

Reflections On Being Linked To Luisa As A Victim Soul

From The Writings Of Luisa Piccarreta
"The Little Daughter Of The Divine Will"

Hours of Passion: 11AM Hour

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 residence 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.**

VOL. 1

Then He said to me: "The first thing I want you to mortify is your will. That 'self' must be destroyed in you; **I want you to keep it sacrificed as victim before Me, so that your will and Mine may become one. Aren't you happy?"**

'Yes, Lord, but give me the grace, for I see that by myself I can do nothing.' And He continued: "Yes, I Myself will contradict you in everything, and occasionally by means of creatures."

VOL. 1

The new life that began was at the Farm called "Torre Disperata". One day while, more than ever, I was tormented by the devil, to the point that I felt like losing my strengths and fainting, around evening, while I was in this state, I felt I was having a deadly fit and I lost consciousness. In that state, I saw Jesus Christ surrounded by many enemies – some were beating Him, some were slapping Him, some were driving thorns into His head, some were breaking His legs, some His arms. After they reduced Him almost to pieces, they put Him in the arms of the Madonna; and this happened not too far from me. After the Most Holy Virgin took Him in Her arms, She drew near me, and crying, She said to me: "Daughter, see how my Son is treated by men - the horrible offenses they commit, which never give Him respite. Look at Him, how He suffers." And I tried to look at Him, and I saw Him all blood, all wounds, and almost cut up, reduced to a mortal state. I felt such pains that I would have wanted to die a thousand times rather than see my Lord suffer so much. I felt ashamed of my little sufferings. The Most Holy Virgin added, but always crying: "Come closer to kiss the wounds of my Son. **He chooses you as victim, and if many offend Him, by offering yourself to suffer what He suffers, you will give Him a relief in so much suffering.** Won't you accept?" I felt so annihilated; I saw myself so bad (and I am still so) and unworthy, that I did not dare to say "yes". My nature trembled; I felt so weak from the past pains, that it barely left me a thread of life. Then, I don't know how, I saw demons yelling and shouting from afar, and I saw that everything I had seen the Lord suffer, they were going to do to me, if I accepted. I felt such pains, sufferings, pulling of nerves within me, that I thought I was going to leave life.

Finally, I drew near and I kissed His wounds. It seemed that, after I did that, those limbs so lacerated would heal, and the Lord, who before seemed to be almost dead, would begin to revive to new life. Interiorly, I received great lights about the offenses that are given, and attractions to accept being a **victim** though I should suffer a thousand deaths, for the Lord deserved everything, and I could not oppose what He wanted. This happened while we were in mute silence. But those gazes that we exchanged were so many invitations, so many burning darts that pierced my heart through. The Most Holy Virgin, especially, spurred me on to accept; but who can tell all that I went through? Finally, looking at me benignly, the Lord told me: "You have seen how much they offend Me, and how many walk along the paths of evil, and without realizing it, fall into the abyss. **Come to offer yourself before Divine justice as victim of reparation for the offenses that are given, and for the conversion of sinners who, with eyes closed, drink at the poisoned fount of sin.** A large field of sufferings opens before you, yes - but also of graces; I will never leave you again, I will come within you to suffer all that men do to Me, making you share in my pains. For help and comfort, I give you my Mother." And

He seemed to deliver me to Her - and She accepted me. I too offered all of myself to Him and to the Virgin - ready to do what He wanted. This is how it ended the first time.

VOL. 1

In the morning, I went to Communion, and as soon as I received Jesus, I immediately said to Him: '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?' And while saying this, I felt such pains in my heart because of this separation from Jesus in the Sacrament, that I cried my heart out. Then, the Lord, compassionating my weakness, told me: "Do not fear, I Myself will sustain your weakness. You do not know what graces I have prepared for you, and this is why you fear so much. Am I not omnipotent? Will I not be able to make up for the privation of being able to receive Me in the Sacrament? **Therefore, resign yourself, place yourself as though dead in my arms; offer yourself as voluntary victim to repair for the offenses against Me, for sinners, and to spare men the deserved scourges, and as a pledge I give you my word that I will not leave you even one day without coming to see you.** Up until now you have come to Me, from now on I will come to you – aren't you happy?"

VOL. 1

Now, while I was in the midst of the bullets together with Jesus, Jesus drew His lips close to my ears, and told me: "**My daughter, do you want to offer yourself as victim for the salvation of this soul, and take upon yourself the pains which he deserves because of his very grave sins?**" And I answered: 'Lord, I am ready, as long as You save him and restore his life.' Who can tell the sufferings that came to me? They were such and so many, that I myself I don't know how life did not leave me.

VOL. 2 – February 28, 1899

In the same way, the soul who lives of Faith is so timid with earthly things, that for fear of being snared, she doesn't so much as glance at them. Her dwelling is up high – that is, above all the things of the earth, but especially in the wounds of Jesus Christ; and from within those blessed rooms she moans, cries, prays and suffers together with her Spouse Jesus over the condition and the misery in which mankind lies. While she lives inside those holes of the wounds of Jesus, the Lord gives her a particle of His virtues, and the soul feels those virtues within herself as if they were her own. However, she realizes that even though she sees them as her own, the possession of them is given to her, for they have been communicated by the Lord.

It happens to her as to a person who has received a gift which he did not have. What does he do? He takes it and makes himself the owner of it; however, every time he looks at it, he says to himself: "This is mine, but it was given to me by so and so." So also does the soul whom the Lord transforms in Himself, by unleashing a particle of His Divine Being from Himself. Now, just as this soul abhors sin, she also feels compassion for others, and prays for those whom she sees walking on the path of the precipice. **She unites herself with Jesus Christ, and offers herself as victim in order to placate divine justice, and to spare creatures the deserved chastisements. And if the sacrifice of her life were necessary – oh, how gladly she would make it for the salvation of one soul alone!**

VOL. 2 – March 14, 1899

Jesus would continue crying, and I would repeat: 'But, listen to me a little bit – have You not put me in this bed so that I might be victim for others? Have I perhaps not been ready to suffer the other times so as to spare creatures? Why do You not want to listen to me now?' But with all my poor speaking, Jesus would not calm Himself from crying. So, no longer able to hold it, I too broke the dike of my crying, saying to Him: '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.' Then the confessor came, and as he called me to obedience, Jesus withdrew, and so it ended.

The following morning, I kept seeing Jesus withdrawn within my heart, and I saw that people would come even inside my heart, and would tread upon Him and trample Him underfoot. I would do as much as I could to free Him, and Jesus, turning to me, told me: "Do you see where the ingratitude of man reaches? They themselves force Me to chastise them, and I cannot do otherwise. And you, my dear one, after you have seen Me suffer so much – may you hold crosses more dearly, and pains as delights."

VOL. 2 – April 12, 1899

Today, without having me wait too long, Jesus came quickly and told me: "You are my tabernacle. Being in the Sacrament for Me is the same as being in your heart; or rather, in you I find something more: **I am able to share my pains with you and to have you with Me, a living victim before divine justice, which I do not find in the Sacrament.**" And while saying these words, He enclosed Himself within me.

