

# **DIVINE WILL OF GOD**

**by the Servant of GOD**

**LUISA PICCARRETA**

**BOOK 1**



**VOLUME 1 - 5 of 36**



## VOLUME 1

J.M.J.

In the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Out of pure obedience, I begin to write.

You know, oh Lord!, the sacrifice it costs me, such that I would submit myself to a thousand deaths rather than write one single line of the things that have passed between me and You. Oh my God!, my nature trembles, it feels crushed and almost undone at the mere thought of it. O please!, give me strength, oh Life of my life, that I may do the holy obedience! You who have given inspiration to the confessor, give me the grace to be able to execute what You have commanded of me.

Oh Jesus, oh Spouse, oh my strength! To You I rise, to You I come, into your arms I introduce myself, I abandon myself, I rest. O please, relieve me in my affliction and do not leave me alone and abandoned! Without your help, I am sure I will not have the strength to do this obedience that costs me so much - I will let myself be defeated by the enemy, and I fear of being crushed by You, justly, because of my disobedience.

O please! Look at me over and over again, oh Holy Spouse, in these arms of Yours - see how much darkness surrounds me; it is so thick as to allow not even one atom of light to enter into my soul. Oh! my mystical Sun, Jesus - let this light shine within my mind, that it may dispel the darkness and I may freely remember the graces which You gave to my soul. Oh! Eternal Sun, unleash another ray of light into the intimate part of my heart, and purify it of the mud in which it lies - ignite it and consume it with your love, so that my heart, which, more than everything, has experienced the sweetnesses of your love, may manifest them clearly to the one to whom it is obliged to do so. Oh! my Sun Jesus, one more ray of light over my lips, that I may say the pure truth, with the sole purpose of knowing whether it is really You, or rather, an illusion from the enemy. But, oh Jesus, how poor in light I still see myself in these arms of Yours. O please!, content me - You who love me so much, continue to send me light. Oh! my Sun, my beautiful One, I want to enter right into the center, that I may remain submerged completely within this most pure light. Oh Divine Sun, let this light precede me, follow me, surround me everywhere and penetrate into every intimate hiding place of my interior, that my terrestrial being may be consumed, and You may transform it completely in your Divine Being.

Most Holy Virgin, lovable Mother, come to my aid, obtain for me from your sweet Jesus and mine, grace and strength in order to do this obedience. Saint Joseph, my dear protector, assist me in this circumstance of mine. Archangel Saint Michael, defend me from the infernal enemy, who puts so many obstacles in my mind to make me fail this obedience. Archangel Saint Rafael and you, my

guardian Angel, come to assist me and accompany me, and to direct my hand, that I may write nothing but the truth.

May everything be for the honor and glory of God – and to me, all the confusion. Oh Holy Spouse, come to my help! In considering the many graces You have given to my soul, I feel all horrified and frightened, all full of confusion and shame at seeing myself still so bad and unrequiting of your graces. But, my lovable and sweet Jesus, forgive me, do not withdraw from me, but continue to pour your grace in me, that You may make of me a triumph of your mercy.

I begin. With a Novena of Holy Christmas, at the age of about seventeen, I prepared myself for the Feast of Holy Christmas, by practicing various acts of virtue and mortification; and, especially, by honoring the nine months which Jesus spent in the maternal womb with nine hours of meditation each day, always concerning the mystery of the Incarnation.

As for example, for one hour, with my thought, I brought myself to Paradise, and I imagined the Most Holy Trinity: the Father, sending the Son upon earth; the Son, promptly obeying the Will of the Father; the Holy Spirit, consenting. My mind was confused in contemplating a mystery so great, a love so reciprocal, so equal, so strong among Themselves and toward men; and then, the ingratitude of men, and especially my own. I would have remained there, not for one hour, but for the whole day; but an interior voice told me: "Enough – come and see other greater excesses of my love."

Then, my mind brought itself into the maternal womb, and remained stupefied in considering a God so great in Heaven, now so annihilated, restricted, constrained, as to be unable to move, and almost even to breathe. The interior voice told me: "Do you see how much I have loved you?" O please, make Me a little space in your heart; remove everything which is not Mine, so you will give Me more freedom to move and to breathe." My heart was consumed; I asked for His forgiveness, I promised to be completely His own, I poured myself out in crying; but – I say this to my confusion – I would go back to my usual defects. Oh Jesus, how good You have been with this miserable creature!

In this way I would spend the second hour of the day, and then, so forth with the rest – I would be annoying if I told them all. And I would do this sometimes kneeling, and sometimes, when I was impeded by my family, also while working. In fact, the interior voice gave me no respite and no peace if I did not do what it wanted; therefore, work was not a hindrance for me to doing what I had to do. In this way I spent the days of the novena, and when the eve came, I felt ignited more than ever, with unusual fervor. I was alone in the room, and all of a sudden Little Baby Jesus came before me – all beautiful, yes, but shivering, in the act of wanting to hug me. I stood up and ran to hug Him, but in the act of squeezing Him He disappeared from me – and this occurred as many as three times. I remained so moved and ignited that I cannot explain it.

But then, after some time, I did not take it much into account. I did not tell anyone, and from time to time I would fall into my usual defects. However, the interior voice never left me again; in everything it reprimanded me, it corrected me, it encouraged me – in a word, the Lord acted with me like a good father, whose child tries to deviate from the right path, and He uses all diligence and care to hold him back, so as to make of him His honor, His glory, His crown. But, oh Lord, too ungrateful have I been with You!

So, from the beginning, the Divine Master began to strip my heart of all creatures, and through an interior voice, He would tell me: "I am all that is beautiful and that deserves to be loved. See, if you do not remove this little world that surrounds you – that is, thoughts of creatures, imagination – I cannot enter freely into your heart. This murmuring in your mind is a hindrance to letting you hear my voice more clearly, to pouring my graces, to truly enamoring you of Me. Promise Me that you will be all Mine, and I Myself will put my hand in the work. You are right that you can do nothing. Do not fear, I will do everything; give Me your will - this is enough for Me."

This would happen mostly during Communion. So I would promise Him to be all His own; I would ask His forgiveness, for up to that point, I had not been so; I would say to Him that I truly wanted to love Him, and I prayed Him never to leave me alone. And the voice would continue: "No, no - I will be together with you, observing all of your actions, movements and desires."

So, I would feel Him upon me for the whole day; He reprimanded me in everything. For example, if I let myself be carried away in conversing a little too much with my family, even of indifferent things which were not necessary, the interior voice would tell me: "These discourses fill your mind with things that do not belong to Me; they surround your heart with dust, such as to make you feel my grace as weak in you, no longer alive. O please!, imitate Me when I was in the house of Nazareth – my mind was occupied with nothing but the glory of the Father and the salvation of souls; my mouth uttered nothing but holy discourses. With my words I tried to repair for the offenses against the Father, to dart through hearts and draw them to my love – and primarily my Mother and St. Joseph. In a word, everything called upon God, everything was done for God, and everything referred to Him. Why could you not do the same?"

I remained mute – all confused. I tried to be alone as much as I could; I confessed to Him my weakness, and I asked for His help and grace to be able to do what He wanted, because, by myself, I could do nothing but evil. If during the day my mind was occupied with thinking about people I loved, He would immediately reprimand me, telling me: "Is this the way you love Me? Who has ever loved you like Me? See, if you do not stop it, I will leave you." Sometimes I would receive such and so many bitter reproaches that I would do nothing but cry.

One morning in particular, after Communion, He gave me a light so clear about the great love He had for me, and about the fickleness and inconstancy of

creatures, that my heart was so convinced as to be incapable, from that time on, of loving anyone. He taught me how to love people without detaching myself from Him – that is, by looking at creatures as images of God, in such a way that if I received good from creatures, I was to think that God alone was the prime author of that good and that He had used the creature in order to send it to me; so my heart would be bound more to God. If then I received mortifications, I was to look at them also as instruments in the hands of God for my sanctification; so my heart would not stay huffy with my neighbor. In this way, it happened that I would look at all creatures in God. Whatever defect I might see in them, I would never lose esteem for them. If they mocked me, I felt obliged, thinking that they were allowing me to make more gains for my soul; if they praised me, I received these praises with contempt, saying: ‘Today this, tomorrow they may hate me’, considering their inconstancy. In sum, my heart acquired such freedom, that I myself cannot explain it.

When the Divine Master freed me from the external world, then He put His hand to purify my interior, and through an interior voice He told me: "Now we are alone – there is no one left who may disturb us. Aren't you happier now than before, when you had to content many upon many? You see, it is easier to content one alone. You must consider as if you and I were alone in the world; promise Me to be faithful, and I will pour such and so many graces into you that you yourself will be amazed."

Then He continued: "I have made great designs upon you, as long as you correspond to Me – I want to make of you a perfect image of Me, from the moment I was born up to my death. I Myself will teach you, little by little, how to do it."

And it happened in this way: every morning, after Communion, He would tell me what I was supposed to do during the day. I will say everything briefly, because after so much time it is impossible to say everything. I don't remember for sure, but it seems to me that He told me that the first thing which was necessary in order to purify the interior of my heart, was the annihilation of myself – that is, humility. And He continued: "See, so that I may pour my graces in your heart, I really want you to understand that you can do nothing by yourself. I am very much wary of those souls who attribute what they do to themselves, wanting to make of my graces as many thefts. On the other hand, with those who know themselves, I am generous in pouring my graces in torrents. Knowing very well that they can attribute nothing to themselves, they are grateful to Me; they hold it in that esteem which befits it, and they live with the continuous fear that, if they do not correspond to Me, I may take away from them that which I gave, knowing that it does not belong to them. It is all the opposite in the hearts which reek of pride. I cannot even enter into their hearts because they are so swollen with themselves that there is no space in which to put Myself. These miserable ones take my graces into no account, and they go from fall to fall, up to their ruin. Therefore, on this day I want you to make

continuous acts of humility; I want you to be like a baby wrapped in swaddling clothes, who can move neither a foot to take a step, nor a hand to work, but expects everything from his mother. In the same way, you will stay close to Me like a baby, always praying Me to assist you, to help you; always confessing your nothingness – in sum, expecting everything from Me."

I tried to do as much as I could to content Him – I would make myself smaller, I would annihilate myself, and sometimes I reached the point of feeling my being as almost undone, in such a way that I could not work, nor take one step, or even one breath if He did not sustain me. I saw myself as so bad, that I was ashamed of being seen by people, knowing myself as the ugliest – and, in reality, I am still so. So, as much as I could shun people, I shunned them, saying to myself: 'Oh! if they knew how bad I am, and if they could see the graces that the Lord is giving me (for I wouldn't tell anything to anyone), and that I am always the same – oh, how horrified they would be with me!'

Then, in the morning, when I would go again to Communion, it seemed that in coming into me He made feast for the contentment He felt in seeing me so annihilated. He would tell me other things about the annihilation of myself, but in ways which were always different from the previous time. I believe that He spoke to me not once, but hundreds of times; and if He had spoken to me thousands of times, He would have had always new ways to speak about the same virtue. Oh! my Divine Master, how wise You are – had I at least corresponded to You.

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

Finally, one day, reprimanding me, He told me: "I do not want you to think about it. When a soul has humbled herself, being convinced of having done wrong, and has cleansed her soul in the Sacrament of Confession, and is ready to die rather than offend Me - it is an affront to my mercy, it is a hindrance to drawing her close to my love, because her mind is always trying to wrap itself with the mud of the past. She also prevents Me from letting her take flight

toward Heaven, because she is always with those ideas wrapped within herself, as she tries to think about it. And then, see, I no longer remember anything; I have perfectly forgotten about it. Do you see any rancor or shadow on my part?"

And I said to Him: 'No Lord, You are so good.' But I felt my heart split with tenderness.

"So, are you the one who wants to carry these things on?"

And I: 'No, no, I don't want to.'

And He: "Let us think about loving and contenting each other."

From that time on, I did not think about it so much; I did as much as I could in order to content Him, and I prayed that He Himself would teach me what I should do in order to repair for the time past. And He said to me: "I am ready to do what you want. See, the first thing that I told you I wanted from you was the imitation of my life; so, let us see what you lack."

'Lord', I said to Him, 'I lack everything - I have nothing.' And He said to me:

"Do not fear, little by little we will do everything. I Myself know how weak you are, but it is from Me that you must draw strength." (I don't remember it in sequence, but I will say what I can) And He added: "I want you to be always upright in your actions - with one eye look at Me, and with the other eye look at what you are doing. I want creatures to disappear from you completely. If you receive a command, do not look at the people, no - rather, you must think that I Myself want you to do what you are being commanded. So, with your eye fixed in Me, you will not judge anyone, you will not look at whether the thing is painful or enjoyable - whether you can do it or not. Closing your eyes to all this, you will open them to look at Me alone; you will take Me with you, thinking that my gaze is fixed on you, and you will say to Me: 'Lord, for You alone I do this; for You alone I want to work - no longer a slave of the creatures.' So, if you walk, if you work, if you speak - in anything you do, your only aim must be that of pleasing Me alone. Oh! how many defects you will avoid, if you do this."

Other times, He would say to me: "I also want that, if people mortify you, insult you, contradict you, you keep your gaze fixed in Me, thinking that from my own lips I am saying to you: 'Daughter, I Myself am the one who wants you to suffer this - not the creatures. Remove your gaze from them; you and I, always - all the others you must destroy. See, I want to make you beautiful by means of these sufferings; I want to enrich you with merits, work your soul, render you similar to Me. You will give it to Me as a gift; you will thank Me affectionately, and will be grateful to those people who give you the occasion to suffer, repaying them with some benefit. By doing this, you will walk as upright before Me; nothing will ever again give you restlessness, and you will enjoy perfect peace."

After I tried to exercise myself in these things for some time - now doing it and now falling (although I see clearly that I still lack this spirit of uprightness, and

I am ever more confused, thinking of my great ingratitude) - He spoke to me about, and He made me understand, the necessity of the spirit of mortification. (Although I remember that in all these things that He told me, He always added that everything should be done for love of Him, and that the most beautiful virtues, the greatest sacrifices, would become insipid if they did not take origin from love. "Charity", He said to me, "is a virtue that gives life and splendor to all of the others, in such a way that without it, they are all dead. My eye receives no attraction, and they have no power over my Heart. Be careful, then, and let your works, even the least ones, be invested by charity - that is, in Me, with Me and for Me").

So, let's go back to mortification. He said to Me: "I want all your things, even the necessary ones, to be done in a spirit of sacrifice. See, your works cannot be recognized by Me as mine, if they do not have the mark of mortification. Just as a coin is not recognized by the peoples if it does not carry on itself the image of their king - even more, it is despised and neglected - the same with your works: if they do not have the graft with my cross, they cannot have any value. See, now it is not about destroying the creatures, but yourself - making you die, that you may live only in Me and of my own life. It is true that it will cost you more than what you have done; but pluck up courage, do not fear - it is not you who will do it, but I Myself will work in you."

So I received more lights about the annihilation of myself. He said to me: "You are nothing but a shadow - as you try to grab it, it escapes you. You are nothing."

I felt so annihilated, that I would have wanted to hide in the deepest abysses, but I saw myself incapable of doing it. I felt such blushing that I remained mute. While I was in this undoing of my nothingness, He said to Me: "Draw near Me, cling to my arm - I will sustain you with my hands and you will receive strength. You are blind, but my light will serve you as guide. See, I will place Myself in front of you, and you will do nothing but look at me in order to imitate Me."

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

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

And so it happened. For example, if I woke up in the morning and I did not get up immediately, the interior voice would tell me: "You rest, while I had no other bed but the cross. Hurry up, hurry up - not so much satisfaction." If I walked and my sight would run a little farther, He would immediately reprimand me: "I do not want this. Do not let your sight move away from you but the length of one step, so that you won't trip." If I was in the countryside and I saw flowers and trees, He would say to me: "I have created everything for

love of You, and you, deprive your sight of this pleasure for love of Me." Even in the most innocent and holy things, as for example the cloths for the altars, the processions, He would say to me: "You must take no other pleasure but in Me alone." If I was sitting while working, He would say to me: "You are too comfortable; don't you remember that my life was a continuous suffering – and you? And you?" In order to content Him, I would immediately shift to half of the chair, leaving the other half empty; and sometimes, jokingly, I said to Him: 'See oh Lord, half the chair is empty – come and sit near me.' Sometimes it seemed He would content me, and I felt such delight that I myself cannot express it. Sometimes, then, while I was working a little slowly and listlessly, He would say to Me: "Hurry up, help yourself, for the time you gain by helping yourself you will spend with Me in prayer." Sometimes, He Himself would assign to me how much work I was supposed to do. Then I would pray Him to come and help me. "Yes, yes", He would answer me, "we will do it together, so that when you have finished, we will be more free." And it would happen that in one hour or two I did what I was supposed to do during the whole day. Then I would go to pray, and He gave me much light and told me many things, such that it would be too long if I wanted to say them all.

I remember that while I was alone, working, I noticed that the thread was not enough to finish that work, and that I would need to go to my family in order to get some. So I turned to Him and I said: 'What is the purpose of having helped me, my beloved? As I see that I need to go to my family, I may find people who may prevent me from coming back here, and this time our conversation will come to nothing.' "What, what?", He said to me, "don't you have faith?" 'Yes'. "Well then, do not fear, for I will make you complete everything." And so it happened; and then I would start to pray.

If then, at lunch time, I ate something tasty, He would immediately reprimand me interiorly, saying: "Have you perhaps forgotten that I had no other taste but suffering for love of you? And that you must have no other taste but mortifying yourself for love of Me? Leave it aside, and eat that which you like the least."

And I would immediately take it and bring it to the maid, or I would say that I didn't want it any more; and many times I remained almost on an empty stomach. However, when I would go to pray, I would receive so much strength and feel so satiated, that I would feel nausea for everything. Other times, then, in order to contradict me, if I did not feel like eating, He would say to me: "I want you to eat for love of Me, and as the food unites with the body, pray that my love may unite with your soul; and everything will be sanctified."

In a word, without going any further, even in the smallest things, He tried to make my will die, so that it might live only for Him. He allowed that I be contradicted also by the confessor. For example: I would feel a great need to receive Communion; for the whole day and night I would do nothing but prepare myself. My eyes could not close to sleep because of the continuous throbbing of my heart, and I would say to Him: 'Lord, hurry, for I cannot be

without You. Accelerate the hours, let the sun rise quickly, for I cannot resist anymore, my heart is fainting.' He Himself would make me such loving invitations that I would feel my heart crack. He would say to me: "See, I am alone, do not be troubled because you cannot sleep – this is about keeping company with your God, with your Spouse, with your All, who is continuously offended. O please! do not deny Me this relief, because then, in your afflictions I will not leave you." But while I was in these dispositions, in the morning I would go to the confessor, and without knowing why, the first things he would say to me was: "I do not want you to receive Communion." I tell the truth, this was so bitter for me, that sometimes I would do nothing but cry. I would not dare to say anything to the confessor, because He Himself wanted him to do so, otherwise He would reproach me. But I would go to Him and tell Him of my pain: 'Ah! my Good, is this the vigil we have kept last night - that after so much waiting and yearning I was to remain deprived of You? I know well that I must obey, but tell me something – can I be without You? Who will give me strength? And then, who will have the courage to depart from this church without bringing You along? I don't know what to do, but You can remedy everything.' While pouring myself out in this way, I would feel a fire draw near me, and a flame enter my heart. I would feel Him within me, and immediately He would say to me: "Calm yourself, calm yourself; here I am – inside your heart. What do you fear now? Do not afflict yourself any more, I Myself want to dry your tears. You are right, you could not be without Me, could you?" Then I would remain so very annihilated within myself, and I would say to Him that if I were good, He would not have disposed it that way; and I prayed Him never to leave me again, for I did not want to be without Him.

After these things, one day, after Communion, I felt Him within me, all love – loving me so much that I myself was very much amazed, for I saw myself as so bad and unrequiting. And I said within myself: 'If only I were good and requiting. I fear that He may leave me (I have always had this fear that He might leave me, and I still do; and sometimes the pain I feel is so great, that I believe that the pain of death would be minor, and if He Himself does not come to calm me, I can give myself no peace) - while He wants to draw more intimately close to me.' While I felt Him within me in this way, through an interior voice, He said to me: "My beloved, the things of the past have been nothing but a preparation. Now I want to come to the facts, and in order to dispose your heart to do what I want from you – that is, the imitation of my life - I want you to enter into the immense sea of my Passion. After you have understood well the bitterness of my pains, the love with which I suffered them, Who I am who suffered so much, and who you are, a most wretched creature – ah! your heart will not dare to oppose the blows, the cross, which I have prepared only for your good. On the contrary, by just thinking that I, your master, have suffered so much, your pains will seem shadows to you compared

to Mine. Suffering will be sweet for you, and you will reach the point of not being able to be without sufferings."

My nature trembled at the mere thought of sufferings; I prayed that He Himself would give me the strength, because without Him I would use His very gifts to offend the giver. So, I gave all of myself to meditating the Passion, and this did so much good to my soul, that I believe that all the good came to me from that source. I saw the Passion of Jesus Christ as an immense sea of light, which wounded me all over with His innumerable rays - rays of patience, of humility, of obedience, and of many other virtues. I saw myself all surrounded by this light, and I remained annihilated at seeing myself so different from Him. Those rays that inundated me were so many reproaches for me. I heard them say: "A God so patient - and you? A God humble and submitted also to His very enemies - and you? A God who suffers so much for love of you - and where are your sufferings for love of Him?"

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

From that time on, I remember that such a great yearning for suffering ignited within me, that it has not dampened yet. I also remember that after Communion I would ardently pray Him to concede me suffering; and sometimes, to content me, He seemed to take the thorns from His crown and prick my heart. Other times, I felt Him take my heart in His hands and squeeze it so tightly, that I felt faint for the pain. When I realized that people might notice something, and He was disposed to give me these pains, I would immediately say to Him: 'Lord, what are You doing? I beg You to give me suffering, but let it be hidden to everyone.' Up to a certain time, He made me content, but my sins have made me unworthy to suffer hiddenly, without anyone noticing it.

I remember that many times, after Communion, He said to me: "You will not be able to truly resemble Me other than by means of sufferings. Up until now I

have been together with you; now I want to leave you alone a little bit, without letting Myself be felt. See, up to now I have led you by the hand, instructing you and correcting you in everything, and you have done nothing but follow Me. Now I want you to do it by yourself. However, be more attentive than before, thinking that my gaze is fixed on you, though I do not let Myself be heard; and that when I return to make Myself heard, I will come either to reward you, if you have been faithful to Me, or to chastise you, if you have been ungrateful to Me."

I was so frightened and terrified at such intimidation, that I said to Him: 'Lord, my all and my life, how can I survive without You - who will give me the strength? How is it, after You have made me leave everything, so much so that I feel as if no one existed for me - You want to leave me alone and abandoned. What, have You perhaps forgotten how bad I am, and that without You I can do nothing?' And because of this objection, assuming a more serious look, He added: "The reason is that I want you to understand well who you are. See, I do this for your good; do not be saddened - I want to prepare your heart to receive the graces which I have designed for you. Up until now, I have assisted you sensibly; now I will do it less sensibly - I will make you touch your nothingness with your own hands; I will fuse you thoroughly in profound humility, in order to be able to build high walls upon you. So, instead of afflicting yourself, you should rejoice and thank Me, because the faster I make you cross the stormy sea, the sooner you will reach the port of safety; the harder the trials to which I will submit you, the greater the graces I will give you. Courage, then, courage, and I will come back soon." And in saying this, He seemed to bless me, and then He left.

Who can tell the pain I felt - the void He left in my interior, the bitter tears I shed? But I resigned myself to His Holy Will. It seemed that from afar I kissed His hand which had blessed me, saying to Him: 'Good-bye, oh Holy Spouse, good-bye.' I felt as if everything was over for me, because I had only Him, and since He was missing, no other consolation was left to me; rather, everything turned into most bitter pains. Even more, creatures themselves would provoke my pain, in such a way that all the things I would look at, seemed to be saying to me: "See, we are works of your Beloved - and He, where is He?" If I looked at the water, at the fire, at flowers, and even at stones, immediately my thought would say: 'Ah! these are works of your Spouse. Ah! they have the good of seeing Him, and you do not see Him. O please! works of my Lord, give me news - tell me, where is He? He told me He would come soon, but who knows when.'

At times, I would reach such a bitter desolation that I would feel breathless, ice cold all over, and a shiver throughout my whole person. Sometimes my family would notice it; they attributed it to a physical trouble and wanted to put me under treatment, and call the doctors. Sometimes they insisted so much that they succeeded, but I would do as much as I could to remain alone; so they

noticed it only a few times. I remembered still, all of the graces, the words, the corrections, the reproaches, and I could see with a clear eye how all the work done until then, everything - everything, had been the work of His grace, and that there was nothing left of myself but mere nothing and inclination to evil. I could touch with my own hand how, without Him, I could no longer feel love so sensibly, and those lights so clear during meditation, such that I would remain there for two or three hours. However, I did as much as I could in order to do whatever I used to do when I felt Him within me, because I felt these words being repeated to me: "If you are faithful, I will come to reward you; if ungrateful, to chastise you."

In these way I would spend sometimes two days, sometimes four, more or less, as He pleased. My only comfort was to receive Him in the Sacrament. Ah! yes, certainly, I found Him there - I could not doubt; and I remember that only a few times He would not let Himself be heard, because I prayed Him and prayed Him and importuned Him so much, that He would make me content. However, He was not loving and lovable, but severe.

After I would spend those days in that state described above, I would feel Him come back within me, especially if I had been faithful to Him. He spoke to me more clearly, and since during the previous days I had not been able to conceive one word or feel anything within me, I came to know that it was not my fantasy, as I said to myself many times before; so much so that, of what has been said up to here, I would say nothing, either to the confessor or to any other living soul. But I did as much as I could to correspond to Him, otherwise He would wage such a war against me, that I would have no peace. Ah Lord! You have been so good to me, and I, still so bad.

Continuing what I had started, I would feel Him within me, I would hug Him, I would clasp Him to myself, and say to Him: 'Beloved Good, see how hard has been our separation.' And He would say to me: 'What you have gone through is nothing yet - prepare yourself for harder trials. This is why I have come - to dispose your heart and to strengthen it. Now you will tell me everything you have gone through - your doubts and fears, all of your difficulties, that I may teach you how to behave during my absence.'

So I would make Him the narration of my pains, telling Him: 'Lord, You see, without You I was unable to do anything good. The meditation - I did it all distracted, ugly; so much so that I did not have the courage to offer it to You at Communion. I was unable to stay there for hours, as when I could feel You; I saw myself alone, I had no one with whom to converse, I felt completely empty. The pain of your absence made me feel mortal agonies; my nature wanted to hurry up so as to escape that pain; more so, since it seemed to me that I did nothing but waste time. And then, the fear that, in coming back, You might chastise me, because I had not been faithful... So I didn't know what to do. And then, the pain because You are offended continuously, and I was unable to do those acts of reparation as You taught me before, and those visits to the Most

Holy Sacrament for the different offenses You receive... Tell me, then, what should I have done?' And He, benignly, instructing me, said to me:

1 - "You were wrong in being so disturbed. Don't you know that I am Spirit of Peace, and the first thing I recommend is that you do not disturb the peace of the heart? When in prayer you are not able to recollect yourself, I do not want you to think of this or that - of how it is, or how it is not - because in doing so, you yourself call the distraction. Instead, when you find yourself in that state, the first thing to do is to humble yourself, confessing that you deserve those pains, and placing yourself in the arms of the executioner, like a humble little lamb that licks his hand while he kills it. The same for you: while seeing yourself beaten, disheartened and alone, you will resign yourself to my holy dispositions, you will thank Me with all your heart, you will kiss my hand that strikes you, recognizing yourself unworthy of those pains. Then, you will offer to Me that bitterness, anguish and tedium, praying Me to accept them as a sacrifice of praise, of satisfaction for your sins, and of reparation for the offenses that they give Me. If you do so, your prayer will ascend before my throne as most fragrant incense; it will wound my Heart, and you will draw new graces and new charisms upon you. In seeing you humble and resigned, all plunged into your nothingness, the devil will not have the power to get close. And here is how, where you thought you were losing, you will make great gains."

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

3 - As for the visits and the acts of reparation, you must know that everything I did in the course of thirty-three years, from when I was born up to when I died,

I am continuing in the Sacrament of the altar. Therefore I want you to visit Me thirty-three times a day, honoring my years and also uniting with Me in the Sacrament with my own intentions – that is, reparation, adoration... You will do this at all times: with the first thought of the morning, fly before the tabernacle in which I am present for love of you, and visit Me; and also with the last thought of the evening, while you sleep at night, before and after your meal, at the beginning of each one of your actions, while walking, working..." While He was saying this to me, I saw myself all confused, not knowing whether I could manage to do them; and I said to him: 'Lord, I beg You to be with me until I acquire the habit of doing them, for I know that with You I can do everything - but without You, what can miserable I do?' And He, benignly, added: "Yes, yes, I will content you – when have I ever failed you? I want your goodwill - whatever you want, I will give to you." And so He did.

After some time, now with Him and now deprived of Him, one day, after Communion, I felt more intimately united with Him. He asked me various questions, as for example: if I loved Him, if I was ready to do what He wanted, even the sacrifice of my life for love of Him. He also said to me: "And you, tell me what you want; if you are ready to do what I want, I too will do what you want." I saw myself all confused; I could not understand that way of His, of operating. But with time I understood that that way of acting is when He wants to dispose the soul to new and heavy crosses – He knows how to draw her so close to Himself with those stratagems, that the soul does not dare to oppose what He wants. So I said to Him: 'Yes, I love You; but You tell me, Yourself – can I find anything more beautiful, more holy, more lovable than You? And then, why ask me if I am ready to do what You want, when it has been so long since I delivered my will to You, and I prayed You not to spare me even tearing me to pieces, as long as I may give You pleasure? I abandon myself in You, oh Holy Spouse – operate freely, do with me whatever You want, but give me your grace, for by myself I am nothing and can do nothing.'

And He repeated to me: "Are you truly ready for anything I want?" I saw myself more confused, annihilated, and I said: 'Yes, I am ready' – but almost trembling. And He, compassionating me, continued to tell me: "Do not fear, I will be your strength – it is not you that will suffer, but I Myself will suffer and fight within you. See, I want to purify your soul from every slightest spot which might hinder my love within you; I want to test your faithfulness. But how can I see if this is true, other than by placing you in the midst of the battle? Know then, that I want to put you in the midst of demons. I will give them freedom to torment you and to tempt you, so that after you have fought the virtues with the opposite vices, you may already find yourself in possession of those very virtues which you think you are losing. And then, your soul, purged, embellished, enriched, will be like a king returning victorious from a most fierce war, who, while he thought he would lose what he possessed, comes back more glorious and filled with immense riches. Then will I come; I will

form my dwelling in you, and we will be always together. It is true that your state will be painful; the demons will give you no more peace, either at daytime or at night – they will always be in act of waging a most fierce war against you. But you, always keep your aim at what I want to make of you – that is, making you similar to Me – and at the fact that you will not be able to arrive at this, other than by means of many and great tribulations. In this way, you will have more courage to sustain the pains."

Who can tell how frightened I was at such an announcement? I felt my blood freeze, my hair curl, my imagination full of black ghosts that seemed to want to devour me alive. It seemed to me that, before putting me in that painful state, the Lord gave freedom to everything I was to suffer, and I saw myself surrounded by all this. So I turned to Him and said: "Lord, have pity on me! O please! do not leave me alone and abandoned. I see that the rage of the demons is such that they will leave not even the dust of myself – how shall I be able to resist them? My misery is well known to You, and also how bad I am; therefore, give me new grace that I may not offend you. My Lord, the pain that most torments my soul is to see that You too must leave me. Ah! to whom shall I say a word any more? Who will teach me? However, may your Will be always done - I bless your Holy Will.

And He, benignly, continued to say: "Do not afflict yourself so much; know that I will never allow them to tempt you beyond your strengths. If I allow this, it is for your good. I never put souls in battles so that they may perish; first I measure their strengths, I give them my grace, and then I put them in. And if some souls fall, it is because they do not remain united to Me by means of prayer; no longer feeling the sensitivity to my love, they go begging for love from the creatures, while I alone can satiate the human heart. They do not let themselves be guided by the sure path of obedience, believing more in their own judgment, than in those who guide them in my place. So, what is the wonder if they fall? Therefore, what I recommend to you is prayer. Even if you should suffer pains of death, you must never neglect that which you are used to doing; even more, the more you see yourself in the abyss, the more you will invoke the help of the one who can free you. Still more, I want you to place yourself, blindly, in the hands of the confessor, without examining what is being said to you. You will be surrounded by darkness, and will be like one who has no eyes, and who needs a hand to guide her. The eye for you will be the voice of the confessor, which, like light, will clear the darkness from you; the hand will be obedience, which will be your guide and support to make you reach a safe harbor. The last thing I recommend to you is courage. I want you to enter the battle with intrepidity. The thing that an adversary army fears the most is to see courage, strength, and the way in which one challenges the most dangerous fights, without fearing anything. So the demons are; there is nothing they fear more than a courageous soul who, all clinging to Me, with a strong spirit, goes into their midst, not to be wounded, but with the firm resolution of

wounding them and exterminating them. The demons are frightened, terrified, and would rather flee; but they cannot, because they are bound by my Will, and they are forced to stay, to their greater torment. Therefore, do not fear them, for they can do nothing to you without my Will. And then, when I see that you can no longer resist and are about to fail, if you are faithful to me, I will come immediately, I will put everyone to flight, and I will give you grace and strength. Courage, then, courage."

Now, who can tell the change that occurred in my interior? Everything was horror for me. That love which I felt in me before, I saw now changed into atrocious hate. What pain, not being able to love Him. The thought that that Lord who had been so good to me, I was now forced to abhor and curse as if He were the most cruel enemy - tortured my soul. I could not look at Him, even through His images, because in looking at them, in holding rosaries in my hands, in kissing them, I had such rushes of hate and such strength, that doing that and reducing everything to pieces was the same. And sometimes I put up such resistance that my nature trembled from head to foot. Oh God, what a most bitter pain! I believe that if in hell there were no other pains, just the pain of not being able to love God would form the most horrible hell. Many times the devil would place before me the graces that the Lord had given me, now as a crafting of my imagination so that I would make a life more free, more comfortable; and now as true, and they reproached me by saying: "Is this the love He had for you? Is this the recompense - leaving you in our hands? You belong to us, you belong to us, everything is over for you, there is nothing left to hope for." And I felt such rushes of indignation against the Lord, and of desperation being cast into my interior, that many times, if I found myself with some images in my hands, the power of the indignation was such that I would tear them apart. But while doing this, I would cry and kiss it - but I don't know how I was forced to do it.

Now, who can tell the torment of my soul? The demons made feast and laughed - some would make noise from one point, some from another; some would yell and shout, some would deafen me with screams, saying: "See how you belong to us - there is nothing left but taking you to hell, body and soul, and then you will see what we will do to you." Sometimes I felt myself being pulled - now from my clothes, now from the chair on which I was kneeling; they would move it and yell so much that I could not pray. And sometimes the fear was such that, thinking I could free myself, I would go and lay down in bed (since these dins occurred mostly at night); but even there, they would follow me, pulling the pillow and the blankets. Now, who can tell the fright, the fear I felt? I myself did not know where I was, whether on earth or in hell. The fear that they would really take me away was such that I could no longer close my eyes to sleep. I was like one who has a cruel enemy who has sworn to take his life away at any cost; and I believed that this would happen to me as soon as I would close my eyes. Therefore I felt as if someone put something inside of

them, in such a way that I was forced to keep them wide open to see when they were going to take me away – who knows whether I might pluck up the strength to oppose what they wanted to do. I felt my hair stand on end, one by one over my head, and a cold sweat throughout my whole person, which penetrated deep into my bones; and I felt my nerves and bones being dislocated, one by one, wriggling about out of fear.

Other times, I felt incited to such temptations of desperation and of suicide, that sometimes, finding myself close to the well or to a knife, I felt drawn to throw myself into it, or to take the knife and kill myself. The effort I had to make in order to run away was so great, that I felt pains of death; and while running away, I felt them come after me, suggesting to me that it was useless for me to live after I had committed so many sins, and that God had abandoned me because I had not been faithful. Even more, I felt as if I had done many wicked things which my soul had never in the world committed; therefore for me there was no more mercy to hope for. In the depth of my soul I felt repeat: 'How can you live as an enemy of God? Do you know Who that God is, whom you have offended, cursed, hated? Ah! that immense God who surrounded you everywhere, and whom you have dared to offend under His very eyes. Ah! now that you have lost the God of your soul, who will ever again give you peace? Who will free you from so many enemies?' The pain was such that I did nothing but cry. Sometimes I would start to pray, and I would feel the demons come over me to increase my torment, and some would beat me, some would prick me, some would suffocate my throat. I remember that once, while I was praying, I felt my feet being pulled from underneath the earth, and the earth open, and flames come out; and I was sinking into it. The fright and the pain were such that I remained half dead; so much so, that in order to make me recover from that state, Jesus Christ came and consoled me. He made me understand that it was not true that I had placed my will to offend Him, and that from the most bitter pain I felt, I myself could know that the devil was a liar and that I should not pay attention to him; that for now I had to have patience in suffering those bothers, and that then, peace would come. This would happen from time to time, when I would really come to the extremes, and sometimes in order to put me into more bitter torments. In the act of that comfort the soul would be convinced, because before that light it is impossible for the soul not to learn the truth; but then, when I was in the fight, I would find myself in the same state as before.

He also tempted me not to receive Communion, persuading me that after I had committed so many sins, it was a boldness to go there, and that if I dared to, not Jesus Christ, but the devil would come, and would give me so many torments as to make me die. However, obedience would win. It is true that sometimes I suffered mortal pains, such that I could hardly recover after Communion, but when the confessor absolutely wanted me to receive It, I could not do otherwise. So, I remember that quite a few times I did not receive It.

I also remember that sometimes, while I was praying in the evening, they would turn off the lamp; sometimes they would let out such roars as to strike fear; other times, feeble voices as if they were dying. But who can tell all that they would do? It is impossible.

So, this hard trial, though I don't remember too well, lasted for three years; however, there were days or weeks of interval. It is not that they would cease completely, but they began to mitigate.

I remember that after one Communion, the Lord taught me what to do in order to put them to flight – that is, despising them and not bothering about them at all, considering as if they were as many ants. I felt so much strength being infused in me, that I no longer felt that fear of before. So I would act in this way: when they made clamors and noise, I would say to them: 'It shows that you have nothing to do, and that in order to spend time you are doing so many silly things. Go ahead, do them, for when you get tired, you will stop it.' Sometimes they would stop; other times they would get so angry as to make greater noise. I felt them near me, making themselves stronger and doing violence to themselves in order to take me away; I felt the horrible stench, and the heat of the fire. It is true that I felt a certain shiver in my interior, but I would pluck up courage, and say to them: 'Liars that you are - if this were true, you would have done it from the first day; but since it is false, and you have no power over me but that which comes to you from above - go ahead, keep singing; and then, when you are tired, you will croak.' If then they emitted laments and shouts, I would say to them: 'What is this – you could not add to the accounts today?', that is: 'Have some souls been taken away from you, that you lament so much? Poor ones, they don't feel well; but I too want to make you lament a little bit.' And I would begin to pray for sinners, or to do acts of reparation. Sometimes I would laugh when they started to do the usual things; and I would say to them: 'How can I fear you, cowardly species? If you were serious beings, you would not have done so many silly things. Don't you yourselves feel ashamed? Don't you make fun of yourselves?' If then they tempted me with blasphemies or hatred against God, I would offer Him that most bitter pain, that violence I made to myself in seeing that, while the Lord deserved all the love, all the praises, I was forced to do the opposite - in reparation for many who blaspheme against Him freely, and who do not even remember that a God exists, whom they are obliged to love in return. If they incited me to desperation, in my interior I would say: 'I don't care either about hell or about paradise; what I care about is to love my God. This is not the time to think about anything else; rather, it is the time to love my good God as much as I can. Paradise and hell I place in His hands – He, who is so good, will give me what is best for me, and will give me a place in which I can glorify Him more.'

Jesus Christ taught me that the most effective means for the soul to be freed of every vain apprehension, of every doubt, of every fear, was to protest before Heaven, earth and the very demons, that she does not want to offend God, even

at the cost of her life, and that she does not want to consent to any temptation of the devil. And this, as soon as the soul feels the coming of the temptation, in the act of the battle, if she can, and as soon as she begins to feel free; and also during the course of the day. By doing this, the soul will not waste time in thinking about whether she has consented or not, because the mere memory of her promise will already give her peace; and if the devil tries to disturb her, she will be able to answer that if she had the intention of offending God, she would not have protested the opposite. In this way, she will remain free of any concern.

Now, who can tell the rage of the devil because, by acting in this way, all of his tricks resolved into confusion for himself, and where he thought he would gain, he would lose, and his very temptations and tricks were used by the soul in order to make acts of reparation and love for her God.

The other way He taught me to cast away temptations, was the following: if they tempted me to suicide, I was to answer: 'You have no permission from God; on the contrary, to your annoyance, I want to live so as to be able to love my God more.' If then they beat me and hit me, I was to humiliate myself, kneel and thank my God, because this was happening as a penance for my sins; not only this, but to offer everything as acts of reparation for all the offenses against God, which were made in the world.

Lastly, an ugly temptation that lasted for a short time was that, after being in contact with demons so ugly for about one and a half years, I would become pregnant and deliver a little demon with horns. My imagination would breed itself in such a way, that I saw myself in a horrible confusion in the face of what people would say about me, because of such an awful event.

Finally, after about one and a half years of this fight, the cruelties of the demons ceased, and a whole new life began, although the demons did not stop bothering me from time to time. However, it was not so frequent, the battle was not so fierce, and I became used to despising them.

The new life that began was at the Farm called "Torre Disperata". One day while, more than ever, I was tormented by the devil, to the point that I felt like losing my strengths and fainting, around evening, while I was in this state, I felt I was having a deadly fit and I lost consciousness. In that state, I saw Jesus Christ surrounded by many enemies - some were beating Him, some were slapping Him, some were driving thorns into His head, some were breaking His legs, some His arms. After they reduced Him almost to pieces, they put Him in the arms of the Madonna; and this happened not too far from me. After the Most Holy Virgin took Him in Her arms, She drew near me, and crying, She said to me: "Daughter, see how my Son is treated by men - the horrible offenses they commit, which never give Him respite. Look at Him, how He suffers." And I tried to look at Him, and I saw Him all blood, all wounds, and almost cut up, reduced to a mortal state. I felt such pains that I would have wanted to die a thousand times rather than see my Lord suffer so much. I felt ashamed of my

little sufferings. The Most Holy Virgin added, but always crying: "Come closer to kiss the wounds of my Son. He chooses you as victim, and if many offend Him, by offering yourself to suffer what He suffers, you will give Him a relief in so much suffering. Won't you accept?" I felt so annihilated; I saw myself so bad (and I am still so) and unworthy, that I did not dare to say "yes". My nature trembled; I felt so weak from the past pains, that it barely left me a thread of life. Then, I don't know how, I saw demons yelling and shouting from afar, and I saw that everything I had seen the Lord suffer, they were going to do to me, if I accepted. I felt such pains, sufferings, pulling of nerves within me, that I thought I was going to leave life.

Finally, I drew near and I kissed His wounds. It seemed that, after I did that, those limbs so lacerated would heal, and the Lord, who before seemed to be almost dead, would begin to revive to new life. Interiorly, I received great lights about the offenses that are given, and attractions to accept being a victim though I should suffer a thousand deaths, for the Lord deserved everything, and I could not oppose what He wanted. This happened while we were in mute silence. But those gazes that we exchanged were so many invitations, so many burning darts that pierced my heart through. The Most Holy Virgin, especially, spurred me on to accept; but who can tell all that I went through? Finally, looking at me benignly, the Lord told me: "You have seen how much they offend Me, and how many walk along the paths of evil, and without realizing it, fall into the abyss. Come to offer yourself before Divine justice as victim of reparation for the offenses that are given, and for the conversion of sinners who, with eyes closed, drink at the poisoned fount of sin. A large field of sufferings opens before you, yes - but also of graces; I will never leave you again, I will come within you to suffer all that men do to Me, making you share in my pains. For help and comfort, I give you my Mother." And He seemed to deliver me to Her - and She accepted me. I too offered all of myself to Him and to the Virgin - ready to do what He wanted. This is how it ended the first time. After I came round from that state, I felt such pains, such annihilation of myself, that I saw myself as a miserable little worm that was able to do nothing but crawl on the earth. And I said to the Lord: 'Help - your omnipotence knocks me down; I see that if You do not lift me, my nothing will undo and be dissolved. Give me suffering, but I beg You to give me strength, for I feel I am dying.' And so an alternation began, of visits from Our Lord and of torments on the part of demons. The more I resigned myself, the more they increased their rage. A few days after what is said above, I felt like I was losing consciousness again (I remember that, at the beginning, every time I felt such a state come to me, I thought I was going to leave life). As I lost consciousness, Our Lord made Himself seen once again with the crown of thorns on His head, all dripping with blood; and turning to me, He said: "Daughter, take a look at what men do to Me. In these sad times their pride is so great that they have poisoned all the air; and the stench that spreads everywhere is such that it has reached even

before my throne in Heaven. They act in such a way as to close Heaven by themselves. The miserable ones do not have eyes to know the truth, because they are obfuscated by the sin of pride, followed by the other vices which they bring with themselves. O please! give Me a relief from so many bitter spasms, and a reparation for so many wrongdoings against Me." And in saying this, He removed the crown from Himself, which did not look like a crown, but all one piece, such that not even a little portion of the head remained free – it was all pierced through by those thorns. As He removed the crown, He drew near me and asked me if I accepted it. I felt so annihilated; I felt such pains because of the offenses that are given, that I felt my heart split. I said to Him: 'Lord, do with me what You want.' And so He took it, He drove into my head, and He disappeared.

Now, who can tell the spasms I felt when I came back into myself? At each movement of my head I thought I would breathe my last, so many were the pains and the prickings I felt in my head, in my eyes, in my ears, behind my neck. I felt those thorns penetrate even into my mouth, and it clenched in such a way that I could not open it to take food, so I would remain sometimes two days, sometimes three, without being able to take anything. When they somehow mitigated, I would feel, sensibly, a hand which pressed my head and renewed the pains; and sometimes the spasms were such that I would lose consciousness because of the pain. At the beginning, this would happen on certain days, while on others it wouldn't. When they were repeated, it would be three or four times a day, and they would last sometimes a quarter of an hour, sometimes half an hour, sometimes one hour, and then I would remain free, though feeling very weak and in suffering. I would remain in suffering, more or less, depending on how much those pains were communicated to me during that state of dozing.

