

Reflections On Mortification
From The Writings of Luisa Piccarreta
“The Little Daughter of the Divine Will”

VOL. 2 – October 29, 1899

After this, once the soul has made everything go out of herself, then do I enter, and united with the will of the soul, we build a house. The foundations of it are based on humility, and the deeper they are, the higher and stronger the walls will be. These walls will be built with the stones of mortification, cemented with the purest gold of charity.

VOL. 2 - December 30, 1899

Effects of humiliation and of mortification.

This morning I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, and since obedience had told me to pray for a certain person, when Jesus came I commended her to Him, and He said to Me: “Humiliation must not only be accepted, but also loved; so much so, as to chew it like food. And just as when a food is bitter, the more one chews it, the more he feels the bitterness, in the same way, humiliation, when it is well chewed, gives rise to mortification. And these – that is, humiliation and mortification – are two most powerful means in order to get out of certain hitches and obtain those graces which are needed. While it seems to be noxious to the human nature, just like the bitter food which seems to do harm rather than good - so with humility and mortification. But it is not so. The more the piece of iron is beaten on the anvil, the more it sparkles with fire and is purged. The same for the soul: the more she is humiliated and beaten on the anvil of mortification, the more she sparkles with celestial fire and is purged - if she really wants to walk along the path of good. If then she is false, it happens all the opposite.”

VOL. 3 - January 28, 1900

What mortification does.

It still continues in the same way. This morning He transported me outside of myself; after a long time, I seemed to see Jesus with clarity, but I saw myself as so bad, that I did not dare to utter a single word. We looked at each other, but in silence. Through those mutual gazes I understood that my good Jesus was filled with bitternesses, but I did not dare to say: ‘Pour them into me.’ He Himself drew near me and began to pour them; but unable to contain them, as I received them I threw them to the ground.

He said to me: “What are you doing? You do not want to share in my bitternesses any more? You no longer want to give Me relief in my pains?” And I: ‘Lord, this is not my will; I myself don’t know what has happened to me. I feel so full that I do not know where to contain them. Only a prodigy of Yours can enlarge my interior so that I may receive your bitternesses.’

Then Jesus marked me with a large sign of the cross, and He poured them again. So it seemed I was able to contain them; and then He added: “My daughter, mortification is like fire which dries up all humors. In the same way, mortification dries up all the bad humors which are present in the soul, and it inundates her with a sanctifying humor, in such a way as to make the most beautiful virtues sprout.”

VOL. 3 - February 13, 1900

Mortification is like lime.

This morning, after receiving Communion, I saw my adorable Jesus, but completely changed in His appearance. He seemed to be serious, all distant, in the act of reproaching me. What a tormenting change! Instead of being relieved, I felt my poor heart more oppressed, more pierced, before such an unusual presence of Jesus. Yet, I felt all the need for a relief from the pains of His privations suffered in the past days, which were such that I seemed to be alive, but agonizing and in a continuous state of violence. But blessed Jesus, wanting to reproach me because I was looking for relief in His presence, while I was to look for nothing but suffering, told me: “Just as lime has the virtue of cooking the objects which are thrown into it, so does mortification have the virtue of cooking all the imperfections and defects which are present in the soul. And it

reaches the point of spiritualizing also the body, surrounding it like a circle, and sealing all virtues within it. Until mortification has cooked you well - both the soul and the body, to the point of undoing it - I will not be able to seal in you, perfectly, the mark of my crucifixion.”

After this, someone – I can’t really tell who he was, but he seemed to be an Angel – pierced my hands and feet through, and Jesus, with a lance which came out from His Heart, pierced mine, to my extreme pain. Then He disappeared, leaving me more afflicted than before. Oh, how well I understood the necessity of mortification, my inseparable friend, and how there was not even a shadow of friendship in me with mortification! Ah, Lord, bind me Yourself, with indissoluble friendship, to this good friend, because on my own I can only show myself all coarseness. And she, not seeing herself being welcomed nicely, uses all regards with me, and keeps sparing me, fearing that I may come to the point of turning my back on her completely. So, she never accomplishes with me her beautiful and majestic crafting, because as long as we remain a little distant, her prodigious hands cannot reach me, in order to be able to work me and present me to You as a work worthy of her most holy hands.