VOL. 2 – July 9, 1899

Jesus shares His pains with the soul in order to continue His Passion.

This morning, Jesus wanted to renew in me the pains of the crucifixion. First He transported me outside of myself, up on a mountain, and then He asked me whether I wanted to be crucified. And I: 'Yes, my Jesus, I yearn for nothing but the cross.'

As I was saying this, a huge cross appeared; He laid me upon it, and nailed me to it with His own hands. What atrocious pains I suffered in feeling my hands and feet being pierced through by those nails, and what is more, they did not have a point, and it was hard and very painful to make them penetrate; but with Jesus everything was tolerable. After He finished crucifying me, He told me: "**My daughter, I make use of you in order to continue my Passion. Since my glorified body can no longer be capable of suffering, by coming into you, I make use of your body just as I used Mine during my mortal life, to be able to continue and to suffer my Passion, and therefore to be able to offer you as living victim of reparation and propitiation before Divine Justice.**"

VOL. 2 - August 2, 1899

This morning my adorable Jesus made Himself seen all afflicted and almost angry with men, threatening to send the usual chastisements and to make people die suddenly under lightnings, hail and fire. I prayed Him very much to placate Himself, and Jesus told me: "**The iniquities that rise from the earth to Heaven are so many, that if prayer and souls who are victims before Me were missing for a quarter of an hour, I would make fire come out of the earth and inundate the people.**"

VOL. 2 – October 1, 1899

Ah, yes, no one spares Me! There are some who offend Me directly, and some who, though they could prevent so much evil, do not bother doing it; so, I do not know to whom to turn. But I will chastise them in such a way as to render them incapable, and some I will destroy completely. They will reach such a point that churches will remain deserted, with no one to administer the Sacraments."

Interrupting Him, all frightened I said: '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.' **And He: "Too scarce is their number; and then, their pain for not being able to receive them will work as reparation for Me, and to make them victims for those who abuse them."** Who can say how tormented I was left by these words of blessed Jesus? But I hope that He will placate Himself out of His infinite Mercy.

VOL. 2 – October 7, 1899

And I: '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.' And He: "My daughter, don't say this, I have been forbearing for love of you, and the good that came from this has been that while terrible chastisements were to rage for a very long time, they will be shorter. Is this not a good – that instead of being under the weight of a chastisement for many years, one remains under it

only for a few? Moreover, during the course of these past years, with wars and sudden deaths, they should not have had the time to convert, but they did and were saved – is this not a great good? My beloved, for now it is not necessary to make you understand the purpose of your state for yourself and for the peoples, but I will show it to you when you come to Heaven, and on the Day of Judgment I will show it to all nations. Therefore, do not speak like this any more."

VOL. 2 - October 16, 1899

Waiting for Jesus. Jesus speaks about chastisements.

This morning my sweet Jesus was not coming. I had not seen Him since last night, when He showed Himself with an appearance that moved one to pity and struck fear at the same time. He wanted to hide so as not to see the chastisements which He Himself was sending over the people and the way in which He was to destroy them. Oh, God, what a harrowing sight, never before seen! While waiting and waiting, in my interior I kept saying: 'How is it that He is not coming? Who knows whether He does not come because I do not conform to His Justice? But how can I do this? It seems almost impossible for me to say "Fiat Voluntas Tua".' Then, again, I kept saying: 'He is not coming because the confessor is not sending Him to me.' Now, while I was thinking of this, I just barely saw Him, almost a shadow, and He told me: "Do not fear, the authority of priests is limited. **According to the measure in which they are willing to pray Me to come to you, and to offer you as victim to make you suffer so that I may spare the people, so will I heal them and spare them in the act in which I send the chastisements.** If then they don't give it a thought, neither will I have any regard for them." Having said this, He disappeared, leaving me in a sea of affliction and of tears.

VOL. 3 - November 1, 1899

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

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

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

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

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

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

VOL. 3 – November 13, 1899

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

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

While saying this, He was crying bitterly, and to console Him, I said to Him: 'My sweet Good, do not afflict Yourself; I see that your affliction is mostly because You feel forced to chastise the people. **Ah, no, this will never be! If You are all for me, I want to be all for You; therefore, You will send the chastisements upon me – here is the victim, always ready and at your disposal; You can make me suffer whatever You want, and so your Justice will be somehow placated, and You will be relieved 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.' While I was saying this, our Queen Mama came, and I remembered that as I had asked the confessor for the obedience to conform to Justice, he had told me to ask the Most Holy Virgin, whether She wanted me to conform. So I asked Her, and She said to me: "No, no, but pray, my daughter, and in these days try as much as you can to keep Him with You and to placate Him, because many chastisements have been prepared."

VOL. 3 - December 25, 1899

Jesus wants a continuous attitude of sacrifice in the soul.

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

Oh, how pretty He was, with that celestial beauty of His! I took Him in my arms and I clasped Him to myself to warm Him, because He was almost numb with cold, since He had nothing else to cover Him but one little cloth. After I warmed Him as much as I could, my tender little Baby, moving His purple lips, told me: "**Do you promise Me always to be victim for love of Me, just as I am for love of you?**" **And I: 'Yes, my little Treasure, I promise You.'** **And He: "I am not content with the word – I want an oath, and also an underwriting with your blood."** **And I: 'If obedience wants it, I will do it.'**

He seemed to be all content, and added: “From the moment I was born, I always kept my Heart offered in sacrifice, to glorify the Father, for the conversion of sinners, and for the people who surrounded Me, and who were my most faithful companions in my pains. In the same way, I want your heart to be in this continuous attitude, offered in spirit of sacrifice for these three purposes.”

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

VOL. 3 - March 15, 1900

Jesus feels disarmed by the victim souls.

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

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

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

VOL. 3 - May 17, 1900

Power of the victim souls.

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

VOL. 3 - June 10, 1900

The office of victim. Chastisements.

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

VOL. 3 – June 18, 1900

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

VOL. 4 - September 6, 1900

The state of victim.

My most sweet Jesus continues to come. This morning, as soon as He came, He wanted to pour a little bit of His bitternesses into me, and then He told me: "My daughter, I want to sleep a little, and you – do my office of suffering, praying and placating Justice." So He fell asleep, and I began to pray near Jesus. Later, as He woke up, we went round a little in the midst of people, and He showed me several conspiracies that they are making in order to provoke a revolution. Especially, I noticed a sudden assault they were plotting so as to better achieve their intent, and so that no one might be able to defend and guard himself against the enemy. How many gloomy scenes! However, it seems that the Lord is not yet giving them the freedom to do this; and not knowing the reason, they are consumed with rage, because in spite of their perverse will, they see themselves powerless to do it. It takes nothing else but the Lord to concede this freedom to them, for everything is ready.

