March 25, 1929

Therefore, since the Will of all is one, we do one same thing, and we all run as though to our first center, to our Creator, to say to Him: "Your Love issued us, and Your same Love calls us back into Yourself, with a vertiginous race, to say to You: 'We love You, we love You;" to sing the praises of Your inextinguishable and Interminable Love."

"I love You, I glorify You, I adore You."

VOLUME 26

April 12, 1929

I was all abandoned in the Divine Fiat; Its Light eclipsed my littleness and transported me up there, even into the Womb of the Eternal One, where nothing but Light, Sanctity, Beauty could be seen, that infused in me profound adoration, such that I felt my little existence changed into one single act of adoration for that God who so much Loved me and Loves me.

June 4, 1929

"Bow down, and let us adore, with double homage, our Creator. That Fiat which Created us is in my act, and with It I want to create New Love, New Adoration and Glory for our Creator."

June 14, 1929

"I was continuing my round in the Supreme Fiat, and my little mind, arriving at Eden, was saying: Adorable Majesty, I come before You to bring You my small interest of my *'I love You,' 'I adore You,' 'I glorify You,' 'I thank You,' 'I bless You,'* to give You my small interest because You have given me a heaven, a sun, an air, a sea, a flowery earth, and everything that You have Created for me. You once told me that each day You want to do the accounts with me and receive this small interest of mine, so that we may always be in agreement; and keep the whole Creation, given to me by You as little daughter of Your Will, safe inside the little bank of my soul."

July 8, 1929

"Love! Love! Always love to my Creator, to my Eternal Life, to He who Loves me so much!"

VOLUME 27

September 28, 1929

"In Your Will I loved You, I love You, and will always love You – always."

"Adorable Majesty, if it were in my power I too would like to create for you a heaven, a sun, a sea, and everything that You Created, to tell You that I love You with Your same Love and with Your own Works, because a love that does not operate cannot be called Love; but since Your Divine Volition gave me everything of all that You Created, I give it back to You to tell You that I Love You - I Love You."

October 18, 1929

After this, I continued my acts in the Divine Volition, and making all of Its Acts done in Creation and Redemption my own, I offered them to the Divine Majesty as the most beautiful gift I could give It as requital of my love; and I said to myself: "O! how I would like to have a heaven, a sun, a sea, a flowery earth, and everything that exists – all my own – to be able to give to my Creator my heaven, a sun that would be my own, a sea and a flowering that would all say: "I love You, I love You, I adore You…".

October 24, 1929

I was feeling all abandoned in the Divine Fiat, following and offering all of Its Acts, both of Creation and of Redemption, and as I reached the Conception of the Word, I said to myself: "How I would like, in the Divine Will, to make the Conception of the Word my own, to be able to offer to the Supreme Being the Love, the Glory, the Satisfaction as if the Word were being Conceived once again."

November 30, 1929

"I was beginning my round in the Divine Will according to my usual way, and wanting to reorder all created intelligences in order with God, from the first to the last man that will come to earth, I was saying: "I place my *'I love You'* upon each thought of creature, so that, in each thought, I may ask for the Dominion of the Divine Fiat over each intelligence." (also tab 12)

VOLUME 28

March 9, 1930

After this, I was continuing my round in the Divine Will, and I stopped now at one point, and now at another, of what my Beloved Jesus had done and suffered; and He was as though wounded by His very Acts that I was placing around Him, by saying to Him: "My Love, my *'I love You'* runs within Yours. See, O Jesus, how much You have Loved us. Yet, there is another thing left to be done, You have not done everything – what is left for You to give us is the Great Gift of Your Divine Fiat as Life in the midst of creatures, that It may Reign and form Its people. Hurry, O Jesus, what are You waiting for? Your very Works, Your Pains, demand the *Fiat Voluntas Tua* on earth as It is in Heaven." (also tab 12)

May 2, 1930

Then, I continued my round in the Creation, to follow the Divine Fiat in all created things, and everywhere I tried to place my usual *"I love You."* to requite It for Its such Great Love spread in the whole universe.

August 12, 1930

"I want to love You as much and in the same way as You have Loved me. For as many times as You have told me that You have Loved me, so I too want to say it."

October 18, 1930

"I love You, I love You in everything that You have done for love of Us."

November 30, 1930

"I want to enter into the sun in order to find the Divine Will Operating in its light, so as to give to It all the beauty, the purity, the holiness, the power, that a human will operating in its light can contain. I want to enter into the azure heavens in order to embrace It and give It my will operating in the vastness of the heavens, in the multiplicity of the stars, to give It the glory, the love of a heaven, and many profound acts of adoration for as many as are the stars."

VOLUME 29

February 15, 1931

Then, I continued my abandonment in the Divine Fiat, and unable to do anything else, I kept saying my little *"I love You"* in the Divine Acts. Not only this, but I was saying to myself: "My Jesus, my Love, may my *'I love You'* flow in Your Heartbeat, in Your Breath, on Your Tongue, in Your Voice, and even in the littlest Particles of Your Adorable Person."

March 16, 1931

"I would like to be heavens to be able to extend myself in everyone and everywhere—and in all points and over everyone—my love, my adoration, my glory toward my Creator. I would like to be sun, and have so much Light as to fill heaven and earth, and convert everything into Light and, in this Light, have my continuous cry: 'I love You, I love You.'"

March 23, 1931

"Love, glory, continuous honor, to the One who Created me."

April 24, 1931

I was continuing my acts in the Divine Fiat—O! how I would love that nothing would escape me of what It has done, both in Creation and in Redemption, to be able to compete with my little incessant "I love You, I adore You, I thank You, I bless You, and I pray You that the Kingdom of the Divine Will come upon earth." (also tab 12)

July 2, 1931

"I was doing my round in the Divine Will to follow Its Acts, and I arrived at the point in which the Celestial Baby was in Egypt, and the Celestial Mama, rocking Him, tried to make Him fall asleep, and at the same time She was occupied, with Her Maternal hands, in making a little garment for the Divine Infant. And I, uniting myself with His Mama, made my *"I love You"* to Jesus flow between Her fingers and in the thread that was flowing, so as to form and weave the little garment together with my *"I love You";* and upon the foot of the Queen that was swinging the cradle, I put my own, so that I too might rock Jesus and do for Him what His Mama was doing."

July 23, 1931

"My being has melted completely into love, into adoration—I have nothing left."

August 30, 1931

I was doing my acts in the Divine Volition, praying It to Invest all my being, so that heartbeats, breaths, words, prayers, might come out of me as many repeated acts of Divine Will. O! how I would love to be a continued act of It, to be able to say: "I have in my power all Your Acts, Your very Love, and therefore I do what You do, and I am not less than You in loving You." It seems to me that true love cannot restrict itself, but it wants to expand so much as to want the Infinite Love in its power. And since it is not given to the creature to be able to embrace it, she turns to the Divine Will in order to have it, and plunging herself into It, she says with highest contentment: "I love with Infinite Love."

September 21, 1931

I was continuing my acts in the Divine Volition, and I prayed my Highest Good, Jesus, to make the Sun of the Divine Will rise in each of my acts, so that I might give Him, in each of my acts, the love, the homage, the glory as if I were forming for Him, in each act of mine, a day of Divine Light, of Love, of profound Adoration, communicated to me, into my act, by His own Will. O! how I would like to say, in each of my acts, whether big or small: "I make a day for Jesus, to love Him more."

VOLUME 30

June 12, 1932

"Supreme Majesty, O! if I would have the Power, I too would make as many skies, suns, and everything else that You know how to do, for Your Love. But since I can not give You sky and sun and everything else that You have given me, then I tell You that I want to love You very, very much."

VOLUME 31

August 7, 1932

"And yet, even though I am deprived of He who is more than my own life to me, still I feel a profound Peace, nor do I fear anything, nor have I any fear if it is through my fault that the Celestial Jesus deprives me of Himself, nor have I any fear that He might be able to lose me. I feel nothing else in my little soul than a placid sea, that although it murmurs, yet its murmur is nothing other than 'I love You.' "And this little 'I love You' of mine asks You nothing other than that the Kingdom of Your Will come on earth, and without ever ceasing to murmur, I make my little waves, again and again, in order to free myself from my exile and take Heaven by storm so as to enclose myself in my Celestial Fatherland. But what! in vain; my waves fall into my sea, and I placidly continue to call out: 'I love You, I love You!' and I pledge Heaven and earth to ask You for Your Fiat." (also tab 12)

September 8, 1932

"I love You, I love You, I adore You, I bless You, O Adorable Will, in all Your Works."

November 20, 1932

"In Your Volition I have Your Love in my power, hence I can love you a great deal, my love is not dissimilar from Yours hence I can love You how much You Love Yourselves. I have Your Works in my power in order to Glorify You and Your Steps in mine in order to beat the same way that you beat looking for all creatures, in order to conduct them all before Your Adorable Majesty." (also tab 12)

December 6, 1932

"… my little soul feels little, little, hardly an atom; yet, it feels Its (The Fiat) Immensity that has not been given to it to contain in its little circle. But in spite of my littleness, it does not want to be idle, it wants to love, to bless, to glorify, to thank He who Loves it so much, that He has given His very Divine Will to her at her disposition.

VOLUME 32

June 29, 1933

"My efforts, my entanglements are because I want to tell You that I love You even more. O! if I could possess all Your Love, how content I would be in order to be able to tell you "I love You as much as You Loved me."'

"How Content and Happy I am; I can tell You that Your Immensity is Yours and mine, and I love You with an Immense Love, with Powerful Love. My love does not lack anything, neither Your Sanctity, nor Your Goodness, nor Your Beauty that Enraptures, Conquers and Obtains all."

September 24, 1933

"Divine Will, how Lovable, Admirable, You are. How not to love You?"

October 30, 1933

"I love You through means of Your Works, which are pregnant with Your Love and they teach me to Love You."

"I love You with Your same Love, I Glorify You through means of Your Power, you have given me everything and I give You everything.'" (also tab 12)

VOLUME 33

March 4, 1934

"I have the Love of Your Acts in my power, therefore I love You as You Love me, and what You do, I do."

October 7, 1934

"I feel the need of possessing Your Love, Your Power, in order to be able to have a Love that says to You for everyone: 'I Love You.'"

October 21, 1934

"Your Love is mine, therefore we Love each other with one single Love."

November 5, 1934

"Even I have placed my acts in Yours, even though it would be a little 'I love You' of mine, but in my 'I love You' I place all of myself."

VOLUME 34

May 23, 1937

"I love You, I love You Life of my life, Love of my love, my Father, my Creator, my All, I love You."

June 18, 1937

"I Love You, I Love You always in everything and in each thing, as You have Loved me."

VOLUME 35

January 7, 1938

"I take everything in Your Will because I love you. I want to Love You and Glorify You with Your own Will."

January 10, 1938

"We love You, our Father Who art in the Heavens. We love You, our Father Who dwells in our hearts…!"'

VOLUME 36

November 20, 1938

"I love You, I love You, I love You; Life of my life—You Generated me and I will love You forever."

November 26, 1938

"I Love You as You Love me."
"I Love You, I Love You always."

November 30, 1938

"See how much I Love You, I even get to bring You Yourselves."

December 18, 1938

"See how much I love You. I give You the sun to Love You, and I Love You with the same Love with which You Loved me in the sun; I give You the homage and the adoration of its light, the variety of its effects to Love You - its continuous act of light, to spread myself everywhere and put my 'I love You' in everything touched by its light."

"See how much I love You - but it's not enough, I want to love You more; so I enter into its Inaccessible, Immense, Eternal Light which never ends. From within that Light I want to Love You with Your Eternal Love."

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DIVINE WILL

Meditation 4: The soul to her Celestial Mother:

"Here I am again, Holy Mama, on Your Maternal knees. The Sweet Baby whom You hold to Your breast and Your enrapturing Beauty bind me in such a way that I cannot move away from You. But today Your appearance is even more beautiful. It seems to me that the sorrow of the circumcision has rendered You more beautiful. Your sweet gaze looks far away to see whether people dear to You are coming, because You feel the yearning of wanting to make Jesus known. I will not move from Your knees, so that I too may listen to Your beautiful Lessons, and may come to know Him and love Him more."

Meditation 4: The soul:

"Holy Mama, how I must thank You for wanting to place the Celestial Baby into my heart - how happy I am. O please! I pray You to hide me under Your mantle, that I may see nothing but the Baby who is inside my heart; and forming of all my being one single act of love of Divine Will, I may make Him grow so much, to the point of filling myself completely with Jesus, and nothing may be left of me but the veil that hides Him."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Celestial Mama, enclose me within the Wall of the Divine Will, that I may nourish my dear Jesus."

HOURS OF THE PASSION

Eighth Hour

My Sweet Good, I will be at Your side to defend You, to learn Your Teachings, to count, one by one, all of Your Words. Ah, how sweetly does the Word with which You addressed Judas, descend into my heart: *"Friend, why have you come?"* And I feel that You address me too with the same Word - not calling me friend, but by the sweet name of child: "*Child, why have you come?"* to hear me answer: *"Jesus – to love You." "Why have you come?"* You repeat to me when I wake up in the morning; *"Why have you come?"* if I pray; *"Why have you come?"* You repeat to me in the Holy Host, if I come to receive You into my heart.

LETTERS OF LUISA

Letter No. 48

"I love You, I really do, because in Your Will I also have Your Love in my power. Therefore, not in my love do I love you, but in Your Love, the only one worthy of You."

Letter No. 104

"I love You, I love You."

Letter No. 106

"I love You for all, and for love of You, I give You the heartbeat, the breath, the motion of all." (also tabs 11, 12)

Before Communion/Communion:

(Before Communion)

VOLUME 2

April 16, 1899

"My Adorable Jesus, this morning I don't feel like going around and seeing the offenses that they give You. Let us stay here, the two of us together."

"If You want to go out, let us rather go inside some churches, because the offenses they give You are fewer there."

I did as much as I could to compassionate Him and repair Him..

June 3, 1899

"Holy Spouse, Lovable Jesus, how is this? Aren't You coming to prepare me Yourself? How can I receive You?"

June 12, 1899

"This morning, having to receive Communion, I was praying Good Jesus to come to prepare me Himself, before the confessor would come to celebrate Holy Mass. "Otherwise, how can I receive You, being so bad and not disposed?"

In the first gaze, I prayed Jesus to purify me… In the second gaze, I prayed Him to illuminate me,… "Most Loving Jesus, since You were pleased first to Purge me, and then to Illuminate me, be so kind now as to Sanctify me; more so, since I have to receive You, who are the Holy of Holies, and therefore it is not right that I be so different from You."

"Lord, O, how many awful ingratitudes I have had toward You!"

"Give the thorns to me, O Jesus, for I am a sinner. The thorns befit me, not You, who are the Just One, the Holy One."

Immediately I prayed to Jesus that He would go to prepare the confessor to be able to receive Him at Communion.

