

## VOL. 1

# Oh! How Awful Is Sin! Ah! Lord, Let Everyone Know It, So That All May Flee From This Monster So Horrible.

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

## Volumes 1-10

### VOL. 1

I remember that one morning, while He spoke to me about the same virtue, He told me that because of lack of humility I had committed many sins, and that if I had been more humble, I would have kept closer to Him and I would not have done so much evil. He made me understand how ugly sin is – the affront that this miserable little worm had made to Jesus Christ, the horrendous ingratitude, the enormous wickedness, the harm caused to my soul. I was so dismayed, that I did not know what to do in order to repair. I did some mortifications, I asked for some more from the confessor, but few were given to me, so they all seemed shadows to me, and I did nothing but think about my sins, though clinging more and more to Him. I had such fear of moving away and of doing worse than before, that I myself cannot express it. When I was with Him, I did nothing but tell Him of the pain I felt for having offended Him. I kept asking for His forgiveness, I thanked Him for having been so good to me, and I said to Him from the heart: ‘See oh Lord, the time I have lost, while I could have loved You.’ I was unable to say anything but the grave evil I had done.

Finally, one day, reprimanding me, He told me: "I do not want you to think about it. When a soul has humbled herself, being convinced of having done wrong, and has cleansed her soul in the Sacrament of Confession, and is ready to die rather than offend Me - it is an affront to my mercy, it is a hindrance to drawing her close to my love, because her mind is always trying to wrap itself with the mud of the past. She also prevents Me from letting her take flight toward Heaven, because she is always with those ideas wrapped within herself, as she tries to think about it. And then, see, I no longer remember anything; I have perfectly forgotten about it. Do you see any rancor or shadow on my part?"

### VOL. 1

2 – As far as Communion, I do not want you to afflict yourself because you are not able to stay there; know that this is a shadow of the pains I suffered in Gethsemani. What will happen when I make you share in the scourges, the thorns and the nails? The thought of greater pains will make you suffer the minor pains with more courage. So, when during Communion you find yourself alone, agonizing, think that I want a little bit of your company in my agony in the garden. Therefore, place yourself near Me, and make a comparison between your pains and Mine: see, you - alone and deprived of Me, **and I too - alone, abandoned by my most faithful friends who are there, sleeping; left alone even by my Divine Father; and then, in the midst of most bitter pains, surrounded by snakes, by vipers, by rabid dogs, which were the sins of men, among which yours too did their part, such that they seemed to want to devour Me alive. My Heart was taken by such grips, that I felt as if it was under a press; so much so, that I sweat living blood.** Tell Me, when did you arrive at suffering so much? Therefore, when you find yourself deprived of Me, afflicted, empty of any consolation, filled with sadness, with worries, with pains, come close to Me, dry that blood of mine from Me, offer those pains to Me as relief for my most bitter agony. By doing so, you will find the way to be able to stay with Me after Communion. It is not that you will not suffer, because the most bitter pain I can give to the souls dear to Me is to deprive them of Me, but by thinking that through your suffering you give relief to Me, you will also be content.

### VOL. 1

So, Jesus would come, He would take me in His arms, He would draw me close to His Heart, and – oh! how I would feel life come back to me. Then, He would pour a most sweet liquor from His lips, and in this way the pains would mitigate. Other times, He would take me around together with Him. If there were sins of blasphemy, against charity and others, He would pour those poisonous bitters; if then there were sins of

dishonesty, He would pour something of a stinking rottenness, and when I would return into myself, I could feel that stink so well, and the stench would be such, that it would revolt my stomach and I would feel faint. And sometimes, after taking food, when I would bring it up, I could feel that rot come out of my mouth, mixed with the food.

## **VOL. 1**

Oh! how many times He lamented, saying: "Daughter, see how many offenses I receive, even from those people who are said to be devout - even in the holiest places. In receiving the very Sacraments, instead of coming out purified, they come out dirtier." Ah! yes, how much pain it was for Jesus to see people receiving Communion sacrilegiously, priests celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in mortal sin, out of habit, and some – it is a horror to say it – even out of self-interest. Oh! how many times my Jesus made me see these scenes so sorrowful. How many times, while the priest was celebrating the Sacrosanct Mystery, Jesus is forced to go into his hands, because He is called by the priestly authority. One could see those hands dripping with rot, blood, or smeared with mud. Oh! how pitiful then, was the state of Jesus, so holy, so pure, in those hands which were horrifying to the mere sight. It seemed He wanted to escape from between those hands, but He was forced to stay until the species of bread and wine would be consumed.

Sometimes, while remaining there with the priest, He would come hurriedly to me, all lamenting, and before I could say it, He Himself would say to me: "Daughter, let me pour it into you, for I cannot take anymore. Have pity on my state, which is too sorrowful – have patience, let us suffer together." And while saying this, He would pour from His mouth into mine. But who can tell what He poured? It seemed to be a bitter poison, a fetid rot, mixed with a food so hard, disgusting and nauseating, that sometimes it would not go down. Who can tell, then, the sufferings that this pouring of Jesus produced? If He Himself had not sustained me, I certainly would have died; yet, He would pour in me but the smallest part – what would it be for Jesus, who contained tons upon tons of it? Oh! how awful is sin! Ah! Lord, let everyone know it, so that all may flee from this monster so horrible.

## **VOL. 1**

Now, as Jesus would come back, I would say to Him: '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.'

I remember that once, while I was saying this, my always benign Jesus told me: "Since you are so sorry for having offended Me, I myself want to dispose you to feel sorrow for your sins, so that you may see how awful sin is, and what bitter pain my Heart suffered. Therefore, say together with Me: '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'." And then, in a low voice, almost crying, Jesus added: "Yet I loved you, and at that very moment, I preserved you." While Jesus was saying this, and I together with Him, I was caught by such sorrow for the offenses given, that I fell flat to the ground; and Jesus disappeared.

Few are those words, but I understood so many things that it is impossible to say all that I comprehended. In the first words I comprehended the immensity, the greatness, the presence of God in each existing thing, such that not even a shadow of our thought can escape Him. I also understood my nothingness compared to a Majesty so great and holy. In the word "I sinned", I understood the ugliness of sin, the malice, the daring I had had in offending Him. Now, while my soul was considering this, in hearing Jesus Christ say "Yet I loved you, and at that very moment, I preserved you", my heart was taken by such sorrow, that I felt I was dying, because I could understand the immense love that the Lord had for me in the very act in which I tried to offend Him, and even to kill Him. Ah Lord, how good You have been with me, and I – always ungrateful, and still so bad!

## **VOL. 1**

I remember confusedly that, when I would be with Our Lord, I would often ask for sorrow for my sins and for the grace to be forgiven of all the evil I had done; and at times I reached the point of saying that only then would I be content, when I would hear Him say, from His own lips: "I forgive all your sins." And blessed

Jesus, who can deny nothing when it is for our good, one morning made Himself seen and told me: "This time I Myself want to do the office of confessor. You will confess all of your sins to Me, and in the act in which you do this, I will make you comprehend, one by one, the sorrows you have given to my Heart in offending Me, so that, by comprehending what sin is, as much as it is possible for a creature, you may be resolved to die rather than to offend Me. You, in the meantime, enter into your nothingness, and recite the *Confiteor*."

On entering myself, I could see all of my misery and my wicked deeds, and I trembled like a leaf before His presence. I lacked the strength to pronounce the words of the *Confiteor*, and if the Lord had not infused new strength in me, by telling me, "Do no fear. If I am a judge, I am also your father. Courage, let us proceed", I would have remained there, without uttering one word.

So I said the *Confiteor*, all full of confusion and humiliation, and since I saw myself all covered with my sins, at one glance, I saw that the greatest one, which had given affront to Our Lord, was pride. So I said: 'Lord, before your presence, I accuse myself of the sin of pride.' And He: "Draw near my Heart, and place your ear over It – you will hear the cruel torment that you have caused my Heart with this sin." All trembling, I placed my ear at His adorable Heart – but who can tell what I heard and comprehended in that instant? Especially now, after so much time - I will say something confusedly. I remember that His Heart was beating so strongly, that it seemed that His breast was going to crack. Then it seemed to me that It was torn to shreds, and was almost destroyed by the pain. Ah! if I could have, I would have reached the point of destroying the Divine Being with pride.

I will give you a simile in order to make myself understood, otherwise I have no words to express myself. Imagine a king, and at the feet of this king, a worm, which, rising and swelling up, begins to believe it is something, and reaches such audacity as to rise little by little, reaching the head of this king, wanting to remove the crown from him and put it on its own head. Then, it strips him of his royal vestments; then, it throws him off his throne, and finally, it tries to kill him. But what's more about this worm, is that it itself does not know its own being; it very much deceives itself, while, to get rid of it, it would take the king nothing but to put it under his feet and crush it – and so it would end its days. In reality, if this could be, it would make arise indignation and pity, as well as ridicule, toward the pride of this worm. So did I see myself before God, and this filled me with such confusion and sorrow, that I felt the torment that blessed Jesus suffered being renewed in my heart.

After this, He left me, and I felt such pain, comprehending how ugly the sin of pride is, that it is impossible to describe it. After I chewed all this thoroughly within myself, my good Jesus came back and told me to continue the confession of my sins. And I, all trembling, continued to make the accusation of my thoughts, words, works, causes and omissions; and when He would see that I was unable to continue the confession because of the pain I felt at having offended Him so much... in fact, I had such a vivid clarity, being in front of that Divine Sun; and especially could I see my littleness, the nonentity of my being, and I was stunned at how daring I had been, wondering from where had I taken that courage to offend a God so good, who, in the very act in which I was offending Him, assisted me, preserved me, nourished me. And if He had any rancor with me, it was for the sin I committed, which He greatly hated, while He loved me immensely, He excused me before divine justice, and was all occupied with removing that wall of division between the soul and God, which sin had produced. Oh! if all could see who God is, and who the soul is in the act of sinning, they would all die of sorrow, and I believe that sin would be exiled from the earth ...So, when blessed Jesus would see that I could not take any more because of the pain, He would withdraw and leave me, to allow me to comprehend well the evil I had done. And then He would come back again, and I would continue the accusation of my sins.

But who can tell all that I understood, and explain, one by one, the different affronts and the special sorrows which I had caused Our Lord with my sins? I feel it is almost impossible for me to explain myself - also because I don't remember it too well.

Then, when I finished the accusation, which lasted about seven hours, lovable Jesus took the aspect of a most loving father. And since I was exhausted in my strengths because of the sorrow, more so since I saw that that sorrow was not enough, to be sorry as much as it befitted my sins - to encourage me, He told me: "I Myself want to make up for you, so I apply to your soul the merit of the pain I had in the Garden of Gethsemani. This alone can satisfy the divine justice." After He applied His pain to my soul, then I seemed to be disposed to receive the absolution.

All humbled and confused as I was, prostrated at the feet of the good father Jesus, through the rays He was sending into my mind, I tried to excite myself more to sorrow by saying - though I don't remember everything: '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.'

And Jesus: "And you - do you promise to sin no more, and to banish from your heart any shadow of evil that might offend your Creator?"

And I: 'Ah! yes, with all my heart I promise You. I would die a thousand times rather than sin again. Never again, never again.'

And Jesus: "And I forgive you, and I apply to your soul the merits of my Passion, and I want to wash it in my Blood."

And as He was saying this, He raised His blessed right hand and pronounced the words of the absolution - exactly like the words that the priest says, when he gives absolution. And in the act of doing this, a river of blood poured down from His hand, and my soul was completely inundated by it.

After this, He said to me: "Come, oh daughter, come to make penance for your sins by kissing my wounds."

All trembling, I stood up and I kissed His most sacred wounds; and then He said to me: "My daughter, be more vigilant and attentive, because today I give you the grace not to fall, ever again, into voluntary venial sin."

Then He gave me other exhortations, which I don't remember too well; and He disappeared.

Who can tell the effects of this confession made to Our Lord? I felt all soaked with grace, and it made such an impression on me, that I cannot forget it. And every time I remember it, I feel a shiver run through my bones, and also taken by horror in thinking of what my correspondence is to so many graces received from Our Lord.

## **VOL. 2 - June 9, 1899**

### ***The very grave sin of abortion. Union of sufferings and of prayers.***

I spent this morning very anguished because of the many offenses which I saw Him receive from men, especially because of certain horrendous dishonesties. How much the loss of souls grieved Jesus! More so, since it was a newborn baby that they were going to kill, without administering holy baptism to him. It seems to me that this sin weighs so much on the scale of Divine Justice, that it is the one that most cries out for revenge before God. Yet, these sorrowful scenes are renewed so very often. My most sweet Jesus was so afflicted as to arouse pity. Seeing Him in such a state, I did not dare to tell Him anything, and Jesus just told me: "My daughter, unite your sufferings to Mine, your prayers to Mine, so that they may be more acceptable before the majesty of God, and may appear not as your things, but as my own works." Then He continued to make Himself seen other times, but always in silence. May the Lord be always blessed.

## **VOL. 2 - June 19, 1899**

### ***Instability in doing good.***

Yesterday, having gone through a day of purgatory because of the almost total privation of my highest good, and because of the many temptations that the devil put in me, it seemed to me I committed a lot of sins. Oh, God, what pain, to offend God!

This morning, as soon as I saw Jesus, immediately I said to Him: 'Good Jesus, forgive me for the many sins I committed yesterday'; and I wanted to tell Him all the evil I felt I had done. Interrupting me, He said to me: "**If you make yourself disappear, you will never commit sins.**"

## **VOL. 2 - July 4, 1899**

### ***Jesus speaks about disturbance.***

Jesus kept coming other times, and I, seeing myself all full of sins, said to Him: '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!' And Jesus: "**Do not fear, for there are no grave sins; and besides, one must have horror for sin, but not become**

**disturbed, because agitation, wherever it comes from, never does good to the soul."** Then He added: "My daughter, you are victim, as I am – let all your works shine with the same intentions as Mine, pure and holy, so that, finding my own image in you, I may pour the influence of my graces freely, and I may offer you, adorned in this way, as fragrant victim before Divine Justice."

### **VOL. 2 – September 2, 1899**

Then, as I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus came and I manifested to Him the command received; and He went away. Only once, while I was saying to Him, 'do not come, for obedience does not want it', He told me: "My daughter, keep the light of my Passion ever before your mind, for in seeing my most bitter pains, yours will seem little to you, and in considering the cause for which I suffered so many immense pains, which was sin, your littlest defects will seem grave to you. On the other hand, if you do not reflect yourself in Me, the littlest pains will seem heavy to you, and you will hold grave defects as nothing." And He disappeared.

### **VOL. 2 – September 26, 1899**

Afterwards, I looked at His most beautiful face, and in my interior I felt an indescribable contentment; and turning to Him, I said: '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?' And He: "My daughter, the delights and the graces that I poured into Her were such and so many, that it is enough to tell you that what I am by nature, our Mother became by grace; more so, since She had no sin, and therefore my grace was able to lord freely within Her. There is nothing of my Being which I did not give to Her."

### **VOL. 2 – October 14, 1899**

And I: 'Ah, Lord, how can a soul be always at peace, living in Hope? And if the soul commits a sin – how can she be at peace?' And Jesus: "In the act of sinning, the soul already goes out of the kingdom of Hope, because sin and Hope cannot be together. Every common sense believes that each one is obliged to respect, preserve and cultivate what belongs to him. Who is that man who goes into his properties and burns what he possesses? Who does not keep his possessions jealously? I believe no one. Now, the soul who lives in Hope, by sinning, already offends Hope, and if it were in her power, she would burn up all the goods that Hope possesses. Then she would find herself in the misfortune of that lady who, abandoning her goods, goes to live in foreign lands. In the same way, by sin, going out of this peacemaking mother, Hope, so tender and compassionate, who reaches the point of nourishing her with her own flesh, which is Jesus in the Sacrament, the primary object of our hope, the soul goes to live in the midst of barbarian people, which are the demons who, denying her the slightest refreshment, nourish her with nothing but poison, which is sin. Yet, what does this peacemaking mother do? Does she perhaps remain indifferent while the soul moves away from her? Ah, no! She cries, she prays, she calls her with the most tender and most moving voices; she goes after her, and when she leads her back into her kingdom, only then is she content."

### **VOL. 2 - October 25, 1899**

#### ***The echo of the love of God, and the echo of the ingratitude of creatures.***

My most sweet Jesus continues to manifest Himself almost always in the same way. This morning He added: "My daughter, my love toward creatures is so great that it resounds like an echo in the celestial regions, it fills the atmosphere and diffuses over the whole earth. But what is the correspondence that creatures give to this loving echo? Ah, they requite Me with an echo of ingratitude, poisonous, filled with every kind of bitternesses and sins; with an echo almost deadly, fit only for wounding Me. But I will depopulate the face of the earth, so that this echo resounding with poison may not deafen my ears."

### **VOL. 2 – October 28, 1899**

Then Jesus disappeared, and I was left all confused. I saw myself all sin, and in my interior I kept imploring forgiveness and mercy. After a little while my only Good came back; I felt all soaked with bitterness and sorrow

for my sins, and He told me: "My daughter, when a soul is convinced that she has done evil in offending Me, she already performs the office of Magdalene, who bathed my feet with her tears, anointed them with balm, and dried them with her hair. When the soul begins to look within herself at the evil she has done, and she feels sorrow for it, she prepares a bath for my wounds. In seeing her evil, she receives bitterness and feels sorrow for it, and by this she comes to anoint my wounds with a most exquisite balm. From this knowledge, the soul would want to make a reparation, and in seeing her past ingratitude, she feels love toward a God so good arise within her, and she would want to lay down her life to prove her love; and this is the hair which, like many gold chains, binds her to my love."

### **VOL. 3 - November 19, 1899**

#### ***The evils of pride.***

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

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

### **VOL. 3 - January 5, 1900**

#### ***Effects of sin and of Confession.***

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

While He was saying this, I comprehended the ugliness of sin and I felt such pain that I cannot even express it. And Jesus, seeing me all contrite, raised His blessed right hand and pronounced the words of the absolution. Then He added: "Just as sin wounds and gives death to the soul, so does the Sacrament of Confession give life, heal the wounds, and give back vigor to virtues; and this, more or less, according to the dispositions of the soul – so does the virtue of the Sacrament operate." It seemed to me that my soul had received new life; I no longer felt the bother of before, after Jesus gave me the absolution. May the Lord be always thanked and glorified!

