

Soul Help Me

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

V1

Sometimes, He Himself would make me the narration of the pains suffered by Him, and I was so touched that I would cry bitterly. One day, while working, I was considering the most bitter pains that my good Jesus suffered; I felt my heart so oppressed by the pain, that I could not breathe. Fearing something, I wanted to distract myself by going out to the balcony. But as I go about looking in the middle of the street – what do I see? I see the street all filled with people, and in the middle of it my loving Jesus with the Cross upon His shoulders. Some pulled Him to one side, some to another. **All panting, with His face dripping with blood, He raised His eyes toward me in the act of asking for help. Who can tell the sorrow I felt, and the impression that a scene so pitiful made on my soul. I immediately went inside, I myself did not know where I was; I felt my heart crack with pain. I shouted, and crying, I said to Him: 'My Jesus, if only I could help You! If only I could free You from those wolves so rabid! Ah! I wish at least to suffer those pains in your place, to give a relief to my sorrow. O please! my Good, give me suffering, for it is not fair that You suffer so much, while I, a sinner, remain without suffering.'**

V4-2.5.01

She encounters two maidens who serve Justice: tolerance and dissimulation.

This morning blessed Jesus transported me outside of myself, but He made Himself seen in a state that moved even the stones to pity. **Oh, how He suffered! It seemed that, unable to endure any more, He wanted to unload Himself a little, almost asking for help. I felt my poor heart split with tenderness, and immediately I pulled the crown of thorns from Him, putting it on myself so as to give Him relief.** Then I said to Him: 'My sweet Good, You have not renewed in me the pains of the cross for some time; I pray You to renew them today, so You will be more relieved.' And He: "My beloved, it is necessary to ask Justice in order to do this, because things have reached such a point that It can no longer permit that you suffer."

I did not know what to do in order to ask Justice, when two maidens came up to me, who seemed to be serving Justice; one had the name of 'tolerance', the other 'dissimulation'. As I asked them to crucify me, tolerance took one of my hands and nailed it, but without wanting to finish; so I said: 'Oh holy dissimulation, complete my crucifixion - don't you see that tolerance has left me? Show yourself, how much better you are in dissimulating.' So she completed my crucifixion, but with such spasm, that if the Lord had not sustained me in His arms, I would certainly have died for the pain. After this, blessed Jesus added: "Daughter, it is necessary that you suffer these pains at least sometimes; and if it were not so, woe to the world! – what would become of it?" Then I prayed to Him for various people, and I found myself inside myself.

V4-2.21.02

The speaking of Jesus was simple, so much so, that both the learned and the most ignorant could comprehend it. The preachers of these times mix so many loops and quibbles with it, that the peoples remain starved and bored.

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen in my interior almost in the act of resting. But while He seemed to be resting, it seemed as though He received an offense which He could not bear, and as though waking up, He told me: "My daughter, have patience – let Me pour this bitterness into you for it gives Me no rest." And while saying this, He poured what embittered Him into me, and assumed His sweet aspect so as to be able to rest. Then He continued to remain in my interior, spreading many rays of light, in such a way as to form a net of light that caught all men in it. However, some would receive more of that light, some less. Now, while I was seeing this, Our Lord told me: "My beloved, when I keep silent it is a sign that I want rest – that is, your rest in Me, and Mine in you. **When I speak it is a sign that I want active life – that is, your help in the work of the salvation of souls, because since they are my images, whatever is done for them, I consider as though being done for Me.**" As He was saying this, I saw several priests, and Jesus, as though lamenting to them, added: "My speaking was simple, so much so, that both the learned and the most

ignorant could comprehend it, as appears clearly in the Holy Gospel. But the preachers of these times mix so many loops and quibbles with it, that the peoples remain starved and bored. It shows that they do not draw it from the fount of my spring."

V4-6.29.02

Jesus speaks about France.