After this, we came back, and Jesus showed Himself all wounded, and said to me: "See how many wounds they have opened in Me, and the necessity of the continuous state of victim, of your sufferings, because there is not a moment in which they spare Me offenses. And since the offenses are continuous, continuous must be the sufferings and the prayers so that I may be spared; and if you see that your suffering is suspended, tremble and fear, because not seeing Myself relieved in my pains, may it not be that I concede to the enemies that freedom so yearned for by them." On hearing this, I began to pray that He would let me suffer, and in the meantime I saw the confessor who, with his intentions, pressed Jesus to make me suffer. Then blessed Jesus shared with me such and so many pains, that I myself do not know how I remained alive. However, the Lord did not leave me alone in my pains; on the contrary, it seemed He did not have the heart to leave me, and so I spent several days together with Jesus, and He communicated many graces to me, and made me comprehend many things. However, partly because of the suffering state, partly because I am unable to express myself, I move on and keep silent.

VOL. 4 – September 29, 1900

The victim souls are supports and props for Jesus.

I went through several days of silence between Jesus and me, and with scarce suffering; at the most, it seems He wanted to continue tempting me, to make me exercise a little bit more patience – and here is how:

On coming, He would say: "My beloved, I long for you from Heaven... In Heaven, in Heaven I wait for you." And He would escape like a flash. Then, coming back, He would repeat: "Cease your ardent sighs now, for you make Me languish continuously, to the point of fainting." Other times: "Your ardent love, your yearnings, are refreshment for my sad Heart." But who can say them all? It seemed to me that He was feeling like composing verses, and sometimes He would express these verses by singing them. However, without giving me the time to say a word, He would escape immediately. Then, this morning, as the confessor placed the intention of having me suffer the crucifixion, I saw the Queen Mama crying and almost contending with Jesus in order to spare the world so many scourges. But He showed Himself reluctant, and only to content Mama, He concurred in making me suffer. Then, afterwards, as if He had placated Himself a little, He said: "My daughter, it is true that I want to chastise the world – I have the lashes in my hands with which to beat it; but it is also true that if both you and the confessor interest yourself with praying Me and with suffering, that is always a support, and you would come to place as many props in order to spare the world, in part at least. Otherwise, not finding any support or props, I will pour Myself out with a free hand over the people." Having said this, He disappeared.

VOL. 4 - October 2, 1900

State of victim for Italy and for Corato.

Fearing that my state was no longer Will of God, as blessed Jesus came, I said: '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.' And He: "My daughter, it is not that I no longer want to keep you in this state, but since I want to chastise the world, this is why I am not coming and I make you lack suffering." And I: 'Why remain in this state then?'

And He: "Your position of victim and your continuous waiting for Me already break my arms. In fact, you do not see Me, but I see you very well, and I count all your sighs, your pains, your desires for Me; and your being all intent on Me is always an act of reparation for many who do not bother about Me, nor desire Me, but despise Me and are all intent on earthly things – covered with mud, amid the stench of vices. So, being the complete opposite of theirs, your state always comes to break Justice; so much so, that keeping you in this state and beginning the bloody wars in Italy is almost impossible for me." And I: '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.' And He: "Ah, yes, yes, you will go out of this state when I begin the slaughter in Italy; then I will suspend it completely."

While saying this, He showed the fiercest wars which are to happen, both among the secular and against the Church. The blood inundated the towns like when there is a pouring rain. My poor heart writhed for the pain in seeing this, and remembering about my own town, I said: 'Ah, Lord, in saying that You will suspend me completely, You make me understand that not even for poor Corato will You have compassion - not even Corato will You spare? And He: "If sins reach a certain number, such that they will not deserve to have victim souls, and those who keep you as victim do not interest themselves, I will have no regard for her – that is, for Corato." Having said this, He disappeared, and I remained all oppressed and afflicted.

VOL. 4 – October 4, 1900

After crying for quite a while, I admired another trait of the goodness of Our Lord. In order to make me stop crying, He turned His face away from me, He dried His tears hiddenly, and then, turning back again, with a cheerful face said to me: "My beloved, do not cry – enough, enough; what you see serves to *Iustificare Iustitiam Meam* [Justify My Justice]." And I: '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?' And He: "It is not as you say. I too was victim, but even though I was victim, it was not given to Me to spare the world all chastisements. I opened Heaven for it, I released it from sin, yes; I carried its pains upon Myself, but it is Justice that man receive upon himself part of those chastisements which he himself draws upon himself by sinning. **And if it were not for the victims, he would deserve not only the simple chastisement – that is, the destruction of his body – but also the loss of his soul. So, here is the necessity of the victims: whoever wants to avail himself of them – because man is always free in his will – can find the**

sparing of his pain and the port of his salvation." And I: 'Ah, Lord, how I would like to come before these chastisements advance more!' And He: "If the world reaches such wickedness as to deserve no victim, surely I will take you."

On hearing this, I said: 'Lord, do not permit that I remain here, present at such sorrowful scenes.' And Jesus, almost reproaching me, added: "Instead of praying Me to spare, you say you want to come. If I were to take with Me all of my own of the poor world, what would happen? Indeed I would have nothing to do with it any more, and I would no longer have any regard." After this, I prayed for various people; He disappeared from me, and I returned inside myself.

VOL. 4 - January 24, 1901

Luisa asks Jesus the reason for His privation. Jesus explains it.

Having spent the past days in silence and sometimes also without my adorable Jesus, this morning, as He came, I lamented to Him saying: '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.'

Interrupting my speaking, Jesus told me: "**My daughter, by having made Myself victim for mankind, taking upon Myself all weaknesses, miseries and everything that man deserved before the Divinity, I represent the head of all; and since I am the head before the Divinity, the human nature finds in Me a most powerful shield that defends it, protects it, excuses it and intercedes for it. Now, since you are in the state of victim, you come to represent for Me the head of the present generation. Therefore, having to send some chastisement for the good of the peoples and to call them back to Me, if I came to you as usual, by just showing Myself to you, I already feel relieved, my pains are mitigated, and it happens to Me as to someone who feels a strong pain and screams because of the spasm: if his pain ceased, he would no longer feel like screaming and sending out laments. The same happens to Me: as my pains are mitigated, naturally I no longer feel like sending that chastisement. You then, also naturally, in seeing Me, try to spare Me and to take the pains of others upon yourself; you cannot help doing your office of victim before my presence, and if you did not do so, which can never be, I would be displeased with you.** Here is the cause of my privation. It is not because I want to punish your sins – I have other ways to purge you. However, I will repay you; on the days I come, I will double my visits - aren't you happy?" And I: 'No Lord, I want You always; whatever the cause might be, I do not give way to remaining a single day without You.' While I was saying this, Jesus disappeared, and I returned inside myself.

VOL. 4 - February 9, 1902

Jesus places Himself at the soul's disposal. Luisa asks for the miracle of not allowing divorce to be confirmed.

