

*The Kingdom of the
Divine Fiat
in the Midst of Creatures*



The Servant of God

**Luisa
Piccarreta**

*Little Daughter of the
Divine Will*

*Book of
Heaven*

* * *

**The Call of the Creature
to Return to the Order,
to the Place, and to the Purpose
for Which It was Created by God**

Volume 9

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VOLUME 9

J.M.J.

March 10, 1909

The Father forms one single thing with Jesus. Jesus gives Himself continuously to souls.

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself with baby Jesus in my arms, and I said to Him: ‘Tell me, my little pretty one, what does the Father do?’ And He: “The Father forms one single thing with Me; therefore, whatever the Father does, I do.”

And I added: ‘And with the Saints – what do You do?’ And He: “I give Myself continuously; so, I am their life, joy, happiness, immense good, without end and without boundaries. They are filled with Me; they find everything in Me – I am everything for them, and they are all for Me.”

On hearing this, I wanted to get huffy, and I said to Him: ‘To the Saints You give Yourself continuously, but to me, then – so meagerly, so stingily, and at intervals, to the point of having me spend part of the day without coming. And sometimes You hold off so much that the fear comes to me that You may not even come until evening; so I live dying, but of the most cruel and ruthless death. Yet, You told me that You loved me very much.’ And He: “My daughter, to you also I give Myself continuously – now personally, now by grace, now through light, and in many other ways. And then, who can deny that I love you very, very much?”

Now, at that moment a thought came to me of asking whether my state was Will of God - for that was more necessary than what I was saying to Him. So I told Him, and He, instead of answering me, drew near my mouth and placed His tongue in my mouth, and I was no longer able to speak. I could just suckle something - but I can’t tell what it was; and as He withdrew it, I could only say: ‘Lord, come back soon – who knows when You are coming back.’ And He answered: “This evening I will come back again.” And He disappeared.

* * *

April 1, 1909

Jesus bejewels the soul with the gems that come from suffering.

Since I was feeling very much in suffering, to the point of being unable to move, I was offering my little sufferings together with those of Jesus, and with that intensity of love with which He intended to glorify the Father, to repair for our sins, and to obtain all those goods which He impetrated with His sufferings. And I said to myself: ‘I will take it as if these sufferings were a martyrdom of mine, as if the pains were the executioners, as if the bed were the cross, and my immobility the ropes that keep me bound, so as to render myself more dear and loving to my highest good. But the executioners... I don’t see them. So, who is my executioner that lacerates me and tears me to shreds, not only on the exterior of my body, but also in the most intimate parts, deep in my soul – to the point that I feel the circle of my life crack? Ah! my executioner is blessed Jesus Himself!’

At that moment, almost in a flash, He told me: “My daughter, too great for you is the honor of

having me as your executioner. I act just like a groom who, having to espouse his bride and send her out in public, in order to make her have a beautiful appearance and to make her worthy of himself, trusts no one, not even his spouse herself, but he himself wants to wash her, comb her, clothe her, adorn her with gems, with diamonds. This is a great honor for a bride; more so, since she will have no such concern: ‘Will I be pleasing to my spouse or not? Will he like the way I adorned myself, or will he reproach me as a foolish one, for not having been able to guess the way to please him the best?’

So I do with my beloved spouses. The love I have for them is so great that I trust no one; I am even forced to act as their executioner – but a loving executioner. And so now I give her a wash, now a comb; now I clothe her a little more beautifully, now I bejewel her – but not with the gems that come from the earth, which are things all superficial; rather, with the gems that I make come out from the depth of her soul, from the most intimate parts, and which are formed at the touch of my fingers that creates suffering; and from suffering come the gems. It converts the will into gold, and this will converted into gold by my own hands, will send out all kinds of things: the most beautiful crowns, the most magnificent garments, the most fragrant flowers, the most pleasant melodies. And with my own hands, as I have them produced, I keep arranging them to adorn her more and more. All this happens with suffering souls; so, am I not right in telling you: ‘Too great for you the honor?’”

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May 5, 1909

Sufferings impress the Sanctity of Jesus in the soul.

As I was in my usual state, my benign Jesus made Himself heard for just a little, telling me with His sweet word: “My daughter, mortifications, miseries, privations, sufferings, crosses, for those who make use of them, serve for nothing but to impress well my Sanctity in the soul, as if she kept embellishing herself with all the varieties of the divine colors. Even more, they are nothing other than many fragrances of Heaven, with which the soul remains all perfumed.”

* * *

May 8, 1909

One who talks much is empty of God.

Continuing in my usual state, my lovable Jesus made Himself seen for just a little, and told me: “My daughter, one who talks much shows that he is empty in his interior, while one who is filled with God, finding more taste in his interior, does not want to lose that taste; he hardly speaks and only out of necessity. And even while speaking, he never departs from his interior, and he tries, as much as he can, to impress in others that which he feels within himself. On the other hand, one who talks much is not only empty of God, but with his much talking, he tries to empty others of God.”

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May 16, 1909

The sun is symbol of grace.

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: “My daughter, the sun

is symbol of grace. When it finds a void, be it even a cave, a vault, a fissure, a hole, as long as there is empty space and a little opening through which to penetrate, it enters and fills everything with light; nor with this does it diminish its light in the other spaces. And if its light does not illuminate more, it is not because it lacks light, but rather, because of the lack of space in which to be able to diffuse its light more. So is my grace: more than majestic sun, it envelops all creatures with its beneficial influence; however, it does not enter but into empty hearts – as much empty space as it finds, so much light does it let penetrate into the hearts.

These voids, then - how are they formed? Humility is the hoe which digs and forms the void. Detachment from everything and also from oneself is the void itself. The window in order to let the grace of light enter into this void, is trust in God and distrust of ourselves. Therefore, as much trust as one has, so much does he enlarge the door in order to let the light in, and to take more grace. The custodian which keeps the light and expands it, is peace.”

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May 20, 1909

Love for God surpasses everything.

Continuing in my usual state, He just barely made Himself seen in a flash of light, and He told me: “My daughter, there is nothing that can surpass Love – neither doctrine nor dignity, and much less nobility. At the most, one who uses those for the good of making speculations around my Being can know Me more or less; but who reaches the point of making of Me his own object? Love. Who reaches the point of eating Me as one does with food? Love. One who loves Me devours Me; one who loves Me finds my Being identified with each particle of his being. There is as much difference between one who really loves Me and the others, whatever their conditions or qualities might be, as between one who knows a precious object, appreciates it, esteems it, but it does not belong to him, and one who possesses that precious object as his own. Who is more fortunate between these: the one who knows it or the one who possesses it? Certainly the one who possesses it. So, Love makes up for doctrine and surpasses it; It makes up for dignity and surpasses all dignities, providing one with divine dignity. It makes up for everything and surpasses everything.”

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May 22, 1909

The sweet notes of Love.

This morning, as I received Communion, blessed Jesus did not come; and after waiting for a long time between vigil and sleep, in seeing that time was passing and Jesus was not coming, I wanted to go out of my sleep, but at the same time I wanted to stay, because of the torment I felt in my heart at not having seen Him. I felt like a baby who, wanting to sleep and being awakened by force, starts making fusses and cries; however, in my fussing, while striving to wake up I said within my interior: ‘What bitter separation! I feel lifeless, yet I live – but life is harder than death. However, may your privation be for love of You; for love of You the bitterness I feel; for love of You my tormented heart; for love of You the life I don’t feel, though I live. But so that it may be more acceptable to You, I unite this suffering of mine to the intensity of your Love, and with mine, I offer You your own Love.’

But as I was saying this, He moved in my interior and told me: “How sweet and delightful to my hearing is the note of Love. Say it, say it once more – repeat it again; cheer my hearing with these notes of Love, so harmonious, which descend deep into my Heart and sweeten all of Me.”

Yet, who would believe it? I am ashamed to say it... In my huffiness, I answered: ‘I don’t want to say it – You get sweetened, while I get more embittered.’ My sweet Jesus kept silent, as though being displeased with my answer; and as soon as I woke up, I repeated my notes of Love many times. However, He did not let Himself be heard or seen for the whole day.

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May 25, 1909

Jesus confounds the soul with Love.

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus was not coming; however, for the whole day I felt as if there were someone over me, who would not let me waste one minute of time, but would keep me always in continuous prayer. A thought wanted to distract me by saying to me: ‘When the Lord does not come, you pray more, you are more attentive, and by this you yourself give Him the field not to come, because the Lord may say: “Since she behaves better when I do not go, it is better if I deprive her of Me.”’

Since I could not waste time in listening to what my thought was saying, in order to shut the door on its face, I said: ‘The more He does not come, the more I will confound Him with love. I don’t want to give Him the occasion – this is what I can do, and this is what I want to do; and He is free to do whatever He wants.’ And without thinking of the nonsense that my thought had told me, I continued to do what I was supposed to do.