I also remember that, since sometimes I could not open my mouth in order to take food, as I said above, because of the sufferings in my head, and since my family knew that didn't really want to be in company, when they saw that I was not eating, they would attribute it to a fuss of mine, and naturally, they would become irritated, they would get upset, and they would mock me. My nature wanted to resent this, because I saw that what they were saying was not true, but the Lord did not want this resentment - and this is what happened:

One evening, while we were at the table, and I was in this state of not being able to open my mouth, my family began to get upset. I was so affected that I started to cry, and in order not to be seen, I got up and I went somewhere else, still crying; and I prayed Jesus Christ and the Most Holy Virgin to give me help and strength in order to bear this trial. But as I was doing this, I felt I was beginning to lose consciousness. Oh God! what pain was the mere thought that my family was going to see me, for until then, they had not noticed it. At that moment, I said: 'Lord, do not allow them to see me.' I was so ashamed of being seen, that I myself cannot explain why, and I tried as much as I could to hide

myself in those places where I could not be seen. When then I was caught by surprise, in such a way that I would not have the time to hide or at least kneel - for whatever position I was in, I would remain in it, and they might say I was praying - then I would be found out. As I lost consciousness, Our Lord made Himself seen in the midst of many enemies who gave Him all sorts of insults; especially, they grabbed Him and trampled Him underfoot, they blasphemed against Him, they pulled His hair. It seemed to me that my good Jesus wanted to escape from under those fetid soles, and He kept looking - who knows, He might find a friendly hand who would free Him; but He found no one. While seeing this, I did nothing but cry over the pains of my Lord. I would have wanted to go into the midst of those enemies - who knows, maybe I could free Him; but I did not dare to. I said to Him: 'Lord, let me share in your pains. O please! if only I could relieve You and free You.' As I was saying this, those enemies, as if they had understood, came against me - but so enraged. And they began to beat me, to pull my hair, to trample me. I had so much fear; I suffered, yes, but within me I was content, because I could see that the Lord was given a little respite. Afterwards, those enemies disappeared, and I remained alone with my Jesus. I tried to compassionate Him, but I did not dare to say anything. And He, breaking the silence, said to me: "All that you have seen is nothing compared to the offenses that they give Me continuously. Their blindness, their flooding themselves with the things of the earth is such that they reach the point of becoming not only my cruel enemies, but also enemies of themselves; and since their eyes are fixed on mud, they reach the point of despising the Eternal. Who will put a mend to so much ingratitude? Who will have compassion for so many people, who cost Me blood, and who live almost buried in the stench of earthly things? O please! come with Me, and pray and cry together with Me for so many blind who are all eyes for all that gives of earth, and then despise and trample my graces under their filthy feet, as if they were mud. O please! lift yourself above all that is earth - abhor and despise all that does not belong to Me. Do not be affected any more by the insults you receive from your family, after you have seen Me suffer so much; rather, take to heart only my honor, the offenses that they give Me continuously, the loss of so many souls. O please! do not leave Me alone in the midst of so many pains that torture my Heart. All that you are suffering now is little compared to the pains you will suffer. Have I not always told you that what I want from you is the imitation of my life? Take a look at how dissimilar you are from Me. Therefore, pluck up courage and do not fear."

After this, I returned into myself, and then I realized that I was surrounded by my family. They were crying and were all troubled; and they were so concerned that that state might occur again and, especially, that I might die, that they brought me back to Corato as quickly as they could, so that I might be observed by doctors. I don't know why, but I felt such pain at the thought that I was to be visited by doctors, that many times I cried and lamented to the Lord,

saying to Him: 'How many times, oh Lord, I begged You to let me suffer hiddenly. This was my only and sole contentment, and now I am deprived also of this. O please! tell me, how shall I endure this? You alone can help me and relieve me from my affliction. Don't You see how many things they say? One thinks in one way, one in another; one wants to apply one remedy on me, one, another - they are all eyes over me, in such a way that they give me no more peace. O please! help me in so many pains, for I feel life failing me.'

And the Lord, benignly, added: "Do not want to afflict yourself because of this. What I want from you is that you abandon yourself in my arms as if you were dead. Until you keep your eyes opened to look at what I am doing, and at what the creatures do and say, I cannot operate freely upon you. Don't you want to trust Me? Don't you know how much I love you, and that everything I allow, either through creatures, or from demons, or directly from Me, is truly for your good and serves for nothing but to lead the soul to that state for which I have chosen her? Therefore I want you to remain in my arms with your eyes closed, without looking at and investigating this or that, trusting Me completely, and letting Me operate freely. If then you want to do the opposite, you will lose much time, and you will come to oppose what I want to do with you. As for creatures, use profound silence, be benign and submissive with everyone; let your life, your breathing, your thoughts and affections be continuous acts of reparations to placate my justice, offering Me, along with them, the bothers from creatures, which will not be few."

After this, I did as much as I could to resign myself to the Will of God, although many times I was put in such constraints by the creatures, that at times I would do nothing but cry. The time also came to have me visited by a doctor, and he judged that it was nothing other than a nervous phenomenon; so he prescribed medicines, distractions, strolls, cold baths. He recommended to my family that they watch well over me when I was surprised by that state, "because", he said, "if you move her, you may break her, but not fix her", since when I was surprised by that state, I would remain petrified.

So, a war arose on the part of my family. They prevented me from going to church; they no longer gave me that freedom to be by myself; I was watched everywhere, and so they noticed it more often. Many times, I lamented to the Lord, saying to Him: 'My good Jesus, how my pains have increased - I am deprived also of the things dearest to me, which are the Sacraments. I had never thought I would reach this point. But who knows where I will end up! O please! give me help and strength, for my nature is failing me.' Many times He would deign to tell me a few words. He would say to me: "I am your help, what do you fear? Don't you remember that I too suffered from all kinds of people - some had one opinion about Me, some another. The most holy things I did were judged by them as faulty, wicked, to the point of telling Me that I was possessed; so much so, that they would look at Me with surly eyes. They would keep Me in their midst, but unwillingly, and would plot among themselves

about how they could take my life away as soon as possible, for my presence had become intolerable for them. So, don't you want Me to make you similar to Me, by making you suffer from creatures?"

And so I spent several years suffering from creatures, from demons, and directly from God. At times I reached such bitterness from creatures and from the way they thought, that I was ashamed of being seen by anyone; so much so, that my greatest sacrifice was to appear in the midst of people –the blushing and the confusion were such, that I felt dazed. There were more visits from other doctors, but they came up with nothing. Sometimes, shedding bitter tears, I would say to Him with all my heart: 'Lord, how public my sufferings have become – not only to my family, but also to people from outside. I see myself all covered with confusion; it seems to me that everyone is pointing his finger at me, as if these sufferings were the most wicked actions. I myself am unable to tell what has happened to me. O please! You alone can free me from such publicity, and let me suffer hiddenly. I beg You, I implore you – answer me.' Sometimes the Lord too showed He would not listen to me, and my pains would increase. Then other times, He would compassionate me, telling me: "Poor daughter, come to Me for I want to console you. You are right that you suffer, but don't you remember that I too – oh! how much more I suffered. Up to a certain point, my pains remained hidden, but when the Will of the Father came for Me to suffer in public, promptly I went out to meet confusions, opprobrium, scorns, to the point of being stripped naked in the midst of a most numerous people. Could you imagine a confusion greater than this? My nature felt these kinds of sufferings greatly, but I had my gaze fixed on the Will of the Father, and I offered those pains in reparation for many who commit the most wicked actions publicly, with open eyes, boasting about them without the slightest blush - saying to Him: 'Father, accept my confusions and opprobrium in reparation for many who have the insolence to offend You so freely, without the slightest sorrow. Forgive them, give them lights, that they may see the ugliness of sin and convert.' I want that you too share in these kinds of sufferings. Don't you know that the most beautiful presents I can give to the souls I love are crosses and pains? You are still a little girl in the way of the cross, therefore you feel too weak. Once you have grown up and have known how precious suffering is, then you will feel stronger. Therefore, lean on Me – rest, for in this way you will acquire strength."

After I spent some time in this state mentioned above – about six or seven months – the sufferings increased even more, to the point that I was forced to stay in bed. Often that state of losing consciousness multiplied, to the point that I would almost not have one hour free. I reduced myself to a state of extreme weakness; my mouth clenched in such a way that I could not open it at all, and in the few free moments I would have, I was able to take just a few drops of some drink, if I managed at all. And then I was forced to bring it up, because of the continuous vomiting which I have always had. After I remained about

eighteen days in this continuous state, they called the confessor, so that I could confess. When the confessor came, he found me in that state of dozing. When I came round, he asked me what was wrong with me. Keeping silent about all the rest, and since at that time the troubles of the demons and the visits of Our Lord continued, I just said to him: 'Father, it's the devil.' He said to me: "Do not be afraid, for it is not the devil; and if it is he, father will free you." So, giving me the obedience and marking me with the sign of the cross, and helping me to loosen my arms, for I felt my whole body petrified as if it had become one single piece, he managed to restore the motion of my arms, and to make me open my mouth, which before had been unmovable to everything. I attributed this to the sanctity of my confessor, who was really a holy priest. I considered this almost a miracle; so much so, that I would say to myself: 'See, I was ready to die' - because I really felt ill, and if that state had continued, I think I would have left life. However, I remember that I was resigned, and that when I saw myself free, I felt a certain regret for not having died.

Then, after the confessor went away and I was free, I went back to the state of before. And so it happened that I spent sometimes a week, sometimes fifteen days, and even months, being surprised by that state every now and then during the day, and I was able to free myself by myself. But when I was discovered, very often as I said before, my family would call the confessor; more so, since they had seen that the first time I had been freed, while everyone believed that I would never again recover from that state. But then I went down to church and I returned to that state again, and so they would call the confessor, and then I would be freed. However, I could never have imagined that it would take the priest to free me from such a state, or that my trouble was an extraordinary thing. It is true that when I would lose consciousness I could see Jesus Christ, but I attributed this to the goodness of Our Lord, saying to myself: 'See how good the Lord is with me, that He comes to give me strength in this state of sufferings; otherwise, how could I sustain it - who would give me the strength?' It is also true that when such a state was going to occur, in the morning, during Communion He would tell me, and during that very state, sufferings would come to me from Him Himself. But I would pay attention to none of this; at the mere thought, sometimes, of telling this to the confessor, I felt I was the proudest soul that existed in the world if I dared to open my mouth to speak of these things...of seeing Jesus Christ. And I would feel such blushing, that it was impossible to say anything to that confessor, as good and holy as he was.

It was so true that I did not think that it would take the priest to free me, and that this was happening because of the sanctity of my confessor, that when the time came that he went away to the countryside, one morning, after Communion, the Lord made me understand that I was going to be surprised by that state, inviting me to keep Him company by participating in His pains - and I immediately said to Him: 'Lord, how shall I do it - the confessor is not here;

who is going to free me? Maybe You want to make me die now?' And the Lord just told me: "Your trust must be only in Me. Be resigned, because resignation renders the soul radiant, and it keeps all other passions in their place, in such a way that, attracted by those rays of light, I go into that soul and I transform her completely within Me, and I make her live from my own Life."

I resigned myself to His Holy Will; I offered that Communion as the last one of my life, and I gave the last good-bye to Jesus in the Sacrament. But though resigned, I felt my nature so much, that for the whole day I did nothing but cry and pray the Lord to give me strength. In truth, that situation turned out to be so very bitter to me, and without thinking or knowing anything, I found myself with a new and heavy cross, such that I believe it has been the heaviest I have had in my life. While I was in that state of sufferings, I would think of nothing but dying and doing the Will of God. As for my family, which also suffered in seeing me in that state, they tried to call some priests, but for one reason or another, they did not want to come. After ten days came the confessor who used to confess me when I was little, and it happened that he too was able to make me come round from that state. Then I realized the net in which the Lord had wrapped me.

From here, a war arose against me on the part of priests – some would say that it was a pretense, some that beating was needed, some that I wanted to make myself believed a saint; some would add that I was possessed, and many other things, such that, if I wanted to tell them all, the story would be too long. So, with these ideas in their minds, when sufferings would occur and my family would call one of them, they would have such strange reactions, that my poor family suffered very much, especially my poor mama – how many tears she shed for me. Oh! Lord, reward her - You Yourself. Oh! my good Lord, how much I suffered on this side – You alone know everything.

So, who can tell how bitter this situation was for me – that the priest was needed in order to free me from that state of sufferings. How many times I prayed, shedding most bitter tears, that He would free me! How many times I made explicit resistance to the Lord when He wanted me to offer myself as victim and accept the pains. I would say to Him: 'Lord, promise me that You Yourself will free me, and then I will accept everything; otherwise – no, I don't want to accept.' And I would resist the first day, the second, the third... But who can resist God? He would tell me so many things, that in the end I was forced to submit myself to the cross.

Other times, I would say to Him from the heart and with familiarity: 'Lord, how is it that You have done this? Between You and me, You now want to place a third? And this third one does not want to make himself available. See, we could have been so content, the two of us. When You wanted me to suffer, I would immediately accept, because I would know that You Yourself would free me. There is no need of another hand now. I beg You, free me, and both of us will be more content.'

Sometimes He pretended not to hear me, and He would not tell me anything. Then other times, He would say: "Do not fear, I am the one who gives darkness and light. The time of the light will come. It is my usual way to manifest my works through the priests."

So I spent three or four years of these contradictions on the part of priests. Many times they would subject me to very hard trials; they would reach the point of letting me remain in that state of sufferings – that is, petrified, incapable of any slightest motion, even of taking a drop of water – for eighteen days, more or less, when they pleased to do so. The Lord alone knows what I was going through in that state; and after they came, I would not even have the good of hearing them say to me: "Have patience, do the Will of God." Rather, I was reproached as being fussy and disobedient. Oh! God, what pain – how many tears I shed. How many times I thought I was disobedient, saying to myself: 'How can this be – that virtue which is the most pleasing to the Lord is so far away from me. What good can a disobedient soul ever do or hope for?' Many times, I would lament to Our Lord, and at times I reached the point of being resentful; and when He wanted me to accept sufferings, I would resist as much as I could. But when He saw that I would begin to resist, the Lord showed He would not pay attention to me and He would not tell me anything else; and then, all of a sudden, He would come to surprise me. As for what the confessor said, that is because sometimes he did not want me to fall into that state; but this was not in my power. Yet It is true that I have been disobedient, and that I have always been good at nothing, but I also remember that the most tormenting pain for me was that of not being able to obey.

I remember that during this period of time there was the cholera; one day I prayed my good Jesus to make this scourge cease. And He said to me: "I will content you, as long as you accept offering yourself to suffer whatever I want." I said to Him: 'Lord, no, I cannot – You know how they think. If this thing could pass only between me and You, I would have been absolutely ready to accept everything.' And He said to me: "My daughter, if I had thought of what men were thinking and of what they were going to do with Me, I would not have operated the Redemption of mankind. But I had my eyes fixed on their salvation, and the great love that devoured Me made Me act in this way: when I would see people who were thinking ill about Me, and who caused occasion to make Me suffer more, I would offer those very pains that they gave Me for their own salvation. Have you forgotten that what I want from you is the imitation of my Life, and that I will make you share in everything I suffered? Don't you know that the most beautiful act, the most heroic and most pleasing to Me, which you must offer to Me, is that of offering yourself for the very ones who are against you?"

I remained mute; I did not know what to answer. I accepted everything the Lord wanted, and so in the evening I was surprised by that state of sufferings,

and I remained in it for three consecutive days. Then, after I came round, I no longer heard anything about the cholera.

After this, I received another mortification, and this was having to change confessor, because since he was a religious, he was called back to the convent. I was content with him, and most of those sins mentioned above occurred when he was in the countryside, especially during the last year he was my confessor; because of the cholera spreading in town, he spent only six months here. My confessor did not give many reproaches; he would let me remain in that state of sufferings for one day, and then he would come. So, it was less than a month since he had withdrawn to the countryside, and it became known that he was leaving. This was painful for me - not because I was attached, but because of the necessity I had of him. So I went to the Lord and I told Him of my pain, and He said to me: "I do not want you to afflict yourself because of this. I am the master of hearts, and I can turn them and turn them again as I please. If he did some good to you, he has been nothing but a vessel which received from Me, and gave to you. So I will do with the others; what do you fear then? My dear, as long as you keep turning your eye now to the right, now to the left, and you let it set now on something, now on something else, and you do not have your eye fixed on Me, you will not be able to walk speedily along the way of Heaven. On the contrary, you will always be limping and will not be able to follow the influence of grace. Therefore I want you to look at all the things that surround you with holy indifference, remaining all intent on Me alone."

After these words, my heart acquired so much strength that I suffered little or nothing from such a great loss - of one who had done so much good to my soul. So it happened that I changed confessor, and I returned to the confessor who used to confess me when I was little. But may the Lord be always blessed who uses those very paths which appear to be contrary to us, almost as if they were to bring harm to our soul, for our greater good and for His glory. So it happened that I began to open my soul, since up to that point I had not said anything to anyone. As much effort as I would make over myself, I could not manage; even more, I would see myself more impotent to tell of the things of my interior. The blushing I felt at the mere thought of telling these things was such that I felt it would have been easier for me to tell the ugliest sins. Where this came from - I don't know. From the confessor - I don't think so, because he was so good, trustful, sweet, patient in listening. He would take a most exact care of the soul; he would have his eye on everything, so that I might walk straight. From me - I don't think so either, because I felt a block over my soul, and I had all the will to free myself and to hear at least what the confessor thought about it; but I felt it was impossible for me to do it. To me, I think that there was an intervention of the Lord.

So, finding myself with the new confessor, I began to open my interior, little by little. Many times the Lord commanded me to manifest to the confessor what He had told me; and when I would not do it, the Lord would scold me, He

would reproach me severely, and at times He reached the point of telling me that if I did not do it, He would come no more – which is the most bitter pain for me, such that all the other pains compared to this seem to be nothing but blades of straw. Therefore, the fear that He would really not come was so great, that I did as much as I could in order to manifest my interior. It is true that many times this cost me very much, but the fear of losing my dear Jesus would make me overcome everything. I was also pushed by the confessor to say where such a state was coming from, what happened to me when I was in that doziness, what was the cause of it. He would now command me to manifest it, now force me through the precepts of obedience, and now place before me the fear that I might be living in illusion and deceit, living within myself, while if I manifested it to the priest, I could be more certain and tranquil, because the Lord never permits that the priest be mistaken when the soul is obedient. So, Jesus Christ pushed me from one side, the confessor from the other. It seemed to me that sometimes they were banding together, the two of them - the confessor and Jesus Christ. And so I managed to manifest my soul. The past confessor would not do that – he would not ask me a question; he would not try to know what was happening to me in that state of doziness, and so I myself did not know how to come out and talk about these things. The concern he had was that I be resigned, conformed to the Will of God, bearing the cross that the Lord had given me; so much so, that if sometimes he saw me a little bothered, he would suffer great sorrow.

So it happened that I spent about another year with this confessor, in the same state described above. And since the confessor knew where that state of sufferings was coming from, he told me that when Jesus Christ wanted me to have sufferings, I should go to him to ask for the obedience. I remember that one morning, after Communion, the Lord told me: "Daughter, the iniquities that are committed are so many that the scale of my justice is about to overflow. Know that I will pour heavy scourges upon men, especially a most fierce war in which I will make a slaughter of the human flesh. Ah! yes." He continued, almost crying: "I gave bodies to men that they might be as many sanctuaries where I would go to delight in them; but they have turned them into sewers of rot, which emanate such stench as to force Me to stay far away from them. See what a recompense I receive for so much love and for the so many pains I have suffered for them. Who has ever been treated like Me? Ah! no one. But what is the cause? It is the excessive love I have for them. Therefore, I will try with the chastisements."

I felt my heart split with pain; it seemed to me that the offenses they were giving Him were so many, that in order to escape, He wanted to hide within Me, almost to find a refuge. I also felt such pains because men were to be chastised, that it seems that I myself was to suffer - not them. Even more, it seemed to me that, if I could, it would have been more bearable for me to suffer all of those chastisements myself, rather than to see others suffer.

I tried to compassionate Him as much as I could, and with all my heart I said to Him: 'Oh! Holy Spouse, hold back the scourges which your justice has prepared. If the multiplicity of the iniquities of men is great, there is the immense sea of your Blood in which You can bury them. In this way your justice will be satisfied. If You have no where to go to delight Yourself, come into me – I give You all my heart, that You may somehow rest and delight with it. It is true that I too am a bilge of vices, but You can purify me and make of me what You want. But, O please!, placate Yourself. If the sacrifice of my life is necessary – oh! how gladly I would make it for You, as long as I may see your own images spared.' And the Lord, interrupting me, continued: "Here is exactly where I wanted you – if you offer yourself to suffer, no longer every now and then as up until now, but continuously, every day, for a certain given time, I will spare men. See how I will do it: I will put you between my justice and the iniquities of the creatures, and when my justice sees itself full of iniquities to the point of not being able to contain them, and is forced to send the thunderbolts of the scourges in order to chastise the creatures, in finding you in the middle, instead of striking them, it will strike you. Only in this way will I be able to content you in sparing men – not otherwise."

I remained all confused; I didn't know what to say. My nature would do its part, being frightened and trembling, but I saw that my good Jesus was waiting for an answer – whether I accepted or not. So, seeing myself almost forced to speak, I said to Him: 'Oh! my Most Divine Spouse, on one hand I would be ready to accept, but how is it going to work with the confessor: if he does not want to come every once in a while, how can it be possible that he will come every day? Free me from this cross – that the confessor be needed in order to free me – and then everything will be arranged between me and You.' Then the Lord said to me: "Go to the confessor and ask him for the obedience. If he wants, you will tell him everything I told you, and you will follow whatever he says. See, it will not be only for the good of creatures that I want these continuous sufferings, but also for your good. In this state of sufferings I will purify your soul thoroughly, in such a way as to dispose you to form a mystical marriage with Me; and after this, I will make the last transformation, in such a way that both of us will become like two candles placed on the fire – one is transformed into the other and they form a single one. In this way I will transform Myself in you, and you will remain crucified with Me. Ah! would you not be happy if you could say: 'The Bridegroom is crucified, but the bride also is crucified? Ah! yes, there is nothing that renders me dissimilar from Him.' So, when I was able to speak with the confessor, I told him everything that the Lord had said to me; and since the Lord had said to me those words, "*for a certain given time*", without notifying me of the exact time during which I was to suffer continuously, I took it as about forty days, more or less...and now it has been about twelve years that I continue to be in it. But may God be always blessed; may His inscrutable judgments be always adored. I believe that if the

blessed Lord had made me understand clearly the length of time I was to be in bed, my nature would have been frightened very much, and would hardly have submitted itself to it. Although I remember that I have always been resigned, at that time I did not know the preciousness of the cross, as the Lord has made me know during the course of these twelve years; nor would the confessor have adapted himself to give me the obedience. So I said to the confessor that the Lord wanted him to give me the obedience to remain in continuous suffering for about forty days, and I told him all the rest. To my surprise – because I thought it was impossible – the confessor told me that if it was really the Will of God he would give me the obedience, because, in reality, it was not that he could not come, but rather... a little bit of human respect. My soul rejoiced very much for I would be able to make the Lord content, and therefore have creatures spared, but my nature was very much afflicted in receiving this obedience; so much so, that for a few days I was very saddened. My soul also was affected very much, thinking that I was to remain for such a long time without being able to receive Jesus in the Sacrament, my only and sole comfort. At times I would feel a war so very fierce within me, that I myself did not know what had happened to me. The devil too would add many things, but my good Jesus put a remedy to everything; and this is how He did it.

By order of the current confessor, I move on to speak about something else. I will obey in manifesting the various ways in which the Lord has spoken to me: It seems to me that the ways in which the Lord has spoken to me are four; but these four ways of Jesus' speaking are very different from inspirations.

1 – The first way is when the soul goes out of herself. However, first I want to explain a little bit better about this going out of myself. It happens in two ways: the first is instantaneous, almost in a flash; and it is so sudden, that it seemed to me that the body would lift a little bit from the bed in order to follow the soul, but then it would stay there. And it seemed to me that the body would remain as dead, while the soul would follow Jesus, walking throughout the whole universe - the earth, the air, the seas, the mountains, Purgatory and Heaven, where many times He showed me the place where I will be after I die. The other way, then, for the soul to go out, is more quiet. It seems that the body dozes off insensibly and remains as though petrified at the presence of Jesus Christ; however, the soul remains with the body, and the body no longer feels anything of external things – even if all the universe turned upside down; even if they burned me up and reduced me to pieces.

These two ways, so different, of going out of myself, I have noticed sensibly, because in the first way, having to obey the confessor when he would come to wake me up, I would see him from the place where Jesus would lead me – that is, from the ends of the earth, or of the air, or of the mountains, or of the sea, or of Purgatory, or even of Heaven itself. Even more, it would seem to me that I would not have the time to let the confessor find my soul in the body, and therefore I would not be able to obey. It seemed that, so far away as I was with

my soul – I say, it seemed to me – that I would bustle about, and become all anxious and worried that I might not be able to let myself be found there by the confessor in time, and therefore I would not be able to obey. However, I confess that I have always been there in time, and it seemed to me that my soul would enter my body before the confessor would begin to give me the obedience to wake up.

Even more, I tell the truth, many times, from afar, I could see the confessor coming, but in order not to leave Jesus, it seemed that I would not be thinking that the confessor was coming. But then Jesus Himself would hurry me to return with the soul into my body so as to be able to obey the confessor. And then I would feel great reluctance about leaving Jesus, but obedience would win; and upon leaving Jesus, He Himself either kissed me or embraced me, or would do something else to take leave of me. And I, upon leaving my dear Jesus, would say to Him: 'I go to the confessor, but You, my good Jesus, come back soon, as soon as the confessor goes away.'

These are, then, the two ways in which the soul seemed to go out of the body, and in these two ways in which the soul goes out, God speaks to me. This way of speaking He Himself calls intellectual speaking. I will try to explain it: after the soul has gone out of the body, finding herself before Jesus, she has no need of words in order to understand what the Lord wants to tell her; nor does the soul need to speak in order to make herself understood; but through the intellect – oh! how well we understand each other when we are together. From a light that comes from Jesus into my intellect, I feel everything that my Jesus wants to make me understand being impressed within me. This way is very high and sublime; so much so, that the nature can hardly adapt itself to explain it with words – it can barely give a few ideas. This way of Jesus of making Himself understood is extremely rapid – in one simple instant one learns many sublime things, more than by reading entire books. Oh! what a most ingenious teacher Jesus is – in one simple instant He teaches so many things, while it would take entire years for someone else, if he manages at all, because the terrestrial teacher does not have the power to draw the will of his disciple, or to infuse things in his mind without effort and toil. But not with Jesus: His sweetness, the loveliness of His gesture, the gentleness of His speaking are so great – and then He is so beautiful, that as soon as the soul sees Him, she feels so drawn that sometimes the speed with which she runs after Jesus is so great, that almost without realizing it, she finds herself transformed into the beloved, in such a way that the soul is no longer capable of distinguishing her terrestrial being so much is she identified with the Divine Being. Who can tell what the soul feels in this state? It would take Jesus Himself, or a soul perfectly separated from the body, because in finding herself surrounded once again by the wall of this body, and losing that light which before kept her submerged, the soul loses very much and remains obscured. So, if she tries to say something, she can do it only roughly.

To give an idea, I will say that I imagine one born blind, who has never had the good of seeing what is contained in the entire universe, and who, for a few minutes, had the good of opening his eyes to the light and were able to see everything that is contained in the world - the sun, the heavens, the sea, the many cities, the many machines, the varieties of flowers and the many other things that are in the world; and who, after those few minutes of light, returned to the blindness of before. Now, could he describe, distinctly, everything that he has seen? He could give a rough outline, and say a few things confusedly. Now, something similar happens when the soul finds herself separated, and then back into the body. I don't know whether I am saying nonsense, but just as that poor blind one would remain but with the sorrow of the lost sight, the same for the soul: she lives moaning and almost in a violent state, because the soul feels always violently drawn toward the highest Good. The attraction toward Himself that Jesus leaves in the soul is so great, that the soul would like to remain always attracted within her God. But this cannot be, and therefore she lives as if she lived in Purgatory. I add that the soul has nothing of her own in this state - everything is operation done by the Lord.

2 - Now I will try to explain the second way that Jesus has in speaking: finding herself outside of herself, the soul sees the person of Jesus Christ, for example, as a child, or crucified, or in any other posture; and the soul sees the Lord pronouncing the words from His mouth, and the soul answers from her mouth. Sometimes it happens that the soul begins to converse with Jesus, just as two intimate spouses would do. The speaking of the Lord is very moderate - just four or five words, and sometimes even just one word; very rarely it lengthens a little bit. But in those very few words - ah! how much light He introduces into the soul. I seem to see a little rivulet at first sight, but in looking more closely, instead of a rivulet, one can see an immense sea. Such is one word said by Jesus. The immensity of light it leaves in the soul is such, that by chewing it thoroughly, she discovers so many things, sublime and profitable for her soul, as to remain astonished.

I believe that if all the learned united together, they would all remain confused and mute at one single word of Jesus. Now, this way is more suitable for the human nature, and it can be manifested easily, because upon entering herself, the soul brings with her that which she has heard from the mouth of Our Lord, and she communicates it to the body. It is not so easy when it is through the intellect.

To me, I think that Jesus has this way of speaking in order to adapt Himself to the human nature. It is not that He needs the word in order to make Himself understood, but in this way the soul understands more easily, and she can manifest it to the confessor. In sum, Jesus acts like a most knowledgeable, wise and intelligent teacher, who possesses all sciences to the highest degree, and no one can equal Him. But since He finds Himself in the midst of disciples who

have not yet learned the first syllables of the alphabet, keeping all of the other studies within Himself, He teaches the *a,b,c* to the disciples.

Oh! how good is Jesus. He adapts Himself to the learned and speaks to them in a very high manner, in such a way that in order to understand Him, they have to study well what He tells them. And He adapts Himself to the ignorant, pretending to be, He Himself, a little bit ignorant; and He speaks in a low manner, in such a way that no one may remain on an empty stomach from the lesson of this Divine Teacher.

3 - The third way in which Jesus speaks to me is when, in speaking, He communicates its very substance to the soul. It seems to me that just as when the Lord created the world, at one word things were created, in the same way, since His word is creative, in the very act in which He pronounces the word, He creates in the soul that very thing which He is saying. As for example, Jesus says to the soul: "See how beautiful things are, but as much as your eye may flow over the earth and in Heaven, you will never find a beauty similar to Me." At these words of Jesus, the soul feels a certain something divine enter herself; the soul remains so very drawn toward this beauty, and at the same time she loses attraction for all the other things. As beautiful and precious as they may be, they make no impression on her soul. That which remains fixed within her and almost transmuted into her is the beauty of Jesus: of that beauty she thinks, with that beauty she feels invested, and she remains so enamored that if the Lord did not operate another miracle, her heart would crack, and the soul would breathe her last out of pure love for this beauty of Jesus, so as to fly into Heaven and delight in this beauty of Jesus. I myself don't know whether I am speaking nonsense.

In order to explain myself better about this substantial speaking of Jesus, I will say something else. Jesus says: "See how pure I am - in you also I want to find purity in everything." At these words the soul feels a divine purity enter into her. This purity is transmuted into herself, and she arrives at living as if she no longer had a body - and so with the other virtues. Oh! how desirable is this speaking of Jesus. As for myself, I would give away everything that is on earth - if I could possess it - to have one of these words of Jesus alone.

4 - The fourth way in which Jesus speaks to me is when I find myself inside myself - that is, in the natural state. This also happens in two ways: the first is when, while being inside myself, recollected within the interior of my heart, without articulation of voice or sound to the ear of the body, Jesus speaks interiorly. The second is just like we do it; and sometimes this happens even when I am distracted or I am speaking with other people. But one of these words alone is enough to make me recollect myself if I am distracted, or to give me peace if I am disturbed, or to console me if I am afflicted.

I will continue from where I left, saying, 'and this is how He did it':

In the morning, I went to Communion, and as soon as I received Jesus, I immediately said to Him: 'My Lord, look at what a storm I find myself in. I

should thank You for You gave light to the confessor in giving me the obedience to suffer, but instead, my nature is so very affected that I myself remain confused at seeing myself so bad. However, all this is nothing; You who want the sacrifice, will also give me the strength. But the strongest reason in me is that of having to remain so long without being able to receive You in the Sacrament. Who would be able to resist without You? Who will give me the strength? Where shall I find a refreshment in my afflictions?' And while saying this, I felt such pains in my heart because of this separation from Jesus in the Sacrament, that I cried my heart out. Then, the Lord, compassionating my weakness, told me: "Do not fear, I Myself will sustain your weakness. You do not know what graces I have prepared for you, and this is why you fear so much. Am I not omnipotent? Will I not be able to make up for the privation of being able to receive Me in the Sacrament? Therefore, resign yourself, place yourself as though dead in my arms; offer yourself as voluntary victim to repair for the offenses against Me, for sinners, and to spare men the deserved scourges, and as a pledge I give you my word that I will not leave you even one day without coming to see you. Up until now you have come to Me, from now on I will come to you - aren't you happy?"

So I resigned myself to the Holy Will of God, and I was surprised by this state of sufferings. Now, who can tell the graces that the Lord began to give me? It is impossible to tell everything distinctly; I can say something confusedly. But as much as I can, and in order to do the holy obedience which wants it so, I will try to say as much as it is possible for me.

I remember that from the very beginning of my being continuously bedridden, my Lover Jesus would make Himself seen very often, which He had not done in the past. From the beginning He told me that He wanted me to take on a new way of life in order to dispose myself to that mystical marriage which He had promised me. He would say to me: "Beloved of my Heart, I have put you in this state so that I might come more freely to converse with you. See, I have freed you of all external occupations, so that, not only your soul, but also your body might be at my disposal, and so that you might remain in continuous holocaust before Me. See, had I not drawn you into this bed, since you would have to carry out your family duties and submit yourself to other sacrifices, I could not come so often and let you share in the offenses, just as I receive them; at most, I would have to wait for when you have fulfilled your duties. But now - no, we are free, there is no one left who may bother us and interrupt our conversation. From now on, my afflictions will be yours, and yours will be Mine; my sufferings yours, and yours Mine; my consolations yours, and yours Mine. We will unite all things together, and you will take interest in my things as if they were your own; and so I will do with yours. Between the two of us there will no longer be 'this is mine, and this is yours', but everything will be in common, on both sides.

Do you know how I acted with you? Like a king when he wants to speak with his queen spouse, and she is with other ladies on other affairs. What does the king do? He takes her and brings her inside his room; they close the door, so that no one may go and interrupt their conversation and hear their secrets; and so, once they are alone, they communicate their consolations and their afflictions to each other. Now, if someone, imprudent, went to knock, shouting from behind the door, and did not leave them alone to enjoy their conversation - would the king not take offense? So have I done for you, and in the same way I would be displeased if someone wanted to remove you from that state."

He continued to tell me: "From you I want perfect conformity to my Will, in such a way that your will may be undone within Mine; and absolute detachment from everything - so much so, that I want all that is earth to be considered by you as dung and rot, which one is horrified by just looking at. And this because, even though one were not attached to earthly things, just by having them around and looking at them they cast shadow on the celestial things and prevent the fulfillment of that mystical marriage which I promised you. Even more, I want that, just as I was poor, you also imitate Me in poverty. You must consider yourself in this bed as a little poor one; the poor are content with anything they have, and they first thank Me, and then their benefactors. The same for you: go along with everything that is given to you without asking for this or that, which might be a hindrance in your mind; but with holy indifference, without thinking of whether it may do good or bad, comply with the will of others."

This cost me very much at the beginning, especially because of the obediences that the confessor would give me. I don't know why, he wanted me to take quinine, and I was given the obedience that as many times as I would throw up, so many times was I to take food again. Now, quinine would whet my appetite, and sometimes I would feel quite a bit hungry. I would take food, and immediately after taking it, and at times in the very act of taking it, I would be forced to bring it up because of the continuous retching; and so I would remain with the same hunger as before. The word "poor" which Jesus had spoken to me, would not allow me to dare to ask for anything; and I myself would feel ashamed to ask, thinking to myself: 'What will the family say: she has just vomited, and now she wants to eat?' So I would remain content with being able to offer something to my dear Jesus.

However, this did not last for a long time, but only four months. One day the Lord told me: "Repeat to him the request for the obedience not to take quinine and not to take food so many times, for I will give him light." So the confessor came and I told him. And he said to me: "So as not to show uniqueness, from now on I want you to take food only once a day"; and he suspended the quinine also. In this way, I remained more quiet and hunger went away; but the vomiting did not cease - that one time in which I would take food, I was forced to bring it up. Sometimes the Lord told me to ask for the obedience not to eat,

but the confessor has never given me this obedience. He would say to me: "It doesn't matter if you throw up – it is another mortification."

But I would say this to Jesus, and He would tell me: "I want you to ask the question, but with holy indifference I want you to go along with whatever the obedience tells you." And so I continued to do.

When about forty days had passed – which I had taken as such from those words that the Lord had said ("for a certain given time"), and which I had related to the confessor in this way – the sufferings continued to surprise me every day, and he was forced to come every day. The confessor began to give me the obedience no longer to be in that state, and he added that if I fell into sufferings, he would come no more.

On my part, I felt absolutely ready to do the obedience. My nature especially wanted to be freed of that being in bed continuously, because as beautiful as it was, it was always bed... having to be subjected to everyone, even in the most repugnant and necessary things of nature, and being forced to tell them to others, is a true sacrifice. So, nature did its office, and felt all consoled in receiving this obedience; while my soul was ready to do the obedience, and ready to remain in bed if the Lord wanted it so, because I had begun to experience how good He had been with me, and that true resignation can change the nature of things, turning bitter into sweet.

When he gave me the obedience no longer to stay in bed, I began to resist, and I said to the Lord: "What can I do? I can no longer stay, for obedience does not want it. If You want, give light to the confessor, and then I will be ready to do what You want." And I spent one entire night clashing with the Lord. When He would come, I would say to Him: "My dear Jesus, have patience, do not come, for obedience does not permit that You make me share in your sufferings." Up until the morning, I won – I felt I was inside myself and free of sufferings when, in one instant, the Lord came and drew me so much to Himself that I could not resist Him. I lost consciousness and I found myself together with Him, but so clasped to Him, that as much opposition as I made, I could not detach myself from Jesus. Being with Jesus, I felt all annihilated, and I felt a certain blushing for the many reproaches I had made during the night. I said to Him: "Holy Spouse, forgive me – it is the confessor that wants it so." And He told me: "Do not fear, when it is because of obedience I do not get offended." He continued: "Come, come to Me. Today is the New Year, I want to give you a present." (That morning was precisely the first day of the year). So, He drew His most pure lips to mine and poured a most sweet milk; He kissed me, He took a ring from within His side and said to me: "Today I want to show you the ring I have prepared for you, for when I espouse you." Then He told me: "Tell the confessor that it is my Will that you continue to stay in bed, and as a sign that it is I, tell him that there is a war between Italy and Africa, and if he gives you the obedience to continue to suffer, I will not do anything on either side – they will reconcile."

In the very act of these words being spoken, I felt surrounded by sufferings as if by a garment, and I was unable to free myself by myself. I thought to myself: 'What will the confessor say?' But it was no longer in my power. That milk which Jesus had poured into me produced in me such love for Him, that I felt languor; and I felt such satiety and sweetness, that after the confessor came and I came round from that state, and the family brought me food, I felt so full that the food would not go down. But in order to do the obedience, which wanted it so, I took a little bit, and I was immediately forced to bring it up - but mixed with that sweet milk that Jesus had given me. And Jesus, almost jokingly, told me: "What I gave you was not enough? You are not content yet?" I blushed all over, but immediately I said to Him: "What can I do? It's the obedience.'

When the confessor came, he began to get upset, telling me that I was disobedient; or he would say to me: "This is an illness. If it were something from God, He would have made you obey. Therefore, instead of calling the confessor, you should call the doctors." When he finished speaking, I told him everything that the Lord had said to me, which I mentioned above, and he told me that it was true that there was a war between Africa and Italy. "We'll see if nothing happens". And so he was persuaded to letting me continue to suffer. One day, after about four months, the confessor came and told me that news had arrived about the war between Africa and Italy, and that without causing any damage to each other, they had reconciled. So the confessor was persuaded, and he let me stay there in peace.

My sweet Jesus would do nothing but dispose me to that mystical marriage which He had promised me. When I was in that state, He would make Himself seen sometimes three times a day, sometimes four, as He pleased; and sometimes it was a continuous coming and going. He seemed to be a sweetheart who cannot be without his spouse. This is how Jesus was with me, and sometimes he reached the point of telling me: "You see, I love you so much that I cannot be without coming. I feel almost restless, thinking that you are there suffering for Me, and you are alone; this is why I have come - to see if you need something." And while saying this, He Himself would lift my head, He would place His arm around my neck and hug me; and while holding me like that, He would kiss me, and if it was summertime and it was hot, He would send a refreshing breath from His mouth, or He would take something in His hand and fan me. And then He would ask me: "How are you feeling? Don't you feel better?" I would say to Him: 'Being with You, in whatever way, one always feels well.'

Other times, then, if He saw me very weak because of my continuously being in those sufferings, especially if the confessor was coming at night, my lover Jesus would come, and in seeing me in that state of extreme weakness - to the point that at times I felt I was dying - He would draw near me and from His mouth He would pour milk into mine, or He would place me close to His side, and from there I would suckle torrents of sweetnesses, of delights and of strength.

And He would say to me: "I really want to be your everything, and also your nourishment - for the soul and for the body." Who can tell what I experienced, both in the soul and in the body, from these graces that Jesus would give me? If I wanted to tell them, I would be too long. I remember that, sometimes, when He would not come quickly, I would lament to Him, telling Him: 'O please! oh! Holy Spouse, how could You make me wait so long - I could not resist any more, I felt I was dying without You.' And while saying this, the pain I felt was such that I would cry. And He would compassionate all of me; He would dry my tears, He would kiss me, He would hug me, and say: "I do not want you to cry. See, now I am with you - tell me what you want." I would say to Him: 'I want nothing but You, and only then will I stop crying, when You promise me You will not make me wait for so long.' And He would say to me: "Yes, yes, I will make you content."

One day, while we were in this contrast, and the pain was so great that I could not stop crying, my good Jesus told me: "I want to content you in everything. I feel so drawn toward you that I cannot do without doing what you want. If up until now I have removed the external life from you and I have manifested Myself to you, now I want to draw your soul to Me, so that, wherever I go, you may come along. In this way, you will be able to enjoy Me more, and bind yourself to Me more intimately than you have done in the past."

One morning - I don't remember well, but I think that about three months had passed of my continuously staying in bed - while I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus came, with a look all lovable, as a young man of the age of about eighteen. Oh! how beautiful He was. With His golden hair, all curly, He seemed to chain my thoughts, my affections, my heart. From His forehead, serene and spacious, one could admire the interior of His mind, as from within a crystal, and one could discover His infinite wisdom, His imperturbable peace. Oh! how I felt my mind, my heart brighten up; even more, before Jesus, my very passions are knocked down and do not dare to give me the slightest bother. I don't know if I'm wrong, but I believe that one cannot see this Jesus, so beautiful, if one is not in the most profound calm; so much so, that the slightest breath of disturbance prevents one from receiving a sight so beautiful. Ah! yes, at just seeing the serenity of His adorable forehead, the infusion of peace that one receives in the interior is so great, that I believe that there is no disaster or war most fierce, which do not appease themselves before Jesus. Oh! my all and beautiful Jesus, if You communicate so much peace in the few moments You manifest Yourself in this life - in such a way that one can suffer the most painful martyrdoms, the most humiliating pains with the most perfect tranquillity (it seems to me a blend of peace and sorrow) - what will it be like in Paradise? Oh! how beautiful are His most pure eyes, sparkling with light. It is not like the light of the sun, that if one wants to look at it, it harms our sight - no; in Jesus, while being light, one can very well fix his gaze on it, and by just looking at the interior of His pupil, of a dark sky-blue - oh! how many things they would tell

me. The beauty of His eyes is such that one alone of His gazes is enough to make me go outside of myself, and run after Him through paths and through mountains, through the earth and through the heavens. One single glance is enough to transform me in Him, and make me feel a certain something divine descend into me.

Who can tell, then, the beauty of His adorable face? His white complexion looks like snow colored with a shade of roses, the most beautiful ones. In His rosy cheeks, one discovers the greatness of His person, with a most majestic look, fully divine, which strikes fear and reverence, and at the same time infuses such confidence that, as for myself, I have never found anyone who would give me the least shadow of confidence that my dear Jesus gives – neither my parents, nor the confessors, nor my sisters. Ah! yes, that Holy Face, while being so majestic, is also so lovable, and that loveliness attracts one so much, that the soul does not have the slightest doubt of being welcomed by Jesus, as ugly and sinful as she may see herself. Beautiful also is His nose, which descends to a very fine point, proportioned to His most sacred face. Gracious is His mouth – small, but extremely beautiful, and His finest lips of a scarlet color; while He speaks, He contains so much graciousness that it is impossible to describe it. Sweet is the voice of my Jesus, it is gentle, it is harmonious; while He speaks, there is such fragrance coming out of His mouth, that it seems that there is nothing like it on earth. It is so penetrating as to penetrate everywhere; one feels it descend from the hearing to the heart, and – oh! how many affections it produces. But who can say everything? Then, it is so pleasant, that I believe that no other pleasures can be found, as many as are the ones which one can find in one single word of Jesus. The voice of my Jesus is immensely powerful, it is operative, and at the very moment He speaks, He already operates that which He says. Ah! yes, beautiful is His mouth, but it displays more its beautiful grace in the act of His speaking, while one can see those teeth so clear and so well arranged, and His breath of love comes out, igniting, darting through, consuming the heart. Beautiful are His hands, soft, white, most delicate, with those fingers so perfectly crafted – and He moves them with such mastery as to be an enchantment.

Oh! how beautiful You are – all beautiful, oh my sweet Jesus! What I have said of your beauty is nothing; rather, it seems to me that I have said a lot of nonsense – but what can I do? Forgive me, it is obedience that wants it so. By myself, I would not have dared to say one word, knowing my insufficiency. Now, while I was seeing Jesus in the appearance already described, He sent me a breath from His mouth, which invested all of my soul. It seemed that, through that breath, Jesus was drawing me toward Himself, and I began to feel my soul going out of my body. I really felt it go out from all parts – from my head, from my hands, and even from my feet. Since it was the first time this was happening to me, within myself I began to say: ‘Now I die, the Lord has come to take me.’ When I saw myself out of the body, the soul had the same feeling of the body –

with this difference: the body contains flesh, nerves and bones, while the soul doesn't; it is a body of light. So I felt a fear within me, but Jesus continued to send me that breath, and told me: "If being deprived of Me gives you so much pain, now come together with Me, for I want to console you." And so Jesus began His flight, and I began mine, after Him; and we went around throughout the whole vault of the heavens. Oh! how beautiful it was to stroll together with Jesus - now I would lean my head upon His shoulder, with one arm around His shoulders and the other hand in His hand; now Jesus would lean on me, when we reached certain places which were more inundated with iniquity. Oh! how my good Jesus suffered. I could see more clearly the sufferings of His adorable Heart; I could see Him almost faint, and I would say to Him: 'Lean on me, and let me share in your pains, for my soul cannot bear seeing You suffer alone.' And Jesus would say to me: "My beloved, help Me, for I cannot take any more." And while saying this, He would draw His lips close to mine, and He would pour such bitterness that I would feel mortal pains in feeling that liquor, so very bitter, enter into me. I would feel as if many knives, pricks, arrows were piercing me through. In sum, an atrocious torment would form in all of my limbs, and as the soul would go back into the body, it would make the body participate in these sufferings. Who can tell the pains? Jesus Himself was the witness of it, because the others could not mitigate my pains, since I would be in that state of loss of consciousness, and they would wait for the presence of the confessor, for then they would also mitigate at the call of obedience. So, Jesus alone could help me when He would see that my nature could not take any more and reached the very extremes - when there was nothing left for me but to breathe my last. Oh! how many times death made fun of me; but the day will come when I will make fun of her.