VOLUME 4

September 9, 1900

"Lord, I waited for You the whole night; more so, because having to receive Communion, I fear that my heart may not be well disposed to be able to receive You. Therefore I need that my soul be reviewed by You, so that it may be disposed to unite me with You sacramentally."

VOLUME 6

April 9, 1904

"What will Blessed Jesus say when He comes into my soul? He will say: 'How ugly, bad, cold, abominable this soul is.' How quickly He will make the species consumed so as not to be in contact with someone so ugly. But, what can I do? Even though I am so bad, yet, You must have patience in coming, because You are necessary to Me anyway, and I cannot do without You."

VOLUME 9

April 10, 1910

I prepare myself and thank blessed Jesus at Communion.

"…in seeing my incapacity and that I am good at nothing…. I follow Him."

"Jesus, give honor to Yourself in coming into me. My Queen Mama, Saints, all Angels, I am so very poor; everything that is Yours - put it in my heart, not for me, but for the Honor of Jesus."

Knowing that I am so very poor, that I have done nothing, and that nothing is mine, I laugh at the contentment of Jesus, and I say: "Thank goodness Jesus thinks like this! It is enough that He came - this is enough for me. It doesn't matter that I have used His own things - the poor must receive from the rich." I prepare myself in Jesus Himself, and that I thank Him with Jesus Himself.

VOLUME 12

October 23, 1917

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?"

October 24, 1918

I was preparing myself to receive my Sweet Jesus in the Sacrament, and I prayed that He Himself would cover my great misery.

May 28, 1920

I was offering myself in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass together with Jesus, so that I too might receive His same Consecration.

VOLUME 1

(Communion)

This [stripping Luisa's heart of all] would happen mostly during Communion. So I would promise Him to be all His own; I would ask His Forgiveness, for up to that point, I had not been so; I would say to Him that I truly wanted to love Him, and I prayed Him never to leave me alone.

"My Lord, look at what a storm I find myself in. I should thank You for You gave light to the confessor in giving me the Obedience to suffer, but instead, my nature is so very affected that I myself remain confused at seeing myself so bad. However, all this is nothing; You who want the sacrifice, will also give me the strength. But the strongest reason in me is that of having to remain so long without being able to receive You in the Sacrament. Who would be able to resist without You? Who will give me the strength? Where shall I find a refreshment in my afflictions?"

VOLUME 2

June 5, 1899

"Jesus, my Beautiful One, yes, I love You very much. And You, if You really Love me, tell me also, do You forgive me for all the evil I have done? But, concede also suffering to me."

"Holy Jesus, I commend to You my confessor - make him a saint, and grant him also health for his body. But then, is it completely Your Will for this father to come?"

"O, how I wish that my body would split into tiny little pieces, provided that sinners would convert!"

VOLUME 3

March 15, 1900

"Lord, whatever You want."

VOLUME 4

November 16, 1900

"My Most Sweet Jesus, when will it be that You take this heart of mine to conform it completely to Yours, in such a way that I may live from the Life of Your Heart?"

August 6, 1901

"My Sweet Good, how Lovable and Desirable You are! How can men not love You? Even worse, they offend You! By loving You one finds everything, and the loving of You contains all goods, while by not loving You every good escapes from us. Yet, who loves You? But, O please! my Dearest Treasure, put aside the offenses of men, and let us pour ourselves out in loving each other for a little."

October 3, 1901

"My Most Beloved Jesus, I offer You my heart for Your satisfaction and in eternal praise of You; and I offer You all of myself, even the tiniest particles of my body like as many walls to be placed before You in order to block any offense which might be given to You, accepting them all upon myself if it were possible, and for Your Pleasure, until the Day of Judgment. And since I want my offering to be complete and to satisfy You for all, I intend for all the pains which I will bear by receiving upon myself the offenses given to You, to repay You with all the Glory that the Saints who are in Heaven were supposed to give You when they were on earth; that which the souls in Purgatory were supposed to give You, and that Glory which all men, past, present and future, owe You. I offer them to You for all in general, and for each one in particular."

I saw that by means of my offering, many rivulets were coming out of every part of me, which poured over Blessed Jesus, who then, with impetus and greater abundance, poured them over the whole Celestial Court, over Purgatory and over all peoples. O, Goodness of my Jesus, in accepting such a meager offering, and requiting it with so much Grace! O, Prodigy of the holy and pious intentions! If in all our works, even trivial, we made use of them, what traffic would we not produce? How many Eternal Properties would we not acquire? How much more glory would we not give to the Lord?

VOLUME 6

November 17, 1904

Having received Communion, I was thinking about the benignity of Our Lord in giving Himself as Food to such a poor creature as I am, and about how I could correspond to such a Great Favor.

"Just as You have reached the point of making Yourself my Food and of giving me everything, I too have made myself Your food; there is nothing left to give You, because everything I am is all Yours."

VOLUME 7

May 7, 1906

"My Beloved, come out from inside [inside her interior] - come outside, that I may clasp You, kiss You and speak with You."

"Lord, come out, spare Your children, Your very members, Your images."

"Fiat – always Fiat."

VOLUME 8

February 9, 1908

"Lord, keep me always clasped to You, for I am too little, and if You do not keep me clasped, because I am little, I may get lost."

VOLUME 9

November 4, 1909

"I am now tightly united with You - even more, I am identified with You. If we are one single thing, I leave my being in You, and I take Yours. So I leave You my mind, and I take Yours; I leave You my eyes, my mouth, my heart, my hands, my steps… O! how happy I will be from now on! I will think with Your Mind, I will look with Your Eyes, I will speak with Your Mouth, I will Love with Your Heart, I will work with Your Hands, I will walk with Your Feet… And if something comes to me, I will say: 'I left my being in Jesus and I took His own - go to Jesus, and He will answer you for me.' O, how blissful I feel! Ah yes, I take from You also Your Beatitude, isn't it true, Jesus? But, my Life and my Good, with Your Beatitude You render all Heaven blissful, while if I take Your Beatitude I make no one blissful."

Having received Communion I felt all transformed in Blessed Jesus, and I said to myself: "How can one maintain this transformation with Jesus?"

VOLUME 10

November 29, 1910

"…having received Holy Communion, all afflicted, I was repeating my great affliction to my affectionate Jesus, saying to Him: "My Life, my Good and my All, it shows that You alone are everything for me. I have never found in any creature, as good and holy as he might be, a word, a comfort, a solution for the slightest doubt of mine. It shows how there is to be no one for me, but You alone: You alone - the All for me, and I alone, alone - always alone for You. And so I abandon myself

in You, completely and always. As bad as I am, have the Goodness of holding me in Your Arms, without leaving me for one single instant."

VOLUME 11

October 2, 1913

Then, having received Communion, I was saying to Jesus, "I love You."

"Jesus, I love You with Your Will. I adore You, I bless You, I praise You, I thank you."

"I adore You, I bless You, I praise You, …united with Your Will, and will fill Heaven and earth with adorations, with blessings, with praises, with thanksgivings."

October 2, 1916

I received Communion in the way Jesus had taught me – that is, united with His Humanity, His Divinity and His Will.

December 22, 1916

"I am unable to do anything, or say anything, therefore I feel the great need to do what You do, and to repeat Your own Words. In Your Will I find, present and as though in act, the Acts You did in receiving Yourself in the Sacrament, I make them my own, and I repeat them for You."

February 24, 1917

"My Life, how I wish I could do what You Yourself did in receiving Yourself sacramentally, so that You may find Your own Contentments, Your own Prayers, Your Reparations in me."

VOLUME 12

February 6, 1919

"You have communicated me - I too have communicated You." [In the Divine Will she encloses God, and loving Him, forms many hosts to communicate Him.]

VOLUME 16

December 29, 1923

Afterwards, I received Holy Communion, and according to my usual way I was calling all created things, placing them around Jesus, so that all might surround Him like a crown and give return of love and homages to their Creator. They all ran at my call, and I could see

in clear notes all the Love of my Jesus for me in all created things. Jesus awaited with such Great Tenderness of Love, within my heart, the return of so much love; and I, hovering over everything and embracing everything, would bring myself to the feet of Jesus, and would say to Him: "My Love, my Jesus, You have created everything for me, and gave it to me as gift; therefore everything is mine, and I give it to You in order to love You. And so I say to You, '*I love You'* in each drop of light of the sun; '*I love You'* in the twinkling of the stars; '*I love You'* in each drop of water. Your Will makes me see Your '*I Love you'* for me even in the depths of the ocean, and I impress my '*I love You'* for You in every fish that darts in the sea. I want to impress my '*I love You'* on the flight of each bird – '*I love You'* everywhere, my Love. I want to impress my '*I love You'* upon the wings of the wind, in the moving of the leaves, in every spark of fire – '*I love You'* for myself and for all."

I entered into Jesus, and with ease I found everything and everyone; and following the Works of Jesus, I would say: "I love You in each thought of creature; I love You on the flight of each gaze; I love You in each sound of a word; I love You in each heartbeat, breath and affection; I love You in each drop of blood, in each work and step."

VOLUME 17

June 10, 1924

This morning, having received Holy Communion as usual, I was saying to my dear Jesus: "My Sweet Life, I do not want to be alone while being with You, but I want everything and everyone together with me. And not only do I want all Your children forming a circle around You, but I also want the circle of all things created by You, so that, together with me, in the endlessness of Your Most Holy Will in which I find everything, prostrate at Your Feet, all together, we may adore You, thank You, bless You."

"See, my Love, how beautiful Your Works are. How the sun, breaching with its rays, while prostrating itself to adore You, rises up to You to embrace You and kiss You. How the stars, forming a crown around You, smile at You with their sweet twinkling and say to You: 'Great are You - we give You glory for ever and ever'. How the sea runs, and with its harmonious murmuring, like many silvery voices, says to You: 'Infinite thanks to our Creator'. And I, together with the sun, embrace You and kiss You; with the stars, I recognize You and glorify You; with the sea, I thank You."

VOLUME 19

March 28, 1926

Having received Holy Communion, I was calling everyone - my Queen Mama, the Saints, the first man Adam with the retinue of all generations, up to the last man who will come upon earth, and then all created things - so that, all together, prostrate with me around Jesus, we might adore Him, bless Him, love Him; so that nothing might be missing around Jesus, of all the Works which came out of His Hands - not a heart that palpitates, nor a sun that shines, nor the vastness of the blue heavens studded with stars, nor the sea that murmurs, and not even the tiny little flower that gives off its fragrance. I wanted to centralize everything and everyone around Jesus-Host, so that we might render Him the honors due to Him. His Will made everything present to me as if everything were mine, and I wanted to give everything to Jesus.

VOLUME 21

February 23, 1927

"My Love and my Life, Your Will has the virtue of multiplying Your Life for as many beings as exist and will exist on earth. So, in Your Will I want to form as many Jesuses, in order to give the whole of You to each soul of Purgatory, to each Blessed of Heaven, and to each being living on the earth."

VOLUME 22

July 4, 1927

I was doing my thanksgiving for I had received Holy Communion, and I was thinking to myself that I wanted to offer It to all and to each inhabitant of Heaven, to each soul in Purgatory, to all the living who are and will be. And not only to them, but I would like to give my Sacramental Jesus to the starry heavens, to the flowery fields – in sum, to each created thing, in order to give Him the Glory and the Triumph of all His Works.

VOLUME 26

June 27, 1929

Having received Holy Communion, I was offering It for the Glory of Saint Aloysius, and I offered, as a present for him, everything that Our Lord had done in His Divine Will with His Mind, with His Words, Works and Steps, for the accidental glory of Saint Aloysius on his feast day.

VOLUME 32

October 22, 1933

"I love You, I love You very much."

"Jesus, I love You together with the Love of Our Celestial Mama."

"My Divine Jesus, I want to love You together with the Father and with the Holy Spirit."

"I want to love You together with all the Angels and Saints. With all the wayfarers even to the last creature who will exist on the earth. I want to bring You everyone and everything, even the sky, the sun, the wind, the sea, in order to love You together with everyone."

VOLUME 33

May 20, 1934

"My Celestial Mama wants that I love my and Her Jesus very much, therefore these little drops of my love, I want to pour them into Her Seas of Love, and so I will give to Him and I will tell Him: I love You so much that I Love You as Your Mama Loves You."

VOLUME 35

April 10, 1938

"In Your Will all is mine; so I Love You with the Love of my Mother and Queen – and Yours. I kiss You with Her lips; I hug You very tight with Her arms; and, carrying You with me, I take refuge inside Her Heart, to give You Her Joys, Her Delights, Her Maternity, so that You may find the Sweetness and Protection that only Your Mama can give You…."

"I love You with the Immense Power and Love of the Father, and with the Endless Love of the Holy Spirit. I love You with the love with which all the Angels and Saints love You. I love You with that love with which all the creatures, past, present and future, love You – or should love You. I love You for all created things, and with the same Love with which You Created them…."

"May everything be for the Glory of God and for the Fulfillment of the Divine Will."

HOURS OF THE PASSION

Fourth Hour

And I, Heart of my heart, want to be always with You in each Tabernacle, in all the pyxes and in each consecrated Host which will ever be until the end of the world, to emit my acts of reparation, according to the offenses You receive. (also tab 12)

Restoring to God/to Mary/Praying for the Kingdom to Come:

VOLUME 1

"Powerful God, what power is not undone before You? Immense Sanctity of God, what other sanctity, as sublime as it might be, would dare to appear before You?"

"If He is holy, He is also merciful; if He is powerful, He also contains Full and Highest Goodness within Himself."

VOLUME 2

February 28, 1899

"O, God, how incomprehensible You are! I see You, I feel You, You are my Life, You restrict Yourself within me, but You remain always Immense and lose nothing of Yourself."

June 22, 1899

"*No no, no no,* my Beautiful One, I am not the one who does not want to let You sleep; it is our Lady Mama that does not want it, and I pray You to content Her. It is certain that nothing can be denied to a mama - and besides, to that Mama!"

August 18, 1899

"May the Lord be always thanked, who uses so much mercy with this poor sinner."

September 26, 1899

"My Most Sweet Love, if I take so much delight in looking at You, what must it have been for our Queen Mama, when You enclosed Yourself in Her most pure womb? What Contentments, how many Graces did You not give Her?"

"My Dear Good, our Mother had so much good because You let Yourself be seen intuitively. I would like to know: how do You show Yourself to me - by abstractive or by intuitive sight? Who knows whether it is even abstractive at all."

"Ah, Lord, it is so true! And I - what thanks have I rendered You for all this? What has been my correspondence? I feel blushing at the mere thought of it. But, O please! Forgive me, and let it be known, in Heaven and on earth, that I am an object of Your Infinite Mercies."

VOLUME 3

November 1, 1899

…immediately I offered myself and I pronounced the Fiat.

"O God, what pain! - that this fragile flesh prevents me from uniting myself to my Eternal Good!"

"O, happy days! - I hail you from afar, days which will give Great Glory to my Church, and Great Honor to the God who is Her Head!"