This morning, on coming, my most sweet Jesus shared His pains with me in abundance; so much so, that I felt as if I were about to die. Now, while I was feeling myself in this state, blessed Jesus, moved and touched in seeing me suffer, placed Himself in my interior, and folding His arms, said to me: "My daughter, just as you have been at my disposal in suffering, so do I place Myself at your disposal to repay you. Tell Me, what do you want Me to do? I am ready to do what you want.' And I, remembering how grieved He would be if men should confirm the law of divorce, as well as the evils that would come upon society, said to Him: "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.' The Lord seemed to accept my proposal, telling me: "**Almost all the victims who have been on earth and who are now in Heaven, have some most refulgent stars on their crowns, which allow them to be distinguished well for the place they occupy. These stars are nothing other than some great glory which they have procured for God, as well as a great good for humanity through them.** You want Me to operate a prodigy so that this divorce may not be confirmed, otherwise this may not happen. Well then, for love of you, I will make this prodigy, and this will be the most refulgent star that will shine on your crown – that is, having prevented my Justice, through your

sufferings, and after the so many wicked deeds they commit, from also permitting this evil in these sad times, which they themselves have wanted. So, greater glory can be given to God, and greater good to men."

VOL. 4 - July 1, 1902

True victims must expose themselves to the pains of Jesus. Machinations against the Church and against the Pope.

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, kneeling on an altar together with two more people. In the meantime Jesus Christ appeared over this altar, and He said: "True victims must have communication with my very life; they must avail themselves of my very self, and expose themselves to my very pains." While saying this, He took a pyx in His hand and gave Communion to all three of us. After this, behind that altar there seemed to be a door which led into a street filled with people and jam-packed with demons, in such a way that one could not walk without being squeezed by them; and since it was full of thorns, extremely sharp, one could not make a movement without feeling one's flesh being pricked deep inside. At any cost I would have wanted to escape those diabolical furies, and I almost tried to do it, but someone, I don't know who, prevented me by saying to me: "Everything you see are machinations against the Church and against the Pope. They would want the Pope to get out of Rome by invading the Vatican and seizing it, and if you want to avoid these bothers, men and demons will acquire strength and will make these thorns come out which will prick the Church bitterly. But if you content yourself with suffering them, both the one and the other will be weakened." On hearing this I stopped, but who can say what I went through and suffered. I thought I would never again get out from the midst of those diabolical spirits; however, after staying there almost one whole night, divine protection freed me.

VOL. 4 - September 3, 1902

Everything that Jesus deserved in His life He gave to all creatures, and in a special and superabundant way to one who is victim for love of Him.

This morning, as I was in my usual state, I felt a natural malady come to me, but so strong, that I felt I was dying. I feared I might be about to pass from time to eternity; much more so, since blessed Jesus was hardly coming, or at the most, like a shadow. In fact, if He were coming as usual, I would not be fearing at all. Therefore, so that I might be in a good position, 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. While I was doing this, blessed Jesus came, all in festal clothing, in the act of receiving me into His arms; and He told me: "My daughter, everything I deserved I gave to all creatures, and in a special and superabundant way to one who is victim for love of Me. Behold, anything you want I give you - and not only you, but to whomever you want." And I, remembering the confessor, said to Him: 'Lord, if You take me, I pray You to content father.' And He: "Indeed He has received some recompense for the charity he has done for you; and since he has cooperated, as you come to Me into the sphere of eternity, I will give him yet more recompense." My malady was getting more and more vigorous, but I felt happy since I was at the harbor of Eternity. In the meantime the confessor came and called me to obedience. I would have wanted to keep everything quiet, but he forced me to say everything, and came out with the usual refrain that, out of obedience, I was not supposed to die; but in spite of this, my malady would not cease.

VOL. 4 - September 4, 1902

The confessor asks Jesus not to let her die.

As I continued to feel ill, I also felt a certain restlessness because of this strange obedience, as if I could not take flight toward my highest and only Good; with the addition that, having to celebrate Holy Mass, the confessor did not want to give me Communion because of the continuous retching that bothered me. However, since the confessor had told me that out of obedience I should have Jesus Christ touch my stomach, as He came, He touched my stomach and the continuous retching ceased. But the malady would not cease, and Jesus, seeing me so restless, told me: "My daughter, what are you doing? Don't you know that if death surprises you, finding you restless, you would have to get Purgatory? In fact, if your mind is not united with Mine, if your will is not one with Mine, if your desires are not my same desires, by necessity you need a purge to be transformed

completely in Me. Therefore, be attentive, think only of remaining united with Me, and I will think of the rest." Now, while He was saying this, I saw the Church and the Pope, and part of It was leaning on my shoulders; and I also saw the confessor who pressed Jesus not to take me for now. **And the blessed Lord said: "Evils are most grave, and sins are about to reach such a point as no longer to deserve victim souls – that is, the ones who sustain and protect the world before Me. If this point touches Justice, indeed I will take her with Me." So I understood that things are conditional.**

VOL. 4 – December 5, 1902

Luisa sees a woman crying over the state of the peoples, who asks her not to move from her state of victim.

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus shared His pains with me, and as I was suffering I saw a woman crying her heart out, and saying: "The kings have joined together, and the peoples perish; and not seeing themselves being helped, protected, but rather, stripped, they get lost, and kings without peoples cannot exist. **But what makes me cry the most is to see that the fortresses of Justice are missing, which are the victims - the only and sole support that holds Justice back in these times most sad. You at least - do you give me your word that you will not move from this state of victim?"** I don't know why, but I felt so resolute that I answered: "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." On hearing my unshakable will, she cried more, almost wanting to move me to say yes with her crying. But, more than ever resolute, I said: 'No, no.' And, crying, she said: "So, there will be justice, chastisements, slaughters, with no sparing." However, as I related this to the confessor, he told me that out of obedience I should withdraw my no.

VOL. 4 – December 17, 1902

In order to be a victim, permanent union with Jesus is necessary.

This morning, when my adorable Jesus came, I was praying Him to placate Himself, saying to Him: '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.' And He: "And you, my daughter, don't know that so that my Justice may unload the weight of someone else's chastisement upon some soul, she must be in possession of permanent union with Me, in such a way that everything she does, suffers, intercedes for and obtains, is given to her by virtue of the union with Me established within her, as the soul does nothing but lay down her will, unifying it with Mine? Nor could my Justice do this without first giving the soul the necessary graces to be able to suffer for the sake of someone else." And I: 'But how can union with You be permanent in me? I see myself so *cattiva* [bad]!' And He, interrupting me, added: "Silly one, what are you saying? Don't you feel Me continuously within yourself? Don't you perceive the sensible movements I make in your interior, and the continuous prayer that rises within your interior, as you cannot do otherwise? Is this perhaps you, or I who dwell within you? At the most, sometimes you do not see Me, but in no way does this mean that union with Me is not permanent in you." I remained confused and did not know what to answer.

VOL. 4 - December 31, 1902

The victim soul is greatly loved by Jesus, but sometimes is nauseating to Him, because her exterior appears before Divine Justice as covered with the sins of others.