So, Jesus would come, He would take me in His arms, He would draw me close to His Heart, and - oh! how I would feel life come back to me. Then, He would pour a most sweet liquor from His lips, and in this way the pains would mitigate. Other times, He would take me around together with Him. If there were sins of blasphemy, against charity and others, He would pour those poisonous bitters; if then there were sins of dishonesty, He would pour something of a stinking rottenness, and when I would return into myself, I could feel that stink so well, and the stench would be such, that it would revolt my stomach and I would feel faint. And sometimes, after taking food, when I would bring it up, I could feel that rot come out of my mouth, mixed with the food.

Sometimes, then, He would bring me into churches, and even there my good Jesus was offended. Oh! how awfully those works reached His Heart - holy works, yes, but done roughly; those prayers empty of interior spirit, that piety, false, apparent, which seemed to give more insult than honor to Jesus. Ah! yes, that holy, pure, upright Heart could not receive those works, done so badly. Oh! how many times He lamented, saying: "Daughter, see how many offenses I

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

Sometimes, while remaining there with the priest, He would come hurriedly to me, all lamenting, and before I could say it, He Himself would say to me:

"Daughter, let me pour it into you, for I cannot take anymore. Have pity on my state, which is too sorrowful - have patience, let us suffer together." And while saying this, He would pour from His mouth into mine. But who can tell what He poured? It seemed to be a bitter poison, a fetid rot, mixed with a food so hard, disgusting and nauseating, that sometimes it would not go down. Who can tell, then, the sufferings that this pouring of Jesus produced? If He Himself had not sustained me, I certainly would have died; yet, He would pour in me but the smallest part - what would it be for Jesus, who contained tons upon tons of it? Oh! how awful is sin! Ah! Lord, let everyone know it, so that all may flee from this monster so horrible. But while I would see these scenes so sorrowful, other times, He would also make me see scenes so consoling and beautiful as to be enrapturing; and this was to see good and holy priests celebrating the Sacrosanct Mysteries. Oh God! how high, great, sublime is their ministry. How beautiful it was to see the priest celebrating Mass, and Jesus transformed into him. It seemed that it was not the priest, but Jesus Himself that celebrated the Divine Sacrifice, and sometimes He would make the priest disappear completely, and Jesus alone would celebrate Mass - and I would listen to Him. Oh! how touching it was to see Jesus recite those prayers, do all those ceremonies and movements that the priest does. Who can tell how consoling it was for me to see these Masses together with Jesus? How many graces I received, how much light, how many things I comprehended! But since these are past things, I don't remember them too clearly, so I keep silent.

But as I am saying this, Jesus has moved in my interior and has called me - He doesn't want me to do so. Ah! Lord, how much patience it takes with You. Well then, I will content You. Oh! sweet Love, I will say a few little things, but give me your grace to be able to manifest them, because, by myself, I would not dare to utter one word about mysteries so profound and sublime.

Now, while seeing Jesus or the priest celebrating the Divine Sacrifice, Jesus would make me understand that in the Mass there is all the depth of our sacrosanct religion. Ah! yes, the Mass tells us everything and speaks to us about everything. The Mass reminds us of our redemption; It speaks to us, step by step, about the pains that Jesus suffered for us; It also manifests to us His immense love, for He was not content with dying on the Cross, but He wanted to continue His state of victim in the Most Holy Eucharist. The Mass also tells us that our bodies, decayed, reduced to ashes by death, will rise again on the day of the judgment, together with Christ, to immortal and glorious life. Jesus made me comprehend that the most consoling thing for a Christian, and the highest and most sublime mysteries of our holy religion are: Jesus in the Sacrament and the resurrection of our bodies to glory. These are profound mysteries, which we will comprehend only beyond the stars; but Jesus in the Sacrament makes us almost touch them with our own hands, in different ways. First, His Resurrection; second, His state of annihilation under those species, though it is certain that Jesus is there present, alive and real. Then, once those species are consumed, His real presence no longer exists. And as the species are consecrated again, He comes again to assume His sacramental state. So, Jesus in the Sacrament reminds us of the resurrection of our bodies to glory: just as Jesus, when His sacramental state ceases resides in the womb of God, His Father, the same for us – when our lives cease, our souls go and make their dwelling in Heaven, in the womb of God, while our bodies are consumed. So, one can say that they will no longer exist; but then, with a prodigy of the omnipotence of God, our bodies will acquire new life, and uniting with the soul, will go together to enjoy the eternal beatitude. Can there be anything more consoling for a human heart than the fact that not only the soul, but also the body will be beatified in the eternal contentments? It seems to me that on that day it will happen as when the sky is starry and the sun comes out. What happens? With its immense light, the sun absorbs the stars and makes them disappear; yet the stars exist. The sun is God, and all of the blessed souls are the stars; with His immense light, God will absorb us all within Himself, in such a way that we will exist in God and will swim in the immense sea of God. Oh! how many things Jesus in the Sacrament tells us; but who can tell them all? I would really be too long. If the Lord allows it, I will reserve saying something else on other occasions.

Now, during these exits that the Lord would make me do, sometimes He would renew the promise of the marriage, which I already mentioned. Who can tell the ardent yearnings that the Lord infused in me for this mystical marriage to take place? Many times I would solicit Him, telling Him: 'Most sweet Spouse, hurry, no longer delay my intimate union with You. O please! let us bind each other with stronger bonds of love, so that no one may ever again be able to separate us, even for simple instants.' And Jesus would correct me now about one thing, now about another. I remember that one day He said to me:

"Everything that is of the earth, everything – everything you must remove, not only from your heart, but also from your body. You cannot understand how harmful are the slightest earthly shadows, and how much they hinder love." Immediately I said to Him: 'If I have something else that must be removed, tell me, for I am ready to do it.' But as I was saying this, I myself realized that I had a gold ring at my finger, portraying the image of the Crucifix; and immediately I said to Him: 'Holy Spouse, do you want me to take it off?' And He told me: "Since I Myself will give you a more precious, more beautiful ring, which will have my living image impressed on it, and every time you will look at it your heart will receive new arrows of love - this one is not necessary." And I promptly removed it.

The longed for day finally arrived, after not a little suffering. I remember that it was almost one year that I had been continuously in bed - it was the day of the purity of Mary Most Holy. On the night before that day, my lover Jesus made Himself seen all festive. He drew near me, took my heart in His hands, and He looked at it over and over again; He dusted it, and then He gave it back to me. Then He took a garment of immense beauty, whose background seemed to be a surface of gold streaked with various colors, and He clothed me with that garment. Then He took two gems, as if they were earrings, and He bejewelled my ears. Then He adorned my neck and my arms, and surrounded my forehead with a crown of immense value, all enriched with precious stones and gems, all refulgent with light; and it seemed to me that those lights were as many voices which resounded among themselves, speaking in clear notes of the beauty, the power, the fortitude, and of all the other virtues of my spouse Jesus. Who can tell what I comprehended, and in what sea of consolation my soul was swimming? It is impossible to say it.

Now, while He was crowning my forehead, Jesus told me: "Most sweet spouse, I place this crown upon you so that nothing may be missing in order to make you worthy of being my spouse; but then, after our wedding is finished, I will take it with Me to Heaven, to keep it for you at the moment of your death." Finally, He took a veil and covered me completely with it, from head to foot; and He left me in that way. Ah! it seemed to me that there was a great meaning in that veil, because the demons, in seeing me all covered with that veil, were so frightened and had such fear of me, that they fled, terrified. The very angels were around me with such veneration, that I myself was confused and all full of blushing.

On the morning of the aforementioned day, Jesus made Himself seen again all affable, sweet and majestic, together with His Most Holy Mother and Saint Catherine. First, the angels sang a hymn, while Saint Catherine assisted me, Mama took my hand, and Jesus put the ring on my finger. Then, we embraced and He kissed me, and so did Mama also. Then we had a conversation, all of love – Jesus told me of the great love He had for me, and I also told Him of the love I had for Him. The Most Holy Virgin made me comprehend the great grace

I had received, and the correspondence with which I was to correspond to the love of Jesus.

My Spouse Jesus gave me new rules in order to live more perfectly, but since it has been a long time, I don't remember them so well; therefore I will skip them. And so it ended, for that day.

Who can tell the finesses of love that Jesus made to my soul? They were such and so many that it is impossible to describe them, but I will try to say the little I remember.

Sometimes, carrying me with Him, He would take me to Paradise, and there I could listen to the canticles of the blessed, and I could see the Divinity, the different choirs of Angels, the orders of the Saints, all immersed in the Divinity of God - absorbed, identified with It. It seemed to me that there were many lights around the throne, which were more brilliant than the sun; and these lights displayed in clear notes all the virtues and the attributes of God. By reflecting themselves in one of these lights, the blessed would remain enraptured, in such a way that they could not arrive at penetrating the whole immensity of that light, therefore they would move to a second light, without understanding all the depth of the first one. So, the blessed in Heaven cannot comprehend God perfectly, because the immensity, the greatness, the sanctity of God is such, that a created mind cannot comprehend an uncreated Being.

Now, it seemed to me that by reflecting themselves in these lights, the blessed would come to participate in the virtues of these lights. Therefore, in Heaven, the soul resembles God - with this difference: that God is that immense sun, while the soul is a little sun. But who can say all that can be understood in that blessed dwelling? It is impossible to do it while the soul is in this prison of the body; while one can feel something in the mind, the lips do not find the terms to express it. It seems to me that it is like a child who begins to babble: he would like to say many upon many things, but in the end he remains without being able to say even one clear word. Therefore I stop here, without going any further. I will just say that sometimes, while finding myself in that blessed Fatherland, I would be strolling together with Jesus in the midst of the choirs of angels and the Saints; and since I was newly-espoused, all the blessed would unite together to participate in the joys of our marriage. It seemed to me that they would forget their own contentments to occupy themselves with ours; and sometimes Jesus would show me to the saints, saying to them: "See this soul - she is a triumph of my Love; my Love has surpassed everything in her."

Other times, then, He would make me stay at the place which was going to be mine, and He would say to me: "Here is your place - no one can take it away from you." And at times I would reach the point of believing that I was no longer going to come back to earth; but in one simple instant I would find myself locked up in the wall of this body.

Who can tell how so very bitter this returning would be for me? It seemed to me that in going from the things of Heaven to the things of this earth,

everything was rotten, insipid, bothering. The things which delighted others so much, were bitter for me. The people most dear, most distinguished, such that others would do, who knows what, in order to be with them, were indifferent to me, and also bothering; only by looking at them as images of God, did I seem to be able to bear them. But my soul had lost any satisfaction; nothing would bring to it the slightest contentment, and the pain I felt was such, that I would do nothing but cry and lament to my beloved Jesus. Ah!, my heart lived restless, amid continuous yearnings and desires; I felt it more in Heaven than on earth. I felt in my interior something that consumed me continuously, so bitter and painful it was for me having to continue to live. But the obedience almost put a brake on these pains of mine, commanding me in an absolute way not to desire to die, since, when the confessor would give me the obedience, only then was I to die. So, in order to do the holy obedience, I would do as much as I could so as not to think about it, because in my interior there was a continuous ejaculation of desires of wanting to go. So, for the most part, my heart calmed down, but not completely. I confess the truth, I was very deficient in this – but what could I do? I could not restrain myself - it was a true martyrdom for me. My benign Jesus would say to me: "Calm yourself, what is it that makes you desire Heaven so much?" I would say to Him: 'It is that I want to be always united with You. My soul can no longer bear being separated from You – not just for one day, but not even for a moment. Therefore I want to come at any cost.' "Well then", He would say to me, "If it is because of Me, I want to make you content – I will come and stay with you." Then I would say to Him: 'But then You leave me, and I lose sight of You, while in Heaven it is not so – there, I could never lose sight of You.'

Sometimes, Jesus also wanted to play jokes, and this is how: while I would be amid these yearnings, He would come, all hurriedly, and would say to me: "Do you want to come?" And I would say to Him: 'Where?' And He: "To Heaven." And I: 'You really mean that?' And He: "But hurry, come, do not delay." And I: 'Well then, let's go – but I fear You want to make fun of me.' And Jesus: "No, no, I really want to take you with me." And while He would say this, I would feel my soul go out of the body, and together with Jesus, I would set off for Heaven. Oh! how happy I would be then, thinking of getting to leave the earth – life seemed to be a sleep to me, and suffering seemed very little. As we would reach a high point of Heaven, I would hear the singing of the Blessed. I would solicit Jesus to introduce me quickly into that blessed dwelling, but Jesus would begin to slow down. In my interior I would start to suspect that it wasn't true – 'who knows', I would say, 'if this is not a joke that He has played on me?' Every now and then, I would say to Him: 'My Jesus, dear, hurry up.' And He would say to me: "Wait a little longer – let us go down on earth again. See, out there there is a sinner who is about to be lost. Let us go - who knows whether he might convert. Let us pray together to the Eternal Father, that He may use mercy on him. Don't you want him to be saved? Are you not ready to suffer

any pain for the salvation of one soul alone?" And I: 'Yes, anything You want me to suffer, I am ready, as long as You save him.' So we would go to that sinner; we would try to convince him, we would place the most powerful reasons before his mind to make him surrender - but in vain. Then, all afflicted, Jesus would say to me: "My spouse, return into your body once again, take upon yourself the pains destined to him; in this way, being appeased, the Divine Justice will use mercy on him. You have seen it - words have not shaken him, and not even reasons; there is nothing left but pains, which are the most powerful means in order to satisfy justice and to make the sinner surrender." So He would bring me once again into my body. Who can tell the sufferings I would receive? Only the Lord knows, who has been the witness of it. After a few days, then, He would make me see that soul, converted and saved. Oh, how happy was Jesus - and I as well.

Who can tell how many times Jesus played these jokes? When we would reach the point of entering, and sometimes even after entering, He would say that He had not let me have the obedience from the confessor, and therefore I should go back to earth. And I would say to Him: 'As long as I was with the confessor, I was obliged to obey him, but now that I am with You, I am supposed to obey You, because You are the first among all.' And Jesus would say to me: "No, no; I want you to obey the confessor." Then, not to make it too long, now with one pretext, now with another, He would make me go back on earth.

Those jokes were very painful for me. It is enough to say that I became impertinent, so much so, that in order to chastise my impertinences, the Lord no longer allowed these jokes so often.

I had spent about three years in this state already described, continuing to remain in bed, when one morning Jesus made me understand that He wanted to renew the marriage - not on earth, as the first time, but in Heaven, in the presence of the whole Celestial Court, and that I should remain prepared for a grace so great. I did as much as I could in order to dispose myself, but since I am so miserable and insufficient in doing any shadow of good, the hand of the Divine Maker was needed in order to dispose me, because, by myself, I would never have managed to purify my soul.

One morning - it was the eve of the nativity of Mary Most Holy - my always benign Jesus Himself came to dispose me. He did nothing but come and go continuously. He would speak to me now about Faith, and then He would leave me, and I would feel a life of faith being infused in my soul. As rough as I felt it before, at the speaking of Jesus, I would feel my soul become very light, in such a way as to penetrate into God; and I would contemplate now His Power, now His Sanctity, now His Goodness, and so on. My soul would remain stupefied, and in a sea of stupefaction, I would say: 'Powerful God, what power is not undone before You? Immense Sanctity of God, what other sanctity, as sublime as it might me, would dare to appear before You?' Then I would feel myself descend into myself, and I could see my nothingness, the nonentity of

earthly things, how everything is nothing before God. I would see myself as a little worm, all full of dust, climbing up in order to take a few steps; it would take nothing to destroy me but someone who would trample me under foot, and I would be undone. So, seeing myself so ugly, I almost would not dare to go to God, but His Goodness would make itself present before my mind, and I would feel drawn as though by a magnet, to go to Him. And I would say to myself: 'If He is holy, He is also merciful; if He is powerful, He also contains full and highest Goodness within Himself.' It seemed to me that Goodness surrounded Him on the outside and inundated Him from within. So I would contemplate the Goodness of God. It seemed to me that it would surpass all of the other attributes, but then, looking at the others, I would see them all equal among themselves – immense, immeasurable and incomprehensible to the human nature. While my soul would be in this state, Jesus would come back and speak about Hope.

I remember something confusedly, because after so much time it is impossible to remember clearly; but in order to do the obedience that wants it so, I will say what I can.

So, going back to Faith, Jesus would say: "In order to obtain, one must believe. Just as for the head without the sight of the eyes, everything is darkness, everything is confusion, so much so, that if one wanted to walk, he would stumble now at one point, now at another, and would end up falling completely, the same for the soul without Faith – she does nothing but go from precipice to precipice. But Faith serves as the sight of the soul, and as the light which guides her to eternal life. Now, what is this light of Faith nourished by? By Hope. Now, what is the substance of this light of Faith, and of this nourishment of Hope? It is Charity. All of these three virtues are grafted to one another, in such a way that one cannot be without the other.

In fact, what good comes to man from believing in the immense riches of Faith, if he does not hope for them, for himself? He will look at them, yes, but with indifferent eye, because he knows that they do not belong to him. But Hope provides the light of Faith with wings, and by hoping in the merits of Jesus Christ, he looks at them as his own, and he comes to love them."

"Hope", Jesus said, "provides the soul with a garment of fortitude, almost of iron, in such a way that, with all of their arrows, the enemies cannot wound her; not only this, but they cannot cause even the slightest disturbance. Everything is tranquillity in her, everything is peace. Oh! it is beautiful to see this soul invested with beautiful Hope, all cleaving to her beloved, all distrustful of herself, and all trustful in God. She challenges the fiercest enemies, she is queen of her passions; she regulates all of her interior, her inclinations, desires, heartbeats, thoughts, with such mastery that Jesus Himself remains enamored, because He sees that this soul operates with such courage and strength. But she draws it from Him, and places all her hope in Him, so much so, that in seeing this firm hope, Jesus cannot deny anything to this soul.

Now, while Jesus would speak about Hope, He would withdraw for a little, leaving a light in my intellect. Who can tell what I comprehended about Hope? If all the other virtues serve to embellish the soul, but can make us stagger and render us inconstant - Hope, instead, renders the soul firm and stable, like those high mountains which cannot be moved a tiny bit. It seems to me that it happens to the soul invested with Hope as to certain very high mountains: all of the intemperances of the air cannot do any harm to these mountains; neither snow, nor winds, nor heat can penetrate into them; whatever thing might be placed at their top, one can be sure of finding there where it was put, even if a hundred years should pass. Just so is the soul clothed with Hope: nothing can do harm to her, neither tribulation, nor poverty; nor do all the various accidents of life dismay her for one instant. She says to herself: "I can do everything, I can bear everything, suffer everything - hoping in Jesus, who forms the object of all my hopes."

Hope renders the soul almost omnipotent, invincible, and it administers to her the final perseverance, so much so, that only then does she cease to hope and to persevere, when she has taken possession of the Kingdom of Heaven. Then, she lays down Hope and plunges all of herself into the immense ocean of Divine Love.

While my soul would dissolve in the immense sea of Hope, my beloved Jesus would come back and speak to me about Charity, telling me: "Faith and Hope give way to Charity, and Charity connects all the rest of the other two together, in such a way as to make them one, while they are three. And here is how, oh my spouse, the Trinity of the Divine Persons is concealed in the three theological virtues."

Then He continued: "If Faith makes one believe, and Hope makes one hope, Charity makes one love. If Faith is light and serves as the sight of the soul, and Hope, which is the nourishment of Faith, provides the souls with courage, peace, perseverance and all the rest - Charity, which is the substance of this light and of this nourishment, is like that most sweet and fragrant ointment which, penetrating everywhere, relieves and soothes the pains of life. Charity makes suffering sweet, and makes one reach the point even of desiring it. The soul who possesses Charity diffuses fragrance everywhere; her works, all done out of love, give off a most pleasing odor. And what is this odor? It is the odor of God Himself. The other virtues render the soul solitary and almost unrefined with creatures; Charity, on the other hand, being substance that unites, unites the hearts. But where? In God. Being a most fragrant ointment, Charity spreads everywhere and with everyone. Charity makes one suffer the most ruthless torments with joy, and one reaches the point of not being able to be without suffering. And when she see herself deprived of it, she says to her spouse Jesus: "Sustain me with the fruits, which is suffering, because I am languishing with love; and where else can I show You my love other than in suffering for You?" Charity burns, consumes all other things, even the virtues themselves, and

turns them all into itself. In sum, it is like a queen who wants to reign everywhere, and does not want to surrender to anyone."

Who can tell what remained after this speaking of Jesus? I will just say that such yearning for suffering ignited within me – and not just yearning, but I feel as though an infusion in me, like something natural, such that I believe that the greatest disgrace is not to suffer.

After this, on that morning, in order to dispose my heart more, Jesus spoke about the annihilation of myself. He also spoke of the immense desire which I was to excite within me in order to dispose myself to receive that grace. He told me that desire makes up for the lacks and imperfections that may be in the soul; it is like a mantle that covers everything. But this was not a simple speaking – it was an infusion in me of that which He was saying.

While my soul was exciting itself with ardent yearnings for receiving the grace that Jesus Himself wanted to give me, Jesus came back and transported me outside of myself, up to Paradise. And there, in the presence of the Most Holy Trinity and of all the Celestial Court, He renewed the marriage. Jesus put out the ring adorned with three precious stones, white, red and green, and He gave it to the Father, who blessed it and gave it back to the Son again. The Holy Spirit took my right hand and Jesus placed the ring on my ring finger. Then I was admitted to the kiss of all the Three Divine Persons, and each of Them blessed me.

Who can tell my confusion when I found myself before the Most Holy Trinity? I will just say that as soon as I found myself in their presence, I fell flat to the ground, and I would have remained there if it wasn't for Jesus, who encouraged me to go into their presence, so much was the light, the sanctity of God. I am only saying this; the other things I will leave out, because I remember them confusedly.

After this, I remember that a few days passed and I received Communion. I lost consciousness, and I saw, present before me, the Most Holy Trinity whom I had seen in Heaven. I immediately prostrated myself at Their presence, I adored Them, I confessed my nothingness. I remember that I felt so plunged within myself that I did not dare to utter a single word, when a voice came from Their midst and said: "Do not fear, pluck up courage, We have come to confirm you as Our own, and to take possession of your heart." While this voice was saying this, I saw that the Most Holy Trinity descended into my heart and took possession of it – and there, They formed Their dwelling. Who can tell the change that occurred in me? I felt divinized; it was no longer I who lived, but They were living in me. It seemed to me that my body was like a residence, and that the living God was residing in it, because I could feel, sensibly, Their real presence in my interior. I could hear Their voice clearly, coming from within my interior and resounding at the ears of my body. It happened precisely as when there are people speaking inside a room, and their voices can be heard, clearly and distinctly, also outside.

From that moment on, I no longer had the need to go in search of Him somewhere else in order to find Him, but I could find Him there - inside my heart. And when sometimes He would hide and I would go in search of Jesus, wandering around heaven and earth, searching for my highest and only Good, while I would be in the heat of my tears, in the intensity of my yearnings, amid unutterable pains for having lost Him, Jesus would come out from within my interior and say to me: "I am here with you, do not look for me elsewhere." Between the surprise and the contentment at having found Him, I would say to Him: 'My Jesus, how is it, for the entire morning You made me go around and around in order to find You, and You are here? You could at least tell me, so I would not have become so worked up. My sweet good, my dear life, take a look at how tired I am, I feel I have no more strengths, I feel faint - O please! sustain me in your arms for I feel I am dying.' And so Jesus would take me in His arms and would make me rest; and while resting, I would feel my strengths being restored.

Other times, in this hiding of Jesus and my going around in search for Him, when He would make Himself felt inside of me and then come out from within me, I would find not Jesus alone, but all Three Divine Persons - now in the form of three children, gracious and immensely beautiful, now with one single body and three distinct heads, but resembling each other, all three of them attractive. Who can tell my contentment? Especially when I would see the three children, whom I would hold, all three of them, in my arms. I would kiss now one, now another, and receive their kisses; now one would lean on my shoulder, another on the other shoulder, and another would remain in front of me. And while delighting in them, I would go about looking at them and, to my amazement, from three I would find one.

Another amazement for me when I would be with these three children, was that each one would weigh as much as the three of them together. I would feel as much love for one of these children, as for all three of them together; each one of them attracted me in the same way.

In order to speak about these marriages, I had to skip over a few things, for I was following the thread; and now I will tell them.

Going back to the beginning, when Jesus would deign to come, He would speak to me very often about His Passion, and would take care in disposing my soul to the imitation of His Life and of His pains, telling that, in addition to the marriage which is mentioned above, we had one more left to do - and this was the marriage of the cross.

I remember that He would say: "My Spouse, virtues become weak if they are not strengthened and fortified by the grafting of the cross. Before my coming upon earth, pains, confusions, disgraces, calumnies, sufferings, poverty, illnesses, and especially the cross, were considered dishonors; but from the moment they were borne by Me, they were all sanctified and divinized by my contact. They all changed their appearance, becoming sweet, pleasant, and the

soul who has the good of having some of them, receives honor - and this, because she has received the vestment of Me, Son of God. Only those who look and stop at the cortex of the cross experience the contrary; finding it bitter, they are disgusted by it, they complain, as if someone had done wrong to them. But those who penetrate into it, finding it enjoyable, form their happiness in it. My beloved daughter, I yearn for nothing else but to crucify you, body and soul." And while He would say this, I would feel such infusion of yearnings for being crucified with Jesus Christ, that I would often repeat: 'My Jesus, my Love, hurry - crucify me with You.' And when He would come back, the first things I would ask of Him, which seemed to be the most important to me, were these: sorrow for my sins, and the grace to be crucified with Him. It seemed to me that if I obtained this, I would obtain everything.

Then, one morning, my most beloved Jesus made Himself present before me in the form of a Crucifix, and told me that He wanted to crucify me with Him. As He was saying this, I saw that rays of light were coming out from His most holy wounds, and within those rays, nails, which were coming toward me. At that moment, I don't know why, though I desired so much to be crucified by Him as to feel consumed, I was caught by a great fear that made me tremble from head to foot. I felt such annihilation of myself, I saw myself so unworthy to receive that grace, that I did not dare to say: 'Lord, crucify me with You.' Jesus seemed to be suspended, waiting for my will. Who can tell how ardently I desired Him within the intimate part of my soul, though, at the same time, I saw myself unworthy? My nature was frightened, and trembled.

But while I was in this state, my beloved Jesus, through the intellect, solicited me to accept. Then, with all my heart I said to Him: 'Holy Spouse, crucified for me, I pray You to concede me the grace to be crucified and, at the same time, not to allow any external sign to appear on the outside. Yes, give me suffering, give me wounds, but let everything be hidden between me and You.'

And so those rays of light, together with the nails, pierced my hands and feet through, and my heart was pierced by a ray of light together with a lance. Who can tell the pain and the contentment? As much as my soul had been caught by fear before, so much did my soul swim in the sea of peace, of contentment and of pain afterwards. The pain I felt in my hands, in my feet and in my heart was so great, that I felt I was dying; I felt the bones of my hands and feet being shattered into most tiny pieces. I felt as if there were nails inside, but at the same time, they caused me such contentment that I cannot express it, and gave me such strength, that while I would feel like dying because of the pain, those very pains would sustain me so that I would not die. However, nothing appeared on the external parts of the body, though I felt corporal pains. This is so true, that when the confessor would come to call me to the obedience and would loosen my hands, which were contracted, every time he would touch me at that point of my hands which had been pierced through by that ray of light together with the nail, I would feel mortal pains. However, when the confessor

would command, by obedience, that those pains cease, they would mitigate very much. In fact, those pains were so strong that they made me lose consciousness, and if they had not mitigated at the call of obedience, I would hardly have been able to obey. Oh! prodigy of holy obedience - you have been everything for me. How many times I found myself clashing with death, so great was the intensity of the pains - and obedience has almost restored my life. May the Lord be always blessed; may everything be for His glory.

Now, while being inside myself, I could not see anything; but when I would lose consciousness, I could see the points marked by the wounds of Jesus. It seemed to me that the very wounds of Jesus had been transmuted in my hands, and in the rest; and this was the first time that Jesus crucified me. Indeed, there have been so many of these crucifixions that it is impossible to count them all. I will just say the main things about this.

Now, as Jesus would come back, I would say to Him: 'Dear, my beloved, give me sorrow for my sins, so that, consumed by sorrow and by regret for having offended You, my sins may be erased from my soul, and also from your memory. Yes, give me as much sorrow, for as much as I have dared to offend You. Even more, let sorrow surpass this, so that I may draw more intimately close to You.'

I remember that once, while I was saying this, my always benign Jesus told me: "Since you are so sorry for having offended Me, I myself want to dispose you to feel sorrow for your sins, so that you may see how awful sin is, and what bitter pain my Heart suffered. Therefore, say together with Me: 'If I cross the sea, You are in the sea, though I do not see You; I tread the earth, and You are under my feet. I sinned'." And then, in a low voice, almost crying, Jesus added: "Yet I loved you, and at that very moment, I preserved you." While Jesus was saying this, and I together with Him, I was caught by such sorrow for the offenses given, that I fell flat to the ground; and Jesus disappeared.

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

I remember that it was an alternation; every time He would deign to come, I would ask Him now for sorrow of my sins, and now for the crucifixion - and also for other things. As for example, one morning, while I was in my usual

sufferings, my dear Jesus transported me outside of myself and showed me a man who had been killed by shots from a revolver, and who was then breathing his last and going to hell. Oh! how much pain it was for Jesus the loss of this soul. If the whole world knew how much Jesus suffers for the loss of souls, they would use all possible means so as not to become lost eternally – I am not saying for themselves, but at least to spare our Lord that pain. Now, while I was in the midst of the bullets together with Jesus, Jesus drew His lips close to my ears, and told me: "My daughter, do you want to offer yourself as victim for the salvation of this soul, and take upon yourself the pains which he deserves because of his very grave sins?" And I answered: 'Lord, I am ready, as long as You save him and restore his life.' Who can tell the sufferings that came to me? They were such and so many, that I myself I don't know how life did not leave me.

Now, while I was in that state of sufferings, my confessor had come more than one hour earlier to call me to obedience; and because I was in great suffering, I could hardly obey. So he asked me the reason for such a state, and I told him the fact, as I have described it above, telling him the place in town where it seemed to me that it had happened. The confessor told me that it was true, but that they thought he was dead. However, then it became known that he was very ill, but little by little he recovered, and he is still alive. May the Lord be always blessed.

I remember that, as I continued to ask for the crucifixion and Jesus would transport me outside of myself, He would take me to the holy sites of Jerusalem where our Lord suffered His sorrowful Passion, and there we encountered many crosses. My beloved Jesus would say to me: "If you knew what good the cross contains within itself, how precious it renders the soul, and what a gem of inestimable value one acquires, who has the good of possessing sufferings... It is enough to tell you only that, in coming upon earth, I did not choose riches or pleasures, but I cherished as dear and intimate sisters, the cross, poverty, sufferings and ignominies" While saying this, He would show such taste, such joy for suffering, that those words pierced my heart through like many burning arrows, to the point that I would feel my life leaving me if the Lord would not concede me suffering. And with as much voice and strength as I had, I would do nothing but say: 'Holy Spouse, give me suffering, give me crosses. From this alone will I know whether You love me – if You content me with crosses and with sufferings.' And so I would take one of the largest crosses I saw, I would lay myself upon it, and I would pray Jesus to come and crucify me. And He would be so good as to take my hand and begin to pierce it with the nail. From time to time, blessed Jesus would ask me: "Does it hurt very much? Do you want me to stop?" And I: 'No, no, my beloved, continue. It hurts, yes, but I am happy.' And I had such fear that He might not complete the crucifixion, that I would do nothing but tell Him: 'Hurry, oh Jesus! Hurry, don't make it so long.' However, when the time would come to nail the other hand, the arms of the

cross would be too short, while before they seemed to be long enough to make it. Who can tell how mortified I would remain?

This happened many times, and sometimes if the arms were fine, the length of the cross was not enough to be able to extend my feet. In a word, something had to be missing so that the crucifixion would not be accomplished. Who can tell the bitterness of my soul and the laments I made to our Lord, who was not conceding me true suffering? I would say to Him: 'My Beloved, everything ends in a joke. You used to tell me that You were going to take me to Heaven, and then You would make me come back to earth. Now You tell me that You must crucify me, and we never get to the complete crucifixion.' And Jesus, again, would promise me He would crucify me.

September 14, 1899

One morning - it was the day of the Exaltation of the Cross - my sweet Jesus transported me to the holy sites; and first, He told me many things about the virtue of the cross. I don't remember all, but just a few things: "My beloved, do you want to be beautiful? The cross will give you the most beautiful features that can possibly be found, both in Heaven and on earth; so much so, as to enamor God, who contains all beauties within Himself."

Jesus continued: "Do you want to be filled with immense riches - not for a short time, but for all eternity? Well then, the cross will administer to you all kinds of riches - from the tiniest cents, which are the little crosses, up to the greatest amounts, which are the heavier crosses. Yet, men are so greedy to earn a temporal penny, which they soon will have to leave, but do not give a thought to earning one eternal cent. And when I, having compassion for them, in seeing their carelessness for all that regards eternity, kindly offer them the opportunity - instead of cherishing it, they get angry and offend Me. What human madness - it seems that they understand it upside down. My beloved, in the cross are all the triumphs, all the victories, and the greatest gains. You must have no aim other than the cross, and it will be enough for you, in everything. Today I want to make you content; that cross which until now has not been enough to lay you on and crucify you completely, is the cross that you have carried up to now. But since I have to crucify you completely, you need new crosses which I will let descend upon you. So, the cross you have had until now, I will bring to Heaven, to show it to the whole celestial court as pledge of your love, and I will make another one descend from Heaven - a larger one, to be able to satisfy the ardent desires I have upon you."

While Jesus was saying this, that cross which I had seen the other times made itself present before me. I took it and I laid myself on it. As I was in this way, the Heavens opened and Saint John the Evangelist came down, carrying the cross that Jesus had indicated to me. The Queen Mother and many Angels, when they arrived near me, lifted me from that cross and placed me over the one which they had brought me, which was much larger. Then, an Angel took the cross I had before and took it to Heaven with him. After this, with His own

hand, Jesus began to nail me to that cross; Queen Mama assisted me, while the Angels and Saint John were handing the nails. My sweet Jesus showed such contentment, such joy in crucifying me, that just to be able to give that contentment to Jesus, I would have suffered not only the cross, but yet more pains. Ah! it seemed to me that Heaven was making new feast for me, in seeing the contentment of Jesus. Many souls were freed from Purgatory and took flight toward Heaven, and quite a few sinners were converted, because my Divine Spouse let everyone participate in the good of my sufferings. Who can tell, then, the intense pains I felt while being stretched so well over the cross, and pierced through by the nails in my hands and feet? But especially the feet – the atrocity of the pains was such that they cannot be described. When they finished crucifying me and I felt I was swimming in the sea of pains and sufferings, Queen Mama said to Jesus: "My Son, today is a day of grace - I want You to let her share in all of your pains. There is nothing left but to pierce her heart through with the lance, and to renew for her the crown of thorns." So, Jesus Himself took the lance and pierced my heart through; the Angels took a crown of thorns, well thickened, and handed it to the Most Holy Virgin – and She Herself drove it into my head.

What a memorable day that was for me – of sufferings, yes, but of contentments; of unspeakable pains, but also of joy. It is enough to say that the intensity of the pains was such, that for that entire day Jesus did not move from my side, but remained close to me in order to sustain my nature, which was failing at the liveliness of the pains. Those souls from Purgatory who had flown up to Heaven, descended together with the Angels and surrounded my bed, cheering me with their canticles, and thanking me affectionately because through my sufferings I had freed them from those pains.

It happened, then, that after five or six days of those intense pains, to my great regret, they began to diminish, and so I would solicit my beloved Jesus to renew the crucifixion. And He, sometimes quickly, and sometimes with some delay, would be pleased to transport me to the holy sites and to let me share in the pains of His Sorrowful Passion... now the crown of thorns, now the scourging, now the carrying of the cross to Calvary, now the crucifixion – sometimes one mystery per day, and sometimes everything in one day, as He pleased. This would be of highest pain and contentment for my soul. But it would become very bitter for me when the scene would change, and instead of I being the one who suffered, I would be the spectator, watching most loving Jesus suffer the pains of His Sorrowful Passion. Ah! how many times I found myself in the midst of the Jews together with Queen Mama, seeing my beloved Jesus suffer. Ah! yes, it is indeed true that it is easier for one to suffer himself, than to see the beloved suffer.

Other times, I remember that, in renewing these crucifixions, my sweet Jesus would say to me: "My beloved, the cross allows one to distinguish the reprobates from the predestined. Just as on the day of judgment, the good will

rejoice upon seeing the cross, so even now it can be seen whether one will be saved or lost. If, as the cross presents itself to the soul, she embraces it, carries it with resignation and patience, kissing and thanking that hand which is sending it – here is the sign that she is saved. If, on the contrary, as the cross is presented to her, she gets irritated, despises it, and even reaches the point of offending Me – you can say that that’s a sign that the soul is heading on the way to hell. So will the reprobates do on the day of judgment: upon seeing the cross, they will grieve and curse. The cross tells everything; the cross is a book that, without deception and in clear notes, tells you and allows you to distinguish the saint from the sinner, the perfect from the imperfect, the fervent from the lukewarm. The cross communicates such light to the soul that, even now, it allows one to distinguish not only the good from the evil, but also those who are to be more or less glorious in Heaven – those who are to occupy a higher or a lower place. All other virtues remain humble and reverent before the virtue of the cross, and grafting themselves to it, they receive greater glory and splendor."

Who can tell what flames of ardent desires this speaking of Jesus would cast into my heart? I felt devoured by hunger for suffering, and in order to satisfy my yearnings - or rather, to say it better, in order to satisfy that which He Himself infused in me - He would renew the crucifixion.

I remember that sometimes, after renewing these crucifixions, He would say to me: "Beloved of my Heart, I ardently desire not only to crucify your soul and to communicate the pains of the cross to your body, but also to mark your body with the mark of my wounds; and I want to teach you the prayer in order to obtain this grace. This is the prayer: 'I present myself before the supreme throne of God, bathed in the Blood of Jesus Christ, praying Him, by the merit of His most luminous virtues and of His Divinity, to concede to me the grace of being crucified'."

However, I have always had an aversion for anything that might appear externally – and I still do – but in the act in which Jesus was saying that, I would feel such yearnings being infused in me to satisfy the desire that He Himself was expressing, that I would yet dare to ask Jesus to crucify me in the soul and in the body. And sometimes I would say to Him: "Holy Spouse, I would rather not have external things; and if sometimes I dare to ask for that, it is because You Yourself tell me to, and also to give a sign to the confessor that it is You who operates in me. But for the rest, I would like nothing but those pains which You make me suffer when You renew the crucifixion. If only they were permanent - I would rather not have that diminution after some time. This alone is enough for me. As for the outward appearance, the more You can keep me hidden, the more You will make me content.'

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

blessed Jesus, who can deny nothing when it is for our good, one morning made Himself seen and told me: "This time I Myself want to do the office of confessor. You will confess all of your sins to Me, and in the act in which you do this, I will make you comprehend, one by one, the sorrows you have given to my Heart in offending Me, so that, by comprehending what sin is, as much as it is possible for a creature, you may be resolved to die rather than to offend Me. You, in the meantime, enter into your nothingness, and recite the *Confiteor*." On entering myself, I could see all of my misery and my wicked deeds, and I trembled like a leaf before His presence. I lacked the strength to pronounce the words of the *Confiteor*, and if the Lord had not infused new strength in me, by telling me, "Do no fear. If I am a judge, I am also your father. Courage, let us proceed", I would have remained there, without uttering one word.

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

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

After this, He left me, and I felt such pain, comprehending how ugly the sin of pride is, that it is impossible to describe it. After I chewed all this thoroughly within myself, my good Jesus came back and told me to continue the confession of my sins. And I, all trembling, continued to make the accusation of my thoughts, words, works, causes and omissions; and when He would see that I

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

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

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

All humbled and confused as I was, prostrated at the feet of the good father Jesus, through the rays He was sending into my mind, I tried to excite myself more to sorrow by saying - though I don't remember everything: 'Great, immense, has been the evil I have done against You. These powers of mine and these senses of my body were meant to be as many tongues with which to praise You. Ah! instead, they have been like many poisonous vipers which were biting You and were even trying to kill You. But, holy father, forgive me - do not want to cast me away because of the great wrong I have done to You by sinning.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Lord deigned other times to give me the absolution, Himself. Sometimes He would take the form of the priest, and I would confess as if He were the priest, although I would feel different effects, and then, once it was finished, He would reveal Himself as Jesus; or He would come unveiled, making Himself recognized as Jesus from the beginning. Sometimes He would also take the form of the confessor, so much so, that I believed I was speaking with him, telling him all my fears, my doubts, but from the answer I would receive, from the gentleness of that voice, alternating between that of the confessor and that of Jesus, from His lovable gesture and from the interior effects, I would discover that it was Him. Ah! if I wanted to say everything about these things, I would be too long, so I finish, and I stop here...

I remember that there was another war between Africa and Italy, and one day, about nine months earlier, blessed Jesus transported me outside of myself and showed me a very long road, filled with human flesh immersed in blood, which inundated that road like rivers. It was horrifying to see those cadavers exposed to the open air, without anyone to bury them.

All frightened, I said to Our Lord: 'What is this?'

And He: "Next year there will be a war. They use the flesh to offend Me, and I want to make my just vengeance over their own flesh." He said other things but the long time passed does not allow me to remember.

Now, it happened that after that period of time, news began to spread about a war between Africa and Italy. I prayed good Jesus to spare many victims, and to have pity on many souls who were going to hell.

One morning, according to the usual way, He transported me outside of myself, and I saw that almost all the people were convinced that Italy was going to win. I seemed to find myself in Rome, and I could see the deputies in council among themselves on how they should carry on the war to be sure that Italy would

win. They were so swollen with themselves as to arouse pity. But what impressed me the most was to see that almost all of these people were sectarians – souls sold to the devil. What sad times! It really seemed that the satanic reign was reigning, and instead of placing their trust in God, they were placing it in the devil. Now, while they were in council, my blessed Jesus told me: "Let us go to hear what they say." It seemed I was entering their circle together with Him. Jesus was strolling through their midst, shedding tears over their miserable state. When they finished their council about the way to proceed, boasting of being sure about the victory, Jesus turned to them and, threatening them, said: "You rely on yourselves, and therefore I will humiliate you. This time Italy will lose..."

Now, in order to obey, I will continue what I left on page 6 of this 1<sup>st</sup> volume – that is, the Novena of Holy Christmas.

As I moved on from the second to the third meditation, an interior voice told me: "My daughter, place your head upon the womb of my Mama, and look deep into it at my little Humanity. My love devoured Me; the fires, the oceans, the immense seas of love of my Divinity inundated Me, burned Me to ashes, and sent their flames so high as to rise and reach everywhere – all generations, from the first to the last man. My little Humanity was devoured in the midst of such flames; but do you know what my eternal love wants Me to devour? Ah! Souls! And only then was I content, when I devoured them all, to remain conceived with Me. I was God, and I was to operate as God – I had to take them all. My love would have given Me no peace, had I excluded any of them. Ah! My daughter, look well into the womb of my Mama; fix well your eyes on my conceived Humanity, and you will find your soul conceived with Me, and the flames of my love that devour you. Oh! How much I loved you, and I do love you!"

I felt dissolved in the midst of so much love, nor was I able to go out of it; but a voice called me loudly, saying: "My daughter, this is nothing yet; cling more tightly to Me, and give your hands to my dear Mama, that She may hold you to her maternal womb. And you, take another look at my little conceived Humanity, and watch the fourth excess of my love."

**4** - "My daughter, from the devouring love, move on to look at my operative love. Each conceived soul brought Me the burden of her sins, of her weaknesses and passions, and my love commanded Me to take the burden of each one of them. And it conceived not only the souls, but the pains of each one, as well as the satisfaction which each one of them was to give to my Celestial Father. So my Passion was conceived together with Me. Look well at Me in the womb of my Celestial Mama. Oh! How tortured was my little Humanity. Look well at my little head, surrounded by a crown of thorns, which, pressed tightly around my temples, made rivers of tears pour out from my eyes; nor was I able to make a move to dry them. O Please! Be moved to compassion for Me, dry my eyes from so much crying – you, who have free arms to be able to do it. These thorns

are the crown of the so many evil thoughts which crowd the human minds. Oh! How they prick Me, more than thorns which sprout from the earth. But, look again – what a long crucifixion of nine months: I could not move a finger or a hand or a foot. I was always immobile; there was no room to be able to move even a tiny bit. What a long and hard crucifixion, with the addition that all evil works, assuming the form of nails, continuously pierced my hands and feet." So He continued to narrate to me pains upon pains – all the martyrdoms of His little Humanity, such that, if I wanted to tell them all, I would be too long. I abandoned myself to crying, and I heard in my interior: "My daughter, I would like to hug you, but I am unable to do so - there is no room, I am immobile, I cannot do it. I would like to come to you, but I am unable to walk. For now, you hug Me and you come to Me; then, when I come out of the maternal womb, I will come to you." But as I hugged Him and squeezed Him tightly to my heart with my imagination, an interior voice told me: "Enough for now, my daughter; move on to consider the fifth excess of my love."

5 - And the interior voice continued: "My daughter, do not move away from Me, do not leave Me alone; my love wants your company. This is another excess of my love, which does not want to be alone. But do you know whose company it wants? That of the creature. See, in the womb of my Mama, all of the creatures are together with Me – conceived together with Me. I am with them, all love. I want to tell them how much I love them; I want to speak with them to tell them of my joys and sorrows - that I have come into their midst to make them happy and to console them; that I will remain in their midst as a little brother, giving my goods, my kingdom, to each one of them at the cost of my life. I want to give them my kisses and my caresses. I want to amuse myself with them, but – ah, how many sorrows they give Me! Some run away from Me, some play deaf and force Me into silence; some despise my goods and do not care about my kingdom, returning my kisses and caresses with indifference and obliviousness of Me, so they convert my amusement into bitter crying. Oh! How lonely I am, though in the midst of many. Oh! How loneliness weighs upon Me. I have no one to whom to say a word, with whom to pour Myself out - not even in love. I am always sad and taciturn, because if I speak, I am not listened to. Ah! My daughter, I beg you, I implore you, do not leave Me alone in so much loneliness; give Me the good of letting Me speak by listening to Me; lend your ear to my teachings. I am the master of masters. How many things do I want to teach you! If you listen to Me, you will stop my crying and I will amuse Myself with you. Don't you want to amuse yourself with Me?" And as I abandoned myself in Him, giving Him my compassion in His loneliness, the interior voice continued: "Enough, enough; move on to consider the sixth excess of my love."