In the evening, however, I didn’t even remember about this. Blessed Jesus came, and almost smiling at me, He told me: “Brava, brava, my lover, who wants to confound Me with love! However, I tell you: you will never confound Me; and if sometimes it seems that I am confounded with love, it is I who give you the freedom to do it, because the only relief and the thing which I most enjoy from creatures is love. In fact, it was I who solicited you to pray, who prayed with you, who gave you no respite. So, instead of Me being confounded, I confounded you with love; and since you felt all filled with love and were confounded by it, in seeing that my Love was pouring so much into you, you thought you were confounding Me with your love. However I tell you: as long as you try to love Me more, I delight in these mistakes of yours, and I make of them a joke between Me and you.”

* * *

July 14, 1909

God alone can infuse peace in the soul.

I have gone through a most bitter time because of the privation of blessed Jesus; at most, He would make Himself seen like shadow and lightning, and sometimes even the lightnings seemed to be running away. My mind was troubled by this thought: ‘How cruelly He left me! Jesus is so good... Ah! maybe it wasn’t Him who used to come – His goodness would not have done this to me. Who knows whether it was the devil or my fantasy, or dreams...’ But my inmost soul did not want to hear

this – it wanted to remain at peace, and seemed to be annoyed by everything. It would penetrate more and more into the Will of God; it would hide in It, falling into a profound sleep in His Holy Will - and there is no way for it to wake up. It seems that good Jesus encloses it so much in His Will, that He does not allow one to find even the door in order to knock and let it hear that Jesus has left it; and so it sleeps and remains at peace. Receiving no answer, the mind says to itself: ‘Am I the only one who should take the bile? I too want to become calm and do the Will of God. Whatever comes... let it come – as long as I do His Holy Will.’ This is my present state.

Now, this morning, as I was thinking of what I said above, good Jesus told me: “My daughter, if these were fantasies, dreams, demons, they would not have so much strength as to make you possess the halo of peace – and not for one day, but for as many as twenty-five years. No one could have made that aura of sweet peace breeze inside and outside of you – only the One who is all peace; and if a breath of disturbance could surprise Him, He would cease to be God - His Majesty would be obfuscated, His greatness shrunk, His power weakened... In sum, the whole of the Divine Being would receive a shake. The One who possesses you, and whom you possess, is over you; He watches over you continuously for any breath of disturbance. Remember that in all of my comings I have always corrected you if there was a breath of disturbance in you; and nothing would displease Me more than not seeing you in perfect peace; and only then would I disappear from you, when I would see you all peaceful again. Fantasy, dreams, and much less the devil, do not have this virtue; and even less can they give it to others. Therefore, calm yourself and do not be ungrateful to Me.”

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July 24, 1909

Everything the soul does out of love for God enters into Him and is transformed into His own works.

I was thinking of the misery of my present state, and I said to myself: ‘How everything is over for me! How good Jesus has forgotten about everything! He no longer remembers my hardships, the sufferings I have gone through for love of Him during many years of bed.’ And so my mind kept going back to some specialties of suffering, and the gravest ones, which I have gone through. At that moment, blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, everything that is done for love of Me enters into Me and is transformed into my own works; and since my works are for the good of all – that is, for the pilgrim, the purging and the triumphant souls – everything you have done and suffered for Me is present in Me and does its office for the good of all, just as my works. Would you rather take them back into yourself?”

I answered: ‘May it never be, O Lord!’ But in spite of this I continued to think about it, being a little distracted from my usual interior work; and good Jesus repeated: “You don’t want to stop it? I am going to make you stop it.” And He placed Himself in my interior, praying in a loud voice and saying all that I was supposed to say. On seeing this, I remained confused and I followed good Jesus; and when He saw that I was no longer paying attention to anything else, then He kept silent; and I remained alone, doing what I am used to doing.

* * *

July 27, 1909

The soul is the toy of Jesus on earth.

As I was in my usual state, I thought to myself: “What am I here for? I am no longer good for anything. He does not come, and I have remained like a useless object; because without Him I am worth nothing, I suffer nothing. So, why keep me on this earth any longer?” And He, just flashing by, told me: “My daughter, I keep you for fun, and toys are not always kept in one’s hands. Many times they are not touched even for months and months; but in spite of this, when the owner of that toy wants it, it does not cease to form his amusement. Do you perhaps want Me to have not even one toy on earth? Let Me amuse Myself with you on earth as I please, and in exchange I will let you amuse yourself with Me in Heaven.”

* * *

July 29, 1909

Peace is divine virtue.

Continuing in my usual state, I said to myself: ‘Why does the Lord absolutely want that no breath of disturbance enter into me, and that in all things I remain at peace? It seems that nothing pleases Him, be they even great works, heroic virtues, atrocious sufferings... It seems that He sniffs in the soul, and with all those things, if she has no peace, He remains nauseated and displeased with the soul.’ At that moment, He made Himself heard, and with dignified and imposing voice, answering my ‘why’, He told me: “Because peace is divine virtue, while the other virtues are human. So, any virtue, if it is not crowned with peace, cannot be called virtue – but vice. This is why I cherish peace so much – because peace is the surest sign that one suffers and works for Me, and it is the heritage I give to my children, of the eternal peace they will enjoy with Me in Heaven.”

* * *

August 2, 1909

The soul: a toy made of gold and diamonds.

I was thinking of what I wrote on the 27th of last month, and I said to myself: ‘I thought I was something in the hands of the Lord; yet, I am nothing but a toy! What a most wretched object I am! Toys can be made of clay, of earth, of paper, of a flabby elastic band, such that it is sufficient that they fall to the ground - or just the slightest inconvenience, for them to break; and no longer being useful for the game, they are thrown away. Oh, my Good, how oppressed I feel at the thought that one day or another You may throw me away!’ And good Jesus made Himself heard and told me: “My daughter, do not oppress yourself. When toys are made of wretched matter and they break, one throws them away; but if they were made of gold or of diamonds, or of any other precious material, one has them fixed, and they always serve to form the amusement of the one who has the good of possessing them. So you are for Me: a toy made of diamonds and of purest gold, because you have my Image in you, and because I paid the price of my Blood to purchase you, and you are adorned with the likeness of my sufferings. Therefore, you are not a wretched object that I could throw away; rather, it costs Me very much. You can be tranquil – there is no danger I may throw you away.”

* * *

October 1, 1909

Jesus counts, weighs and measures everything in the soul, so that nothing may be lost and she may be repaid for everything.

Being very afflicted because of my poor state, I felt nauseating to myself, and abominable before God. I felt as if the Lord had left me halfway on the path, and without Him I feel I cannot go on any further. I feel He no longer wants to use me in order to spare the world the chastisements, and so He has moved crosses and thorns away from me; He has discontinued all my sharing in His Passion, the communications... The only thing I see is that He is on the alert so that I remain at peace. My God, what pain! If You Yourself did not keep me distracted from these losses - of crosses, of You, and of everything, I would die of grief. Ah! if it wasn't for your Holy Will, into what a sea of troubles I would have fallen! Oh! keep me always in your Holy Will - this is enough for me.

Now, as I was in my usual state, I was crying and saying to myself: 'Good Jesus has taken me into no account, nor the years of bed, nor the sacrifices - nothing; otherwise He would not have left me - and I cried and cried. At that moment, I felt Him move in my interior and I lost consciousness, but also outside of myself I kept crying. Then, as if a door had opened in my interior, I saw Jesus. I felt huffy and I did not say anything to Him; I just kept crying. Jesus told me: "Calm yourself, calm yourself, do not cry; if you cry, I feel my Heart touched and I faint with love for you. Do you want to increase my pains because of your love?"

Then, assuming a majestic air, as though sitting on a throne within my heart, He seemed to hold a pen in His hand and to write; and turning to me, He said: "See whether I do not take your things into account - not only the years of bed, the sacrifices, but even the thoughts you have for Me. I am writing your affections, your desires - everything... everything, even that which you would want to do or suffer, but you don't because I do not concede it to you. I count, weigh and measure everything, so that nothing may be lost and you may be repaid for everything. And as I write it, I keep it in my own Heart."