This morning, I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, and, I don't know why, I heard Him say: "Poor France, poor France, you have raised up and have broken and split the most sacred laws, denying Me as your God. You have made of yourself an example for other nations to draw them toward evil, and your example has so much power, that the other nations are about to be ruined. Know, however, that as chastisement for this, you will be conquered."

After this, He withdrew into my interior, and I heard Him ask for help, pity, compassion in His many pains. It was something harrowing to hear blessed Jesus ask for help from His creatures.

V7-9.14.06

As I continued to see Him, no longer as a child, but crucified, I said to Him: 'My adorable Good, since when You suffered the crucifixion all souls had a place in your Humanity, what was my place?' And He: "My daughter, the place of the loving souls was in my Heart. As for you, then, in addition to keeping you in my Heart, since you were to cooperate in Redemption with your state of victim, **I kept you in all of my members, as help and relief.**"

V10-1.8.10

In the meantime, I could see before my mind, as if inside a picture, Corato and the priests who were to lead this work, though it would be directed by Father G. The priests seemed to be Fr. C., D., B. and D., C., F., followed by others; and it seemed that they were to put in a share of their possessions. And my adorable Jesus added: "It is necessary to weave this thing well, so that no one may escape, and to procure the necessary means so as not to burden the people. And so the parish incomes should be tied only to those who will participate in these reunions; and these will maintain the choir and all of the other offices pertaining to their ministry. At first, this will provoke contradictions and persecutions, but mainly among the priests themselves. However, soon things will change - the people will be with them, generously providing for them, and they will enjoy the peace and the fruit of their toils, because for those who are with Me, I allow that everyone be with them."

Then, my always lovable Jesus threw Himself into my arms, all afflicted and supplicating, so much as to move to pity even the stones; and He said: "Tell father G. that I beg Him, I supplicate him to help - to save my children, and not to let them perish."

V12-11.16.18

Humiliations are the fissures through which light enters.

Continuing in my usual state, my Jesus just barely came. It seemed that He was feeling an intense pain in His Heart, and asking me for help, He told me: "My daughter, what chains of crimes in these days - what a satanic triumph! The prosperity of the evil is the worst sign - it is shovings through which Faith leaves their nations, which remain trapped within an obscure prison. Instead, humiliations to the evil are like many fissures through which light enters; a light which makes them come back to their senses, bringing Faith to them and to their nations. Therefore, humiliation will benefit them more than any victory or conquest. What critical and painful points they will go through! Hell and the evil are consumed with rage to begin their plots and wicked deeds. Poor children of mine! Poor Church of mine!"

V12-1.2.19

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

This morning my lovable Jesus made Himself seen under a storm of blows; and with His sweet gaze He looked at me, asking for help and refuge. I flung myself toward Him to extract Him from those blows and enclose Him inside my heart; and Jesus told me: "My daughter, my Humanity remained silent under the blows of the scourges. Not only did my mouth remain silent, but everything was silent in Me. Esteem, glory, power

and honor were silent; but in a mute language my patience, my humiliation, my wounds, my Blood, the annihilation of my Being, almost to dust, were eloquently speaking. And my ardent Love for the salvation of souls gave an echo to all my pains.

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

V12-4.7.19

Effects of the Divine Will. Threats of chastisements.

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

V12-2.22.21

The generations will not end until my Will reigns upon earth. My Redeeming FIAT will place Itself in the middle, between the Creating FIAT and the Sanctifying FIAT. They will interweave, all three together, and will accomplish the sanctification of man. The third FIAT will give such grace to the creature as to make him return almost to the state of origin; and only then, when I see man just as he came out from Me, will my Work be complete, and I will take my perpetual rest in the last FIAT. Only the life in my Volition will give back to man his state of origin. **Therefore, be attentive, and together with Me, help Me to complete the sanctification of the creature."**