November 6, 1899

"My Most Sweet Love, I offer You these movements of my body that You Yourself made me do, as well as all the others which I myself can do, for the sole purpose of pleasing You and glorifying You. Ah, yes! I wish that the movements of my eyelids, of my eyes, of my lips and of all of myself, were also made for the sole purpose of pleasing You alone. Let it be, O Good Jesus, that all my bones and my nerves may resound among themselves, and with clear voices, may prove my love to You."

February 19, 1900

"If You really are Jesus, let us recite the Hail Mary to our Queen Mama together."

April 20, 1920

"Ah, Lord, I pray You to keep me always nailed to the cross, so that, having this Divine Mirror ever before me, I may clean all my stains and embellish myself ever more in Your Likeness."

June 3, 1900

"May He be always blessed for He wants it this way, and may everything be for His Glory."

VOLUME 4

November 22, 1900

"There is nothing left for me but to thank the Lord who has looked upon a soul so miserable and sinful."

January 5, 1901

Do You want some reparation? Let us do it together; in this way my reparations, united to Yours, will have the effects of Yours, for if I do them on my own I believe they will disgust You more. So I took His Hand, dripping with blood, and kissing it, I recited the *Laudate*

Dominum with the *Gloria Patri* – Jesus one part, I the other – to repair for the many evil works that are committed, placing the intention of praising Him as many times for as many offenses as He receives because of evil works. How moving it was to see Jesus praying! Then I continued to do the same to the other Hand, placing the intention of praising Him as many times for as many offenses as He receives because of sins of causes. Then, His Feet, with the intention of praising Him as many times for as many evil steps and as many wrong paths which are covered, even under the appearance of piety and sanctity. Lastly, His Heart, with the intention of praising Him for as many times as the human heart does not palpitate, does not love, and does not desire God. My Beloved Jesus seemed all refreshed by these reparations done together with Him, but He was not yet content. It seemed He wanted to pour; so I said to Him: Lord, if You want to pour, I pray You to do it.

January 30, 1901

"My dear, O please! - do not cry. If the others do not love You, offend You and have their eyes dazzled by the poison of interest, in such a way as to remain all soaked with it, there is I who love you, praise You, look at all that is earthly as rubbish, and aspire to nothing, but in You. Therefore You should be content in my love and stop crying; and if You feel embittered, pour it upon me, for I am more content with it than seeing You cry."

October 8, 1901

"Ah, Lord, I feel as though a doubt: how can it be that with the simple intention in operating - be it even in the smallest things which, considered in themselves, are trivial, empty - it seems that the mere intention of union with You and of pleasing You alone fills them, and You elevate them in that Supreme Way, making them appear as a Most Great Thing?"

VOLUME 6

December 22, 1903

"Lord, teach me what I could do to move these opprobriums away from You, and give You back honors, praises and adorations."

April 26, 1904

"Dear Little One of my heart, let us recite three Glory Be's, placing the intention of giving to Your Divinity all the Glory that the creature owes It, so You will receive at least a reparation."

So we recited them together. Then we recited one Hail Mary, placing the intention of giving the Queen Mother also all the glory that creatures owe Her. O, how beautiful it was to pray with Blessed

Jesus! I felt so much at ease that I said: "My Beloved, how I would like to make the profession of faith in Your Hands by reciting the Creed together with You."

"The Creed you will recite by yourself, because that is for you, not for Me, and you will say it in the name of all creatures so as to give Me more glory and honor." So I placed my hands in His and I recited the Creed.

October 25, 1904

"The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

November 18, 1904

"Lord, I want nothing but to be recognized in Your Blood, in Your Wounds, in Your Humanity, in Your Virtues. In this alone I would want to be recognized, so as to be Your Heaven, and to be unrecognized by all."

November 29, 1904

This morning I was offering all the actions of the Humanity of Our Lord to repair for so many of our human actions, either carelessly done, without a supernatural purpose, or sinful, in order to impetrate that all creatures might do their actions with the intentions of the actions of Blessed Jesus and in union with them, and to fill the void of glory that the creature would give God if she did so.

VOLUME 7

April 26, 1906

"What are you saying – a heart that loves for all? Not only that loves for all, but that repairs for all, that suffers, that thanks, that praises, that adores, that respects the holy law for all; because I do not believe it is true love toward the beloved, if one does not render him the love and all the satisfaction which the others were supposed to render him, in such a way that in that person, he must find all the good and the contentment which he was to find in all."

January 20, 1907

"I want to aspire to nothing but to love Him and to fulfill His Holy Will perfectly."

VOLUME 8

December 30, 1908

I was meditating on the mystery of His Infancy, and I said to myself: "My Baby, to how many pains You wanted to subject Yourself!

It was not enough for You to come as an adult - You wanted to come as a baby, and suffer from the swaddling clothes, from silence, from the immobility of Your Little Humanity, of Your Feet, of Your Hands. Why all this?"

VOLUME 9

April 1, 1909

"I will take it as if these sufferings were a martyrdom of mine, as if the pains were the executioners, as if the bed were the cross, and my immobility the ropes that keep me bound, so as to render myself more dear and loving to my Highest Good. But the executioners… I don't see them. So, who is my executioner that lacerates me and tears me to shreds, not only on the exterior of my body, but also in the most intimate parts, deep in my soul - to the point that I feel the circle of my life crack? Ah! my executioner is Blessed Jesus Himself!"

VOLUME 10

November 12, 1910

"My Love, Jesus, Heart of my heart, if Veronica offered You a cloth, I don't want to offer You little cloths to dry Your Blood, but I offer You my heart, my continuous heartbeat, all my love, my little intelligence, my breath, the circulation of my blood, my movements - all of my being to dry Your Blood; and not only from Your Face, but from all of Your Most Holy Humanity. I intend to tear myself into as many pieces for as many as are Your Wounds, Your Sorrows, Your Bitternesses, the drops of the Blood You shed, so as to place on all of Your Sufferings, on some my love, on some a relief, on some a kiss, on some a reparation, on some an act of compassion, on some a thanksgiving, etc. I do not want any little particle of my being, any drop of my blood, to be left without occupying itself with You. And do You know, O Jesus, what I want as recompense? That in all of the tiniest particles of my being You impress and seal Your Image, so that, in finding You in everything and everywhere, I may multiply my love…"

October 14, 1911

"No Lord, You suffer very much and rest is necessary for You - I don't."

"By myself I will certainly not make it, but together with You - yes. Besides, isn't Love more than rest for You? I want to love You so very much, but with Your own Love, to be able to give You the love of all. With Love I will soothe Your every pain, I will make You forget all the sorrows, I will make up for all that the creatures should do. Isn't it true, O Jesus?"

"How much it takes to make them comprehend this [the true Life of Love]. To some it appears strange that everything is in Love, and that by loving, Love takes on the commitment to make them similar to You, who are all Love. But, after all, I will do what I can."

"Don't leave me; now that we are conversing about Love You want to withdraw? How is it? You like Love so much."

October 17, 1911

"Certainly, certainly, O Jesus, You must take more contentment from my love than from theirs, because theirs is the love of the Blessed - they see You, they enjoy You continuously, and are absorbed within your Most Holy and Divine Will. They are completely dissolved in You; how great can their love really be, since they receive continuous Life from You… But I, poor one - your privations alone give me continuous death."

October 19, 1911

"O! Mama, Mama! Come, O Jesus! O Mama!"

"It seems that somehow He is content; I do what I can to love Him, but it seems to me that You can make Him content more than I can."

"If You knew O Mama, what He does to me! He leaves me, He reaches the point of denying sufferings to me in order to chastise. Listen to what He told me the day before yesterday - that He wants to let foreign people come into Italy. How much ruin will they not produce? He really wants to do impertinences; and to make me surrender, He bound me very tightly to His Will."

And Jesus: "Are you accusing Me?"

"Certainly I have to accuse You before Mama, because She entrusts You to me, recommending that I be well attentive so as not to let You operate chastisements, and She told me even to be daring in order to disarm You. Isn't it true, Mama?"

"I will do what I can. I feel I love Him alone, so much so, that I can be without You, but without Jesus - no. And You certainly don't feel sorry about that, because You know and You want that I must love Jesus the most, among everyone."

VOLUME 11

August 24, 1915

I gave Him a kiss, "My Jesus, if it were possible, I would like to give You the kiss of all creatures. In this way I would satisfy Your Love, by bringing them all to You."

June 15, 1916

I poured myself into His Will - but who can say what I saw? I was in contact with every thought of creature, the life of which came from

God; and I, in His Will, multiplied myself in each thought, and with the Sanctity of His Will I repaired everything, I had a 'thank You' for all, a love for all. Then I multiplied myself in the gazes, in the words and in everything else.

"My Mama, let us pray together, for by myself I don't know how to pray."

So, together we clothed ourselves with the Insignia of Jesus, and together we presented ourselves before the Divine Throne. This moved all; the Angels made way for us and remained as though surprised. I thanked Mama…

VOLUME 12

May 20, 1918

"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."

June 4, 1918

"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."

January 29, 1919

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."

"But You, my Life, give me Strength, and do not leave the poor little ignorant one on her own."

"My Love, if there is so much Good about this Living in the Divine Will, why have You not manifested it before?"

February 10, 1919

"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.*'"

"Jesus! Jesus! help me to correspond to Your Graces, help Your little daughter, help the little spark."

February 20, 1919

Then, together with Jesus, multiplying ourselves in everyone, we adored, thanked and recognized the Creative Power in the name of all…

February 24, 1919

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

April 7, 1919

"Jesus, I multiply my thoughts in Your Will, to give to each one of Your Thoughts the 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. 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 on the part of creatures be complete, and that no one miss the roll call; and whatever they do not do, I do it in Your Will, to give You Divine and Complete Glory."

"Jesus, I multiply myself in Your Gazes, so that I too may have as many gazes for as many times as You have looked at the creature with Love. I multiply myself in Your Tears, so that I too may cry for all the sins of creatures, to be able to give You gazes of Divine Love and Divine Tears in the name of all, to give You Complete Glory and reparation for all the gazes of all creatures."

May 16, 1919

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 lost souls, who did not give them to You with their own intelligence."

December 18, 1920

"My Jesus, while I am clinging to You, I want to prove to You my love, my gratitude, and everything which the creature has the duty to do, because You have Created our Immaculate Queen Mama - the Most Beautiful One, the Holiest, a Portent of Grace, enriching Her with all gifts, and making Her also our Mother. And I do this in the name of creatures, past, present and future; I want to seize each act of creature - each word, thought, heartbeat and step - and tell You, in each one of them, that I love You, I thank You, I bless You, I adore You, for all that You have done in Your Celestial Mama and mine."

January 5, 1921

I was praying; and while praying, I intended to enter the Divine Will. And so, making all that exists in the Divine Will my own, since nothing escapes It, past, present and future, and making myself crown of all, in the name of all I brought my homage, my love, my reparation, etc. before the Divine Majesty.

February 2, 1921

"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 Power; therefore in Your Will I myself want to create so much love as to compensate for, and surpass the love of all, and all that all creatures are obliged to give to God Our Creator."

February 22, 1921

"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 whatever You want from me."

"How can this way of Living in the Divine Will be spread and taught to others - and who will be disposed?"

March 12, 1921

"My Queen Mother provided the blood in order to form the Humanity of Jesus within Her womb. And I - what will I give in order to form the Life of the Divine Will within me?"

"My Life, Jesus, if the souls who will live in your Volition will be rainbows, what will be the colors of these rainbows of peace?"

VOLUME 13

September 6, 1921

"My Love, I enter into Your Will, and here I find all the Thoughts of Your Mind and all those of creatures. I surround Your Thoughts with my thoughts and with those of all my brothers, and then I unite them together, making them one in order to give You the Homage, the Adoration, the Glory, the Love, the Reparation of Your own Intelligence."

November 8, 1921

"Jesus, what are you doing? Do you want to leave me in the dark?"

"My Love, forgive me. I thought You wanted to leave me in the dark. This is why I said: 'What are You doing?' But when it is about my will, feel free to take it and do whatever You want."

"My Life, I enter into Your Will to be able to extend myself in everyone and to everything - from the first to the last thought, from the first to the last word, from the first to the last action and step that were done, are done, and will be done. I want to seal everything with Your Will, so that You may receive from everything the Glory of Your Sanctity, of Your Love, of Your Power; and so that all that is human may remain covered, hidden, marked by Your Will. May nothing - nothing human remain, in which You do not receive Divine Glory."

VOLUME 15

January 24, 1923

"My Beloved Good, together with You I want to follow all the Acts which Your Humanity did in the Divine Will. Wherever You reached, I too want to reach, so that in all of Your Acts You may find mine as well. So, just as Your Intelligence, in the Supreme Will, went through all the intelligences of creatures in order to give the Celestial Father glory, honor and reparation for each thought of creature in a Divine Manner, and seal each one of their thoughts with the Light and the Grace of Your Will, I too want to go through each thought, from the first to the last which will have life in human minds, to repeat what was done by You. Even more, I want to unite myself with the Acts of our Celestial Mama, who never remained behind, but always ran together with You, and with those that Your Saints have done."

Then I continued to go around in His Will together with Jesus, to do what was done by Him.

"My Love, who will be this fortunate Mother, this Son and this Spouse, which will conceal the Trinity on earth, and in whom Your Will will be one?"

"Thank You, O Jesus! And, I pray You, let it be so that I follow Your Will."

April 2, 1923

"I pray in Your Will, so that my word, multiplying in It, may have a word of prayer, of praise, of blessing, of love, of reparation, for each word of each creature. I would want my voice to rise between Heaven and earth, and absorb all human voices into itself, in order to give them back to You as homage and glory, according to the way You would want the creature to make use of the word."

April 25, 1923

I was praying, and my Sweet Jesus came, placing Himself near me in order to pray together with me; even more, His Intelligence was reflected in mine, and I prayed with His; His Voice echoed in mine, and

I prayed with His Word. But who can say the boundless effects of this Prayer?

June 10, 1923

"Good Jesus disposes as He best pleases - and everything for His Glory."

June 21, 1923

"I enter into Your Will; or rather, give me Your Hand and place me in the Immensity of Your Will Yourself, that I may do nothing which is not the effect of Your Most Holy Will."

"How is this? The Divine Will is everywhere, I am already in It, and yet I say: I enter into Your Will?"

"Thank You, O Holy Supreme Volition, for Your Light and for all the Goods You produce by filling Heaven and earth with Your Eternal Will; for all, I want to give You the return of the Good You do."

I hope that Jesus may want to placate Himself by the Merits of His Most Precious Blood.

July 14, 1923

"May everything be for the glory of God, for the good of my soul, and for the salvation of all."

VOLUME 16

September 6, 1923

"My Jesus, in Your Will I unite my thoughts to Yours, and since Your Thoughts circulate in each created intelligence, I want each thought to draw from Yours the Love of Your Intelligence, in order to place each thought of creature in the flight of Love. This flight reaches up high, into Heaven, before the Supreme Majesty, and blending with the Eternal Love, draws the Love of the Most Holy Trinity upon earth, over all creatures."