Then, I don't now how, I found myself in Jesus, while before I was in my interior. It seemed that the head of Jesus was in the place of my head, and all of my members served as His body; and He repeated: "See how I keep you - like the members of my own body"; and He disappeared. After a little while, as I continued to be afflicted, bursting into crying every so often, Jesus came back and told me: "My daughter, courage, I have not left you; rather, I am hidden, because if I let Myself be seen as before, you would bind Me everywhere, and I would not be able to chastise the world in anything. Nor have I left you halfway on the path; don't you remember what these last years of your life are? These are the years wanted by your confessor. Don't you remember that, not once, but as many as four or five times you found yourself fighting with Me - I wanted to take you with Me, and you would tell me that obedience did not want it; and while I had prepared you in order to take you with Me, I was forced to leave you again? Look now at the consequences you are bearing; these are years of pause and of patience. Charity and obedience have their own thorns, which open large wounds and make the heart bleed; but they make the most ruby-red, fragrant and beautiful roses bloom. In fact, in seeing in your confessor the fruit of his good will, and charity, and fear that the world might be chastised - because of this I somehow concurred with him; but if I had not found anyone who would pray Me and interpose himself, you would certainly not be here. But, come - courage, the exile will not be too long after all, and I promise you that the day will come when I will

not let Myself be overcome by anyone.”

Who can tell in what bitternesses I swim – comforted, yes, but embittered down to the marrow of my bones. I cannot remember this without crying; so much so, that in telling it to the confessor, the heat of my tears was such that it seemed I would get upset with him; and I truly said to him: ‘You have been the cause of my troubles.’

* * *

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 scorn, 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.

* * *

October 6, 1909

The virtues of true love are: to purify everything, to triumph over everything, to reach everything.

After I received Communion, my always lovable Jesus came for a little while, and since I had had a discussion with the confessor on the nature of true love, I wanted to ask Jesus whether I was right or wrong, and He said to me: "My daughter, it is exactly like that, as you were saying – that true love facilitates everything, excludes any fear, any doubt, and all of its art is in taking possession of the beloved; and when it has made her its own, love itself provides her with the means in order to preserve the object acquired. Now, what fear, what doubt can a soul have about something that belongs to her? What can she not hope for? Even more, when she has come to take possession of it, love becomes daring and reaches the point of taking excesses up to the incredible. True love can say: 'There is no longer yours and mine - I am yours, and you are mine; so, we can dispose of each other, delight in each other, enjoy each other. If I have acquired you, I want to use you as I please.'

How can the soul, in this state of true love, go fishing for defects, miseries, weaknesses, if the object acquired has condoned her everything, embellishes her with everything, and the object that she possesses keeps purifying her continuously? These are the virtues of true love: to purify everything, to triumph over everything, to reach everything. In fact, what love can there be for a person whom one fears, about whom one doubts, from whom one does not hope for everything? Love would lose the best of its qualities. It is true that even in the saints one can see this; and this shows that in the saints love can be imperfect and can have its variety, according to the state in which they find themselves.

In you the thing is very different: since you should be in Heaven with Me, and you have sacrificed this for love of obedience and of your neighbor, love has been confirmed in you, the will has been confirmed in not offending Me. Therefore your life is like a life that has already passed, and this is why you do not feel the burden of your miseries. So, be well attentive on what befits you, and on loving Me up to the infinite Love."

* * *

October 7, 1909

Caution and jealousy of Jesus in surrounding with thorns both soul and body of creatures.

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: “My daughter, my jealousy and the caution I have for my creatures is such and so great, that in order not to let them be ruined, I am forced to surround them with thorns – both soul and body, so that the thorns may keep away from them the mud that could dirty them. This is why, my daughter, I surround with thorns – that is, with bitternesses, with privations, with different interior states – also my greatest favors with which I favor the souls who are dear to Me, so that these thorns may not only keep them, but prevent their getting dirty with the mud of love of self, and the like.” And He disappeared.

* * *

October 14, 1909

Proofs that it is Jesus that goes to Luisa.

Continuing in my usual state, I seemed to find myself with a baby in my arms; and from one they became three, and I felt all immersed in them. Now, in the morning, when the confessor came, he asked me whether Jesus had come, and I told him what is written above, without adding anything else. The confessor told me: “Didn’t they tell you anything? Didn’t you understand anything?”

And I: ‘I can’t say it well.’ And he continued: “The whole Trinity was here and you can say nothing? You have become more stupid – it shows that these are dreams.” And I: ‘Yes, it is true that they are dreams.’ He continued to say other things, and while the confessor was speaking, I felt clasped, so very tightly, by the arms of Jesus, to the point of losing consciousness; and Jesus told me: “Who is it that wants to molest my daughter?” And I: ‘Father is right; since I am unable to say anything, they have no sign that it is Jesus Christ that comes to me.’ And Jesus continued: “I act with you as the sea would with a person who would go and dive into the depth of the sea. I plunge all of you into my Being, in such a way that all of your senses remain inundated; and in such a way, that if you want to speak of my immensity, depth and height, you can only say that it was so great that your sight was lost. If you want to speak of my delights, of my qualities, you can say that they are such and so many, that as you went about opening your mouth to count them, you were drowned in them; and so with all the rest. Besides, what is this - I have given no sign that it was I? False. Who has kept you in bed for twenty-two years without breaking you, and with full calm and patience? Has it perhaps been their virtue, or my virtue? And what about the tests they made during the first years of this state of yours, or making you remain immobile for ten, seven, or eighteen days without taking any of the necessary nourishments. Were they perhaps the ones who maintained you, or was it I?”

Then, since Father had called me, I returned into myself. Then, as the confessor celebrated Holy Mass, I received Communion, and Jesus came back. I lamented to Jesus that He was not coming as before; that the great love He had for me seemed to have turned into coldness... ‘It is true that as I lament to You, You always give excuses – that You want to chastise and this is why You do not come; but I don’t believe it. Who knows what evil there is in my soul, and because of it You do not come. Tell me at least, for at any cost, even of giving my life, I will remove it; but without You I cannot be. Think what You want; in this way I cannot go on – either with You on earth, or with You in Heaven.’ And blessed Jesus, interrupting my speaking, told me: “Calm yourself, calm yourself, I am not far away from you, but I am always with you. You do not always see Me, but I am always with you; even more, I am in your inmost heart in order to rest, and as you look for Me and bear my privations with patience, you surround Me with flowers to cheer Me and make Me rest more

peacefully.”

And while He was saying this, it seemed that there were many varieties of flowers around Jesus, which almost concealed Him. Then He added: “You don’t believe that I keep you deprived of Me in order to chastise; yet it is so. When you least expect it, you will hear of the things that will happen.” And while saying this, He showed me, in the world, wars, revolutions against the Church, churches on fire – and this was almost imminent.

* * *

November 2, 1909

One should never look at the past, but at the present.

Continuing in my usual state, I was thinking about my things of the past, and blessed Jesus, making Himself seen for just a little, told me: “My daughter, do not look at the past, because the past is already in Me and can be of distraction for you, and it can make you mistake that little bit of path that is left for you to cover. In fact, your turning to the past makes you slow your pace on the present journey, and so you lose time and do not advance on your way. On the other hand, by looking only at the present, you will have more courage, you will remain more closely united with Me, you will advance more on your path, and there will be no danger of your being mistaken.

* * *

November 4, 1909

With His beatitude God renders all Heaven blissful, because everything is harmony in Him.

Having received Communion, I was saying to my adorable Jesus: ‘I am now tightly united with You – even more, I am identified with You. If we are one single thing, I leave my being in You, and I take Yours. So I leave You my mind, and I take Yours; I leave You my eyes, my mouth, my heart, my hands, my steps... Oh! how happy I will be from now on! I will think with your mind, I will look with your eyes, I will speak with your mouth, I will love with your Heart, I will work with your hands, I will walk with your feet... And if something comes to me, I will say: “I left my being in Jesus and I took His own – go to Jesus, and He will answer you for me.” Oh, how blissful I feel! Ah yes, I take from You also your beatitude, isn’t it true, Jesus? But, my Life and my Good, with your beatitude You render all Heaven blissful, while if I take your beatitude I make no one blissful.’ And Jesus told me: “My daughter, you too, by taking all of my Being along with my beatitude, can make others blissful. Why has my Being the virtue of beatifying? Because everything is harmony in Me, one virtue harmonizes with the other: justice with mercy, sanctity with beauty, wisdom with strength, immensity with depth and height, and so with all the rest. Everything is harmony in Me – nothing is discordant. These harmonies make Me blissful and I beatify all those who draw near Me. So, as you take my Being, be careful that all virtues harmonize among themselves; and this harmony will communicate beatitude to whomever draws near you, because in seeing goodness, sweetness, patience, charity and equality in everything in you, they will feel blissful being near you.”

* * *

November 6, 1909

The privation of Jesus purifies and consumes the soul.

I was lamenting to Jesus because of His privations, and making Himself seen for just a little, He told me: “My daughter, the cross unites the soul ever more closely to Me. These privations that you suffer make you fly above yourself, because not finding the One whom you love in you, life becomes boring to you, all the things that surround you annoy you, and you have nothing on which to lean. The One on whom alone you used to lean seems to be missing in you, and therefore the soul keeps flying and flying, until she is purged of everything, to the point of being consumed; and in these consummations your Jesus will give you the final kiss and you will find yourself in Heaven. Aren’t you happy?”