6 - "My daughter, come, pray my dear Mama to set aside a little space for you within her maternal womb, that you yourself may see the painful state in which I find Myself." So, in my thoughts, it seemed that our Queen Mama made me a

little room to make Jesus content, and placed me in it. But the darkness was such that I could not see Him; I could only hear His breathing, while He continued to say in my interior: "My daughter, look at another excess of my love. I am the eternal light; the sun is a shadow of my light. But do you see where my love led Me - in what a dark prison I am? There is not a glimmer of light; it is always night for Me - but a night without stars, without rest. I am always awake...what pain! The narrowness of this prison - without being able to make the slightest movement; the thick darkness...; even my breathing, as I breathe through the breathing of my Mama - oh, how labored it is! To this, add the darkness of the sins of creatures. Each sin was a night for Me, and combined together they formed an abyss of darkness, with no boundaries. What pain! Oh, excess of my love - making Me pass from an immensity of light and space into an abyss of thick darkness, so narrow as to lose the freedom to breathe; and all this, for love of creatures."

As He was saying this, He moaned - moans almost suffocated because of the lack of space; and He cried. I was consumed with crying. I thanked Him, I compassionated Him; I wanted to make Him a little light with my love, as He told me to. But who can say all? Then, the same interior voice added: "Enough for now; move on to the seventh excess of my love."

7 - The interior voice continued: "My daughter, do not leave Me alone in so much loneliness and in so much darkness. Do not leave the womb of my Mama, so you may see the seventh excess of my love. Listen to Me: in the womb of my Celestial Father I was fully happy; there was no good which I did not possess; joy, happiness - everything was at my disposal. The angels adored Me reverently, hanging upon my every wish. Ah, excess of my love! I could say that it made Me change my destiny; it restrained Me within this gloomy prison; it stripped Me of all my joys, happinesses and goods, to clothe Me with all the unhappinesses of creatures - and all this in order to make an exchange, to give them my destiny, my joys and my eternal happiness. But this would have been nothing had I not found in them highest ingratitude and obstinate perfidy. Oh, how my eternal love was surprised in the face of so much ingratitude, and how it cried over the stubbornness and perfidy of man. Ingratitude was the sharpest thorn that pierced my heart, from my conception up to the last moment of my life. Look at my little heart - it is wounded, and pours out blood. What pain! What torture I feel! My daughter, do not be ungrateful to Me. Ingratitude is the hardest pain for your Jesus; it is to close the door in my face, leaving Me numb with cold. But my love did not stop at so much ingratitude; it took the attitude of supplicating, imploring, moaning and begging love. This is the eighth excess of my love."

8 - "My daughter, do not leave Me alone; place your head upon the womb of my dear Mama, and even from the outside you will hear my moans and my supplications. In seeing that neither my moans nor my supplications move the creature to compassion for my love, I assume the attitude of the poorest of

beggars; and stretching out my little hand, I ask - for pity's sake, and at least as alms - for their souls, for their affections and for their hearts. My love wanted to win over the heart of man at any cost; and in seeing that after seven excesses of my love, he was still reluctant, he played deaf, he did not care about Me and did not want to give himself to Me, my love wanted to push itself further. It should have stopped; but no, it wanted to overflow even more from within its boundaries; and from the womb of my Mama, it made my voice reach every heart with the most insinuating manners, with the most fervent prayers, with the most penetrating words. And do you know what I said to them? 'My child, give me your heart; I will give you everything you want, provided that you give Me your heart in exchange. I have descended from Heaven to make a prey of it. O please, do not deny it to Me! Do not delude my hopes!' And in seeing him reluctant - even more, many turned their backs to Me - I passed on to moaning; I joined my little hands and, crying, with a voice suffocated by sobs, I added: 'Ohh! Ohh! I am the little beggar; you don't want to give Me your heart - not even as alms? Is this not a greater excess of my love; that the Creator, in order to approach the creature, takes the form of a little baby so as not to strike fear in him; that He asks for the heart of the creature, at least as alms, and in seeing that he does not want to give it, He supplicates, moans and cries?' Then I heard Him say: "And you, don't you want to give Me your heart? Or maybe you too want Me to moan, beg and cry in order to give Me your heart? Do you want to deny Me the alms I ask of you?" And as He was saying this I heard Him as though sobbing, and I: 'My Jesus, do not cry, I give You my heart and all of myself.' Then, the interior voice continued: "Move further; pass on to the ninth excess of my love."

9 - "My daughter, my state is ever more painful. If you love Me, keep your gaze fixed on Me, to see if you can offer some relief to your Jesus; a little word of love, a caress, a kiss, will give respite to my crying and to my afflictions. Listen my daughter, after I gave eight excesses of my love, and man requited them so badly, my love did not give up and wanted to add the ninth excess to the eighth. And this was yearnings, sighs of fire, flames of desire, for I wanted to go out of the maternal womb to embrace man. This reduced my little Humanity, not yet born, to such an agony as to reach the point of breathing my last. But as I was about to breathe my last, my Divinity, which was inseparable from Me, gave Me sips of life, and so I regained life to continue my agony, and return again to the point of death. This was the ninth excess of my love: to agonize and to die of love continuously for the creature. Oh! What a long agony of nine months! Oh! How love suffocated Me and made Me die. Had I not had the Divinity with Me, which gave Me life again every time I was about to finish, love would have consumed Me before coming out to the light of day."

Then He added: "Look at Me, listen to Me, how I agonize, how my heart beats, pants, burns. Look at Me - now I die." And He remained in deep silence. I felt like dying. My blood froze in my veins, and trembling, I said to Him: 'My Love,

my Life, do not die, do not leave me alone. You want love, and I will love You; I will not leave You ever again. Give me your flames to be able to love You more, and be consumed completely for You.'





## VOLUME 2

J.M.J.

**February 28, 1899**

By order of the confessor I begin to write what passes between me and Our Lord, day by day. Year 1899, month of February, day 28.

I confess the truth, I feel great repugnance; the effort I have to make in order to conquer myself is so great that the Lord alone can know the torture of my soul. But, oh holy obedience, what a powerful bond you are! You alone could win over me, and surpassing all my repugnance, almost impassable mountains, you bind me to the Will of God and of the confessor. But, please, O Holy Spouse, as great as my sacrifice is, so much help do I need; I want nothing but that You hold me in your arms and sustain me. In this way, assisted by You, I will be able to say only the truth, only for your glory, and to my confusion.

This morning, since the confessor celebrated Mass, I also received Communion. My mind was in a sea of confusion because of this obedience that the confessor gave me, to write everything that passes in my interior. As I received Jesus, I began to tell Him of my pains, especially my insufficiency, and many other things. But Jesus did not seem to care about this thing of mine, and did not answer to anything. A light came to my mind, and I said: 'Who knows whether I myself am the cause for which Jesus is not showing Himself as usual.' So, with all my heart, I said to Him: 'O please! My Good and my All, don't show Yourself so indifferent with me - You make my heart split with pain. If it is because of the writing - let it be, let it be, even if it cost me the sacrifice of my life, I promise I will do it!' Then Jesus changed appearance and, all benign, He told me: "What do you fear? Have I not assisted you the other times? My light will surround you everywhere, and so you will be able to manifest it."

### **Purity of intention.**

While He was saying this, I don't know how, I saw the confessor near Jesus; and the Lord told him: "See, everything you do passes into Heaven. Therefore, see with what purity you must operate, thinking that all of your steps, words and works come before my presence, and if they are pure - that is, if they are done for Me - I take greatest delight in them and I feel them around Me like many messengers that remind Me continuously of you. But if they are done for low and earthly purposes, I feel bothered by them." And as He was saying this, He seemed to grab his hands, and raising them up to Heaven, He said to him: "Your eyes always on high; you are of Heaven - work for Heaven!"

While I was seeing the confessor, and Jesus saying this to him, in my mind it seemed to me that if one operated in that way, it would happen as to a person who has to leave one house to move to another. What does he do? First he sends all of his things and everything he possesses, and then he goes himself. In the same way, we first send our works to take a place for us in Heaven, and then, when our time comes, we go ourselves. Oh, what a beautiful cortege they will make for us!

## **Faith.**

Now, while seeing the confessor, I remembered he had told me that I was to write about Faith in the way in which the Lord had spoken to me about this virtue. While I was thinking of this, in one instant the Lord drew me so much to Himself, that I felt I was outside of myself, in the the vault of the heavens together with Jesus, and He told me these exact words: "Faith is God."

But these two words contained an immense light, such that it is impossible to explain them – but I will do what I can. In the word "Faith", I comprehended that Faith is God Himself. Just as material food gives life to the body so that it may not die, Faith gives life to the soul – without Faith, the soul is dead. Faith vivifies, Faith sanctifies, Faith spiritualizes man, and makes him keep his eyes fixed on a Supreme Being, in such a way that he learns nothing of the things of down here; and if he learns them, he learns them in God. Oh, the happiness of a soul who lives of Faith! - her flight is always toward Heaven. In everything that happens to her she always looks at herself in God; and so, just as in tribulation, Faith raises her in God and she does not afflict herself, not even with a lament, knowing that she is not to form her contentment here, but in Heaven; in the same way, if joy, riches and pleasures surround her, Faith raises her in God, and she says to herself: "Oh, how much more content and rich I will be in Heaven!" So, she feels bothered by these earthly things, she despises them, and tramples them underfoot. It seems to me that to a soul who lives of Faith, it happens as to a person who possessed millions upon millions of coins, and even entire kingdoms, and someone else wanted to offer him a cent. What would he say? Would he not disdain it? Would he not throw it in his face? I add: and what if that cent were all muddy, just as earthly things are? Even more: what if that cent were only lent to him? This person would say: "I enjoy and possess immense riches, and you dared to offer me this miserable cent, so muddy, and only for a short time?" I believe he would quickly remove his gaze from it, and would not accept the gift. So does the soul who lives of Faith with regard to earthy things.

Now, let us go back again to the idea of food: by taking food, the body is not only sustained, but shares in the substance of the food, which transforms into the body itself. The same for the soul who lives of Faith: since Faith is God Himself, the soul comes to live of God Himself; and by nourishing herself with God, she comes to share in the substance of God; and by sharing in Him, she comes to resemble Him and to be transformed with God Himself. Therefore, it happens to the soul who lives of Faith, that, just as God is holy, the soul is holy; powerful God - powerful the soul; wise, strong and just God - wise, strong and just the soul; and so with all the other attributes of God. In sum, the soul becomes a little god. Oh, the blessedness of this soul on earth, to then be more blessed in Heaven!

I also understood that the words that the Lord says to His beloved souls – "I will espouse you in the Faith" – mean nothing less but that the Lord, in this

mystical marriage, comes to endow the souls with His own virtues. It seems to me that it happens as to two spouses: as they join their properties together, the belongings of one can no longer be distinguished from those of the other, but both of them become their owners. However, in our case, the soul is poor – all the good comes from the Lord, who lets her share in His possessions.

The life of the soul is God - Faith is God, and the soul, by possessing Faith, comes to graft all the other virtues into herself, in such a way that Faith is like a king in her heart, and the other virtues remain around It, as the subjects that serve Faith. So, without Faith, virtues themselves are virtues that have no life. It seems to me that God communicates Faith to man in two ways: the first is holy Baptism; the second is when blessed God, by unleashing a particle of His substance into the soul, communicates to her the virtue of making miracles, like raising the dead, healing the sick, stopping the sun, and the like. Oh, if the world had Faith, it would change into a terrestrial paradise!

Oh, how high and sublime is the flight of the soul who exercises herself in Faith. It seems to me that by exercising herself in Faith, the soul acts like those timid little birds which, for fear of being caught by hunters, or of some other snare, establish their dwelling at the top of the trees, or in high places. Then, when they are forced to take food, they descend, take the food, and immediately fly back into their dwelling. And some of them, more cautious, take the food and don't even eat it on the ground, but in order to be safer, they carry it up to the top of the trees, and there they swallow it.

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

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

## **How she sees the Divinity of Jesus.**

After the confessor told me to explain to him how I sometimes see the Divinity of Our Lord, I answered that it was impossible for me to be able to tell him anything. But, at night, blessed Jesus appeared to me and almost reproached me because of this refusal of mine, and then He flashed through me with two most luminous rays. With the first one I understood in my intellect, that Faith is God and God is Faith. I tried to say a few things about Faith; now I will try to say how I see God - and this was the second ray.

While I am outside of myself, and I find myself in the height of the heavens, I seem to see God within a light. He Himself seems to be light, and within this light there is beauty, strength, wisdom, immensity, height, depth - endless and boundless. Even in the air we breathe is God present, and we breathe Him; so, each one can make Him his own life, as indeed He is. Nothing escapes Him, and nothing can escape Him. This light seems to be all voice, though it does not speak; and all operating, though it always rests. It is present everywhere, though it occupies no space; and while it is present everywhere, it also has its own center. Oh, God, how incomprehensible You are! I see You, I feel You, You are my life, You restrict Yourself within me, but You remain always immense and lose nothing of Yourself. Yet, I feel I am stammering, and it seems I can say nothing.

In order to explain myself better, according to our human language, I will say that I see a shadow of God in the whole creation, because in the whole creation - someplace He has cast the shadow of His beauty, someplace His fragrances, someplace His light, as in Sun, in which I see a special shadow of God. I see Him as though concealed within this sphere, as the king of all other spheres. What is the Sun? It nothing but a globe of fire. One is the globe, but its rays are many; from this we can easily understand how the globe is God, and the rays are the immense attributes of God.

Second. The Sun is fire, but It is also light and heat. Here is the Most Holy Trinity veiled in the Sun: the fire is the Father, the light is the Son, the heat is the Holy Spirit. However, the Sun is one, and just as one cannot separate fire from light and heat, so one is the power of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, who in reality cannot be separated from one another. And just as fire produces light and heat at the same time, in such a way that fire cannot be conceived without light and heat; in the same way, the Father cannot be conceived before the Son and the Holy Spirit, and vice versa, but all Three of the Them have the same eternal beginning.

I add that the light of the Sun diffuses everywhere; in the same way, God penetrates everywhere with His immensity. However, let us remember that this is but a shadow, because the Sun cannot reach where It cannot penetrate with Its light, while God penetrates everywhere. God is most pure Spirit, and we can represent Him with the Sun, which makes Its rays penetrate everywhere, and no one can grab them with their hands. Moreover, God looks at everything -

the iniquities and the evils of men – but He remains always as He is, pure, holy and immaculate. A shadow of God is the Sun, which sends Its light over rubbish, but remains immaculate; It spreads Its light in the fire, but is not burned; in the sea and in the rivers, but is not drowned. It gives light to all, It fecundates everything, It gives life to all with Its heat, but does not become poor in light, nor does It lose any of Its heat. Even more, while It does so much good to all, It needs no one, and remains always as It is – majestic, shining, ever immutable. Oh, how well one can see the divine qualities in the Sun! With His immensity, God is present in the fire, but is not burned; in the sea, but is not drowned; under our steps, but is not trampled. He gives to all, but does not become poor, and needs no one; He looks at everything – even more, He is all eyes, and there is nothing He does not hear. He is aware of each fiber of our hearts, of each thought of our minds, but, being most pure Spirit, He has neither ears nor eyes, and no matter what happens, He never changes. The Sun invests the world with Its light, and It does not tire; in the same way, God gives life to all, helps and rules the world, and He does not tire.

A man can hide or place shelters so as not to enjoy the light of the Sun and Its beneficial effects, but he does nothing to the Sun – the Sun remains as It is, while all the evil will fall upon man. In the same way, by sin, the sinner can move away from God and no longer enjoy His beneficial effects, but he does nothing to God – the evil is all his own.

The roundness of the Sun also symbolizes the eternity of God, which has no beginning and no end. The penetrating light of the Sun itself is such that no one can restrict it in his eye; and if one wanted to stare at It in Its midday fullness, he would remain dazzled; and if the Sun wanted to draw near man, man would be reduced to ashes. The same for the Divine Sun: no created mind can restrict It in its little mind so as to comprehend It in all that It is; and if it wanted to try, it would remain dazzled and confused; and if this Divine Sun wanted to display all Its love, allowing man to feel It while he is in his mortal flesh, he would be reduced to ashes.

So, God has cast a shadow of Himself and of His perfections over the whole creation; it seems that we see Him and touch Him, and we are touched by Him continuously.

In addition to this, after the Lord said those words - "Faith is God" - I said to Him: 'Jesus, do You love me?' And He added: "And you, do you love Me?" Immediately I said: 'Yes Lord, and You know that without You I feel that life is missing in me.'

"Well then", Jesus continued, "you love Me, I love you – so, let us love each other, and remain always together." This is how He ended for this morning. Now, who can say how much my mind has comprehended of this Divine Sun? I seem to see It and touch It everywhere. Even more, I feel invested by It, inside and out, but my capacity is so very little – while it seems it comprehends something about God, the moment I see Him, it seems I have comprehended

nothing; even more, it seems I have spoken nonsense. I hope that Jesus will forgive my nonsense.

**March 10, 1899**

*The Lord shows her many chastisements.*

As I was in my usual state, my always lovable Jesus made Himself seen all embittered and afflicted, and He told me: "My daughter, my Justice has grown too heavy, and the offenses I receive from men are so many that I can no longer sustain them. So, the scythe of death is about to harvest much - suddenly and by means of diseases. The chastisements I will pour upon the world are so many, that they will be a sort of judgment." Who can say the so many chastisements He showed me, and how terrified and frightened I was left? The pain that my soul feels is so great, that I believe it is better to keep silent. But I continue, because obedience wants it so. I seemed to see streets filled with human flesh, and blood inundating the ground, and cities besieged by enemies who spared not even children. They seemed to be like many furies come out of hell; they respected neither churches nor priests. The Lord seemed to send a chastisement from Heaven - what it is I don't know; it just seemed to me that we will all receive a mortal blow, and some will be victims of death, others will recover. I also seemed to see plants withered, and many other troubles which are to come over the harvests. Oh God, what pain to see these things, and to be forced to manifest them! Ah, Lord, placate Yourself! I hope that your Blood and your wounds will be our remedy. Or rather, pour the chastisements upon this sinner, for I deserve them; or otherwise take me, and then You will be free to do whatever You want; but as long as I live, I will do everything I can to oppose it.

**March 13, 1899**

*All Creation speaks of the love of God for man, and teaches him how he must love Him.*

This morning, beloved Jesus did not make Himself seen in the usual way, all affability and sweetness - but severe. I felt my mind in a sea of confusion, and my soul so afflicted and annihilated, especially because of the chastisements I saw in these past days. In seeing Him with that appearance I did not dare to tell Him anything; we looked at each other, but in silence. Oh God, what pain! Then, in one instant, I also saw the confessor, and Jesus, sending forth a ray of intellectual light, spoke these words: "Charity. Charity is nothing but an outpouring of the Divine Being, and this outpouring I have diffused over the whole Creation, in such a way that all Creation speaks of the love I have for man, and all Creation teaches him how He must love Me - from the largest being to the most tiny little flower in the field.

"See", it says to man, "with my sweet fragrance and by always facing the sky, I try to send an homage to my Creator. You too, let all your actions be fragrant, holy, pure; do not offend my Creator with the bad odor of your actions. O

please, o man", the little flower repeats to us, "don't be so senseless as to keep your eyes fixed on the earth; but rather, raise them up to Heaven. See, up there is your destiny, your fatherland - up there is my Creator and yours who awaits you."

The water that flows continuously before our eyes also says to us: "See, I have come out of darkness, and I must flow and run so much until I go and bury myself in the place from which I came. You too, O man, run - but run into the bosom of God, from which you came. O please! I beg you, do not run along the wrong paths, the paths which lead to the precipice; otherwise - woe to you!" Even the wildest animals repeat to us: "See, O man, how wild you must be for all that is not God. See, when we see that someone is approaching us, with our roars we strike so much fear that no one dares to come close to us any more, to disturb our solitude. You too, when the stench of earthly things - that is, your violent passions - are about to make you muddy and fall into the abyss of sins, with the roars of your prayers and by withdrawing from the occasions in which you find yourself, you will be safe from any danger." And so with all the other beings - it would take too long to tell them all. With one voice they resound among themselves, and repeat to us: "See, O man, our Creator made us for love of you, and we are all at your service. And you, don't be so ungrateful - love, we beg you; love, we repeat to you; love our Creator."

After this, my lovable Jesus told me: "This is all I want: love God and your neighbor for love of Me. See how much I have loved man - and he is so ungrateful. How could you not want me to chastise them?" At that very moment, I seemed to see a terrible hail, and an earthquake which is to cause considerable damage, to the point of destroying plants and men. Then, with all the bitterness of my soul, I said to Him: 'My always lovable Jesus, why so indignant? If man is ungrateful, it is not so much because of malice, but because of weakness. Oh, if they knew You a little bit - oh, how humble and palpitating they would be! Therefore, placate Yourself. I commend to you at least Corato and those who belong to me.' As I was saying this, it seemed to me that something was to happen also in Corato, but it would be nothing compared to what would happen in other towns.

**March 14, 1899**

*The evil of man forces God to chastise him.*

This morning, my most sweet Jesus, transporting me with Him, made me see the multiplicity of the sins that are committed; they were such and so many, that it is impossible to describe them. I could also see a star of enormous magnitude in the air, and within its roundness it contained black fire and blood. It would strike so much fear and fright in looking at it, that it seemed that death would be a lesser evil than to live in these times so sad. In other places, one could see volcanoes with more mouths opening, which are also to inundate the country nearby. One could also see sectarian people, who will go on causing

fires. While I was seeing this, my lovable but afflicted Jesus told me: "Have you seen how much they offend Me, and what I keep prepared? I am withdrawing from man." And as He was saying this, we both withdrew into my bed, and I could see that because of this withdrawal of Jesus, men would give themselves over to more awful actions, more murders; in a word, I seemed to see people against people. Once we had withdrawn, Jesus seemed to place Himself in my heart, and He began to cry and sob, saying: "Oh man, how much I have loved you! If you knew how I grieve in having to chastise you! But my Justice forces Me to this. Ohh man, Ohh man! How I cry and grieve over your lot." Then He would burst into tears and, again, He would repeat those words.

Who can say the pity, the fear, the torment that arose in my soul, especially in seeing Jesus so afflicted and crying! I did as much as I could to hide my sorrow, and in order to console Him I said to Him: 'O Lord, it will never be that You chastise man. Holy Spouse, do not cry; just as You have done the other times, You will do now: You will pour it into me; You will make me suffer, and so your Justice will not force You to chastise the people.' Jesus would continue crying, and I would repeat: 'But, listen to me a little bit - have You not put me in this bed so that I might be victim for others? Have I perhaps not been ready to suffer the other times so as to spare creatures? Why do You not want to listen to me now?' But with all my poor speaking, Jesus would not calm Himself from crying. So, no longer able to hold it, I too broke the dike of my crying, saying to Him: 'Lord, if your intention is to chastise men, I too do not have the heart to see creatures suffer so much. Therefore, if You truly want to send the scourges, and my sins no longer make me worthy to suffer in the place of others, I want to come - I want to be on this earth no more.' Then the confessor came, and as he called me to obedience, Jesus withdrew, and so it ended.

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

**March 18, 1899**

*Charity is simple.*

This morning, my beloved Jesus continued to make Himself seen from within my heart, and in seeing Him a little bit more cheered, I plucked up courage, and I began to pray that He would not send so many chastisements. And Jesus told me: "What moves you, O my daughter, to pray Me not to chastise creatures?" Immediately I answered: 'Because they are your images, and if creatures should suffer, You Yourself would suffer.' And Jesus, heaving a sigh, told me: "Charity is so dear to me, that you cannot comprehend it. Charity is simple, just like my

Being which, though immense, is yet most simple; so much so that there is no place which It does not penetrate. So Charity is; being simple, it diffuses everywhere; it has regard for no one – whether a friend or an enemy, whether a citizen or a stranger, it loves all."

**March 19, 1899**

*The devil can speak about virtue, but he cannot infuse it in the soul.*

This morning, as Jesus made Himself seen, I was afraid it might not be truly Jesus, but the devil that wanted to deceive me. After I made the usual protests, Jesus told me: "Daughter, do not fear for I am not the devil. Besides, he if he speaks about virtue, it is a colored virtue, not true virtue, nor does he have the virtue of infusing it in the soul, but only of speaking about it. And if sometimes he shows he wants to make the soul practice a little bit of good, she is not persevering, and in the very act in which the soul does that little bit of good, she is listless and agitated. I alone have the power to infuse Myself in her heart, to make her practice virtues, and suffer with courage, tranquillity and perseverance. And then, when has the devil ever gone in search for virtues? His hunting is for vices. Therefore, do not fear, and be tranquil."

**March 20, 1899**

*The world has reduced itself to such a sad state because it has lost subordination to leaders, God being the first.*

This morning, Jesus transported me outside of myself and showed me many people, all in discord. Oh, how much this grieved Jesus! In seeing Him suffer very much I prayed Him to pour it into me. But since He still continues in wanting to chastise the world, Jesus did not want to pour it into me. However, after I prayed Him and prayed Him, to make me content He poured a little bit. Then, being a little relieved, He told me: "The reason why the world has reduced itself to such a sad state is that it has lost subordination to leaders; and since the first leader is God against whom they have rebelled, it happened as a consequence that they have lost any subjection to and dependence on the Church, the laws and all the others who are said to be leaders. Ah! my daughter, what will happen to so many members infected by this bad example of the very ones who are said to be leaders – that is, superiors, parents, and many others? Ah! They will reach such a point that neither parents, nor brothers, nor kings, nor princes will be recognized any more. These members will be like many vipers that will poison one another. Therefore, see how necessary chastisements are in these times, and how necessary it is for death to almost destroy this sort of people, so that the few who will be left may learn at the expense of others to be humble and obedient. So, let Me do; do not want to oppose my chastising the people."

**March 31, 1899**

### *The value of sufferings.*

This morning, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen crucified, and after He communicated His pains to me, He told me: "Many are the wounds that made Me suffer during my Passion, but one was the cross. This means that many are the roads through which I draw souls to perfection, but one is the Heaven in which these souls must unite. So, if one misses that Heaven, there is no other which can make them blessed forever."

Then He added: "Take a look: one is the cross, but this cross was formed with various pieces of wood. This means that one is Heaven, but this Heaven contains various places, more or less glorious; and these places will be distributed according to the sufferings suffered down here, more or less heavy. Oh, if all knew the preciousness of suffering, they would compete with one another to suffer more! But this science is not recognized by the world, and so they abhor all that can make them richer for eternity."

### **April 3, 1899**

#### *Humility without confidence is false virtue.*

After going through several days of privation and of tears, I found myself all confused and annihilated within myself. In my interior I kept saying, continuously: 'Tell Me, O my Good, why have You moved away from me? Where have I offended You, that You no longer make Yourself seen - and if You show Yourself, You are almost concealed, and silent? O please, do not make me wait and wait any longer, for my heart cannot take any more!'

Finally, Jesus showed Himself a little more clearly, and in seeing me so annihilated, He told me: "If you knew how much I like humility... Humility is the littlest plant that can be found, but its branches are so high as to reach Heaven, wind their way around my throne, and penetrate deep into my Heart. This little plant is humility, and the branches which this plant produces, are confidence; so, there cannot be true humility without confidence. Humility without confidence is false virtue." From the words of Jesus it shows that my heart was not only annihilated, but also a little discouraged.

### **April 5, 1899**

#### *How Jesus keeps her concealed in His Love.*

My soul continued in its annihilation and fear of losing sweet Jesus, when, in one instant, He made Himself seen all of a sudden, and told me: "I keep you in the shadow of my Charity; and since a shadow penetrates everywhere, my love keeps you concealed everywhere and in everything. What do you fear then? How can I leave you while I keep you so sunken within my love?" While Jesus was saying this, I wanted to ask Him why He was not making Himself seen as usual, but Jesus disappeared from me immediately, and did not give me the time to tell Him even one word. Oh God, what pain!

**April 7, 1899**

*Luisa refreshes Jesus. He says to her: "I want to make of you an object of my satisfactions".*

I continue in the same state, but this morning especially, it was most bitter for me; I had almost lost the hope that Jesus would come. Oh, how many tears I had to shed! It was the very last hour, and Jesus was still not coming. Oh! God, what to do? My heart was in such a strong pain, and continuous throbbing - but so strong, that I felt a mortal agony. In my interior I said to Him: 'My good Jesus, don't You Yourself see that I feel life missing in me? Tell me at least: how can one be without You? How can one live? Though I am ungrateful at so many graces, yet I love You, as I offer You this most bitter pain of your absence to repair for my ingratitude. But come - have patience, Jesus. You are so good, don't make me wait any more - come. Ah, don't You Yourself know what a cruel tyrant love is, that You don't have compassion for me?'

While I was in this state, so sorrowful, Jesus came and, all compassion, told me: "I have come now, do not cry any more - come to Me." In one instant I found myself outside of myself together with Him, and I looked at Him, but with such fear that I might lose Him again, that tears would pour in large streams from my eyes. Jesus continued: "No, do not cry any more. Take a look at how I am suffering; look at my head - the thorns have penetrated so deep that they no longer show outside. Do you see how many gashes and blood cover my body? Come close to Me, give me a refreshment."

By occupying myself with the pains of Jesus, I forgot about my own a little bit, and so I started from His head. Oh, how harrowing it was to see those thorns so sunk into His flesh that one could not pull them out. While I was doing that, Jesus would lament, so great was the pain He suffered. After I pulled that crown of thorns off, all broken, I put it together again, and knowing that the greatest pleasure one can give Jesus is to suffer for Him, I took it and I drove it onto my head. Then, He had me kiss His wounds, one by one, and in some of them He wanted me to suckle the blood. I was trying to do everything He wanted, though in mute silence, when the Most Holy Virgin came and told me: "Ask Jesus what He wants to make of you."

I would not dare, but Mama encouraged me to do it. To make Her content, I drew my lips near the ear of Jesus, and in a whisper I said to Him: "What do You want to make of me?" And He answered: "I want to make of you an object of my satisfactions"; and in the very act of saying these words, He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**April 9, 1899**

*Jesus refreshes her from the pains of His privation.*

This morning, Jesus made Himself seen and transported me into a church. There I attended Holy Mass and I received Communion from the hands of Jesus. After this, I clung to His feet, but so strongly that I could not detach

myself. The thought of the pains of the past days – that is, the privation of Jesus – made me fear so much that I might lose Him again that, while at His feet, I cried and said to Him: ‘This time, O Jesus, I will not leave You any more, because when You go away from me You make me suffer and wait so much.’ Jesus told me: "Come into my arms for I want to refresh you from the pains of these past days." I almost did not dare to do it, but Jesus stretched out His hands and raised me from His feet; He hugged me and said: "Do not fear, for I won't leave you. This morning I want to make you content – come and stay with me in the Tabernacle." And so we both withdrew into the Tabernacle. Who can say what we did? Now He would kiss me, and I Him; now I would rest in Him, and Jesus in me; now I would see the offenses He received and would make acts of reparation for the different offenses. Who can say the patience of Jesus in the Sacrament? It is such and so great that it is frightening just to think about it.

But while I was doing this, Jesus made me see the confessor who was coming to call me into myself. Jesus told me: "Enough now – go, for obedience is calling you." And it seemed that my soul would return to my body, and indeed the confessor was calling me to obedience.

**April 12, 1899**

*Jesus says: "Being in the Sacrament for Me is the same as being in your heart". Hypocrisy, a profound pain for Jesus.*

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

While within me, Jesus would make me feel, now the pricks of the thorns, now the pains of the cross, the labors and the sufferings of His Heart. Around His Heart I could see a braid of iron spikes, which made Jesus suffer very much. Ah, how much pity I felt in seeing Him suffer so much! I would have wanted to suffer everything myself, rather than let my sweet Jesus suffer, and from the heart I prayed Him to give the pains and the suffering to me.

Jesus told me: "Daughter, the offenses which most pierce my Heart are the masses said sacrilegiously, and the hypocrisies." Who can say what I understood in these two words? It seemed to me that externally one shows that he loves and praises the Lord, but internally he has poison ready to kill Him; externally, one shows that he wants the glory and the honor of God, while internally he seeks his own honor and esteem. All works done with hypocrisy, even the holiest ones, are works completely poisoned, which embitter the Heart of Jesus.

**April 16, 1899**

*Preparation for Communion. Offenses given to Jesus by His own.*

While I was in my usual state, Jesus invited me to go around to see what creatures were doing. I said to Him: 'My adorable Jesus, this morning I don't feel like going around and seeing the offenses that they give You. Let us stay here, the two of us together.'

But Jesus insisted that He wanted to go around, and so, to make Him content, I said to Him: 'If You want to go out, let us rather go inside some churches, because the offenses they give You are fewer there.' And so we went inside a church, but there also He was offended – more than in other places; not because more sins are committed in the churches than in the world, but because those are offenses given by His dearest ones, by the very ones who should lay down their soul and body to defend the honor and the glory of God. This is why they reach His adorable Heart more painfully. I could see devout souls who, because of bagatelles of no importance, did not prepare well for Communion. Instead of thinking of Jesus, their minds were thinking about their little disturbances, about many trifles, and this was their occupation. How Jesus pitied them, and how much pity they themselves aroused! They paid attention to so many straws, to so many specks; but then, they didn't so much as glance at Jesus. Jesus said to me: "My daughter, how these souls prevent my Grace from pouring into them. I do not look at trifles, but at the love with which they come to Me; yet, they make an exchange: they pay more attention to straws than to love. But while love destroys the straws, with many straws love cannot increase even a tiny bit; rather, it is decreased. But what is worse about these souls is that they get so disturbed, and they waste much time. They would like to spend entire hours with their confessors to talk about all these trifles, but they never get down to work with a good and courageous resolution, in order to root those straws out. What should I tell you then, o my daughter, about certain priests of these times? One can say that they operate almost satanically, reaching the point of making themselves idols of souls. Ah, yes! It is by my sons that my Heart is pierced the most, because if the others offend Me more, they offend the members of my body; but my own offend Me in my most sensitive and tender parts, deep into my inmost Heart." Who can say the torment of Jesus? In speaking these words He was crying bitterly. I did as much as I could to compassionate Him and repair Him, but while I was doing this, Jesus and I, together, withdrew into my bed."

**April 21, 1899**

*Jesus, the poorest of the poor.*

This morning, while I was in my usual state, in one instant I found myself within myself, but without being able to move. I realized that someone was entering my little room; then he closed the door again, and I felt he was drawing near my bed. In my mind I thought that someone had entered

furtively, without anyone of my family seeing him, and had penetrated even into my little room. 'Who knows what he will do me?' My fear was so great that I felt my blood freeze in my veins, and I trembled all over. Oh! God, what to do? I said to myself: 'My family did not see him; I feel all numb and I cannot defend myself, nor can I ask for help. Jesus, Mary, my Mama - help me! Saint Joseph, defend me from this danger!'

When I realized that he was getting upon my bed, and he curled up near me, my fear was such that I opened my eyes and I said to him: 'Tell me, who are you?' He answered: "I am the poorest of the poor, I don't have a place to stay. I have come to you, if you want to keep me with you in your little room. See, I am so poor that I don't even have clothes; but you will take care of everything." I looked well at him; he was a five or six year old boy, without clothes, without shoes, but so very beautiful and graceful. Immediately I answered him: 'For me, I would gladly keep you, but what will my father say? I am not a free person who can do whatever she wants; I have my parents who prevent me. As for clothing you, I can do it with my poor toils, I will make any sacrifice - but as for keeping you here, it is impossible. Besides, don't you have a father, don't you have a mother, don't you have a place to stay?'

But the boy answered bitterly: "I have no one. O please! Don't make me wander any more - let me stay with you!" I myself did not know what to do - how to keep him. A thought flashed within me: 'Who knows whether it is Jesus? Or maybe it is some demon, to disturb me.' So, again I said to him: 'But, tell me the truth at least - who are you?' And he repeated: "I am the poorest of the poor." I replied: 'Have you learned how to make the sign of the cross?' "Yes", he answered. 'Well then, make it, I want to see how you make it.' So he signed himself with the cross. I added: 'And the Hail Mary - do you know how to say it?' "Yes, but if you want me to say it, let us say it together."

I began the Hail Mary and he was saying it together with me, when a most pure light was unleashed from His adorable forehead, and I recognized that the poorest of the poor was Jesus. In one instant, through that light that Jesus sent me, He made me lose consciousness again, and drew me outside of myself. I saw myself all confused before Jesus, especially because of my many rebuffs, and immediately I said to Him: 'My dear little one, forgive me. Had I recognized You, I would not have forbidden You to enter. And then, why did You not tell me that it was really You? I have many things to tell You; I would have told them to You, and would not have wasted time in so many useless things and fears. Besides, in order to keep You I don't need my family - I can keep You freely, because You don't allow Yourself to be seen by anyone.' But while I was saying this, Jesus disappeared; and so it ended, leaving me a pain, for not having told Him anything of what I wanted to tell Him.

**April 23, 1899**

*The praises and scorns of others.*

Today I did my meditation on the harm that can come to our souls from the praises that other creatures give us. While I was doing the application to myself, to see whether there was complacency for human praises within me, Jesus came close to me and told me: "When a heart is full of the knowledge of self, the praises of men are like sea waves that rise and overflow, but never go out of their boundary. In the same way, human praises yell and shout, they clamor, they get close even to the heart, but in finding it full and well surrounded by the strong walls of the knowledge of self, unable to find a place for themselves, they draw back, causing no damage to the soul. So, this is what you must be careful about: taking the praises and scorns of creatures into no account."

**April 26, 1899**

*Souls who are detached. Luisa prays for the healing of a speech defect of her confessor.*

Today, while my loving Jesus was making Himself seen, it seemed to me that He was sending me many flashes of light which penetrated through all of me, when, in one instant, I found myself outside of myself together with Him, and the confessor was there. Immediately I prayed my beloved Jesus to give a kiss to the confessor, and to go into his arms for a little while (Jesus was a child). To make me content, immediately He kissed the confessor on his face, but without wanting to detach from me. I remained all afflicted, and I said to Him: 'My little treasure, my intention was for You to kiss, not his face, but his mouth, so that, touched by your most pure lips, it might be sanctified and strengthened from that weakness. In this way, it will be able to announce your holy word more freely, and to sanctify others. O please! I pray You to make me content.' So, Jesus gave him another kiss on his mouth, and then He said: "I am so very pleased with the souls who are detached from everything, not only in the affect, but also in the effect, that as they keep stripping themselves, my light keeps investing them, and they become just like crystals, such that the light of the sun finds no impediment to penetrate inside of them, unlike buildings and other material things."

Then He added: "Ah! They think that they strip themselves, but instead, they come to be clothed not only with spiritual things, but also with corporal ones, because my providence has a care, all particular and special, for these detached souls. My providence covers them everywhere; it happens that they have nothing, but they possess everything."

After this, we withdrew from the confessor, and we found many religious people who seemed all to have their goals set on working for their interest. Passing through their midst, Jesus said: "Woe - woe to one who works for the purpose of gaining money! You have already received your recompense."

**May 2, 1899**

### *How all Heaven is veiled in the Church.*

This morning, Jesus aroused much compassion; He was so afflicted and in suffering that I would not dare to ask Him any question. We would look at each other in silence; every now and then He would give me a kiss, and I would kiss Him; and He continued to make Himself seen in this way several times. On the last time He made me see the Church, telling me these exact words: "All Heaven is veiled in my Church. Just as in Heaven one is the head, which is God, and many are the saints, of different conditions, orders and merits, so in my Church, in which all Heaven is veiled, one is the head, which is the Pope, and the Sacrosanct Trinity is veiled even in the triple tiara that covers his head; and many are the members that depend on this head – that is, different dignities, various orders, superior and inferior, from the littlest to the greatest, they all serve to embellish my Church. Each one, according to its degree, has the office entrusted to it, and by the exact fulfillment of the virtues it comes to give from itself a splendor so very fragrant to my Church, that the earth and Heaven are perfumed and illuminated, and the people are so drawn by this light and by this fragrance, that it is almost impossible for them not to surrender to the truth. I leave it to you, then, to consider those infected members which, instead of shedding light, cast darkness. How much torment they cause in my Church."

While Jesus was saying this, I saw the confessor near Him. Jesus stared at him with His penetrating gaze; then He turned to me and told me: "I want you to have full confidence in the confessor, even in the smallest things; so much so, that there must be no difference for you between Me and him, and according to your confidence and faith in his words, so I will concur." In the very act in which Jesus was saying these words, I remembered about certain temptations of the devil which had produced a little bit of distrust in me. But Jesus, with His vigilant eye, immediately corrected me, and at that very moment I felt that distrust being removed from within my interior. May the Lord be always blessed, who has so much care for this soul, so miserable and sinful.

**May 6, 1899**

### *Luisa looks for Jesus amid the Angels.*

This morning, Jesus hardly made Himself seen; I was feeling my mind so confused, that I almost could not understand the loss of Jesus, when I felt surrounded by many spirits – maybe they were Angels, I cannot tell with certainty. While I was in their midst, every now and then I would investigate - who knows, I might feel at least the breath of my beloved; but as much as I did, I found nothing that would reveal the presence of my loving Good. Then, all of a sudden, I felt a sweet breath coming from behind my shoulders, and immediately I cried out: 'Jesus, my Lord!' He answered: "Luisa, what do you want?"

'Jesus, my beautiful One, come, do not remain behind my shoulders for I cannot see You. I have been waiting for You and investigating for the whole morning – who knows, I might see You amid these angelic spirits that surrounded my bed. But I could not, therefore I feel very tired, because I can find no rest without You. Come, for we will rest together.' So Jesus placed Himself near me, and sustained my head.

Those spirits said: "Lord, how quickly she recognized You. Not even at your voice, but at your mere breath, immediately she called You." Jesus answered them: "She knows Me, and I know her. She is so very dear to Me, like the pupil of my eyes." And while He was saying this, I found myself in the eyes of Jesus. Who can say what I felt, being in those most pure eyes? It is impossible to manifest it with words. The very Angels remained astonished.

**May 7, 1899**

*Purity of intention in operating.*

While I was doing my meditation during the day, Jesus kept making Himself seen near me, and told me: "My Person is surrounded by all the works that souls do, as by a garment; and the more purity of intention and intensity of love they have, the more splendor they give Me, and I will give them more glory; so much so, that on the Day of Judgment I will show them to the whole world, to let the whole world know how my children have honored Me, and how I honor them."

Assuming a more afflicted air, He added: "My daughter, what will happen to so many works, even good, done without purity of intention, out of habit and self-interest? What shame will not fall upon them on the Day of Judgment, in seeing so many works, good in themselves, but made rotten by their intention, such that, their very actions, instead of rendering honor to them, as they would to many others, will give them shame? In fact, I do not look at the greatness of the works, but at the intention with which they are done. Here is all my attention."

Jesus kept silent for a little while, and I kept thinking about the words He had spoken to me while I was meditating within my mind, especially on the purity of intention, and on the fact that, when creatures do good, they must disappear, making the creature one with the Lord Himself, as if creatures did not exist.

Then Jesus continued, saying to me: "Yet, it is so. See, my Heart is so very large, but the door is very narrow. No one can fill the void of this Heart but souls who are detached, naked and simple. In fact, as you see, since the door is small, any hindrance, even the slightest – that is, a shadow of attachment, an intention which is not upright, a work done without the purpose of pleasing Me – prevents them from entering to delight in my Heart. Much love of neighbor enters my Heart, but it must be so united to mine as to form one single love, in such a way that one cannot be distinguished from the other. But as for the other love of neighbor which is not transformed into my love – I do not look at it as something that belongs to Me."

**May 9, 1899**

*Threat of chastisements. Jesus gives His bitter breath to Luisa.*

This morning I was in a sea of affliction because of the loss of Jesus. After much hardship, Jesus came and drew so close to me, that I could not even see Him; He reached the point of placing His forehead upon mine, of leaning His face on mine, and so with all the other members.

Now, while Jesus was in this position, I said to Him: 'My adorable Jesus, You don't love me any more.' And He: "If I did not love you, I would not be so close to you.' And I added: 'How can You say that You love me if You no longer let me suffer as before? I am afraid You don't want me to be in this state any more - at least, free me also from the bother of the confessor.'

While I was saying this, it seemed that Jesus would not pay attention to my words, but rather, He made me see a multitude of people, who were committing every kind of evil. Indignant with them, Jesus would make different kinds of contagious diseases swoop down into their midst, and many would die black as charcoal. It seemed that Jesus would exterminate that multitude of people from the face of the earth. While seeing this, I prayed Jesus to pour His bitternesses into me, so as to spare the people, but He would not pay attention to me in this either; and replying to the words I had said before, He added: "The greatest chastisement I can give you, the priest, and the people, is to free you from this state of suffering. My Justice would pour out in all of Its fury, because It would find no opposition. This is so true, that the worse evil for someone is to be given an office and then to be removed from it. It would be better for him had he not been admitted to that office, since, by abusing it and not profiting from it, he has rendered himself unworthy of it."

Then, Jesus continued to come quite a few times today, but so afflicted as to move one to pity and to tears - maybe even the stones. I tried to console Him as much as I could; now I would embrace Him, now I would sustain His head which was in great pain; now I would say to Him: 'Heart of my heart, Jesus, it has never been your usual way to appear so afflicted to me. If other times You made Yourself seen afflicted, by pouring it into Me, You would immediately change appearance; but now I am being denied the opportunity to give You this relief. Who would have thought, after You have consented to pour and to share your sufferings with me for so long, and You Yourself did so much to dispose me, that now I would have to be deprived of it? Suffering for love of You was my only relief; it was suffering that made me bear my exile from Heaven. But now, being deprived of it, I feel I have no place on which to lean any more, and life becomes tedious to me. O please! O Holy Spouse, beloved Good, my dear Life, O please! - let the pains come back to me, give me suffering. Do not look at my unworthiness and at my grave sins, but at your mercy, which has not exhausted itself.'

While I was pouring myself out with Jesus, He drew closer to me and told me: "My daughter, it is my Justice that wants to pour Itself out over the creatures.

The number of sins in men is almost complete, and Justice wants to come out, to make pomp of Its fury, and to find reparation for the injustices of men. Look - to show you how embittered I am and to content you a little bit, I want to pour only my breath into you." And so, drawing His lips near mine, He sent me His breath, which was so bitter that I felt my mouth, my heart and my whole person being intoxicated. If His mere breath was so bitter, what must be the rest of Jesus? He left me with such pain, that I felt my heart pierced through.

**May 12, 1899**

*Jesus makes her content, pouring sweetnesses and bitternesses from His Side.*

This morning, continuing to make Himself seen afflicted, my adorable Jesus transported me outside of myself, and showed me the various offenses He was receiving. I began to pray again that He would pour His bitternesses into me. At the beginning Jesus did not pay attention to me, and He just told me: "My daughter, only then is Charity perfect when it is done for the sole purpose of pleasing Me; and only then is it called true Charity and is it recognized by Me, when it is stripped of everything."

Taking the occasion from His very words, I said to Him: 'Jesus, my dear, it is precisely for this that I want You to pour your bitternesses into me - to be able to relieve You from so many pains; and if I pray You also to spare the creatures, it is because I remember well that on other occasions, after You had chastised the creatures, in seeing them suffer so much from poverty and other things, You too suffered very much. On the other hand, when I have been attentive and I have prayed You and importuned You to the point of tiring You, so much so that You were pleased to pour it into me, sparing them, afterwards You have been very content about it. Don't You remember? Besides, are they not your images?'

Seeing Himself persuaded, Jesus told me: "Because of you, it is necessary to make you content - draw near Me and drink from my Side." So I did; I drew near Him to drink from His Side, but instead of bitterness, I suckled a most sweet blood, which inebriated all of me with love and with sweetness. Yes, I was content, but this was not my intention; so, turning to Him, I said: 'My dear Good, what are You doing? What comes out is not bitter, but sweet. O please! I pray You, pour your own bitternesses into me.' And Jesus, looking at me benignly, told me: "Keep drinking, for the bitter will come afterwards."