Continuing to be with a fear that I might oppose the Will of my adorable Jesus, I was feeling all oppressed and distressed, and I prayed Him to free me, saying: '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?' While I was saying this, blessed Jesus moved in my interior, and through a light that He sent me, He seemed to say to me: "You never understand anything – this state is state of victim. When they offered you as victim for Corato, you accepted. Now, what is the evil present in Corato? Is there perhaps not rebellion of the creature against the Creator, between priests and secular, and among parties? Now, your unwanted state of rebellion, your fear, your pains, are an expiatory state, and this state of expiation I Myself suffered in Gethsemani, as I reached the point of saying: 'If it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me; yet, not

my will but Yours be done' - while I had so much yearned for it during the whole course of my life, to the point of feeling consumed."

On hearing this, it seemed I regained tranquillity and strength, and I prayed Him to pour His bitternesses into me. I drew close to His mouth, but as much as I sucked up, nothing would come out; only a most bitter breath that embittered my whole interior. So, seeing that He was not pouring anything, I said: 'Lord, You don't love me any more; bitternesses You do not want to pour – pour your sweetnesses at least.' And He: "Quite the opposite, I love you more; and if you were able to enter into my interior, you would see with clarity, in all of my parts, distinct love toward you. Sometimes I love you so much that I reach the point of loving you as much as I love Myself, although some other times I cannot look at you and you are nauseating to Me." What a thunderbolt these last words were for my poor heart! To think that I was not always loved by my loving Jesus, and that I reached the point of being an abominable soul... Had He not Himself run to explain to me the meaning of this, I could not have survived. So He added: "Poor daughter, is this very hard for you? You have encountered my same lot. I was always Who I was, one with the Sacrosanct Trinity, and We loved One Another with eternal, indissoluble love. Yet, as victim, covered with all the iniquities of men, my exterior was abominable before the Divinity, so much so, that Divine Justice spared no part of Me, rendering Itself inexorable to the point of abandoning Me. You are always who you are with Me, but since you occupy the state of victim, your exterior appears before Divine Justice as covered with the sins of others. This is why I spoke those words to you. You, however, calm yourself, because I love you always." Having said this, He disappeared. It seems that this time blessed Jesus wants to make me upset, though He immediately gives me peace. May He be always blessed and thanked.

VOL. 4 - March 12, 1903

The sacrifice of Jesus continues in His Eucharist Life in which He exercises continuous pressure on the Father for the sake of mankind. A soul who is victim with Him must also put this continuous pressure on Him.

As I was in my usual state, I saw myself as all alone and abandoned. Then, after I struggled very much, He made Himself seen in my interior, and I said to Him: '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. Oh, 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.' And He told me: "My daughter, the same happened when in the consistory of the Sacrosanct Trinity the mystery of the Incarnation was decreed in order to save mankind, and I, united with Their Will, accepted and offered Myself as victim for man: everything was union among Them, and We arranged everything together, but when I set to work, a point came – especially when I found Myself in the sphere of pains, of opprobrium, loaded down with all the wicked deeds of creatures – in which I remained alone and abandoned by all, even by my dear Father. Not only this, but loaded down as I was with all pains, I had to press the Omnipotent One to accept and to let Me continue my sacrifice for the salvation of the whole of mankind, present and future. And I obtained this; and the sacrifice is still lasting, the pressure is continuous, though it is all a pressure of love – do you want to know where and how? In the Sacrament of the Eucharist. In It the sacrifice is continuous; perpetual is the pressure I put on the Father to use mercy upon creatures; and on souls, in order to obtain their love; and I find Myself in a continuous contrast, dying continuously - though all deaths of love. So, aren't you happy that I let you participate in the periods of my very life?"

VOL. 5 - October 7, 1903

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

I had asked the confessor to leave me in the Will of Our Lord, withdrawing the obedience that, whether He wanted or not, I should continue to remain in this state of victim. At first he did not want it, but then he consented, as long as I would assume the responsibility of answering before Jesus Christ for what could happen in the world; and he said that I should think about it first, and then answer him. I wanted to tell him that I did not want to oppose the Divine Will; only, if the Lord wants it, I want it; if He does not want it, I do not want it –

so, why this responsibility? And he: "Think about it first, and tomorrow you will answer.' So, as I was thinking about it in my interior, He told me: "Justice wants it, Love does not."

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

VOL. 5 – October 24, 1903

Then I found myself inside myself, and Jesus told me in my interior: "If I suspend you forever, the enemies will begin to make my Church shed blood." And I: 'Lord, it is not that I do not want to stay – Heavens forbid that I move away from your Will even for the blink of an eye; only, if You want me to, I will stay, if You don't want me to, I will get out.' And He: "My daughter, as soon as the confessor released you by telling you, 'All right, tomorrow you will try', the bond of victim was also released, because only the frieze of obedience is what constitutes the victim, and I would never accept her as such without this frieze, even at the cost of making a miracle of my omnipotence, if necessary, to give light to the one who directs you so that he would give this obedience. **I suffered, and suffered voluntarily, but what constituted Me as victim was the obedience to my dear Father, who wanted to adorn all of my works, from the greatest to the littlest, with the honorary frieze of obedience.**" Then, finding myself inside myself, I felt a fear to try to go out; but then, I snapped out of it saying: 'The one who gave me this obedience should have thought about this; and besides, if the Lord wants me, I am ready.'

VOL. 6 - February 22, 1904

The great gift of having a victim.

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, and He said to me: "If you want to suffer yourself now that you are victim – fine; because then, when the victim comes to Me, those who surround you, your own country and even kingdoms will see the void that they will feel! Oh, how they will know then, through this loss, the great good I had given them by giving them a victim!"

VOL. 6 - April 21, 1904

One who has the title of victim can fight with Justice.

Continuing in my usual state, I felt people around my bed praying to Our Lord; but I did not care about hearing what they wanted, I only cared about the fact that it was late and blessed Jesus had not yet made Himself seen. Oh! how my heart was tormented, fearing that He might not come at all. And I said to myself: '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.' While I was saying this, He came out from within my interior and said to those who were around me: "It is not licit for creatures to fight with my Justice. Only for one who has the title of victim is it licit, not only to fight, but to play with Justice; and this, because in fighting or playing, one easily suffers blows, defeats and losses, and the victim is ready to receive the blows upon herself, and to resign herself in the defeats and losses, without caring about her losses, about her sufferings, but only about the glory of God and the good of her neighbor. If I wanted to placate Myself, I have my victim here, who is ready to fight and to receive all the fury of my Justice upon herself." It shows that they were praying in order to placate the Lord. I was left mortified and more embittered in hearing this from Our Lord.

VOL. 6 - June 20, 1904

Victim souls are the daughters of Mercy.

After I struggled very much, blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: "My daughter, human perfidy has reached such a point as to exhaust my Mercy on its part. But my goodness is so great as to constitute daughters

of Mercy, so that on the part of creatures also, this attribute may not be exhausted. These are the victims who are in full ownership of the Divine Will, having destroyed their own. In fact, in these souls, the container given by Me in creating them is in full vigor, and since they have received the particle of my Mercy, being daughters, they administer it to others. It is understood, however, that in order to be able to administer the particle of my Mercy to others, they themselves must be in Justice.” And I: ‘Lord, who can ever be in Justice?’ And He: “One who does not commit grave sins and abstains from committing the slightest venial sins of his own will.”