November 24, 1923

I was doing the Hour of the Passion in which my Sorrowful Mama received Her Son, dead, into Her arms, and placed Him in the sepulcher; and in my interior I was saying: "My Mama, together with Jesus I place all souls into Your arms, that You may recognize them all as Your children, inscribe them one by one into Your Heart, and place them inside the Wounds of Jesus. They are the children of Your immense Sorrow, and this is enough for You to recognize them and Love them. And I want to place all generations in the Supreme Will, so that no one may be missing, and in the name of all I give You comforts, compassions and Divine Reliefs."

December 6, 1923

"Holy Father, I come to Your Throne to bring you on my lap all Your children, Your dear images created by You, in order to place them on Your Divine Lap again, that You may bind and tie once again that Will which they had broken between You and them. It is the little daughter of Your Will who asks this of You. I am little, it is true, but I take on the commitment to satisfy You for all. I will not depart from Your Throne if You do not bind the human will with the Divine, so that, as I take It to earth, the Kingdom of Your Will may come upon earth. Nothing is denied to the little ones, because what they ask is nothing other than the Echo of Your own Will and of what You Yourself want."

I continued my flight, going around through everything and everyone. But who can say what I would do? Jesus alone can say it, who made me do it. So I spent a night always with Jesus, and while going around, I would bring Him now all thoughts, now all words, now all works, steps, heartbeats, invested by His Will…

January 4, 1924

"Father, if it be possible, let this chalice of my will pass from me. *Non mea voluntas, sed Tua fiat."*

April 11, 1924

"Since You are determined to lay hand to chastisements and I can no longer do anything - either suffer, or have people spared the evils they deserve - You could free me from this state of victim, or suspend me for some time. At least I would spare others the bother."

And Jesus: "My daughter, I do not want to displease you; if you want Me to suspend you, I will do it."

And *I, fearing that I might do my will*, immediately added: "No, no, my Love, You should not say to me: 'If you want', but rather, You should say: 'I am the one who wants to suspend you from this state'. It should not come from my will, but from Yours - then would I accept. So, not to make me content, but to let Your Will be done in me."

VOLUME 17

September 17, 1924

I was thinking about the Holy Divine Will, and I was doing as much as I could in order to fuse myself in It, to be able to embrace all and bring to my God, as one single act, the acts of all, which are all due to our Creator.

And since I continued doing my acts for all in the Divine Will, these acts were overwhelmed by these rays and converted into Divine Acts which, diffusing within all and over all, formed a net of light, such as to put order between Creator and creature.

April 9, 1925

"Do as You wish."

May 10, 1925

"Great God, let Your Will descend upon earth, so that sin may take place no more. It is the human will alone that produces so many offenses as to seem to be flooding the earth with sins. Your Will will be the destroyer of all evils. Therefore, I pray You, make the little daughter of Your Will content, who wants nothing else but that Your Will be known and loved, and that It Reign in all hearts."

VOLUME 18

October 10, 1925

I prayed from the heart that my will might never again enter into me, but only the Divine might have life in me. Ah! It alone is the Bearer of All Goods and the Repeater of Jesus within souls; and echoing the Fiat of Creation, It embraces everything and everyone as though in one breath, and requites God for the Work of Creation, Redemption and Sanctification. The Divine Will Operating in us can do anything; It is the True Queen who Reigns and Rules over everything.

"My Mama, and what about me – don't You give anything to me? O please! allow me at least to place my '*I love You'* between Your mouth and that of Jesus while You kiss, so that my little '*I love You'* may run within everything You do."

November 19, 1925

I felt as though immersed in the immense Sea of the Supreme Will, and I would have wanted - as my Lovable Jesus tells me - to let nothing escape me of all the Acts It has done, does and will do, which for Jesus are one single Act; and to be always with this Divine Will in order to give It my little requital of love and of thanksgiving. I would have wanted to at least make a long note of all the Acts of this Supreme Will, in order to admire and praise what It can do, and to be always with It, never leave It alone.

December 20, 1925

I was thinking of the tears that Baby Jesus shed at His Birth, and I said to myself: "How bitter these tears must have been for Him; how they must have now frozen, now burned that tender face."

"My Love, Jesus, so, Your Eyes have shed also my tears, as well as those of our first father Adam. And I want You to pour them upon my soul, to give me the Grace not only to do Your Most Holy Will, but to possess It as my own thing and my own will."

VOLUME 19

February 23, 1926

"My Love and my Life, Jesus, come to the help of my weakness and of my reluctance in writing [reading]; even more, let Your own Will come to write [read], that I may put nothing of my own, but only all that You want me to write [read]. And You, my Mama and Celestial Mother of the Divine Will, come to guide my hand [eyes] while I write [read]. Lend me the words, facilitate for me the concepts which Jesus places in my mind, that I may worthily write [read] about the Most Holy Will, so as to make my Sweet Jesus content."

May 3, 1926

"Supreme Majesty, I come in the name of all, from the first to the last man which will exist on earth, to give You all the homages, the adorations, the praises, the love that each creature owes You, and to make all reparations, for all and for each sin."

May 6, 1926

I was fusing myself in the Holy Divine Volition according to my usual way, and I prayed the Celestial Mama to be with me and to give me Her hand, so that, guided by Her, I might requite my God with all the love, the adoration and the glory that everyone owes Him.

May 10, 1926

"My Love, I unite my intelligence to Yours, so that my thoughts may have life in Yours; and diffusing in Your Will, they may flow over each thought of creature. And rising together before our Celestial Father, we will bring Him the homages, the subjection, the love of each thought of creature, and we will impetrate that all created intelligences may be reordered and harmonized with their Creator." And the same with the Gazes of Jesus, with His Words, with His Works, with His Steps, and even with His Heartbeat. I felt all Transformed in Jesus, in such I way that I found myself, as though in act, in everything that my Jesus had done, and was doing to restore the Glory of the Father, and in the Good He had impetrated for creatures. His Work was one with mine - one the Love, one the Will.

June 20, 1926

"My Love, Jesus, my ideal is to fulfill Your Will, and all my purpose is to reach the point at which no thought, word, heartbeat and work of mine may ever go out of the Kingdom of Your Supreme Will; even more, in It may they be conceived, nourished, raised and form their Life, and if needed, also their death, though I know that in Your Will no act dies, but once it is born it Lives eternally. So, it is the Kingdom

of Your Will in my poor soul that I long for, and this is all my ideal and my primary and ultimate purpose."

"But, is it really true that in my poor soul there is this Kingdom of the Supreme Will?"

August 8, 1926

"It is Your Love that Loves You, Your Adorations that Adore You, Your Prayers that Pray You; it is Your Will that, Investing me, makes me do what You do, to give it back to You as Your own Things.'"

August 29, 1926

"My Love, I have many things to tell You - many things to establish between You and me; I must ask of You that Your Will be known and that Its Kingdom have Its Full Triumph. If You rest, I cannot tell You anything - I must be silent to let You rest."

September 13, 1926

After doing my usual round in the Supreme Volition, I was praying to Good Jesus in the name of His Creation and Redemption, in the name of all, from the first to the last man, in the name of the Sovereign Queen and of everything She did and suffered, that the Supreme Fiat may be known, so that Its Kingdom may be established with Its Full Triumph and Dominion.

"Thy Kingdom come."

"Supreme Majesty, Your little daughter comes before You, on Your Paternal Knees, to ask You for Your Fiat, Your Kingdom, that It be known by all. I ask You for the Triumph of Your Will, that It may Dominate and Reign over all. I am not the only one who asks this of You, but with me are Your Works and Your very Will. Therefore, in the name of all, I ask - I plead for Your Fiat."

VOLUME 20

September 23, 1926

"Jesus, my Life, for now let us occupy ourselves with Your Kingdom, so that You may be cheered. I know that giving You field to let You speak about It is Your Joy and Your Feast. Therefore, let Your Acts flow together with mine, so that, with the Light of Your Will, more than a sun, they may Invest all creatures, and I may constitute myself act for each Act, thought for each Thought. I will enclose everything; I will take all of their acts as though in my power, to do everything that they do not do for You. In this way, You will find everything in me, and Your affliction will depart from Your Heart."

October 15, 1926

"My Jesus, Your Will embraces and encloses everything, and I, in the name of the first creature that came out of Your Creative Hands, up to the last one that will be created, intend to repair for all the oppositions of the human wills made against Yours, and to take within me all the Acts of Your Adorable Will that the creatures have rejected, in order to return them all with Love and Adoration; in such a way that there may be no Act of Yours without the correspondence of one act of mine, so that, in finding my little act as though bilocated in each one of Your Acts, You may be satisfied, and may come to Reign Triumphantly upon earth. Is it perhaps not true that Your Eternal Fiat wants to find in the human acts the support on which to dominate? Therefore, in each one of Your Acts, I offer You mine as the Field on which You can lay Your Kingdom."

October 17, 1926

"I come into the sun to keep company with Your Will Reigning and Dominating in it, with all the Splendor of Its Majesty. But while I keep You company in the sun, I pray that Your Eternal Fiat be known, and just as It Reigns Triumphantly in the sun, It may come to Reign Triumphantly in the midst of creatures. See, also the sun is praying You – all of its light turns into prayer, and extending over the earth, investing plants and flowers, mountains and plains, seas and rivers with its light, it prays that Your Fiat may be one upon earth, and that It may harmonize with all creatures. Therefore, I am not the only one who is praying, but it is the Power of Your very Will Reigning in the sun that is praying. The light is praying; its innumerable effects, the goods, the colors it contains, are praying – all are praying that Your Fiat may Reign over all. Can You resist such a great mass of light, which prays with the Power of Your own Will? And I, little as I am, while keeping You company in this sun, bless, adore, glorify Your Adorable Will, with that Magnificence and Glory with which Your own Will glorifies Itself in Its Works. So, only in the creatures is Your Will not to find the Perfect Glory of Its Works? Therefore, come – may Your Fiat come."

But while doing this, I feel all the light of the sun praying that the Eternal Fiat may come; or rather, it is His very Adorable Will which, Investing the light, prays. And I, leaving It there praying, move into the other created things to make my little visit, to keep a little company with the Adorable Will in each one of Its Acts, which It exercises in each created thing. Therefore, I go through the heavens, the stars, the sea, so that the heavens may pray, the stars may pray, the sea may pray with its murmuring that the Supreme Fiat be known and Reign Triumphantly over all creatures, just as It Reigns in them. Then, after going around over all created things to keep company with the Divine Fiat, and to ask, within each thing, that It may come to Reign upon

earth—how beautiful it is to see and to hear the whole Creation praying that Its Kingdom may come into the midst of creatures.

Then I descend into everything that my Jesus did in Redemption—in His Tears, in His Baby Moans, in His Works, Steps and Words, in His Pains, in His Wounds, in His Blood, and even in His Death, so that His Tears may pray that His Fiat come, His Moans and everything He did, all in chorus, may supplicate that His Fiat be known, and that His very Death may make the Life of His Divine Will Rise Again in the creatures.

October 17, 1926

"Let Your Kingdom come. O please, let It be known, loved and possessed by the human generations."

October 24, 1926

I was doing my usual round in the Divine Volition, and in each thing I placed my "I love You", asking that the Kingdom of the Fiat may come and be known upon earth. And reaching all the Acts that my Sweet Jesus did in Redemption, I asked, in each Act, for the coming of His Kingdom; and I thought to myself: "Before, in going around so much, both in all Creation and in Redemption, I used to place only my 'I love You,' my adoration, my 'thank You.' And now, why can I not do without asking for the Kingdom of the Fiat? I feel I would want to overwhelm everything – the most tiny and the greatest thing, Heaven and earth, the very Acts of Jesus and Jesus Himself - and force them, so that everything and everyone may say, together with me: 'We want the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat. We want It Reigning and Dominating in our midst.' More so, since all want It; the very Acts of Jesus, His Life, His Tears, His Blood, His Wounds, say from within: "May Our Kingdom come upon earth." So I enter into the Act of Jesus, and I repeat along with it: "May the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat come soon.'"

November 2, 1926

"Sovereign Queen, I come to hide my little love in the great Sea of Your Love, my adoration toward God in the Immense Ocean of Yours. I hide my thanksgivings in the Sea of Yours; I hide my supplications, my sighs, my tears and pains in the Sea of Yours, so that my sea of love and Yours may be one, my adoration and Yours may be one, my thanksgivings may acquire the vastness of Your own boundaries; my supplications, tears and pains may become one single sea with Yours, so that I too may have my seas of love, of adoration, etc. And just as Your Sovereign Height impetrated the longed-for Redeemer with this, I too may present myself before the Divine Majesty with all these seas, in order to ask, to beseech – to implore the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat."

"My Queen Mama, I must use Your very Life, Your very Seas of Love and of Graces, to conquer It and make It concede Its Kingdom upon earth, just as You won over It to let the Eternal Word descend. Don't You want to help Your little daughter, and give me Your Seas, to make me obtain that the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat may come soon upon earth?"

January 1, 1927

Then, after this, I was going around throughout the whole Creation in order to bring the heavens, the stars, the sun, the moon, the sea – in sum, everything, to the feet of Little Baby Jesus together with me, to ask Him, all together, that this Kingdom of His Will may come soon upon earth. And in my desire, I said:

"See, I am not the only one who is praying You, but the heavens are praying with the voices of all the stars; the sun, with the voice of its light and of its heat, the sea with its murmuring – they are all praying that Your Will may come to Reign upon earth. How can You resist listening to so many voices that pray You? They are innocent voices – voices animated by Your own Will, that are praying You."

January 13, 1927

Then, after this, I began to pray, bringing all Creation together with me before the Supreme Majesty – that is, the heavens, the stars, the sun, the sea - in sum, everything, so that my prayer might be animated by all the Acts which the Supreme Fiat exercises in all Creation. My Sweet Jesus placed Himself near me, leaning His Head against mine, extending His arm around my neck, almost to sustain me. And I said to Him:

"My Love, Jesus, I am not the only one praying You, but together with me there is Your Will Operating in the whole Creation, praying for the coming of Your Kingdom. It Itself wants Its Rights, all whole and complete, over everyone and everything; and only with the coming of the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat upon earth will all of Its Rights be given back to It. Listen, O Jesus, how touching is the Voice of Your Fiat in the whole azure of the heavens; how eloquent it is in the sun; how attractive and strong it is in the sea. Everywhere can Your Fiat be heard resounding, wanting the Rights of Its Kingdom. O please! listen to Your own Fiat; listen to Your little daughter who, making all of Its Acts her own, prays You, supplicates You, that Your Kingdom come. And even though I am just newly born, I too want my rights; and do You know, O Jesus, what these are? That I give back to Your Will all the Glory and the Honor as if no one had offended It, as if everyone had fulfilled It, adored It and loved It. If I am Its daughter, I want that Its Rights be given back to It, and I want also that my first father Adam be given back the Honor as if he had never withdrawn from Your Will."

January 30, 1927

"My Love, it seems that, more than anything, You Love this Kingdom of the Eternal Fiat very much; in It You concentrate all Your Love, all Your Works, and You almost boast about the fact they these will serve this Kingdom. If You love It so much, when will It come? Why don't You hasten Its coming?"