So, I attached myself to His Side again, and after the sweet kept coming for a while, the bitter also came. But who can say the intensity of the bitterness? After I was satiated from drinking, I got up, and looking at His head which had the crown of thorns, I removed it and I drove it onto my head. Jesus seemed to be all compliant, while other times He had not permitted this. How beautiful it was to see Jesus after He had poured His bitternesses! He seemed almost disarmed, without strength, but all meek, like a humble little lamb - all compliant. I realized that it was very late, but since the confessor had come

early in the morning to call me to obedience, it wasn't that I knew that I was to be called by obedience, for at the obedience Jesus leaves me free. So, turning to Him, I said: 'Most sweet Jesus, do not allow that I cause trouble to my family and bother to the confessor by having him come again; O please! I beg You, You Yourself, let me return into myself.' Jesus told me: "My daughter, today I do not want to leave you." And I: 'I too do not have the heart to leave You... but, just for a little while, to let my family see that I am inside myself, and then we will return to be together.'" So, after a long differing, saying good-bye to each other, He left me for a little while. It was precisely lunchtime, and my family was just coming to call me. But even though I felt I was inside myself, I felt all full of suffering, my head would not hold up. That bitter and that sweet which I had drunk from the Side of Jesus gave me such satiety and suffering together, that it was impossible for me to take anything else. The word I had given to Jesus kept me on tenterhooks; so, with the pretext that my head was aching, I said to my family: 'Let me be alone, for I don't want anything.'

So I was left free again, and immediately I began to call my sweet Jesus; and He, always benign, came back. But who can say what happened to me today; how many graces Jesus gave to my soul; how many things He made me understand? It is impossible to express it with words. Then, after staying for a long time, in order to calm my sufferings, Jesus poured sweet milk from His mouth, and then, around evening, He left me, giving me His word that He would come back soon. And so I found myself inside myself again, but a little bit more free of sufferings.

**May 16, 1899**

*The virtue of the Cross. Stripping oneself of one's own will.*

Jesus continued for a few more days to manifest Himself in the same way - not wanting to detach Himself from me. It seemed that that little bit of sufferings He had poured into me attracted Him so much, that He could not be without me. This morning He poured a little bit more of bitterness from His mouth into mine, and then He told me: "The cross disposes the soul to patience. The cross opens Heaven, and unites Heaven and earth together - that is, God and the soul. The virtue of the cross is powerful, and when it enters into a soul, it has the virtue of removing the rust of all earthly things. Not only this, but it causes her boredom, bother and contempt for the things of the earth, giving her, instead, the flavor and the enjoyment of celestial things. However, few are those who recognize the virtue of the cross; therefore they despise it."

Who can say how many things I understood about the cross while Jesus was speaking? The speaking of Jesus is not like ours, in which one understands only as much as is said. Rather, one single word leaves an immense light, and to ruminate well on it one could remain occupied the whole day in most profound meditation. Therefore, if I wanted to tell everything I would be too long, and I would also lack the time to do it.

After a little while, Jesus came back again, but a little more afflicted. I immediately asked the reason for it, and Jesus showed me many devout souls, and told me: "My daughter, what I look at in the soul is when she strips herself of her will. Only then does my Will invest her, divinize her, and make her all Mine. Take a look at these souls who call themselves devout... as long as things go their way. But then, one little thing – if their confessions are not long enough, if the confessor does not satisfy them – is enough for them to lose peace; and some reach the point of no longer wanting to do anything. This says that it is not my Will that predominates in them, but their own. Believe, O my daughter, that they have taken the wrong way, because when I see that they really want to love Me, I have many ways to give my Grace." How pitiful it was to see Jesus suffer for this kind of people! I tried to compassionate Him as much as I could, and so it ended.

**May 19, 1899**

*Humility is the safeguard of the celestial favors.*

This morning I felt a fear within me that it might not be Jesus, but the devil, who wanted to deceive me. Jesus came, and seeing me with this fear, He said to me: "Humility is the safeguard of the celestial favors. Humility clothes the soul with such safety that the tricks of the devil cannot penetrate into her. Humility places all celestial graces in safety, so much so, that when I see humility, I let flow, abundantly, all kinds of celestial favors. Therefore, do not want to disturb yourself for this, but rather, with a simple eye, look always into your interior, to see whether you are invested with beautiful humility, and do not worry about all the rest."

Then He showed me many religious people and, among them, priests - even of holy life. But as good as they were, they lacked that spirit of simplicity in believing in the many graces and the many ways the Lord uses with souls. Jesus said to me: "I communicate Myself both to the humble and to the simple, because they immediately believe in my graces and take them into great consideration, though they may be ignorant and poor. But with these others you see, I am very reluctant, because the first step which draws the soul near Me is belief; and it happens that these, with all of their science and doctrine, and even holiness, never come to experience a ray of celestial light – that is, they walk along the natural way, and they never arrive at touching, even slightly, that which is supernatural. This is also the reason for which in the course of my mortal life there was not one learned, one priest, one man of power, among my followers, but all ignorant and of low condition – because these were more humble and simple, and also more disposed to make great sacrifices for Me."

**May 23, 1899**

*Sweetness. Detachment from oneself.*

This time my adorable Jesus wanted to play a little bit. He would come, He would show He wanted to listen to me, but as I would begin to speak, He would disappear from me like a flash. Oh, God, what pain! While my heart was swimming in this most bitter pain of Jesus's distance, and it was also almost a little restless, Jesus came back again, telling me: "What is it? What is it? More peaceful, more calm. Speak, speak, what do you want?" But the moment I spoke, He disappeared.

I did as much as I could to calm myself, but – no, after a while my heart returned to being unable to give itself peace, without its only and sole comfort; and maybe more than before. Coming back again, Jesus told me: "My daughter, sweetness has the virtue of making things change their nature; it knows well how to convert bitter into sweet. Therefore, more sweet, more sweet!" But He gave me no time to say a word. This is how I spent the morning.

After this, I felt I was outside of myself, together with Jesus. There were many people; some aspired to riches, some to honor, some to glory, and some even to sanctity, and many other things – but not for God, but rather, to be considered someone by creatures. Turning to them, shaking His head, Jesus said: "Foolish you are – you are working your own net to entangle yourselves."

Then, turning to me, He told me: "My daughter, this is why the first thing I recommend is detachment from all things, and also from oneself. When the soul has detached herself from everything, she has no need to struggle in order to stay away from all the things of the earth which, by themselves, come around her. But rather, in seeing themselves ignored, and even more, despised, saying good-bye to her, they take leave of her to bother her no more."

**May 26, 1899**

***Contempt of oneself must be united to Faith.***

This morning, I was in such a state of annihilation of myself, to the point of feeling obnoxious and annoyed. It seemed to me I was the most abominable being that could be found. I saw myself like a little worm that tossed and turned, but remained always there – in the mud, unable to take one step. Oh, God, what human misery! Yet, after I have been given so many graces, I am still so bad!

My good Jesus, always benign with this miserable sinner, came and told me: "Contempt of yourself is praiseworthy when it is well invested with the spirit of Faith; but when it is not invested with the spirit of Faith, instead of doing you good, it can harm you. In fact, in seeing yourself as you are, unable to do anything good, you will be discouraged, disheartened, without daring to take one step on the path of good. But by leaning on Me – that is, by investing yourself with the spirit of Faith – you will come to know and despise yourself, and at the same time, to know Me, confident of being able to do anything with my help. And here is how, by acting in this way, you will walk according to the truth."

How much good these words of Jesus have done to my soul! I understood that I must enter into my nothingness and know who I am, but I must not stop there. Rather, immediately after I have known myself, I must fly into the immense sea of God, and stop there, to draw all the graces that my soul needs; otherwise, nature becomes weary and the devil will look for means in order to cast it into discouragement. May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory.

**May 31, 1899**

*Oppositions serve so that the truth may shine more in its own time.*

This morning, as I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus came, and at that very moment I saw the confessor. Jesus appeared a little disappointed with him, because it seemed that the confessor wanted everyone to approve that my situation was a work from God, and almost wanted to convince other priests by showing them something of my interior.

Jesus turned to the confessor and said to him: "This is impossible. Even I received oppositions, and from people among the most distinguished, and also from priests and other authorities. They found fault with my holy works, to the point of saying that I was possessed by the devil. But I allow these oppositions, even from religious people, so that the truth may shine more in its own time. If you want to consult with two or three priests among the most good and holy, and also learned, in order to receive enlightenment and also to do what I want in the things to be done, which is advice from the good and prayer - this, I allow. But the rest - no, no. It would be as though wanting to waste my works, making fun of them - which displeases Me very much."

Then He said to me: "All I want from you is an upright and simple operating. Do not bother about the pros and the cons of creatures; let them think what they want, without being the least troubled, since wanting that all be favorable is wanting to deviate from the imitation of my own Life."

**June 2, 1899**

*The greatest favor that can be done for a soul, is to make her know herself.*

This morning, my most sweet Jesus wanted to let me touch my nothingness with my own hands. In the act in which He made Himself seen, the first words with which He addressed me were: "Who am I., and who are you?" In these two words I saw two immense lights: in one I comprehended God, in the other I saw my misery, my nothingness. I saw I was nothing but a shadow, just like the shadow formed by the Sun in illuminating the earth: it is dependent on the Sun, and as the Sun moves from it to other places, the shadow ceases to exist outside of Its splendor. The same for my shadow - that is, my being: it is dependent on the mystical Sun God, who can dissolve this shadow in one simple instant.

What to say, then, about how I have deformed this shadow which the Lord has given me, which is not even my own? The mere thought of it was horrifying; it

was stinking, putrid, all full of worms. Yet, in such a horrifying state I was forced to stand before a God so holy. Oh, how content I would have been, had I been allowed to hide in the darkest abysses!

After this, Jesus told me: "The greatest favor I can do for a soul, is to make her know herself. The knowledge of self and the knowledge of God go together; the more you know yourself, the more you know God. When the soul has known herself, as she sees that she can do nothing good by herself, her shadow, her being, transforms her in God, and it happens that she does all of her operations in God. It happens that the soul is in God and walks beside Him, without looking, without investigating, without speaking – in a word, as if she were dead. In fact, knowing the depth of her nothingness, she dares to do nothing by herself, but she blindly follows the trajectory of the operations of God."

It seems to me that to a soul who knows herself it happens as to those people who travel in a steamer: in moving from one point to another, without taking a step of their own, they make long journeys, but everything by virtue of the steamer that transports them. In the same way, the soul, by placing herself in God, just like the people in a steamer, makes sublime flights on the way to perfection, knowing, however, that it is not her, but rather, she does it by virtue of that blessed God who carries her within Himself. Oh, how the Lord favors her, enriches her, and concedes the greatest graces, knowing that she attributes nothing to herself, but everything to Him. Oh, soul, you who know yourself – how fortunate you are!

**June 3, 1899**

*Jesus pours His bitternesses.*

This morning, I was in a sea of affliction, for Jesus had not yet come; I felt such pain that I felt my heart being ripped out. When the confessor came to call me to obedience, for he had to celebrate Holy Mass, Jesus did not let even a shadow of Himself be seen, as He usually does. In fact, when He does not come, He allows His hand, or His arm to be seen; and especially on a day in which I receive Communion, as this morning, He Himself comes, He purifies me, and prepares me to receive Him in the Sacrament.

I was saying to myself: 'Holy Spouse, lovable Jesus, how is this? Aren't You coming to prepare me Yourself? How can I receive You?' But meanwhile, the time came, the confessor came, but Jesus did not come at all. What a harrowing pain, how many bitter tears!

The confessor told me: "You will see Him at Communion, and out of obedience you will ask Him why He does not come and what He wants from you."

So, after Communion I saw my good Jesus, always benign with this miserable sinner. He transported me outside of myself, and I was holding Him in my arms; He was a child, all afflicted. Immediately I began to say: 'My little Child, my sole and only Good, how is it that You do not come? In what have I offended You? What do You want from me that You make me cry so much?'

And in the act of saying this, my pain was so great, that even though I was holding Him in my arms, I kept crying. But even before I finished speaking the last word, drawing His mouth close to mine, Jesus poured His bitternesses, without answering a word. When He would stop pouring, I would begin speaking again, but Jesus would not pay attention to me, and would begin to pour again. After this, without answering anything of what I wanted, He told me: "Let me pour into you, otherwise, just as I have destroyed other places with the hail, I will destroy your area. Therefore, let Me pour, and do not think about anything else." He told me nothing else, and so it ended.

**June 5, 1899**

*Her miserable state. The health of the confessor.*

My state of annihilation still continues. It was such that I did not dare to say a word to my beloved Jesus. But this morning, having compassion for my miserable state, Jesus Himself wanted to cheer me; and here is how: as He made Himself seen, and I felt all annihilated and ashamed before Him, Jesus drew near me, but so close, that it seemed that He was in me and I in Him; and He told me: "My beloved daughter, what is it that makes you so afflicted? Tell Me everything, for I will content You, and will remedy everything."

Since I continued to see myself the way I described the other day, in seeing myself so bad, I did not dare to tell Him anything. But Jesus repeated: "Come, come, tell Me what you want – do not hesitate." Seeing myself almost forced, bursting into flooding tears, I said to Him: "Holy Jesus, how do You want me not to be afflicted – after so many graces, I shouldn't be so bad any more. Sometimes, also in the good works I try to do, I mix so many defects and imperfections, that I myself feel horror. What must they be before You, who are so perfect and holy? And then, the suffering, so very scarce compared to before, your long delays in coming – everything tells me in clear notes that my sins, my awful ingritudes, are the cause of it, and that You, indignant with Me, deny me even that daily bread which You usually concede to everyone, which is the cross. So, You will end up abandoning me completely. Can there be a greater affliction than this?" Jesus, all compassion for me, pressed me to His Heart and told me: "Do not fear, this morning we will do things together; in this way I will make up for your things."

So, first it seemed that Jesus contained a fount of water and another of blood within His breast, and in those two fountains He plunged my soul – first in the water, and then in the blood. Who can say how purified and embellished my soul became? Then, we began to pray together, reciting three Glory Be's, and He told me that He was doing this to make up for my prayers and adorations to the Majesty of God. Oh, how beautiful and touching it was to pray together with Jesus! After this, Jesus told me: "Don't let yourself be afflicted by the lack of suffering. Do you want to anticipate the hour established by Me? My

operating is not hurried, but everything has its time. We will fulfill everything, but at the appropriate time."

Then, afterwards, because of a fully providential circumstance, unexpectedly, since the Viaticum had come out of the church for other sick people, I too received Communion. Who can say, after all that had passed between Jesus and me, the kisses and the caresses that Jesus gave me? It is impossible to say everything. After Communion, I seemed to see the Sacred Host, and in the Host I could see, now the mouth of Jesus, now His eyes, now one hand, and then He showed all of Himself. He transported me outside of myself, and I found myself, now in the vault of the heavens, now on earth in the midst of people, but always together with Jesus. Every once in a while He would repeat: "Oh, how beautiful you are, my beloved! If you knew how much I love you... And you, how much do you love Me?"

On hearing these words being spoken to me, I experienced such confusion that I felt I was dying; but in spite of this, I had the courage to say to Him: 'Jesus, my beautiful One, yes, I love You very much. And You, if You really love me, tell me also, do You forgive me for all the evil I have done? But, concede also suffering to me.' And Jesus: "Yes, I forgive you, and I want to content you by pouring in abundance my bitternesses into you." And so Jesus poured His bitternesses. It seemed to me that He had a fount of bitternesses in His Heart, received through the offenses of men, and most of it He poured into me. Then Jesus told me: "Tell Me, what else do you want?"

And I: 'Holy Jesus, I commend to You my confessor – make him a saint, and grant him also health for his body. But then, is it completely your Will for this father to come?' And Jesus: "Yes." And I: 'If it were your Will, You would let him be well.' And He: "Be quiet, do not want to investigate my judgments too much." At that very moment He showed me the improvement in the health of the body, and the sanctity of the soul of the confessor, and He added: "You want to rush things, but I do everything at the right time."

Then, I commended to Him the people that belonged to me, and I prayed for sinners, saying to Jesus: 'Oh, how I wish that my body would split into tiny little pieces, provided that sinners would convert!' So I kissed the forehead, the eyes, the face, the mouth of Jesus, doing various adorations and reparations for the offenses that sinners gave Him. Oh, how content Jesus was, and I too. Then, having Jesus promise to me that He would not leave me any more, I returned to myself; and so it ended.

**June 8, 1899**

*Luisa wants everyone to convert.*

My adorable Jesus still continues to make Himself seen all benignity and sweetness. This morning, while I was together with Him, He repeated again: "Tell me, what do you want?" Immediately I said: 'Jesus, my dear, what I would really want is that the whole world would convert.' (What a request out of

proportion!) But still, my loving Jesus told me: "I would content you if all had the good will to be saved. And yet, to show you that I would gladly grant everything you have said, let us go together into the midst of the world, and all of those whom we will find with the good will to be saved, as evil as they may be, I will give to you."

So we went out in the midst of people, to see who had the good will to be saved, but to our highest displeasure, we found a number so very scarce, that it is sorrowful just to think about it. In this number, so very scarce, there was my confessor, the majority of priests and part of the faithful, but not everyone from Corato. Then He showed me the various offenses He was receiving; I prayed Him to let me share in His sufferings, and Jesus poured His bitternesses from His mouth into mine. After this, He told me: "My daughter, I feel my mouth too embittered. O please! I beg you to sweeten it."

I said to Him: "I would gladly give You anything, but I have nothing. You Yourself, tell me, what can I give You?" And He told me: "Let me suckle milk from your breasts, for in this way you will be able to sweeten Me." And at the very moment He was saying this, He lay down in my arms and began to suckle. While He was doing this, a fear came to me that it might not be baby Jesus, but the devil, therefore I placed my hand on His forehead and I signed Him with the cross: '*Per signum Crucis.*' Jesus looked at me all festive, and while still suckling, He smiled, and with His lively eyes He seemed to tell me: "I am not a demon, I am not a demon."

After He seemed to be satiated, He got up on my lap, and kissed me all over. Now, since I too felt my mouth bitter from the bitternesses He had poured into me, I felt like I wanted to suckle from the breasts of Jesus, but I did not dare to. But Jesus invited me to do it, and so I plucked up courage and I began to suckle. Oh, what sweetness of paradise came from that holy breast! But who can express it? Then I found myself inside myself, all inundated with sweetnesses and contentments.

Now I will explain that, when it happens that Jesus suckles from my breasts, my body does not participate in this at all; rather, it happens when I am outside of myself. It seems that this thing occurs only between the soul and Jesus, and when He wants to do this, He is always a child. It is so true that it is only the soul and not the body, that, when this happens, I am always either in the vault of the heavens, or wandering through other points of the earth. Sometimes, then, I have said that as I returned to myself, I felt a pain at that place from which baby Jesus had suckled, because in suckling, sometimes He would do it a little strongly, so much so, that it seemed that through that suckling He wanted to pull out my heart from within my breast. Therefore I felt a sensible pain, and as I returned to myself, the soul would communicate it to the body.

But then, this happens also in other things, as for example when the Lord transports me outside of myself and lets me share in His crucifixion. Jesus Himself lays me on the cross, and pierces my hands and feet through with the

nails. I feel such pain that I feel I am dying. Then, when I find myself inside myself, I feel it well in my body, so much so, as to be unable to move my fingers or my arm, and so forth with the other sufferings that the Lord shares with me – to say everything, I would be too long.

I also remember that when Jesus would suckle from my breasts, He would place His mouth there, but it is from my heart that I would feel Him draw whatever He suckled; so much so, that while He would do this, at times I have felt my heart being torn from my breast, and sometimes, feeling a most vivid pain, I said to Him: 'My pretty little one, indeed You are too impertinent! Do it more mildly, for it hurts very much.' And He would laugh to Himself.

In the same way, when it is I that suckle from Jesus, it is from His Heart that I draw that milk, or blood; so much so that, for me, suckling from the breast of Jesus is the same as drinking from His side. I will add also another thing: since the Lord every now and then is pleased with pouring a most sweet milk from His mouth, or with letting me drink His most precious Blood from His side, then, when He wants to suckle from me, He suckles nothing else but what He Himself has given me, because I have nothing with which to sweeten Him, but much with which to embitter Him. This is so true that, sometimes, in the very act in which He would suckle from me, I would suckle from Jesus, and I would realize clearly that what He was drawing from me was nothing other than what He Himself was giving me. It seems I have explained myself enough, as much as I could.

**June 9, 1899**

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

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

**June 11, 1899**

*The light in order to comprehend Luisa.*

My sweet Jesus continues to make Himself seen only very few times, and almost always in silence. I felt my mind all confused and full of fear that I might

lose my sole and only good, and about many other things, which it is not necessary to say here. Oh, God, what pain! While I was in this state, He made Himself seen for just a little; He seemed to carry a light, and from that light many other little globes of light were coming out. Jesus told me: "Remove every fear from your heart. See, I have brought you this globe of light to place it between you and Me, and among those who approach you. For those who approach you with an upright heart and to do good to you, these little globes of light that come out, will penetrate into their minds, will descend into their hearts, will fill them with joy and with celestial graces, and they will comprehend with clarity that which I operate in you. Those, then, who will come with other intentions, will experience the opposite, and will be dazzled and confused by these little globes of light." So I remained more tranquil. May everything be for the glory of God.

**June 12, 1899**

*Jesus Himself prepares her for Communion.*

This morning, having to receive Communion, I was praying good Jesus to come to prepare me Himself, before the confessor would come to celebrate Holy Mass. 'Otherwise, how can I receive You, being so bad and not disposed?' While I was doing this, my Jesus was pleased to come, and in the very act of seeing Him, it seemed to me that He did nothing but dart through me with His gazes, most pure, and sparkling with light. Who can say what those penetrating gazes operated in me, letting not even the shadow of a little speck escape? It is impossible to say it; rather, I would have wanted to let all this pass in silence, because the internal operations of grace can hardly be expressed as they are with one's mouth; rather, it seems that one would counterfeit them. But lady obedience does not want it, and when it is for her, one must close one's eyes and surrender without saying anything else, otherwise - woes everywhere! In fact, since she is a lady, by herself she makes herself be respected. Therefore I continue. In the first gaze, I prayed Jesus to purify me, and so it seemed to me that everything that shadowed my soul was shaken off of it. In the second gaze, I prayed Him to illuminate me, because, what good comes to a precious stone from being pure, if it is not sparkling so as to capture to gaze of those who look at it? They will look at it, yes, but with an indifferent eye. Much more was I in need of that light, which would not only render my soul resplendent, but would make me understand the great action I was about to do, since I was not only to be looked at, but identified with my sweet Jesus. Therefore, it was not enough for me to be purged, but also illuminated. So, in that gaze Jesus seemed to penetrate through me, just as the light of the Sun penetrates through crystal. After this, seeing that Jesus continued to look at me, I said to Him: 'Most loving Jesus, since You were pleased first to purge me, and then to illuminate me, be so kind now as to sanctify me; more so, since I have to

receive You, who are the Holy of Holies, and therefore it is not right that I be so different from You.'

So, always benign toward this miserable one, Jesus leaned toward me, took my soul in His arms, and seemed to retouch it all over with His own hands. Who can say what those touches of those creative hands operated in me? How my passions, at those touches, put themselves in their place! My desires, inclinations, affections, heartbeats and my other senses, sanctified by those divine touches, changed into something wholly other, and, united among themselves, no longer clashing as before, formed a sweet harmony for the hearing of my dear Jesus. It seemed to me that they were like many rays of light, which wounded His adorable Heart. Oh, how Jesus amused Himself, and what happy moments those have been for me! Ah, I experienced the peace of the saints! It was a paradise of contentments and of delights for me.

After this, Jesus seemed to clothe my soul with the garment of Faith, of Hope and of Charity, and in the very act of clothing me, Jesus whispered to me the way I was to exercise myself in these three virtues. Now, while I was doing this, unleashing another ray of light, Jesus made me understand my nothingness. Ah! I seemed to be a grain of sand in the midst of a most extensive sea, which is God; and this little grain went to dissolve itself inside that immense sea – it dissolved in God. Then He transported me outside of myself, carrying me in His arms, and kept whispering to me various acts of contrition for my sins. I only remember that I have been an abyss of iniquities. Lord, oh, how many awful ingratitude I have had toward You!

While I was doing this, I looked at Jesus; He had the crown of thorns on His head. I stretched out my hand, and I removed it from Him, saying: 'Give the thorns to me, O Jesus, for I am a sinner. The thorns befit me, not You, who are the Just One, the Holy One.' So, Jesus Himself drove it onto my head.

Then, I don't know how, I saw the confessor from afar. Immediately I prayed to Jesus that He would go to prepare the confessor to be able to receive Him at Communion. And Jesus seemed to go to father. After a little while He came back and told me; "I want the way you deal with Me and with the confessor to be one; and I want the same from him. He must look at you and deal with you as if you were another Me, because, since you are victim as I was, I want no difference at all; and this, so that everything may be purged, and my love alone my shine in everything."

I said to Him: 'Lord, this seems impossible – that I may deal with the confessor as one does with You, especially in seeing the instability.' And Jesus: "Yet, it is so; true virtue, true love, makes everything disappear, destroys everything, and with enchanting mastery makes God alone shine through all of its operations, and it looks at everything in God."

After this, the confessor came to call me to obedience and then celebrate Holy Mass; and so it ended. Then I listened to Holy Mass and I received Communion. Now, who can say the intimacy that passed between Jesus and

me? It is impossible to manifest it; I have no words to make myself understood, therefore I let it pass in silence.

**June 14, 1899**

*Jesus wants to chastise the world.*

This morning, most loving Jesus would not come; in my interior I kept thinking: 'How is it that He is not coming? What is new now? Yesterday He came so often, and today, the hour is getting late, and He has not yet showed Himself at all. What heartbreak! What patience it takes with Jesus! It seemed to me that my whole interior was taking up arms, for it wanted Jesus, and it waged such a war against me as to give me pains of death. My will, superior to everything, tried to put peace by persuading my senses, inclinations, desires, affections and all the rest, to calm down, for Jesus would come. So, after prolonged suffering, Jesus came, carrying a cup in His hand, full of coagulated blood, putrefied and stinking; and He told me: "Do you see this cup of blood? I will pour it over the world."

While He was saying this, Mama came, the Most Holy Virgin, and my confessor together with Her. They prayed to Jesus that He would not pour it over the world, but have me drink it. The confessor said to Him: "Lord, why keep her as victim if You do not want to pour it over her? I absolutely want You to let her suffer and to spare the people."

Mama was crying, and insisted with Jesus, and with the confessor, that he would not give up praying until Jesus would be content with accepting the exchange. Jesus insisted that He wanted to pour it over the whole world, and at first He almost seemed to frown. I saw myself all confused; I was unable to say anything, because the sight of that cup full of blood, so ugly, was so horrifying, as to cause my whole nature to tremble. What would it be to drink it? However, I was resigned – if the Lord would give it to me, I would accept it. Who can say, then, the chastisements contained in that blood, if the Lord would pour it over the world? It seems that from this very day He keeps the hail prepared which will cause great damage, and it seems that it must continue in the following days.

But then, Jesus seemed a little bit more calm, so much so, that He seemed to embrace the confessor because he had prayed to Him in that way, however, without coming to any conclusion on whether He would pour it over the people or not. So it ended, leaving me an indescribable pain because of what may happen.

**June 16, 1899**

*Chastisements are necessary in order to humiliate the creatures.*

He still continues to make Himself seen with the intention to chastise; I prayed Him to pour His bitternesses into me, and to spare the whole world, and if this were not possible, to spare at least those who belong to me, and my town. The

intention of the confessor also seemed to unite to this intention. So, it seemed that, conquered by the prayers, Jesus poured a little bit from His mouth, but not that cup mentioned above. That little bit He poured, He seemed to pour in order to somehow spare my town, though not completely, as well as those who belong to me.

However, this morning, I myself have been a cause of affliction for Jesus. Since after He had poured I saw Him more calm, without thinking I said to Him: "My lovable Jesus, I pray You to free me from the bother I cause to the confessor of having Him come every day. What would it cost You to free me Yourself, releasing me from that state of sufferings Yourself, just as You Yourself put me in it? Indeed it would cost You nothing, and if You want, You can do everything.' But while I was saying this, Jesus's face turned so afflicted, that I felt that affliction penetrate deep into my inmost heart; and without telling me a word, He disappeared. How mortified I remained – the Lord alone knows, thinking, especially, that He might not come any more. However, after a little while He came back, but with greater affliction, with His face all swollen and full of blood from offenses He had just received. All sad, Jesus said: "Look at what they have done to Me – how can you say that you don't want Me to chastise creatures? Chastisements are necessary in order to humiliate them, and not to let them grow bolder."

**June 17, 1899**

*Luisa does not want to take part in the chastisements.*

It continues always in the same way, but this morning especially, I have done nothing but argue with my dear Jesus: He wanted to keep sending the hail, as He did in these past days, and I did not want it. But then, in the middle of this, it seemed that a thunderstorm was getting ready, commanding the demons to destroy several places with the scourge of hail. At that very moment, I saw the confessor calling me from afar, giving me the obedience to go and put the demons to flight, so that they might not do anything. As I went out to go there, Jesus came to meet me, making me draw back. I said to Him: 'Blessed Lord, I can't – it is obedience that called me, and You know that You and I must surrender to this virtue, without being able to oppose it.'

And Jesus: "Well then, I will do it for you." And so He commanded the demons to go to places farther away, and not to touch, for now, the lands belonging to our town. Then He said to me: "Let us go." So we came back – I into my bed, and Jesus beside me. As we arrived, Jesus wanted to rest, saying that He was very tired. I stopped Him, saying to Him: "What is this sleep that You want to have now? And then, a beautiful obedience You had me do! – You want to sleep. Is this the love You have for me, and the way You want to content me in everything? Do You want to sleep? Sleep then, as long as You give me your word that You won't do anything.'

Being sorry for my discontent, He told me: "My daughter, yet, I would like to content you. Let us do it this way: let us go out together again, in the midst of people, and let us see who are those who need to be punished because of their wicked actions – who knows whether, at least under the scourge, they might surrender. And then, those whom you want, those who need less to be punished, and whom you don't want to be punished, I will spare."

And I: 'Lord, I give You thanks for your highest goodness in wanting to content me, but in spite of this I cannot do what You are telling me; I do not feel the strength to put my will in chastising any of your creatures. What would be the torment of my poor heart in hearing that that person or that other has been chastised, and I have put my will in it. May it never be – may it never be, O Lord.' Then, the confessor came to call me into myself, and so it ended.

**June 19, 1899**

*Instability in doing good.*

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

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

I wanted to continue to speak, but Jesus, making me see many devout souls and showing He did not want to hear what I wanted to tell Him, began again to speak: "That which most displeases Me about these souls is their instability in doing good. One little thing, one disappointment, even one defect, is enough; and while that is the time in which it is more necessary for them to cling more to Me, they become irritated, they get disturbed, and they neglect the good which they had started. How many times I have prepared graces to give to them, but in seeing them so unstable, I have been forced to hold them back."

Then, knowing that He did not want to hear anything of what I wanted to tell Him, and seeing that my confessor was not well in the body, I prayed at length for him, and I asked Jesus various questions, which it is not necessary to say here. And Jesus, benignly, answered everything, and so it ended.

**June 20, 1899**

*The love with which Saint Aloysius operated.*

It continues always in the same way. This morning, it seems that Jesus wanted to cheer me a little bit, after I had gone in search for Him for some time. I saw a child from afar, like lightning that falls down from heaven; I ran up to him, and as I arrived, I took him in my arms. A doubt came to me that it might not be Jesus, so I said to him: 'My dear little treasure, tell me, who are you?' And He: "I

am your dear and beloved Jesus." And I to Him: 'My beautiful little baby, I pray You to take my heart and bring it with You to Paradise, for after the heart, the soul too will come.' Jesus seemed to take my heart, and He united it so much with His own that they became one.

Afterwards, Heaven opened; it seemed that a very great feast was being prepared. At that very moment a young man of lovely appearance came down from Heaven, all dazzling with fire and flames. Jesus told me: "Tomorrow is the feast of my dear Aloysius – I must go attend." And I: 'And so You leave Me alone – what shall I do?' And He: "You too will come. Look at how beautiful Aloysius is; but the greatest thing in him, which distinguished him on earth, was the love with which he operated. Everything was love in him - love occupied him interiorly, love surrounded him externally; so, one can say that even his breath was love. This is why it is said of him that he never suffered distraction – because love inundated him everywhere, and with this love he will be inundated eternally, as you see."

And in fact it seemed that the love of Saint Aloysius was so very great, as to be able to burn the whole world to ashes. Then, Jesus added: "I stroll over the highest mountains, and there I form my delight." Since I did not understand the meaning of it, He continued: "The highest mountains are the Saints who have loved Me the most, and in them I form my delight, both when they are on earth, and when they pass into Heaven. So, everything is in love."

After this, I prayed Jesus to bless me and those whom I was seeing at that moment; and He, giving His blessing, disappeared.

### **June 21, 1899**

*Jesus says: "For love of you I will not leave Corato". Jesus jokes with Luisa.*

Since He was not coming, I kept thinking: 'Who knows whether Jesus will not come any more, leaving me in abandonment.' And I would say nothing but, 'Come my beloved, come...'. All of a sudden He came and told me: "I will not leave you, I will never abandon you. You too – come, come to Me." Immediately I ran to place myself in His arms, and while I was like this, Jesus continued:

"Not only will I not leave you, but for love of you I will not leave Corato."

Then, almost without my realizing it, in one instant He disappeared. I remained with a yearning for Him, more than before, and I kept saying: 'What have You done to me? How is it... so quickly have You gone away from me, without even saying good-bye?' While I was pouring out my pain, the image of baby Jesus which I have near me, seemed to become alive, and every now and then He would put out His head from within the glass bell to see what I was doing; and when He would see that I noticed, immediately He would go back inside. I said to Him: 'It shows that You are too impertinent, and that You want to behave like a child. I feel I'm going mad with pain because You are not coming, and You are there playing. Well then, play and joke as You please, for I will have patience.'

**June 22, 1899**

*Luisa does not let Jesus sleep.*

This morning, my sweet Jesus wanted to continue to play His little games with me, and to joke. He would come, He would place His hands on my face in the act of wanting to caress me, but as He was about to do it, He would disappear. Then He would come again, He would stretch out His arms around my neck in the act of wanting to hug me, but as I stretched out my arms to hug Him, He would escape me like a flash, and I could not find Him. Who can say the pains of my heart? While my heart was swimming in this sea of immense grief, to the point of feeling life abandoning me, Queen Mama came, carrying a child in Her arms. We hugged, the three of us together, Mama, the Son, and I - so I could have the time to say to Him: 'My Lord Jesus, it seems to me that You have withdrawn your grace from me.' And He: "Silly - silly little one that you are! How can you say that I have withdrawn my grace when I am within you? What is my grace if not Myself?" I remained more confused than before, seeing that I was unable to speak, and that in those two words I had uttered, I had spoken nothing but nonsense. Afterwards, the Queen Mother disappeared, and Jesus seemed to enclose Himself in my interior, and there He remained.

Today then, during the meditation, He made Himself seen sleeping inside of me. I was looking at Him, delighting in His beautiful face, but without waking Him up, content with at least seeing Him, when, in one instant, the beautiful Queen Mama came again; She took Him from within my heart, moving Him all over hurriedly so as to wake Him up. After He woke up, She placed Him in my arms again, telling me: "My daughter, don't let Him sleep, because if He does, you will see what happens." A thunderstorm was preparing. Half asleep, the Baby stretched out His little hands around my neck, and clasping me, He said to me: "My mama, my mama, let me sleep." And I: 'No no, no no my beautiful one, I am not the one who does not want to let You sleep; it is our Lady Mama that does not want it, and I pray You to content Her. It is certain that nothing can be denied to a mama - and besides, to that Mama!' After I kept Him awake for a little while, He disappeared, and so it ended.

**June 23, 1899**

*Luisa sees the confessor together with Jesus, and prays for him.*

After I listened to Holy Mass and received Communion, my loving Jesus made Himself seen within my heart; then I felt I was going outside of myself, but without Jesus. I saw my confessor, and since he had told me, "Our Lord will come after Communion, and you will pray to Him for me", as I saw my confessor, I said to him: 'Father, you told me that Jesus was going to come, but He has not come.' He said to me: "It is because you don't know how to look for Him - this is why you say that He has not come. Look well, for He is in your interior."

I went about looking within me, and I saw the feet of Jesus, which had come out from within my interior. Immediately I grabbed them with my hand, and I pulled Jesus out. I hugged all of Him, and in seeing Him with the crown of thorns on His head, I removed it from Him and I placed in the hand of the confessor, telling him to drive it onto my head. And so he did; but – no, as hard as he tried, he could not manage to make even one thorn penetrate. I said to him: ‘Do it harder – don’t be afraid that I might suffer very much, because as you see, there is Jesus here that gives me strength.’

But as much as he tried, it all turned out impossible. Therefore he said to me: "I am not strong enough for this – it is into bones that these thorns must penetrate, and I don’t have the strength to do it." So I turned to my sweet Jesus, saying: ‘You see how father does not know how to put it on – do it Yourself a little bit.’ And so Jesus stretched out His hands, and in one instant He made all those thorns penetrate into my head, to my unspeakable pain and contentment. After this, the confessor and I, together, prayed to Jesus that He would pour His bitternesses [into me], so as to spare people the so many scourges which He is pouring over them, as He seemed to do today, since hail was ready to come down not too far from us; and the Lord, to condescend to our prayers, did pour a little bit.

Moreover, since I continued to see the confessor, I began to pray to Jesus for him, saying to Him: ‘My good and dear Jesus, I pray You to give grace to my confessor, to make him all yours, according to your Heart, and to give him corporal health also. You have seen how he cooperated both in relieving your head from the thorns, and in having You pour. If he could not manage to drive the thorns into my head, it wasn’t for the purpose of not relieving You, nor was it his will, but because he did not have enough strength to do it; therefore, because of this also You must answer him. So, tell me, O my sole and only Good, will You make him be well, both in the soul and in the body?’ Jesus would hear me, but would not answer me. I would pray Him with greater solicitude, saying: ‘This morning I will not leave You, nor will I stop praying, if You do not give me your word that You will grant what I ask for him’; but Jesus would not say a word. Then, all of a sudden, we found ourselves surrounded by people; they seemed to be sitting around a table, eating, and there was also my portion. Jesus told me: "My daughter, I am hungry." And I: ‘I give You my portion, aren’t You happy?’ And Jesus: "Yes, but I do not want to be seen." And I: ‘Well then, I will pretend that I take it for myself, and without letting others notice, I will give it to You.’ And so we did.

After a little while, standing up and drawing His lips near to my face, Jesus began to play something like the sound of a trumpet from His mouth. All of those people turned pale and trembled, saying among themselves: "What is this? What is this? Now we die!" I said to Him: ‘Lord, my Jesus, what are You doing? How is this? – up until now You did not want to be seen, and now You start playing. Be quiet, be quiet – don’t make people scared; don’t You see how

they are all frightened?' And Jesus: "This is nothing yet – what will happen when, all of a sudden, I will play even louder? They will be caught by such fear, that many, many will lose their lives." And I: 'My adorable Jesus, what are You saying? You always go there: that You want to do justice; but – no! Mercy! Mercy on your people, I pray.' So, Jesus assumed His sweet and benign look, and I, continuing to see the confessor, began to importune Him again; and Jesus told me: "I will make your confessor like a grafted tree, in which the old tree can no longer be recognized, either in the soul or in the body; and as a pledge of this, I have placed you in his hands as victim, so that he may take advantage of it."

**June 25, 1899**

*Three spiritual joys of Faith.*

This morning, Jesus continued to make Himself seen every now and then, sharing a little bit of His sufferings with me, and sometimes the confessor appeared with Him. Since he had told me to pray for certain needs of his, in seeing him together with Our Lord I began pray Jesus to grant what he wanted. While I was praying, all goodness, Jesus turned to the confessor and said to him: "I want Faith to inundate you everywhere, just like those boats inundated with the waters of the sea. And since I Myself am Faith, you would be inundated with Me, who possesses everything, can do everything and gives freely to those who trust in Me; and without your thinking of what will come, of when it will, and of how you will do it, I Myself will be there to assist you according to your needs."

Then He added: "If you exercise yourself in this Faith, almost swimming in it, as recompense I will infuse three spiritual joys in your heart: first, you will penetrate the things of God with clarity, and in doing holy things you will feel inundated with such gladness, with such joy, as to feel as though soaked with it. This is the unction of my grace. Second, you will feel boredom for earthly things, and you will feel joy in your heart for celestial things. Third, total detachment from everything, and there, where you felt inclination in the past, you will feel bother; this I have been infusing in your heart for some time, and you are already experiencing it. Because of this, your heart will be inundated with the joy which naked souls enjoy, who have their hearts so inundated with my love, that they are not affected at all by the things that surround them externally."

**July 4, 1899**

*Jesus speaks about disturbance.*

This morning, Jesus renewed in me the pains of the crucifixion; our Queen Mama was also present, and Jesus, speaking of Her, said: "My Kingdom was in the Heart of my Mother, and this, because Her Heart was never disturbed even slightly; so much so, that in the immense sea of the Passion, She suffered

immense pains, and Her Heart was pierced through by the sword of sorrow, but She did not receive the slightest breath of disturbance. Therefore, since my Kingdom is a Kingdom of peace, I was able to lay my Kingdom within Her, and to reign freely without any obstacle."

Jesus kept coming other times, and I, seeing myself all full of sins, said to Him: 'My Lord Jesus, I feel I am all covered with wounds and with grave sins. O please! I beg You - have pity on this miserable one!' And Jesus: "Do not fear, for there are no grave sins; and besides, one must have horror for sin, but not become disturbed, because agitation, wherever it comes from, never does good to the soul." Then He added: "My daughter, you are victim, as I am - let all your works shine with the same intentions as Mine, pure and holy, so that, finding my own image in you, I may pour the influence of my graces freely, and I may offer you, adorned in this way, as fragrant victim before Divine Justice."

**July 9, 1899**

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

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

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

After this, Heaven seemed to open and a multitude of Saints came down, all armed with swords. A voice like thunder came out from within that multitude, saying: "We come to defend the Justice of God, and to take revenge on men, who have so much abused His Mercy!" Who can say what was happening on earth at this descent of the Saints? I am only able to say that some were fighting in one place, some in another; some were fleeing, and some were hiding. It seemed that all were in dismay.

**July 14, 1899**

*Jesus cannot leave one who loves Him.*

These days, my adorable Jesus continues to make Himself seen very few times; His visit is like a flash - when one would want to keep on looking, it is already gone; and if sometimes He stays for a little while, it is almost always in silence.

Other times, He says something, but the moment He goes away, He seems to withdraw that word, together with the light that comes to me from His word; so much so, that afterwards, I no longer remember anything of what He said, and my mind remains in the same confusion as before. What a miserable state! My dear Jesus, have pity on this misery – continue to make use of your mercy! So, in order not to be too long, saying what happened to me day by day, I will say now, all at once, a few words He told me in these past days.

I remember that after I had shed most bitter tears, Jesus made Himself seen, and since I lamented to Him that He had left me, Jesus called many Angels and Saints to Himself, and turning to them, He said: "Listen to what she says – that I have left her. Tell her a little – can I leave those who love Me? She has loved Me – how can I leave her?" The Saints were in agreement with the Lord, and I remained more humiliated and confused than before.

Another time, after I said to Him, 'In the end, You will end up leaving me completely', Jesus said to me: "Daughter, I cannot leave you, and as a pledge of this I have placed my sufferings in you." Then, while I was occupied with this thought, 'How is it, Lord, that You have permitted the coming of the confessor? Everything could have passed between me and You', in one instant, I found myself outside of myself, lying on a cross, but there was no one who could nail me to it. I began to pray the Lord to come to crucify me Himself, and Jesus came and told me: "See how necessary it is for the priest to be in the middle of my works - and this is just help to complete the crucifixion. Indeed, without anybody else, you cannot crucify yourself by yourself; it always takes the help of others."

**July 18, 1899**

*How Sacramental Jesus and the soul draw and bind each other.*

It continues almost always in the same way. This time it seemed that in my heart there was Sacramental Jesus, spreading many rays in my interior from the Holy Host. Many threads were coming out of my heart, which intertwined with all those rays of light. It seemed to me that Jesus, with His love, was drawing all of my heart to Himself, and my heart, with those threads, was drawing and binding all of Jesus to remain with me.

**July 22, 1899**

*How the cross renders the soul transparent. How to avoid the precipice.*

This morning my adorable Jesus made Himself seen with a golden cross, all shining, hanging from His neck, and in looking at it, He was immensely pleased. In one instant the confessor was present, and Jesus said to him: "The sufferings of these past days have increased the splendor of the cross; so much so, that in looking at it, I take great delight."

Then He turned to me and told me: "The cross communicates such splendor to the soul as to render her transparent. Just as one can give all the colors he wants

to an object which is transparent, in the same way, with its light the cross provides all features and the most beautiful shapes that can possibly be imagined, not only by others, but by the very soul who experiences them. Furthermore, on a transparent object one can immediately detect dust, little stains, and even a shadow. Such is the cross: since it renders the soul transparent, it immediately reveals to the soul the little defects, and the slightest imperfections, so much so, that there is no hand of master more capable than the cross in keeping the soul prepared, to make of her a residence worthy of the God of Heaven." Who can say what I understood of the cross, and how enviable is the soul who possesses it?

After this, He transported me outside of myself, and I found myself at the top of a most high staircase. There was a precipice under it, and what is more, the steps of this staircase were movable and so narrow that one could barely put the tips of his toes on it. What terrified the most was the precipice, and the fact that one could find no support whatsoever, and if one tried to cling to the steps, they would come out. The sight of other people, almost all of them falling, made one's bones shiver. Yet, there was no way other than going up those stairs. So I tried. But after I did just two or three steps, in seeing the great danger for me of falling into the abyss, I started to call Jesus, to come to my aid. Not knowing how, I found Jesus close to me, and He told me: "My daughter, what you have seen is the path which all men cover on this earth. The movable steps, on which they cannot even lean to find support, are the human supports, the earthly things; if one tries to lean on them, instead of giving him help, they give him a push to fall more quickly into hell. The safest means is to climb, almost flying, without touching the ground, by force of one's arms, with the eyes all fixed on oneself - without looking at others - and also by keeping them all intent on Me, in order to receive help and strength. In this way one can easily avoid the precipice."

**July 28, 1899**

*The cross is the noblest mark in the soul.*

This morning, my adorable Jesus came with an appearance all admirable and mysterious. He was wearing a chain at His neck, hanging over His whole breast. At one end of the chain, one could see something like a bow; at the other end, something like a quiver full of precious stones and gems which formed an ornament of the most beautiful sort on the breast of my sweet Jesus. He also had a lance in His hand. While in this appearance, He told me: "The human life is a game; some play pleasure, some play money, some, their own lives, and many other games they play. I too delight in playing with souls; but what are the jokes I make? They are the crosses which I send. If they receive them with resignation and thank Me for them, I amuse Myself and I play with them, delighting immensely, receiving great honor and glory, and letting them make the greatest gains."