VOL. 6 - August 22, 1905

One who shares with Jesus the weight of His sufferings, that is, the work of His Redemption, comes to participate in the gain of the work of Redemption.

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus came for just a little, and He transported me outside of myself; He shared His sufferings with me, and then He told me: “My daughter, when two people share together the weight of a work, together they share the compensation that they receive from that work, and both of them can do good to whomever they want with that compensation. So, since you share with Me the weight of my sufferings, that is, the work of my Redemption, you come to share in the gain of the work of Redemption. And since the compensation for our pains is divided between you and Me, I can do good to whomever I want, in general and also in a special way; and you too are free to do good to whomever you want with the compensation that is due to you. **This is the gain for one who shares my pains with Me, which is conceded only to the state of victim; and it is gain for those who are closest to the victim because, being close, they can participate more easily in the goods that he possesses. Therefore, my daughter, rejoice the more I share my pains with you, because greater will be the share of your compensation.**”

VOL. 7 - June 22, 1906

A garment similar to that of Jesus.

Continuing in my state of sufferings, ever increasing, blessed Jesus came for a little, and showed me a garment, all adorned and whole, without seam and opening, suspended above my person. While I was seeing this, He told me: "**My beloved, this garment is similar to my garment, which I have communicated to you by having shared with you the pains of my Passion, and by having chosen you as victim.** This garment covers and protects the world, and since it is whole, no one can escape its protection. But the world, with its abuses, no longer deserves to be covered by this garment, but to feel all the weight of the divine indignation. So I am about to draw it to Myself, to be able to give vent to my justice, which has been restrained for a long time by this garment."

At that moment, it seemed that the light I had seen in the past days was inside this garment, and the Lord awaited both one and the other to absorb them into Himself.

VOL. 8 - July 10, 1907

One begins to really live, when he begins to be a victim.

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself together with my adorable Jesus, and in seeing Him crowned with thorns, I removed the crown from His head, and with both hands I placed it on mine, pressing it thoroughly. Oh, how I felt the prickings penetrate into me! – but I felt happy to suffer to relieve the pains of Jesus. Then I said: ‘My good Jesus, tell me, is there much time left before You take me to Heaven?’

And He: "Indeed, very little" And I: ‘Your little can be ten...or twenty years. I am already forty-two.’
And He: "That is not true; your years only begin from the moment you began to be a victim. My goodness called you, and you can say that from that time you began to really live. And just as I called you to live my life upon earth, in a little while I will call you to live my life in Heaven."

In the meantime, two pillars came out of the hands of blessed Jesus, which then became one, and which He kept leaning on my shoulders quite heavily, in such a way that I could not move from beneath them. While He was calling me, there was no one who would go to place his shoulders under those pillars; so they remained suspended in His hands, and while they were suspended, slaughters of every kind occurred. I understood that those pillars were the Church and the world, which had come out of His Most Holy hands, and were held inside His holy wounds. They will always be there, but if good Jesus has no place on which to lean them, He will soon

tire of keeping them suspended in His hands - and woe!... but such woes as to be horrifying. They are such and so many, that I believe it is better to keep them in silence.

VOL. 8 - January 28, 1909

What

victim

means.

Having read a book that talked about the different ways of operating interiorly, and about how Jesus would compensate these souls with a great capital of grace and with superabundant love, I compared everything I had read to the many ways and the many different acts that Jesus had taught me in my interior, which, compared to those of the book, seemed to me to be so vast as the sea compared to a little river. And I said to myself: 'If this is true, who knows how much grace my always lovable Jesus pours in me, and how much love He has for me!' Then, as I found myself in my usual state, good Jesus came for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, you do not yet know well what it means to be chosen as victim. Just as I, by being victim, enclosed in Me all the acts of creatures, their satisfactions, reparations, adorations and thanksgivings, in such a way that I did for all and for each one that which they were supposed to do; in the same way, since you are victim, it is useless to compare yourself to others, because you must enclose within you, not the way of one, but the variety of the ways of each one. And since I must have you make up for all and for each one, as a consequence I must give you, not the grace that I give to one alone, but as much grace as to equal what I give to the whole of creatures. Therefore, love too must surpass all the love I have for the whole of creatures, because grace and love always go together; they have one single step, one single measure, one single will. Love draws grace, grace draws love – they are inseparable. This is why you see the most extensive sea which I have placed in you, and the little river in others." I remained astounded, comparing so much grace to so much ingratitude and badness of mine.

VOL. 10 - February 2, 1912

How the victim soul must be.

This morning, as I offered a soul as victim to Jesus, Jesus accepted the offer, and told me: "My daughter, the first thing I want is union of wills. She must give herself prey to my Will; she must be the amusement of my Volition. I will be very attentive on looking at whether everything she does is connected to my Will, especially if it is voluntary. In fact, I will not take into account things which are not voluntary, to the point that, when she tells me that she wants to be my victim, I will consider it as not said.

Second. To the union with my Will add Victim of Love. I will be jealous of everything. True love is no longer master of itself, but of the beloved.

Third. Victim of Immolation. She must do everything in the attitude of sacrificing herself for Me, even the most indifferent things.

To this, will add being Victim of Reparation. She must feel sorrow for everything, repair Me for everything, compassionate Me in everything; and this will be the fourth thing.

If she behaves faithfully in this, then will I be able to accept her as Victim of Sacrifice, of Suffering, of Heroism, of Consummation. Recommend that she be faithful. If she is faithful, everything is done."

And I: 'Yes, she will be faithful.'

And He: "We'll see."

VOL. 11 – 14 February, 1912

((Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen Crucified, with a soul near Him, who was offering herself to Jesus as a victim. And Jesus told me: "My daughter, I accept you as a victim of pain. All that you will be able to suffer you will suffer as if you were with Me on the Cross, and you will release Me with your sufferings. Many times this escapes you: releasing Me with your sufferings. But know that I was a peaceful Victim and Host; you too - I don't want you an oppressed victim, but peaceful and joyful. You will be like a docile little lamb, and your bleating - that is your prayers, sufferings and works - will serve to soothe my embittered wounds."))

VOL. 11 - March 8, 1912

How Jesus was a victim during His hidden life. Becoming a victim is equivalent to a second baptism, and with effects superior to those of Baptism itself. What eliminates the state of victim.

This morning Father G. offered himself as a victim to Our Lord, and I was praying, offering him, that He would accept him. Then, my always adorable Jesus told me : "My daughter, I accept him whole-heartedly. Tell him that his life will no longer belong to him, but to Me, and that I chose him as a victim of my hidden Life. My hidden Life was victim for the whole interior life of man; so it repaired for the bad thoughts, desires, tendencies and affections.