VOLUME 21

April 22, 1927

"O! How I would like to Live that First Act of Creation - that Divine Outpouring of Intense Love, which He poured upon the first creature when He Created him. I would like to receive that Omnipotent Breath, to be able to return to my Creator all the Love and the Glory which He had established to receive from the creature."

May 24, 1927

"You gave me Heaven, and Heaven do I give You; You gave me sun, and sun do I give You; You gave me seas and flowery fields, and seas and flowery fields do I give You. Your Will repeats in me everything You have done for me in Creation and in Redemption, so that I may give You everything, just as You gave me everything."

VOLUME 22

August 28, 1927

"The Height of my Celestial Mother provided Her blood, Her Love and the Divine Will Reigning in Her in order to form the Conception of the Word within Herself. I too want to provide my love, my pains and the Divine Will Reigning in me while She Conceives in Her Womb, so that I too may place of my own in the Conception of Jesus, so as to adore the Eternal Fiat in such a Great Act, and also so that, since I have given of my own, He may be Conceived in me. These are my usual strange things, but, after all, it is love that I want to give to Jesus, it is His very Divine Will for the Honor of His Conception."

September 8, 1927

I continue my flight in the Supreme Volition, that keeps all Creation as though in the palm of Its hand, and I am forced to hover from one created thing to another, to trace all that glory that I can give to my Creator through them, and to requite Him with my love for everything He has done for Love of me and of all.

VOLUME 23

September 28, 1927

"My Love, tell Me, what troubles you? You suffer very much, the destruction of these Divine Lives of Your Adorable Will is Your greatest Sorrow; therefore I pray You – let Its Kingdom come, so that this, Your Sorrow, may turn into Joy, and so Creation will no longer give You restlessness and sorrow, but Rest and Happiness."

November 18, 1927

"I want the Kingdom of Your Fiat."

November 23, 1927

After this, having followed my round in the Divine Fiat, I was gathering all created things, in which all the Acts of the Divine Fiat are present, Dominating; and I, gathering everything together—the heavens, the sun, the sea and all Creation—brought everything together before the Supreme Majesty, to surround It with all of Its Works, and have the Acts of Its very Will ask for the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat upon earth.

November 27, 1927

Then I continued my acts in the Divine Fiat, and I offered everything in order to obtain Its Kingdom upon earth. I wanted to invest the whole Creation, animate all created things with my voice, so that all of them might say, together with me: "*Fiat Voluntas Tua* on earth as It is in Heaven. Hurry, hurry—let Your Kingdom come."

December 1, 1927

After this, I continued my acts in the Divine Fiat, and feeling that I was not doing them well, I prayed my Celestial Mama to come to my help, that I might be able to follow that Supreme Volition that She had Loved so much, and from which She recognized having received all Her Glory and the height at which She finds Herself.

December 8, 1927

"May the Kingdom of Your Fiat come upon earth."

"I feel I cannot do without going around in the whole Creation, as if I could not be without making my tiny little visits to the heavens, to the stars, to the sun, to the sea and all created things, as if an electric wire were pulling me into their midst, to sing the praises of the magnificence of so many works, and to praise and love that Divine Will that Created them and that holds them tightly as though on the palm of Its Divine Hand, to preserve them beautiful and fresh, just as It issued them into

the light of the day; and to ask for that very Life and Dominion that the Divine Fiat has within them, into the midst of creatures.

After this, continuing my round in all the things created by God, I paused when He created the Sovereign Queen—all Beautiful, Pure and Spotless, the New and Greatest Portent of all Creation.

January 22, 1928

I was doing my round in the Divine Fiat, and I wanted to overwhelm everything—Heaven and earth—so that all might have one single Will, one single voice, one single heartbeat. I wanted to animate everyone with my voice, so that all might say together with me: "We want the Kingdom of Your Will."

And in order to obtain this, I wanted to be sea, to make the waters speak; sun, to give my voice to the light; heavens, to animate the stars and make everyone say: "Your Kingdom come—Your Fiat be known." I wanted to penetrate into the Celestial Regions to make all Angels and Saints, and the very Celestial Mama, say: "Adorable Trinity, hurry, delay no more; we pray You, we press You, that Your Will descend upon earth, make Itself known, and Reign on it as It does in Heaven."

February 2, 1928

I was continuing my round in the Supreme Fiat, and as I arrived at Eden, I was saying to myself: "My Jesus, I make the Unity of Your Will my own, in order to make up for that Unity which my father Adam lost when he withdrew from It, and to make up for all those acts which his descendants have not done in the Unity of It.'

February 12, 1928

"I offer You the homages of the light of the sun, the glory of the starry heavens…"

"The sun is mine; the heavens, the sea – everything is mine, and, as mine, I bring everything around the Divine Majesty, to give Him the Glory which each created thing contains."

"I offer You all the homages of the light of the sun with all its effects, symbol of the Eternal Light; the Glory of the Immensity of the heavens…, and so with all the rest."

March 3, 1928

So I continued my round in the Divine Will, and as I arrived at Eden, to unite myself to the state of Adam before sinning, when he possessed the Unity with his Creator, in order to start again my acts together with him, and to make up for him and continue that Unity when he lost it by falling into sin…

VOLUME 24

May 13, 1928

"How I would like to have in my power the Love and the prayers of the Sovereign Lady and of all the Saints, to be able to love and pray Jesus with Her Love and with Her Prayers, and with those of the whole of Heaven."

"I want to unite myself with the Thoughts of Jesus, with His Words, with His Works and Steps, so as to position myself together with His Thoughts, Words, etc., over each thought, word, work and steps of creatures, in order to repeat along with Him, for all and for each one, that which Jesus did with His Thoughts, Words… and everything else He did. There is nothing You did which I do not want to do as well, so as to repeat the Love and all the Good that Jesus did."

May 30, 1928

I was doing my round in the Divine Fiat, gathering the whole Creation, all together, in order to bring It before the Supreme Majesty as the most beautiful homage, the most profound adoration and the most intense and extensive love for He who had Created It. It seemed to me that there was nothing more beautiful I could bring to my Creator than the Magnificence and the continuous Prodigy of His own Works.

Then, I continued on with my round, and I kept placing my Divine Fiat, not only in all Creation, but also in all the acts done by Adam in his state of innocence, in those done by the Virgin Queen, as well as in those done by Our Lord, sending them like an ordered army around the Divinity, to ask for Its Kingdom.

"Give me Your Divine Fiat."

June 12, 1928

I continue my round in the Acts that the Divine Fiat did in Creation, and that It still preserves in Its own hand, with such power and wisdom as if in each act It repeated the act already done, while it is nothing other than the continuation of one single Act.

July 4, 1928

"In Your Will I take the whole Creation in my arms – the heavens, the Sun, the stars and everything – to bring them before the Supreme Majesty as the most beautiful adoration and prayer to ask for the Kingdom of the Fiat."

July 14, 1928

O! how I wished that not even one thought, one word, one heartbeat would escape the Light of the Fiat. Even more, I wished to surround all the acts of creatures like a crown, lining myself up over each human act to invest everything and everyone with Its light, so that one might be the word, one the heartbeat: "Divine Will."

July 19, 1928

"How I wish that my Celestial Mama would take my will, unite it with Her own and give it as Gift to the Supreme Majesty so that I too would not even know my will, to Live only of the Will of God."

"Immaculate Queen, this little daughter of the Divine Will comes to prostrate herself at Your feet, to celebrate Your Conception and to give You the Honors of Queen. And together with me, I call the whole Creation to surround You like a crown - the Angels, the Saints, the heavens, the stars, the sun and everyone, to recognize You as our Queen, to Honor and Love Your Height, and to declare ourselves Your subjects.

"Don't You see, O Celestial Mother and Queen, how all created things run to be around You to say to You: 'We hail You, Our Queen! Finally, after so many centuries, we have been given our Empress.' The sun hails You as Queen of Light, the heavens as Queen of Immensity and of the stars, the wind as Queen of Empire, the sea as Queen of Purity, Strength and Justice, the earth hails You as Queen of Flowers. All hail You, in chorus: 'You are welcome, Our Queen -You will be our smile, our glory, our happiness! From now on we will all hang on Your wishes.'"

"I am celebrating my Celestial Mama, and She does not give a thought to celebrating the little daughter of the Divine Will? I would like no other than the feast of Her keeping me on Her lap like a little child, to feed me the Air, the Breath, the Food, the Life of the Divine Will."

July 23, 1928

Continuing in my usual abandonment in the Supreme Fiat, I wished to embrace everyone and everything, so that everything might become Divine Will…

Then, I was continuing my round in the Divine Volition to bring all created things to my Creator—heavens, sun and everything—as profound adoration to my God, and to be able to say to Him: "Heavens, stars, sun, sea You gave me, and I give You everything back as the requital of my love."

August 12, 1928

"How I wish I could do what our father did in his state of innocence, so that I too might Love and Glorify my Creator as he did in the original state of his Creation."

"Everything is mine, and I give everything to my God. Just as His Divine Will is mine, so everything is mine – everything that came out of It. Having nothing of my own, with Its Fiat I have everything, and I can give God to God. O, how Happy, Glorious, Victorious I feel in the Eternal Volition! I possess everything and I can give everything, without exhausting anything of my Immense Riches."

"By Virtue of Your Will, I possess everything, I bring You everything and I want nothing, because whatever is Yours is mine."

August 26, 1928

My flight in the Eternal Fiat is continuous. It seems to me that I cannot be, nor can I stop anywhere else but in It. I feel It, more than life, inside and outside of me, and as much as I run and fly, I find but works—an interminable and boundless property, and Its Life Palpitating in everything and everywhere; and while being present up high and down below, this Divine Will Preserves everything, and is Actor and Spectator of everything.

Now, my littleness was wandering in the Divine Fiat, going around through the whole Creation; and making my little "*I love You"* resound in each created thing, it was asking for the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth.

September 21, 1928

"How many Beautiful Works I have, that I can give You – all of Your Works are mine, and I return them to You, into Your Arms, as the Glory and Triumph of Your Works."

September 28, 1928

"Adorable Majesty, Eternal Light You are, and Light You give me; and I bring You my little light as the greatest Homage, the most intense Love, which, squeezing the sponge of my little being soaked with Your Light, forms my Light for You, to give it to You."

VOLUME 25

November 10, 1928

"Everything is ended, I hear nothing but a profound silence, an Immense Sea that I must cross without ever stopping, to ask, everywhere and in every place, for the Kingdom of the Divine Will."

And, tired, I began to do my usual round, to follow Its Acts;
"Fiat! Fiat! Fiat! Be It known, and Its Kingdom on earth restored."

December 14, 1928

After this, I was following the Divine Fiat in the Creation; I felt I wanted to make everything my own—the sun, to give Him the glory of the light and of the heat; the sea, to give Him the glory of that murmuring that never ceases…. I would like to have everything in my power, to be able to say: "You have given me everything, and I give You everything."

December 21, 1928

After this, I was doing my round in the Divine Fiat, and was going again to the first times of Creation, to unite myself to the acts done by our father Adam in the state of innocence, so as to unite myself with him and continue from where he left.

January 13, 1929

I was continuing my round in the Acts of the Divine Fiat, and as I reached the point in which I would accompany the Prophets when the Divine Volition manifested Itself to them—the *how* and the *when* of the coming of the future Redeemer—and the Prophets longed for Him with tears, prayers and penances, making everything they did my own, because all this was the fruits of the Eternal Divine Fiat, I offered it in order to impetrate Its Kingdom upon earth.

January 20, 1929

My abandonment in the Divine Fiat continues, and as I was following Its Acts that It did in the whole Creation, I wanted to give to my Creator the glory that each created thing contained. In fact, even though each created thing is glorious, noble, holy, of Divine Origin, because it is formed by the Creating Fiat, however, each thing possesses a property, one distinct from the other, in such a way that each of them gives its own glory to He who Created it.

March 8, 1929

I continue to go around in the Acts of the Divine Fiat, and gathering, all together, the whole Creation, asking in each thing that the Divine Will come to Reign upon earth, I was bringing them all together to my Creator, to give Him the glory of all Creation and say to Him: "Adorable Majesty, listen, I pray You, to the heavens, to the stars, to the sun, to the wind, to the sea and to all Creation, asking You that Your Fiat come to Reign upon earth. Let the will of all be one."

April 4, 1929

"May everything be for the glory of God and for the Fulfillment of His Fiat!!!"

VOLUME 26

April 12, 1929

"O! Divine Will, come to Reign, and make it so that the Will of all be one…."

May 21, 1929

"I love You – and let my love be the sweet chain which, binding the eternal Fiat, may draw It - do violence on It, to make It come to Reign upon earth."

July 27, 1929

I was doing my round in the Creation, to follow all the Acts of the Divine Will, that It had done in It; and as I arrived at the point in which the Supreme Being Created the Virgin, I paused to consider the Great Portent from which Redemption had Its beginning.

September 20, 1929

"O! Unreachable, Lovable and Adorable Will—who will ever be able to say about You the All that You are, and to narrate Your long and Eternal Story? Neither Angels nor Saints will have sufficient words in order to speak about You; and much less do I, who am the tiny little ignorant one, who can only babble about a Will so Holy."

VOLUME 27

September 23, 1929

"I recognize You, I glorify You by means of Your own Works, which alone are worthy of You."

"I give God to God."

October 7, 1929

After this, I was doing my round, to follow the Acts of the Divine Fiat in the Creation; and as I arrived at Eden, I paused in the act when man rejected the Divine Will to do his own. O! how well I comprehended the great evil of doing the human will!

October 12, 1929

I was doing my usual round in the Divine Fiat, and calling everything It had done in Creation and Redemption, I was offering

them to the Divine Majesty to impetrate that the Divine Will be known, so that It might Reign and Dominate in the midst of creatures.

Then, I continued following the Acts of the Divine Will, and as I arrived at the point when It called the Sovereign Queen out from nothing, I stopped to comprehend Her—all Beautiful, Majestic. Her Rights of Queen extended everywhere; Heaven and earth bent their knees to recognize Her as Empress of everyone and of everything. And I, from the bottom of my heart, venerated and loved the Sovereign Lady, and, as the little one I am, I wanted to make a jump onto Her Maternal knees, to say to Her:

"Holy Mama, all Beautiful are You, and You are so because You Lived of Divine Will. O please! You who possess It – pray It to descend upon earth and to come to Reign in the midst of Your children."

October 30, 1929

The sweet enchantment of the Omnipotent Fiat keeps me as though eclipsed in It with Its Light, and I can see nothing but all of Its Acts, to place my "*I love You"* as a seal upon each one of Its Acts in order to ask for the Kingdom of Its Divine Will in the midst of creatures. Now, before my mind I saw a great wheel of light that filled the whole earth; and while the center of the wheel was all one light, many rays were sticking out around it for as many Acts as the Divine Fiat had done, and I moved from one ray to another to place on them the seal of my "*I love You,"* to then leave it in each ray asking It continuously for the Kingdom of Its Divine Will.