As He was saying this, He began to touch me with the lance; all the precious stones that the bow and the quiver contained came out, and turned into many crosses and arrows which wounded the creatures. Some of them, but extremely few, rejoiced, kissed them, and thanked Him, engaging in a game with Jesus; others then, would take them and throw them in His face. Oh, how afflicted Jesus would be left, and what a loss for those souls! Then Jesus added: "This is the thirst which I cried out on the cross, which, unable to quench entirely at that time, I delight in continuing to quench in the souls of my dear ones who suffer. So, when you suffer, you come to give a refreshment to my thirst." As He came other times, and I prayed Him to free the confessor, who was suffering, He told me: "My daughter, don't you know that the noblest mark I can impress in my dear children is the cross?"

**July 30, 1899**

*Do not judge your neighbor.*

It continues almost always in the same way. This morning, as Jesus transported me outside of myself according to His usual way, we passed through the midst of many people, and the majority of them were intent on judging other people's actions, without looking at their own. My beloved Jesus told me: "The surest means to be upright with one's neighbor is to not look at all at what they are doing, because looking, thinking and judging is all the same. Besides, by looking at his neighbor, one comes to defraud his own soul; therefore it happens that he is not upright either with himself, or with his neighbor, or with God."

After this, I said to Him: 'My only good, it has been a while since You gave me even just a kiss.' And so we kissed each other. Then, almost wanting to correct me, He added: "My daughter, what I recommend to you is to preserve and cherish my words, because my word is eternal and pure as I am Myself, and by preserving it in your heart and profiting from it, you will have your sanctification and will receive an eternal splendor as recompense, which is produced by my word. By doing otherwise, your soul would receive a void, and you would remain my debtor."

**July 31, 1899**

*Intellectual communication between Jesus and the soul. The mouth remains mute.*

Jesus came also this morning, though always in silence. But I was very content, as long as I had my treasure, Jesus, because by having Him, I had all my contentments. In seeing Him, I comprehended many things about His beauty, about His goodness and other things, but since it was all through the intelligence and by means of intellectual communication, my mouth is incapable of expressing anything, so I let it pass in silence.

**August 1, 1899**

***About purity.***

This morning my most gentle Jesus, carrying me outside of myself, made me see the corruption into which mankind has decayed. It is horrifying to think about it! While I was in the midst of these people, almost crying, Jesus was saying: "Oh, man, how you have disfigured, deformed, disennobled yourself! Oh, man, I made you so that you might be my living temple, but you have made of yourself the dwelling of the devil. Look, even the plants, by being covered with leaves, flowers and fruits, teach you honesty and the modesty you must have with your body; but you, having lost any modesty and even the natural reserve you should have, have become worse than the animals, so much so, that I have nothing else to which to compare you. You were my image, but now I no longer recognize you; even more, I am so horrified at your impurities, that the mere sight of you nauseates Me, and you yourself force Me to flee from you."

While Jesus was saying this, I felt tortured with the pain of seeing my beloved Jesus so embittered, so I said to Him: 'Lord, You are right that You find nothing good in man any more, and that he has reached such blindness as to no longer be able even to keep to the laws of nature. So, if You want to look at man, You will do nothing but send chastisements; therefore I pray You to keep your gaze on your mercy, and in this way everything will be remedied.' As I was saying this, Jesus told me: "Daughter, give Me a refreshment for my pains." In the act of saying this, He removed the crown of thorns, which seemed to be sunken into His adorable head, and He drove it into mine. I felt most bitter pains, but I was content that Jesus was being refreshed. After this, He told me: "Daughter, I greatly love pure souls, and just as I am forced to flee from the impure, I am drawn by the pure, as by a magnet, to dwell with them. To pure souls I gladly lend my mouth to let them speak with my own tongue, therefore they have to make no effort to convert souls. With these souls, I delight not only in continuing my passion within them, and so continuing Redemption, but what is more, I greatly delight in glorifying my own virtues in them."

**August 2, 1899**

***Correspondence to Jesus.***

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

Then He added: "See how many graces I was supposed to pour over the creatures, but since I find no correspondence, I am forced to hold them back

within Myself; even more, they make Me change them into chastisement. Be careful, you, o my daughter, to correspond to Me in the so many graces I am pouring into you, because correspondence is the open door to let Me enter into the heart and form my residence in it. Correspondence is like that good welcome, that esteem, which is used with people when they come to visit us, in such a way that, drawn by that respect, by those affable manners used with them, they are forced to come again, and reach the point of not being able to detach themselves. Everything is in corresponding to Me, and according to how souls correspond to Me and treat Me on earth, so will I behave with them in Heaven. Making them find the doors open, I will invite the whole celestial court to welcome them, and I will place them on the most sublime throne; but it will be all the opposite for those who do not correspond to Me."

**August 7, 1899**

*About our nothingness.*

This morning my lovable Jesus would not come. After much waiting and waiting, finally He came; my confusion and annihilation was such that I was unable to tell Him anything. Jesus told me: "The more you annihilate yourself and come to know your nothingness, the more my Humanity, unleashing rays of light, will communicate my virtues to you."

I said to Him: 'Lord, I am so bad and ugly as to be horrifying to myself. What must I be before You?' And Jesus: "If you are ugly, I can make you beautiful." And in the act of saying this, He sent a light from Himself to my soul, and it seemed that He would communicate His beauty to it. Then, embracing me, He began to say: "How beautiful you are – but beautiful of my own beauty; this is why I am drawn to love you." Who can say how confused I remained, more than ever! But, may everything be for His glory.

**August 8, 1899**

*A resigned soul is Jesus's rest.*

He continues to make Himself seen for just a little and almost angry with men. As much as I prayed Him to pour His bitternesses into me, it was impossible, and without paying attention to what I was saying to Him, He told me:

"Resignation absorbs all that can be painful and disgusting to one's nature and renders it sweet. And since my Being is peaceful and tranquil, in such a way that, no matter what may happen in Heaven and on earth, It cannot receive the slightest breath of disturbance, resignation has the virtue of grafting these very virtues of Mine into the soul. A resigned soul is always at rest; and not only herself, but she also allows Me to rest peacefully within her."

**August 10, 1899**

*About justice. The fruits of justice: truth and simplicity. How Jesus is wounded by simplicity.*

This morning, as my sweet Jesus came, He transported me outside of myself, and then He disappeared. As He left me alone, I saw as though two candelabra of fire descending from heaven, which then, dividing into many pieces, formed many lightnings and much hail that came down upon earth, causing very great torment over plants and men. The horror and the vehemence of the thunderstorm was such, that one could not even pray, and people could not manage to withdraw into their homes. Who can say how frightened I was left? So I began to pray in order to placate the Lord, and as He came back, I saw that He was carrying an iron rod in His hand, which had a ball of fire at the top. He told me: "My Justice has been withheld for a long time, and with reason It wants to take revenge on the creatures, who have dared to destroy every justice within them. Ah, yes, I find no justice in man! He has counterfeited himself completely in his words, in his works and steps; everything is deception, everything is fraud, everything is injustice, which have penetrated into his heart, in such a way that, inside and out, he is but a bilge of vices. Poor man, how you have reduced yourself!"

While saying this, He was swinging the rod He had in His hand, in the act of wounding man. I said to Him: 'Lord, what are You doing?' And He: "Do not fear; do you see this ball of fire? It will cause fire, but will only strike the evil – the good will receive no harm." And I added: 'Ah, Lord! Who is good? We are all evil. I beg You not to look at us, but at your infinite mercy; in this way You will be placated for all.'

After this, He added: "The daughter of justice is truth. Just as I am the eternal Truth, and I do not deceive, nor can I deceive, in the same way, the soul who possesses justice makes truth shine in all of her actions. Therefore, since she knows by experience the true light of truth, if someone wants to deceive her, since that light which she feels within herself is missing, she immediately recognizes the deceit. And so it happens that with this light of truth she deceives neither herself, nor her neighbor, nor can she be deceived. The fruit produced by this justice and by this truth is simplicity, which is another quality of my Being – being simple; so much so, that I penetrate everywhere; there is nothing that can prevent Me from penetrating inside of it. I penetrate into Heaven and into the abysses, into good and into evil; but my Being, which is most simple, by penetrating even into evil, does not get dirty; even more, it does not receive the slightest shadow. In the same way, through justice and truth, gathering this beautiful fruit of simplicity within herself, the soul penetrates into Heaven, she enters into hearts to lead them to Me, she penetrates into everything that is good; and if she finds herself with sinners and sees the evil that they do, she does not get dirty because, being simple, she immediately brushes it off, without receiving any harm. Simplicity is so beautiful, that my Heart is wounded at one gaze alone of a simple soul. She is the admiration of angels and men."

**August 12, 1899**

*Jesus transforms her completely in Himself, and teaches her Charity.*

This morning, after He made we wait for some time, my adorable Jesus came, telling me: "My daughter, this morning I want to conform you completely to Myself. I want you to think with my own mind, look with my own eyes, listen with my own ears, speak with my own tongue, operate with my own hands, walk with my own feet, and love with my own Heart."

After this, Jesus united His senses, mentioned above, to mine, and I saw that He was giving me His own shape; not only this, but He gave me the grace to make use of it as He Himself did. Then He continued: "Great graces am I pouring in you - make sure you keep them well." And I: 'I fear very much, O my beloved Jesus, in knowing myself all full of misery, that instead of doing good, I may make bad use of your graces. But what I fear the most is my tongue that oftentimes makes me slip in charity toward my neighbor.' And Jesus: "Do not fear, I Myself will teach you the way you must keep in speaking with your neighbor. First: when you are told something about your neighbor, cast a gaze upon yourself and observe whether you are guilty of that same defect, for in that case wanting to correct is wanting to make Me indignant and to scandalize your neighbor. Second: if you see yourself free of that defect, rise then, and try to speak as I would have; in this way you will speak with my own tongue. By doing so, you will never fail in charity with your neighbor; on the contrary, with your words, you will do good to yourself and to your neighbor - and to Me you will give honor and glory."

**August 13, 1899**

*Jesus assumes the image of Luisa.*

He continued to make Himself seen this morning, for just a little, always threatening to send chastisements; and as I would go about praying Him to placate Himself, He would escape me like a flash. The last time He came, He made Himself seen crucified. I placed myself near Him to kiss His most holy wounds, doing various adorations, but while I was doing this, instead of Jesus Christ I saw my own image. I was surprised, and I said: 'Lord, what am I doing? Am I doing the adorations to myself? This cannot be done.'

At that very instant He changed into the person of Jesus Christ, and He told me: "Do not be surprised that I have assumed your own image. If I suffer in you continuously, what is the wonder that I have assumed your very shape? Besides, is it not to make of you an image of Myself that I make you suffer?" I remained all confused, and Jesus disappeared. May everything be for His glory, and may His holy name be always blessed.

**August 15, 1899**

*Charity orders all virtues. The Virgin Mary assumed into Heaven. The 'Hail Mary' together with Jesus.*

This morning my most sweet Jesus came all festive, carrying a bundle of most graceful flowers in His hands; and placing Himself in my heart, now He would surround His head with those flowers, now He would hold them in His hands, amusing and delighting His whole self. While He was celebrating with these flowers, and it seemed He had made a great gain, He turned to me and told me: "My beloved, this morning I have come to place in order all virtues in your heart. The other virtues may remain separate from one another, but Charity binds and orders everything. Here is what I want to do in you - to order Charity."

I said to Him: 'My sole and only Good, how can you do this since I am so bad and full of defects and imperfections? If Charity is order, aren't these defects and sins disorder that keeps my soul all messy and upside-down?' And Jesus: "I will purify everything, and Charity will put everything in order. Besides, when I let a soul participate in the pains of my Passion, there cannot be grave sins; at most, some venial involuntary defects, but my love, being fire, will consume everything that is imperfect in your soul." So it seemed that Jesus purified me and ordered all of me; then He poured as though a rivulet of honey from His Heart into mine, and with that honey He watered all of my interior, in such a way that everything that was in me remained orderly, united and with the mark of Charity.

After this, I felt I was going out of myself into the vault of the heavens, together with my loving Jesus. It seemed that everything was in feast - Heaven, earth and Purgatory. All were inundated with a new joy and jubilation. Many souls were going out of Purgatory and, like bolts of lightning, reached Heaven in order to be present at the feast of our Queen Mama. I too pushed myself through that immense crowd of people - Angels, Saints and souls from Purgatory which already occupied that new Heaven. It was so immense, that the heavens that we see, compared to that one, seemed a little hole to me; more so, since I had the obedience of the confessor. But as I went about looking, I could see nothing but a most refulgent Sun spreading Its rays, which penetrated through me, in such a way as to make me become like crystal; so much so, that my little spots appeared very clearly, as well as the infinite distance that exists between Creator and creature. More so, since each one of those rays had its imprint: some delineated the sanctity of God, some the purity, some the power, some the wisdom, and all the other virtues and attributes of God. So, in seeing her nothingness, her miseries and her poverty, the soul would feel annihilated, and instead of looking, she would fall down, her face to the ground, before that Eternal Sun which no one can face.

But what is more, in order to see the feast of our Queen Mama, one had to look from within that Sun, so much did the Most Holy Virgin appear to be immersed in God; in fact, in looking from other points, one could see nothing. Now, while I was in this state of annihilation before that Divine Sun, Baby Jesus, being held in the arms of the Queen Mama, told me: "Our Mama is in Heaven; to you I

give the office of acting as my mama on earth. And since my life is continuously subject to scorns, to poverty, to pains, to the abandonment of men, and my Mama, while being on earth, was my faithful companion in all of these pains - not only this, but She tried to relieve Me in everything, as much as Her strengths were capable of - you too, acting as my mother, will keep Me faithful company in all of my pains, suffering in my place as much as you can; and where you cannot reach, you will try to give Me at least a refreshment. Know, however, that I want you all intent on Me. I will be jealous even of your breath, if you do not do it for Me; and when I see that you are not all intent on contenting Me, I will give you no peace and no rest."

After this, I began to act as his mama, but - oh, how much attention was needed to make Him content! To see Him content, one could not even take a glance at any other place. Now He wanted to sleep, now He wanted to drink, now He wanted to be cheered with caresses; and I had to be ready for anything He wanted. Now he would say: 'My Mama, my head is hurting - o please, relieve Me!'; and immediately I would check His head and, finding some thorns, I would remove them, and placing my arms beneath His head I would make Him rest. While I would make Him rest, all of a sudden He would get up and say: "I feel a weight and a suffering at my Heart, to the point that I feel I am dying. Take a look at what is in there." And observing the interior of His Heart, I found all the instruments of the Passion; I removed them one by one, and I placed them in my heart. Then, seeing Him relieved, I began to caress Him and kiss Him, and I said to Him: 'My sole and only treasure, You didn't even let me watch the feast of our Queen Mama, or listen to the first canticles that the Angels and the Saints sang as She entered Paradise.'

And Jesus: "The first canticle that they sang to my Mama was the 'Hail Mary', because in the 'Hail Mary' there are the most beautiful praises, the greatest honors; and the joy which She felt in being made Mother of God is renewed. Therefore, let us recite it together to honor Her, and when you come to Paradise I will let you find it as if you had recited it together with the Angels and the Saints for the first time in Heaven."

So, we recited the first part of the 'Hail Mary' together. Oh, how tender and moving it was to hail our Most Holy Mama together with Her beloved Son! Each word He said carried an immense light, through which one could comprehend many things about the Most Holy Virgin. But who can say them all - especially because of my inability? Therefore I let them pass in silence.

**August 16, 1899**

*She continues to act as a mama for Jesus.*

Jesus continues to want me to act as His mother. He made Himself seen as a most gracious little baby, crying; and to calm His crying, holding Him in my arms, I began to sing. It so happened that when I would be singing, He would stop crying; when I wouldn't, He would start crying again. I would rather have

kept silent on what I was singing – first, because I don't remember everything, since I was outside of myself, and one can hardly remember all the things that happen; and also because I believe it is nonsense. But lady obedience, who is too impertinent, does not want to give up, and it is enough that one does what she wants, for her to be content even with nonsense. I don't know, they say that this lady obedience is blind, but to me it seems, rather, that she is all eyes, because she looks at the tiniest things, and when one does not do as she says, she becomes so impertinent as to give you no peace. And so now, to have peace from this beautiful lady obedience – because, then, she is so good when one does as she says, that whatever ones wants, through her, one obtains – I will say what I remember of my singing:

*"Little Baby, You are little and strong,  
from You I expect every comfort;  
little Baby, gracious and beautiful,  
You enamor even the stars;  
little Baby, steal my heart  
so as to fill it with your love;  
little Baby, tender little one,  
make me a little baby too;  
little Baby, You are a Paradise,  
O please! Let me come  
to delight in your eternal smile."*

**August 17, 1899**

***The power and office of "Lady Obedience".***

This morning, after receiving Communion, I was saying to my lovable Jesus: "How is it that this virtue of obedience is so impertinent, and sometimes so strong as to reach the point of being capricious"

And He: "Do you know why this noble lady obedience is as you say? Because she gives death to all vices and, naturally, one who has to inflict death upon someone else must be strong and courageous; and if he does not succeed with this, he will use impertinences and caprices. If this is necessary in order to kill the body, which is so fragile, much more so in order to give death to vices and to one's own passions; in fact, it is so hard that sometimes, while they seem to be dead, they begin to live again. And so this diligent lady is always in motion, and spying continuously. If she sees that the soul raises the slightest difficulty at what is commanded of her, fearing that some vice may begin to live again in her heart, she wages such a war against her and gives her no peace, until the soul prostrates herself at her feet and does, in mute silence, whatever she wants. This is why she is so impertinent and almost capricious, as you say.

Ah, yes, there is no true peace without obedience; and if it seems that one may enjoy peace, it is a false peace, because it gets along with one's own passions,

but never with virtues. And one ends up in ruin, because by moving away from obedience, one moves away from Me, who was the King of this noble virtue. Moreover, obedience kills one's own will and pours the Divine in torrents; so much so, that one can say that the obedient soul no longer lives of her will, but of the Divine. Can there ever be a life more beautiful, more holy, than to live of the Will of God Himself? With the other virtues, even the most sublime, there can be love of self, but with obedience - never."

**August 18, 1899**

*Truth places the soul in order.*

This morning, as most loving Jesus came, I said to Him: 'My beloved Jesus, I believe that everything I write is all nonsense.' And Jesus: "My word is not only truth, but also light, and when a light enters a dark room - what does it do? It dispels the darkness, and makes one distinguish the objects that are in it, whether they are ugly or beautiful, whether there is order or disorder; and from the way that room is found, one judges the person that occupies it. Now, the human life is the dark room, and when the light of truth enters a soul, it dispels the darkness - that is, it makes her distinguish what is true from what is false, the temporal from the eternal, in such a way that she casts vices away from herself and places the order of virtues within her. In fact, since my light is holy - it is my very Divinity - it cannot communicate anything but sanctity and order, and so the soul feels light of patience, of humility, of charity and the like come out of herself. If my word produces these signs in you, why fear?"

After this, Jesus let me hear how He was praying the Father for me, saying: "Holy Father, I pray to You for this soul - let it be that she fulfill Our Most Holy Will perfectly in everything. Let it be, O adorable Father, that her actions be so conformed to Mine, that one might not be distinguished from the other, so that I may accomplish what I have designed upon her." But who can say the strength I felt being infused in me by this prayer of Jesus? I felt my soul being clothed with such strength, that in order to fulfill the Most Holy Will of God I would not have cared suffering a thousand martyrdoms, if this were what He pleased. May the Lord be always thanked, who uses so much mercy with this poor sinner.

**August 21, 1899**

*Effects of pleasing Jesus alone.*

After having spent two days of sufferings, my benign Jesus showed Himself all affability and sweetness. In my interior I kept saying: 'How good the Lord is with me; yet, I find nothing in me that might please Him.' And Jesus, answering me, told me: "My beloved, just as you find no other pleasure and contentment than being with Me, conversing with Me, and pleasing Me alone, in such a way that all other things that are not Mine are disgusting for you, in the same way, my pleasure and my consolation is to come and be with you, and

speaking with you. You cannot comprehend the power that a soul who has the sole purpose of pleasing Me alone has over my Heart, in drawing me to herself. I feel so bound to her, that I am forced to do what she wants."

While Jesus was saying this, I understood that He was speaking in that way because during the past days, while suffering most bitter pains, I kept saying in my interior: 'My Jesus, everything for love of You. May these pains be as many acts of praise, of honor, of homage that I offer You. May these pains be as many voices that glorify You, and as many proofs that tell you that I love You.'

**August 22, 1899**

*Jesus communicates His virtues to her.*

My dear Jesus continues to come, all lovable and majestic. While in this appearance, He told me: "The purity of my gazes shines in all of your operations, in such a way that, rising again into my eyes, it produces splendor for Me, and cheers Me from the filthy things that creatures do."

I remained all confused at these words, so much so, that I did not dare to tell Him anything; but Jesus, cheering me up, began to say: "Tell Me, what do you want?" And I: 'When I have You, is there anything else I could possibly desire?' But Jesus, more than once, asked me again to tell Him what I wanted. And I, gazing upon Him, saw the beauty of His virtues and said to Him: 'My most sweet Jesus, give me your virtues.'

And He, opening His Heart, made many distinct rays come out of His virtues, which entered into my heart, and I felt all of myself being strengthened in the virtues. Then He added: "What else do you want?" And I, remembering that during the past days, a pain that I was suffering prevented my senses from dissolving in God, said to Him: 'My benign Jesus, let it be that the pain may not prevent me from dissolving myself in You.' And Jesus, touching with His hand the part of me that was in suffering, mitigated the bitterness of the spasm, in such a way that I can recollect and dissolve myself in Him.

**August 27, 1899**

*The effect of Jesus going to a soul.*

This morning, while seeing my sweet Jesus, I felt a fear in me that it might not be Him, but the devil, to deceive me. And Jesus, answering my fear, told me: "When I am the one that goes to the soul, all of her interior powers are annihilated and recognize their nothingness; and I, seeing the soul humiliated, make my love overabound like many streams, in such a way as to inundate her and strengthen her in good. All the opposite happens when it is the devil."

**August 30, 1899**

*Man has lost religion. Threat of chastisements.*

This morning my beloved Jesus transported me outside of myself, and made me see the decadence of religion in men and a preparation for war. I said to

Him: 'O Lord, in what a heart-rending state the world finds itself in these times, in the things of religion. It seems that she who ennobles man and makes him aspire to an eternal purpose is no longer recognized by the world. But that which makes one cry the most, is that religion is ignored by some of the very ones who call themselves religious, who should lay down their lives to defend her and revive her.'

And Jesus, assuming a most afflicted look, told me: "My daughter, this is why man lives like a beast - he has lost religion. But even sadder times will come for man, because of the blindness in which he has immersed himself, so much so that my Heart aches in seeing him. But the blood which I will cause to be shed by every kind of people - secular and religious - will revive this holy religion, and will water the rest of the people, grown wild, that will be left; and by civilizing them once again, it will restore their nobility. Here is the necessity for blood to be shed and for churches themselves to be almost destroyed - so that they may be restored anew and exist with their original prestige and splendor." But who can say the cruel torment they will make for them in the times to come? I let it pass in silence because I don't remember very well, and I don't see it very clearly. If the Lord wants me to talk about it, He will give me more clarity, and then I will take the pen again on this topic. So, for now I stop here.

### **August 31, 1899**

*The confessor gives Luisa the obedience not to speak to Jesus and to reject Him.*

After the confessor gave me the obedience that, when Jesus would come, I was to say, 'I cannot speak, move away', I took it as a joke, and not as a formal obedience. So, when Jesus came, almost neglecting the order received, I dared to say to Him: 'My good Jesus, look at what father wants to do.'

And He said to me: "Daughter, abnegation".

And I: 'But, Lord, this is a serious thing. This is about having to not want You; how can I do this?'

And He, for the second time: "Abnegation".

And I: 'But, Lord, what are You saying? Do You perhaps know that I can be without You?'

And He, for the third time: "My daughter, abnegation". And He disappeared. Who can say how I felt in seeing that Jesus wanted me to dispose myself to the obedience?

### **September 1, 1899**

*Cruel struggle of Luisa in order to obey. It is impossible to separate from Jesus one who is identified with Him. Obedience, most powerful warrior, was everything for Jesus. Its office is to give death in order to give life.*

When the confessor came, he asked me if I had done the obedience; and after I told him how things had gone, he renewed the obedience - that for no reason was I to converse with Jesus, my sole and only comfort, and that I was to drive

Him away if He came. And so, having understood that what was given to me was true obedience, in my interior I said '*Fiat Voluntas Tua*', also in this. But – oh, how much it costs me! What a cruel martyrdom! I feel like I have a nail stuck inside my heart, which pierces it through; and since the heart is used to asking and longing for Jesus continuously – so much so, that just as the breathing and the heartbeat are continuous, so does it seem to me that my desiring and wanting my only Good is continuous – wanting to prevent this would be like wanting to prevent someone else from breathing, or his heart from palpitating. How could anyone live? Yet, one must let obedience prevail. Oh God, what pain, what atrocious torture! How to prevent the heart from asking for its very life? How to stop it? The will applied itself with all its strength in order to hold it, but since great vigilance was needed, continuously, from time to time it would become tired and discouraged, and the heart would make its escape, asking for Jesus. In noticing this, the will would apply itself with greater strength in order to stop it, but – no, it would very often lose. Therefore it seemed to me that I was doing continuous acts of disobedience. Oh, what contrasts, what a bloody war, what mortal agonies my poor heart suffered! I found myself in such constraints and in such sufferings, that I felt my life was leaving me. Yet, had I been able to die, it would have been a comfort for me. But – no; and what is more, I felt pains of death, without being able to die.

So, after shedding most bitter tears for the whole day, at nighttime, as I found myself in my usual state, my always benign Jesus came, and I, forced by obedience, said to Him: 'Lord, do not come, for obedience does not want it!' And He, compassionating me and wanting to strengthen me in the sufferings in which I found myself, with His creative hand marked my person with a large sign of the cross, and then He left me.

But who can describe the purgatory I was in? And what is more, I was not allowed to fling myself toward my highest and only Good! Ah, yes, I was forbidden to ask and long for Jesus! Ah! The blessed souls of Purgatory are permitted to ask - to fling themselves, to pour themselves out, toward the Highest Good; they are only prohibited from taking possession of Him. But I... no, I was deprived also of this comfort. So, all night long I did nothing but cry. When my weak nature could not take any more, adorable Jesus came back, in the act of wanting to speak with me; and I, remembering the obedience which wants to reign over all, immediately said to Him: 'My dear Life, I cannot speak. Please do not come, for obedience does not want it. If You want to make your Will understood, go to them.'

While I was saying this, I saw the confessor; and Jesus, drawing near him, told him: "This is impossible for my souls. I keep them so immersed in Me as to form one single substance; so much so, that it is no longer possible to distinguish one from the other. It is like when two substances are mixed together – one transfuses itself into the other; and afterwards, if anyone wanted

to separate them, it would be useless even just to think about it. In the same way, it is impossible that my souls be separated from Me." Having said this, He left, and I remained in my affliction - greater than before. My heart was beating so very strongly that I felt my chest crack.

After this, I cannot explain how, I found myself outside of myself, and forgetting - I don't know how - about the obedience received, I wandered throughout the vault of the heavens, crying, shouting, and searching for my sweet Jesus. All of a sudden I saw Him coming toward me, throwing Himself into my arms, all burning and languishing. But soon I remembered the command received, and I said to Him: 'Lord, do not want to tempt me this morning. Don't You know that obedience does not want this?'

And He: "The confessor sent Me; this is why I came."

And I: 'It is not true. Are you perhaps some demon who wants to deceive me and make me fail the obedience?'

And Jesus: "I am not a demon".

And I: 'If you are not a demon, let us make the sign of the cross to each other.' So we both signed each other with the cross. Then, I continued, saying to Him: 'If it is true that the confessor sent You, let us go to him, so that he himself may see whether you are Jesus Christ or a demon. Then I will be sure.'

So we went to the confessor, and since Jesus was a child, I placed Him in his arms, telling him: 'Father, look, yourself: is he my sweet Jesus or not?'

Now, while blessed Jesus was with father, I said to Him: 'If you really are Jesus, kiss the hand of the confessor.' In my mind I thought that if he was the Lord, He would accept the humiliation of kissing his hand; while if he was a demon, he wouldn't. And Jesus kissed it, though not to the man, but to his priestly authority - in this way He kissed it. After this, it seemed that the confessor was pleading with Him, to see whether he was a demon; and not finding Him as such, he gave Him back to me. But in spite of this, my poor heart was unable to enjoy the embraces of my beloved Jesus, because obedience kept it as though bound - hampered; more so, since there was not yet a contrary order, so it did not dare to pour itself out, not even to say a word of love ...

Oh, holy obedience! How strong and powerful you are! I see you before me, in these days of martyrdom, like a most powerful warrior, armed from head to foot with swords, darts and arrows; filled with all those instruments which are apt to wound. And when you see that my poor heart, tired and down, wants to be cheered, searching for its refreshment, its life, the center to which it feels drawn as by a magnet - looking at me with a thousand eyes, you wound me from all sides with mortal wounds. O please, have pity on me, and don't be so cruel with me!

But as I am saying this, the voice of my adorable Jesus is making itself heard to my ear, saying: "Obedience was everything for Me, and I want obedience to be everything for you. Obedience made Me be born, obedience made Me die. The wounds I have on my body are all wounds and marks that obedience made to

Me. With reason you said that she is like a most powerful warrior, armed with all kinds of weapons which are apt to wound. In fact, in Me, she left not even a drop of blood; she tore my flesh to pieces; she dislocated my bones, while my poor Heart, exhausted and bleeding, kept looking for a relief from one who would have compassion for Me. Acting with Me as more than a cruel tyrant, only then was obedience content, when she sacrificed Me on the Cross and saw Me breathe my last, as victim for her love. And why this? Because the office of this most powerful warrior is to sacrifice souls; therefore, she does nothing but wage a fierce war against those who do not sacrifice themselves completely for her. So, she does not care whether the soul suffers or enjoys, whether she lives or dies; her eyes are intent on looking at whether she wins, because in other things she meddles not. So, the name of this warrior is "victory", because she concedes all victories to the obedient soul; and when it seems that she dies, then does true life begin. What greater thing did obedience not concede to Me? Through her I conquered death, I defeated hell, I released man from his chains, I opened Heaven; and like a victorious King, I took possession of my Kingdom – not only for Myself, but for all my children who would profit from my Redemption. Ah, yes, it is true that she cost Me my life, but the name 'obedience' resounds sweetly to my hearing, and this is why I have so much love for obedient souls".

I continue from where I left.

After a little while, the confessor came, and when I said to him what is said above, he renewed the obedience – that I should continue in the same way. And I said to him: 'Father, at least allow me to give my heart the freedom to ask Jesus, when He comes, to let me do the obedience to say: "Do not come, we cannot converse." And he: "Do the best you can to stop Him; and when you cannot, then give Him freedom."

## **September 2, 1899**

*Still the same obedience, but I little milder.*

So, with this obedience, a little milder, it seemed that my heart, from dead, began to live again a little bit. But in spite of this, it did not cease to be tortured in a thousand guises; in fact, when obedience would see that the heart would stop a little longer in search for its Maker, almost wanting to rest in Him because its strengths were exhausted, she would swoop down on me and wound me all over with her claws. And then, having to repeat that refrain when blessed Jesus would make Himself seen: 'Do not come, I cannot converse, for obedience does not want it' – was this not the most atrocious and cruel martyrdom for me?

Then, as I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus came and I manifested to Him the command received; and He went away. Only once, while I was saying to Him, 'do not come, for obedience does not want it', He told me: "My daughter, keep the light of my Passion ever before your mind, for in seeing my most bitter

pains, yours will seem little to you, and in considering the cause for which I suffered so many immense pains, which was sin, your littlest defects will seem grave to you. On the other hand, if you do not reflect yourself in Me, the littlest pains will seem heavy to you, and you will hold grave defects as nothing." And He disappeared.

After a little while, the confessor came, and when I asked him whether I was still to continue that obedience, he said to me: "No, you can tell Him whatever you want, and keep Him as much as you want."

It seems that I have been set free now, and that I don't have to deal so much with this warrior so powerful; otherwise, this time he would have become so strong as to give me death. However, he would have let me make a great gain, because I would have united myself to the Highest Good - forever, not at intervals; and I would have thanked him. Not only this, but I would have sung to him the canticle of obedience - that is, the canticle of victories; and then I would have laughed at all his strength...

But as I am saying this, a radiant and beautiful eye has appeared before me, with a voice saying: "And I would have united myself with you, and would have delighted in laughing, because that would have been my victory."

And I: 'O dear obedience... and after laughing together, I would have left you at the door of Paradise to say to you, "*good-bye*" - no longer "*see you again*", to have nothing to do with you any more; and I would have been very careful not to let you in.'

### **September 5, 1899**

#### ***How Jesus operates perfection little by little.***

This morning I found myself in such disheartenment and I saw myself so bad, that I myself rendered myself unbearable. When Jesus came, I told Him of my pains and the miserable state in which I was, and He said to me: "My daughter, do not want to lose heart. It is my usual way to operate perfection little by little, and not everything in one instant, so that, in seeing that she is always lacking something, the soul may push herself and make all efforts in order to reach what she lacks, to please Me more and to sanctify herself more. And I, drawn by those acts, feel forced to give her new graces and celestial favors, and in this way a commerce, fully divine, forms between the soul and God. Otherwise, if the soul possessed within herself the fullness of perfection and therefore of all virtues, she would not find the way to strive, and to please Me more, and so the tinder with which to start the fire between creature and Creator would be missing."

May the Lord be always blessed!

### **September 9, 1899**

#### ***Faith, Hope and Charity. The soul, royal palace of God.***

Jesus continues to come, but with a look all new. It seemed that the trunk of a tree was coming out of His blessed Heart, which contained three distinct roots. This trunk was leaning out of His Heart into mine, and coming out of my heart, it formed many beautiful branches, loaded with flowers, with fruits, with pearls and precious stones, shining like most refulgent stars. Now, seeing Himself in the shade of this tree, my loving Jesus amused Himself completely; more so, since many pearls were falling from the tree, which formed a beautiful ornament for His Most Holy Humanity. While He was in this position, He told me: "Dearest daughter of mine, the three roots you see, which this tree contains, are Faith, Hope and Charity. The fact that you see this trunk coming out of Me and entering into your heart means that there is no good that souls possess which does not come from Me. Then, after Faith, Hope and Charity, the first development of this trunk is to make known that everything good comes from God, that creatures have nothing of their own but their nothingness, and that this nothingness does nothing but give Me the freedom to enter into them and do what I want. However, there are other 'nothings' - that is, other souls - who make opposition with their own human will; so, because this knowledge is lacking, the trunk produces neither branches, nor fruits, nor anything else that is good. The branches which this tree contains, with all the apparatus of flowers, fruits, pearls and precious stones, are all the different virtues that a soul can possess. Now, who has given life to such a beautiful tree? Certainly the roots. This means that Faith, Hope and Charity embrace everything and contain all virtues, so much so, that they are placed there as the basis and the foundation of the tree, and without them no other virtue can be produced." I also understood that the flowers signify the virtues, the fruits, sufferings, the precious stones and pearls, suffering only out of pure love for God. This is why those pearls which were falling formed that beautiful ornament for Our Lord. Now, while sitting in the shade of this tree, Jesus looked at me with tenderness, all paternal, and taken by a surge of love, such that it seemed He could not contain it within Himself, He embraced me tightly and began to say: "How beautiful you are! You are my simple dove, my beloved dwelling, my living temple, in which I am pleased to delight united with the Father and the Holy Spirit. Your continuous languishing for Me relieves Me and refreshes Me from the continuous offenses that creatures give Me. Know that the love I have for you is so great that I am forced to hide it in part, so that you may not go mad, but may live. In fact, if I showed it to you, you would not only go mad, but would not be able to continue to live; your weak nature would be consumed by the flames of my love." While He was saying this, I felt all confused and annihilated, and I felt myself sinking into the abyss of my nothingness, because I saw myself all imperfect; especially, I noted my ingratitude and coldness at the so many graces that the Lord gives me. But I hope that everything will be for His glory and honor, hoping with firm confidence that in an effort of His love He may want to conquer my hardness.

**September 16, 1899**

*Effects and value of suffering only for God.*

This morning my adorable Jesus came, and since I feared it might be the devil, I said to Him: 'Allow me to sign your forehead with the cross'; and in the very act of saying this I signed him, and so I remained more reassured and tranquil. Now, blessed Jesus seemed tired, and wanted to rest in me, and since I too felt tired from the sufferings of the past days, especially because of His very few visits, I felt the necessity to rest in Him. So, after arguing for a little while together, He told me: "The life of the heart is love. I am like an infirm person who is burning with fever, and keeps looking for refreshment, for a relief, from the fire that devours him. My fever is love; but from where do I extract the refreshments and the reliefs which are most suitable for the fire that consumes Me? From the pains and toils suffered by souls beloved to Me, only for love of Me. Many times I wait and wait for that moment in which the soul turns to Me to tell Me: 'Lord, only for love of You do I want to suffer this pain.' Ah, yes, these are the reliefs and refreshments most suitable for Me, which cheer Me and dampen the fire that consumes Me."

After this, He threw Himself into my arms, languishing, in order to rest. While Jesus was resting, I understood many things about the words He had spoken, especially about suffering for love of Him. Oh, coin of inestimable value! If all of us knew it, we would compete with one another to suffer more. But I believe we are all shortsighted in knowing this coin so precious, and this is why one does not reach the knowledge of it.

**September 19, 1899**

*The fruits of Faith, of Hope and of Charity.*

This morning I was a little disturbed, especially because of the fear that it is not Jesus that comes, but the devil, and that my state may not be Will of God. While I was in this agitation, my adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, I do not want you to waste time thinking about this. You distract yourself from Me, and you cause the food with which to nourish Me to be lacking. What I want is that you think only of loving Me and of remaining all abandoned in Me, because in this way you will offer Me a food very pleasing to Me - and not just every now and then, as you would if you continued like this, but continuously. Would this not be a greatest contentment for you - that your will, by being abandoned in Me and by loving Me, be food for Me, your God?"

After this, He showed me His Heart, which contained three distinct globes of light, which then formed a single one. And Jesus, resuming His speech, told me: "The globes of light which you see in my Heart are the Faith, the Hope and the Charity which I brought upon earth to make suffering man happy by offering them to him as gift. Now, to you also I want to give a more special gift." And while He was saying this, many threads of light came out of those globes of

light, which inundated my soul like a sort of net, and I remained inside of it. And Jesus: "Here is how I want you to occupy your soul. First, fly upon the wings of Faith, and in that light, by plunging yourself into it, you will know and acquire ever more news about Me, your God; but by knowing Me more, your nothingness will feel almost dissolved, and you will have no place to lean on. You, however, rise more, and dive into the immense sea of Hope, which is made of all my merits that I acquired in the course of my mortal life, and of all the pains of my Passion, which I also gave to man as gift. Only through these can you hope for the immense goods of Faith, because there is no other way to obtain them. So, as you avail yourself of these merits of mine as if they were your own, your 'nothing' will no longer feel dissolved and sinking into the abyss of nothingness, but acquiring new life, it will be embellished and enriched, in such a way as to draw the very divine gazes upon itself. Then the soul will no longer be timid, but Hope will administer to her courage and strength, in such a way as to render her stable like a pillar exposed to all the intemperances of the air, which are the various tribulations of life, and which do not move her a tiny bit. And Hope will cause the soul not only to immerse herself without fear into the immense riches of Faith, but to make herself the owner of them; and through Hope she will reach such a point as to make God Himself her own. Ah, yes! Hope makes the soul reach wherever she wants; Hope is the door of Heaven - only by means of It can it be opened, because one who hopes for everything, obtains everything. Then, after the soul has reached the point of making God Himself her own, immediately, without any obstacle, she will find herself in the immense ocean of Charity, and carrying Faith and Hope with her, she will immerse herself in it and will form one single thing with Me, her God."

Most loving Jesus continued: "If Faith is the king, Charity is queen, and Hope is like the peacemaking mother who pacifies everything. In fact, with Faith and Charity there may be disturbance, but Hope, being bond of peace, converts everything into peace. Hope is support, Hope is refreshment; and when the soul, rising by means of Faith, sees the beauty, the sanctity and the love with which she is loved by God, and feels drawn to love Him, but in seeing her insufficiency, how little she does for God, and how she should love Him but does not, she feels discomforted, disturbed and almost does not dare to draw near God - immediately this peacemaking mother comes out, and placing herself between Faith and Charity, she begins to perform her office of peacemaker. She makes the soul peaceful again, she pushes her, raises her, gives her new strengths; and carrying her before king Faith and queen Charity, she excuses the soul, she places a new effusion of her merits before the soul, and she prays them to receive her. And Faith and Charity, with their gazes fixed only on this peacemaking mother, so tender and compassionate, receive the soul, and God forms the delight of the soul, and the soul the delight of God."

Oh, holy Hope, how admirable you are! I imagine seeing the soul who is possessed by this beautiful Hope, like a noble wayfarer, who walks in order to go and take possession of a land that will make his whole fortune. But since he is unknown and he journeys through lands which are not his, some deride him, some insult him, some strip him of his clothes, and some reach the point of beating him and even of threatening to kill him. And the noble wayfarer – what does he do in all these trials? Will he be disturbed? Ah, no – never! On the contrary, he will deride those who do all this to him, and knowing with certainty that the more he suffers, the more he will be honored and glorified when he comes to take possession of his land, he himself teases the people into tormenting him more. But he is always tranquil, he enjoys the most perfect peace; and what is more, while in the midst of these insults, he remains so calm, that while the others are all alert around him, he keeps sleeping in the bosom of his longed-for God. Who administers so much peace and so much firmness to this wayfarer in continuing the journey he has undertaken? Certainly Hope in the eternal goods that will be his; and since they are his, he will surpass everything in order to take possession of them. Now, by thinking that they are his own, he comes to love them – and here is how Hope gives rise to Charity. Who can say, then, what the light of blessed Jesus makes me see? I would rather have let it pass in silence, but I see that lady obedience, laying down her friendly guises of friendship, assumes the aspect of a warrior and is arming his weapons to wage war against me and to wound me. O please! Do not arm yourself so quickly – lay down your claws, be quiet, for I will do as you say, as much as I can, and so we will always remain friends.

Now, when the soul carries herself into the most extensive sea of Charity, she experiences ineffable delights, and enjoys joys which are unspeakable to mortal soul. Everything is love; her sighs, her heartbeats, her thoughts, are as many sonorous voices that she makes resound around her most loving God. These voices are all of love, calling Him to themselves, in such a way that blessed God, drawn and wounded by these loving voices, requites them, and it happens that His sighs, His heartbeats, and all of the Divine Being continuously call the soul to God.

Who can say, then, how wounded the soul is by these voices; how she begins to rave as though taken by a most ardent fever; how she runs, almost made insane, and goes to plunge herself into the loving Heart of her Beloved to find refreshment, and how she suckles, in torrents, the divine delights? She becomes inebriated with love, and in her inebriation, she makes canticles, all of love, for her most sweet Spouse. But who can say everything that passes between the soul and God? Who can speak about this Charity, which is God Himself?

At this moment, I see an immense light, and my mind remains stupefied; it applies itself now at one point, now at another, and I try to write it on paper, but I feel I stammer in expressing it. So, not knowing what to do, for now I keep silent, and I believe that lady obedience will forgive me this time, because if she

wants to get huffy with me, this time she is not so right. The wrong is all hers, for not giving me a more fluent tongue to be able to express it. Have you understood, most reverend obedience? We remain at peace, don't we?

**September 21, 1899**

*Differences with lady obedience. The purpose of Luisa's state.*

Yet, who would have said it? In spite of the fact that the wrong is hers, and that she does not give me the capacity to manifest it, Miss obedience took offense and began to act like a cruel tyrant – and she reached such cruelty as to take the sight of my loving Good away from me, my sole and only comfort. It really shows that sometimes she also behaves like a little girl: when she has a whim for something, if she does not get it with good manners, she deafens the house with screams and with crying, to the point that one is forced to content her. There are no reasons, there is no way in the middle to persuade her. So lady obedience does. Brava! - I would not have thought you were like this. Since she wants to get her own way, she wants me, even stammering, to write about Charity. Oh, holy God! You Yourself, make her a little bit more reasonable, because it really shows that one cannot go on in this way. And you, O obedience, give me back my sweet Jesus - don't cut me to the quick any more. I pray you not to take the sight of my highest Good away from me any more, and I promise you that, even stammering, I will write as you want. I only ask of you the good grace to let me recover for a few days, because my mind, too little, can no longer take being immersed in that vast ocean of divine Charity, especially because in it I can see my miseries and my ugliness more, and in seeing the love that God has for me, I feel I am almost going mad; and so my weak nature feels faint and can take no more. But in the meantime I will occupy myself with writing about other things, to then continue with Charity.

I resume my poor speaking. While my mind was occupied with the things already said, I was thinking to myself: 'What would be the purpose of writing this, if I myself did not practice what I write? This writing would certainly be my condemnation.' While I was thinking of this, blessed Jesus came and told me: "This writing will serve to make known who the One is that speaks to you and occupies your person. And then, if it does not serve you, my light will serve others, who will read what I make you write."

Who can say how mortified I was left in thinking that others will take advantage of the graces He gives me, if they read these writings, and I who receive them, do not? Will they not condemn me? And then, at the mere thought that they may end up in the hands of others, my heart aches with pain and with blushing for myself. Now, remaining in greatest affliction, I kept saying: 'What is the purpose of my state, if it will serve as condemnation?' And my most loving Jesus, coming back, told me: "My life was necessary for the salvation of the peoples; and since I could not continue it on earth, I choose

whom I please in order to continue it within them, so as to continue the salvation of the peoples. This is the purpose of your state."

**September 22, 1899**

*Repugnance in writing.*

I felt a nail stuck in my heart because of the words spoken yesterday by sweet Jesus, and He, always benign with this miserable sinner, to relieve my pains, came and, all compassion for me, told me: "My daughter, do not want to afflict yourself any longer. Know that everything I make you write, either about virtues or in the form of similes, is nothing but making you portray yourself, and the perfection which I made your soul reach."

Oh, God! What a great repugnance I feel in writings these words – because what He says does not seem true to me. I feel I still don't understand what virtue and perfection is, but obedience wants it so, and it is better to croak than having to deal with her; more so, since she has two faces: if one does as she says, she assumes the appearance of a lady, and caresses you like a most faithful friend – even more, she promises you all the goods that are in Heaven and on earth; but then, as soon as she detects a shadow of difficulty against her, immediately, without letting herself be noticed, one goes about looking at her and finds her a warrior in the act of arming his weapons to wound you and destroy you. Oh, my Jesus, what kind of a virtue is this obedience, that makes one tremble at the mere thought of her?

Then, while Jesus was saying those words to me, I told Him: 'My good Jesus, what good is it for my soul to have so many graces, if then they embitter my whole life, especially because of the hours of your privation? In fact, understanding Who You are, and of Whom I am being deprived, is a continuous martyrdom for me. So, they serve me for nothing but to make me live continuously embittered.'