### **VOL. 3 – January 12, 1900**

**Ah, yes, humility draws grace; humility breaks the strongest chains, which are sin.** Humility surmounts any wall of division between the soul and God, and brings her back to Him. Humility is a little plant, but always green and flowery, not subject to being gnawed by worms; nor will winds, hail or heat be able to do harm to it, or make it wither, even slightly. Though being the littlest plant, humility produces very high branches, which penetrate even into Heaven, braiding around the Heart of Our Lord; and only the branches which come from this plant have free access into that adorable Heart. Humility is the anchor of peace during the storms of the sea waves of this life. Humility is the salt which spices all virtues and preserves the soul from the corruption of sin. Humility is the little grass which sprouts along the way treaded by wayfarers; while being treaded, it disappears, but soon one can see it sprout again, more beautiful than before. Humility is like a gentle graft, which renders the wild plant gentle. Humility is the sunset of guilt. Humility is the newborn of grace. Humility is like the moon, which guides us in the darkness of the night of this life. Humility is like that

shrewd merchant who knows well how to trade his riches, and wastes not even one cent of the grace that is given to him. Humility is the key of the door of Heaven, such that no one can enter into It if he does not keep this key in good custody. Finally – otherwise I would never end and I would be too long – humility is the smile of God and of all Heaven, and it is the crying of all hell.

### **VOL. 3 – January 31, 1900**

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

### **VOL. 3 – March 20, 1900**

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

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

### **VOL. 3 – April 2, 1900**

And Jesus: “Whether you suffer or not, whether I come or not, your state is always of victim; more so, since this is my Will and yours, and I judge not according to the works that one does, but according to the will with which one operates.” And I: ‘My Lord, it is fine as You say, but it seems to me that I am 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.’ And He: “Do you think it is a sin to have the confessor come?” And I: ‘No, but I fear it is not your Will.’ And He: “It is sin that you must shun - even the shadow of it, but about the rest you must have no concern.” And I: ‘If it were not your Will, why remain there?’ And He: “Ah, it seems that my daughter wants to escape the state of victim, doesn’t she?” And I, all blushing, said: ‘No, Lord, I am saying this for those times in which You do not let me suffer and do not come; after all, let me suffer, and I will have no concerns.’

### **VOL. 3 - July 18, 1900**

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

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

### **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."

#### **VOL. 4 - September 9, 1901**

##### ***Effectiveness of the intentions.***

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. Then, while my mind was occupied with considering the mystery of the crowning of thorns, I remembered that, other times, as I was occupied with this mystery, the Lord had pleased to remove the crown of thorns from His head and to drive it onto mine. So I said in my interior: 'Ah, Lord, I am no longer worthy of suffering your thorns.' And all of a sudden He came, for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, when you suffer my own thorns, You relieve Me, and in suffering them yourself, I feel completely free of those pains. When you humble yourself and believe yourself unworthy of suffering them, you repair for the sins of pride which are committed in the world." And I added: '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.'

While saying this, I saw that Jesus contained the whole world within Himself, like a machine containing objects in itself. All creatures moved within Him, and Jesus moved toward them, and it seemed that Jesus would receive the glory of my intention and that creatures had returned to Him in order to receive the good impetrated by me for them. I remained stupefied, and He, seeing my stupefaction, said: "All this seems surprising, doesn't it? What you have done seems a trivial thing, yet, it is not so. How much good could be done by repeating this intention, but is not?" Having said this, He disappeared.

#### **VOL. 4 - February 22, 1903**

##### ***Sin is poison; sorrow is counterpoison.***

As I was in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, and He told me: "My daughter, sin offends God and wounds man, and since it was committed by man, and God was offended, in order for Him to receive full satisfaction, a Man and a God was needed to satisfy for it. The thirty years or so of my mortal life satisfied for the three ages of the world, for the three different states of law: natural, written, and of grace - and for the three different ages of each man: adolescence, youth and old age. I satisfied, earned and impetrated for all, and my Humanity serves as the staircase in order to ascend to Heaven. But if man does not go up this staircase through the exercise of his own virtues, in vain does he try to ascend, and he will render my works useless for himself."

On hearing sin being mentioned, I said: 'Lord, tell me a little bit: why are You so pleased when a soul feels sorrow for having offended You?' And He: "Sin is a poison that poisons the soul completely and renders her so disfigured as to make my image disappear from within her; sorrow destroys this poison and restores my image in her. True sorrow is a counterpoison, and since sorrow destroys the poison, it forms a void in the soul, and this void is filled by my grace. This is why I am pleased – I see the work of my Redemption risen again by means of sorrow."

#### **VOL. 5 - June 15, 1903**

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



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

### **VOL. 5 - July 3, 1903**

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

This morning, as I was very afflicted because of the loss of my adorable Jesus, all of a sudden He made Himself seen in my interior, filling my person completely – that is, my head, my arms, and all the rest. As I was seeing this, almost wanting to explain to me the meaning of the way He was making Himself seen, He told me: "My daughter, why do you afflict yourself if I am the master of all of you? **When a soul comes to rendering Me the master of her mind, of her arms, of her heart and of her feet, sin cannot reign;** and if something involuntary enters into her, since I am the master and the soul is under the influence of my lordship, she is in continuous attitude of purgation, and that something immediately goes out of her. Furthermore, since I am Holy, it is difficult for her to retain within herself anything which is not holy. Even more, since she has given all of herself to Me in life, it is justice that I give all of Myself to her at her death, admitting her to the beatific vision without delay. So, if one gives herself completely to Me, the flames of Purgatory have nothing to do with her."

### **VOL. 5 - October 12, 1903**

*Meanings of the crowning of thorns.*

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

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

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

Moreover, these thorns signified that I am the true and only King, and only one who constitutes Me King of her heart enjoys peace and happiness, and I constitute her queen of my own Kingdom. So, all those

rivulets of blood which poured from my head were many little streams which bound the human intelligence to the knowledge of my sovereignty over them."

But who can say all that I feel in my interior? I do not have the words to express it. Even more, the little I have said, it seems to me I have said without connection; and I believe that it must be so in speaking about the things of God – as high and sublime as is the way in which one speaks, since He is uncreated and we are created, one cannot speak about God but in stammering.

### **VOL. 5 - October 16, 1903**

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

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

### **VOL. 5 - October 18, 1903**

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

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

### **VOL. 6 - April 9, 1904**

***One act of perfect resignation is enough for the soul to be purged of any involuntary imperfection.***

This morning, since I would be receiving Communion, I was thinking to myself: ‘What will blessed Jesus say when He comes into my soul? He will say: “How ugly, *cattiva* [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 *cattiva*, yet, You must have patience in coming, because You are necessary to Me anyway, and I cannot do without You.’ At that moment, He came out from within my interior, and told me: “My daughter, do not want to afflict yourself for this. It takes nothing to remedy it; one act of perfect resignation to my Will is enough for you to be purged of all these uglinesses that you talk about. And I will say to you the opposite of what you think; I will say to you: ‘How beautiful you are, I feel the fire of my love in you, and the perfume of my fragrances. With you I want to make my perpetual dwelling’.” And He disappeared.

Then, when the confessor came, I told him everything, and he said to me that it was not right - that it is sorrow that purges the soul and that resignation has nothing to do with this. So, after I received Communion, I said: ‘Lord, father told me that what You told me was not right. Explain Yourself better and let me know the truth.’ And He, benignly, added: “My daughter, when it is about voluntary sin, then it takes sorrow; but when it is about imperfections, weaknesses, coldnesses and the like, and the soul has added nothing of her own, then a perfect act of resignation is enough; and if needed, she is also purged of this state, because in doing this act, the soul first encounters my Divine Will, which purges her human will and embellishes it with Its qualities, and then she identifies herself with Me.”

## **VOL. 6 - May 30, 1904**

### ***The Passion serves as garment for man. Pride transforms the images of God into demons.***

Finding myself in my usual state, 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.' While I was saying this, my adorable Jesus came out from within my interior and told me: "My daughter, how much ruin pride causes in souls! It is enough to tell you that it forms a wall of division between the creature and God, and from images of Me it transforms them into demons. And then, if the fact that creatures are so blinded that they themselves do not understand nor see the abyss they are in, grieves you and saddens you so much, and you take so much to heart that I help them, my Passion serves as garment for man, which covers his greatest miseries, embellishes him and gives back to him all the good of which he had deprived himself and had lost because of sin. So I give it to you as gift, that you may use it for yourself and for whomever you want." On hearing this, a great fear came to me in seeing the greatness of the gift, fearing that I might not be capable of using this gift and therefore I might displease the Giver. So I said: '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 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?' And Jesus: "Do not fear, for the Giver Himself will give you the grace not to keep the gift He has given you as useless. Can you believe that I would give you a gift to do you harm? Never." I did not know what to answer, but I remained frightened and suspended, intending to hear what lady obedience thought about it. It is understood, however, that this garment wants to signify nothing other than all that Our Lord operated, earned and suffered, in which the creature finds the garment to cover her nakedness stripped of virtues, and riches with which to enrich herself, beauties to render herself beautiful and to embellish herself, and the remedy for all her evils. Then, as I told this to obedience, he<sup>1</sup> told me that I should accept.

## **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 - September 7, 1904**

### ***Attention on not committing sin makes up for the sorrow for sin.***

I was concerned because I had read in a book that the reason for so many frustrated vocations is the lack of incessant sorrow for sin; and since I do not think about this, but I only think of blessed Jesus and of how to have Him come, and I occupy myself with nothing else, I thought to myself of what a bad state I was in. Then, as I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, attention on not committing sin makes up for the sorrow; and even if one were sorry, but in spite of this he committed sins, his sorrow would be vain and fruitless. On the other hand, a continuous attention on not committing sins not only takes the place of sorrow, but pushes grace continuously to help the soul in a special way not to fall into sin, and it maintains the soul always purged. Therefore, continue to be attentive on not offending Me even slightly, for this will make up for all the rest."

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<sup>1</sup> Here Luisa is referring to her confessor.

## **VOL. 6 – September 26, 1904**

In fact, the greatest good that the creature has received from God was being created in His image and likeness, and endowed with three powers – intellect, memory and will – and there is no sin that the creature commits in which these three powers do not concur. So, she stains and disfigures the beautiful divine image that she contains within herself, using the gift to offend the Giver. And I, in order to restore this divine image in the creature and to give God all the glory that the creature owed Him, concurred with all my intellect, memory and will, in a special way with these ‘triples’ suffered by Me, in order to render both the glory due to the Father and the good which was necessary for creatures complete.”

## **VOL. 6 - December 29, 1904**

***Most of the time, human weakness is lack of vigilance and of attention.***

As I was in my usual state, I was thinking about the most humiliating steps that Our Lord suffered, and I would feel horror within myself; but then I would say to myself: ‘Lord, forgive those who renew for You these sorrowful steps, because too great is the weakness that man contains.’ At that moment blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: “My daughter, that which is said to be human weakness, most of the time is lack of vigilance and of attention from one who is leader – that is, from parents and superiors. In fact, when a creature is watched over and checked, and is not given the freedom she wants, not receiving its nourishment, the weakness is destroyed by itself, while yielding to one’s weakness is nourishment to becoming worse in that weakness.” Then He added: “Ah, my daughter, just as the soul becomes impregnated with virtue like a dry sponge becomes soaked with water – that is, with light, with beauty, with grace, with love - in the same way, sin and the weaknesses that one yields to, impregnate the soul just like a sponge becomes soaked with mud – that is, with darkness, with ugliness, and even with hatred against God.”

## **VOL. 6 - September 6, 1905**

***The evil of lack of attention.***

This morning, after I struggled very much, I saw Our Lord crucified. I was kissing the wounds of His hands, and repairing and praying that He would sanctify, perfect, purify all human works for the sake of what He suffered in His most holy hands; and blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, the works which most exacerbate my hands, and which most embitter and enlarge my wounds, are the good works done without attention. In fact, lack of attention takes life away from the good work, and things which have no life are always near to rotting; therefore they nauseate Me, and for the human eye a good work done without attention is a greater scandal than sin itself. In fact, it is known that sin is darkness, and it is no wonder that darkness gives no life; but the good work which is light and gives darkness offends the human eye so much, that it is no longer able to find light, and therefore it finds an obstacle on the path of good.”

## **VOL. 6 - September 8, 1905**

***True charity is to do good to one’s neighbor because he is an image of God.***

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: “My daughter, true charity is when, in doing good to his neighbor, one does it because he is my image. All the charity that goes out of this sphere cannot be called charity. If the soul wants the merit of charity she must never go out of this sphere of looking at my image in everything. It is so true that true charity consists in this, that my very charity never goes out of this sphere. I only love the creature because she is my image; and if by sin she deforms this image of mine, I no longer feel like loving her – on the contrary, I abhor her; and I only preserve plants and animals because they serve my images; and the creature must modify all of herself on the example of her Creator.”

## **VOL. 6 - October 20, 1905**

***Divine Justice converts the fire of sin into fire of chastisement.***

As I was in my usual state, after I struggled very much, blessed Jesus came for just a little, almost in the act of sending chastisements, and He told me: “My daughter, sin is fire, my Justice is fire. Now, since my Justice must remain always the same, just always in Its operating, without receiving any profane fire into Itself, when the fire of sin wants to unite to Its own fire, It pours it over the earth, converting it into fire of chastisement.”

## **VOL. 7 - February 23, 1906**

### ***How Jesus was nailed to the Cross in the Will of the Father.***

This morning I was thinking of Our Lord in the act in which they were nailing Him to the cross; I was compassionating all of Him, and blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, not only my hands and feet were nailed to the cross, but all the particles of my Humanity, soul and Divinity were all nailed in the Will of the Father. In fact, the crucifixion was the Will of the Father, therefore I was nailed and transmuted completely in His Will. **This was necessary because, what is sin but withdrawing from the Will of God, from everything that is good and holy which God has given us, believing to be something of one's own, and offending the Creator? And I, in order to repair for this audacity and for this self idol which the creature makes of herself, wanted to dissolve my will completely and live from the Will of the Father at the cost of great sacrifice.**"

## **VOL. 7 – March 5, 1906**

In the meantime, I saw a man who, taken by desperation and by esteem of his own self, was committing suicide - and this, in our town. The baby told me: "I cannot contain so much bitterness – receive part of it." And He poured a little bit of His bitterness into my mouth. I ran to that man to help him to repent of the evil he had done. The demons were taking that soul, placing it on the fire, and turning it over and over again as if they were roasting it. I freed him as many as two times, and then I found myself inside myself, praying the Lord to have mercy on that unfortunate soul. Blessed Jesus came back with the crown of thorns, so sunken into His head, that the thorns appeared even inside His mouth; and He told me: "**Ah, my daughter, yet many do not believe that the thorns penetrated even into my mouth. The sin of pride is so awful as to be the poison of the soul – it kills it. Just as one who has something across his mouth prevents any food from passing into his body to give him life, so does pride prevent the life of God in the soul. This is why I wanted to suffer so much because of human pride; and in spite of this, the creature reaches such pride that, drunk with pride, he loses the knowledge of himself, and reaches the point of killing his body and soul.**"

To obey, I say that when I told father what I have written above, he assured me that on that morning a man had committed suicide.

## **VOL. 7 – April 17, 1906 \* San Francisco Earthquake 8.3 and Fire 700 + die**

### ***God will arm the elements against man.***

This morning I had a bad time; I was outside of myself and I could see nothing but fire. It seemed that the earth would open and threaten to swallow cities, mountains and men. It seemed that the Lord would want to destroy the earth, but in a special way three different places, distant from one another, and some of them also in Italy. They seemed to be three mouths of volcanoes – some were sending out fire which flooded the cities, and in some places the earth was opening and horrible quakes would occur. I could not understand very well whether these things were happening or will have to happen. How many ruins! **Yet, the cause of this is only sin, and man does not want to surrender; it seems that man has placed himself against God, and God will arm the elements against man – water, fire, wind and many other things, which will cause many upon many to die.** What fright, what horror! I felt I was dying in seeing all these sorrowful scenes; I would have wanted to suffer anything to placate the Lord. And the Lord made Himself seen for just a little – but who can say how? I said a few words to placate Him, but He would not listen to me. Then He told me: "My daughter, I can find no place left in which to rest in my creation. Let Me rest in you, and you – rest in Me and keep quiet."

## **VOL. 8 - March 9, 1908**

### ***The lives of all palpitated in the Heart of Jesus.***

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little, and He seemed to draw near me, letting me hear the beats of His Heart – but so very strongly; and many other little heartbeats palpitated in His heartbeat. He told me: "My daughter, this is the state in which my Heart found Itself in the act of my Passion. **All human lives palpitated in my Heart, which, with their sins, were all in the attitude of giving Me death; and my Heart, in spite of their ingratitude, taken by violence of love, gave back life to all.** This is why I palpitated

so strongly, and in my heartbeat I enclosed all human heartbeats, making them rise again into heartbeats of grace, of love and of divine delights." And He disappeared.

### **VOL. 8 – September 5, 1908**

Afterwards, I thought to myself: 'How much nonsense I said.' Then, while I was doing the meditation during the day, He came for just a little and told me: "My daughter, it was well said – I do not change, but it is the creature that feels the different effects of my presence, as she changes. In fact, how can one who loves Me ever fear, if she feels my whole Being flow within her and form her very life? Can she ever fear my Sanctity, if she takes part in Sanctity Itself? Can she ever be ashamed of my Beauty, if she keeps trying to embellish herself ever more in order to please Me and to be like Me? She feels the whole of the Divine Being - all of It, flow in her blood, in her hands, in her feet, in her heart and mind, in such a way that It is something that belongs to her – It is fully her own. And how can It fear or be ashamed of Itself? This is impossible. **Ah! my daughter, it is sin that casts so much disorder into the creature, that she reaches the point of wanting to destroy herself so as not to bear my presence.** On the Day of Judgment it will be terrible for the wicked. Not seeing any seed of love in themselves, but rather, hate toward Me, my Justice imposes on Me to not love them; and the persons who are not loved, one does not want to keep around, and one makes use of some means to drive them away. I will not want to keep them with Me, and they will not want to stay – we will shun each other. Love alone is that which unites everything and makes all happy."

### **VOL. 8 - December 30, 1908**

*The infancy of Jesus to divinize the infancy of all.*

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?'

While I was saying this, He moved in my interior and told me: "My daughter, my works are perfect. I wanted to come as a little infant in order to divinize all the sacrifices and all the little actions of infancy. **So, until children begin to commit sins, everything remains absorbed in my childhood, and divinized by Me. When sin then begins, separation begins between Me and the creature - a separation which is sorrowful for Me, and mournful for them.**"

And I: 'How can this be, if babies do not have reason, and are not capable of deserving?' And He: "First, because I give merit by my grace; second, because it is not out of their will that they do not want to deserve, but because such is the state of infancy disposed by Me. Besides, a gardener who has planted a plant is not only honored, but he also picks the fruit of it, even though the plant does not have reason; the same for an artisan who makes a statue, and for many other things. Sin alone is that which destroys everything and separates the creature from Me; but everything else, even the most trivial action, comes to the creatures from Me, and to Me it returns, with the mark of the honor of my Creation."

### **VOL. 9 - October 4, 1909**

*The thought of oneself must be stopped in order to do what Jesus does.*

Continuing in my state of affliction and loss of my blessed Jesus, I was all occupied in my interior, according to my usual way, with the Hours of the Passion. The hour I am talking about is that in which Jesus loaded the heavy wood of the Cross upon Himself. The whole world was present to me: past, present and future. **My whole imagination seemed to see all the sins of all generations, which pressed and almost crushed benign Jesus; so much so, that the cross was nothing but a twig of straw – a shadow of weight compared to all sins.** And I tried to draw near Jesus, saying: '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 ingratitude, 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.'