* * *

November 9, 1909

Amusement of Jesus when the soul operates together with Him.

As I was in my usual state, I seemed to see Our Lord extending His arms within me, and playing, with His hands, a little sonata with an organ while being inside of me. Jesus amused Himself in playing. I said to Him: ‘Oh, how well You amuse Yourself!’ And Jesus: “Yes, I do. You must know that since you have done your things together with Me – that is, you have loved Me with my love, you have adored Me with my adorations, you have repaired Me with my own reparations, and so with all the rest – things are immense in you, just as my own, and this union in operating has formed this organ. However, every time you suffer something more, you add one more key, and I immediately come to play my little sonata, to see what sound this new key produces; and I enjoy one more amusement. Therefore, the more you suffer, the more harmony you add to my organ, and I amuse Myself more.”

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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.”

And I: ‘But, Lord, there must be something bad in me. Before, You did nothing but come and go, and in these visits... sharing of crosses, of nails, of thorns; but when nature has become so used to them to the point of considering them natural, so much so, that suffering is easier for her than not suffering, You withdraw. How is it possible that there is nothing grave in me?’ And Jesus, benignly, told me: “Listen my daughter, I had to dispose your soul to make you reach this point of delighting

in suffering, so as to do my work; therefore I had to test you, surprise you, load you with sufferings, so that your nature might rise again to new life. This work I have completed, since the participation in my pains has remained in you permanently, now more, now less. Now, having completed this work, I am enjoying it; don't you want me to rest? Listen, do not want to think about it; let your Jesus do it, who loves you very much. I know when my crafting is necessary in you, and when I must rest from my work."

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November 20, 1909

Human and divine views of the cross.

As I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus came for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, one who takes the cross according to human views finds it muddy, and therefore heavier and more bitter. On the other hand, one who takes the cross according to divine views finds it full of light, light and sweet. In fact, the human views are without grace, strength and light, therefore she has the boldness to say: 'Why did that person do that wrong to me? Why did this one cause me this displeasure, this calumny?' And the soul fills herself with indignation, with anger, with revenge, and so the cross becomes muddy, dark, heavy and bitter. On the other hand, the divine views are full of grace, of strength and of light, therefore she does not have the boldness to say: 'Lord, why did you do this to me?' On the contrary, she humbles herself, she resigns herself, and the cross becomes light and brings her light and sweetness."

* * *

November 25, 1909

Both in Jesus and in souls, the first crafting is done by Love.

Finding myself in my usual state, I was thinking about the agony of Jesus in the Garden; and blessed Jesus, making Himself seen for just a little, told me: "My daughter, men did nothing but work the skin of my Humanity, while the eternal Love worked all of my interior. So, in my agony, the eternal Love, the immense Love, the incalculable Love, the hidden Love - not men - opened large wounds in Me, pierced Me with flaming nails, crowned Me with burning thorns, made Me drink boiling gall. And my Humanity, unable to contain so many different martyrdoms at the same time, poured out large streams of Blood; It writhed, and reached the point of saying: 'Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me; yet, not my will, but Yours be done' - which It did not say in the rest of the Passion. Everything I suffered during the course of the Passion, I suffered all together in the agony - but in a more intense, more painful, more intimate way, because Love penetrated deep into the marrow of my bones and into the most intimate fibers of my Heart, which creatures could never reach. But Love reaches everything; there is nothing that can resist It. So, my first executioner was Love. This is why in the course of my Passion there was not even a reproachful glance in Me toward those who acted as my executioners - because I had a more cruel, more active executioner in Me: Love. And where the external executioners could not reach, or a little part of Me was spared, Love would continue Its work and spare Me nothing.

This happens in all souls: the first work is done by Love, and once Love has worked her and filled her with Itself, what appears on the outside is nothing but the outpouring of the crafting that Love

has performed inside.”

* * *

December 22, 1909

The reason for the states of abandonments in holy souls before their death.

Having received Communion, I was lamenting to blessed Jesus because of His privations, for if He comes, it is almost always like a flash, or He remains all silent. And Jesus told me: “My daughter, in almost all souls to whom I have communicated Myself in an extraordinary way, I have allowed these states of abandonments at the end of their lives. This, not only because of certain other purposes of mine, but also in order to be honored and glorified in all of my conduct. In fact, many say: ‘Of course these souls were to reach such a high point of sanctity, and they loved Him so much! With so many favors, with so many graces and charisms, they would have to be really ungrateful not to reach that level. If we had received them, we too would have reached it – more than them.’ So, in order to justify my conduct, I will manifest to them the abandonments, the privations in which I put these souls, which is a living purgatory for them; and also their faithfulness, the heroism of their virtues, and how it is easier to suffer poverty when one does not know riches, than to be born rich, getting used to living as a rich person, and then lose the riches and live like a poor one. More so, since the supernatural riches are not like the material ones, which serve the body and, at most, diffuse on the outside. The supernatural riches penetrate deep into one’s marrow, into the most intimate fibers, into the noblest part of the intelligence. It is enough to say that it is more than martyrdom. I Myself am moved to pity so much, that my Heart almost breaks with tenderness; and I am forced to feel it break so very often that I cannot resist - also to give them the strength to fulfill their consummation. All Angels and Saints keep their gazes fixed on them, and they watch over them for Me, so that they may not succumb, knowing the crude martyrdom they suffer. My daughter, courage, you are right; but know that everything is Love in Me.”

And as He was saying this, He seemed to be moving farther away. I felt my very nature being consumed and melted into nothingness. Those seeds of strength, of light, of knowledge which I seemed to feel – everything turned into nothing. I felt I was dying; yet, I live. In the meantime He came back, and taking me in his arms, He seemed to sustain this nothingness of mine, telling me: “Do you see, my daughter, how, as the little seed of your strength, the little lamp of your light, the little knowledge of Me that you have, and all of your other little qualities dissolve, my strength, my light, my wisdom, my beauty and all of my other qualities take over and fill this nothingness of yours? Aren’t you happy?”

And I said to Him: ‘Listen, Jesus, if you continue in this way, You will lose taste for keeping me on earth.’ And I repeated this various times. And Jesus, not wanting to listen to my words, answered: “Listen, my daughter, I will never lose taste for you - if I keep you on earth, I will have my taste on earth; if I take you to Heaven, I will have my taste in Heaven. Do you know, rather, who will lose taste? Your confessor.”

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February 24, 1910

Luisa is not able to manifest her interior to the confessor.

This morning, at Communion, I was lamenting to Jesus for I am no longer able to manifest my state to the one I am supposed to. Yes, many times I feel filled with Him, I seem to touch Him everywhere; and even in touching myself, I touch Jesus - but I cannot say a word; I would but dissolve myself in Jesus, in the depths of the most strict silence. And if I am forced, or spurred on to speak – oh God!, what effort I have to make; I feel like a child who feels so very sleepy, and they want to wake her up by force, and so she throws a tantrum.

So, I said to Jesus: ‘You have deprived me of everything – of your sufferings, of your favors, of your harmonious, sweet and gentle voice. I no longer recognize myself from the way I have become; and if You let me comprehend something, it is so deep inside, that it does not find the way to come out. Tell me, my Life, how should I behave?’ And Jesus: “My daughter, if you have Me, you have everything, and this must be enough for you. If you feel filled with Me, it is a sign that I keep you in the house of my Divinity. If a rich person admits a poor one into his house, it is a sign that he will give to the poor one everything he needs, even if he does not always speak to him, or caress him; otherwise, it would be a dishonor for the rich one. Am I not more than the rich one? Therefore, calm yourself and try to manifest what you can to obedience; as for the rest, leave everything to my care.”

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February 26, 1910

Before dying, the soul must make everything die in the Divine Will and in Love.

My usual state of privation continues – and perhaps it is even worse. Oh God! What a descent I have made. I could never imagine I would reach such an end; but at least I hope I will never, never go out of the circle of His Most Holy Will - this is everything for me. I would like to cry over my heart-rending state, and sometimes I do; but Jesus reproaches me, telling me: “You want to be always a little girl? It shows that I am dealing with a little girl – I cannot trust you; I was hoping to find in you the heroism of sacrifice for Me, but instead I find the tears of a little girl who wants no sacrifice.”

And so, if I cry, He shows Himself harder, and He does one of His bravados by not coming at all for that day. Therefore, I have to pluck up courage to keep crying away from me, and I say to Jesus: “You say that You deprive me of Yourself out of love, and for love of You I accept your privation; for love of You I will not cry.’ And if I manage it, He shows Himself a little bit more indulgent; otherwise He penalizes me more with His privation - dying continuously, though living. Then, after spending a day like this, as much as I tried, I could not hold back my tears. Jesus made me pay for it as I deserved, but late at night, having compassion for me, as if just a window of light had opened in my mind, He made Himself seen and told me: “Don’t you want to understand that before dying you must die to everything – to suffering, to desires, to favors, to everything; and that everything must die in my Will and in my Love? That which enters eternity in Heaven is my Will and Love – all other virtues end: patience, obedience, suffering, desires... Only my Will and Love never end. Therefore, you must die in advance in my Will and in Love.