And He added: "When a person has tasted the sweetness of a food and then is forced to take the bitter, in order to remove that bitterness he doubles his desire to taste the sweet, and this does much good to that person, because if he always tasted the sweet, without ever tasting bitterness, he would not take the sweet into great consideration. But if he always tasted bitterness, without knowing the sweet, by not knowing it, he would not even desire it; therefore, both one and the other do good. So it is good for you also." And I: 'My Jesus, most patient in bearing a soul so miserable and ungrateful – forgive me. It seems to me that this time I want to investigate too much.' And Jesus: "Do not be disturbed; it is I Myself who raises these difficulties in your interior, to have the occasion to converse with you, and also to instruct you in everything."

**September 25, 1899**

*Luisa, defender of Jesus and of creatures.*

In my mind I was thinking: 'If these writings ended up in someone's hands, this person may say: "She must be a good Christian if the Lord gives her so many graces", not knowing that in spite of all this I am still so bad. Here is how people can deceive themselves, both in good and in evil. Ah, Lord! You alone know the truth, and the depth of the hearts.' While I was thinking of this, blessed Jesus came and told me: "My beloved, and what if people knew that you are my defender and theirs!"

And I: 'My Jesus, what are You saying?' And He: "What? Is it not true that you defend Me from the pains that they give Me by placing yourself between Me and them, and that you take upon yourself the blow that I am about to receive, as well as that which I should pour down upon them? And if sometimes you do not receive it upon yourself, it is because I do not allow it; and this, to your great sorrow, to the point of lamenting to Me. Can you perhaps deny it?" 'No Lord, I cannot deny it, but I see that it is something that You Yourself have infused in me – this is why I say that it is not because I am good, and I feel all confused in hearing You speak these words to me'

**September 26, 1899**

*Oppositions to writing. How the Most Holy Virgin is a portent of grace. Abstractive sight and intuitive sight.*

This morning, as my adorable Jesus came, He carried me outside of myself, but to my greatest sorrow I saw Him from behind, and as much as I prayed Him to let me see His most holy face, it was impossible. In my interior I kept saying: 'Who knows whether it is because of my oppositions against the obedience to write that He does not deign to show His adorable face.' And while saying this, I cried. After He let me cry, He turned around and told me: "I take your oppositions into no account, because your will is so identified with Mine, that you cannot want but what I Myself want. So, though it is repugnant for you, at the same time you feel drawn to do it as by a magnet; therefore, your repugnances serve for nothing else but to render the virtue of obedience more embellished and bright. This is why I ignore them."

Afterwards, I looked at His most beautiful face, and in my interior I felt an indescribable contentment; and turning to Him, I said: 'My most sweet Love, if I take so much delight in looking at You, what must it have been for our Queen Mama, when You enclosed Yourself in Her most pure womb? What contentments, how many graces did You not give Her?' And He: "My daughter, the delights and the graces that I poured into Her were such and so many, that it is enough to tell you that what I am by nature, our Mother became by grace; more so, since She had no sin, and therefore my grace was able to lord freely within Her. There is nothing of my Being which I did not give to Her."

At that instant, I seemed to see our Queen Mother as if She were another God, with this difference alone: that in God this is His own nature, while in Mary Most Holy it is acquired grace. Who can say how stupefied I was left; how my

mind was lost in seeing a portent of grace so prodigious? So, turning to Him, I said: 'My dear Good, our Mother had so much good because You let Yourself be seen intuitively. I would like to know: how do You show Yourself to me – by abstractive or by intuitive sight? Who knows whether it is even abstractive at all.' And He: "I want to make you understand the difference that passes between one and the other. In the abstractive, the soul contemplates God, while in the intuitive she enters into Him and obtains graces – that is, she receives within her the participation in the Divine Being. How many times have you not participated in my Being? That suffering, which seems almost natural in you; that purity by which you reach the point of feeling as if you did not have a body, and many other things – have I not communicated this to you when I have drawn you to Myself intuitively?"

Ah, Lord, it is so true! And I – what thanks have I rendered You for all this? What has been my correspondence? I feel blushing at the mere thought of it. But, O please! Forgive me, and let it be known, in Heaven and on earth, that I am an object of your infinite mercies.

**September 30, 1899**

*How patience in suffering temptations is like a nourishing food.*

Earlier I spent more than one hour of hell. In passing, I went about looking at the image of baby Jesus and a thought, like lightning, said to the baby: 'How ugly you are!' I tried not to pay attention to it, nor to become disturbed, in order to avoid some game with the devil. Yet, in spite of this, that diabolical lightning penetrated into my heart, and I felt that my poor heart was hating Jesus. Ah, yes, I felt I was in hell, keeping company with the damned – I felt love changed into hate! Oh, God! What pain, being unable to love You!

I said: 'Lord, it is true that I am not worthy to love You, but at least, accept this pain - that I would want to love You, but cannot.'

So, after spending more than one hour in hell, it seemed I got out of it, thank God. But who can say how afflicted and weakened my poor heart was left, because of the war fought between hate and love? I felt such prostration of strengths that it seemed to me that I had no more life. Then I was caught by my usual state, but – oh, how worn-out! My heart and all of my interior powers which, with unspeakable yearning, desire and go in search for their highest and only Good, and when they find Him, only then do they stop and enjoy Him to their greatest contentment, this time did not dare to move. They were so annihilated, confused and sunk in their nothingness, that they would not let themselves be heard. Oh, God, what a cruel blow my heart had to suffer!

In spite of all this, my always benign Jesus came, and His consoling sight made me forget immediately that I had been in hell, so much so, that I did not even ask Jesus forgiveness. The interior powers, humiliated and tired as they were, seemed to rest in Him. Everything was silence; on both sides there was nothing but a few loving glances that wounded each other's heart.

After remaining in this profound silence for some time, Jesus told me: "My daughter, I am hungry, give Me something." And I: 'I have nothing to give You.' But at that very instant I saw a loaf of bread and I gave it to Him, and He seemed to eat it with all pleasure. Now, in my interior I kept saying: 'It's been a few days since He told me something.' And Jesus answered my thought: "Sometimes the groom is pleased to deal with his bride, and to entrust his most intimate secrets to her; other times, then, he delights with greater pleasure in resting, as they contemplate each other's beauty. Speaking impedes resting, and the mere thinking of what one has to say and of what one has to deal with, diverts one's attention from looking at the beauty of the groom or of the bride. However, this is needed; in fact, after they have rested and comprehended each other's beauty more, they love each other more, and with greater strength they enter the field again to work, to negotiate and to defend their interests. This is what I am doing with you. Aren't you happy?"

After this, a thought flashed through my mind about the hour spent in hell, and immediately I said: 'Lord, forgive me - how many offenses I have given You.' And He: "Do not want to afflict nor disturb yourself; it is I who leads the soul deep into the abyss, to then be able to lead her more quickly to Heaven." Then He made me understand that that loaf of bread that I found was nothing but the patience with which I had borne that hour of bloody battle. Therefore, patience, humiliation, and offering God what one suffers in time of temptation is nourishing bread that one gives Our Lord, which He accepts with great pleasure.

**October 1, 1899**

*Jesus speaks with bitterness about the abuses of the Sacraments.*

This morning lovable Jesus continued to make Himself seen in silence, but with a most afflicted appearance; He had a thick crown of thorns driven onto His head. I felt my interior powers silent and I did not dare to say a single word; but in seeing that He suffered very much in His head, I stretched out my hands and, very carefully, removed the crown of thorns. But, what a bitter spasm He suffered! How His wounds opened more and His blood poured out in torrents! In truth, it was something that tortured the soul. After I removed it, I placed it on my head, and He Himself helped so that it might penetrate inside; however, everything was silence on both parts.

But, what was my surprise when, after a little while, I went about looking at Him again, and I saw that with their offenses creatures were putting another crown on the head of Jesus! Oh, human perfidy! Oh, incomparable patience of Jesus, how great you are! And Jesus kept silent, and almost did not look at them so as not to know who His offenders were. Again I removed it, and as all my interior powers woke up with tender compassion, I said to Him: 'My dear Good, my sweet Life, tell me a little bit - why do You no longer tell me anything? You have never been used to hiding your secrets from me. O please!

Let us speak together a little, for in this way we will pour out a little bit the sorrow and the love that oppress us.'

And He: "My daughter, you are the relief for my pains. However, know that I do not tell you anything because you always force Me not to chastise the people. You want to oppose my Justice, and if I do not do as you want, you remain disappointed, and I feel more pain for not keeping you content.

Therefore, in order to avoid displeasures on both our parts, I keep silent." And I: 'My good Jesus, have You perhaps forgotten that You Yourself suffer after You have made use of your Justice? It is seeing You suffer in the creatures themselves that makes me more than ever alert in forcing You not to chastise the people. And then, seeing the creatures themselves turning against You like many poisonous vipers, such that they would almost take your life if it were in their power, because they see themselves under your scourges, and they irritate your Justice even more... I don't have the heart to say *Fiat Voluntas Tua*.'

And He: "My Justice can take no more. I feel wounded by everyone - by priests, by devout people, by the secular, especially because of the abuse of the Sacraments. Some do not care about them at all, adding despises; others, who attend them, turn them into a conversation for their own pleasure; and others, not satisfied in their whims, because of this reach the point of offending Me. Oh, how tortured my Heart is in seeing the Sacraments reduced to painted pictures, or like those statues of stone which seem to be alive and operating from afar, but as one draws near them, one begins to discover the deceit. Then, one goes about touching them, and what does he find? Paper, stone, wood - inanimate objects; and here is how they are disillusioned completely. This is how the Sacraments have been reduced for the most part - there is nothing but mere appearance. What to say, then, about those who remain more filthy than clean? And then, the spirit of interest that reigns among the religious - it is something to be wept over! Don't you think that they are all eyes where there is a most wretched penny, to the point of degrading their dignity? But where there is no interest they have no hands nor feet to move a tiny bit. This spirit of interest fills their interior so much that it overflows outside, to the point that the secular themselves feel the stench of it, are scandalized by it, and this causes them to give no credence to their words. Ah, yes, no one spares Me! There are some who offend Me directly, and some who, though they could prevent so much evil, do not bother doing it; so, I do not know to whom to turn. But I will chastise them in such a way as to render them incapable, and some I will destroy completely. They will reach such a point that churches will remain deserted, with no one to administer the Sacraments."

Interrupting Him, all frightened I said: 'Lord, what are You saying?! If there are some who abuse the Sacraments, there are also many good daughters who receive them with the due dispositions, and who would suffer very much if they could not attend them.' And He: "Too scarce is their number; and then, their pain for not being able to receive them will work as reparation for Me, and

to make them victims for those who abuse them." Who can say how tormented I was left by these words of blessed Jesus? But I hope that He will placate Himself out of His infinite Mercy.

**October 3, 1899**

*Luisa deals with lady obedience. Priests must be apart from any earthly or family interest.*

This morning Jesus continued to make Himself seen afflicted. I did not have the courage to say even one word to my most patient Jesus for fear that He might resume His plaintive speech about the state of the religious. This, because obedience wants me to write everything, and also that which regards charity towards one's neighbor, and this is so painful for me, that I had to fight by the force of my arms with lady obedience; more so, since she changed her appearance into that of a most powerful warrior, armed with his weapons to give me death. In truth, I found myself in such constraints, that I myself did not know what to do. To write about charity towards one's neighbor according to the light that Jesus made me see, seemed impossible to me. I felt my heart being wounded by a thousand prickings; I felt my mouth being struck dumb, and my courage failing me; and I said to her: 'Dear obedience, you know how much I love you, and that for love of you I would gladly give my life, but I see that I cannot do this, and you yourself can see the torture of my soul. O please! Do not make yourself an enemy, don't be so ruthless with me, be more indulgent with one who loves you so much. O please! You yourself, come to me, and let us discuss together about what is most appropriate for us to say.'

So, it seemed that she laid down her fury, and she herself dictated what was most necessary, enclosing in a few words the whole sense of the different things that regarded Charity. At times, however, she wanted to be more detailed and I would say to her: 'It is enough that they understand the meaning with a little bit of reflection. Isn't it better to enclose all the meaning in one word, instead of many words?' At times obedience would surrender, others, I would; and so it seems that we got along...

How much patience it takes with this blessed lady obedience – truly a lady, for it is enough to give her the right to lord, that changing her appearance into that of a most meek lamb, she herself makes the sacrifice of toiling, and allows the soul to rest with her Lord, placing herself around her with vigilant eye so that no one may dare to molest her and to interrupt her sleep. And while the soul sleeps, what does this noble lady do? She drips sweat from her forehead, hastening the toil that belonged to the soul – something that truly causes every human mind, the most intelligent, to be stupefied, and shakes every heart to love her.

Now, while I am saying this, in my interior I keep saying: 'But, what is this obedience? What is it made of? What is the nourishment that sustains it?' And Jesus makes His harmonious voice heard to my hearing, which says: "Do you

want to know what obedience is? Obedience is the quintessence of love; obedience is the finest, the purest, the most perfect love, extracted from the most painful sacrifice - to destroy oneself in order to live again of God. Being most noble and divine, obedience tolerates nothing human in the soul, and nothing which does not belong to it. Therefore, all its attention is on destroying within the soul everything which does not belong to its divine nobility - that is, love of self. And once it has done this, it cares very little about whether it alone struggles and toils on behalf of the soul, while allowing the soul to rest peacefully. Finally, I Myself am obedience."

Who can say how amazed and ecstatic I remained on hearing these words of blessed Jesus? Oh, holy obedience, how incomprehensible you are! I prostrate myself at your feet and I adore you. I pray you to be my guide, teacher and light, along the disastrous path of life, so that, guided, instructed and escorted by your most pure light, with certainty, I may take possession of the eternal harbor.

I stop here, almost forcing myself to go out of this virtue of obedience, otherwise I would never stop speaking. So much is the light of this virtue which I see, that I could endlessly continue writing about it. But other things call me; therefore I keep silent and I go back to where I left.

So, I saw my sweet Jesus afflicted, and remembering that obedience had told me to pray for a certain person, with all my heart I commended him to Him, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, may he make all of his works shine with virtue alone; but especially, I recommend that he not meddle in the things of family interest. If he has something, let him give it away; if he does not, I don't want him to get involved with anything else. He should let things be done by those who are supposed to, while he should remain disentangled, free, without getting muddied with earthly things; otherwise he would encounter the misfortune of the others who, since they wanted to meddle in some things of their families from the beginning, all the weight then fell upon their shoulders. And I, only because of my mercy, had to permit that they would not prosper, but rather, become poorer, so as to let them touch with their own hands how unseemly it is for a minister of mine to sully himself with earthly things. On the other hand - and this is word that came from my mouth - the ministers of my sanctuary, as long as they do not touch earthly things at all, would never lack their daily bread. Now, with these ones, if I had allowed them only to prosper, they would have sullied their hearts and would have cared neither about God nor about the things pertaining to their ministry. Now, bothered and tired of their state, they would want to shake it off, but they cannot, and this is the penalty for what they should not do."

Afterwards, I commended a sick person to Him, and Jesus showed His wounds, which that sick person had given to Him. I tried to pray Him, to placate Him, to repair Him, and it seemed that those wounds would heal. And Jesus, all benignity, told me: "My daughter, today you have performed for Me the office

of a most skillful doctor, for you have tried not only to medicate and to bandage the wounds which that sick person gave to Me, but also to heal them. So I feel very much soothed and placated." Then I understood that by praying for the sick, one comes to perform the office of doctor for Our Lord, who suffers in His very images.

**October 7, 1899**

*Jesus indignant with the people. The state of victim holds back the chastisements.*

This morning blessed Jesus was not coming, and I had to have much patience in waiting for Him. In my interior I kept saying: 'My dear Jesus, come, don't make me wait so much! I haven't seen You since last night, and now, it is getting late and You are still not coming? See how much patience I have had in waiting for You. O please! Do not let it be that I reach the point of losing patience because of your long delay in coming, because then You would be the cause of it, with your delays. Therefore come, for I can take no more.'

Now, while I was saying this and other nonsense, my only Good came, but to my highest sorrow, I saw Him almost indignant with the people. Immediately I said to Him: 'My good Jesus, I pray You to make peace with the world.' And He: "Daughter, I cannot. I am like a king who wants to enter into a house, but that house is full of filthy things, of rot and of many other dirty things. The king, as king, has the power to enter, there is no one who could prevent him, and he could even clean that house with his own hands, but he does not want to do it, because it is not decent for his royal person to descend to such baseness; and until that house is cleaned by someone else, in spite of the fact that he has the power, the will and a great desire to do it, to the point of suffering for it, he will never deign to place one foot into it. So I am. I am a king who can and wants, but I want their will – I want them to remove the rot of sins before I enter and make peace with them. No, it is not decent for my royalty to enter and make peace with them; on the contrary, I will do nothing but send chastisements. The fire of tribulation will inundate them everywhere, to the point of knocking them down, so that they may remember that a God exists – the only One who can help them and free them."

And I, interrupting Him, said to Him: 'Lord, if You want to lay hands to chastisements, I want to come – I no longer want to be on this earth. How will my heart be able to resist in seeing your creatures suffer?' And Jesus, assuming a benign appearance, told me: "If you come, where shall I dwell on this earth? For now let us think about being together down here, for we will have much time to be in Heaven – the whole of eternity. And then, too soon have you forgotten your office of acting as my mother on earth. So, while I chastise the people, I will come to take refuge and to dwell with you."

And I: 'Ah, Lord, what is the purpose of my state of victim for so many years? What good has come to the peoples, while You said that You wanted me victim

so as to spare people? And now You show how these chastisements, instead of happening many years ago, are happening later – nothing more and nothing less than this.’ And He: "My daughter, don't say this, I have been forbearing for love of you, and the good that came from this has been that while terrible chastisements were to rage for a very long time, they will be shorter. Is this not a good – that instead of being under the weight of a chastisement for many years, one remains under it only for a few? Moreover, during the course of these past years, with wars and sudden deaths, they should not have had the time to convert, but they did and were saved – is this not a great good? My beloved, for now it is not necessary to make you understand the purpose of your state for yourself and for the peoples, but I will show it to you when you come to Heaven, and on the Day of Judgment I will show it to all nations. Therefore, do not speak like this any more."

**October 14, 1899**

*Hope, peacemaking Mother.*

This morning I felt a little disturbed and all annihilated within myself. I saw myself as if the Lord wanted to drive me away from Him. Oh, God, what a harrowing pain this is! While I was in such a state, blessed Jesus came, with a little rope in His hand, and pounding on my heart three times, He told me: "Peace, peace, peace, don't you know that the kingdom of Hope is a kingdom of peace, and that the right of this Hope is justice? You, when you see that my Justice arms Itself against the people - enter into the kingdom of Hope, and investing yourself with the most powerful qualities she possesses, rise up to my throne and do as much as you can to disarm the armed arm. And you will do this with the most eloquent, the most tender, the most compassionate voices, with the most compelling reasons, with the most heated prayers, which Hope herself will dictate to you. But when you see that Hope herself is about to support certain rights of Justice which are absolutely necessary, and wanting to give them up would be wanting to give affront to herself, which cannot be – then conform to Me and surrender to Justice."

And I, terrified more than ever for having to surrender to Justice, said to Him: 'Ah, Lord, how can I do this? Ah, it seems impossible to me! The mere thought that You have to chastise people I cannot tolerate, because they are your images. Were they at least creatures that did not belong to You... Yet, this is nothing; but what tortures me the most is having to see You – I would almost say – being struck by Yourself, slapped, scourged and grieved by Yourself, because the chastisements will pour upon your own members – not upon others, and therefore You Yourself will suffer. Tell me, my sole and only Good, how will my heart be able to bear seeing You suffer, struck by your very Self? If creatures make You suffer, they are always creatures and it is more tolerable, but this is so hard that I cannot swallow it. Therefore, I cannot conform to You, nor can I surrender.'

And He, moved to pity and all touched by my words, assuming an afflicted and benign appearance, told me: "My daughter, you are right that I will be struck in my own members, so much so, that in hearing you speak, I feel all my interior moved to compassion and mercy, and I feel my Heart split with tenderness. But, believe Me, the chastisements are necessary, and if you do not want to see Me struck a little bit now, you will see Me struck more terribly later, because they will offend Me more. Would this not grieve you more? Therefore, conform to Me, otherwise you will force Me not to tell you anything any more so as not to see you grieved. And with this, you would deny Me the relief I receive in conversing with you. Ah, yes, you would reduce Me to silence, with no one with whom to pour my pains out!"

Who can say how embittered I was left at His words? And Jesus, almost wanting to distract me from my affliction, resumed His speech about Hope, telling me: "My daughter, do not be disturbed – Hope is peace. And just as I, in the very act in which I make justice, remain in the most perfect peace, you too, by immersing yourself in Hope, must remain at peace. The soul who is at peace, by wanting to afflict herself, become disturbed or lose trust, would run into the misfortune of one who, though possessing millions upon millions of coins, and even being queen of various kingdoms, keeps fantasizing and lamenting, saying: 'What shall I live on? How shall I clothe myself? Ah, I am dying of starvation! I am so unhappy! I will be reduced to the meagerest misery and I will end up dying.' And while she says this, she cries, sighs and spends her days in sadness and squalor, immersed in the greatest melancholy. But this not all; the worst thing about her is that if she sees her treasures, if she walks within her properties, instead of rejoicing, she afflicts herself more, thinking of her nearing end; and if she sees food, she does not want to touch it to sustain herself. And if anyone tries to persuade her by letting her touch her riches with her own hands, showing her that it cannot be that she will be reduced to the meagerest misery, she is not convinced, she remains dazed, and cries even more over her sad lot. Now, what would people say about her? That she is crazy, that it shows that she has no reason, that she has lost her brain. The reason is clear, it cannot be otherwise.

Yet, it can happen that she may run into the misfortune over which she keeps fantasizing. But in what way? By going out of her kingdoms, abandoning all of her riches, and going into foreign lands in the midst of barbarian people, where no one will deign to give her a crumb of bread. Here is how the fantasy has become reality – what used to be false, is now true. But who has been the cause of it? Who should be blamed for a change of state so sad? Her perfidious and obstinate will. Such is precisely the soul who is in possession of Hope: her wanting to become disturbed or discouraged is already the greatest madness." And I: 'Ah, Lord, how can a soul be always at peace, living in Hope? And if the soul commits a sin – how can she be at peace?' And Jesus: "In the act of sinning, the soul already goes out of the kingdom of Hope, because sin and Hope cannot

be together. Every common sense believes that each one is obliged to respect, preserve and cultivate what belongs to him. Who is that man who goes into his properties and burns what he possesses? Who does not keep his possessions jealously? I believe no one. Now, the soul who lives in Hope, by sinning, already offends Hope, and if it were in her power, she would burn up all the goods that Hope possesses. Then she would find herself in the misfortune of that lady who, abandoning her goods, goes to live in foreign lands. In the same way, by sin, going out of this peacemaking mother, Hope, so tender and compassionate, who reaches the point of nourishing her with her own flesh, which is Jesus in the Sacrament, the primary object of our hope, the soul goes to live in the midst of barbarian people, which are the demons who, denying her the slightest refreshment, nourish her with nothing but poison, which is sin. Yet, what does this peacemaking mother do? Does she perhaps remain indifferent while the soul moves away from her? Ah, no! She cries, she prays, she calls her with the most tender and most moving voices; she goes after her, and when she leads her back into her kingdom, only then is she content." My sweet Jesus continues telling me: "The nature of Hope is peace, and what she is by nature, the soul who lives in the bosom of this peacemaking mother acquires by grace." And in the very act of speaking these words, by means of an intellectual light, blessed Jesus makes me see, through the simile of a mother, what this Hope has done for man. Oh, what a moving and most tender scene! If all could see it, even the hardest hearts would cry with contrition, and all would grow so fond of her, that it would become impossible for them to detach even for one moment from her maternal knees.

I will now try to say what I comprehend and what I can: man used to live in chains, slave of the devil, condemned to eternal death, without the hope of being able to live again to eternal life. Everything was lost, and his destiny had gone to ruin. This Mother lived in Heaven, united with the Father and the Holy Spirit, blissful and happy with Them; but it seemed she was not content - she wanted her children, her dear images, the most beautiful work that came out of her hands, to be around her. Now, while she was in Heaven, her eyes were intent on man, who was lost on earth. She is all occupied with how to save these beloved children of hers, and in seeing that these children can in no way satisfy the Divinity, even at the cost of any sacrifice, because they are greatly inferior to It - what does this compassionate Mother do? She sees that there is no other means to save these children than to give her own life to save theirs, taking their pains and miseries upon herself, and doing everything that they were supposed to do for themselves. So, what does she think of doing? This loving Mother presents herself before divine Justice with tears in her eyes, with the most tender voices, with the most compelling reasons which her magnanimous heart dictates to her, and says: "I ask for grace for my lost children, I don't have the heart to see them separated from Me. I want to save them at any cost, and even though I see that there is no other way but to lay

down my life, I want to do it as long as they may reacquire their own. What do you want from them? Reparation? I repair for them. Glory, honor? I glorify and honor You for them. Thanksgiving? I thank You for them. Everything You want from them, I give You, provided that I may have them with Me, reigning."

The Divinity is moved in seeing the tears and the love of this compassionate Mother, and persuaded by her compelling reasons, It feels inclined to love these children. The Divine Persons cry together over their misfortune, and conclude in accord that they accept the sacrifice of the life of this Mother, being fully satisfied, in order to reacquire these children. As soon as the decree is signed, immediately she descends from Heaven and comes upon earth, and laying down her royal garments which she had in Heaven, she clothes herself with human miseries, as if she were the most miserable slave, and she lives in the most extreme poverty, in the most unheard-of sufferings, amid the scorns most unbearable to the human nature. She does nothing but cry and intercede for her beloved children. But that which is most stupefying, both about this Mother and about these children, is that while she loves these children so much, instead of receiving with open arms this Mother who is coming to save them, they do the opposite. No one wants to receive her or recognize her; on the contrary, they let her go wandering, they despise her, and begin to plot how to kill this Mother so tender, who loves them so passionately. What will such a tender Mother do in seeing herself requited so badly by her ungrateful children? Will she stop? Ah, no! On the contrary, she becomes more ignited with love for them, and she runs from one point to another to gather them and place them on her lap. Oh, how she toils, how she struggles, to the point of dripping sweat - not only of water, but also of blood! She gives herself not a moment of respite, she is always in act to operate their salvation, she provides for all their needs, she remedies all their evils, past, present and future; in sum, there is nothing which she does not order and dispose for their good.

But what do these children do? Have they perhaps repented of their ingratitude in receiving her? Have they changed their thoughts in favor of this Mother? Ah, no! They scowl at her, they dishonor her with the vilest calumnies, they procure her opprobrium, scorns and confusions, they beat her with every kind of scourges, reducing all of her to a wound; and they finish by making her die the most infamous death that can be found, in the midst of cruel spasms and pains. But what does this Mother do in the midst of so many pains? Will she perhaps hate these children, so unruly and arrogant? Ah, no - never! It is then that she loves them more passionately than ever, offering her pains for their salvation, and breathing her last with a word of peace and of forgiveness. Oh, my beautiful Mother! Oh dear Hope, how admirable you are - I love you! O please! Keep me always on your lap, and I will be the happiest in the world.

While I am determined to stop speaking about Hope, a voice resounds everywhere around me, saying: "Hope contains all good, both present and future, and one who lives on her lap and is raised on her knees, whatever he

wants, obtains. What does the soul want? Glory, honor? Hope will give her the greatest honor and glory on earth among all people, and in Heaven she will glorify her eternally. Maybe she wants riches? Oh! This Mother Hope is extremely rich, and what is more, by giving her goods to her children, her riches are not the least diminished. Moreover, these riches are not fleeting and passing - but eternal. Does she want pleasures, contentments? Ah, yes! This Hope contains within herself all possible pleasures and tastes which can be found in Heaven and on earth, so much so, that no one will ever be able to equal her; and one who nourishes herself from her breast enjoys them to her fill, and - oh, how happy and content is she! Does she want to be learned and wise? This Mother Hope contains the most sublime sciences within herself - even more, she is the master of all masters, and one who lets herself be taught by her learns the science of true sanctity."

In sum, Hope provides us with everything, in such a way that if one is weak, she gives him strength; if another is stained, Hope instituted the Sacraments and in them she prepared the bath for his sins. If one is hungry or thirsty, this compassionate Mother gives us the most beautiful, the most delicious food, which is her most delicate flesh, and as drink, her most precious blood. What else can this peacemaking Mother Hope do? And who else is similar to her? Ah, she alone has reconciled Heaven and earth! Hope has united Faith and Charity with herself and has formed that indissoluble link between human and Divine nature. But, who is this Mother? Who is this Hope? She is Jesus Christ, who operated our Redemption and formed the Hope of man astray.

**October 16, 1899**

*Waiting for Jesus. Jesus speaks about chastisements.*

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

**October 21, 1899**

*Earthly goods must serve for the sanctification of man, not as his idols. The cause of chastisements.*

After going through most bitter days of privation, I was feeling tired and exhausted in my strengths, though I kept offering those very pains, saying: 'Lord, You know how much being deprived of You costs Me; but I resign myself to your Most Holy Will, offering this most bitter pain as a means to prove my love and to placate You. These bothers, annoyances, wearinesses, coldnesses that I feel, I intend to send You as messengers of praises and of reparations for myself and for all creatures. This I have, and this I offer You. Surely You accept the sacrifice of the good will, when one offers You what he can with no reserve – but come, for I can take no more.'

Often times I had the temptation to conform to Justice, thinking that I myself was the cause of His not coming. In fact, in these past days, Jesus had told me that if I did not conform, I would force Him not to come and not to tell me anything any more so as not to grieve me. But I did not have the heart to do it, more so, since not even obedience consented to it. While I was amid these bitternesses, first a light came, with a voice saying: "According to the measure in which man meddles in earthly things, so does he move away and lose esteem for eternal goods. I gave riches that they might use them for their sanctification, but they have used them to offend Me and to form an idol for their hearts; and I will destroy them, and their riches together with them."

After this, I saw my dearest Jesus, but so in suffering, offended and indignant with the people as to strike terror. Immediately I began to say to Him: 'Lord, I offer You your wounds, your Blood, the most holy use of your senses which You made during the course of your mortal life, to repair for the offenses and for the bad use of the senses which creatures make.'

And Jesus, assuming a serious look, almost thundering, said: "Do you know how the senses of creatures have become? Like the screams of fierce animals, which drive men away with their roars, not allowing them to draw near. The rot and the multiplicity of sins is such that it spurts from their senses, which force me to flee." And I: 'Ah, Lord, how indignant I see You! If You want to continue sending chastisements, I want to come; otherwise, I want to go out of this state. Why remain in it, since I can no longer offer myself as victim to spare the people?' And He, addressing me with seriousness, so much so that I felt terrified, told me: "You want to touch the two extremes – either you want Me to do nothing, or you want to come. Are you not content with the fact that people are spared in part? Do you think that Corato is the best, and the least in offending Me? Is the fact that I spared it compared to other towns, something trivial? So, content yourself and calm yourself, and while I occupy Myself with chastising the people, you – accompany Me with your sighs and with your sufferings, praying that the very chastisements may turn out for the conversion of the peoples."

**October 22, 1899**

*The cross, a way strewn with stars.*

Jesus continues to make Himself seen afflicted. The moment He came, He threw Himself into my arms, totally exhausted, almost wanting refreshment. He shared with me a little bit of His sufferings, and then He told me: "My daughter, the way of the cross is a way strewn with stars, and as one walks through it, those stars change into most luminous suns. What will be the happiness of the soul for all eternity in being surrounded with these suns? Furthermore, the great reward I give to the cross is so great that there is no measure, either of width or of length – it is almost incomprehensible to the human minds; and this, because in bearing crosses, there can be nothing human – all is divine."

**October 24, 1899**

*The cause of chastisements: the love of God for creatures.*

This morning my adorable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself, into the midst of the people. Jesus seemed to look at creatures with eyes of compassion, and the very chastisements appeared as infinite mercies of His, come out of His inmost most loving Heart. Then, turning to me, He told me: "My daughter, man is a product of the Divine Being, and since Our food is love, always reciprocal, alike and constant among the Three Divine Persons, since he came out of Our hands and from pure and disinterested love, he is like a particle of Our food. Now, this particle has become bitter for Us; not only this, but the majority of them, by moving away from Us, have made themselves pasture for the infernal flames and food for the implacable hatred of demons, Our capital enemies and theirs. This is the main cause of Our sorrow in the loss of souls: they are Ours – they are something that belongs to Us. Likewise, the cause that pushes Me to chastise them is the great love that I have for them, so as to place their souls in safety."

And I: 'Ah, Lord, it seems that this time You have no other words to say but about chastisements! Your power has other means to save these souls. And then, if I were certain that all the pain would fall upon them and You would remain free, without suffering in them, I would resign myself; but I see that You are already suffering very much from those chastisements You have sent. What will happen if you continue sending more chastisements?'

And Jesus: "Even though I suffer, love pushes Me to send heavier scourges, and this, because in order to make man enter himself and recognize what his being is, there is no means more powerful than making him see himself undone. It seems that the other means make him grow bolder; therefore, conform to my Justice. I see well that the love you have for Me pushes you very much not to conform to Me, and you don't have the heart to see Me suffer, but my Mother too loved Me more than all creatures - no one can equal Her; and yet, in order

to save these souls She conformed to Justice and She resigned Herself to see Me suffer so much. If my Mother did this, could you not do it yourself?" And as Jesus was speaking, I felt my will being drawn so much to His, that I was almost unable any more to withstand not conforming to His Justice. I did not know what to say, so much was I convinced; however, I have not yet manifested my will. Jesus disappeared, and I remained in this doubt, whether I must conform or not.

**October 25, 1899**

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

My most sweet Jesus continues to manifest Himself almost always in the same way. This morning He added: "My daughter, my love toward creatures is so great that it resounds like an echo in the celestial regions, it fills the atmosphere and diffuses over the whole earth. But what is the correspondence that creatures give to this loving echo? Ah, they requite Me with an echo of ingratitude, poisonous, filled with every kind of bitternesses and sins; with an echo almost deadly, fit only for wounding Me. But I will depopulate the face of the earth, so that this echo resounding with poison may not deafen my ears." And I: 'Ah, Lord, what are You saying?' And Jesus: "I act just like a pitying doctor, who has the extreme remedies for his children, and these children are full of wounds. What does this father and doctor do, who loves his children more than his very life? Will he let these wounds become gangrenous? Will he let them die for fear that by applying fire and knife they may suffer? No - never! Even though he will feel as if those instruments were applied to himself, in spite of this, he grabs the knife, he rips and cuts the flesh, and he applies to it the poison, the fire, to prevent corruption from advancing further. Even though many times it happens that in these operations the poor children die, this was not the will of the father doctor - his will was to see them healed. So I am. I wound in order to heal them, I destroy them in order to resurrect them. If many perish, this is not my Will, it is only the effect of their wickedness and obstinate will - it is the effect of this poisonous echo which they want to keep sending Me to the point of seeing themselves destroyed."

And I: 'Tell me, my only Good, how could I sweeten this poisonous echo for You which afflicts You so much?' And He: "The only means is that you always do all your actions with the sole purpose of pleasing Me, and that you employ all your senses and powers for the purpose of loving Me and of glorifying Me. Let your every thought, word, and everything else, want nothing but the love you have for Me; in this way your echo will rise pleasant to my throne and will sweeten my hearing."

**October 28, 1899**

*Who am I, and who are you?*

This morning my lovable Jesus came surrounded by a light, and looking at me, as though penetrating me everywhere, so much so, that I felt annihilated, He told me: 'Who am I, and who are you?'

These words penetrated me deep into the marrow of my bones, and I could see the infinite distance that exists between the Infinite and the finite, between the All and the nothing. Not only this, but I could also see the malice of this nothing, and how it had covered itself with mud. It seemed to me like a fish that swims in the water; so was my soul swimming in rot, amid worms and many other things, which are fit only for striking horror to the sight. Oh! God, what an abominable sight! My soul would have wanted to flee before the sight of God trice Holy, but with two more words He binds me; and these are: "What is my Love for you? And what is your return for Me?"

Now, while at the first words I would have wanted to flee, frightened, from His presence, at these second words - "what is my Love for you?" - I found myself sunken, bound by His Love from all sides, in such a way that my existence was a product of His Love. So, if this Love would cease, I would no longer exist. It seemed to me that the beats of my heart, my intelligence, and even my breath, were a product of His Love. I was swimming in Him, and even if I wanted to flee, it seemed impossible for me to do it, because His Love surrounded me everywhere. My love, then, seemed like a little drop of water thrown into the sea, which disappears and can no longer be distinguished. How many things I understood - but if I wanted to tell them I would be too long.

Then Jesus disappeared, and I was left all confused. I saw myself all sin, and in my interior I kept imploring forgiveness and mercy. After a little while my only Good came back; I felt all soaked with bitterness and sorrow for my sins, and He told me: "My daughter, when a soul is convinced that she has done evil in offending Me, she already performs the office of Magdalene, who bathed my feet with her tears, anointed them with balm, and dried them with her hair.

When the soul begins to look within herself at the evil she has done, and she feels sorrow for it, she prepares a bath for my wounds. In seeing her evil, she receives bitterness and feels sorrow for it, and by this she comes to anoint my wounds with a most exquisite balm. From this knowledge, the soul would want to make a reparation, and in seeing her past ingratitude, she feels love toward a God so good arise within her, and she would want to lay down her life to prove her love; and this is the hair which, like many gold chains, binds her to my love."

**October 29, 1899**

*The formation of the interior dwelling for Jesus.*

My adorable Jesus continues to come, but this morning, as soon as He came, He took me in His arms and carried me outside of myself. Being in those arms, I comprehended many things, and especially that in order to be in the arms of Our Lord freely, and even to enter into His Heart with all ease and to go out of

It as the soul best pleases, and not to be a weight or a bother for blessed Jesus, it was absolutely necessary to strip oneself of everything. Therefore, with all my heart, I said to Him: 'My dear and only Good, what I ask of You for me is that You strip me of everything, because I see well that in order to be clothed again by You and live in You, and for You to live again in me, it is necessary for me to have not even a shadow of that which does not belong to You.' And He, all benignity, told me: "My daughter, the main thing so that I may enter into a soul and form my dwelling is total detachment from everything. Without this, not only can I not dwell in her, but not even any of the virtues can form its residence in the soul.

After this, once the soul has made everything go out of herself, then do I enter, and united with the will of the soul, we build a house. The foundations of it are based on humility, and the deeper they are, the higher and stronger the walls will be. These walls will be built with the stones of mortification, cemented with the purest gold of charity. After the walls have been built, I, like a most excelling painter, plaster it and form the most excelling paintings - not with lime and water, but with the merits of my Passion, represented by the lime, and with the colors of my Blood, represented by the water. This serves to protect it well from rains, from snows, and from any shock. Then come the doors, and in order for them to be solid like wood and not subject to wood worms, silence is necessary which forms the death of the exterior senses. In order to keep this house, a guardian is necessary to watch over it everywhere, inside and out. This is the holy fear of God which guards it against any inconvenience, wind or anything else that may threaten it. This fear will be the safeguard of this house, which will cause one to operate, not out of fear of penalty, but out of fear of offending the master of this house. This holy fear must do nothing but do everything to please God, with no other intention.

Then, this house must be adorned and filled with treasures. These treasures must be nothing but holy desires and tears. These were the treasures of the Old Testament, and in them they found their salvation; in the fulfillment of their vows, their consolation; in sufferings, strength. In sum, they placed all their fortune in their desire for the future Redeemer, and in this desire they operated as athletes. A soul without desire operates almost as dead; everything is boredom, bother, rancor - even virtues themselves; there is nothing that she likes, and she walks almost crawling on the path of good. All the opposite for the soul who desires: nothing is a weight for her, everything is joy; she flies, and finds her tastes in the very pains. This, because there was an anticipated desire, and the things which are first desired, are then loved; and as one loves them, one finds the most pleasant delights in them. Therefore, this desire must be entertained even before this house is built. The ornaments of this house will be the most precious stones, the most expensive pearls and gems of this Life of mine, always founded upon suffering - and pure suffering. And since the One who dwells in it is the giver of every good, He places in it the endowment of all

virtues, He perfumes it with the most gentle odors, He makes lovely flowers give off their fragrance, He makes a celestial melody, among the most pleasant, resound. He makes one breathe an air of Paradise."

I forgot to say that one must see whether there is domestic peace, and this must be nothing but the recollection and silence of the interior senses.

After this, I continued to be in the arms of Our Lord, and I was all stripped. In the meantime, I saw the confessor there present, and Jesus told me (but it seemed to me that He wanted to play with me to see what I would say): "My daughter, you have stripped yourself of everything, and you know that when one is stripped, someone else is needed who takes care of clothing him, of nourishing him, and who gives him a place where he can stay. Where do you want to stay - in the arms of the confessor, or in Mine?" And as He was saying this, He did the act of placing me in the arms of the confessor. I began to insist that I did not want to go, and He insisted that He wanted it. After a little bit of arguing, He told me: "Do not fear, I keep you in My arms." And so we remained at peace.

**October 30, 1899**

*Threat of chastisements for Rome.*

This morning my benign Jesus came all afflicted, and the first words He spoke to me were: "Poor Rome, how you will be destroyed! In looking at you, I cry over you!" And He was saying this with such tenderness as to arouse compassion. But I could not understand whether it was only about the people, or also the buildings.

Since I had the obedience not to conform to Justice, but to pray, I said to Him: 'My beloved Jesus, when it is about chastisements, one must no longer argue, but only pray.' And so I began to pray, to kiss His wounds, and to make acts of reparation. And while I was doing this, every now and then He would say to me: "My daughter, do not use violence on Me. By doing this, you want to use violence on Me by force; therefore, calm yourself."

And I: 'Lord, it is obedience that wants it so - it is not I that do this.' He added: "The river of iniquities is so great as to reach the point of preventing the redemption of souls, and prayer alone, and these wounds of mine, can prevent this raging river from absorbing them all into itself."





## VOLUME 3

J.M.J.

November 1, 1899

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

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, inside a church, in which there was a priest celebrating the Divine Sacrifice, and while doing this, he was crying bitterly and said: "The pillar of my Church has no place to lean!" In the act in which He was saying this, I saw a pillar; its top touched the heavens, and at the bottom of this pillar there were priests, bishops, cardinals and all other dignities, sustaining this pillar. But to my surprise, I went about looking and I saw that of these people, some were very weak, some half rotten, some infirm, some full of mud. So very scarce was the number of those who were in a condition to sustain it. So, this poor pillar kept swaying, unable to remain still, so many were the quakes it received from the bottom. At the top of this pillar there was the Holy Father who, with gold chains and with rays emanating from his whole person, did as much as he could to sustain it, and to chain and illuminate the people who dwelled at the bottom, although some of them would flee so as to be more comfortable in becoming rotten and covered with mud; and not only this, but he did as much as he could to bind and to illuminate the whole world.

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

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

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

**November 3, 1899**

*Amusement of Jesus with Luisa.*

This morning my lovable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself, inside a church; then He disappeared and I was left alone. Now, finding myself in the presence of the Most Holy Sacrament, I did my usual adoration, but while I was doing this, I seemed to have become all eyes to see whether I could catch sight of sweet Jesus. At that moment, I saw Him on the altar, as a child, calling me with His gracious little hand. Who can say my contentment? I flew to Him, and without thinking of anything else, I clasped Him in my arms and I kissed Him; but in the act in which I was doing this, He assumed a serious appearance, showing that He did not like my kisses, and He began to reject me. Heedless of this, I continued and I said to Him: 'My pretty little one, beautiful one, the other day You wanted to pour Yourself out with me, with kisses and with hugs, and I gave You all the freedom. Today I too want to pour myself out with You - O please! Give me the freedom to do it.' But He continued to reject me, and in seeing that I would not stop, He disappeared. Who can say how mortified and concerned I was left as I found myself inside myself? However, after a little while He came back, and as I wanted to ask Him for forgiveness for my impertinences, He forgave me by wanting to pour Himself out with me; and while kissing me, He told me: "Beloved of my Heart, my Divinity resides in you habitually, and just as you keep inventing new things to make Me delight with you, so I, to give you tit for tat, use new ways to make you delight with Me." With this I understood that it had been a joke that Jesus wanted to make.

**November 4, 1899**

*Different effects of the presence of Jesus and of that of the devil.*

Since this morning blessed Jesus was not coming, the devil was trying to assume His shape and to make himself seen, but since I did not perceive the usual effects, I began to doubt and I signed myself with cross - first myself, and then him; and the devil, in seeing himself signed, was trembling. Immediately I

rejected him without even looking at him. After a little while my dear Jesus came, and fearing that it might be the evil spirit once again, I tried to reject him, invoking the help of Jesus and of the Queen Mama. But to assure me that it was not the devil, He told me: "My daughter, in order to be assured of whether it is I or not, your attention must be on the interior effects, whether they move toward virtue or toward vice; in fact, since my Nature is virtue, I make my children heirs of nothing else but virtue. You can also comprehend this from the human nature, which is made of flesh: if it happens to develop some wounds, the flesh becomes rotten, and one can say that it is no longer flesh; in the same way, if my Nature could retain even the slightest shadow of vice within Itself, It would cease to be the God that It is - which can never happen."

**November 6, 1899**

*Purity of intention.*

This morning, as adorable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself, He showed me streets full of human flesh. What a ruthless slaughter! It is horrifying to think about it! Then He showed me how something was happening in the air, and many would die suddenly; I have also seen this since the month of March. I began to pray Him according to my usual way, that He would placate Himself and spare His very images torments so cruel, wars so bloody; and since He had the crown of thorns, I removed it from His head to place it on mine, and this, in order to placate Him more. But to my highest sorrow I saw that almost all the thorns would remain, broken, inside His most holy head, and so very little was left for me to suffer. Jesus appeared serious, almost without paying attention to me; He transported me again into my bed, and since I had my arms on the cross, suffering the pains of the crucifixion which He Himself had shared with me before, He took my arms and united them together, binding them with a little rope of gold. Not paying attention to what this might mean, in order to break that severe air that He had, I said to Him: 'My most sweet love, I offer You these movements of my body that You Yourself made me do, as well as all the others which I myself can do, for the sole purpose of pleasing You and glorifying You. Ah, yes! I wish that the movements of my eyelids, of my eyes, of my lips and of all of myself, were also made for the sole purpose of pleasing You alone. Let it be, O good Jesus, that all my bones and my nerves may resound among themselves, and with clear voices, may prove my love to You.' And He said to me: "Everything that is done for the sole purpose of pleasing Me shines before Me in such a way as to draw my divine gazes, and I like it so much, that to those actions, be they even a batting of eyelashes, I give the value as if they were done by Me. On the other hand, those other actions, good in themselves and even great, but which are not done for Me alone, are like gold that is muddy and full of rust, which does not shine, and I do not so much as look at them." And I: 'Ah, Lord, how easy it is for our actions to be dirtied with dust!' And He: "One should not care about

dust, because it can be shaken off, but what one must care about is the intention.”

Now, while we were saying this, Jesus was busy binding my arms. I said to Him: ‘O please, Lord, what are You doing?’ And He: “I am doing this because when you are in that position of crucifixion, you come to placate Me; and since I want to chastise the people, I am binding them.” Having said this, He disappeared.