But who can tell all the nonsense I was saying? I would never end if I wanted to say everything. When I find myself in the Hours of the Passion I feel that, together with Jesus, I too embrace the immensity of His work; and for all and for each one I glorify God, I repair, I impetrate for all, and therefore I find it difficult to say everything. **So, while I was doing this, a thought told me: 'You are thinking about the sins of others – and what about your own? Think about yourself, repair for yourself.'** So I tried to think about my evils, my great miseries, the privations of Jesus caused by my sins, and getting distracted from the usual things of my interior, I cried over my great misfortune. At that moment, my always lovable Jesus moved in my interior, and with sensible voice told me: "Do you want to arbitrate yourself? The work of your interior is not yours, but Mine; you do nothing but follow Me – the rest I do all by Myself. The thought of yourself you must stop; you must do nothing but what I want, and I will take care of your evils and goods. Who can do more good to you – yourself or I?" And He showed Himself displeased.

So I began to follow Him, but after a little while, as I reached another point of the way to Calvary, at which, more than anywhere else, I would penetrate into the different intentions of Jesus, a thought told me: 'Not only must you stop the thought of sanctifying yourself, but also that of being saved. Don't you see that by yourself you are good at nothing? What good can ever come to you by doing this for others?' Turning to Jesus, I said to Him: '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!' So, while thinking of this, I got distracted again from my interior; and Jesus, again, made me hear His voice, louder and more imposing, saying: "You don't want to stop it? Do you want to waste my work in you?"

I don't know... as if He had silenced my mind, I tried to follow Him and to stop it.

## **VOL. 9 - November 16, 1909**

### ***Sin is the only disorder in the soul.***

After spending bitter days of privation, having received Communion, I was lamenting to blessed Jesus, saying to Him: '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. Tell me, for I promise you from the heart – I will be more good.'

And Jesus: "My daughter, do not become alarmed. When I make you lose consciousness, remain peaceful; when I don't, remain more peaceful, without wasting time. Whatever happens to you, take everything from my hands; can I not suspend your state for a few days? **As for the disorder, I would have told you. Do you know what puts disorder in the soul? Only sin, even the slightest. Oh, how it deforms her, discolors her, debilitates her! But the interior states, the privations, do no harm to her. Therefore, be careful not to offend Me, even slightly, and have no fear of disorder in your soul.**"

## **VOL. 9 - August 3, 1910**

### ***Voluntary sin upsets the humors of the soul.***

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: "Listen, my daughter: miseries, weaknesses, are means in order to find oneself in the harbor of the Divinity, because in feeling the burden of human miseries the soul gets annoyed, gets bothered, and tries to get rid of her self; and in getting rid of her self, she already finds herself in God."

Then, having placed my arm around His neck, He clung against my face, and disappeared. Later, as He came back, and I was lamenting for He would run away like a flash without giving me time, He told me: "Since it displeases you, take Me, bind Me as you want and don't let Me run away." And I: '*Bravo, bravo* Jesus, what a beautiful proposal You make 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.'

And Jesus added: "My daughter, do not trouble yourself, when there is true sin, it is not necessary for Me to say it; the soul already perceives it by herself, because sin, when it is voluntary, upsets the natural humors: man undergoes as though a transformation in evil, he feels as though soaked with the sin he has voluntarily committed. Just as true virtue transforms the soul in good, her humors remain all in harmony among themselves, and her nature feels as though soaked with sweetness, with charity, with peace – so it is with sin. So, have you perceived this turmoil? Have you felt as though soaked with impatience, with anger, with disturbances?" And while He was saying this, He seemed to look deep into me, to see whether that was in me, and it seemed that it was not. And He continued: "You yourself have seen it".

I don't know why, but while He was saying this, He showed more earthquakes with destruction of entire cities, revolutions, and many other troubles; and He disappeared.

### **VOL. 10 – February 8, 1911**

And He: "Listen to Me carefully, my daughter, and you will comprehend what I am telling you. There is no created thing which does not receive life from my Heart. All creatures are like many cords that come from my Heart and have life from Me. By necessity and naturally, everything they do is all reflected in my Heart, be it even one movement. **As a consequence, if they do evil, if they do not love Me, they give Me continuous bother; that cord resounds in my Heart with sounds of displeasures, of bitternesses, of sins, and forms in It such lugubrious sounds as to render Me unhappy on the part of that cord or life that comes from Me.** On the other hand, if it loves Me and is all intent on contenting Me, that cord gives Me continuous pleasure and forms festive and sweet sounds, which harmonize with my own Life; and on the part of that cord, I enjoy so much as to be rendered happy and to enjoy my own Paradise because of it. If you comprehend well all this, you will no longer say that I make fun of you."

### **Volumes 11-19**

#### **VOL. 13 - October 6, 1921**

**"My Daughter, Sin Is Not Just Ugly, But Horrible. It Is The Black Point of Man!"**

### **VOL. 11 – February 26, 1912**

***The creature is a complex of love and moves only for love. Jesus, beggar of love.***

Returning, my all and always adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, I am Love and I made the creatures all love. The nerves, the bones and the flesh are fabrics of love and, after I wove them with love, I made flow the blood in all their tiny particles, so as to cover them with a garment, in order to give them the life of love. Therefore, the creature is nothing other than a complex of love, and she does not move other than for love. At the most there can be varieties of love, but it is always for love that she moves. There can be Divine Love, love of self, love of creature, evil love, but always love; neither can she do otherwise, since her life is love; created by the Eternal Love, and therefore led to love by an irresistible force. **So, after all, even in evil - in sin, for the creature there must be a love which has pushed her to do that evil.**

**Ah, my daughter! What is not my pain in seeing in the creatures the property of my Love which I delivered, being profaned and contaminated by a different use?** In order to guard this Love which came out of Me, and which I gave to the creature, I remain around her like a poor beggar, and as the creature moves, palpitates, breathes, works, speaks and walks, I go begging everything from her; and I beg her, I implore her, I beseech her to give everything to Me, saying: 'Daughter, I ask from you nothing other than what I gave you. It is for your own good; do not steal from me what is mine. The breath is mine, breathe only for Me; the heartbeat and the movement are mine, palpitate and move only for Me.' And so on for all the rest.

But, with greatest pain, I am forced to see the heartbeat taking one way, the breath another; and I, poor beggar, remain with an empty stomach, while the love of self, of the creatures, and even of the passions remain stuffed. Can there be a greater wrong than this?

My daughter, I want to pour out my Love and my pain with you; only one who loves Me can have  
compassion for Me."



## **VOL. 11 - January 22, 1913**

*The triple Passion of Jesus: of Love, of sin, and from the Jews. The fall of Jesus into the Cedron torrent.*

I was thinking about the Passion of my always adorable Jesus, especially of what He suffered in the Garden. I found myself all immersed in Jesus, and He told me: "My daughter, my first Passion was of Love, because the first step with which man, in sinning, gives himself to evil is the lack of Love; so, since Love is missing, he falls into sin. In order to be repaid through Me for the lack of love of the creatures, Love made Me suffer more than anyone; It almost crushed Me, more than if I were under a press. It gave Me as many deaths for as many creatures receiving life.

The second step that occurs in sin is defrauding God of His Glory. So, in order to be repaid for the Glory taken away by the creatures, the Father made Me suffer the Passion of sin, such that each sin gave Me a special Passion. Although there was one Passion, I suffered for sin as many Passions as there would be sins committed until the end of the world. So, the Glory of the Father was restored.

The third effect produced by sin is the weakness in man. Therefore, I wanted to suffer the Passion from the hands of the Jews - my third Passion - to restore in man his lost strength.

Therefore, with the Passion of Love, Love was restored and placed at the right level; with the Passion of sin, the Glory of the Father was restored and placed at Its level; with the Passion of the Jews, the strength of the creatures was placed at its level and restored. I suffered all this in the Garden, and the pain was so much, so many the deaths - the atrocious spasms inflicted upon Me that I really would have died if the Will of the Father for my death had arrived."

Then I began to think of when my adorable Jesus was thrown into the torrent Cedron by the enemies. Blessed Jesus made Himself be seen in a state that evoked pity, all wet by those filthy waters. He told me: "My daughter, in creating the soul I covered her with a mantle of light and beauty. Sin removes this mantle of light and beauty, placing a mantle of darkness and ugliness, rendering the soul disgusting and nauseating. In order to remove this mantle - so filthy - which sin puts on the soul, I allowed the Jews to throw Me into this torrent, where I remained as if covered inside and outside of Myself, since these putrid waters entered even into my ears, into my nostrils and into my mouth, to the extent that the Jews were disgusted in touching Me. Ah, the love of creatures cost Me so much that it rendered Me nauseating even to Myself!"

## **VOL. 11 - April 10, 1914**

*Jesus crowned with thorns. Jesus has His center and His throne on earth in the soul who does His Divine Will. How Love operates and how the Divine Will operates.*

This morning my always adorable Jesus came as crucified and shared with me His pains. He pulled me toward Himself so much, into the sea of His Passion, that I could almost follow Him step by step. Who can say all that I could understand? There are so many things that I don't know where to start. I'm just going to say that in seeing the crown of thorns being torn off, the thorns prevented the Blood from gushing out. As they tore the crown off, that Blood gushed forth from those little holes, flowing on His face in large rivulets, on His hair, and then flowing down on all the Person of Jesus. And Jesus: "Daughter, these thorns which prick my head will prick the pride, the haughtiness and the most hidden wounds of man, to let the pus which they contain come out. The thorns soaked in my Blood will heal him, returning to him the crown which sin had removed."

## **VOL. 11 - December 17, 1914**

*How the soul in the Divine Will can make a living Eucharist of her being.*

Continuing in my usual state and being very afflicted because of the privations of Jesus, after much suffering He came, making Himself seen in all my poor being. It seemed to me as if I were the garment of Jesus. Then, breaking the silence, He told me: "My daughter, you too can form the hosts and consecrate them mystically. Do you see the garments that cover Me in the Sacrament? They are the accidents of the bread from which the Host is made. The Life which exists in this Host is my Body, my Blood and my Divinity. My supreme Will is the act which contains this Life. This Will develops the Love, the reparation, the immolation and all the rest that I do in the Sacrament. The Sacrament never moves one point from my Volition. There is nothing that comes from Me which is not led by my Volition.

Here is how you too can form the Host. **The host is material and totally human; you too have a material body and a human will. This body and will of yours - as long as you keep them pure, upright and far away from any shadow of sin - are the accidents, the veil in order to consecrate Me and make Me live hidden in you.** But this is not enough; it would be like the host without consecration - my Life is needed. My Life is composed of Sanctity, Love, Wisdom, Power, etc., but the engine of all is my Will. So, after you prepared the host, you have to make your will die in it; you must cook it well, so that it may not rise again. Then you have to let my Will permeate all your being; and my Will, which contains all my Life, will form the true and perfect consecration. Therefore, there will be no more life for human thought, but only for the thought of my Volition, which will consecrate my Wisdom inside your mind; no more life for what is human - weakness, inconstancy - because my Will will form the consecration of the Divine Life, of fortitude, of firmness, and of all that I am. So, each time you let your will flow into Mine, I will renew the consecration of your desires, and of all that you are and that you can do. I will continue my Life in you as if in a living Host - not a dead one, like the hosts without Me.

But this is not all. In the consecrated Hosts, in the pyxes, in the Tabernacles, everything is dead - mute; not the sensitivity of a heartbeat, not a rush of love which may return my great love. If I didn't wait for hearts in order to give Myself to them, I would be very unhappy; I would remain defrauded of my Love, and my Sacramental Life would remain without purpose. Though I tolerate this in the Tabernacles, I would not tolerate it in living Hosts. In the Sacrament I want to be fed with my own food: the soul will take possession of my Will, my Love, my prayers, my reparations, my sacrifices; she will give them to Me as if they were her own things, and I will nourish Myself. The soul will unite with Me, pricking up her ears in order to hear what I am doing, and to do it together with Me; so, as she keeps repeating my own acts, she will give Me her food, and I will be happy. Only in these living Hosts will I find the compensation for my loneliness, my starvation and all that I suffer in the Tabernacles."

#### **VOL. 11 - December 21, 1914**

*Just as the Humanity of Jesus placed Itself between the creatures, with their sins, and the Father, so does Luisa, being identified with Jesus.*

I was in my usual state and blessed Jesus, coming all afflicted, told me: "My daughter, I can't take the world any more. **Relieve Me for all; let Me palpitate in your heart, so that in hearing the heartbeats of all through the heartbeats of your heart, sins may not come to Me directly, but indirectly - through your heart. Otherwise, my Justice will send chastisements never seen before.**"

In the act of saying this, He identified His Heart with mine, making me feel His heartbeat. Who can tell all that I could feel in It? Sins, like flashes, wounded that Heart; and as I shared in it, Jesus felt relieved. Then, as I felt completely identified with Him, it seemed as if I was enclosing His Intelligence, His hands, His feet, and all the rest; and I shared in all the offenses of creatures against each one of the senses.... But who can tell how this happened? Then Jesus added: "To have company in my pains is the greatest relief for Me. This is why my Divine Father was not so inexorable after my Incarnation, but milder: He no longer received direct offenses, but indirect ones - that is, through my Humanity, which was a continuous shield for Him. In the same way, I keep searching for souls who may place themselves between Me and the creatures; otherwise I will make of the world a heap of ruins."

#### **VOL. 11 - August 1914**

*Fusing oneself in Jesus in order to relieve Him from His pain for the sins of creatures.*

As I was in my usual state, my always adorable Jesus came, in a different way from the usual one which He has had with me during this period of my life - that is to say: if He comes at all, it is just for a little while, flashing by, and with almost total cessation of the sufferings which He used to communicate to me when He came. Only His Holy Volition is what compensates for everything...

So, this morning He came and stayed for several hours, but in a state that would make stones cry. He had pain everywhere, and He wanted to be soothed in each part of His Most Holy Humanity. It seemed that, had He not received relief, He would have reduced the world to a heap of rubble. It seemed that He didn't want to go, in order not to see the slaughters and the grave sights of the world, which almost forced Him to do even worse things. I squeezed Him to myself and, wanting to relieve Him, I fused myself in His Intelligence to be able to

place myself in all the intellects of creatures and offer a 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 to be present in all the evil desires of creatures, in order to place my good desire and soothe the offended desires of Jesus; and so on with all the rest. Then, after I relieved Him part by part, He left, as if He felt cheered up.

### **VOL. 11 – April 3, 1915**

As I was thinking and praying like this, I felt invested by a most pure Light; and the Holy Volition, revealing Jesus to me, told me: "My daughter, the soul without my Will would have been like the earth without the heavens, stars, Sun and moon. The earth in itself is nothing other than precipices, steep heights, waters and darkness. If the earth did not have a heaven above, which shows man the way to recognize the different dangers which the earth contains, man would go toward now falling, now drowning, etc. But there is a heaven above, especially with the Sun, which says to man in a mute language: 'See, I have no eyes, no hands and no feet, but I am the light of your eyes, the action of your hand, and the step of your foot; and when I have to illuminate other regions, I leave you the shining of the stars and the light of the moon to continue my office.'

Now, as I gave a heaven to man for the good of his nature, to his soul too, which is more noble, I gave the heaven of my Will, because the soul too contains precipices and steep heights, which are passions, virtues, tendencies and other things. **If the soul moves out from under the heaven of my Will, she will do nothing other than fall from sin to sin; passions will drown her, and the heights of virtues will turn into abysses. Therefore, just as everything would be disordered and infertile on the earth without a heaven, the same happens in the soul without my Will."**

### **VOL. 11 - March 7, 1915**

*The enormous sins of the world and, even more, those inside the Church cause chastisements as means of purification.*

The thought of the chastisements, and of the fact that I might foment them by getting out of that state by myself, was transfixing my heart. The Confessor was still not well. I prayed and cried, and I couldn't make up my mind. Blessed Jesus came flashing by, and left me free. Finally, moved by compassion, He came, and sympathizing with me and caressing me, told me: "My daughter, your constancy wins Me. Love and prayer bind Me and almost wage a battle against Me. This I why I came to be with you for a little while - I could not resist anymore... Poor daughter, don't cry - here I am, all for you! **Patience, courage; don't lose heart! If you knew how much I suffer to punish men! But the ingratitude of creatures forces Me to do this - their enormous sins, their incredulity, their will to almost challenge Me...**

And this is the least... If I told you about the religious side... how many sacrileges! How many rebellions! How many pretend to be my children, while they are my fiercest enemies! How many false sons are usurpers, self-interested and unbelievers. Their hearts are bilges of vice. These children will be the first to wage war against the Church; they will try to kill their own Mother... Oh, how many of them are already about to come out in the field! Now there is war among governments; soon they will make war against the Church, and its greatest enemies will be its own children... My Heart is shredded with pain.

In spite of all, I will let this storm pass by, and the face of the earth and the churches be washed by the blood of the same ones who smeared and contaminated them. You too, unite yourself to my pain - pray and be patient in watching this storm pass by."

Who can tell about my torment? I felt more dead than alive. May Jesus be always blessed, and may His Holy Volition be always done.

### **VOL. 11 - April 24, 1915**

*The crowning of thorns of Jesus: all the thoughts of the creatures are linked to the mind of Jesus by the Divine Will.*

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking of how much blessed Jesus suffered in being crowned with thorns. Making Himself seen, Jesus told me: "My daughter, the pains which I suffered were incomprehensible to the created mind. Much more painfully than by those thorns, my mind was pierced by all the evil thoughts of creatures, in such a way that none of these thoughts could escape Me - I felt them all inside

Me. **Not only did I feel the pricks of the thorns, but also the disgust of the sins which those thorns represented."**

So, I looked at my adorable Jesus and I could see His Most Holy head being surrounded by spokes of thorns which came through from behind. All the thoughts of the creatures were in Jesus; they went from Jesus to them, and from them into Jesus, remaining almost linked together - the evil thoughts of the creatures with the most holy thoughts of Jesus... Oh, how Jesus suffered!

Then He added: "My daughter, only the souls who live in my Will can give Me true reparations and soothe Me from thorns so sharp. In fact, since they live in my Will, and since my Will is everywhere, they find themselves in Me and in everyone; they descend into the creatures and rise up to Me; they bring Me all the reparations; they soothe Me. And in the sick minds they turn darkness into light."