This is for all of my saints; and I Myself did not want to spare Myself being abandoned by the Father, so as to die completely in the Will and in the Love of the Father. Oh! how I would have wanted to suffer more! Oh! how much more did I yearn to do for souls! But all this died in the Will and Love

of the Father, and so also have the souls done who have really loved Me. And you don't want to understand this."

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March 8, 1910

The upright intention is light of the soul.

This morning, blessed Jesus came briefly and told me: "My daughter, the upright intention is light of the soul. It converts her into light, and it gives her the way to operate in a divine manner. The soul is nothing but a dark room, and the upright intention is like sun that enters into it and illuminates it; with this difference: the sun does not turn walls into light, while the upright working transforms everything into light."

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March 12, 1910

The Divine Will perfects love; It modifies it, It constrains it, and It expands it into something holier and more perfect.

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came just in passing and told me: "My daughter, my Will perfects love; It modifies it, It shrinks it, and It expands it into something holier and more perfect. Sometimes love would want to run away and devour everything; but my Will masters love and says: 'Slow down, don't run away, because by running away you can hurt yourself, and by wanting to devour everything you can be mistaken.' Love is pure insofar as it is conformed to my Will; they walk together, and they kiss each other continuously with the kiss of peace. Other times, either because of an interior state or because in its escapes it has not succeeded as it wanted, love would want to constrain Me and almost sit down sluggishly; so my Will spurs it on and says to it: 'Come on, true lovers are not lazy - they don't remain idle.' When it is enclosed in my Will - only then is love safe. So, love makes one appreciate and desire something, and it is taken by follies and by excesses; while my Will tempers and calms love itself, and nourishes the loving soul with a food more solid and divine. Therefore, in love there can be many imperfections, even in holy things, while in my Will - never; everything is perfect.

My daughter, this happens especially in loving souls who have received the grace of my visits, of my kisses and caresses: they remain prey to love when I deprive them of Myself; love takes possession of them and renders them panting, fidgety, delirious, mad, restless, impatient. So, if it wasn't for my Will that nourishes them, calms them, strengthens them, love would kill them. Though love is nothing but the firstborn child of my Will, it needs always to be corrected by my Will; and I love it as much as I love Myself."

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March 16, 1910

The narrow path to salvation.

In speaking with the confessor, he told me that it is difficult to be saved, for Jesus Christ Himself said it: "The door is narrow; you must strive to enter." Then, after I received Communion, Jesus told me:

“Poor Me, how stingy they consider Me. Tell the confessor: from their stinginess they judge mine. They do not hold Me as the great, immense, interminable, powerful Being, infinite in all of my perfections, who can make great crowds of people pass through narrowness, more than through wideness itself.”

And as He was saying this, I seemed to see a very narrow pathway, which led to a little door, narrow, but jam-packed with people, who were competing with one another to see who could advance more and enter into it. Jesus added: “See, my daughter, what a great crowd is pushing forward; and they compete to see who arrives first. In a competition there is much gaining, while if the pathway were wide no one would bother hastening, knowing that there is room for them to walk on whenever they want. But while they are taking their time, death may come, and not finding themselves walking on the narrow pathway, they would find themselves at the threshold of the wide door of hell.

Oh, how much good this narrowness does! This happens also among yourselves: if there is a feast or a service, and it is known that the place is small, many hurry up, and there will be more spectators enjoying that feast or service. But if it is known that the place is large, nobody bothers hastening and there will be less spectators; because, knowing that there is room for everyone, everyone takes his time, and some arrive in the middle of it, some at the end, and some find everything finished, enjoying nothing. This is what would have happened if the pathway to salvation were wide – few would bother hastening, and the feast of Heaven would have been for few.”

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March 23, 1910

Living in the Divine Will is greater than Communion Itself.

As I was in my usual state, and lamenting because of His privations, He came just in passing and told me: “My daughter, I recommend that you not get out of my Will, because my Will contains such power as to be a new Baptism for the soul - and even more than Baptism itself. In fact, while in the Sacraments there is part of my Grace, in my Will there is the whole fullness of It. In the Baptism, the stain of original sin is removed, but passions and weaknesses remain. In my Will, since the soul destroys her own volition, she also destroys passions, weaknesses and all that is human; and she lives of the virtues, of the fortitude and of all the Divine qualities.”

On hearing this, I said to myself: ‘In a little while He is going to say that His Will is greater than Communion Itself.’ And He added: “Of course, of course, because the Sacramental Communion lasts a few minutes, while my Will is perennial communion; even more, eternal - entering eternity in Heaven. The Sacramental Communion is subject to some obstacles, either because of illness, or necessity, or because of those who have to administer It; while the Communion of my Will is not subject to any hindrance. If the soul only wants it, all is done. No one can prevent her from having such a great good which forms the happiness of the earth and of Heaven - neither demons, nor creatures, and not even my Omnipotence Itself. The soul is free; no one has any right over her at this point of my Will. This is why I push It, and I want so much that creatures take It: It is the most important thing for Me; the thing which I cherish the most. All other things do not interest Me as much, not even the holiest ones. And when I obtain that the soul live in my Will, I feel triumphant - because this is the greatest good which can exist in Heaven and on earth.”

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April 10, 1910

Preparation and thanksgiving at Communion.

I write to obey, but I feel my heart crack from the effort I am making. But, Viva Obedience – Viva the Will of God! I write, but I tremble, and I myself don't know what I am saying. Obedience wants me to write something about how I prepare myself and thank blessed Jesus at Communion. I don't know how to say anything about it, because my sweet Jesus, in seeing my incapacity and that I am good at nothing, does everything Himself: He prepares my soul, and He Himself administers the thanksgiving to me; and I follow Him.

Now, the way of Jesus is always immense, and together with Jesus, I too feel immense, and as if I were able to do something. Then Jesus withdraws, and I remain always the stupid one that I am, the little ignorant one, the little naughty one. And it is exactly because of this that Jesus loves me – because I am ignorant, and I am no one, and I can do nothing. Knowing that I want to receive Him at any cost, so as not to receive dishonor in coming into me, but rather, highest honor, He Himself prepares my poor soul. He gives me His own things, His merits, His clothing, His works, His desires – in sum, all of Himself. If necessary, also that which the Saints did, because everything is His own; if necessary, also that which the Most Holy Mama did. And I too say to all: 'Jesus, give honor to Yourself in coming into me. My Queen Mama, Saints, all Angels, I am so very poor; everything that is yours – put it in my heart, not for me, but for the honor of Jesus.' And I feel that all of Heaven contributes to preparing me. And after Jesus has descended within me, I seem to see Him all pleased, seeing Himself honored by His own things; and sometimes He tells me: "Brava, brava, my daughter, how happy I am – how pleased I am. Everywhere I look within you, I find things worthy of Me. Everything that is mine, is yours; how many beautiful things you made Me find!"

Knowing that I am so very poor, that I have done nothing, and that nothing is mine, I laugh at the contentment of Jesus, and I say: 'Thank goodness Jesus thinks like this! It is enough that He came – this is enough for me. It doesn't matter that I have used His own things – the poor must receive from the rich.' Now, it is true that a few glimmers here and there remain in me about the way Jesus has at Communion, but I am unable to reunite these glimmers together, and form a preparation and a thanksgiving. I lack the capacity; it seems to me that I prepare myself in Jesus Himself, and that I thank Him with Jesus Himself.

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May 24, 1910

One who lives up high in the Divine Will, is not subject to mutations.

As I was in my usual state, I felt I was really a useless being; I was unable to think of either sins, or coldness or fervor - I looked at all things in the same way. I feel indifferent to everything; I occupy myself with nothing but the Holy Will of God, but without anxiety, rather, in the most perfect calm. So, I was saying to myself: 'What a bad state mine is! Had I at least the thought of my sins - yet, it seems I am happy with them. Oh, Holy God, what disgrace is mine!' While I was saying this, blessed Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, those who live down below, breathing the air that everyone breathes, are forced to feel the various mutations of weather – that is, cold, heat, rain, hail,

winds, nighttime, daytime... But one who lives up high, where the air ends, is not subject to feeling these mutations of weather, because there is nothing but perfect daytime; and not feeling these mutations, naturally she has no concerns at all. The same happens to one who lives up high and from the divine air alone. Since my Being is not subject to mutations, but It is always the same, always peaceful and in full contentment, what is the wonder if one who lives in Me, from my Will and from my own air, has no concerns about anything? So, would you rather live down below like the majority does – that is, outside of Me, from human air, from passions...?”