V13-10.29.21

But this prison and this darkness contained another meaning. This was my long staying in the prison of the Tabernacles; the loneliness in which I am left, such that many times I have no one to whom to say a word, and send a gaze of Love. Other times, I feel in the Holy Host the impressions of unworthy touches, the stench of rotten and muddy hands; and there is no one who touches Me with pure hands and perfumes Me with his Love. And how many times human ingratitude leaves Me in darkness, without even the miserable light of a lamp! Therefore, my imprisonment continues, and will still continue. And since both of us are prisoners - you, prisoner in bed, only for Love of Me; I, prisoner for you - with my Love I want to bind all creatures, with the chains that keep Me bound. **In this way, we will keep each other company, and you will help Me to extend the chains in order to bind all hearts to my Love."**

V13-11.19.21

The two supports of Jesus in Gethsemani. In order to know the truths, it is necessary to have the will, the desire to know them. The truth is simple.

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.**

But do you know who prevented the execution and sustained my Humanity from dying? The first was my inseparable Mama. **In hearing Me ask for help, She flew to my side and sustained Me; and I leaned my right arm on Her. Almost dying, I looked at Her, and I found in Her the immensity of my Will intact, without ever a break between my Will and hers. My Will is Life, and since the Will of the Father was immovable and death was coming to Me from creatures, another Creature, who enclosed the Life of my Will, gave Me Life. And here is my Mama who, in the portent of my Will, conceived Me and gave Me birth in time, now giving Me Life for the second time to let Me accomplish the work of Redemption.**

Then I looked to my left, and I found the Little Daughter of my Will. I found you as the first, followed by the other daughters of my Will. Since I wanted my Mama with Me as the first link of Mercy, through which we were to open the doors to all creatures, I wanted to lean my right arm on Her. And I wanted you as the first link of Justice, to prevent It from unloading Itself upon all creatures as they deserve; therefore I wanted to lean my left arm on you, so that you might sustain It together with Me.

With these two supports I felt life come back to Me, and as if I had not suffered anything, with firm step, I went to meet my enemies. In all the pains that I suffered during my Passion, many of which were capable of giving Me death, these two supports never left Me. And when they saw Me nearly dying, with my own Will which they contained, they sustained Me, as though giving Me many sips of life. Oh, prodigies of my Will! Who can ever count them and calculate their value? This is why I love so much one who lives in my Will: I recognize my portrait in her, my noble features; I feel my own breath, my voice; and if I did not love her I would defraud Myself. I would be like a father without offspring, without the noble cortege of his court, and without the crown of his children. And if I did not have the offspring, the court and the crown, how could I call Myself a King? My Kingdom is formed by those who live in my Will, and from this Kingdom, I choose the Mother, the Queen, the children, the ministers, the army, the people. I am everything for them, and they are all for Me."

V14-9.5.22

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.

Then, afterwards, He came back again, tired, asking for my help in His pains; and breathing on me again at the place of my heart, He shared with me the shadows, I could say, of His pains. Yet, even though they were shadows, had He not remained near me to give me help, I could not have endured them. What must be the pains of that Most Holy Heart?!

V15-1.24.23

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.

V19-4.25.26

Then, afterwards, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen crucified, and He was suffering very much. I did not know what to do to relieve Him; I felt annihilated by the privations suffered. And Jesus, unnailed Himself from the Cross, threw Himself into my arms, telling me: **"Help Me to placate Divine Justice, for It wants to strike the creatures."** A strong earthquake could be felt, such as to cause the destruction of towns. I was left frightened; Jesus disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

V20-10.19.26

"See, this light that you see as centered in My breast is My Supreme Will. As you emit your acts, light arises and communicates itself to you, bringing you new knowledges about My Fiat, that, emptying you, enlarge the place for Me in which I can extend more within you. And as I keep extending Myself, so do your natural life, your will—all of yourself, come to an end, because you give place to Mine, and I occupy Myself with forming and extending more and more the Kingdom of the Supreme Fiat in you, **and you will have a larger field in order to go around in It, and to help Me in the work of the new formation of My Kingdom in the midst of creatures."**