#### **VOL. 11 - May 2, 1915**

***One who lives in the Divine Will takes possession of the Most Holy Humanity of Jesus, and just like another Jesus, she can present herself before the Divinity to plead for her brothers and sisters.***

My days are more and more bitter. This morning my sweet Jesus came in such a suffering state that it cannot be described. In seeing Him so suffering, I would have wanted to relieve Him at any cost. Not knowing what to do, I squeezed Him to my heart and, approaching His mouth, I tried to suckle part of His interior bitterness... Nothing...! No matter how hard I tried to suckle, nothing would come out. I returned to my efforts, but it was all in vain. Jesus was crying; I was crying too in seeing that I could not alleviate His pains in any way. What a cruel torment! Jesus was crying because He wanted to pour out, but His Justice prevented Him from doing it; I was crying in seeing Him cry, and because I could not help Him... There are no words to describe these pains.

**Sobbing, Jesus told me: "My daughter, sins snatch chastisements and wars from my hands. I am forced to allow them, and at the same time I cry and suffer with the creature." I felt like dying for the pain,** and Jesus, wanting to distract me, added: "My daughter, don't lose heart. This too is in my Will, because only the souls who live in my Will can confront my Justice. Only those who live in my Volition have free access to share in the Divine decrees and plead for their brothers. Those who reside in my Will possess all the fruits of my Humanity, because my Humanity had its limits, while my Will has no limits. My Humanity lived in my Will - drowned in It, inside and out.

Now, the souls who live in my Will are the closest ones to my Humanity. Making my Humanity their own - because I gave It to them - they can present themselves before the Divinity being covered by It, like another Me, so as to disarm the Divine Justice and plead for forgiveness for the perverted creatures. As they live in my Will, they live in Me; and since I live in everyone, they also live in everyone and for everyone. They live hovering in the air like the Sun, while their prayers, acts, reparations and everything they do, are like the rays which descend from them for the good of all."

#### **VOL. 11 - July 9, 1915**

***One who really does the Divine Will is in the same condition as the Humanity of Jesus, before God and creatures.***

Finding myself in my usual state, I was feeling very bad, and my always adorable Jesus, moved to compassion for my poor state, came for a little while. Kissing me, He told me: "Poor daughter, do not fear; I do not leave you, nor can I leave you. It is my magnet that works powerfully on Me, attracting Me toward you with such violence that I cannot resist. It takes too much to be free of one who does my Will; I should get rid of Myself, which is not possible."

Then He added: "Daughter, one who really does my Will is put in the same condition as my Humanity. I was Man and God. As God, I contained within Me all the happiness, beatitudes, beauty, and all the goods that I possess. On one hand my Humanity participated in the joy of my Divinity, therefore my Soul was blissful, happy, and Its beatific vision never escaped It. On the other hand, my Humanity had loaded upon Itself the satisfaction on the part of creatures before Divine Justice. **It was tormented by the clear sight of all the sins; and having to take them upon Itself in order to repair for them, It felt the horror of each sin with its own special torment. Therefore, I felt joy and pain at the same time: Love on the part of my Divinity; cold on**

**the part of creatures; sanctity on one side, and sin on the other. Nothing the creature did could escape Me, no matter how tiny.**

Now, my Humanity is no longer capable of suffering. Therefore, I live in one who does my Will - she serves as my Humanity. So, on one hand the soul feels love, peace, firmness in good, fortitude and so on; on the other hand, coldness, bother, tiredness, etc. If the soul remains completely in my Will and takes these things, not as her own things, but as the things that I suffer, she will not lose heart. She will sympathize with Me and will have the honor of sharing in my pains, since she is nothing other than a veil which covers Me. She will feel nothing but the annoyance of pricks and coldness, while they will come thickly into Me - into my Heart."

**VOL. 11 – August 14 1915**

***The whole Life and Passion of Jesus are always in the act of offering support to Jesus and salvation to souls; but there is the need of those who would use them and offer them.***

Continuing in my usual state, Jesus just barely came. He was so tired and exhausted that He Himself called me to kiss His wounds and dry His Blood, which was flowing from each part of His Most Holy Humanity. So, after I went over all His members making various adorations and reparations, my sweet Jesus, relieved and leaning on me, told me: "My daughter, my Passion, my wounds, my Blood, all that I did and suffered - everything is in continuous action in the midst of souls, as if I were operating and suffering at that very moment. **They serve Me as the supports on which I can lean, and on which souls can lean so as not to fall into sin, and be saved. Now, during these times of chastisements, I am like the person who lives up in the air, with no ground underneath, and between continuous blows: my Justice knocks Me from Heaven, and creatures with their guilt from the earth.**

**Now, the more the soul remains around Me, kissing my wounds, repairing Me, offering my Blood - in a word, re-doing all that I did during the course of my Life and my Passion - the more supports she forms so that I can lean on them and not fall, and the larger the circle becomes in which souls find the support not to fall into sin, and be saved.**

Do not get tired, my daughter, of being around Me, and of going over my wounds, over and over again. I Myself will administer the thoughts, the affections, the words, so that you may remain around Me. Be faithful to Me - time is tight. Justice wants to display Its fury, and creatures irritate It. It is necessary to multiply more supports; so, do not fail the work."

**VOL. 11 - April 15, 1916**

***Jesus is the Word which multiplies in every act of all creatures, together with the one who lives in His Volition.***

I was dying because of the continuous privations of my sweet Jesus. This morning I found myself completely in Jesus, as if I were swimming in the immensity of my Highest Good. Then, I looked inside myself and I saw Jesus in me. I could hear the whole Being of Jesus speaking: His feet, His hands, His Heart, His mouth - in sum, everything. Not only were they voices, but the wonder is that these voices became immense, multiplying themselves for every creature. The feet of Jesus spoke to the feet and to each step of the creatures; His hands to their works; His eyes to their glances; His thoughts to each one of their thoughts... **What harmonies between Creator and creatures! What an enchanting sight! What love! But - alas, all these harmonies were broken by ingratitude and sins. Love was repaid with offenses.** And Jesus, all afflicted, told me: "My daughter, I am the Word, and my Love toward the creature is so great that I multiply Myself into as many voices for as many acts, thoughts, affections, desires, etc. as each creature does, in order to receive from them the return of those acts done for love of Me. I give love and I want love, but I receive offenses instead. I give life, but if they could, they would give Me death. But in spite of all this, I continue my loving office.

However, know that the soul who lives united with Me and from my Volition, swimming in my immensity, becomes one voice together with Me. Therefore, if she walks, her steps speak, pursuing the sinner; her thoughts are voices to the minds; and so on with everything else. Only from these souls do I find my reward, beginning with the work of Creation. And in seeing that, unable to do anything by themselves to correspond to my Love and maintain the harmonies between Myself and them, they enter into my Will, taking ownership and acting in

a Divine manner - my Love finds its outpouring and I love them more than all other creatures."

**VOL. 11 - April 21, 1916**

**The privation of Jesus which Luisa suffers. *The sins of the world have surrounded the Most Holy Humanity of Jesus with thorns, preventing Him from pouring His grace upon creatures.***

I continue my most bitter days. I fear that some day Jesus may not even come in passing, and in my pain I keep repeating: 'Jesus, don't do this to me. If You don't want to speak - so be it; 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 that my very nature, left without You until evening, would melt.' As I was saying this, blessed Jesus, increasing my bitterness, made Himself seen telling me: "Know that if I do not come to pour Myself out with you for a little while, it is because the world is receiving the last blow of destruction and all sorts of scourges."

What fright! I remained terrified and petrified for the pain. So I continued to pray, saying: 'My Jesus, for every moment of your privation I ask You that a new Life of Yours be created within the souls. You must give me this grace. Only on this condition do I accept your privation. I don't deprive myself of a trifle - but of You, immense, infinite, eternal Good. The cost is immense; therefore, let's come to a deal.' Jesus stretched His arms around my neck, as if He were accepting. And looking at Him - ah, what a painful sight! Not only His head, but all His Most Holy Humanity was surrounded by thorns, to the extent that I was pricked in hugging Him, but I wanted to enter into Jesus at any cost. And He, all goodness, broke that garment of thorns at the point of His Heart, and placed me inside. I could see the Divinity of Jesus, and although His Divinity was one with His Humanity, while His Humanity was tortured, His Divinity remained untouchable.

Jesus told me: "My daughter, have you seen what a painful garment creatures made for Me, and how these thorns have penetrated into my Humanity? These thorns have closed the door to the Divinity, having surrounded all my Humanity, only from which could my Divinity come out for the good of creatures. Now it is necessary that I remove part of these thorns, and that I pour them on the creatures so that, as the Light of my Divinity flows from these thorns, I may save their souls. Therefore, it is necessary that the earth be invested by chastisements, earthquakes, famines, wars, etc., in order to break this garment of thorns that creatures made for Me. In this way, as the Light of the Divinity penetrates into their souls, I will be able to disillusion them, and to make  
better  
times  
arise."

**VOL. 11 - June 4, 1916**

**The very sins and bitternesses of people pour themselves down upon them, since Luisa cannot contain them completely.**

This morning, my always adorable Jesus seemed to come. I squeezed Him to my heart, and Jesus gave me a kiss; but as He was kissing me, I felt a most bitter liquid flow from His mouth into mine. I remained amazed in seeing that, without begging Him, sweet Jesus was pouring His bitternesses into me, while at other times I had begged Him so much and He didn't concede that to me. Then, when I was filled with that most bitter liquid, Jesus continued to pour it. It spilled outside; it went on the ground, and He still kept pouring, in such a way that a lake of that most bitter liquid was formed around me and blessed Jesus.

Afterwards, as if He felt relieved a little, He told me: "Daughter, have you seen how many bitternesses the creatures give Me? So much that, unable to contain them any longer, I wanted to pour them into you. But you could not contain them either; so they went on the ground, and they will pour upon the people."

While He was saying this, He marked the various points and towns which had to be stricken by the invasions of strangers - some people were running away, some remained naked and starved, some mixed-up, some killed. Horror and fright were everywhere. Jesus Himself wanted to withdraw His glance from such tragedy. Frightened and terrorized I wanted to prevent Jesus from doing this, but He seemed unshakable; and told me: "My daughter, the Divine Justice is pouring their own bitternesses down upon them. I wanted to pour them in you first, in order to spare some points to make you content; then I poured the rest upon them. My Justice demands Its satisfaction."

And I: 'My Love and my Life, I don't know much 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 still your children, your dear images. Poor brothers of mine, what can they do? In what constraints will they be placed? To make me content, You tell me that You poured into Me, but the points that You save are too few.' And He: "On the contrary, it's too

much. It is because I love you, otherwise I would have spared nothing. And even then, didn't you see that you could not contain any more of it?"

I burst into tears, and I said: 'Yet, You tell me that You love me. Where is all this love that You have for me? True love knows how to make the beloved one content in everything. And then, why don't You make me larger, so that I can contain more bitterness and spare my brothers?' Jesus cried with me, and disappeared.

### **VOL. 11 - August 3, 1916**

As I continue in my usual state, my lovable Jesus makes Himself seen in passing, or He says a few words and then He runs away, or He hides in my interior. I remember that one day He told me: "My daughter, I am the center, and all Creation receives life from this center. So, I am life of every thought, of every word, of every action - of everything; but creatures make use of this life I give them to take the occasion to offend Me. I give life, and if they could, they would give Me death." I also remember that as I prayed Him to hold back the scourges, He told me: "Daughter, do you think I am the one who wants to scourge them? Ah, no! On the contrary, my love is so great that I consumed my whole life in redoing what man was obliged to do for the Supreme Majesty; and since my acts were divine, I multiplied them into so many as to redo them for all and for each one, in such a way as to fill Heaven and earth, and to keep man defended so that Justice might not strike him. **But man, with sin, breaks this defense, and once the defense is broken, the scourges strike man.**"

### **VOL. 11 - August 6, 1916**

*Need of Jesus for souls who live in the Divine Will to multiply.*

As I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus came for just a little and in passing, and He said to me: "My daughter, my love feels an irresistible need for souls who live in my Will to multiply, because they are the places of my quarters. **My love wants to do good to all, but sins prevent Me from pouring my benefits upon them,** therefore I keep searching for these quarters; in them I am not prevented from pouring my graces, and through them, the towns and the people that surround them take part in them. Therefore, the more quarters I have on earth, the greater vent can I give to my love, and the more it pours itself out into benefits for the good of humanity."

### **VOL. 11 - December 14, 1916**

*Jesus slept and worked in order to give true rest to souls in God.*

I was offering my sleep to Jesus, saying to Him: "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." Without letting me finish what I was saying, He told me: "Ah, yes, my daughter, sleep with my sleep, so that, in looking at you, I may reflect Myself in you, and as I gaze at Myself, I may find all of Myself in you, because you are sleeping with my sleep; and so that, as you gaze at yourself in Me, we may be in accord in everything. I want to tell you why my Humanity subjected Itself to the weakness of sleep. My daughter, the creature was made by Me, and, as my own, I wanted to keep her on my lap, in my arms, in continuous rest. The soul was to rest in my Will and sanctity, in my love, in my beauty, power, wisdom, etc. – all these, acts which constitute true rest. But, what sorrow! **The creature escapes from my lap, and trying to detach herself from my arms in which I hold her tight, she goes in search of vigil. Vigil are passions, sin, attachments, pleasures; vigil the fears, the anxieties, the agitations, etc. So, as much as I long for her and call her to rest in Me, I am not listened to. This is a great offense, an affront to my love, which the creature takes into no consideration, and she gives not a thought to repair for it.** This is why I wanted to sleep – to give satisfaction to the Father for the rest which souls do not take in Him, by repaying Him for all; and while sleeping, **I impetrated true rest for all, making Myself the vigil of each heart in order to free them of the vigil of sin.** And I so much love this rest of the creature in Me, that I not only wanted to sleep, but I wanted to walk in order to give rest to her feet; work, to give rest to her hands; palpitate and love, to give rest to her heart. In sum, I wanted to do everything so that the soul might do everything in Me, and would take rest; and so that I might do everything for her, provided that I could keep her safe within Me."

### **VOL. 11 - February 2, 1917**

*The world has become unbalanced because it has lost the thought of the Passion.*

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I found my always lovable Jesus, dripping Blood all over, with a horrible crown of thorns, looking at me with difficulty through the thorns. He told me: "My daughter, the world has become unbalanced because it has lost the thought of my Passion. In darkness, it has not found the light of my Passion which would illuminate it by making known to it my love and how much souls cost Me, in such a way that it could turn to loving the One who has truly loved it; and the light of my Passion, guiding it, would put it on its guard against all dangers. In weakness, it has not found the strength of my Passion which would sustain it. In impatience, it has not found the mirror of my patience which would infuse in it calm and resignation, in such a way that, in the face of my patience, feeling ashamed, it would make it its duty to dominate itself. In pains, it has not found the comfort of the pains of a God which, sustaining its pains, would infuse in it love of suffering. **In sin, it has not found my sanctity which, placing itself in front of it, would infuse in it hate of sin.** Ah, man has made an abuse of everything, because he has moved away from the One who could help him! This is why the world has lost balance. It behaved like a child who no longer wanted to recognize his mother; or like a disciple who, denying his master, no longer wanted to listen to his teachings, or learn his lessons. What will happen to this child and to this disciple? They will be the sorrow of themselves, and the terror and sorrow of society. Such has man become – terror and sorrow; but a sorrow without pity. Ah, man is getting worse and worse, and I cry over him with tears of blood!"

### **VOL. 12 – March, 18 1917**

Therefore, may your life on earth be completely fused in Mine. Do not do any act without making it pass into Me; and every time you will fuse yourself in Me, I will pour new graces and new light in you, **and I will become the vigilant sentry of your heart in order to keep any shadow of sin far away from you.** I will guard you as my own Humanity, and I will command the Angels to surround you like a crown, that you may be sheltered from everything and everyone."

### **VOL. 12 – April 16, 1918**

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

Therefore, remove this oppression from your heart. Pour yourself into Me, and I will pour Myself into you. Jesus told you this - and that is enough. Have no care about anything, and I will take care of everything."

### **VOL. 12 - June 12, 1918**

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

Finding myself in my usual state, I was saying to my always lovable Jesus: 'How is it possible? You have done everything for us; You have satisfied everything; You have restored the Glory of the Father in everything on the part of creatures, so as to cover us all with a mantle of love, of graces, of blessings – yet, in spite of this, chastisements fall down, almost tearing through the mantle of protection with which You covered us.' And my sweet Jesus, interrupting me, said to me: "My daughter, all that you are saying is true. Everything - I have done everything for the creature. Love pushed Me toward her so much that I wanted to wrap her within my works, as if within a mantle of defense, in order to be sure of putting her in safety. But the creature, ungrateful, rips this mantle of defense by voluntary sin; she escapes from beneath my blessings, graces and love, and going outside, she is struck by the lightnings of Divine Justice. I am not the One who strikes man - he himself, by sinning, comes against Me to receive the blows. Pray, pray for the great blindness of creatures."

### **VOL. 12 - August 19, 1918**

***Jesus is tired of the vileness of Priests.***



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

**Then He added: "Anyway, I am tired of the vileness of Priests. I cannot take any more – I would want to finish them. Oh, how many devastated souls, how many of them disfigured, how many idolatrized! To use holy things to offend Me - this is my most bitter pain, the most abominable sin, the mark of total ruin, which attracts the greatest maledictions and breaks all communications between Heaven and earth. I would want to eradicate these beings from the earth. Therefore, chastisements will continue and will multiply. Death will devastate the cities; many houses and roads will disappear; there will be no one to live there. Mourning, desolation will reign everywhere."**

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

## **VOL. 12 - December 4, 1918**

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

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

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

## **VOL. 12 – January 25, 1919**

While I was saying this and other nonsense, I felt I was losing consciousness, and I saw my sweet Jesus inside of me, alone and taciturn, walking from one point to another within my interior, as if He would now stumble at one point, now bump into another. I was all confused and did not dare to tell Him anything, but I thought: 'Who knows how many sins there are in me, that make Jesus bump?' But He looked at me all goodness, although He seemed tired and was dripping sweat; and He told me: "My daughter, poor martyr - not of faith but of love; not human, but divine martyr, because your most cruel martyrdom is my privation, which places on you the seal of divine martyr; why do you fear and doubt about my Love? And then, how can I ever leave you? **I dwell in you as though within my Humanity; and just as I enclosed the entire world in my Humanity, I enclose it in you. Didn't you see that while I was walking, now I bumped, and now I stumbled? Those were the sins, the evil souls that I encountered. What pain for my Heart!** It is from within you that I decide the destiny of the world. It is your humanity that shelters Me, just as Mine sheltered my Divinity. If my Divinity did not have my Humanity as shelter, the poor creatures would have had no escape, either in time or in Eternity, and Divine Justice would no longer look at the creature as Its own, deserving preservation, but as an enemy, deserving destruction.