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June 2, 1910

The soul must die to everything in order to rise again, more beautiful.

As I was feeling very bad and as if everything was over, I was lamenting to Jesus about this total abandonment by Him, and Jesus told me: “My daughter, these are divine ways – to die and to rise again continuously. See, nature itself is subject to these deaths and to these risings: the flower is born and dies - but to rise again more beautiful; while if it never died, it would grow old, it would lose the liveliness of its complexion, the fragrance of its scent... And here is also the simile with my Being, which is ever old and ever new. The seed is sowed under the earth, as though buried so as to make it die; and in fact it dies, to the point of being pulverized, but then it rises again, more beautiful – even more, multiplied; and so with all the rest. If this happens in the natural order, much more in the spiritual order must the soul be subject to these deaths and to these risings, such that while it seems that she has triumphed over everything and abounds in fervor, in graces, in union with Me, in virtues, and that she has acquired as many new lives in everything, I hide Myself and it seems that everything dies around her. I give strokes of a true master, helping to make everything die for her; and when it appears to Me that everything has died for her, like sun, I come out – I unveil Myself, and with Me everything rises again, more beautiful, more vigorous, more faithful, more grateful, more humble, in such a way that, if there was anything human, death has destroyed it, making everything rise again to new life.”

* * *

July 4, 1910

The agony in the Garden was, in a special way, for the help of the dying; the agony on the Cross was for help at the last moment, at the very last breath.

Continuing in my usual state full of privations and of bitterness, I was thinking about the agony of Our Lord, and the Lord told me: “My daughter, in a special way I wanted to suffer the agony in the Garden, in order to help all of the dying to die well. Look well at how my agony is combined with the agony of Christians: tediums, sadnesses, anguishes, the sweat of blood – I felt the death of all and of each one, as if I were really dying for each one in particular; so I felt the tediums, the sadnesses, the anguishes of each one within Me, and with my own I offered help, comfort and hope to all, so that, as I felt their deaths in Me, they all might receive the grace to die in Me, as though in one single breath - with my breath, and to be beatified immediately by my Divinity.

If the agony in the Garden was in a special way for the dying, the agony on the Cross was for help at the last moment, at the very last breath. They are both agonies, but one is different from the other:

the agony in the Garden, full of sadnesses, of fears, of anxieties, of frights; the agony on the Cross, full of peace, of imperturbable calm. And if I cried out 'I thirst!', it was the insatiable thirst that all might breathe their last in my last breath; and in seeing that many would go out of my last breath, out of grief I cried out 'Sitio!' ['I thirst!'], and this 'sitio' still continues to cry out to all and to each one like a bell at the door of each heart: 'I thirst for you, oh soul! O please, never go out of Me, but enter into Me and breathe your last in Me!'

So, six are the hours of my Passion which I gave to men in order to die well: the three in the Garden were for help in the agony; the three on the Cross for help at the very last sigh before death. After this, who could not look at death with a smile? More so for one who loves Me, for one who tries to sacrifice himself on my very cross. Do you see how beautiful death is, and how things are changed? In life I was despised; the very miracles did not produce the effects of my death; even up to the Cross there were insults... But as soon as I breathed my last, death had the power to change things: all beat their breasts, confessing Me the true Son of God; my very disciples plucked up courage, and even those who were hidden became brave and asked for my body, giving Me honorable burial. Heaven and earth, in full voice, confessed Me the Son of God. Death is something great, something sublime; and this happens also for my own children: in life they are despised, oppressed; those very virtues which, like light, should make those who are around them start, remain half-veiled; their heroisms in suffering, their abnegations, their zeal for souls, cast lights and doubts in those who surround them; and I Myself permit these veils, so as to preserve with more safety the virtue of my dear children. But as soon as they die, I withdraw these veils since they are no longer necessary, and the doubts become certainties, the light becomes clear, and this light makes others appreciate their heroism - they pay esteem to everything, even to the smallest things. Therefore, what cannot be done in life, is made up for by death. This, as for what happens down here. That which happens up there, then, is truly surprising and enviable to all mortals."

* * *

July 8, 1910

For Jesus, the body is like the Tabernacle, the soul is like the pyx.

Being very afflicted because of the privation of my highest Good, and having received Communion, in receiving the holy host, it stopped in my throat, and as I suckled it in order to push it down, I suckled a sweet and delicious humor. Then, after suckling very much, it went down, and I could see the host changed into a baby, who said: "Your body is my Tabernacle, your soul is the pyx that contains Me; the beating of your heart is like the host that serves Me in order to transform Myself into you, as if within a host; with this difference: that in the host, as it is consumed, I am subject to continuous deaths; while the beating of your heart, symbolizing your love, is not subject to being consumed, and so my Life is continuous. Therefore, why so much affliction about my privations? If you don't see Me, you feel Me; if you don't feel Me, you touch Me... and now with the fragrance of my perfumes which diffuse around you; now with the light with which you feel invested; now by making a liqueur that cannot be found on earth descend into you; now by just touching you; and the many other ways which are invisible to you."

Now, in order to obey, I will write these things that Jesus says happen to me often, and also while being fully awake. These fragrances - I myself am unable to tell what kind they are - I call 'the

fragrance of love'; and I feel it at Communion, if I pray, if I work, especially if I have not seen Him, and I say to myself: 'Today He has not come. Don't You know, O Jesus, that without You I cannot be, nor do I want to be?' And immediately, and almost suddenly, I feel as though invested by that fragrance. Other times, as I move, or if I move the bed sheets, I feel that fragrance coming out, and in my interior I hear Him say: "I am here". Other times, while I am all afflicted, as I go about raising my eyes, a ray of light comes before my sight. However, these things I take into no account, nor do they satisfy me. That which, alone, makes me happy is Jesus; all the rest I receive with certain indifference.

I wrote this only to obey.

* * *

July 29, 1910

The two pillars on which the soul must lean.

Continuing in my usual state, I felt I was so very bad - and even more, I felt troubled because even the confessor says that I have very much fallen out of my early state, otherwise Jesus would come. So, having received Communion, I lamented to blessed Jesus about His privations, asking Him to have the goodness of telling me what is the evil I do, for I would gladly give my life rather than displease Him: 'How many times have I told You: if You see that I am about to offend You, even slightly, make me die'. And Jesus told me: "My daughter, do not trouble yourself. Have I not said years ago that in order to chastise the world I would not come so often to relieve Myself with you, and as a consequence, I would not come too often, though I would never leave you; and in order to make up for my frequent coming and going, I would permit Mass and Communion every day, so that you might draw the strength which you used to draw from my continuous visits; so much so, that I reached the point of threatening the confessor if he would not offer to do it? Yet, who does not know the chastisements that have happened in the meantime? Entire cities destroyed, rebellions, the withdrawal of grace from the evil, and also from the very religious who are evil, so that those poisons, those wounds which they had inside, might come out... Ah! I can take no more, the sacrileges are enormous; yet, this is still nothing compared to the chastisements that will come! Had I not said this before, you would have some reason to become alarmed.

You, however, must lean on two pillars to be able to live with full confidence. One is my Will. In my Will there cannot be sins; my Will smashes all passions and sins to pieces - even more, It pulverizes them, to the point of destroying their roots. If you lean on the pillar of my Will, darkness will convert into light, doubts into certainty, hopes into possession. The second pillar on which you must lean is the firm will and continuous attention not to offend Me, even slightly; disposing one's own will to suffer everything, to face everything, to be submitted to everyone, rather than displease Me. When the soul sees that she is leaning continuously on these pillars, which form more than her very life, she can live with greater confidence than if she lived with my continuous favors. More so, since I permit this state also to dispose you to departing from this earth."

* * *

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.

* * *

August 12, 1910

The origin of all the evil of priests is in dealing with souls about human things.

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself and I saw some priests, as well as Jesus, who made Himself seen in my interior all dislocated and with His limbs detached. Jesus pointed at those priests, making me understand that even though they were priests, they were members, detached from His body; and lamenting He said: “My daughter, how offended I am by priests! The superiors do not watch over my sacramental lot, and expose Me to enormous sacrileges. These whom you see are separated members, and although they offend Me very much, my body has no more contact with their wicked actions; but the others who pretend they are not separated from Me and continue their actions as priests – oh! how much more they offend Me! To what an atrocious slaughter I am exposed, how many chastisements they draw – I can bear them no more!”

And as He was saying this, I saw many priests running away from the Church and turning against the Church to wage war against Her. I looked at those priests with great sorrow, and I felt a light that made me comprehend that the origin of this and all the evil of priests is in dealing with souls about human things, things all of a material nature, without a strict necessity. These human things form a

net for the priest which blinds his mind, hardens his heart to divine things, and prevents his step on the path that befits him in the office of his ministry. Not only this, but it is a net for souls, because they bring what is human, and receive what is human, and grace remains as though excluded from them. Oh! how much evil is committed by these – how many slaughters of souls they make!”