V21-4.30.27

After this, I felt oppressed; the privations of Jesus become longer. I felt all the weight of my long exile and the pain of my far away Fatherland. A profound sadness invaded my poor soul, and my beloved Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "My daughter, both of us must have patience, and think about the work of the formation of the Kingdom of the Divine Will. No one knows what we are doing—the sacrifices it takes, the continuous acts, the prayers that are needed to form and obtain a good so great. **No one takes part in our sacrifices; no one helps us to form this Kingdom that will bring them so much good; and while they pay no attention to us, they think about enjoying their miserable life, without even disposing themselves to receive the good we are preparing. Oh! if creatures could see what passes in the secrecy of our hearts, how surprised with amazement they would be.**

"The same happened when My Mama and I were on earth, while We were preparing, between the two of Us, the Kingdom of Redemption—all the remedies that were needed so that all might find salvation. No sacrifices were spared, nor works, nor life, nor prayers; and while We were intent on thinking about everyone—on giving Our Life for all, no one would think about Us; no one knew what We were doing. My Celestial Mama was the depository of the Kingdom of Redemption, and therefore She took part in all the sacrifices, in all sorrows. Only Saint Joseph knew what We were doing, but he did not share in all Our sorrows. Oh! how Our Hearts ached in seeing that, while Mother and Son were consuming Themselves with pains and with love for all, in order to form all possible and imaginable remedies for all, so as to heal them and place them in safety, they not only did not think about Us, but offended Us, despised Us, and others plotted against My Life even from My birth.

"This I am repeating with you, My daughter, in order to form the Kingdom of the Divine Fiat. The world takes from us, even though it does not know us. Only My assisting Minister knows what we are doing, but he does not take part either in our sacrifices, or in our work. We are alone. Therefore, patience in this long work—the more we work, the more we will enjoy the fruits of this Celestial Kingdom."

V29-4.4.31

So, while I was in this state, my beloved Jesus came in a pitiful and afflicted state; He had His arms broken from the grave offenses received; and throwing Himself into my arms, He asked me for help in so many pains. I was unable to resist, and while clasping Him in my arms, I felt His pains being communicated to me—but so many, as to feel myself dying; so I fell into the abyss of my painful state.

Fiat!... Fiat!... But the thought of being able to relieve Jesus with my little pains gave me peace. And although Jesus had left me alone in the pains, later He came back and told me: “My daughter, true Love can do nothing, nor can It suffer, if It does not share it with she who loves Me. How sweet is the company of dear ones in the pains. Their company mitigates My pains, and I feel as if they were giving life back to Me; and to feel life being given back to Me by dint of pains is the greatest love that I find in the creature; and I give her My Life again in exchange. So, the love is so great, that they exchange the gift of life, one for the other. But do you know who drew Me into your arms to ask you for help in My pains? The continuous thundering of your ‘*I love You,*’ that, making bolts of lightning, drew Me to come to throw Myself into your arms to ask you for relief.

“Moreover, you must know that My Divine Will is Heaven, your humanity is earth. Now, as you keep doing your acts in It, you take Heaven; and the more acts you do, the more room you take in this Heaven of My Fiat; and while you take Heaven, My Will takes your earth, and Heaven and earth are fused together and remain dissolved, one within the other.”

V36-12.28.38

After this, I continued my round in the Divine Volition and I arrived at the point of the Birth of little Jesus, who was shivering for the cold, and wept and cried bitterly, with His Eyes all swallowed in tears. He looked at me, asking for help, and between sobs and sighs He told me: “My good daughter, the lack of love from the creatures makes Me cry bitterly. As I see that I am not loved, I feel wounded and the Pain is so Great that I burst into tears. My Love runs over each creature, chasing her; It hides her while I replace her life with My Life of Love. But creatures, ungrateful, don't even say one ‘*I love You.*’ How could I not cry? Therefore, Love Me and calm My tears.

Fiat!!!