## **VOL. 12 - February 4, 1919**

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

Continuing in my usual state, for about three days I felt I was dissolved in God. Many times good Jesus drew Me inside His Most Holy Humanity, and I swam in the immense sea of the Divinity. Oh, how many things one could see! How clearly one could see all that the Divinity operated in His Humanity! Very often my Jesus interrupted my surprises, telling me: "Do you see, my daughter, with what excess of love I loved the creature? My Divinity was too jealous to entrust to the creature the task of Redemption, and so It made Me suffer the

Passion. The creature had no power to make Me die as many times for as many creatures which had come, and were to come to the light of Creation, and for as many mortal sins as they would have the disgrace to commit. **The Divinity wanted life for each life of creature, and life for each death which she gave herself through mortal sin.** Who could be so powerful over Me as to give Me so many deaths, if not my own Divinity? Who would have had the strength, the love, the constancy to watch Me dying so many times, if not my own Divinity? The creature would have grown tired, and would have given up.

## **VOL. 12 - May 8, 1919**

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

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

Then, after I suffered, my sweet Jesus told me: "Daughter of my pains, know that the pains which the Jews gave Me were the shadow of those which the Divinity gave to Me. And this was just, in order to receive full satisfaction. **In sinning, man offends the Supreme Majesty not only externally, but also internally, and he disfigures in his interior the divine part which was infused in him when he was created. Therefore, sin is formed in the interior of man first, and then comes outside; even more, many times what comes outside is the minimum part, while the greater part remains in his interior. Now, creatures were incapable of penetrating into my interior and of making Me satisfy, by means of pains, the Glory of the Father which they had denied to Him with so many interior offenses. More so, since these offenses wounded the most noble part of the creature – that is, the intellect, the memory and the will - in which the Divine Image is imprinted. Who, then, was to take on this charge if the creature was incapable? Therefore, it was almost necessary that the Divinity Itself take on this commitment, becoming my loving executioner - but more demanding, though loving - in order to receive full satisfaction for all the sins committed in the interior of man.**

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

Ah, How much man costs Me! But man, ungrateful, does not care about Me; he does not try to comprehend how much I loved him and how much I suffered for him, to the extent that he has not even come to understand all that I suffered in the Passion which creatures gave Me. And if they do not understand the least, how can they understand the greatest, which I suffered for them? This is why I delay in revealing the innumerable and unheard-of pains which the Divinity gave Me because of them.

But my Love wants to pour Itself out, and to receive love in return. Therefore I call you in the immensity and height of my Will, where all these pains are in act. And not only do you take part in them, but in the name of the entire human family you honor them and give love in return; and together with Me, You substitute for all that creatures owe, but - to my highest pain and great harm to themselves - they don't give it a thought."

## **VOL. 12 - June 4, 1919**

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

I was thinking about the Passion of my always lovable Jesus, especially when He found Himself under the storm of the scourges, and I thought to myself: 'When did Jesus suffer more – in the pains which the Divinity made Him suffer during the whole course of His Life, or on the last day from the hands of the Jews?' And my sweet Jesus, with a light which He sent to my intellect, told me: "My daughter, the pains which the Divinity gave Me surpass by far those which creatures gave Me, both in power and in intensity, multiplicity and length of time. However, there was not injustice or hatred, but highest love and accord on the part of all Three Divine Persons in the commitment which I had taken upon Myself to save souls at the cost of suffering as many deaths for as many creatures as would come out to the light of Creation, and which the Father had granted to Me with highest love.

Injustice and hatred do not exist in the Divinity, nor can they exist. Therefore, It was unable to make Me suffer these pains. But man, with sin, had committed highest injustice, hatred, etc., and in order to glorify the Father completely, I was to suffer injustice, hatred, mockeries, etc. This is why, on the last of my mortal days, I suffered the Passion on the part of creatures, in which the injustices, the hatred, the mockeries, the revenges and the humiliations that they used against Me were so many as to render my poor Humanity the opprobrium of all, to the point that I did not look like a man. They disfigured Me so much that they themselves were horrified in looking at Me. I was the abject and the refuse of all. Therefore, I could call them two distinct Passions.

**Creatures could not give Me as many deaths or pains, for as many creatures, and as many sins as they would commit. They were incapable of it.** Therefore the Divinity took on this commitment, but with highest love and accord on both sides. Besides, the Divinity was incapable of injustice, etc.; so, creatures took over, and I completed the Work of Redemption in everything. How much souls cost Me - this is why I love them so much!"

#### **VOL. 12 - June 16, 1919**

I was thinking in my interior: 'Where are the pains that my sweet Jesus had told me He would let me share in - while I am suffering almost nothing?' And my always lovable Jesus told me: "My daughter, how you deceive yourself! You calculate the physical pains; I calculate physical and moral pains. Each time you have been deprived of Me, **it was a death that you felt, and I felt I was being repaired for the many deaths which creatures give themselves through sin - and you took part in the many deaths which I suffered.** When you were feeling cold - that was another little death you felt, and you shared in the coldness of the creatures, who would want to cool my love. But my Love, triumphant over their coldness, absorbs it into Me, to feel the death of their coldness; and I give to them more ardent love. And so with all your other pains: they were evils opposite those of the creatures; and like many little deaths, they made you share in my deaths.

#### **VOL. 12 - April 3, 1920**

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

Continuing in my poor state, I felt my lovable Jesus in my interior, Who was uniting with Me in prayer. Then He told me: "My daughter, my whole Will in creating man was that he would do my Will in everything. And as he would continue to do my Will little by little, I would complete my Life in him in such a way that, after repeated acts done in my Will, forming my Life in him, I would come to him. And finding him similar to me – as the Sun of my Life would find Sun of my Life formed in his soul, It would absorb him within Me; and as the two would be transformed together, like two Suns into one, I would bring him into the delights of Heaven.

Now, as the creature does not do my Will, or if she does It every now and then, my Life is halved by the human life, and the Divine Life cannot be completed. It is obscured by the human acts, and does not receive abundant food sufficient to the development of a life. **Therefore, the soul is in continuous opposition to the purpose of Creation. And, alas, how many are those who, by living the life of passions and of sin, form the diabolical life within themselves!"**

## **VOL. 13 - October 6, 1921**

### ***The horror of man in the state of sin; the beauty of man in the state of grace.***

I was praying and adoring the wounds of my Crucified Jesus, and I thought to myself: 'How ugly sin is for reducing my Highest Good to such a harrowing state!' And my always lovable Jesus, leaning His Most Holy Head upon my shoulder, sighing, told me: "My daughter, sin is not just ugly, but horrible. It is the black point of man! As he sins, he undergoes a brutal transformation: all the beauty I gave him is covered with such ugliness as to be horrible to the sight - and it is not only the sense which sins, but the whole of man runs along with it. So, sin is his thought, his heartbeat, his breath, his motion, his step. His will has dragged man to one single point, and from his whole being he emanates thick darkness that blinds him, and a poisonous air that poisons him. Everything is black around him - everything is deadly. And whoever approaches him puts himself in a state of danger. Horrible and frightening - such is man in the state of sin."

I remain terrified, and Jesus continued: "If man is horrible in the state of guilt, he is also beautiful in the state of grace and of doing good. Good, be it even the tiniest, is the bright point of man. As he does good, he undergoes a celestial, angelic and Divine transformation. His goodwill drags his whole being to one single point; therefore, good is his thought, his word, his heartbeat, his motion, his step - everything is light, inside and outside of him. His air is balmy and vital; and whoever approaches him places himself in safety. How beautiful, gracious, attractive, lovable, striking is the soul in grace, in doing good; so much so that I Myself remain enamored! Each good she does is one more shade of beauty that she acquires; it is a greater likeness to her Creator, which makes her be distinguished as His child; it is Divine Power that she puts in circulation. All the goods she does are spokesmen between Heaven and earth; they are the couriers, the electric wires which maintain the communication with God."

## **VOL. 13 - October 29, 1921**

### ***Meaning and effects of the three hours of imprisonment of Jesus.***

I spent last night in vigil. My mind would often fly to my Jesus, who was bound in prison... I wanted to cling to those knees which staggered for the painful and cruel position in which the enemies had tied Him. I wanted to clean Him of the spit with which He was smeared... But while I was thinking of this, my sweet Jesus, my Life, made Himself seen as though within thick darkness, through which I could barely see His adorable Person; and sighing, He told me: "Daughter, the enemies left Me alone in prison, horribly bound and in the dark. Everything around Me was thick darkness. Oh, how this darkness afflicted Me! My clothes were wet from the filthy waters of the stream. I could smell the stench of the prison and of the spit with which I was smeared. My hair was disheveled, without a pitying hand which would remove it from my eyes and from my mouth. My hands were bound by chains, and the darkness did not allow Me to see my state - alas, too painful and humiliating. Oh, how many things did my state, so painful, tell in this prison!"

I remained in prison for three hours. With this I wanted to rehabilitate the three ages of the world: that of the law of nature, that of written law, and that of the law of Grace. I wanted to release all, reuniting them all together, and give them freedom as children of Mine. By being there three hours I wanted to rehabilitate the three ages of man: childhood, youth and old age. **I wanted to rehabilitate him when he sins out of passion, out of his will, and out of obstinacy. Oh, how the obscurity I saw around Me made Me feel the thick darkness which sin produces in man! Oh, how I cried over him, saying: 'Oh! man, your sins have thrown Me into this thick darkness, and I suffer it to give you light! Your evils have smeared Me like this, and their darkness is such that I cannot even see them! Look at Me - I am the image of your sins. If you want to know them, look at them in Me!'**

However, know that on the last hour I spent in prison the dawn broke, and a few glimmers of light entered through the fissures. Oh, how my Heart breathed in being able to see my painful state! This signified man when, tired from the night of sin, receives grace, which surrounds him like dawn, sending him glimmers of light in order to call him back. So, my Heart heaved a sigh of relief; and in this dawn I saw you, my beloved prisoner, whom my Love was going to bind in this state, and you would not leave Me alone in the darkness of the prison. Waiting for the dawn at my feet, and following my sighs, you would cry with Me over the night of man. This relieved Me, and I offered my imprisonment to give you the grace to follow Me.

## **VOL. 13 - November 16, 1921**

***Sin is the chain that binds man, and Jesus wanted to be bound in order to break his chains.***

This morning my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen all bound – bound were His hands, His feet, His waist; and a double iron chain was coming down from His neck. He was bound so tightly that His Divine Person was deprived of motion. What a harsh position, such as to make even stones cry! And my Highest Good told me: "My daughter, during the course of my Passion all the other pains competed with each other, but they would alternate - one would give the place to another. Almost like sentries, they would mount guard to do the worst to Me, and to boast about having been better than the other. But the ropes were never taken away from Me - from the moment I was taken up to mount Calvary I remained always bound; rather, they kept adding more and more ropes and chains for fear that I might escape, and to make more fun of Me. But how many pains, confusions, humiliations and falls did these chains procure Me!

However, know that in these chains there was a great mystery and great expiation. As man begins to fall into sin, he remains bound with the chains of his own sin; if it is grave, they are iron chains; if venial, they are chains of rope. So, as he tries to walk in good, he feels the hindrance of the chains, and his step remains hindered. This hindrance he feels wears him out, debilitates him, and leads him to new falls. If he works, he feels hindrance in his hands and remains almost as if he had no hands to do good. In seeing him bound like this, passions make feast and say: 'The victory is ours'; and from the king he is, they render him slave of brutal passions. How abominable man is in the state of sin! And I, in order to break his chains, wanted to be bound and never be without chains, so as to keep my chains ever ready to break his. And when the blows and the shoves would make Me fall, I would stretch my hands toward him to untie him and make him free again."

As He was saying this, I saw almost all peoples bound by chains, in such a way as to arouse pity; and 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.

## **VOL. 13 – November 19, 1921**

I was keeping company with my Jesus who was agonizing in the Garden of Gethsemani, and as much as I could, I compassionated Him, I pressed Him tightly to my heart, trying to wipe His mortal sweats. And my sorrowful Jesus, with faint and expiring voice, told me: "My daughter, my agony in the garden was hard and painful, maybe more painful than that of the Cross. In fact, if that was the fulfillment and the triumph over all, here in the garden it was the beginning, and sufferings are felt more at the beginning than when they are ended. **But in this agony the most harrowing pain was when all sins came before Me, one by one. My Humanity comprehended all their enormity, and each crime carried the mark, 'Death to a God', armed with sword to kill Me! Before the Divinity, sin appeared to Me as so very horrifying and more horrible than death itself. Just in comprehending what sin means, I felt I was dying - and I did really die. I cried out to the Father, but He was inexorable. Not even one was there to help Me, so as not to let Me die. I cried out to all creatures to have pity on Me - but in vain. So, my Humanity languished, and I was about to receive the last blow of death.**

## **VOL. 13 - January 17, 1922**

***Every good that the creature does, is a sip of life that she gives to her soul.***

I was following the Passion of my sweet Jesus. In one instant I found myself outside of myself, and I saw my always lovable Jesus being dragged along the streets, trampled, beaten, more than in the Passion Itself. He was being treated in such a barbaric way as to be repugnant to the sight. I approached my sweet Jesus to snatch Him from under the feet of those enemies, who looked like many incarnate demons. He threw Himself into my arms, as if He were waiting for me to defend Him, and I brought Him into my bed. Then, after quite a few minutes of silence, as though wanting to rest, He said to me: "My daughter, have you seen how vice and passions triumph in these sad times; how victoriously they walk along all the streets, while good is trampled, beaten and annihilated?

Good is Me - there is no good that a creature may do, in which I am not involved. And every good that the creature does, is a sip of life that she gives to her soul; therefore, the more good acts she does, the more the life of her soul grows, rendering her stronger and more disposed to do more good acts. However, in order to be exempt from any poisonous substance, these acts must be upright, without human purpose, and only to please

Me. Otherwise, the most beautiful acts, which appear to be the holiest - who knows how much poison they contain! And I, being pure Good, shun these contaminated acts, and I do not communicate Life. Therefore, although it seems that they do good, their good is empty of Life, and creatures feed themselves with foods which give them death. Evil strips the soul of the garment of Grace, it deforms her, it forces her to swallow poison, so as to make her die immediately. Poor creatures, made for life, for happiness, for beauty... **while sin does nothing but give them sips of death, sips of unhappiness, sips of ugliness, which, taking all vital humors away from her, make of her dry wood, to burn with greater intensity in hell."**

#### **VOL. 14 - February 4, 1922**

*Love, wandering and rejected, bursts into sobs.*

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen all panting - His breath was fire; and clasping me to Himself, He told me: "My daughter, I want refreshment for my flames; I want to pour my Love out, but my Love is rejected by creatures. You must know that in creating man I released a quantity of Love from within my Divinity which was to serve as primary life of the creatures, so that they might be enriched, sustained, strengthened, and helped in all of their needs. But man rejected this Love, and my Love has been wandering from the time man was created, and It keeps going round without ever stopping. Rejected by someone, It runs to someone else in order to give Itself; and as It is rejected, It bursts into sobs. So, lack of correspondence causes the sobbing of Love.

Now, while my Love goes wandering and runs to give Itself, if It sees someone who is weak or poor, It bursts into sobs and says to him: 'Ah, if you did not make Me go wandering; if you had given Me a place in your heart, you would have been strong, and you would lack nothing!' If It sees someone else who has fallen into sin, It bursts into sobs: 'Ah, if you had let Me enter into your heart, you would not have fallen!' For another one whom It sees dragged by passions, muddled with earth, Love cries and, sobbing, It repeats to him: 'Ah, if you had taken my Love, passions would not have life over you, the earth would not touch you, my Love would be enough for you in everything...' So, in each evil of man, small or big, Love bursts into sobs and continues to go wandering in order to give Itself to man. **And when in the Garden of Gethsemani all sins presented themselves before my Humanity, each sin carried the sob of my Love. All the pains of my Passion, each blow of the lash, each thorn, each wound, were accompanied by the sob of my Love, because if man had loved, no evil could have come. Lack of love made all evils and even my very pains germinate.**

#### **VOL. 14 - February 9, 1922**

*The tortured body of Jesus is the true portrait of the man who commits sin. In the scourging, Jesus let His flesh be torn to shreds, and He reduced all of Himself to a wound in order to give life back to man once again.*

Finding myself in my usual state, I was following the Hours of the Passion; and while I was accompanying my sweet Jesus in the mystery of His painful scourging, He made Himself seen all skinned. His Body was stripped, not only of His garments, but also of His flesh; His bones could be counted one by one. His sight was not only harrowing, but horrible to look at, such as to strike fear, fright, reverence, and love at the same time. I felt mute before such a harrowing scene. I would have wanted to do who knows what to relieve my Jesus, but I could do nothing - the sight of His pains gave me death; and Jesus, all goodness, told me: "My beloved daughter, look well at Me, that you may know my pains in depth. My Body is the true portrait of the man who commits sin. Sin strips him of the garments of my grace; and I let Myself be stripped of my garments so as to give them back to him once again. Sin deforms him, and while he is the most beautiful creature that came out of my hands, he becomes the ugliest one - disgusting and repugnant. I was the most beautiful of men, and I can say that, in order to give beauty back to man, my Humanity took on the ugliest form. Look at Me - how horrid I am...! I let my skin be ripped off by dint of lashes, to the point that I could no longer recognize Myself. Not only does sin take beauty away, but it forms deep wounds, rotten and gangrenous, which corrode the most intimate parts of him; they consume his vital humors, so everything he does are dead - skeletal works. They snatch from him the nobility of his origin, the light of his reason - and he becomes blind. And I, in order to fill the depth of his wounds, let my flesh be torn to shreds; I reduced all of Myself to a wound, and by shedding my Blood in rivers, I made the vital humors flow in his soul, so as to give life back to Him once again.

Ah! Had I not had the fount of the Life of my Divinity within Me, which, since my Humanity died at each pain that they gave Me, substituted my Life - I would have died from the very beginning of my Passion.

Now, my pains, my Blood, my flesh which fell off in shreds, are always in the act of giving life to man; but man rejects my Blood so as not to receive life; he tramples upon my flesh so as to remain wounded. Oh, how I feel the weight of ingratitude!" And throwing Himself into my arms, Jesus burst into tears. 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; and He, as though cheered, added: "Do you know how I act? I act like a father who loves his son very much. This son is blind, deformed, crippled; and his father who loves him to folly - what does he do? He plucks his own eyes out; he cuts his own legs, tears his own skin off, and gives everything to his son, saying: 'I am happier to remain blind, crippled, deformed myself, as long as I see that you, my son, can see, can walk, and are beautiful...' Oh, how happy is that father, in seeing his son looking with his eyes, walking with his legs, and covered with his beauty! But what would the sorrow of the father be, if he saw his son, ungrateful, throwing away his eyes, legs and skin, contenting himself with remaining ugly as he is? So I am: I took care of everything, but men, ungrateful, form my most bitter sorrow."