May the Lord enlighten everyone.

* * *

August 19, 1910

Jesus pours His bitternesses. Fear that it might be the devil.

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, inside a Church, and above the altar there was the Celestial Queen and baby Jesus who was all in tears. The Celestial Mama, making a sign with Her eyes, made me understand that I should take the baby in my arms and do as much as I could to calm Him. I drew near Him and I took Him in my arms; I squeezed Him to myself and I said to Him: “My pretty little one, what is it? Pour Yourself out with me. Isn’t love the balm and the alleviation for all of your sorrows? Isn’t love that which makes one forget everything, that sweetens everything and pacifies any dispute? If You cry, there must be something discordant between your love and that of the creatures, therefore let us love each other, give me your love, and I will love You with your own love.’ And then, who can say all the nonsense I told Him? He seemed to stop crying a little bit, but not completely; and He disappeared.

Then, the following day, again, I found myself outside of myself, inside a garden, and I was following the via crucis [way of the cross]; and while doing this, I found Jesus in my arms. As I arrived at the eleventh station, blessed Jesus, no longer able to resist, stopped me, and drawing His mouth near mine, He poured something thick and liquid into it. The liquid I was able to swallow, but the thick part would not go down, so much so, that when Jesus moved His mouth from me, I had to pour it to the ground. Then I looked at Jesus, and I saw that a liquid, thick and pitch-black, was flowing from His mouth. I was frightened very, very much, and I said to Him: “It seems to me that You are not Jesus, Son of God, and of Mary Mother of God - but the devil. It is true that I want You, that I love You, but it is always Jesus that I want, never the devil – with him I want nothing to do. I am content with being without Jesus, rather than having anything to do with the devil.’ And to be more sure, I marked Jesus with the sign of the cross, and then I signed myself. In order to dispel my fright, Jesus withdrew that black liquid into Himself, which was impossible to look at, and He told me: “My daughter, I am not the devil; what you see is nothing but the great iniquities that creatures do against Me, and which I will pour upon them, for I can no longer contain them. I poured some into you, and you were unable to contain everything, so you poured it to the ground. I will continue to pour upon them.”

And as He was saying this, He made me comprehend what chastisements He will make rain from Heaven. He will wrap the peoples in mourning, in most bitter and harrowing tears, and because of that little bit which He poured into me, He will spare, if not completely, part of our town. Then He showed a great mortality of peoples because of epidemics, earthquakes and other accidents. How many desolations, how many miseries!

* * *

August 22, 1910

Jesus running away and looking for refreshment.

Continuing in my usual state, having lost consciousness, I saw many people who were putting blessed Jesus to flight; and Jesus was fleeing and fleeing, but wherever He went, He could find no place, so He would flee again. Finally He came to me, all dripping with sweat, tired, afflicted; He threw Himself into my arms, He clung tightly to me, and said to those who were following Him: "From this soul you cannot make Me flee." Humiliated, they withdrew, and He said to me: "Daughter, I can take no more, give Me some refreshment." And He began to suckle from my breast. Then, I found myself inside myself.

* * *

September 2, 1910

One should pay attention to what he must do, not to chatter.

I was thinking about Jesus carrying the Cross to Calvary, especially when He met with the women, and He forgot about His pains and occupied Himself with consoling, answering and also instructing those poor women. How everything was love in Jesus! He was the one who needed to be consoled, yet He was consoling – and in what a state He was consoling! He was all covered with wounds, His head pierced with most pricking thorns, panting and almost dying under the cross – and He was consoling others! What an example, what a humiliation for us – a little cross is enough to make us forget the duty to console others! So I remembered the many times in which, finding myself oppressed by sufferings or by the privations of Jesus that pierced and lacerated my interior through, and being surrounded by people, Jesus would spur me on to imitate Him in this step of His Passion; and I, though embittered down to the marrow of my bones, would strive to forget about myself in order to console and instruct others. And now, finding myself free and without having to deal with people, because of and thanks to obedience, I was thanking Jesus for I no longer found myself in those circumstances... I feel I can breathe a freer air, to be able to occupy myself only with myself.

And Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: "My daughter, yet for Me it was a relief, and I felt as though refreshed, especially in those who were truly coming to do good. In these times, truly, there is a lack of those who cast true interior spirit into souls, because not having it themselves they cannot infuse it in others; so they teach souls to be touchy, scrupulous, light, without a true foundation of detachment from everything and from everyone, and this produces sterile virtues, which go about blooming, and they die. And some think they make progress with souls, because they reach minuteness and scrupulousness; but instead of progress, these are true hindrances which ruin the souls, and my love remains on an empty stomach with them. Therefore, since I have given you much light about the interior ways, and I have made you comprehend the truth about true virtues and true love, since you are in the truth, through your mouth I could make others comprehend the truth about the true path of virtues, and I felt contentment because of this."

And I: 'But, blessed Jesus, after the sacrifice I would make, they would then go around talking, and so obedience, justly, has prohibited the coming of people.' And Jesus: "This is the error – that one pays attention to chatter, rather than to the good one is supposed to do. About Me also they

chattered, and if I wanted to pay attention to this, I would not have accomplished the Redemption of man. Therefore, one must pay attention to what one must do, and not to what people say; and chatter remains with those who make it.”

* * *

September 3, 1910

That which Jesus does to one soul, affects all others.

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus came as a child; He kissed me, He clasped me, He caressed me, and He returned many times with kisses and embraces. I was surprised that Jesus had so exceeded with me, most miserable one, being with me amid kisses and embraces. I returned them, but timidly; and Jesus, with a light that came out from Him, made me comprehend that when He comes it is always a great good - not only for me, but for the whole world, because by loving one soul and pouring Himself out with her, He comes to regard the whole of humanity. In fact, in that soul there are many bonds that unite everyone: bonds of likeness, bonds of paternity and sonship, bonds of brotherhood, bonds of having all come out and been created by His hands, bonds of having all been redeemed by Him, and because of this He sees us marked with His Blood. Therefore, in seeing all this, as He loves and favors one soul, the others too are loved and favored - if not in everything, at least in part. So, by coming to me - since we are in times of scourges - in kissing me, embracing me, caressing me and looking at me, blessed Jesus wanted to regard everyone else and spare them in some points, if not completely.

Then, after this, I saw a young man – I believe he was an angel who went around marking those who were to be touched by the scourge. It seemed that a great number of people was taken.

* * *

September 9, 1910

Laments of the soul for not being able to hold back the chastisements.

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus was not coming, and I was saying to myself: ‘How Jesus has changed with me; how He no longer loves me as before! Before I was permanently bedridden, when there was the cholera, He Himself begged me that if I accepted sufferings for a few days, He would make the cholera cease; and since I accepted them, the scourge did cease. But now, he keeps me continuously in bed, one hears about the cholera and the torments it causes to the poor people, and He does not want to listen to me. How He no longer wants to make use of me!’ While saying this, I went about looking within me, and I saw Jesus there, with His head raised, looking at me and listening to me, all moved. And when He saw that I noticed He was looking at me, He told me: “My good daughter, how importunate you are to Me! You want to win by force, don’t you? All right, all right, but do not molest Me any more.” And He disappeared.

* * *

September 11, 1910

Jesus wants love, truth and rectitude from souls. A soul perfectly united to the Divine Will makes Mercy win over Justice.

Continuing in my usual state, it seemed that the confessor put the intention of making me suffer the crucifixion. After some hardships, benign Jesus concurred a little, and told me: “My daughter, because of the world I cannot take any more; many move Me to indignation, and snatch scourges from my hands by force.” And while He was saying this, there seemed to be a pouring rain that was causing damage to the vineyards. Then I prayed for the confessor, who seemed to be there present. I wanted to take his hands, to have him touched by Jesus, and it seemed that Jesus did it. I prayed Him to tell what He wanted from father, and Jesus said to him: “I want love, truth and rectitude. That which renders man most dissimilar from Me is not being armed with these prerogatives.” And as He said ‘love’, He seemed to seal all of his members, his heart, his intelligence, with love. Oh, how good is Jesus!

Then afterwards, having told father what I wrote on the 9th, I remained doubtful, and I said to myself: ‘How I wish I would not have to write these things... if it is true that Jesus suspends the scourge to content me, or if it is my fantasy.’ And Jesus told me: “My daughter, justice and mercy are in a continuous fight, and the victories of mercy are more than those of justice. Now, when a soul is perfectly united with my Will, she takes part in my actions ad extra, and as she satisfies with her sufferings, mercy obtains its most beautiful victories over justice. And since I delight in crowning all of my attributes with mercy, even justice itself, in seeing Myself being importuned by the soul united with Me, in order to content her, I surrender to her, because she has surrendered all of her things in my Will. This is why I do not come when I do not want to surrender – because I don’t trust that I can resist without surrendering. So, what is your doubt?”