December 3, 1929

After this, I was doing my round in the Divine Fiat, to find all the acts of creatures, past, present and future, so as to ask, in the name of all, for the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

December 16, 1929

I was continuing my round in the Divine Fiat, to unite myself to all the Acts done by It for Love of us all, Its creatures.

Then, I continued my abandonment in the Divine Fiat. I felt the great need of It and of remaining always in Its Sea of Light, never to go out. I felt It like Heartbeat, like Breath, like Air that infused Life in me and maintained in me the Order, the Harmony, the dissolving of my little atom within Its Divine Sea.

January 2, 1929

My abandonment in the Fiat continues, and carrying on my round in Its Works, I was feeling all surrounded by them, and each of them was waiting for me to recognize them as Works of my Creator, so as

to bind ourselves together with Inseparable Bonds. It seemed to me that the Divine Will, with Its Light, flowed in all Creation as our blood flows in the body; and so It also flowed in all the Acts, Words, Steps, Pains and Tears of Jesus; and I went in search of everything as my own things, to love them and recognize them as things that belong to me.

After this, I continued my round in all the good acts done from the beginning of the Creation of all creatures, not excluding my first father Adam, so as to offer them in order to obtain the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth.

January 7, 1930

"My Love, I gave it [the human will] to You, and having given it, I believe I am no longer free to give it to You, because it is Yours."

Then, I was following the Acts of the Divine Will, accompanying them with my "*I love You;*" and I could comprehend the great difference in greatness and magnitude of the Works of the Divine Fiat and of my little "*I love You.*" O! how little I felt, and truly just newly born before that Fiat that can do everything and embraces everything.

January 16, 1930

"You give me everything, and everything I give You. In Your Divine Will I can give You all of Yourself."

January 20, 1930

So, according to my usual way, I was singing the praises of my Mother Queen, hailing Her, in the name of all, Queen of Heaven and Earth, Queen of Hearts, and Celestial Empress who rules over everything, and even in Her Creator.

"O please!" I was saying to Her, "with Your Universal Empire rule over all, so that the human will may surrender the Rights to the Divine Will. Rule over Our God, that the Divine Fiat may descend into the hearts and Reign in them on earth as It does in Heaven."

January 30, 1930

After this, I continued my round in the Divine Volition, and as I arrived at Eden, I prayed Jesus that He would soon restore the purpose of the Creation of man, just as he came out of His Creative Hands.

"I want the Kingdom of Your Divine Will."

February 11, 1930

"How is it possible for such a Great Good not to be known? And while we swim inside of it, we ignore the Great Good that surrounds us, that Invests us inside and out, that gives us Life; and only because we

ignore it, we do not enjoy the Admirable Effects of all the Great Goods that a Will so Holy contains?

"O please! reveal Yourself, O Omnipotent Fiat, and the face of the earth will change."

VOLUME 28

February 22, 1930

"O! Holy Will, since You conquer me, O please! let it be so that, with Your own Strength and Sweetness, I may win You; and surrendering to my continuous supplications - come to Reign upon earth, form Your Sweet Enchantment to the human will, and let everything on earth become Divine Will."

After this, I followed the Acts of the Divine Fiat, going around in the Works of Creation, in Eden, in the most notable points and people of the history of the world, to ask, in the name of all, for the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth.

March 5, 1930

Having said this, He became silent, and I continued my round in the Divine Fiat, wanting to gather everything that creatures have done in order to enclose everything in the Divine Will.

March 12, 1930

After this, I continued my round in the Divine Fiat, to bring all the acts of creatures as homage to my Creator.

March 24, 1930

I was doing the round in the Divine Fiat to follow all of Its Acts, and as I arrived at Eden, I comprehended and admired the Magnanimous Act of God, and His Exuberant and Overflowing Love in the Creation of man.

Then, I continued to follow the Acts in the Divine Fiat, and I thought to myself: "I am always back to the start, repeating—always repeating the long story of my acts in the Divine Volition, the long singsong of my *'I love You.'* But what are the effects of it? O! if I could obtain that the Divine Will be known and Reign upon earth, at least it would be for me so much the better."

April 1, 1930

My poor intelligence feels as though drawn to cross the Immense Sea of the Divine Fiat, and within Its Sea it goes in search of Its Acts in order to love them, adore them and keep them company. So, my poor

mind is under the influence of an irresistible force that makes it always go wandering in search of the Acts of the Supreme Volition.

May 20, 1930

"Life of Divine Will You give me, and Life of Divine Will I give You."

August 15, 1930

I was thinking about my Celestial Mama in the Act when She was Assumed into Heaven, and was offering my little acts done in the Divine Fiat to give Her my homages, my praises for Her Honor and Glory.

VOLUME 29

March 2, 1931

I was continuing my acts in the Divine Will, and I kept offering the sacrifices that the Saints of the Old Testament did, those of my Celestial Mama, all the Sacrifices of my Beloved Jesus, and so on with all the rest. The Divine Will placed them all in order for me, before my mind, and I kept offering them as the Most Beautiful Homage to my Creator.

Then, I continued my acts in the Divine Will; I wanted to embrace everything in order to place in each created thing my adoration, my love, my gratitude to He who had Loved me so much and had Created so many things for Love of me.

May 19, 1931

I was continuing my acts in the Divine Volition, and uniting myself to the Acts that It did in Creation, in order to give It the homage, the love, the adoration for each thing Created for Love of creatures.

July 2, 1931

"I want to enter into the sun in order to empty it of the Love that God placed in it for Love of creatures, and on the wings of its light bring it back to my Creator as requital of my love. I want to empty the wind, to bring back to Him the requital of the mighty Love, of the moaning, Ruling Love, that it may Rule over the Divine Heart and snatch from It the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth. I want to empty the heavens of the Love they contain, to bring back to Him the Love that never ends, that never says 'enough,' so as to take Him from all sides and bring Him the requital of Loving Him everywhere and in everyone."

August 30, 1931

Then, I continued my round in the Acts that the Omnipotent Fiat had done in Creation, in order to love, honor and thank what It had done in it.

"My Jesus, my Love, O! how I wish to be one single act of Your Will, to be at peace with all, and possess the Union, the Inseparability of the heavens, of the sun, of everything; and You would find in me the Love that You placed in the heavens, in the sun, in everything."

September 7, 1931

My poor mind, going around in the Acts done by the Divine Will, keeps tracing everything that It has done, in order to recognize Them, love Them, appreciate Them, and then offer Them as the Most Beautiful Homage to the same Divine Will, as fruits worthy of Its Works.

October 8, 1931

My poor mind goes around the Sun of the Supreme Fiat, and I find It surrounded by all the works, sacrifices, pains, heroism, that all the Saints, ancient and new, have done; those of the Queen of Heaven, as well as what Blessed Jesus has done for Love of us. The Divine Will preserves everything; It having been the Prime Actor of all the good acts of creatures, It keeps them jealously, It holds them in deposit within Itself, and It uses them to glorify Itself and to glorify those who did them. And I, seeing that everything belonged to the Will of God—since It is also mine, everything was mine; and going around in each act, I offered them as mine to glorify more the Eternal Volition, and to impetrate the coming of Its Kingdom upon earth.

VOLUME 31

October 16, 1932

"O! Adorable Will, how much I should thank you for such a Good and I offer you the Infinity of Your same Volition in order to thank You as You merit."

February 24, 1933

"May Your Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven."

VOLUME 32

June 4, 1933

"I want to form the Life of the Divine Will in me."

VOLUME 33

November 26, 1933

"All Your Love is mine, and I put It in act to Pray You that the Kingdom of Your Will come on earth. Your Sanctity is mine, Your Light, Your Goodness, Your Mercy is mine. It is not my littleness that prays to You, no, but Your Seas of Power, of Goodness, that pray to You, that urge You, that assail You, and want Your Will Reigning on earth."

June 16, 1934

"O! Adorable Will, how Lovable and Admirable You are, such that You want me in You in order to give life to Your Outpourings of Love. And if You Love so much that the creature Lives in Your Divine Volition, because You did not Create us as the sky, the sun, without will, it was so You could do what You want."

May 31, 1935

"May the Kingdom of Your Fiat come, and Your Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven."

November 24, 1935

"Jesus, hurry and complete what You say and want, and may Your Will be done on earth as It is in Heaven."

VOLUME 34

November 3, 1936

I am always in the Arms of the Divine Volition. I feel Its Creative Power inside and outside of me, that, not giving me time for anything else, I do not want, I do not ask, for anything else for me and for all, than that the Divine Will come to Reign on earth. My God, what Magnetic Force It possesses, that while It gives everything, It invests you from every part, but at the same time It takes everything that belongs to the littleness of the poor creature.

March 18, 1937

I was doing my round in the Divine Fiat in order to follow, for as much as is possible for me, Its Divine Acts, that is to say, the Creation and all the holy acts of the creatures, not excluding those of my Celestial Mother, nor those of my dear Jesus. But the great thing was that as I retraced them, they made themselves mine. The Divine Volition gave them to me, and I, as if I would have a right over everything, offered them to my Creator as the Most Beautiful Homage, the Most Intense Love, the Most Profound Adoration, to He who had Created me. I felt myself invested by the sun, by the sky with all the stars, by the wind, by everything. Everything was mine because everything was of the Divine Will.

VOLUME 35

September 12, 1937

And I was wandering around in the blue vault, thinking to myself: "This Heaven serves as a vault for the residents of the earth, and as a pavement for the Celestial Residents. So, since it serves everyone, all have the duty to adore the One who, with so much Love, Created this Celestial Vault to give to us." So I called all the Angels, the Saints and all the residents of the earth with me, so that all would return love, adoration, glory and thanksgiving to our Creator, for He Loved us so much that He gave us this Heaven. In the Divine Will I could call and embrace everyone—as if all were one, they loved with me.

November 7, 1937

After this, I was following the Acts of the Divine Will, that contained all the Works, Love, Prayers, Sufferings, Palpitating Life, Breaths, and all that the Queen of Heaven has done, as if She was just doing them. And I hugged Them, I kissed Them, I adored Them and offered Them in order to obtain the Coming of the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth.

November 20, 1937

"O Supreme Volition, come to Reign upon earth! Invest all generations! Win and Conquer all!"

March, 20 1938

"I bring You the Love of my Celestial Mother to Love You."

VOLUME 36

April 20, 1938

"My will is Risen Again, it is not in my power anymore. I possess, in exchange, the Divine Will, and I want to cover with Its Light all things around me - circumstances and sufferings, to make them like many Divine Conquests."

September 5, 1938

"Holy, Holy, Trice Holy are You. You enclose all, You are all."

November 26, 1938

"Adorable Majesty, how many beautiful things I am bringing to you. All are mine and I bring you all, because all Love You, Adore You, Glorify You, and return to You the Great Love that you have for me and for all."

December 25, 1938

My poor mind continues its path in the Divine Will. O! how Happy It feels in seeing that Its little newborn wanders in search of Its Acts, to know them, kiss them, adore them, make them her own, and say: "How much You Loved me."

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM OF THE DIVINE WILL

Prayer to the Celestial Queen for each day of the month of May:

"Immaculate Queen, my Celestial Mother, I come onto Your Maternal knees to abandon myself in Your arms as Your dear child, and to ask of You, with the most ardent sighs, in this month consecrated to You, the Greatest of Graces: that You admit me to live in the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

Holy Mama, You who are the Queen of this Kingdom, admit me to live in It as Your child, that It may no longer be deserted, but populated by Your children. Therefore, Sovereign Queen, I entrust myself to You, that You may lead my steps in the Kingdom of the Divine Will; and as I cling to Your Maternal hand, You will lead all my being to Live Perennial Life in the Divine Will. You will be my Mama, and to You, as my Mama, I deliver my will, that You may exchange it with the Divine Will, and so I may be sure I will not go out of Its Kingdom. Therefore I pray You to illumine me in order to make me comprehend what *'Will of God'* means." (Hail Mary)

Little Sacrifice of the Month:

Each morning, midday and night – three times a day – let us go onto the knees of our Celestial Mama, and say to Her: "My Mama, I love You; and You – Love me, and give a sip of Divine Will to my soul. Give me Your Blessing, that I may do all of my actions under Your Maternal gaze."

Day One: The soul to her Immaculate Queen:

Here I am, O Most Sweet Mama, prostrate before You. Today is the first day of the month of May, consecrated to You, in which all Your children want to offer You their little flowers to prove to You their love, and to bind Your Love to Love them; and I see You as though descending from the Celestial Fatherland, attended by angelic cohorts, to receive the beautiful roses, the humble violets, the chaste lilies of Your children, and requite them with Your smiles of Love, Your Graces and Blessings. And pressing the gifts of Your children to Your Maternal womb, You bring them with You to Heaven, to keep them as pledges and crowns for the moment of their death.

"Celestial Mama, in the midst of many, I, who am the littlest, the neediest of Your children, want to come up onto Your Maternal lap, to bring You, not flowers and roses, but a sun each day. But the Mama must help her child, giving me her Lessons of Heaven, to teach me how to form these Divine Suns, that I may give You the most beautiful homage and the most pure love. Dear Mama, You have understood what Your child wants: I want to be taught by You how to Live of Divine Will. And I, transforming my acts and all of myself into Divine Will according to Your Teachings, each day, will bring You, onto Your lap, all my acts changed into suns."

The soul:

"Immaculate Virgin, take me on Your Maternal knees, and be my Mama. With Your holy hands, take possession of my will; purify it, mold it, warm it by the touch of Your Maternal fingers. Teach me to Live only of Divine Will."

Little Sacrifice:

"My Mama, You Yourself offer the sacrifice of my will to my Creator."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"My Mama, enclose the Divine Will in my soul, that It may take Its first place, and form in it Its Throne and Its Dwelling."

Day Six: The soul to the Virgin:

"Queen Mama, I see that You are waiting for me again, and stretching out Your hand toward me, You take me on Your knees and press me to Your Heart, to let me feel the Life of that Divine Fiat which You possess. O! how refreshing is Its Warmth; how penetrating Its Light. O please! Holy Mama, if You Love me so much, plunge the little atom of my soul into that Sun of the Divine Will which You conceal, so that I too may be able to say: "My will is ended, it will have life no more; my life will be the Divine Will."

The soul:

"Queen of Heaven, I too hail You: 'All beautiful, pure and holy is my Celestial Mama.' O please! I pray You, if You have a place for me in Your Maternal Heart, O please, enclose me in It, so I will be sure that I will not do my will any more, but always that of God; and we, Mother and child, will both be happy."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Queen of Heaven, make me be possessed by the Divine Will."

Day Eight: The soul:

"Celestial Mama, my poor heart cannot endure in hearing how much You Love me. Ah! You Love me so much, to the point of crying for me. I feel Your tears descend into my heart, and like many wounds, they wound me and make me comprehend how much You Love me. I want to unite my tears to Yours, and pray to You, crying, that You never leave me alone, that You watch over me in everything, and even beat me, if necessary. Be my Mama, and I, Your little child, will let You do anything with me, so that Your mandate may be the welcome one by me, and You may bring me in Your arms to our Celestial Father, as the accomplished act of Your Divine Mandate.