### **VOL. 14 – February 26, 1922**

#### ***How Jesus covered us with beauty in Redemption.***

I was thinking about the great good that Jesus has done to us by redeeming us; and He, all goodness, told me: "My daughter, I created the creature beautiful, noble, with eternal and divine origin, full of happiness and worthy of Me. **Sin ruined him from top to bottom, it made him decay from his nobility, it deformed him, and rendered him the most unhappy creature, unable to grow, because sin stopped his growth and covered him with wounds, such as to be repugnant to the mere sight.** Now, my Redemption ransomed the creature from sin, and my Humanity acted just like a tender mother with her newborn baby: since there is no other food with which she can give life to her baby, she opens her breast and attaches her baby to it; and from her own blood, converted into milk, she administers to him the nourishment to give him life. More than mother, my Humanity made many holes be opened in Itself by blows of lash, which, almost like many breasts, sent out rivers of blood, so that my children, by attaching themselves to them, might suckle the food to receive life and develop their growth. With my wounds I covered their deformities, rendering them more beautiful than before. And if, in creating them, I made them like clearest and noble heavens, in Redemption I adorned them, studding them with the most refulgent stars of my wounds so as to cover their ugliness and make them more beautiful. To their wounds and deformities I attached the diamonds, the pearls, the jewels of my pains in order to hide all their evils and clothe them with such magnificence as to surpass their state of origin.

Therefore, it is with reason that the Church says, 'Fortunate fall', because with sin came Redemption; and my Humanity did not only nourish them with Its Blood, but clothed them with Its own Person, and adorned them with Its own Beauty. But now my breasts are always full to feed my children. What will not be the condemnation for those who do not want to attach themselves to them to receive life, to grow and to have their deformities covered?"

### **VOL. 14 - March 18, 1922**

#### ***Sin chains the soul and hampers her in doing good. The rest which God and the creature give to each other.***

I was accompanying my sweet Jesus in the pains of His Passion; and He, making Himself seen, told me: "My daughter, sin chains the soul and hampers her in doing good. Her mind feels the chain of sin and is hindered from comprehending what is good. Her will feels the chain that binds her, and feels numb; and instead of wanting good, it wants evil. Her desire, chained, feels its wings with which to fly to God being clipped. Oh, how I feel compassion at the sight of man chained by his own sins! This is why the first pain I wanted to suffer in my Passion were the chains. I wanted to be bound in order to release man from his own chains. Those chains which I suffered, as soon as they touched Me, turned into chains of love which, in touching man, burned up and snapped his chains, and bound him with my loving chains.

My Love is operative - It cannot be without operating. Therefore, I prepared for all and for each one that which is needed in order to rehabilitate them, heal them, and embellish them anew. I did everything so that, if the soul makes up her mind, she may find everything ready and at her disposal. So I keep my chains ready to

burn up her own; the shreds of my flesh to cover her wounds and adorn her with beauty; my Blood to give her life again - I have everything ready. I keep all that is needed in store for each one. But my Love wants to give Itself; It wants to operate. I feel a restlessness, an irresistible force, which gives Me no peace if I do not give. And do you know what I do? When I see that no one takes, I concentrate my chains, the shreds of my flesh, my Blood, in one who wants them and who loves Me, and I stud her with beauty, bejeweling her all over with the chains of my Love. I increase a hundredfold the Life of Grace for her, so my Love pours Itself out and calms Itself."

While He was saying this, I saw His chains, the shreds of His flesh, His Blood, running onto me; and He amused Himself in applying them upon me and in bejeweling me all over. How good is Jesus! May He be always blessed!

Then, afterwards, He returned and added: "My daughter, I feel the need that the creature rest in Me, and I in her. But do you know when the creature rests in Me, and I in her? When her intelligence thinks of Me and comprehends Me, she rests in the Intelligence of her Creator, and That of the Creator finds rest in the created mind. When the human will unites with the Divine Will, the two wills embrace and rest together. If human love rises above all created things and loves only its God - what a beautiful rest do God and the creature find reciprocally! One who gives rest, finds it. I become her bed and keep her in the sweetest sleep, clasped in my arms. Therefore, come and rest in my bosom."

#### **VOL. 14 – April 1, 1922**

Afterwards, I followed the Hours of the Passion, and I followed my sweet Jesus in the act in which He was clothed and treated as a madman. My mind was wandering in this mystery, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, the most humiliating step of my Passion was precisely this: being clothed and treated as a madman. I became the amusement of the Jews - their rag. Greater humiliation my infinite Wisdom could not bear. Yet, it was necessary that I, Son of God, suffer this pain.

By sinning, man becomes mad - greater madness there cannot be. And from king as he is, he becomes the slave and the amusement of the most vile passions which tyrannize him and, more than a madman, chain him as they please, casting him into mud, and covering him with the most filthy things. Oh, what great madness sin is! In this state, man could never be admitted before the Supreme Majesty. Therefore I Myself wanted to bear this pain, so humiliating, in order to plead for man that he might leave this state of madness, offering Myself to my Celestial Father to suffer the pains which the madness of man deserved. Each pain I suffered in my Passion was nothing other than the echo of the pains which creatures deserved. That echo boomed over Me, and subjected Me to pains, to scorn, to derisions, to mockeries, and to all torments."

#### **VOL. 14 – April 12, 1922**

***Sin breaks the current of Love, and opens the current of Justice.***

As I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen all afflicted, almost in the act of giving course to Justice, but as though forced by creatures themselves. I prayed Him to withhold the scourges, and He told me: "My daughter, between Creator and creature there is nothing but currents of Love. Sin breaks these currents and opens the current to Justice. My Justice defends the rights of my offended Love, of my broken Love between Creator and creature; and making Its way into their midst, It would want to reunite this broken Love. Ah! If man did not sin, my Justice would have nothing to do with the creature. But as guilt begins, my Justice places Itself on the way. Do you think that I wanted to strike man? No, no; on the contrary, it grieves Me - it is hard for Me to touch him. But he himself forces Me to, and induces Me to strike him. You, pray that man may mend his ways; so Justice, quickly reuniting the current of Love, will be able to withdraw."

#### **VOL. 14 - May 12, 1922**

***One who lives in the Divine Will concurs in everything that God does.***

I was thinking to myself: '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 anything, the goodness of His Most Holy Heart, which easily exceeds with those who love Him, would resist so many calls of mine?'

Now, while I was thinking of this and other things, He came out from within my interior, and covering me completely with a mantle of most refulgent light, in such a way that I could see nothing but light, He told



me: "My daughter, what do you fear? See, in order to keep you safe and well defended, I surrounded you with this mantle of light, so that no creature and nothing may harm you. And then, why do you want to waste time thinking that you have offended Me? The poison of guilt does not enter into one who lives in my Will. **Besides, your Jesus would strike you with lightning if He saw you with even the slightest stains of sin; I would put you out of the circle of my Will, and you would immediately lose the attitude of operating in my Will.**

#### **VOL. 14 - September 24, 1922**

*All the evil in man is that he has lost the seed of the Divine Will. The Divine Will, garment of the soul.*

As I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen stripped, shivering with cold, telling me: **"My daughter, cover Me and warm Me, for I am cold. See, with sin the creature had stripped herself of all goods, and I wanted to form for her a more beautiful garment, weaving it with my works, beading it with my Blood, and adorning it with my wounds. But what is not my sorrow in seeing this garment, so beautiful, being rejected, as creatures content themselves with remaining naked? And I Myself feel stripped in them, and I feel their cold. Therefore clothe Me, for I need it."**

And I: 'How can I clothe You? I have nothing.' And He: "Indeed you can clothe Me - you have my whole Will in your power. Absorb It within you and then release It, and you will make Me the most beautiful garment - a garment of Heaven and divine. Oh, how warmed I will be! And I will clothe you with the garment of my Will, so that we may be clothed with one single uniform. This is why I want it from you: so that I may give it to you with justice. If you clothe Me, it is fair that I clothe you, to repay you for what you have done for Me. All the evil in man is that he has lost the seed of my Will; therefore he does nothing but cover himself with the greatest crimes, which degrade him and make him act like a madman. Oh, how many follies they are about to commit! Fair penalty - since they want to have their own self as God."

#### **VOL. 14 – November 20, 1922**

You must know that in creating man I fixed many currents of love between Me and him. Having created him was not enough for Me, no; I was to place so many currents of love between Myself and him that there was to be not one part of him in which these currents would not flow. Therefore in the intelligence of man ran the current of love of my Wisdom; in his eyes ran the current of love of my Light; in his mouth, the current of love of my Word; in his hands, the current of love of the Sanctity of my works; in his will, the current of love of Mine; and so with all the rest. Man was made to be in continuous communications with His Creator; and how could he be in communication with Me if my currents would not run in his?

**With sin he broke all these currents, and remained separated from Me.** Do you know how this happened? Look at the Sun: all of its light hits the surface of the earth and invests it so much as to make it feel its heat, so alive and real as to bring fecundity and life to everything which the earth produces. So, one can say that the Sun and the earth are in communication with each other. Oh, how much tighter are the communications between man and Myself, true Eternal Sun!

Now, if a creature could have the power to break, between the earth and the Sun, the current of light that hits the surface of it, what harm would he not do? The Sun would withdraw all the current of light into itself; the earth would remain in the dark, without fecundity and without life. What penalty would he not deserve? Man did all this in Creation, and I descended from Heaven to earth in order to reunite all these currents of love, but - oh, how much it cost Me! And man continues with his ingratitude, and returns to break the currents repaired by Me!"

#### **VOL. 14 – September 5, 1922**

*One who lives in the Will of God must enclose all of Creation within herself.*

My always adorable Jesus continues to make Himself seen with His Heart pierced and embittered to the summit. **It seemed that all the pains of creatures were inflicted in that Heart; in fact, it is not only sins that pierce that Heart, but also the sufferings that the creature causes herself by not corresponding to grace.** And it seemed that, since they were piercing a Heart that loves, as they wounded that loving Heart, Its love was so great that It tried to transmute the very offenses into graces and blessings. Oh, goodness of Jesus! He alone can boast of really loving the creatures, and up to the incredible. So, also the pains of each one of them pierced It; but the offenses were so many as to turn the very graces which came from that Most Holy Heart into

lightnings. Therefore He told me: "My daughter, how unbearable man has rendered himself. He changes my graces into lightnings, and drives himself toward a general revolution. So, he himself is plotting his own destruction, and has reached such a point as to deserve to be struck by Me." And while He was saying this, He showed troubles everywhere – cities collapsed, and evils of new kind.

### **VOL. 15 – December 8, 1922**

Oh! how beautiful it was to see this innocent and privileged creature, enriched with all the divine qualities, coming into Our midst, all love, all trust, without fear. **In fact, sin alone is what puts distance between Creator and creature, breaking love, dissolving trust, and striking fear.** So, She would come into Our midst as Queen who, with Her love, given by Us, would dominate Us, enrapture Us, put Us in feast, and capture yet more love. And We would let Her do it, enjoying the love that enraptured Us, and constituting Her Queen of Heaven and earth.

### **VOL. 15 – January 24, 1923**

I spent all these days in a sea of bitterness, because blessed Jesus very often deprives me of His lovable presence; and if He makes Himself seen, I see Him in my interior, immersed in a sea whose waves rise above Him in the act of submerging Him. And in order not to be submerged and suffocated, Jesus moves His arm, rejecting the wave, and looks at me with pitiful eyes, asking for my help, and saying to me: **“My daughter, see how sins are so many that they want to submerge Me! Don’t you see the waves that they send Me, such that, if I did not motion my arm, I would be drowned?** What sad times, which will bring sad consequences.” And while He is saying this, He hides more within my interior. What pain, to see Jesus in this state - these are pains which torture the soul and tear it to shreds. Oh! how one would suffer any martyrdom in order to relieve sweet Jesus.

Then, this morning it seemed to me that my lovable Jesus could not take any more, and making use of His power, He came out from within that sea full of all those weapons, capable of wounding and even of killing, which struck terror to the mere sight. And leaning His head upon my breast, all afflicted and pale, but beautiful, and of enrapturing beauty, He told me: “My beloved daughter, I could take no more. If justice wants its course, my love too wants to pour itself out and follow its way. This is why I have come out of that horrible sea which the sins of creatures form around Me, in order to give field to my love, to come and pour Myself out with the little daughter of my Will. You too could not take any more; in that horrible sea I heard the rattle of your agony because of my privation, and as though putting everyone aside, I have run to you to pour Myself out and to let you pour yourself out in love with Me, so as to give you life again.” And while saying this, He squeezed me tightly to Himself, kissed me, and placed His hand at my throat, almost to relieve me from the pain that He Himself had given me a few days ago when, as He strongly pulled my nerves at the place of my heart, which correspond to my throat, I remained as though choked. My Jesus was all love, and wanted me to return to Him the kisses, the caresses, the squeezes that He gave me.

### **VOL. 15 - February 3, 1923**

#### ***The two dying ones.***

**I felt life missing in me because of the privation of my sweet Jesus; and if He moves in my interior, He makes Himself seen inside that horrifying sea of the sins of creatures.** Then, unable to endure any more, I was lamenting strongly, and He, as though stirred by my moans, came out of that sea, and clasping me, told me: “My daughter, what’s wrong? I heard your laments, the rattle of your agony, and I put everything aside to come to help you and sustain you. My daughter, patience; we are two poor dying ones, you and I, for the good of humanity; but while we are dying, love sustains us so as not to let us die, to give help to poor humanity which lies as though dying in the sea of its many sins.”

And as He was saying this, it seemed that the waves of that sea would submerge the two of us. Who can say what we were suffering? And since in those waves we could see preparations for wars, I said to Him: ‘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?’ And Jesus, all afflicted, said to me: “Indeed it will be larger, but it will not last for too long, because I will put my hand into it, and the scourges from Heaven will muffle those of the earth. Therefore, let us pray; and you - never go out of my Will.”

## **VOL. 15 - March 27, 1923**

### ***Sorrows of the Sacramental Life of Jesus. Graces and gifts with which He anticipates souls in order for them to receive Him.***

After I received Communion, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen, and as soon as I saw Him, I threw myself at His feet, to kiss them and to cling to Him with all of myself. And Jesus, extending His hand to me, told me: "My daughter, come into my arms, and even inside my Heart. I have covered Myself with the eucharistic veils so as not to strike fear. I have descended into the deepest abyss of humiliations in this Sacrament in order to raise the creature up to Me, identifying her with Me so much as to form one single thing with Me, and, by letting my Sacramental Blood flow inside her veins, constitute Myself life of her heartbeat, of her thought, and of her whole being. My love devoured Me and wanted to devour the creature in my flames, to make her be reborn as another Me. This is why I wanted to hide Myself under these eucharistic veils and, so hidden, enter into her to form this transformation of the creature into Myself. But in order for this transformation to take place, the dispositions were needed on the part of creatures; and my love, giving in to excess, in instituting the Sacrament of the Eucharist, released from within my Divinity more graces, gifts, favors and light for the good of man, to render him worthy to receive Me. I could say that it released so much good as to surpass the gifts of Creation. First, I wanted to give him the graces in order for him to receive Me, and then Myself, to give him the true fruit of my Sacramental Life.

**However, in order to anticipate souls with these gifts, it takes a little emptying of themselves, hate of sin, and desire to receive Me. These gifts do not descend into rot, into mud.** Therefore, without my gifts they do not have the true dispositions to receive Me, and in descending into them, I do not find the space to communicate my Life; I am as though dead for them, and they are dead for Me; I burn, and they do not feel my flames; I am light, and they remain more blinded. Alas! how many sorrows in my Sacramental Life. Many, feeling nothing good in receiving Me because of lack of dispositions, reach the point of nauseating Me; and if they continue to receive Me, it is to form my continuous Calvary and their eternal damnation. If it is not love that pushes them to receive Me, it is one more affront that they give Me - one more sin which they add to their souls. Therefore, pray and repair for the many abuses and sacrileges that are committed in receiving Me in the Sacrament."

## **VOL. 15 – April 20, 1923**

The greater the work I want to do, the more I cover the soul with the appearance of the most ordinary things. Now, since the persons you mention are known people, the divine jealousy could not maintain its watch, and the divine shadow - oh, how hard it is to find it! And besides, I choose whomever I please. It is established that two Virgins must come to Humanity's aid - one for the salvation of man, and the other to make my Will reign upon earth, to give man his terrestrial happiness, to unite two wills, the Divine and the human, and make them one, so that the purpose for which man was created may have its complete fulfillment. I Myself will take care of making my way to make known what I want. What I most care about is to have the first creature in whom to centralize my Volition, and that my Will may have life in her on earth as It does in Heaven; the rest will come by itself. This is why I always say to you: 'your flight in my Will', because the human will contains weaknesses, passions, miseries, which are veils that prevent one from entering into the Eternal Volition; and if they are grave sins, they are barricades that form between one will and the Other. And if my Fiat 'on earth as it is in Heaven' does not reign upon earth, this is precisely what prevents It from doing so. Therefore, to you is it given to tear these veils, to knock down these barricades, to make of all human acts as though one single act by the power of my Will, overwhelming them all, and bringing them to the feet of my Celestial Father, as though kissed and sealed by His very Will; so that, in seeing that one creature has covered the whole human family with His Will, attracted and pleased, He may let His Will descend upon earth through her, making It reign on earth as It does in Heaven."

## **VOL. 15 - April 21, 1923**

### ***The darkest point of the present society.***

This morning my always lovable Jesus transported me outside of myself, to a place in which one could see flags being waved, and parades in which all classes of people were participating, including priests. As

though offended by all this, Jesus wanted to clasp the creatures in His hand to crush them; and I, taking His hand in mine, clasped Him to myself, saying to Him: “My Jesus, what are You doing? After all, they don’t seem to be doing evil things, but rather, good things. It seems that the Church is uniting with your enemies of before, and these no longer show that aversion for dealing with people from the Church; on the contrary, they call them to bless their flags. Is this not a good sign? And You, instead of being pleased with it, seem to get offended.” And Jesus, sighing and highly afflicted, told me: “My daughter, how you are deceiving yourself. This is the darkest point of the present society, and their union means that they all have the same color. The enemies are no longer afraid and horrified to approach people from the Church, because since the true fount of virtue and religion is not in them – on the contrary, some of them celebrate the Divine Sacrifice without believing in my existence; for others, if they believe at all, it is a faith without works, and their lives are a chain of enormous sacrileges – so, what good can they do if they don’t have it within themselves? How can they call others to a conduct of a true Christian by making known what great evil sin is, if the life of grace is missing in them? With the all the unions they form, there are no more men who fulfill the precept, therefore it is not the union of the triumph of religion – it is the triumph of their party, and masking themselves with it, they try to cover the evil they are plotting. It is true revolution that is hidden under these masks, and I remain always the offended God, both by the evil, who pretend a shade of piety in order to strengthen their party and therefore do graver evil, and by people from the Church, who, having a false piety, are no longer good for drawing the peoples to follow Me; on the contrary, it is the peoples that carry them away. Can there be a time sadder than this? **Pretense is the ugliest sin, and that which most wounds my Heart. Therefore, pray and repair.**”

#### **VOL. 15 – April 25, 1923**

And Jesus: “My daughter, all times are in my hands, I give to whomever I want, and I use whomever I want. I could very well bring the happiness that my Will contains upon earth, but I found no human will that wanted to live perennial life in Mine, so as to retie the bonds of Creation, give Me back all the acts of the first man as if he had done them all with the seal of my Supreme Will, and therefore place the lost happiness in the field. It is true that I had my dear Mama, but She had to cooperate with Me for Redemption. **Besides, man was a slave, imprisoned by his very sins, infirm, covered with wounds - the most repugnant ones; and I came as a loving father to shed my Blood in order to rescue him, as a doctor to heal him, as a teacher to teach him the way – the escape so as not to fall into hell.** Poor ill one, how could he have extended himself in the eternal flights of my Volition if he was unable to walk? Had I wanted to give the happiness which my Will contains, it would have been as though giving it to the dead and letting it be trampled upon. He was not disposed to receive such a great good, and this is why I wanted to teach the prayer to dispose him, and I contented Myself with waiting for different eras, letting centuries upon centuries go by, to make known the living in my Will – to give the start to this happiness.”