VOL. 3 - February 16, 1900

Mortification must be the breath of the soul.

It continues almost always in the same way. This morning, after renewing in me the pains of the crucifixion, He told me: “Mortification must be the breath of the soul. Just as breathing is necessary to the body, and depending on the air it breathes, whether good or bad, it becomes infected or purified - and also, from the breathing it can be known whether the interior of man is healthy or ill, and whether all the vital parts are in harmony - the same for the soul: if she breathes the air of mortification, everything in her will be purified, all of her senses will sound with the same concordant sound; her interior will emit a balsamic, salutary, fortifying breath. If then she does not breathe the air of mortification, everything will be discordant in the soul; she will emit a stinking, disgusting breath; while she is about to tame one passion, another will unbridle... In sum, her life will be nothing but a child’s game.”

I seemed to see mortification as a musical instrument: if the strings are all good and strong, it produces a harmonious and pleasant sound; but if the strings are not good, one must now fix one, now tune another. Therefore, all the time is spent fixing, but never playing; at the most, it will produce a discordant and unpleasant sound. So, nothing good will ever be accomplished.

VOL. 3 - February 21, 1900

Purity is obtained through mortification, and mortification renders the soul worthy of sympathy.

This morning my lovable Jesus began to make His usual delays. May He be always blessed, for He always starts from the beginning! Indeed it takes the patience of a saint to bear Him; and one would have to deal with Jesus to see how much patience it takes! One who has not experienced it, cannot believe it, and it is almost impossible not to have a few huffs with Him.

Then, after being patient in waiting and waiting for Him, finally He came and told me: “My daughter, the gift of purity is not a natural gift, but an attained grace; and it is obtained by rendering oneself worthy of sympathy. The soul becomes so through mortifications and through sufferings. Oh, how worthy of sympathy becomes the mortified and suffering soul! Oh, how striking she is! And I feel such sympathy as to go mad for her, and whatever she wants, I give to her. When you are deprived of Me, suffer my privation for love of Me, which is the most painful suffering for you, and I will feel more sympathy than before, and will grant you new gifts.”

VOL. 4 – January 4, 1901

Then, this morning, having received Communion, as I was at the summit of my affliction, I felt Our Lord move within me. In seeing His image, I wanted to look to see whether it was of wood or alive in flesh. I looked, and I saw it was the Crucified alive in flesh, who, looking at me, told me: "If my image within you were made of wood, the love would be only apparent, because only true and sincere love, united to mortification, makes Me be reborn alive, crucified in the heart of one who loves Me." On seeing the Lord, I would have wanted to withdraw from His presence, so *cattiva* [bad] did I see myself, but He continued, saying: "Where do

you want to go? I am light, and wherever you go, my light invests you everywhere." At the presence of Jesus, at His light, at His voice, my passions disappeared – I myself don't know where they went. I remained like a little girl, and I returned inside myself, completely changed. May everything be for the glory of God and for the good of my soul.

VOL. 4 - August 5, 1901

Mortification is the sight of the soul.

As I was in my usual state, my blessed Jesus was delaying in coming. I felt I was dying for the pain of His privation, when, all of a sudden, He came and told me: "My daughter, just as the eyes are the sight of the body, so mortification is the sight of the soul. Therefore, mortification can be called 'eyes of the soul'." And He disappeared.

VOL. 4 - June 17, 1902

Mortification produces glory.

This morning, I saw my beloved Jesus for just a little, and He seemed to be holding a written paper in His hand, on which one could read: "Mortification produces glory. One who wants to find the fount of all pleasures, must move away from all that may displease God." Having said this, He disappeared.

VOL. 5 - October 12, 1903

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.

VOL. 6 - May 28, 1904

Mortification knocks everything down and immolates everything to God.

Continuing in my usual state, and with highest bitterness because of the continuous privations of my adorable Jesus, He made Himself seen for just a little, telling me: "My daughter, the first bomb which must be primed in the interior of the soul is mortification. When this bomb is thrown into the soul, it knocks everything down and immolates everything to God. In fact, in the soul it is as though there are many palaces, but all of vices, such as pride, disobedience, along with many other vices; and the bomb of mortification, knocking everything down, rebuilds as many other palaces of virtues, immolating them and sacrificing them all to the glory of God." Having said this, He disappeared.

Fiat!!!