All that the exterior of man does is nothing other than the expression of his interior. If so much evil shows on the outside, what will the interior be like? Therefore, the re-making of the interior of man cost Me very much; it is sufficient to say that it took Me as long as thirty years. My thought, my heartbeat, breath and desire were always intent on running close to the thought, heartbeat, breath and desire of man, in order to repair for them, satisfy for them and sanctify them.

So I choose him as victim for this purpose of my hidden Life, and I want all his interior with Me, united and offered to Me, to satisfy Me for the evil interior of other creatures. I choose him for this on purpose, since, being a Priest, he knows better than others the interior of the souls, the rottenness and the slime which is in them. From this he can better know how much my state of victim cost Me, a state in which I want him to take part - and not only him, but also others whom he will approach.

My daughter, tell him of the great grace I give to him by accepting him as a victim, since becoming a victim is equivalent to receiving a second Baptism, and with effects even greater than Baptism. In fact, it is about rising again in my own Life and, since the victim has to live in Me and of Me, I need to wash him from every stain, giving him a new Baptism and strengthening him in Grace, to be able to admit him to live with Me. Therefore, from now on I will consider anything he does as mine rather than his own. So, whether he prays, speaks or works, he will say that these are My things."

After this, Jesus seemed to be looking around; and I: 'What are you looking at, O Jesus? Aren't we alone?' And He said: "No, there are people. I attract them around you to keep them tightly to Me." And I: 'Do You love them?' And He: "Yes, but I would like them to be more nimble, more trusting, more brave and more intimate with Me, with no thought for themselves. They must know that victims are no longer the owners of themselves, otherwise they would cancel the state of victim."

Then, having to cough a little, I said: 'Jesus, make me die of consumption. Hurry, hurry, let me come! Take me with You!' And Jesus: "Don't make Me see you feel discontent, otherwise I suffer.... Yes, you will die of consumption. Just a little longer; and if you won't die of physical consumption, you will die consumed of love. Please, do not get out of my Will, for my Will will be your Paradise; or better still, the Paradise of my Will. For as many days as you will be on earth, so many Paradises will I give you in Heaven."

VOL. 11 - March 13, 1912

The victim Baptism by fire has effects superior to the Baptism by water.

Jesus continues to speak about the state of victim, telling me: "My daughter, the Baptism at birth is by water; it has the virtue to purify, but not to take away tendencies and passions. On the other hand, the Baptism of victim is Baptism by fire, therefore it has not only the virtue to purify, but also to consume any passion and evil tendencies. I Myself baptize the soul, bit by bit: my thought baptizes the thought of the victim soul; my heartbeat baptizes her heartbeat; my desire her desire, and so on. This Baptism is done between Myself and the soul, according to whether she gives herself to Me without ever taking back what she gave Me.

This is why, my daughter, you don't feel evil tendencies and such. It comes from your state of victim, and I tell you this for your consolation. So, tell Father G. to be well attentive, for this is the mission of missions - the apostolate of apostolates. I want him always with Me, and all intent within Me."

VOL. 11 – October 14, 1912

Ah, my daughter, the times are so sad that my Justice reaches the point of rejecting the chosen souls who would take the lightning upon themselves, preventing it from falling on the world. **These are the dearest victims of my Heart**, and the world forces Me to keep them almost inactive. But this is not their lack of activity since, being in my Will, they do everything, while it seems that they do nothing; rather, they embrace Immensity and Eternity, but the world - from its own wickedness - does not enjoy the effects of this."

VOL. 12 - September 26, 1919

Effects of the state of victim.

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

VOL. 12 – April 15, 1920

Now, it was for love of souls that you submitted to your state of victim; for love of them you accepted all the pains that occurred in your life. Because of souls, and of the sad times which are coming, my Divine Justice prevents Me from being with you in a familiar way, in order to permit more favorable times to come, rather than warlike, and keep you on earth. It is because of souls: if it wasn't for the love of souls your exile would be finished, and you would not have the pain of seeing yourself deprived of Me; nor would I have the pain of seeing you so tortured because of my privation. Therefore, patience - and let the love of souls triumph in you as well, to the end."

VOL. 14 – May 19, 1922

Continuing in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen within my interior, from which a little door opened, and He leaned His arms on it and put His head out, to see what the other creatures were doing. I looked together with Jesus; but who can say the evils that appeared, the offenses being given, and the chastisements that will pour down? This sight, so sorrowful, was horrifying. I also saw our poor country being struck by the divine scourge.

Now, seeing that Jesus was looking with such tenderness of love and sorrow, while in the previous days it had been impossible for Me to have Him look, and turn His face toward the creatures, I said to Him: "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?"

VOL. 14 – September 20, 1922

Then He carried me outside of myself, showing me how everything is in turmoil, and how they are plotting more wars and revolutions; and Jesus did a great deal to dissuade them, but in seeing their obstinacy, He withdrew from them. My God, what sad times! I believe that man has never reached such an excess of perfidy - wanting the destruction of his own being.

After this, I was with the fear that my sweet Jesus would not come; more so, since I felt that my sufferings were milder and as though asleep; so I said to myself: 'If what I saw is true, according to the other times, in order to give course to Justice He probably will not come, and will not let me share in His pains...' And Jesus, coming back and seeing me very oppressed, told me: "**My daughter, do not fear; don't you remember that you occupy a double office - one of victim, and the other, greater, of living in my Will, to give Me back the complete glory of all Creation? Therefore, if you are not in one office together with Me, I will keep you in the other office. At most, there might be a pause of sufferings with regard to the office of victim. Therefore, do not fear, and calm yourself.**"

VOL. 20 – January 30, 1927

For Us, because the human will had no access into Us, happiness was always at its peak, the seas of joys were inseparable from Us. Even when I was on the Cross, and my Mama was crucified at the my divine feet, perfect happiness never dissociated itself from Us; and if this could happen, I should have gone out of the Divine Will, dissociate Myself from the Divine nature, and act only with the human will and nature. Therefore, Our pains were all voluntary, chosen by Our very selves as the office which We came to fulfill – they were not fruits of the human nature, of fragility, or of the imposition of a degraded nature. **And then, don't you remember that your pains too are pains of office – voluntary pains? In fact, when I called you to the state of victim, I asked you if you would accept it willingly; and you, with full will, accepted and pronounced the Fiat.** Some time passed, and I repeated my refrain – if you accepted to live in, and with, my Divine Will – and you repeated the Fiat which, regenerating you to new life, made you Its daughter, to give you the office and the pains which befit It for the fulfillment of the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat.