#### **VOL. 15 - May 23, 1923**

*The Will of God is fullness, and one who lives in It must centralize everything within herself.*

His privations continue, and as my sweet Jesus made Himself seen just a little, I said to Him: “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.”

And Jesus: “Have you perhaps withdrawn from my Will?”

And I: ‘No, no - may Heaven free me from such a misfortune.’

And He: **“And why, then, do you ask Me where you have offended Me? Only when the soul withdraws from my Will, then does sin enter.**

#### **VOL. 15 - June 6, 1923**

*The sign that the soul is all of God is that she has a taste for nothing but Him.*

I was concerned about the reason why my Jesus was not coming, and I said to myself: ‘Who knows what evil there is in my interior, that Jesus hides Himself so as not to be displeased?’ And He, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, the sign that there is nothing evil and that the interior of the soul is completely filled with God, is that nothing is left to her which is not all mine, and that in everything that may happen inside and

outside of her, she no longer has a taste for anything - her taste is only for Me and of Me. And not only with profane or indifferent things, but also with holy things, pious people, services, music, etc. – everything is cold, indifferent to her, and like something that does not belong to her. And the reason is natural: if the soul is completely filled with Me, she is also filled with my tastes. My taste is hers, and other tastes find no place in which to put themselves; therefore, as beautiful as they may be, they hold no attraction for the soul; rather, they are as though dead for her.

On the other hand, the soul who is not completely mine is empty, and as things surround her, she feels as many tastes within herself, if those are things which she likes; if, on the other hand, they are things which she does not like, she feels disgust. So, she is in a continuous alternation of tastes and disgusts; and since any taste which did not come from Me is not lasting, many times tastes turn into disgusts, and this is why many variations of character can be noticed: now too sad, now too cheerful, now all irascible, another time all affable. It is the void of Me which she has in her soul that gives her so many variations of character - in nothing similar to mine, for I am always the same and I never change.

Now, do you have any taste for what exists down here? What do you fear - that there may be some evil in you, and because of it, displeased, I hide Myself? Wherever I am, there cannot be evils.” And I: ‘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?’ And Jesus: “And this tells you that you are mine and that you are filled with Me, because every taste has this power: if it is my taste, it transforms the creature into Me; if it is a natural taste, it sweeps her into human things; if it is a taste for passions, it casts her into the current of evil. It may seem that a taste is something trivial; yet, it is not so. It is the first act of either good or evil. And take a look at how it is so:

**Why did Adam sin? Because he removed his gaze from the divine attraction, and as Eve presented to him the fruit to let him eat of it, he looked at the fruit, and his sight took pleasure in looking at it, his hearing took delight in hearing the words of Eve - that if he ate the fruit he would become like God; and His palate took pleasure in eating it. So, taste was the first act of his ruin. On the other hand, had he felt displeasure in looking at it, tedium and bother in hearing the words of Eve, disgust in eating it, Adam would not have sinned. On the contrary, he would have done the first heroic act of his life, by resisting and correcting Eve for having done that, and he would have remained with the everlasting crown of faithfulness toward the One to whom he owed so much, and who had all the rights for his subjection. Oh! how careful must one be with the different tastes which arise in the soul. If they are purely divine tastes, one must give them life; but if they are human tastes, or of passions, one must give them death; otherwise there is the risk of falling into the current of evil.”**

#### **VOL. 16 – July 24, 1923**

How many souls, after having enjoyed my favors and my Presence, not having in them the fullness of my Will, Its Light and Its Sanctity, have engulfed themselves again in sin, have taken part in pleasures, and have separated from Me, because that Divine Will which renders the soul untouchable from sin, even the slightest one, was not in them. Therefore, the most pure, the most holy and the greatest works are formed in those who possess all the fullness of my Will.

#### **VOL. 16 – September 6, 1923**

**In fact, do you want to know why Adam sinned? Because he forgot that I loved him and he forgot to love Me.** This was the first seed of His fall. Had he thought that I loved him very much and that he was obliged to love Me, he would never have decided to disobey Me. So, first love ceased, and then began sin; and as soon as he stopped loving his God, true love for himself ceased. His members and powers rebelled against him; he lost dominion, order, and he became fearful. And not only this, but true love toward other creatures ceased, while I had created him with the same love which reigned among the Divine Persons, in which one was to be the image of the other, the happiness, the joy and life of the other.

This is why, in coming upon earth, the thing to which I gave greatest importance was that they love one another as they were loved by Me, in order to give them my first Love, to let the Love of the Most Holy Trinity breathe over the earth.

Therefore, in all your pains and privations, never forget that I love you very much, so as to never forget to love Me; and as Daughter of Our Will, you have the task to love Me for all. In this way, you will remain in order and you will fear nothing."

**VOL. 16 - September 14, 1923**

*All creatures rotate around the Divine Sun. This is why man was created. Catastrophic consequences of sin.*

I was thinking of how all things rotate around the Sun: the earth, ourselves, all creatures, the sea, the plants – in sum, everything; we all rotate around the Sun. And because we rotate around the Sun, we are illuminated and we receive its heat. So, It pours its burning rays upon all, and by rotating around It, we and the whole Creation enjoy its Light and receive part of the effects and goods which the Sun contains. Now, how many beings do not rotate around the Divine Sun? Everyone does: all the Angels, the Saints, men, and all created things; even the Queen Mama – does she perhaps not have the first round, in which, rapidly spinning around It, she absorbs all the reflections of the Eternal Sun?

Now, while I was thinking about this, my Divine Jesus moved in my interior, and squeezing me all to Himself, told me: "My daughter, this was exactly the purpose for which I created man: that he would always rotate around Me, and I, being at the center of his rotation like a Sun, was to reflect in him my Light, my Love, my Likeness and all my happiness. At every round of his, I was to give him ever new contentments, new beauty, burning arrows.

Before man sinned, my Divinity was not hidden, because by rotating around Me, he was my reflection, and therefore he was the little Light. So, it was as though natural that, I being the great Sun, the little light could receive the reflections of my Light. But, as soon as he sinned, he stopped spinning around Me; his little light became dark, he became blind and lost the light to be able to see my Divinity in his mortal flesh, as much as a creature is capable of. So much so, that in coming to redeem man, I took mortal flesh in order to be seen, not only because man had sinned with the flesh, and therefore I was to expiate with the flesh, but because he lacked the eyes to be able to see my Divinity. In fact, my Divinity, which dwelled within my Humanity, was able to unleash, like lightnings and flashes, only a few rays of Light from my Divinity.

See then, what great evil sin is: for man it is to lose his rotation around His Creator, to annul the purpose of Creation, to be transformed from Light into darkness, from beautiful into ugly. It is such a great evil that with all my Redemption I was unable to restore in him the eyes to be able to see my Divinity in his mortal flesh, but only when this flesh of man, decomposed and pulverized by death, will rise again on the day of judgment.

What would happen if the whole Creation could fail in doing its rotation around the Sun? All things would be turned upside down; they would lose their Light, harmony, beauty; each one would bump against the other, and even if the Sun were there, since nothing would rotate around It, the Sun would be as though dead for the whole of Creation.

Now, because of original sin, man lost his rotation around His Creator, and therefore he lost order, dominion over himself, and light. And every time he sins, not only does he not rotate around His God, but not even around the goods of Redemption, which, like a new sun, came to bring him forgiveness, refuge and salvation.

But do you know who is the one who never ceases her round? The soul who does my Will and lives in It. As usual, she never stops, and she receives all the reflections of my Humanity and also the flashes of Light of my Divinity."

**VOL. 17 – October 23, 1924**

And Jesus, again: "My daughter, you do not know what my Will on earth is. It shows that, after so many of my lessons, you have not understood well. You must know that the soul who, here, lets my Will live within her, as she prays, as she suffers, as she works, as she loves, etc., forms a sweet enchantment to the divine pupils, in such a way as to enclose, with her acts, the gaze of God in that enchantment; **and so the Omnipotent One, taken by the sweetness of this enchantment, feels disarmed of many chastisements which the creatures draw upon themselves with their grave sins.**

### **VOL. 17 – December 24, 1924**

Now, while I was thinking of this, my Little Baby, sobbing, said to me: "My daughter, the pains I suffered in this virginal womb of my Mama are incalculable to the human mind. But do you know what was the first pain which I suffered in the first act of my Conception, and which lasted for all of my life? The pain of death. My Divinity descended from Heaven as fully happy, intangible by any pain and by any death. When I saw my little Humanity being subject to pain and to death for love of creatures, I felt the pain of death so vividly, that I really would have died of pure pain, if the power of my Divinity had not sustained Me with a prodigy, making Me feel the pain of death and the continuation of life. So, for Me it was always death: **I felt the death of sin**, the death of good within the creatures, and also their natural death. What a cruel torment this was for Me, for all of my Life! I, who contained Life and who was the absolute lord of Life itself, had to subject Myself to the pain of death. Don't you see my little Humanity immobile and dying in the womb of my dear Mama? And don't you yourself feel how hard and excruciating is the pain of feeling like dying, without dying? My daughter, it is your living in my Will that makes you share in the continuous death on my Humanity."

### **VOL. 17 – February 22, 1925**

By doing the Will of the Eternal One, always and in everything, my Humanity opened the ways between the human will and the Divine, **which had been closed by the creature through sin**. You must know that, in creating man, the Divinity formed many channels of communication between the Creator and the creature. The three powers of the soul were channels: the intelligence, a channel in order to comprehend my Will; the memory, a channel in order to remember It continuously; and the Will, in the middle of these two channels, formed the third channel in order to fly into the Will of her Creator. The intelligence and the memory were the support, the defense, the strength, of the channel of the will, that it might not stagger, either to the right or to the left. Channel was the eye, that she might look at the beauties and the riches contained in my Will; channel, the hearing, that she might hear the calls, the harmonies, contained in It; channel, the word, in which she might receive the continuous outpouring of my word 'FIAT', and the goods which my FIAT contains; channel, the hands, so that man, in raising them while working, might reach, in my Will, the purpose of unifying his works with the works of his Creator; channel, the feet, to follow the steps of my Will; channel, the heart, the desires, the affections, to be filled with the Love of my Will, and to rest in It. See, then, how many channels there are in the creature in order to come into my Will, if she wanted to.

### **VOL. 17 – March 1, 1925**

Then, continuing, He said to me: "**My daughter, courage, do not fear; there is no darkness in you, because only sin is darkness, while good is light**. Don't you see that I came out from a surface of light, from within your interior? But do you know what this light is? It is all the interior work that you do. Every additional act you do is one more thread of your will which you bind to the current of the Eternal Light; and that thread turns into Light. Therefore, the more acts you do, adding more threads, the more full, intense and radiant the Light will become. So, the Light that you see is what you have done; the void you see in that same Light is what is left for you to do. And I will always be in the midst of this light, not only to enjoy it, but to bind the threads of the human will with the current of the Eternal Light, because I am the origin, the surface, the current, of the light.

### **VOL. 18 – August 9, 1925**

The Creation was made for love of man; even more, Our love was so great that, had it been necessary, We would have created as many heavens, as many suns, stars, seas, earths, plants and all the rest, for as many creatures as were to come to the light of this world, so that each one of them might have a Creation for herself, a universe of her own. And, in fact, when everything was created, Adam was the only spectator of all Creation - he could enjoy all the good he wanted. And if We did not do so, it was because man could enjoy everything anyway, as if it were his own, even if others also might enjoy it. In fact, who cannot say, 'the sun is mine', and enjoy the light of the sun as much as he wants? Or, 'the water is mine', and quench his thirst and make use of it there where he needs it? Or, 'the sea, the earth, the fire, the air, are my things', and so with many other things created by Me? **And if it seems that man lacks something, that life suffers hardships, it is because of sin**

**which, barring the way of my benefits, prevents the things created by Me from being abundant for the ungrateful creature.**

**VOL. 18 – August 9, 1925**

Oh! if a sun had a free will and could make two suns from one, four suns from two, what glory, what honor would it not give to its Creator, and how much glory also to itself? Yet, what the created things cannot do, because they are without a free will, and because they were created to serve man, man can do, because he was to serve God. So, all Our love was centralized in man, and this is why We placed all Creation at his disposal, all ordered around him – that man might make use of Our works like as many stairs and ways in order to come to Us, to know Us, and to love Us. **But what is Our sorrow in seeing man below Our created things - even more, his beautiful soul, given by Us, transformed into ugliness by sin, and not only ungrown in good, but horrid to the sight?**

**VOL. 18 – October 21, 1925**

Then, I was continuing the fusing of myself in the Divine Will, feeling sorrow for each offense which has ever been given to my Jesus, from the first to the last man who will come upon earth. And while feeling sorrow, I asked for forgiveness. But while I was doing this, I said to myself: ‘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.’ And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: **“My daughter, I had a special sorrow for each sin, and upon my sorrow hung the pardon for the sinner.** Now, this sorrow of mine is suspended in my Will, waiting for the sinner when he offends Me, so that, as he feels sorrow for having offended Me, my sorrow may descend to feel sorrow together with his, and immediately grant him forgiveness. But, how many offend Me and do not feel sorrow? So, my sorrow and forgiveness are suspended in my Will, and as though isolated. Thank you, my daughter, for coming into my Will to keep company with my sorrow and with my forgiveness. Please continue to go around in my Will; and making my sorrow your own, cry out, for each offense: ‘Sorrow! Forgiveness!’, so that I may not be the only One who feels sorrow and impetrates forgiveness, but I may have the company of the little daughter of my Will, who feels sorrow together with Me.”

**VOL. 18 – November 5, 1925**

But, do not stop, keep flying, and you will hear the anguishing moans of the Holy Spirit in the Sacrament of Penance. How much ingratitude, how many abuses and profanations, on the part of those who administer it and on the part of those who receive it. In this Sacrament, my Blood places Itself in act over the contrite sinner, in order to descend upon his soul, to wash him, embellish him, heal him and strengthen him, **to give back to him the lost grace, to place in his hands the keys of Heaven, which sin had snatched away from him;** to impress on his forehead the peacemaking kiss of forgiveness. But, ah! how many harrowing moans, in seeing souls approaching this Sacrament of Penance without sorrow, out of habit, almost as a vent of the human heart. Others – horrible to be said – instead of going to find the life of their souls, of grace, go to find death, to pour out their passions. So, the Sacrament is reduced to a mockery, to a nice chat; and my Blood, instead of descending as a bath, descends as fire, which withers them even more. And so, in each Confession, Our love cries inconsolably and, sobbing, repeats: ‘Human ingratitude, how great you are. Everywhere you try to offend Me; and while I offer you life, you turn the very life I offer you into death.’ See, then, how Our moans await your requital of love in the Sacrament of Penance.

**VOL. 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. Oh! how I would have wanted to relieve Him from pains so excruciating. And while I compassionated His whole Being, He told me: **“My daughter, my Will has the power to give death and to give life; and since my Humanity knew no other life but the Life of my Divine Will, as the sins crowded over Me, my Will made Me feel a distinct death for each sin.** My Humanity moaned under the pain of the real death which my Supreme Will gave Me; but over that very death which this Divine Will gave Me, It made the new life of grace rise again for creatures. So, as evil and bad as a creature might be, if she has the fortune of letting one act of my Will enter



into herself, even at the point of death, since my Will is life, It sows the seed of life in the soul. And as she possesses this seed of life, there is great hope that the soul may be saved, because the power of my Will will be careful so that this act of life of Its own, which has entered the soul, may not perish and turn into death. In fact, my Will has the power to give death, but my Will Itself and all of Its acts are untouchable and not subject to any death. Now, if one act alone of my Will contains the seed of life, what will not be the fortune of one who embraces within her soul, not one act alone, but continuous acts of my Will? This creature receives, not just the seed, but the fullness of life, and places her sanctity in safety.”

#### **VOL. 19 – July 11, 1926**

And Jesus, taking my own words, told me: “My little daughter, you yourself are saying how necessary knowledge is. If it is necessary for you, much more so for others. Now, you must know that in order to form the Kingdom of Redemption, those who distinguished themselves the most in suffering were my Mama and I. And even though apparently She suffered none of the pains that the other creatures knew, except for my death which was known by all, and which was the fatal and harrowing blow for Her maternal Heart, more than any most sorrowful death, however, since She possessed the unity of the light of my Will, **this light brought to Her pierced Heart, not only the seven swords told by the Church, but all swords, spears and pricks of all sins and pains of creatures, which martyred Her maternal Heart in a harrowing way.** But this is nothing. This light brought Her all my pains, my humiliations, my torments, my thorns, my nails, the most intimate pains of my Heart. The Heart of my Mama was the true Sun: though one can see nothing but light, this light contains all the goods and effects that the earth receives and possesses; so, one can say that the earth is enclosed in the Sun. The same for the Sovereign Queen: one could only see Her person, but the light of my Supreme Will enclosed in Her all possible imaginable pains; and the more intimate and unknown these pains were, the more valuable and powerful they were over the Divine Heart, to impetrate the longed for Redeemer; and more than solar light, they descended into the hearts of creatures, to conquer them and bind them in the Kingdom of Redemption.

#### **VOL. 19 – July 11, 1926**

Now, united to the Sovereign Queen came my Humanity. She remained hidden in Me, in my sorrows, in my pains, therefore little was known about Her; but as for my Humanity, it was necessary that what I did, how much I suffered and how much I loved be known. If nothing were known, I could not form the Kingdom of Redemption. The knowledge of my pains and of my love is magnet and spur, incitement and light to draw souls to taking the remedies, the goods contained in It. **Knowing how much their sins and their salvation cost Me is chain that binds them to Me and prevents new sins.** If, on the other hand, they had known nothing of my pains and of my death, not knowing how much their salvation cost Me, no one would have given a thought to loving Me and saving his soul. See then, how necessary it is to make known how much he or she who has formed within him or herself a universal good to give it to others, has done and suffered.