* * *

September 22, 1910

Each virtue is a Heaven that the soul acquires.

This morning, continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: “My daughter, each virtue is a heaven that the soul acquires. Therefore, as many virtues as she acquires, so many heavens does she keep forming, and these heavens defeat all human inclinations, destroy that which is earthly, and make the soul wander through the purest auras, through the holiest delights, through the celestial fragrances of the highest good, anticipating for her part of the eternal joys.” And He disappeared.

* * *

October 1, 1910

Love for Jesus forms the transformation of the soul in Him.

Having received Communion I felt all transformed in blessed Jesus, and I said to myself: ‘How can one maintain this transformation with Jesus?’ And in my interior it seemed that Jesus was saying: “My daughter, if you want to be always transformed in Me – even more, to be one single thing with Me - love Me always and you will maintain your transformation with Me. In fact, love is fire, and whatever woods are thrown into the fire, small or big, green or dry, they all take the form of fire and convert into fire itself; and after these woods have been burned, one can no longer discern which wood was one and which another, neither the green one nor the dry one – one can see nothing but fire. The same when the soul never ceases to love Me. Love is fire that transmutes the soul in God;

love unites, its flames invest all of the human operations and give them the form of the divine operations.”

* * *

October 17, 1910

As much love and union with Jesus as the soul has, so much value her sacrifices have.

As I was in my usual state, I was praying my loving Jesus for the happy transit of a priest, who had been my confessor years before; and I said to my beloved Jesus: ‘Remember how many sacrifices he made, how much zeal he had for your honor and glory – and then, how much did he not do for me? How much did he not suffer? On this point You must render him to us, by letting him pass even into Heaven.’ And blessed Jesus told me: “My daughter, I do not look so much at the sacrifices, but at the love with which they are made and at the union with Me that they have. So, the more the soul is united with Me, the more I take into account her sacrifices. If the soul is more tightly united with Me, I take great account of her littlest sacrifices, because in the union there is the measure of love, and the measure of love is eternal measure, which has no end and no boundaries. On the other hand, with a soul who may sacrifice herself very much but is not united with Me, I look at her sacrifice as that of a stranger, and I give her the remuneration she deserves – a limited one. Imagine a father and a son who love each other. The son makes small sacrifices, and the father, because of the bond of union of paternity, of sonship and of love, which is the strongest bond, looks at these small sacrifices as a great thing; he is triumphant, he feels honored, he gives all of his riches to his son, and dedicates all of his attentions and cares to his son. Now consider a servant, who works all day long, is exposed to heat and to cold, is at the command of his master, and if necessary, stays up even at night on his behalf – and what does he receive? The miserable remuneration of one day, such that, if he does not work every day, he will have to starve. Such is the difference that passes between the soul who possesses union with Me and the soul who does not possess it.”

While He was saying this, I felt I was outside of myself together with blessed Jesus and, again, I said to Him: ‘My sweet Love, tell me, where is this soul?’ And Jesus: “In Purgatory. Oh, if you saw in what light he is swimming, you would be amazed!” And I: ‘You say that he is in Purgatory, and then You say that he swims in light?’ And Jesus: “Yes, he finds himself swimming in light, because he had kept this light in deposit, and in the act of dying, this light has invested him and will never leave him.” I understood that this light was his good works done with purity of intention.

* * *

October 24, 1910

Disturbance and its effects. Everything comes from the fingers of God.

I was highly afflicted because of the privation of my lovable Jesus, and having received Communion, I was lamenting because of His absence; and Jesus told me in my interior: “My daughter, sad things - very sad things are happening and will happen.” I was frightened. So, various days went by without Jesus; I just heard Him repeat often: “My good daughter, patience with my not coming – later I will tell you why.”

So, I went on embittered, yes, but peaceful, when all of a sudden, I had a dream that saddened me

very much and also disturbed me; more so, since not seeing Jesus, I had no one to whom to turn in order to be surrounded by that aura of peace that only Jesus possesses. Oh, how a disturbed soul is to be pitied! Disturbance is an infernal air that one breathes, and this air of hell casts out the celestial air of peace, and takes the place of God in the soul. Fuming with this infernal air in the soul, disturbance masters her so much that, with its infernal blow, it makes even the holiest, the purest things appear as the ugliest and most dangerous. It puts everything in disorder, and the soul, tired of this disorder, is soaked with the stink of this air of hell, she is annoyed by everything, and feels boredom for God Himself.

I did feel this air of hell, not inside of me, but around me; yet, it did so much harm to me that I no longer cared that Jesus was not coming – even more, it seemed to me that I didn't even want Him. It is true that the thing was very serious, not a bagatelle: it was that I had been assured that I was not in a good state, therefore the sufferings, the visits of Jesus, were not Will of God, and I was supposed to stop it once and for all. I am not saying everything about it, because I don't think it is necessary; I wrote this only to obey.

Then, the following night I saw water pouring down from heaven like a deluge, such as to cause great damage and bury entire towns; and the impression from that dream was such, that I didn't want to see anything. In the meantime, a dove, hovering around me, told me: "The moving of the leaves, of the plants, the murmuring of the waters, the light that invades the earth, the motion of all nature, everything – everything comes from the fingers of God. Imagine if your state alone should not come from the fingers of God." So, when the confessor came, I told him everything about my state, and he told me that it had been the devil in order to disturb me. I remained a little bit more peaceful, but like someone who has suffered a grave illness.

* * *

October 29, 1910

The three weapons to defeat disturbance.

As I was in my usual state, it seemed that Jesus made Himself seen for a little, and I said to Him: 'Life of my life, my dear Jesus, during these past days I have been disturbed, and You, who have been so jealous of my peace, have not had a single word for me in these past days to give me that peace which You so much want.' And He: 'Ah, my daughter, I was scourging and destroying cities and burying human lives – this is why I have not come. On this day of respite – for then I will take up the scourge in my hand once again – immediately I have come to see you again. You must know that if I did not reward the things done with purity of intention, the upright works, and everything that is done for love of Me, I would fail a duty of justice, and all of my other attributes would remain obscured. Therefore, these are the three most powerful weapons to destroy this poisonous and infernal slobber of disturbance.

So, if the necessity to chastise should force Me not to come for a few days, and this air of hell wanted to invest you, put these three weapons against it: purity of intention, work of victim - upright and good in itself, and sacrificing yourself for Me with the sole purpose of loving Me, and you will defeat any disturbance and will cast it away into the deepest hell. And with your indifference you will turn the key so that it may no longer be able to get out and molest you."

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November 1, 1910

The consummation in the unity of wills forms the supreme unity.

Continuing in my usual state, blessed Jesus came for just a little and told me: “My daughter, the supreme unity is when the soul reaches such tightness of union with my Will as to consume any shadow of her own will, in such a way that it is no longer possible to discern which one is my Will and which one is hers. Then my Will becomes the life of this soul, in such a way that whatever thing It may dispose over her as well as over others, she is content with everything. Anything seems to be suitable for her; death, life, cross, poverty, etc. – she looks at all of these as her own things, which serve to maintain her life. She reaches such an extent, that not even chastisements frighten her any more, but she is content with the Divine Will in everything, so much so, that it seems to her that if I want something, she wants it too; and if she wants it, the Lord does it. I do what she wants, and she does what I want.

This is the final breath of the consummation of your will in mine which I have asked of you many times, and which obedience and charity toward the neighbor have not conceded you; so much so, that many times I have surrendered to you by not chastising, but you have not surrendered to Me, to the point that I am forced to hide from you in order to be free when justice forces Me and men reach the point of provoking Me to take up the scourge in my hand and chastise the peoples. If I had you with Me, with my Will in the act of scourging, I would probably have fallen short and diminished the scourge, because there is no greater power in Heaven and on earth than a soul who is totally and completely consumed in my Will. She reaches the point of debilitating Me, and she disarms Me as she pleases. This is the supreme unity. Then, there is the low unity in which the soul is resigned, yes, but she does not look at my dispositions as her own things - as her own life, nor does she delight in my Will, or dissolve hers in Mine. This one I look at, yes, but she does not reach the point of enamoring Me, nor do I reach the point of going mad for her, as I do for those of the supreme unity.”

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November 3, 1910

The soul: Paradise of Jesus on earth.

This morning, blessed Jesus made Himself seen in my interior in the act of cheering Himself and of relieving Himself of the many bitternesses of creatures; and He said these simple words: “You are my Paradise on earth – my comfort.” And He disappeared.

Deo gratias.