My daughter, voluntary pains have such power over the Divinity, as to have the strength, the empire, to tear the womb of the Celestial Father, and from this tearing which they form in God, to make seas of grace overflow which form the triumph of the Supreme Majesty and the triumph of the creature who possesses this empire of her voluntary pains. Therefore, both for the great portent of Redemption and for the great prodigy of the Kingdom of my Fiat, voluntary pains were needed - pains of office, which were to be animated by a Divine Will; and ruling over God and over the creatures, they were to give the great good which their office enclosed. Therefore, my praised happiness of the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat does not clash, as you say, just because I was the Divine Will Itself and I did suffer, and just because I have kept you in bed for so long. One who must form a good, a kingdom, must do one thing – suffer, prepare the necessary things, and win over God in order to obtain it; those who must receive it must do something else - that is, receive it, appreciate it, and be grateful to the one who has fought and suffered and, after winning, gives them his conquests to make them happy. Therefore, the Kingdom of my Will in the midst of creatures will carry the echo of the happiness of Heaven, because one will be the Will that must reign and dominate in both one and the other. And just as my Humanity was formed from the most pure blood of the Sovereign Queen, and Redemption was formed from my continuous crucifixion, and on Calvary I placed the seal of the cross on the kingdom of the redeemed ones, in the same way, the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat will come from a crucified heart, and my Will, crucifying yours, will release Its Kingdom, and happiness for the children of Its Kingdom.

This is why, from the time I called you to the state of victim, I always spoke to you about crucifixion. You thought it was the crucifixion of hands and feet, and I let you run in this crucifixion – but it was not this one; it would not have been enough to release my Kingdom. The complete and continuous crucifixion of my Will in your whole being was needed, and this was exactly what I intended to speak to you about – that your will would go through the continuous crucifixion of Mine, in order to release the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat.”

VOL. 26 – May 9, 1929

I had read in the first volume of my writings how Our Lord had told me that He wanted me to accept going into battle against the infernal enemy, in the hard trials to which I submitted myself. So I was thinking to myself: ‘It seems to me that there is contradiction, because Jesus has told me many times that one who lives in His Divine Will is not subject to either temptations or disturbances; nor does the enemy have the power to enter into the Divine Fiat, because It would burn him more than the very fire of hell, and in order not to be burned more, he runs away from the soul who lives in It.’

Now, while I was thinking about this and many other things, my sweet Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, you are wrong, nor are there contradictions. You must know that, since I was to call you in a way all special to live in my Divine Will, to make It known to you and, through you, make known to others the Sanctity of living in It, so that It might reign on earth, it was necessary that I centralize in you the whole of the human sanctity, in order to consummate it in you and to give rise to the true Sanctity of the living in my Divine Volition. Sanctity in the human order was to be the footstool, the throne, of the Sanctity in the order of my Divine Will. **And this is why, from the very beginning, when I called you to the state of victim and to all that you suffered during that time, first I would tell you, to ask you whether you would accept, and after you had accepted, then I would put you in that state of pain. From you I wanted voluntary suffering, not forced, because it was your will that I wanted to make die and, over your will, almost like a little flame that is extinguished, ignite the great fire of the Sun of my Fiat.**

Voluntary suffering is something great before Our Supreme Majesty, and therefore, over the death of your will, drowned with pains, Our Will could have dominion and could dispose you to receive the greater good of Its knowledges. Was it not my suffering, all voluntary – no one could impose himself on Me – that formed the great good of Redemption? So, everything you suffered at that time was nothing other than the completion of the order of sanctity in the human way; and this is why I told you almost nothing about the Sanctity of living in my Divine Will - I wanted to complete one in order to start the other. And when I saw that you denied Me nothing of what I wanted, even at the cost of your life, and as you would deny Me nothing, your will would lose the way and would find itself in the continuous act of dying, my Will made Its way and reacquired Its Life in you; and as It kept reacquiring Its Life, so It kept revealing Itself, telling you Its long story, Its sorrow, and how It yearns to come to reign in the midst of creatures. My word is life, and as I kept speaking to you about my Fiat, more than tender father, so I kept forming Its Life in you. In fact, you could never have understood what regarded my Will, had you not had Its Life in you, because it is what forms one's life that one has true interest in comprehending and defending; what does not form one's life enters into the secondary order, not the primary, and one does not feel the true love which one can have for one's own life. So, to the very Life of my Fiat, formed in you, I could entrust all of Its knowledges, to be able to form as many other Lives of It in the creatures. And besides, I was to do with you what I did with Myself: when I came upon earth, I observed all laws, I submitted Myself to all sacrifices of the ancient law in a perfect way, as no one else had observed up to that time; and after I completed everything within Me, consummating in my Humanity all the laws and sanctities of the ancient world, I abolished them and gave rise to the new law of grace and to the new sanctity which I brought upon earth. So I have done with you: I centralized in you the pains, the sacrifices, the battles of the present sanctity in order to complete it and therefore be able to start again the new Sanctity of living in my Will – that is, the *Fiat Voluntas Tua* on earth as It is in Heaven.

VOL. 29 – February 17, 1931

So I spent the first day free, without struggling with my Jesus, because since He had assured me that He would not let me fall into sufferings, I no longer felt myself being incited, pushed to accept to submit myself to the pains that Jesus wanted to give me. But while the struggle had ceased, such a fear had still remained in me, that my beloved Jesus might surprise me all of a sudden. And in order to calm me, He told me: “Good daughter, do not fear, your Jesus told you this, and that’s enough. I am not a creature who can fail to keep My word; I am God, and when I speak I do not change. I told you that until they calm down and fix things, I will not let you fall¹, and so it shall be; and even if the world went upside down, because My Justice wants to punish creatures, I will not change My word. **In fact, you must know that there is nothing that placates Justice more, and that reaches the point of changing the greatest chastisements into deeds of graces, than voluntary suffering; and it is not those who suffer out of necessity, because of illness or misfortune, that can be called true victims—the whole world is full of these sufferings—but those who, voluntarily, offer themselves to suffer what I want and in the way I want. These are the victims that resemble Me;** My suffering was all voluntary, they could give Me not one pain, even the slightest, had I not wanted it so. This is why, when I had to make you fall into sufferings, I almost always asked you whether you voluntarily accepted—so as to have your voluntary suffering, not forced. A suffering that is forced or out of necessity is nothing great before God; what enamors, what enraptures, and what reaches the point of binding God Himself, is the voluntary suffering. If you knew how My Heart was wounded when you would put yourself in My hands like a little lamb, so that I might bind you and do to you whatever I wanted.... I deprived you of motion, I petrified you, I can say that I made you feel mortal pains; and you would let Me do it. And this was nothing; the strongest tie was that you could not go out of that state of pains in which your Sacrificer, Jesus, had put you, if My minister would not come to call you to obedience. This is what constituted you true victim; no sick person, not even the very prisoners, are denied motion and seeking help in extreme needs. Only for you had My Love prepared the greatest cross, because great things I wanted and want to make of you; the greater are My designs, the more singular the cross It forms; and I can say that there has never been in the world a cross similar to what, with so much love, your Jesus had prepared for you. Therefore, My sorrow is indescribable in seeing Myself opposed by creatures, as much authority as they might have, in the ways that I want to have with souls. They want to

¹ Read: “...fall into the state of suffering”.

dictate to Me the laws, as if they knew more than I do. Therefore My sorrow is great, and My Justice wants to punish those who have been the cause of such a great sorrow for Me.”

Fiat!!!