### **Volumes 20-36**

#### **VOL. 20 – October 22, 1926**

**Once sin is removed, there will be no nourishment for evil; more so, since my Will and sin cannot exist together, therefore also the human nature will have its beneficial effects.**

#### **VOL. 20 – October 22, 1926**

I was thinking to myself about the Holy Divine Will, and I said: ‘But, what will be the great good of this Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat?’ Jesus, interrupting my thought, as though in a hurry, moved in my interior, telling me: “My daughter, what will be the great good?! What will be the great good?! The Kingdom of my Fiat will enclose all goods, all miracles and the most sensational prodigies; even more, It will surpass them all together. And if ‘miracle’ means to give sight to a blind person, to straighten up a cripple, to heal one who is sick, to raise one who is dead, etc., the Kingdom of my Will will have the preserving nourishment, and for whomever enters into It, there will be no danger that he may become blind, crippled or sick. Death will no longer have power in the soul; and if it will have it over the body, it will not be death, but transit. **Without the**

**nourishment of sin and the degraded human will which produced the corruption of the bodies, and with the preserving nourishment of my Will, the bodies will not be subject to decompose and be corrupted so horribly as to strike fear even into the strongest ones, as it happens now; but they will remain composed in their sepulchers, waiting for the day of the resurrection of all.**

**VOL. 20 – October 22, 1926**

The Kingdom of the Divine Fiat will make the great miracle of banishing all evils, all miseries, all fears, because It will not perform a miracle at one time or circumstance, but will keep the children of Its Kingdom with Itself with an act of continuous miracle, to preserve them from any evil, and let them be distinguished as the children of Its Kingdom. **This, in the souls; but also in the body there will be many modifications, because sin is always the nourishment of all evils. Once sin is removed, there will be no nourishment for evil; more so, since my Will and sin cannot exist together, therefore also the human nature will have its beneficial effects.**

**VOL. 22 – June 20, 1927**

But while I was pouring out my sorrow, my highest Good, Jesus, moved in my interior, and clasping me all to Himself, told me: “My daughter, the earth, created by God as fertile and beautiful, with a most refulgent sun that illuminated it and delighted it, became full of thorns and all stony because of sin; the human will put to flight the Sun of Mine, and thick darkness covered it. And I keep you alive because you must remove all the stones from the earth and render it fertile again. Each act of the human will has been a stone that covered the beautiful earth created by Me; each venial sin has been a thorn, each grave sin has been a poison, and each good done outside of my Will has been like sand scattered over the land which, invading it completely, prevented the vegetation of even the smallest plant or some blade of grass which might sprout from underneath the stones. Now, my daughter, each act of yours done in my Will must remove one stone – and how many acts it takes to remove them all! And by never giving life to your will, you will call back the refulgent rays of the Sun of the Supreme Fiat to shine over these tenebrous lands, and these rays will call the mighty wind of grace which, with empire, will stir all that sand – that is, all that good done neither to do my Will, nor in It, nor out of love for Me, but good done to earn human esteem, glory and interest. Oh! how heavy this apparent good is – more than sand which prevents the vegetation of souls and renders them so sterile as to arouse pity. Then, the Sun of my Will, with Its fecundity, will change the thorns into flowers and fruits, and the wind of my grace will be the counterpoison and will pour life into souls.

**VOL. 25 – October 17, 1928**

After this, I continued my acts in the Divine Fiat, and following Its acts, I was accompanying the conception of Jesus in the maternal womb. And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, how much analogy exists between the conception I did in the maternal womb and what I do in each consecrated host. See, from Heaven I descended to conceive in the womb of my Celestial Mama; from Heaven I descend to be consecrated, hidden, within the veils of the species of bread. In the dark, immobile, I remained in the maternal womb; in the dark, immobile, and made even smaller, I remain in each host. Look at Me, I am here, hidden in this tabernacle; I pray, I cry and I make not even my breath heard; within the sacramental veils, my very Divine Will keeps Me as though dead, annihilated, restricted, compressed, while I am alive and give life to all. **Oh! abyss of my love, how immeasurable you are. In the maternal womb I was loaded down with the weight of all souls and of all sins; here, in each host, small as it is, I feel the enormous weight of the burden of the sins of each creature. And while I feel crushed under the enormity of so many sins, I do not tire, because true love never tires, and wants to win with the greatest sacrifices; it wants to expose its life for the beloved. This is why I continue my life, from the moment I conceived up to my death, in each sacramental host.**

**VOL. 25 – March 22, 1929**

And what did this Will of Mine not do in Redemption? **But It is not yet content with what I did; It wants to fill Its womb, It no longer wants to see man disfigured by sin, by dissimilarity from It, but It wants to see him adorned by the insignia of Creation, adorned with Its Beauty and Sanctity, and taking his place, once again, inside Its divine womb.** The *Fiat Voluntas Tua* on earth as It is in Heaven is precisely this: that man

return into my Divine Will; and only when It sees again Its child happy, living in Its house, with the opulence of Its goods - then will It calm Itself. And so It will be able to say: 'My child has come back, he is clothed with his royal garments, he wears the crown of king, he lives together with Me, and I have given back to him the rights which I gave him in creating him. So, the disorder in Creation is ended, because man has come back into my Divine Will'."

### **VOL. 28 – July 9, 1930**

Then, blessed Jesus, having compassion for me, made Himself seen, and all afflicted and tenderness, told me: "My daughter, do not fear, my way of acting is always pure and holy, whatever it might be, even if it should appear strange to creatures. In fact, all the sanctity is not in the external act of the way of acting, but is from the fount of the internal sanctity from which it comes, and from the fruits that my way of acting produces. If the fruits are holy, why want to judge my way? So I liked it, and therefore I did it. It is from the fruits that the tree is known – whether it is good, mediocre or bad; and I am greatly disappointed that instead of looking at the fruits, they judged the cortex of the tree, and maybe not even the substance and the life of the same tree. Poor ones, what can they comprehend by looking at the cortex of my ways without descending to the fruits that I have produced? They will remain more in the dark, and they can incur in the disgrace of the Pharisees who, looking in Me at the cortex of my works and words, not at the substance of the fruits of my Life, remained blind and ended up giving Me death. And besides, is this the way to make a judgment without imploring the Author and Giver of lights and consulting the one whom they judge with such ease? And then, what wrongs did I do, and what is it that you received as I would pour from my mouth into yours the little fountain which came out from the fount of my bitternesses, and which creatures give Me? **I did not pour sin into you, but part of its effects, and this is why you felt the intensity of the bitternesses, the nausea, how ugly sin is. And you, in feeling these effects, abhorred sin and comprehended how much your Jesus suffers, transmuting your being, and even each drop of your blood, into reparations for your Jesus. Ah! you would not have loved so much to suffer in order to repair Me, had you not felt within you the effects of sin and how much your Jesus suffers in being offended.** But they might question why I was doing it from the mouth – I could do it differently. That is the way I like it; I wanted to act with you like a father acts with his little daughter: because she is little, she lets him do to her whatever he wants, and her father pours himself into his little one, with ways so affectionate and loving, as if he found his own life in her, because he knows that she would refuse nothing to her father, even if the sacrifice of her life were required.

### **VOL. 29 – September 7, 1931**

And I: '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.'

And Jesus added: "My daughter, do not fear; you must know that one step gives life to another step, one good is life and support of another good, one act calls to life another act; **and even evil, sin, is life of other evils and of other sins. Things never remain isolated, but almost always have their succession.**

### **VOL. 30 – January 3, 1932**

The nations will continue to fight against one another—some by war, some by revolution, among themselves and against My Church. They have a fire in their midst that devours them, that gives them no Peace, and they can give no Peace. **It is the fire of sin, and the fire of acting without God that gives them no Peace;** and they will never make Peace if they do not call God into their midst, as regime and bond of Union and of Peace. And I let them do, and I will make them touch with their own hands what it means to act without God.

### **VOL. 30 – February 16, 1932**

I was continuing my acts in the Divine Will, to find all Its Acts and fuse them together, so as to be able to say: "I do what It does." O! what happiness one feels in thinking that one is doing what the Divine Will does.

And my lovable Jesus, visiting His little daughter, told me: “Good daughter, if you knew what void is formed in the act of the creature when it is not filled completely with My Will such that that act lacks the Fullness of Sanctity, it lacks the Infinite; and since the Infinite is missing, an abyss of emptiness appears, which only the Infinite could fill. In fact, the creature, with all her acts, was made for the Infinite, and when My Will runs within her acts, It places the Infinite in them, and her act appears Full of Light, kept by My Will in Its Womb of Light, and with the Infinite inside, that renders it a Fulfilled Act. On the other hand, when My Will does not enter the act of the creature as Life, beginning, means and end, the act is empty, and no one can fill the abyss of that void; **and if there is sin, an abyss of darkness and of miseries appears in that act, such as to be horrifying.**

### **VOL. 30 – April 2, 1932**

Everything is possible when We want it; We place as much ease in doing small things as We do in great ones, because all the Virtue and Power is in Our Act, not in the good that the Act of Our Power receives. In fact, when I was on earth, since in all My Acts ran My Power, the touch of My Hands, the Empire of My Voice, and so forth, were all made Powerful, and with the same ease with which I called to life the little girl who had died a few hours before—with that same ease I called to life Lazarus, who had been dead for four days, who was already corrupted, and gave off an unbearable stench. I commanded that the bandages be removed from him, and then I called him with the Empire of My Voice: ‘Lazarus, come out!’ At My Commanding Voice, Lazarus was Resurrected, the corruption disappeared, the stench ceased, and he came back healthy and hearty as if he had not died—true example of how My Power can make the Kingdom of My Fiat rise again in the midst of creatures.

**“This is a tangible and sure example of how My Power, in spite of the fact that man is corrupted, and the stench of his sins infects him, more than a cadaver—he can be called a poor one wrapped in bandages, who has need of the Divine Empire in order to be freed of the bandages of his passions—but if the Empire of My Power invests him and wants it, his corruption will have no more life, and he will rise again Healthy, and more Beautiful than before. Therefore, at the most, one can doubt that My Divine Will might not want it, because they could not deserve a Good so Great; but that My Power would not be able to do it—not this, ever.”**

### **VOL. 30 – May 30, 1932**

“Now the creature, by not doing Our Will, places Us outside of Our Dwelling, and it happens to Us as it would happen to a rich lord who, wanting to build a great and beautiful palace, when he has finished he goes in order to dwell in it, and they close the doors in his face, they throw stones at him, in a way that he is constrained to not put a foot inside, and to not be able to inhabit his own dwelling formed by him. Would it not merit that he who had formed it would destroy it? But he does not do it because he loves his work. But he waits, and waits again, for one who he knows he can conquer in love, and by herself, by giving him the freedom of letting him live there, she opens the doors in order to let him enter.

**“By not letting Our Will Reign in his soul, the creature places Us in the same conditions. He closes the doors in Our Face, and he throws the stones of his sins against Us. And with Invincible and Divine Patience, We wait. And because he does not want Our Will in himself as Life, with Paternal Goodness We give him Its Effects, that is, the Laws, the Sacraments, the Gospel, the helps of My Examples and Prayers. But for all this Great Good, not one can equal the Great Good that My Will can do as Perennial Life of the creature, because all together It is Laws, Sacraments, Gospel, Life. It signifies everything, can give everything, possesses everything, and this is enough in order to be able to comprehend the Great difference that there is between My Will as continuous Life in the creature, and Its Effects in the Sacraments that can produce not in a Perennial way, but according to circumstance, to time. And although the Effects can do Great Good, still they can never arrive at producing all the Good that the Life of My Divine Will Reigning and Dominating in the creature can produce. Therefore be attentive, My daughter, and give It the Holy Freedom of doing what It wants in your soul.”**

### **VOL. 31 – December 25, 1932**

“Man, by rejecting My Divine Will, was made powerless in everything, and I came to be his Savior, Repairer, Glorifier, Defender, and I covered him within the Garment of My Humanity, in order to keep him safe. And I

answer to My Celestial Father for him in every thing. So much was My Love that My Divinity was able to give an outpouring to My Love, that it brought Me to being Born in every heart and in all things. This is so true, that the first ones to recognize Me and to extol Me were created things, because feeling My Birth in themselves, they exulted with Joy and made Feast for Me. But do you know who are those who make Feast for Me in the Birth in their hearts? Those who possess My Divine Will. These have immediately noticed that I am Born in their hearts, and they make Perennial Feast for Me. **On the other hand, the others make Me cry, they give Me Sorrow, and with sin they prepare for Me the knife to either wound Me or kill Me.**”

#### **VOL. 33 – July 20, 1934**

**“It is only sin that makes one lose Sanctity and puts the Operating Life of My Will outside of the creature, because if there is no sin, We carry her in Our Womb, We surround her with Our Sanctity, and therefore she cannot do less than feel in herself the Operating Life of My Will.** See, therefore, everything and everyone have beginning and are born together with My Will, Innocent and Holy and Worthy of He who has created them. But who is the one who conserves this Innocence and Holiness? One who is always at her place in My Will. She alone is the Triumphant One in the space of the universe. She is the Standard-Bearer, and she gathers together the whole army of Creation in order to bring them to God, with speaking voice and with full Knowledge, the Glory, the Honor, and the Tribute of everything and everyone.

#### **VOL. 33 – April 12, 1935**

“Now, Our Divine Will that possess the All-Seeingness of everything, hid nothing from Her, It made present to this Holy Creature all the human generations, each sin that they had done and that they would do. **And even from the first instant of Her Conception, the tiny Celestial One who knew no other life than only the Divine Will, began to be sorrowful with the Divine Sorrow for each sin of the creature, so much so that She formed around each sin of theirs a Sea of Divine Love and Sorrow. My Will does not know how to do little things; It formed in Her beautiful Soul Seas of Sorrow and of Love for each sin and for every creature.** Therefore the Holy Little Virgin, even from the first instant of Her life, was Queen of Sorrow and of Love, because Our Will that can do everything, gave Her such Sorrow and Love that if It had not sustained Her with Its Power, She would have died for every sin, and many times consumed with Love for how many creatures would exist. And Our Divinity began to have, in virtue of Our Will, the Divine Sorrow and Divine Love for everyone and for each one.

“O! how We feel satisfied and repaid for everything, and in virtue of this Divine Sorrow and Love, We feel inclined toward everyone. Her Love was so much, that ruling over Us, She made Us Love those whom She Loved, so much so that as this Sublime Creature came to Light, the Eternal Word ran in order to come to seek man and save him. Who can resist the Operating Power of Our Will in the creature? And what can She not do and obtain for however much She wants? O! if everyone only knew the Great Good that We made to the human generations by giving them this Celestial Queen—it was She who prepared the Redemption, who Conquered Her Creator, and who was the Bearer of the Eternal Word on earth—O! everyone would press themselves around Her Maternal knees in order to implore from Her that Divine Will that She possesses the Life of.”

#### **VOL. 34 – May 31, 1936**

“O! how My Public Life symbolizes the Triumph of the Kingdom of My Fiat in the midst of creatures that, with surprising Truths, I will make known. And in order to have the intent, I will make Miracles and Prodigies. With the Power of My Volition I will Recall to Life those dead to grace. **I will repeat the Miracle of the Resurrection of Lazarus, that, even though they have putrefied in evil, rendering stinking cadavers like Lazarus, My Fiat will Recall them to Life, It will stop the stench of sin, It will make them Rise Again in Good.** In sum, I will use all My Divine Industries in order to let My Volition Dominate in the midst of the people. See, therefore, in My every Word that I said and in every Miracle that I did, I Called My Will to Reign in their midst, and I Called the people to Live in It.

#### **VOL. 34 – June 28, 1937**

And my beloved Jesus, resuming His speaking, told me: “My daughter, do not marvel because of what I have told you, rather, I will tell you more surprising things yet, but how much I would want that everyone would listen in order to make everyone decide to Live in My Volition. Listen, how consoling and Beautiful is what My Love pushes Me to tell you. So much is My Love, that I feel the need of telling you where We reach for one who Lives in Our Volition. Now, you must know that as the soul decides repeatedly and firmly to live no more of her will but of Ours, her name becomes written in Heaven with Indelible characters of Light, and she becomes enrolled in the Celestial Militia as Heiress and Daughter of the Kingdom of the Divine Will.

**“But this is not enough for Our Love. We Confirm her in Good in a way that she will feel such horror for every least sin, that she will not be capable anymore of falling.** Not only this, but she will remain Confirmed in the Goods, in the Love, in the Sanctity, etc., of her Creator. She will be invested by the Prerogative of reclaimed part, she will no longer be looked at as exiled, and if she will remain on earth, she will be as officiating of the Celestial Militia, not as exiled. She will have all the Goods at her disposition. She will be able to say: ‘His Will being mine, what is of God is mine.’ Rather, she will feel herself Possessor of her Creator.

### **VOL. 34 – August 2, 1937**

I was doing my round in Creation in order to follow the Acts of the Divine Will done in It, and O! how many surprises. Each one contained such Happiness as to be able to render everything and everyone Happy.

And my always Lovable Jesus, seeing my surprise, all Goodness told me: “My daughter, Our Supreme Being possesses the fount of Happiness, therefore no other things or beings could come forth from Us if they were not Happy. In fact, the whole Creation possesses such Fullness of Happiness, as to be able to give to the whole earth Perfect terrestrial Happiness. For this reason Adam enjoyed the fullness of Happiness. All created things rained Joys and Happiness over him. And then, possessing My Will, in his interior he contained seas of contentments, of Beatitudes and Joys without end. For him, everything was Happiness inside and out. As he sinned, removing himself from My Will, the Joy departed from him, and all created things withdrew into their bosom the Joys that they possessed, giving man only the necessary means, not as master, but as ungrateful servant. See, therefore, unhappiness does not come forth from Us, nor could We give it, because We do not have it. To give what one does not have is impossible. **Therefore it was sin that cast into man the seed of unhappiness, of sorrow, and of all the evils that encircle him inside and out.**

### **VOL. 36 – September 5, 1938**

“O! How My Will feels Crucified within the human will. With Its Divine Motion, It wants to make the Day arise inside the human motion, while the creature Crucifies the Divine motion, causing the night to come, putting Light on the Cross too. How Sorrowed My Light feels in being repressed—Crucified—put in a state of incapacity by the human will; and this, to give it the Life of Its Sanctity and Strength; while the creature, **by not accepting It, sticks into It the nail of sin—of her passions and weaknesses. Poor Will of Mine. In what a state of Pain and continuous Crucifixion It finds Itself in the human will, that just keeps putting Our Love on the Cross—filling with nails all the Goods We want to give her.** On the other hand, one who Lives in My Will, does not Crucify My Will; rather, I can say that I become her Cross—but this Cross is very different. With My Cross, My Will knows how to put Nails of Light, Sanctity and Love—to Strengthen her with Our own Divine Strength. These Nails don't give sufferings, rather, they make her Happy and Beautiful with an Enchanting Beauty. They are the Bearers of Great Conquests, and one who experiences them feels so Happy that he prays to Us and begs Us to keep him always on the Cross with Our Divine Nails. From there, nobody can escape. If the two wills—the human and the Divine—are not United, one will form the Cross of the other. Further, Our Love and Jealousy are such that We don't leave her free—not even a breath without Our Nail of Light and Love—to have her always with Us and to say: ‘She does what We do and wants what We want.’

***Fiat!!!***