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Celestial Mama, pour Your tears into my soul, that they may heal the wounds that my will did to me."

Day Ten: The soul to the Queen of Heaven:

"Here I am, O Holy Mama, near Your cradle, to be spectator of Your Prodigious Birth. The heavens are stupefied, the sun is fixed upon You with its light, the earth exults with joy and feels honored to be inhabited by its Little Newborn Queen; the Angels compete among themselves in surrounding Your cradle, to honor You and to be ready for Your wishes. So, all honor You and want to celebrate Your birth. I too unite myself with all, and prostrate before Your cradle, where I see, as though enraptured, Your mother Anne and Your father Joachim, I want to tell You my first word, I want to entrust to You my first secret. I want to empty my heart into Yours, and say to You: "My Mama, You who are the Dawn, Herald of the Divine Fiat upon the earth, O please! put to flight the gloomy night of the human will in my soul and in the whole world. Ah! yes, may Your birth be our hope which, like a New Dawn of Grace, may regenerate us in the Kingdom of the Divine Will."

The soul:

"Holy little Mama, I feel myself trembling in hearing of the ugly night of my will. Therefore I am here, at Your cradle, to ask of You the Grace that, by Your Prodigious Birth, You make me be Reborn in the Divine Will. I will be always near You, Celestial little Baby; I will unite my prayers and my tears to Yours, to impetrate, for myself and for all, the Kingdom of the Divine Will upon earth."

Little Sacrifice:

"Celestial little Baby, make me be Reborn together with You in the Life of the Divine Will."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"My little Mama, make the Dawn of the Divine Will rise within my soul."

Day Eleven: The soul to the Little Baby Queen:

"Here I am again near Your cradle, Celestial little Mama. My little heart feels charmed by Your beauty and I am unable to detach my gaze from a beauty so rare. How sweet is Your gaze; the motion of Your little hands calls me to embrace You and to cling to press myself to Your Heart, which is drowned with love. Holy little Mama, give me Your Flames, that they may burn away my human will, and so I can make You content, Living of Divine Will together with You."

The soul:

"Celestial little Mama, in seeing You, just newly born, giving me Lessons so Holy, I feel enraptured and I comprehend how much You Love me, to the point of rendering Yourself unhappy because of me. O please! Holy Mama, You who Love me so much, let the Power, the Love, the Joys that inundate You, descend into my heart, so that, filled with them, my will may find no room to Live in me, and may freely give up the place to the Dominion of the Divine Will."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Celestial Mama, make the daybreak of the Divine Will rise within my soul."

Day Twelve: The soul to the Celestial Little Queen:

"Here I come again to You, my dear little Baby, in the house of Nazareth. I want to be spectator of Your tender age; I want to give You my hand as You take Your first steps and speak with Your holy mama and with Your father Joachim. Little as You are, after you have learned how to walk, You help Saint Anne in the little tasks. My little Mama, how dear You are to me, and all striking. O please! give me Your Lessons, that I may follow Your childhood and learn from You, also in the little human actions, to live in the Kingdom of the Divine Will."

The soul:

"Holy Mama, who can resist seeing You cry and not listening to Your holy lessons? I, with all my heart, promise, swear, never to do my will - never again. And You, Divine Mama – never leave me alone, so that the Empire of Your presence may crush my will, to let me reign, always – always in the Will of God."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Powerful Queen, captivate my heart, to enclose it in the Will of God."

Day Sixteen: The soul to her Celestial Mama:

"My Most Sweet Mama, I feel that You have stolen my heart, and I run to my Mama, who keeps my heart within Hers as pledge of my love, and, in place of my heart, wants to put the Divine Will as pledge of Her Love of Mother. Therefore I come into Your arms, so that, as Your child, You may prepare me, give me Your Lessons, and do with me whatever You want; and I pray You never to leave Your child alone, but to keep me always - always together with You."

The soul:

"My Sovereign Mama, how sweet are Your Lessons. O, how they make me comprehend the great evil of my human will. O! how many times I too felt within me fear, timidity, and as though far away from my Creator. Ah! it was my human will that reigned in me - not the Divine; and this is why I felt its sad effects.

"Therefore, if You Love me as Your child, take my heart in Your hands, and put out of me the fear, the timidity, which prevent my flight toward my Creator, and, in their place, put in me that Fiat which You so much Love, and which You want to Reign in my soul."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"My Mama, my trust, form the day of the Divine Will in my soul."

Day Eighteen: The soul to her Queen Mama:

"My Sovereign Mama, I am back again to follow Your steps. Your Love binds me, and like powerful magnet, it keeps me fixed and all intent on listening to the beautiful Lessons of my Mama. But this is not enough for me; if You Love me as Your child, enclose me in the Kingdom of the Divine Will in which You Lived and Live, and close the doors in such a way that, even if I wanted, I would no longer be able to go out. So, as Mother and child, we will live common life and will both be happy."

The soul:

"Holy Mama, if You want, You can. Just as You had the Power to conquer God, to the point of making Him descend from Heaven to earth, You will not lack the Power to conquer my will, that it may no longer have life. In You I hope, from You I will obtain everything."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Celestial Empress, bring the Kiss of the Will of God to my soul."

Day Nineteen: The soul to her Celestial Mama:

"Holy Mama, here I am again on the knees of my Mama. I am Your child, who wants to be fed the food of Your most sweet word, which brings me the balm to heal the wounds of my miserable human will. My Mama, speak to me; let Your powerful words descend into my heart and form a New Creation, in order to form the seed of the Divine Will in my soul."

The soul:

"Beautiful Mama, I feel stupefied in hearing Your beautiful Lessons. O please! I pray You to pronounce Your Fiat over me; and I will pronounce my own, so that that Fiat, for which You so much yearn to Reign as Life in me, may be conceived in me."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Powerful Queen, pronounce Your Fiat, and Create in me the Will of God."

Day Twenty: The soul to her Mother Queen:

Here I am again with You, my Celestial Mama. I come to rejoice with You, and bowing at Your holy feet, I hail You, Full of Grace and Mother of Jesus. O! I will no longer find my Mama alone, but I will find my little Prisoner Jesus together with You. So, we will be three, no longer two: together, Mama, Jesus and I. What fortune for me, that if I want to find my little King Jesus, it is enough to find His Mama and mine. O please! O Holy Mama, at the height of Mother of a God at which You are, have pity on Your miserable and little child, and say for me the first word to little Prisoner Jesus – that He give me the Great Grace to Live of His Divine Will."

Day Twenty-three: The soul to her Queen Mama:

"My most sweet Mama, here I am again at Your knees; this child of Yours can no longer be without You, my Mama. The Sweet Enchantment of the Celestial Baby, whom You now clasp in Your arms, and now adore on Your knees and Love in the manger, enraptures me, thinking that Your happy destiny and the very little King Jesus are nothing other than the fruits and the sweet and precious pledges of that Fiat which extended Its Kingdom in You. O please! O! Mama, give me Your word that You will make use of Your Power to form in me the Kingdom of the Divine Will."

The soul:

"Holy Mama, in Your pierced Heart do I place all my pains; and You know how they pierce my heart. O please! be my Mama, and pour into my heart the balm of Your Sorrows, that I may share in Your same destiny of using my pains as little coins in order to conquer the Kingdom of the Divine Will."

Day Twenty-six: The soul to her Celestial Mother:

"Here I come again to You, my Queen Mama. Today, my love of daughter toward You makes me run to be spectator of when my Sweet Jesus, separating from You, goes on His way to form His Apostolic Life in the midst of creatures. Holy Mama, I know that You will suffer very much; each moment of separation from Jesus will cost You Your Life; and I, Your child, do not want to leave You alone. I want to dry Your tears, and with my company, I want to break Your loneliness; and as we remain together, You will continue to give me Your beautiful Lessons on the Divine Will."

The soul:

"Most Sweet Mama, how I compassionate You in seeing You suffer so much. O please, I pray You, pour Your tears and those of Jesus into my soul, to reorder it and enclose it in the Divine Fiat."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Divine Mama, may Your word and that of Jesus descend into my heart and form in me the Kingdom of the Divine Will."

Day Twenty-eight: The soul to her Mother Queen:

"Pierced Mama, Your little child, knowing that You are alone, without Your Beloved Good, Jesus, wants to remain clinging to You to keep You company in Your most bitter desolation. Without Jesus, all things change into sorrow for You. The memory of His harrowing pains, the sweet sound of His Voice which still resounds in Your ear, the charming Gaze of dear Jesus, now sweet, now sad, now swollen with tears, but which always enraptured Your Maternal Heart – as You don't have them with You any more, they are like sharp swords which pierce Your pierced Heart through.

"Desolate Mama, Your dear child wants to give You relief, an act of compassion, for each pain. Even more, I would like to be Jesus, to be able to give You all the Love, all the Comforts, Reliefs and compassion which Jesus Himself would have given You in this state of Yours, of bitter desolation. Sweet Jesus gave me to You as Your child; therefore, put me in His place in Your Maternal Heart, and I will be all of my Mama; I will dry Your tears, and I will always keep You company."

The soul:

"Holy Mama, if You help me and keep me sheltered under Your mantle, acting as my Celestial Sentry, I am certain that I will convert all my pains into Will of God; and I will follow You, step by step, along the interminable ways of the Supreme Fiat, because I know that Your charming Love of Mother and Your Power will conquer my will, and You will keep it in Your Power and exchange it with the Divine Will. Therefore, my Mama, I entrust myself to You, and I abandon myself into Your arms."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"My Mama, for the sake of the Resurrection of Your Son, make me Rise Again in the Will of God."

Day Thirty: The soul to her Celestial Mother:

"Here I come to You again, Sovereign of Heaven. I feel so drawn to You that I count the minutes, waiting for Your Supreme Height to call me in order to give me the beautiful surprises of Your Maternal Lessons. Your Love of Mother enraptures me, and in knowing that You love me, my heart rejoices, and I feel all the confidence that my Mama will give me so much Love, so much Grace, as to form the sweet enchantment to my human will; in such a way that the Divine Will may extend Its Seas of Light within my soul, and place the seal of Its Fiat in all my acts. O please! O Holy Mama, never leave me alone again, and let the Holy Spirit descend into me, that He may Burn away all that does not belong to the Divine Will."

The soul:

"Divine Teacher, today Your little child feels her heart swollen, to the point of pouring myself out in crying, and wetting Your Maternal hands with my tears. A veil of sadness invades me, and I fear that I will not profit from Your many teachings and from Your many more than Maternal cares. My Mama, help me, fortify my weakness, put to flight my fears; and I, abandoning myself in Your arms, will be certain to Live fully of the Divine Will."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Celestial Mama, pour Fire and Flames into my heart, that they may consume me, and burn away all that is not Will of God."

Day Thirty-one: The soul:

"Mama of Love, Sovereign Empress, O please! from the Heaven in which You gloriously reign, turn Your pitying gaze upon the earth and have pity on me. O, how I feel the need of my dear Mama. I

feel life missing in me without You; everything vacillates without my Mama. Therefore, do not leave me halfway on my path, but continue to guide me until all things convert into Will of God for me, so that It may form Its Life and Its Kingdom in me."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Celestial Mama, enclose my will in Your Heart, and leave the Sun of the Divine Will in my soul."

Meditation 3: The soul to her Celestial Mother:

"Holy Mama, in Your pierced Heart I place all my pains; and You know how much they afflict me. O please! be my Mama, and pour the balm of Your Sorrows into my heart, that I may share Your same destiny of using my pains as the cortège of Jesus, to keep Him defended and sheltered from all offenses, and as the sure means to conquer the Kingdom of the Divine Will, and make It come to Reign upon earth."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Holy Mama, pour Your Sorrow into my soul, and convert all my pains into Will of God."

Meditation 6: The soul to her Celestial Mother:

"Holy Mama, here I am together with You and with Sweet Jesus, to be present at a new wedding, to see its prodigies and comprehend its great mystery, and the extent of Your Maternal Love for me and for all. O please! Mother of mine, take my hand in Yours, place me on Your knees, invest me with Your Love, purify my intelligence, and tell me why You wanted to be present at this wedding."

The soul:

"Celestial Mama, how much I must thank You for the Great Love You have for me, and because, in everything You do, You always have a thought for me, and You prepare for me and give me such Graces, that Heaven and earth are moved and enraptured together with me; and we all say: 'Thank you! Thank you!' O please! Holy Mama, engrave within my heart Your holy words: 'Do whatever my Son tells you,' so as to generate in me the Life of the Divine Will, which I so much long for and desire. And You, seal my will, that it may always be submitted to the Divine."

Ejaculatory Prayer:

"Holy Mama, come into my soul, and do for me the Miracle of making me possessed by the Divine Will."

Second Hour

My Adorable Jesus, as I have shared in Your sufferings together with You, and in those of Your afflicted Mama, I see that You are about to leave to go there, where the Will of the Father calls You.

My Lovable Love, as I repair with You, allow me to remain with Your Mama in order to console Her and sustain Her, while You leave. Then I will hasten my steps to come and reach You.

Disconsolate Queen, let me sustain You, dry Your tears and compassionate You in Your bitter sorrow! My Mama, I will not leave You alone; and You - take me with You and teach me, in these moments so painful for You and for Jesus, what I have to do, how to defend Him, repair Him and console Him, and whether I must lay down my life to defend His.

Fourth Hour

I too, Jesus, united with You, take the Words from Your very lips, and I will say, always and in everything: 'Thank You for myself and for all,' in order to continue the reparations for the lack of thanksgiving.

Sixth Hour

O my Jesus, my Good, since You are in my arms, I too want to unite myself to You; I want to repair and compassionate You for all the faults and the sins committed against Your Most Holy Will, and also pray to You that I may always do Your Most Holy Will. May Your Will be my Breath, my Air; may Your Will be my Heartbeat, my Heart, my Thought, my Life and my Death.

But, please, do not die! Where shall I go without You? To whom shall I turn? Who will give me help? Everything will end for me! O please, do not leave me, keep me as You want, as You best please, but keep me with You – always with You! May it never happen that I be separated from You, even for one instant! Rather, let me soothe You, repair You and compassionate You for all, as I see that all sins, of every kind, weigh upon You.

Twelfth Hour

My Good and my All, the sorrow I feel for Your Pains is so great, that I would like to shout so loudly as to be heard up there in Heaven, and call the Father, the Holy Spirit and all the Angels; and here on earth, from one point to another, call Sweet Mama first, and all the souls who love You, so that, forming a circle around You, we may prevent these insolent soldiers from drawing near You to insult You and torment You more. Together with You, we repair for all the night sins, especially those committed at

night by sectarians, over Your Sacramental Person, and for all the offenses of the souls who do not remain faithful in the night of trial.

O please, my sweet Mama, be my inseparable company; let us embrace Jesus together, in order to console Him! O Jesus, together with Mama, I kiss You and I bless You; and with Her, I will have the sleep of love upon Your Adorable Heart.

Sixteenth Hour

My Jesus, I feel I am dying with sorrow and confusion in seeing Your Great Love in the midst of so many pains, and the heroism of Your Virtues in the midst of so many pains and insults. Your Words and Reparations resound in my poor heart like many Wounds, and in my torment, I repeat Your Prayers and Your Reparations. Not even for one instant do I want to detach myself from You, otherwise many of the things You do would escape me. And now, what do I see? The soldiers take You to a pillar in order to scourge You. My Love, I follow You; and You, look at me with Your Loving Gaze, and give me the Strength to be present at Your painful massacre.

Twenty-first Hour

O my Jesus, I intend to repair for the offenses given to the Most Holy Virgin, for the blasphemies and the ingratitudes of many who do not want to recognize the benefits You have granted by giving Her to us as Mother.

How can we thank You for such a great benefit? O Jesus, we turn to Your own Source and we offer You Your Blood, Your Wounds, the Infinite Love of Your Heart! O Most Holy Virgin, how moved You are, in hearing the Voice of Good Jesus, leaving You to us as Mother!

We thank You, O Blessed Virgin, and in order to thank You as You deserve, we offer You the very Thanksgivings of Your Jesus. O Sweet Mama, be our Mother, take care of us, and do not allow us to offend You even slightly. Keep us always clasped to Jesus; with Your hands bind us, all of us, to Him, that we may not escape Him, ever again. With Your own intentions, I intend to repair for all, for the offenses given to Your Jesus and to You, my Sweet Mama!

Twenty-Third Hour

My dead Jesus, I cannot pull myself away from Your Cross, nor can I be satiated of kissing and kissing again Your Most Holy Wounds, which eloquently speak to me of how much You have Loved me. In seeing the horrendous tearings, the depth of Your Wounds, to the point of uncovering Your Bones - ah, I feel I am dying! I would like to cry so much over these Wounds as to wash them with my tears. I would like to love You so much as to heal You completely with my love, and restore the natural Beauty of Your unrecognizable Humanity. I would

like to open my veins to fill Your empty veins with my blood and call You back to life.

O my Jesus, what can love not do? Love is Life, and with my love I want to give You life; and if mine is not enough, give me Your Love. With Your Love, I will be able to do anything - yes, I will be able to give life to Your Most Holy Humanity.

My Love, if a lance has Wounded Your Heart for me, I pray that You too, with Your own Hands, Wound my heart, my affections, my desires - all of myself. Let there be nothing in me which is not Wounded by Your Love. I unite everything to the harrowing pains of our dear Mama, who, for the pain of seeing Your Heart being ripped open, falls into a swoon of Sorrow and Love; and like a Dove, She flies in It to take the first place - to be the First Repairer, the Queen of Your very Heart, the Mediatrix between You and the creatures. I too, with my Mama, want to fly into Your Heart, to hear how She repairs, and to repeat Her reparations for all the offenses You receive. O my Jesus, in this Wounded Heart of Yours, I will find my life again; therefore, anything I may be about to do, I will always draw from It. I will no longer give life to my thoughts; but if these want life, I will take Yours. My will will no longer have life; but if it wants life, I will take Your Most Holy Will. My love will no longer have life; if it wants life, I will take Your Love. O my Jesus, all of Your Life is mine - this is Your Will, this is my will.

My Jesus, while they unnail You, I too want to help Your disciples to sustain Your Most Holy Body; and with the nails they remove from You, nail me completely to Yourself. With Your Holy Mother, I want to adore You and kiss You, and then enclose myself in Your Heart, never to leave again.

Twenty-fourth Hour

Poor Mama, how shall You go on? How much compassion I feel for You! O please, Angels of Heaven, come to raise Her from the stiffened Limbs of Jesus, otherwise She will die!

My poor Mama, my poor Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! How many cruel deaths You suffer!

Poor Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! My Angels, come to comfort my Mama; Her Sorrow is immense - it inundates Her, it suffocates Her, and leaves Her no more life or strength. But the Divine Will, breaking through these waves, gives Life back to Her.

My pierced Mama, together with You, I say good-bye to Jesus; and crying, I want to compassionate You and accompany You in Your bitter desolation. I want to place myself at Your side, to give You a word of comfort, a gaze of compassion at each sigh, strain and Sorrow of Yours. I will gather Your tears, and I will sustain You in my arms, if I see You faint.

Sorrowful Mama, allow me to give You my hand to lift You and raise You, because I see You faint on the Blood of Jesus.

I too enclose myself in the Cenacle - but my Cenacle is the Most Holy Heart of Jesus; from there I want to come to You, to keep You company in this hour of bitter desolation. My heart cannot bear leaving You alone in so much sorrow.

Desolate Mama, how much compassion I feel for You! Allow me to dry Your face, wet with tears and with blood.

Crucified Mama, as I look at You, I compassionate Your Sorrows - they are unspeakable. I would like to transform my being into tongue and voice in order to compassionate You; but before so much pain, my compassion is nothing. Therefore I call the Angels, the very Sacrosanct Trinity, and I pray Them to place Their Harmonies, Their Contentments and Their Beauty around You, to soothe and compassionate Your intense Sorrows; to sustain You in their arms, and to requite all of Your Pains with Love.

LETTERS OF LUISA

Letter No. 41

Therefore, courage! In everything which is not Divine Volition, in all the things that oppress you, say: "These are not our things, they don't belong to us. For us the Divine Will is everything; It is our Dear Inheritance, and it is right that we live in our own field, in our Dear Home."

Letter No. 70

Whatever God wants, I want; whatever God does, I do.

Letter No. 99

Hurry up, let Your Will come and Reign upon the earth.

Letter No. 105

"I am martyr for You; the martyrdom I offer You is not of blood or of flesh, but with my will united to Yours, I offer You a Divine Martyrdom."

Letter No. 116

If I Live in the Divine Will, I will form the Divine Generation within my acts, which will Love Jesus with His own Love. Not only this, but they will Love Him in all hearts, and even in the Saints and in the Queen of Heaven.

YEARNINGS FOR SANCTITY

By Luisa Piccarreta, the Little Daughter of the Divine Will
At the beginning of her mystical life

Introductory Note: These *"Yearnings",* ardent prayer filled with longing and trust, were dictated by Luisa to a soul by the name of Rosa, who would go Luisa's home to learn the art of embroidery at the *tombolo*, and was a little *disciple* of Luisa. Each soul who yearns to live in the Divine Will, the Sanctity of sanctities, is a little *Rose,* who longs for *Living Water* – Sanctity in the Will of her Jesus.

My most sweet Jesus, my Delight and my Life, O please! by your Mercy, make me holy! I pray You, O Jesus, for the sake of each beat of your adorable Heart, make me holy. This is really about your Glory, the loving purpose of your Passion, of your most ardent yearning. If I am saved, will there perhaps not be in Heaven one more soul that sings your praises for eternity? O! make me holy then! O my Jesus, make me holy!

I am a member of that Spouse of Yours, the Church, whom You purchased with your Divine Blood. O please, do not suffer in Her a bad daughter like me, poor one; but for love of your Church, make me holy, O my God….

I come often to unite myself to You, ineffably, in that Divine Sacrament of Yours, which is called the Bread of Angels, and the Testament of your Love. O please, do not suffer in me any stain or tepidness, but for love of your Flesh and of your Divine Blood, make me holy, O my God.

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

You demand of me to edify my family, my neighbor, my friends; You ask that I make virtue loved, that I draw souls to You. And how can I ever make it, poor as I am, so lacking in fervor, humility and patience? O please, for love of those souls, at least, who cost blood to your Heart, make me holy, O my God, make me holy.

But what need do I have to present to You so many reasons? Are You not infinite Goodness and Generosity? Could You, O beloved of my soul, allow that a daughter of yours, who opens her heart to You, entrusts to You her yearnings, asks You only that she may be holy, would remain prostrated before You without answering her? Would You not listen to her in the greatness of your Mercy?

And even when, because of my constant ingratitude, You would want to reject me, could You deny this grace to your Blessed Mother Mary and mine, who asks You for it on my behalf, presenting all of Her compassion for your sorrows? Could You deny it to my Guardian

Angel, who continually offers You His celestial adorations in order to obtain it for me?

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

O my Jesus, I confess myself unworthy of any favor, but when I ask You that I may be holy, what do I ask of You, after all, other than that the designs of your Redemption be fulfilled in me, and that your goodness may triumph in my malice, in my rejections and in my reluctance?

O my Love, You are Omnipotent - set me afire, burn me to ashes, consume me in your flames, let it be that I may never again offend You! That I may die to myself; that I may make of this little while of my life that is left one single act of expiation, of gratitude, of adoration and of apostolate – one single act of immolation and of most pure love. O Jesus, may I live all absorbed in You, drawn and genuflected with my spirit, always before your Sacramental Majesty. Even more, may I, O Jesus, truly live of your very Sacramental Eucharistic Life, which is all an affable mystery of hiddenness, of operosity and of love.

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

I know… I must do violence to myself in many motions of my spirit, and conquer myself in a thousand ways, on a thousand occasions….

I will need to love prayer, silence, work, mortification.

I will need to operate always and in everything with a live spirit of Faith and of holy fear of God.

I will need to make space, empty of every creature, around me and inside of me.

I will need to keep my heart always up high, keeping it immaculate, adorning it with lilies, with roses, with violets and with hyacinths....

But what is ever impossible for love? O please! You Yourself, O Lord, make me comprehend how easily I can become holy, if only I embrace with love that daily cross which your love offers me; if only I do, as best I can, the daily actions which duty or charity require of me.

O, how sublime it is to become inebriated with pain out of love…. How perfect it turns out to be doing everything with a most pure intention, under the most holy gaze of my God, and in union with my Guardian Angel, as if I were to do that action alone; as if, after that one, I were to appear before the Divine Judgment - as if from it alone depended my eternal salvation.

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

Instruct me, You Yourself, O my Jesus, like a patient Teacher. Make me - I pray You with St. Thomas - to be without reluctances in my humility, without dissipation in my joys, without disheartenments in my sadnesses, without inconstancy in my piety, without bitterness in

my conversations, without laments in my sufferings, without hesitation in my obedience, without preferences in my charity, without artifice in my virtue.

Teach me – I will say to You with Saint Ignatius – to be generous unto heroism, to serve unto sacrifice, to give without measuring, to fight without being afraid of the wounds, to consume myself without lamenting.

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

O my Love, who will give me enough to repay You and to satisfy You if not Yourself? O please, reign, You alone, in this heart of mine, so meager. May I love You alone, O Jesus, and may I love You equally, when your love caresses me and when it scourges me. May my spirit rest in You alone, O Jesus. And when the whirlwind of my passions or the breath of your tests put my soul in agitation, even then, let it be, O Jesus, that each beat of my heart be a praise, a thanksgiving, an adoration for your Divine Heart. Let is be that, any tie being broken, I may once and for all make a generous leap, and immerse myself inside your Crucified Heart, divine center of charity, of zeal, of purity, of annihilation and of most perfect abnegation….

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

O Mary, Mother of sweet Hope and of beautiful Love, I hide myself in the pious shadow of your mantle.

Saint Joseph, my dear most perfect example of the highest sanctity, You be my singular protector, and my model in the interior life of holy sorrow and of holy love….

In the midst of your three Hearts, O Jesus, O Mary, O Joseph, I remain secure and will fear no more on my journey.

O Jesus, O Mary, O Joseph, make me holy, I implore You, O please, make me holy!

O Jesus, by your infinite Mercy, make me holy!

Fiat!

Prayer of Consecration to the Holy Divine Will

O Adorable and Divine Will, here I am, before the Immensity of Your Light, that Your Eternal Goodness may Open to me the Doors, and make me enter into It, to Form my Life all in You, Divine Will.

Therefore, prostrate before Your Light, I, the littlest among all creatures, Come, O Adorable Will, into the little group of the First Children of Your Supreme Fiat. Prostrate in my nothingness, I Beseech and Implore Your Endless Light, that It may want to Invest me and Eclipse everything that does not belong to You, in such a way that I may do nothing other than Look, Comprehend, and Live in You, Divine Will.

It shall be my Life, the Center of my intelligence, the Enrapturer of my heart and of my whole being. In this heart the human will shall no longer have life; I shall banish it forever, and shall form the New Eden of Peace, of Happiness, and of Love. With It I shall always be Happy; I shall have a Unique Strength, and a Sanctity that Sanctifies Everything and Brings Everything to God.

Here prostrate, I Invoke the Help of the Sacrosanct Trinity, that They Admit me to Live in the Cloister of the Divine Will, so as to Restore in me the Original Order of Creation, just as the creature was Created. Celestial Mother, Sovereign Queen of the Divine Fiat, take me by the hand and Enclose me in the Light of the Divine Will. You shall be my Guide, my tender Mother; You shall Guard Your child, and shall Teach me to Live and to Maintain myself in the Order and in the Bounds of the Divine Will. Celestial Sovereign, to Your Immaculate Heart I Entrust my whole being; I shall be the tiny little child of the Divine Will. You shall Teach me the Divine Will, and I shall be Attentive in Listening to You. You shall lay Your Blue Mantle over me, so that the infernal serpent may not dare to penetrate into this Sacred Eden to entice me and make me fall into the maze of the human will.

Heart of my Highest Good, Jesus, You shall Give me Your Flames, that they may Burn me, Consume me, and Nourish me, to Form in me the Life of the Supreme Will.

Saint Joseph, You shall be my Protector, the Custodian of my heart, and shall keep the keys of my will in Your hands. You shall keep my heart Jealously, and shall Never give it to me again, that I may be sure Never to go out of the Will of God.

Guardian Angel, Guard me, Defend me, Help me in Everything, so that my Eden may Grow Flourishing and be the Call of the whole world into the Will of God.

Celestial Court, come to my Help, and I Promise You to Live Always in the Divine Will.

Amen.

Prayer For the Glorification of the Servant of God

O August and Most Holy Trinity,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
we Praise and Thank You for the Gift of the Holiness of Your faithful servant
Luisa Piccarreta.
She lived, O Father, in Your Divine Will,
becoming under the Action of the Holy Spirit,
in Conformity with Your Son,
Obedient even to the Death on the Cross,
Victim and Host pleasing to You,
thus Cooperating in the Work of Redemption of mankind.
Her Virtues of Obedience, Humility, Supreme Love
for Christ and the Church, lead us to ask You
for the Gift of her Glorification on earth,
so that Your Glory may Shine before all,
and Your Kingdom of Truth, Justice and Love, may spread
all over the world in the particular charisma of the

Fiat Voluntas Tua sicut in Caelo et in terra.

We appeal to her merits to obtain from You,
Most Holy Trinity
the particular Grace for which we pray to You
with the intention to fulfill Your Divine Will.
Amen.

Three Glory Be…
Our Father…
Queen of all Saints, pray for us.
+Archbishop Givoan Battista Pichierri
Trani, October 29, 2005