**November 10, 1899**

*Obedience to the confessor.*

After going through quite a few days of differences with Jesus – I, wanting to be released, and He, not wanting it; now He would make Himself seen sleeping, now He would impose silence on me - finally, this morning, as I saw Him, I also saw the confessor who commanded me absolutely to have Jesus release me; and this, more than once, but Jesus would not listen. However, forced by obedience, I said to Him: ‘My lovable Jesus, when have You ever opposed obedience? I am not the one who wants to be released – it is the confessor that wants You to make me suffer the crucifixion. Therefore, surrender to this virtue, so favored by You, which bejewels your whole life, and which formed the last link by connecting everything into one - the sacrifice of the Cross.’ And Jesus: “You really want to use violence on Me, touching that link which connected Divinity and humanity, and formed one single link, which is obedience.” And while saying this, He assumed the appearance of the Crucified, and almost forced by the priestly authority, He shared with me the pains of the crucifixion. May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory! So it seems I was released.

**November 11, 1899**

*Obedience prevents her from conforming to Justice.*

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and it seemed I was going around the earth. Oh, how inundated it was with all sorts of iniquities! It is horrifying to think about it! Now, while going around, I arrived some place and I found a priest of holy life, and in another place a virgin of blameless and holy life. We gathered, the three of us together, and we began to converse about the many chastisements that the Lord is sending, and about the many others that He keeps prepared. I said to them: ‘And you, what do you do? Have you perhaps conformed to divine Justice?’ And they: “Seeing the strict necessity of these times, and that man would not surrender even if an apostle came out, or if the Lord sent another St. Vincent Ferrer who might induce him to conversion with miracles and prodigious signs; on the contrary, seeing that man has reached such obstinacy and a sort of insanity that the very power of miracles would render him more incredulous – invested by this most strict necessity, for the good of men, in order to arrest this rotten sea that

inundates the face of the earth, and for the glory of our God, so offended, we have conformed to Justice. But we are praying and offering ourselves as victims, so that these chastisements may turn out for the conversion of the peoples. And you, what do you do? Have you not conformed with us?" And I: 'Ah, no! I cannot, because obedience does not want it, even though Jesus wants me to conform; but since obedience does not want it, it must prevail over everything, and I am forced to be always in contrast with blessed Jesus, which afflicts me very much.' And they: "When it is obedience, surely one must not adhere."

After this, finding myself inside myself, I saw dearest Jesus for just a little, and I wanted to know where that priest and that virgin were from, and He told me that they were from Peru.

### **November 12, 1899**

#### *Jesus allows Luisa to spare a chastisement.*

This morning my lovable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself, and I saw as if something was supposed to move from the heavens and touch the earth. I was so frightened that I screamed, and I said to Him: 'O please, O please, Lord, what are You doing? How much ruin will come if this happens! You tell me that You love me, and then you want me to be frightened. You have seen it, haven't You? Don't do it, no, no! You cannot do it for I do not want it.' And Jesus, all compassion for me, told me: "My daughter, do not fear. And then, when have you ever wanted Me to do anything? I should not let you see anything when I chastise the people, otherwise you bind Me everywhere. Well then, I will fortify your heart with fortitude, and I will make as though a trunk arise from it, so as to hold whatever you see still; and then I will pour so many graces in you as to be able to nourish Myself and my children."

At that moment, something like a trunk came out of my heart, with two branches at the top in the shape of a fork which, rising up in the air, would catch in between them, anything that was about to move so that it would keep still in one single point; and far away it seemed to touch the earth. Afterwards, I found myself inside myself, and I prayed Him to placate Himself; and it seemed that He would quite surrender, so much so, that He shared with me the pains of the cross. Then He disappeared.

### **November 13, 1899**

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

This morning my adorable Jesus seemed to be restless; He would do nothing but come and go. Now He would spend time with me, and now, almost drawn by His most ardent love for creatures, He would go to see what they were doing, and with His whole self He would suffer with them, from that which they were suffering, as if He Himself, and not they, were taken by those sufferings. Several times I saw the confessor forcing Jesus by means of his

priestly authority to make me suffer His pains so as to be able to placate Him; and while it seemed that He did not want to be placated, He would then show Himself grateful, thanking wholeheartedly, the one who was occupying himself with holding back His indignant arm, and so He would share with me now one suffering, now another. Oh, how tender and moving it was to see Him in this state! He would make one's heart split with compassion. Quite a few times He told me: "Conform to my Justice, for I can take no more. Ah, man is too ungrateful, and he almost forces Me from all sides to chastise him. He himself snatches the chastisements from my hands. If you knew how much I suffer in making use of my Justice..., but it is man himself that uses violence on Me. Ah, had I not done anything other than purchase his freedom at the price of my blood, he would still have to be grateful to Me; but out of greater spite, he keeps inventing new ways to render my payment useless."

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

**November 17, 1899**

*The priestly authority must concur with the victim.*

My lovable Jesus continues to make Himself seen afflicted. This morning, our Queen Mama came together with Him, and it seemed to me that She was bringing Him to me so that I would placate Him and pray to Him together with Her that He would make me suffer to spare the people. She told me that if in these past days I had not placed myself in between, and if the confessor had not made use of his priestly authority in concurring with his intentions of making me suffer, many catastrophes would have occurred. In the meantime, I saw the confessor and immediately I prayed for him to Jesus and to the Queen Mother; and Jesus, all benignity, said: "According to the measure in which he will take care of my interests, by praying me and also by committing himself to renewing his intention of making you suffer in order to spare the people, so will I take care of him and will spare him. I would be ready to make this pact with him."

After this, I went about looking at my sweet and only Good, and I saw that He was holding two lightnings in His hands: in one hand, as though equipped, He had a strong earthquake and a war; in the other, many kinds of sudden deaths and contagious diseases. I began to pray Him to pour those lightnings upon me, and I almost wanted to remove them from His hands, but to prevent me from doing this, He began to move away from me. I tried to follow Him, and so I found myself outside of myself, but Jesus disappeared from me and I remained alone.

Now, finding myself alone, I went round a little, and I found myself in a place where, in this season, they harvest. It seemed that uproars of war were happening there, and I wanted to go to help those poor people, but the demons prevented me from going there where such things were about to happen, and they beat me so that I would not be able to help or to prevent their artifices. They used so much strength as to make me draw back.

**November 19, 1899**

*The evils of pride.*

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

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

**November 21, 1899**

*Jesus wants to delight in reflecting Himself in Luisa, who is helped by the Most Holy Virgin.*

This morning, as soon as He came, my most beloved Jesus told me: "My daughter, all your pleasure must be in reflecting yourself in Me. If you do this always, you will portray all of my qualities, my physiognomy and my very features within yourself; and I, in return, will find all my taste and highest contentment in delighting in reflecting Myself in you."

Having said this, He disappeared, and I was meditating in my mind on the words He had just spoken to me. All of a sudden He came back, placing His holy hand on my head; and turning my face toward Him, He added: "Today I want to delight a little bit by reflecting Myself in you."

A shiver ran about my whole waist – such a fright as to feel I was dying, because I saw that He was staring at me, wanting to delight in my thoughts, gazes, words, and in all the rest, by reflecting Himself in me. I kept repeating in my interior: ‘Oh! God, am I an object fit for letting You take delight, or for embittering You?’ In the meantime, our dear Queen Mama came to my help, carrying a pure white garment in Her hands, and all loving, She told me: “Daughter, do not fear; I Myself want to make up for you by clothing you with my innocence, so that, in reflecting Himself in you, my Son may find the greatest delight that can be found in a human creature.” So She clothed me with that garment and She offered me to my dear Good, Jesus, telling Him: “Accept her out of regard for me, O dear Son, and delight in her.” So every fear went away from me, and Jesus delighted in me, and I in Him.

**November 24, 1899**

*Luisa wants to receive the bitternesses of Jesus.*

This morning my sweet Jesus came and transported me outside of myself. Now, since I saw Him all full of bitterness, I prayed Him and prayed Him again to pour it into me; but as much as I prayed, I could not manage to obtain that He would pour His bitternesses into me, although, as I would draw close to His mouth to receive his bitternesses, a bitter breath would come out. While I was doing this, I saw a priest who was dying, but I could not recognize well who he was, because I had another intention to pray for a sick priest, but not recognizing him as that one, I got confused whether it was him or someone else. So I said to Jesus: ‘Lord, what are You doing? Don’t You see how much scarceness of priests there is in Corato that You want to take more away from us?’ And Jesus, not paying attention to me and threatening with His arm, said: “I will destroy them more.”

**November 26, 1899**

*Delight of the Holy Trinity because of the sufferings of Luisa.*

As I was very much in suffering, my lovable Jesus came and placed His arm behind my neck in the act of sustaining me. Now, being close to Him, I began to do my usual adorations to all of His holy members, beginning with His most sacred head. In the act in which I was doing this, He said to me: “My beloved, I thirst, let me quench my thirst in your love, for I cannot contain Myself any more.” And assuming the appearance of a baby, He threw Himself into my arms and began to suckle. He seemed to take immense pleasure, He was all refreshed, and His thirst quenched. After this, almost wanting to joke with me, with a lance He held in His hand He pierced my heart through, side to side. I felt a most bitter pain, but – oh! how happy I was to suffer, especially because it was the very hands of my sole and only Good that gave me suffering; and I incited Him to give me greater torment, so great was the pleasure and the

sweetness I felt. And blessed Jesus, to make me more content, tore my heart out, taking it in His hands, and with that same lance He opened it into two halves and found a cross, shining and pure white. He took it in His hands with great delight, and He told me: "This cross was produced by the love and the purity with which you suffer; I am so delighted with the way you suffer, that I am not alone, but I call the Father and the Holy Spirit to delight with Me." In one instant, I went about looking and I saw Three Persons who, surrounding me, delighted in looking at this cross. However, lamenting to Them, I said: 'Great God, too little is my suffering, I am not content with the cross alone, but I also want the thorns and the nails; and if I do not deserve this, because I am unworthy and a sinner, certainly You can give me the dispositions in order to deserve it.' And Jesus, sending me a ray of intellectual light, made me understand that He wanted me to make the confession of my sins. I felt almost floored before the Three Divine Persons, but the Humanity of Our Lord inspired me with confidence; so, turning to Him I recited the *Confiteor*, and then I began to make the confession of my sins. Now, while I was all immersed in my misery, a voice came out from Their midst, saying: "We forgive you, and you - sin no more." I was expecting to receive the absolution from Our Lord, but all of a sudden He disappeared. After a little while He came back crucified, and shared with me the pains of the cross.

**November 27, 1899**

*Grace renders the soul happy.*

This morning my dear Jesus was not coming. After many hardships, I saw Him for just a little, and lamenting to Him because of His delay, I said to Him: 'Blessed Lord, how come, so late? Have You perhaps forgotten that I cannot be without You, or have I perhaps lost your grace that You do not come?' And He, interrupting my plaintive speaking, told me: "My daughter, do you know what my grace does? My grace renders the souls of the Blessed happy, and it renders the pilgrim souls happy - with this difference alone: that the Blessed take bliss and delight in it, while the pilgrim souls work and make it circulate. So, one who possesses grace holds paradise within herself, because grace is nothing other than to possess Me, and since I alone am the enchanting object that enchants the whole of paradise and forms all the contentments of the Blessed, the soul, by possessing grace, possesses her paradise wherever she is."

**November 28, 1899**

*Luisa accepts suffering in Purgatory in order to free some souls.*

My beloved Jesus came all affability; He seemed to be like an intimate friend who makes many endearments to the other friend in order to prove his love to him. The first words He spoke to me were: "My beloved, if you knew how much I love you... . I feel so very much drawn to loving you; my very delays in coming force Me, and are new causes for my coming, to fill you with new

graces and celestial charisms. If only you could comprehend how much I love you, you would just barely catch sight of your love compared to Mine.” And I: ‘My sweet Jesus, what You tell me is true, but I too feel that I love You very much, and if You say that my love compared to Yours can just barely be seen, it is because your power is without limits, while mine is limited, and therefore I can do according to how much You Yourself give me. This is so true, that when the will comes to me to suffer more in order to prove my love to You more, if You do not concede the pains to me, suffering is not in my power, and I am forced to resign myself also in this, and be that useless being which, by myself, I have always been. On the other hand, You have even suffering in your power, and in whatever way You want to manifest your love for me, You can do it. My beloved, give the power to me, and then I will show You what I can do for love of You, because whatever the measure You give to me, that very measure I will give to You.’

He listened with great pleasure to my speaking out of proportion, and almost wanting to test me, He transported me outside of myself, close to a deep place, full of liquid fire, and dark – the mere sight of it struck horror and fright. Jesus said to me: “Here is Purgatory, and many souls are crammed in this fire. You will go to this place to suffer in order to free the souls I choose, and you will do this for love of Me.”

Though trembling a little, immediately I said to Him: ‘Everything for love of You, I am ready, but You must come with me, otherwise, if You leave me, You do not let Yourself be found any more, and then You make me cry quite a bit.’ And He: “If I come with you, what would be your Purgatory? With my presence, those pains would change into joys and contentments for you.” And I: ‘I do not want to go alone, but as we go into that fire, You will remain behind my shoulders, so I will not see You, and I will accept this suffering.’

So I went into that place filled with thick darkness, and He followed me from behind. For fear that He might leave me, I grabbed His hands, holding them tightly upon my shoulders. As I arrived down there... who can describe the pains that those souls suffered? They are certainly unutterable for people clothed with human flesh. But as I entered that fire, it would be destroyed, and the darkness would be dispelled, and many souls would come out, and others would be relieved. After being there for about a quarter of an hour, we came out, and Jesus was all mournful. Immediately I said: ‘Tell me, my Good, why are You mourning? My dear life, have I perhaps been the cause of it because I did not want to go into that place of pains by myself? Tell me, tell me, did You suffer very much in seeing those souls suffer? How are You feeling?’ And Jesus: “My beloved, I feel all full of bitternesses, so much so, that unable to contain them any longer, I am about to pour them out over the earth.” And I: ‘No, no, my sweet love, You will pour them upon me, won’t You?’ And drawing near my mouth, He poured a most bitter liqueur, in such abundance that I could not contain it, and I prayed that He Himself would give me the

strength to bear it, otherwise that which I had not allowed Our Lord to do, I would do myself, pouring it over the earth, which would be very sorrowful for me to do. However, it seems He gave me strength, though the sufferings were so great that I felt faint; but Jesus, taking me in His arms, sustained me, telling me: "With you one must surrender by force; you render yourself so importunate, that I almost feel the necessity to content you."

**November 30, 1899**

*Sick members and healthy members in the mystical body of Christ.*

My adorable Jesus continues to come, and this time I saw Him in the act in which He was at the pillar. Untying Himself, Jesus threw Himself into my arms to be compassionated by me; I clasped Him to myself, and began to arrange His hair, all clotted with blood, and to dry His eyes and face, and I also kissed Him and did several acts of reparation. When I reached the hands and removed the chain, to my greatest surprise I saw that the head was that of Our Lord, but the members belonged to many other people, especially religious. Oh, how many infected members, which cast more darkness than light! On the left side there were those who caused greater suffering to Jesus; one could see sick members, full of wormy and deep wounds, and others which were just barely attached to that body by a nerve. Oh, how that divine head suffered and swayed over those members! On the right side, then, one could see those which were the most good – that is, the healthy members, shining, covered with flowers and with celestial dew, perfumed with fragrant odors, and among these members one could see some which gave off an obscure perfume.

This divine head over these members suffered very much. It is true that there were some shining members, which almost resembled the light of the head, and which cheered it and gave it greatest glory, but the number of the infected members was greater. Opening His most sweet mouth, Jesus told me: "My daughter, how many pains these members give Me! This body you see is the mystical body of my Church, of which I glory in being the head; but how much cruel torment these members cause in this body! It seems that they incite one another to see who can give Me greater torment." Then He said other things about this body, which I cannot remember so well, therefore I stop here.

**December 2, 1899**

*Eloquent praise of the Cross.*

As I was very afflicted about certain things, which it is not licit here to say, lovable Jesus, wanting to relieve me from my affliction, came with an appearance all new. He seemed to be dressed in pale blue, all adorned with tiny little bells of gold which, in touching one another, resounded with a sound never before heard. At the appearance of Jesus and at that gracious sound, I felt enchanted and relieved in my affliction, which departed from me like smoke. I would have remained there in silence, so much did I feel the powers of my soul

enchanted and stunned, if blessed Jesus had not broken my silence, saying to me: "My beloved daughter, all these little bells are many voices that speak to you of my love, and call you to love Me. Now, let me see how many little bells you have that speak to Me of your love and call Me to love you."

And I, all full of blushing, said to Him: 'But, Lord, what are You saying? I have nothing; I have nothing but defects.' And Jesus, compassionating my misery, continued: "You have nothing, it is true. Well then, I want to adorn you with my own little bells, so that you may have many voices to call Me and to show Me your love." So it seemed that He surrounded my waist with a belt adorned with these little bells.

After this, I remained in silence, and He added: "Today I take pleasure in spending time with you. Tell Me something." And I: 'You know that all my contentment is in being with You, and in having You, I have everything. So, in possessing You, it seems I have nothing else to desire, or to say.' And Jesus: "Let Me hear your voice that cheers my hearing. Let us converse together a little; I have spoken to you many times about the Cross; today, let Me hear you speak of the Cross."

I felt all confused; I did not know what to say. But as He sent me a ray of intellectual light, to make Him content I began to say: 'My Beloved, who can say to You what the Cross is? Your mouth alone can speak worthily of the sublimity of the Cross; but since You want me to speak, I will do it.

The Cross, suffered by You, freed me from the slavery of the devil, and espoused me to the Divinity with an indissoluble bond. The Cross is fecund and gives birth to Grace in me. The Cross is Light, It disillusion me of what is temporal, and reveals to me what is eternal. The Cross is fire, and reduces to ashes all that is not of God, to the point of emptying my heart of the tiniest blade of grass that might be in it. The Cross is coin of inestimable value, and if I have, O Holy Spouse, the fortune of possessing it, I will be enriched with eternal coins, to the point of becoming the richest in Paradise, because the currency that circulates in Heaven is the Cross suffered on earth. The Cross, then, makes me know myself; not only this, but It gives me the knowledge of God. The Cross grafts all virtues into me. The Cross is the noble pulpit of the uncreated Wisdom, that teaches me the highest, the finest and most sublime doctrines. So, only the Cross will reveal to me the most hidden mysteries, the most secret things, the most perfect perfection, hidden to the most erudite and learned of the world. The Cross is like beneficent water that purifies me; not only this, but It administers to me the nourishment for the virtues, It makes them grow, and only then does It leave me, when It brings me back to Eternal Life. The Cross is like celestial dew, which preserves and embellishes for me the beautiful lily of purity. The Cross is the nourishment of Hope. The Cross is the beacon of operating Faith. The Cross is like hard wood, which preserves the fire of Charity, keeping it always lit. The Cross is like dry wood, which dispels and puts to flight all the smokes of pride and of vainglory, producing the

humble violet of humility in the soul. The Cross is the most powerful weapon that offends the demons, and defends me from all of their claws. Therefore, the soul who possesses the Cross is the envy and admiration of the very Angels and Saints, and the rage and indignation of the demons. The Cross is my Paradise on earth, in such a way that if the Paradise of the Blessed up there, is of delights, the Paradise down here is of sufferings. The Cross is the chain of most pure gold that connects me to You, my Highest Good, and forms the most intimate union which can possibly be given, to the point of making my being disappear. And It transforms me in You, my Beloved, to the point that I feel lost within You, and I live from your very Life.'

After I said this (I don't know whether it is nonsense), my lovable Jesus was all delighted in listening to me, and taken by enthusiasm of love, kissed me all over, and said to me: "*Brava, brava*, my beloved - you spoke well! My Love is fire, but not like the terrestrial fire which, wherever it penetrates, renders things sterile and reduces everything to ashes. My fire is fecund, and it renders sterile only that which is not virtue. To all the rest it gives life, it makes beautiful flowers bloom, it makes the most delicious fruits mature, and forms the most delightful celestial garden. The Cross is so powerful, and I communicated so much grace to It, as to render It more effective than the very Sacraments; and this, because in receiving the Sacrament of my Body, the dispositions and free concourse of the soul are needed in order to receive my graces, and many times these may be lacking; while the Cross has the virtue of disposing the soul to grace."

**December 21, 1899**

*Luisa speaks about virginity and purity.*

After a long silence, this morning my lovable Jesus interrupted it, saying to me: "I am the receptacle of pure souls." And in these words of His I received intellectual light which made me comprehend many things about purity, but I can repeat little or nothing with words, of that which I feel in my intellect. However, most honorable lady obedience wants me to write something, even nonsense, and to make her content I will speak my nonsense about purity. It seemed to me that purity is the noblest gem that the soul can possess. The soul who possesses purity is invested with candid light, in such a way that blessed God, in looking at her, finds His very image; He feels drawn to love her, so much so, that He reaches the point of becoming enamored with her, and He is taken by so much love that He gives her His most pure Heart as dwelling, because only that which is pure and most clean enters into God; nothing stained can enter that most pure bosom. The soul who possesses purity maintains within herself her original splendor which God gave her in creating her; nothing is disfigured or disennobled in her; rather, like a queen aspiring to her wedding with the celestial King, she preserves her nobility until this noble flower is transplanted into the celestial gardens. Oh, how this virginal flower is

fragrant of a distinct odor! It always rises above all other flowers, and even above the very Angels. How it stands out with varied beauty! So, all are taken by esteem and love, and give it free step, to let it reach its Divine Spouse, in such a way that the first place around Our Lord belongs to these noble flowers. And Our Lord greatly delights in strolling in the midst of these lilies which perfume the earth and Heaven; and He delights even more in being surrounded by these lilies because, He being the first noble lily and the model, He is the specimen of all the others.

Oh, how beautiful it is to see a virgin soul! Her heart gives off no other breath but that of purity and of candor; it is not even shaded by any other love which is not God, and even her body gives off fragrance of purity. Everything is pure in her: pure in her steps, pure in operating, in speaking, in looking, and also in moving. So, at the mere sight of her one feels the fragrance and recognizes a soul who is truly pure. What charisms, what graces, what mutual love and loving stratagems between this soul and her Spouse Jesus! Only one who experiences them can say something. One cannot even narrate everything, and I don't feel it is my duty to speak about this, therefore I keep silent and I move on.

**December 22, 1899**

*How God draws us to love Him in three ways, and how He manifests Himself to the soul in three ways.*

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. After much waiting and waiting He made Himself just barely seen several times, like a lightning that flashes by. But I seemed to see a light rather than Jesus, and in this light, a voice which, the first time it came, said: "I draw you to love Me in three ways: by dint of benefits, by dint of sympathies, and by dint of persuasions."

Who can say how many things I comprehended in these three words? It seemed to me that in order to attract my love and also that of the other creatures, blessed Jesus makes benefits rain down for our good, and in seeing that this rain of benefits does not reach the point of gaining our love, He reaches the point of rendering Himself sympathetic. And what is this sympathy? It is His pains suffered for love of us, to the point of dying, deluging blood upon a cross, where He rendered Himself so sympathetic as to enamor of Himself His very executioners and His fiercest enemies. Even more, in order to attract us more and render our love stronger and more stable, He left us the light of His most holy examples, united to His celestial doctrine, which, like light, dispel for us the darkness of this life and lead us to eternal salvation.

The second time it came, it said to me: "I manifest Myself to the soul in three different ways: by power, by news and by love. The power is the Father, the news is the Word, the love is the Holy Spirit." Oh, how many more things I comprehended! But too little is that which I am able to manifest. It seemed to me that God manifests Himself to the soul, by power, in the whole of creation;

from the first to the last being is the omnipotence of God manifested. The heavens, the stars and all the other beings speak to us, though in a mute language, of a Supreme Being, of an Uncreated Being, of His omnipotence. In fact, the most learned man, with all of his science, cannot arrive at creating the most wretched mosquito, and this says that there must be a most powerful uncreated Being who created everything, and gives life and preservation to all beings. Oh, how the whole universe, in clear notes and with indelible characters, speaks to us of God and of His omnipotence! Therefore, one who does not see Him is voluntarily blind! By news: it seemed to me that blessed Jesus, in descending from Heaven, came upon earth in person to give us news of what is invisible to us; and in how many ways did He not manifest Himself? I believe that everyone can comprehend the rest by himself, therefore I will not go on speaking.

**December 25, 1899**

*Jesus wants a continuous attitude of sacrifice in the soul.*

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

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

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

While He was saying this, the Queen Mama wanted the Baby in order to nourish Him with Her most sweet milk. I gave Him back to Her, and She uncovered Her breast to place it in the mouth of Her Divine Baby; and I, clever, wanting to make a joke, placed my mouth to suckle. I drew a few drops, and in

the act in which I was doing this, they disappeared from me, leaving me content and discontent. May everything be for the glory of God, and to the confusion of this miserable sinner.

**December 27, 1899**

*Charity must be like a mantle that covers one's actions.*

He continued to make Himself seen like shadow and flash. While I was in a sea of bitterness because of His absence, in one instant He made Himself seen, telling me: "Charity must be like a mantle which must cover all of your actions, in such a way that everything must shine with perfect charity. What is the meaning of your being displeased when you do not suffer? That your charity is not perfect, because suffering for love of Me and not suffering for love of Me, without your will, is all the same." And He disappeared leaving me more embittered than before, wanting to touch a key too delicate for me, which He Himself has infused in me.

Then, after I shed bitter tears for my miserable state and over the absence of my adorable Jesus, He came back and told me: "With just souls I act with justice, or rather, I give them double recompense for their justice by favoring them with greater graces, and by speaking to them of just words and of sanctity."

However, I found myself so confused and bad, that I did not dare to utter a single word; rather, I continued to shed tears over my misery. And Jesus, wanting to infuse trust in me, placed His hand under my head in order to lift it, because it could not hold itself up, and He added: "Do not fear, I am the shield of the tribulated." And He disappeared.

**December 30, 1899**

*Effects of humiliation and of mortification.*

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

**January 1, 1900**

*The Circumcision of Jesus. The more the soul humiliates herself and knows herself, the closer she draws to the truth.*

Being very afflicted because of the privation of my highest and only Good, after much waiting and waiting, finally I saw Him come out from within my heart, crying, and making me understand with His eyes that He was hurting from the wound received in the Circumcision. So He cried and expected me to dry the blood that was pouring from that wound, and to sweeten the pain of the cut. I felt all compassion and confusion together, so much so that I did not dare to do it; however, drawn by love, I don't know how I found a little cloth in my hand, and I tried as much as I could to dry the blood of Baby Jesus. While doing this, I felt I was all full of sin, and I thought that I was the cause of that pain of Jesus. Oh, how sorry I felt for Him! I felt absorbed in that bitterness; and the blessed little Baby, compassionating my miserable state, told me: "The more the soul humiliates herself and knows herself, the closer she draws to the truth; and being in the truth, she tries to push herself along the path of virtues, from which she sees herself very far away. And if she sees herself on the path of virtues, immediately she realizes how much there is left for her to do, because virtues have no end – they are infinite, as I am. So, being in the truth, the soul always tries to perfect herself, but she will never arrive at seeing herself perfect. And this serves her, and it will make her work continuously, striving to perfect herself more, without wasting time in idleness. And I, pleased with this work, keep retouching her little by little, in order to portray my likeness in her. This is why I wanted to be circumcised – to give an example of highest humility, which rendered the very Angels of Heaven stunned."

**January 3, 1900**

*Peace, in any circumstance.*

I continued to see myself all full of miseries; not only so, but also restless. It seems to me that all of my interior had become alarmed about the loss of Jesus. I kept thinking to myself that my great sins had made me deserve that my adorable Jesus had left me, and therefore I was not going to see Him any more. Oh, what a cruel death this thought is for me! Or rather, more ruthless than any death! 'No longer to see Jesus...! No longer to hear the gentleness of His voice...! To lose the One on whom my life depends, and from whom every good comes to me...! How can I live without Him? Ah, everything is over for me if I lose Jesus!...' With these thoughts I felt an agony of death; all of my interior was upset for it wanted Jesus; and He, in a flash of light, manifested Himself to my soul, telling me: "Peace, peace, do not want to disturb yourself. Just as a most fragrant flower perfumes the place in which it is put, so does my peace fill with God the soul who possesses it." And He escaped like a flash. Ah, Lord, how good You are with this sinner! And I also tell You in confidence: "How impertinent You are, for I must lose You no less, and You do not even

want me to become disturbed or restless; and if I do it, You make me understand that I myself move away from You, because with peace I fill myself with God, while by becoming disturbed I fill myself with diabolical temptations.' Oh, my sweet Jesus! How much patience it takes with You! – because whatever happens to me, I cannot even become upset or disturbed, but You want me to remain in perfect calm and peace.

**January 5, 1900**

*Effects of sin and of Confession.*

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

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

**January 6, 1900**

*Confidence, the staircase to ascend to the Divinity.*

This morning I received Communion, and as I found myself together with Jesus, the Queen Mama was also there, and – oh, marvel! – I looked at the Mother and I could see Her Heart transmuted into Baby Jesus; I looked at the Son and I could see the Mother in the Heart of the Baby. In the meantime, I remembered that today is the Epiphany, and in the example of the Holy Magi, I was to offer something to Baby Jesus, but I saw myself as having nothing to give Him. So, in seeing my misery, the thought came to me of offering my body as myrrh, with all the sufferings of the twelve years in which I had been in bed, ready to suffer and to remain there as much longer as He pleased; as gold, the pain I feel when He deprives me of His presence, which is the most painful

and sorrowful thing for me; as incense, my poor prayers, united to those of the Queen Mama, so that they might be more pleasing to Baby Jesus. So I made the offering with full confidence that the Baby would accept everything.

Jesus seemed to accept my poor offerings with great pleasure, but that which He enjoyed the most was the confidence with which I had offered them. Then He said to me: "Confidence has two arms: with one it embraces my Humanity, and it uses my Humanity as a staircase in order to ascend to my Divinity; with the other it embraces the Divinity and draws celestial graces in torrents, in such a way that the soul remains all inundated within the Divine Being. When the soul is confident, she is certain to obtain what she asks. I let my arms be bound, I let her do whatever she wants, I let her penetrate even into my Heart, and I let her take, by herself, that which she has asked from Me. If I did not do so, I would feel Myself in a state of violence." While He was saying this, many rivulets of a liqueur (I call it 'liqueur', but I can't really tell what it was) came out from the breast of the Baby and of the Mother, which inundated my soul completely. Then the Queen Mother disappeared.

After this, together with the Baby I went out into the vault of the heavens. I saw that His gracious face was sad, and I said to myself: 'Maybe He wants milk, this is why He is sad.' So I said to Him: 'Do You want to suckle from me since the Queen Mama is not here?' But before doing this, I became concerned that it might be the devil; so, in order to be reassured, I signed him several times with the cross and I said to him: 'Are you really Jesus the Nazarene, the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity, Son of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God?' And the Baby assured that He was. Therefore, being assured, I placed Him to suckle from myself. The Baby seemed to revive, assuming a merry appearance, and I saw that He was suckling part of those rivulets with which He Himself had inundated me. And while He was doing this, I felt my heart being pulled, as it seemed that that milk which Jesus was drawing from me was coming out from it. Who can say what passed between me and Baby Jesus? I have no tongue to be able to manifest it, no words to be able to describe it.

**January 8, 1900**

*The 'errors' contained in these writings, which will do good. Firmness and stability in operating.*

I was thinking to myself: 'Who knows how much nonsense, how many errors are contained in these things I write!' At that moment, I felt I was losing consciousness, and blessed Jesus came and said to me: "My daughter, errors too will do good; and this, in order to make known that there is no artifice on your part, and that you are not some doctor, because if you were so, you yourself would realize where you were mistaken. This will also make shine more that it is I who speak to you, by looking at it in a simple way. However, I assure you that they will find not a shadow of vice or anything which is not virtue, because while you write, I Myself guide your hand. At the most, they

may find a few errors at first sight, but if they look at them thoroughly, they will find the truth.”

Having said this, He disappeared, but after a few hours He came back. I was feeling all hesitant and concerned about the words He had spoken to me, and He added: “My heritage is firmness and stability; I am not subject to any change, and the more the soul draws near Me and advances on the path of virtues, the firmer and more stable she feels in operating good. And the farther she remains from Me, the more she will be subject to changing and oscillating – now toward good, now toward evil.

**January 12, 1900**

*Difference between knowledge of self and humility. Jesus alone can glory in possessing true humility.*

Finding myself in my usual state, my adorable Jesus came in a pitiful state. He had His hands bound tightly, His face covered with spit, and many people were slapping Him horribly. And He remained quiet, placid, without making one movement or emitting one lament; not even a batting of eyelashes, in order to show that He Himself wanted to suffer these outrages; and this, not only externally, but also internally. What a moving scene, such as to break the hardest hearts! How many things that Face said, with that spit hanging, dirtied with mud! I felt horrified, I trembled, I saw myself all pride before Jesus.

While He was in that appearance, He said to me: “My daughter, only the little ones let themselves be handled as one wants; not those who are little of human reason, but those who are little yet filled with divine reason. I alone can say that I am humble, because in man, that which is said to be humility should rather be called knowledge of self; and one who does not know himself already walks in falsehood.”

Jesus remained silent for a few minutes, and I stayed there, contemplating Him. While I was doing this, I saw a hand carrying a light, which, searching in my interior, in the most intimate hiding places, wanted to see whether the knowledge of myself and love of humiliations, confusions and opprobriums, were present in me. That light found a void in my interior – and I too saw it – which had to be filled with humiliations and confusions, in the example of blessed Jesus. Oh, how many things that light and that holy Face which was before me, made me understand! I said to myself: ‘A God, humiliated and confused for love of me, and I, a sinner, without these insignia! A God, stable, firm in bearing so many insults, to the point that He does not move, not one bit, to shake that disgusting spit off of Himself. Ah, His interior before God, and His exterior before men are made manifest to me; and yet, if He wanted to free Himself, He could, because it is not the chains that bind Him, but His firm Will, which wants to save mankind at any cost. And I? And I? Where are my humiliations? Where, the firmness, the constancy in doing good for love of my

Jesus and for love of my neighbor? Ah, how different we are as victims - myself and Jesus! Ah, we are not similar at all!

While my little brain was wandering in this, my adorable Jesus told me: "Only my Humanity was filled with opprobriums and humiliations, to the point that they overflowed outside. This is why Heaven and earth tremble before my virtues, and the souls who love Me use my Humanity as a staircase in order to ascend and lap up a few little drops of my virtues. Tell me now: before my humility, where is yours? I alone can glory in possessing true humility. My Divinity, united to my Humanity, could operate prodigies at each step, word and work; yet, I voluntarily constrained Myself within the circle of my Humanity, I showed Myself as the poorest, and I reached the point of mingling with sinners themselves. I could have done the Work of Redemption in very little time, and even with one single word; yet, during the course of many years, with many hardships and sufferings, I wanted to make the miseries of man my own; I wanted to exercise Myself in many different actions, so that man might be completely renewed and divinized, even in the lowest works. In fact, once they had been exercised by Me, who was God and Man, they received new splendor, and remained with the mark of divine works. My Divinity, hidden within my Humanity, wanted to lower Itself to such baseness, subjecting Itself to the course of human actions - while with one single act of my Will I could have created infinite worlds - feeling the miseries and the weaknesses of others as if they were Its own, seeing Itself covered with all the sins of men before Divine Justice, having to pay their penalty at the price of unheard-of pains and with the shedding of all Its Blood.... Thus It exercised continuous acts of profound and heroic humility.

Oh daughter, here is the immense difference between my humility and the humility of creatures, even that of all of my Saints, which is only a shadow in the face of mine; because the creature is always a creature and does not know, as I know, how great is the weight of sin. Even though heroic souls, following my example, have offered themselves to suffer the pains of others, their pains are not different from those of the other creatures; they are not new things for them, because they are made of the same clay. Moreover, the mere thought that those pains are the cause of new gains, and that they glorify God, is a great honor for them. Furthermore, the creature is restricted within the circle in which God placed her, and she cannot go out of those limits within which she has been circumscribed by God. Oh, if it were in their power to do or undo things, how many other things they would do - everyone would reach the stars! But my divinized Humanity had no limits, yet It voluntarily constrained Itself within Itself; and this was the braiding of all my works with heroic humility. This had been the cause of all evils which inundate the earth - lack of humility; and by exercising this virtue, I was to draw all goods from Divine Justice. Ah, yes, no concessions of graces come from my throne, if not by means of humility, nor can any ticket be received by Me, if it does not carry the signature of

humility. No prayer is listened to by my ears, and moves my Heart to compassion, if it is not perfumed by the fragrance of humility. If the creature does not arrive at destroying that seed of honor, of esteem – and this can be destroyed by arriving at loving to be despised, humiliated, confused – she will feel a braiding of thorns around her heart; she will feel a void in her heart which will always bother her, and will render her very dissimilar from my Most Holy Humanity. If she does not arrive at loving humiliations, at the most she will be able to know herself a little bit, but will not shine before Me, clothed with the garment of humility, beautiful and worthy of sympathy.”

Who can say how many things I understood about this virtue, and the difference between knowledge of self and humility? I seemed to touch with my own hand the distinction between these two virtues, but I have no words to explain myself.

In order to say something, I will use an image. For example, a poor man says he is poor, and he frankly manifests his poverty, also to people who do not know him and who may believe that he possesses something. One can say that he knows himself and tells the truth; and because of this, he is loved more, he moves others to compassion for his miserable state, and everyone helps him. So it is to know oneself. If then, feeling ashamed of manifesting his poverty, that poor man boasted of being rich, while everyone knows that he does not even have clothes to cover himself and that he is dying of starvation – what happens? Everyone despises him, nobody helps him, and he becomes an object of mockery and ridicule to anyone who knows him; and the miserable one, going from bad to worse, ends up dying. So is pride before God and also before other men. And here is how one who does not know himself already leaves the truth and slumps into the path of falsehood.

Now, here is the difference with humility, though it seems to me that knowledge of self and humility are sisters born of the same womb, and one can never be humble if he does not know himself. For example, there is a rich man who, out of love for humiliations, stripping himself of his noble garments, covers himself with miserable rags. He lives unknown, manifesting to no one who he is; he mingles with the poorest, he lives with the poor as if he were one of them, and makes scorns and confusions his delights. Here is the beautiful sister of the knowledge of self, which is humility.

Ah, yes, humility draws grace; humility breaks the strongest chains, which are sin. Humility surmounts any wall of division between the soul and God, and brings her back to Him. Humility is a little plant, but always green and flowery, not subject to being gnawed by worms; nor will winds, hail or heat be able to do harm to it, or make it wither, even slightly. Though being the littlest plant, humility produces very high branches, which penetrate even into Heaven, braiding around the Heart of Our Lord; and only the branches which come from this plant have free access into that adorable Heart. Humility is the anchor of peace during the storms of the sea waves of this life. Humility is the

salt which spices all virtues and preserves the soul from the corruption of sin. Humility is the little grass which sprouts along the way treaded by wayfarers; while being treaded, it disappears, but soon one can see it sprout again, more beautiful than before. Humility is like a gentle graft, which renders the wild plant gentle. Humility is the sunset of guilt. Humility is the newborn of grace. Humility is like the moon, which guides us in the darkness of the night of this life. Humility is like that shrewd merchant who knows well how to trade his riches, and wastes not even one cent of the grace that is given to him. Humility is the key of the door of Heaven, such that no one can enter into It if he does not keep this key in good custody. Finally – otherwise I would never end and I would be too long – humility is the smile of God and of all Heaven, and it is the crying of all hell.

**January 17, 1900**

*Evilness and shrewdness of man.*

This morning my adorable Jesus was coming and going, but always in silence. Then I felt I was going outside of myself, and I felt Jesus behind me saying: “Man says: ‘There is no more rectitude, and as long as things are this way, we will not be able to obtain any success in our intents. So, let us fake virtue, let us pretend we are upright, let us show ourselves as true friends on the outside, for in this way it will be easier to weave our nets and deceive others. And when we come out to plunder them and harm them, since everyone believes that we are friends, we will easily have them in our hands without resistance.’ Look at where the shrewdness of man reaches!”

After this, wanting a special act of reparation, blessed Jesus seemed to cut my life off, offering me to divine Justice. In the act in which He was doing this, I thought that Jesus would make me pass away from this life, so I said to Him: ‘Lord, I do not want to come to Heaven without your insignia – first crucify me and then take me.’ So He pierced my hands and feet through with the nails, but while doing this, to my highest sorrow He disappeared and I found myself inside myself. I said to myself: ‘I am still here! Ah, how many times You have done this to me, my dear Jesus! - indeed You have a special art for being able to do it, for You make me believe that I must die, so I laugh at the world, at the pains, and I even laugh at You, because the time of our being separated is ended, and there will be no more intervals of separation. But as soon as the laughing begins, as I find myself bound once again with the shackles of the wall of this fragile body, forgetting that I had just begun to laugh, I continue with the crying, the moans and the sighs of my separation from You. Ah, Lord, hurry, for I feel compelled to come!’

**January 22, 1900**

*Correspondence to Grace.*

After going through most bitter days of privation, my poor heart was struggling between the fear of having lost Him and the hope that, who knows, I might see Him again. Oh God, what a bloody war this poor heart of mine had to bear! The pain was so great that now it would become ice-cold, now it would be squeezed as though under a press, and would drip blood. While I was in this state, I felt my sweet Jesus near me; He removed a veil from me which prevented me from seeing Him, so finally I was able to see Him. Immediately I said to Him: 'Ah, Lord! You don't love me any more!' And He: "Yes, yes... What I recommend to you is correspondence to my grace, and in order to be faithful, you must be like the echo that resounds in an empty space: as soon as a voice is emitted, immediately, without the slightest hesitation, one can hear the echo booming after it. In the same way, as soon as you begin to receive my grace, without even waiting for Me to finish giving it, begin immediately the echo of your correspondence."

**January 27, 1900**

*The order of the virtues in the soul.*

I continue to be almost without my sweet Jesus; my life is leaving me because of the pain; I feel such tedium, boredom, tiredness of life... I kept saying in my interior: 'Oh, how my exile has been prolonged! Oh, what happiness would be mine if I could loosen the bonds of this body so that my soul might take wing, freely, toward my highest Good!' A thought said to me: 'And what if you go to hell?' And I, so as not to call the devil to fight me, immediately snapped out of it by saying: 'Well then, even from hell I will send my sighs to my sweet Jesus - even from there do I want to love Him.' While I was amid these and other thoughts - the story would be too long if I wanted to repeat them all - lovable Jesus made Himself seen for just a little, but with a serious aspect, and He told me: "Your time has not yet come."

Then, with an intellectual light He made me comprehend that everything must be orderly in the soul. The soul possesses many little apartments in which each virtue takes its place, even though it can be said that one single virtue contains all others within itself, and that the soul, by possessing only one of them, comes to be endowed with all the other virtues. However, in spite of this, they are all distinct among themselves, so much so, that each of them has its own place in the soul. And here is how all virtues have their origin in the mystery of the Sacrosanct Trinity: while It is One, there are Three distinct Persons, and while They are Three, They are One. I also understood that these apartments in the soul are either full of virtue or of the vice opposite to that virtue; and if there is neither virtue nor vice, they remain empty. It seemed to me that they are like a house which contains many rooms, all empty; or some rooms are full of snakes, some of mud; some are full of pieces of furniture full of dust, and some are dark. Ah, Lord, You alone can put my poor soul in order!

**January 28, 1900**

*What mortification does.*

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

He said to me: "What are you doing? You do not want to share in my bitternesses any more? You no longer want to give Me relief in my pains?"

And I: 'Lord, this is not my will; I myself don't know what has happened to me. I feel so full that I do not know where to contain them. Only a prodigy of Yours can enlarge my interior so that I may receive your bitternesses.'

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

**January 31, 1900**

*Grace, and correspondence to It.*

After He came quite a few times, but always in silence, I felt a void and a pain for I could not hear the most sweet voice of my sweet Jesus; and He, coming back, almost to content me, told me: "Grace is the life of the soul. Just as the soul gives life to the body, so does grace give life to the soul. However, in order to have life it is not enough for the body to have the soul; it also needs food with which to nourish itself and grow to the proper stature. In the same way, it is not enough for the soul to have grace in order to have life, but food is needed to nourish her and raise her to the proper stature. And what is this food? It is her correspondence. So grace, and correspondence to it, form the links of the chain which lead her to Heaven, and according to the measure in which the soul corresponds to grace, she keeps forming the links of this chain."

Then He added: "What is the passport to enter into the kingdom of grace? It is humility. Through humility, by always looking at her nothingness and seeing that she is nothing but dust or wind, the soul will place all her trust in grace, so much so, as to make of it her master. And grace, taking dominion over all of the soul, leads her along the path of all virtues, and makes her reach the summit of perfection."

What would a soul without grace be like? It seemed to me that she would be like the body without the soul, which becomes stinking and spews worms and rot from all parts, so much so, as to become an object of horror to the human

sight itself. In the same way, without grace, the soul becomes so abominable as to be horrifying to the sight – not of men, but of God Trice Holy. Ah, Lord, free me from such misfortune, and from the abominable monster of sin!

**February 4, 1900**

*Discouragement.*

As I was in a state full of discouragement, especially because of the privation of my highest Good, this morning, making Himself seen for just a little, He told me: “Discouragement is an infectious humor, which infects the most beautiful flowers and the most pleasant fruits, and penetrates down to the bottom of the root, in such a way that, by invading the whole tree, that infectious humor renders it withered and squalid. And if one does not remedy it by watering it with a contrary humor, since the bad humor has infiltrated deep into the root, it will make the root wither and the tree fall to the ground. So it happens to the soul who becomes soaked with this infectious humor of discouragement.”

In spite of all this, I still felt discouraged, all huddled within myself, and I saw myself as so bad that I did not dare to fling myself toward my sweet Jesus. My mind was occupied with the thought that it was useless for me to hope for His continuous visits as before, for His graces, for His charisms – everything was over for me. And He, almost scolding me, added: “What are you doing? What are you doing? Don’t you know that lack of confidence renders the soul moribund? Thinking that she has to die, she no longer thinks of anything – neither of gaining anything, nor of making it circulate, nor of embellishing herself more, nor of remedying her sicknesses – she thinks of nothing else but that everything is over for her.”

Ah, Lord, I imagine seeing this specter of the lack of confidence – squalid, emaciated, fearful and all trembling; and all of his mastery, with no other ingenuity but fear alone, leads souls to the tomb. But what is more, this specter does not show himself as an enemy so that the soul may sneer at his fear, but he shows himself as a friend, and infiltrates so sweetly into the soul, that if the soul is not attentive, seeing him as a faithful friend who agonizes with her and even dies together with her, she will hardly be able to free herself from his artificial mastery.

**February 5, 1900**

*The circle of truth of the knowledge of self.*

Continuing in the same state, with a little bit more courage, though I was not perfectly free, my dearest Jesus, on coming, told me: “My daughter, sometimes the soul feels an encounter in some virtue, and plucking up her strength, the soul overcomes that encounter; and then, that virtue becomes more resplendent and rooted in the soul. However, the soul must be very attentive in order to avoid that she herself might provide the little rope to let herself be bound by lack of confidence; and she will do this by always restricting herself within the

circle of truth, without ever leaving it, which is the knowledge of her nothingness.”

**February 12, 1900**

*Voluntary defects form clouds.*

As I was in a state of abandonment on the part of my adorable Jesus, I felt my poor heart crushed by the pain, as though under a press. Oh God, what an unutterable pain! While I was in this state, I saw my dear Good almost like a shadow, but not clearly; I only saw one hand clearly, which seemed to carry a lamp which was lit. He dipped His finger in the lamp and anointed the area of my heart, embittered to the summit by the pain of His privation. At that moment I heard a voice saying; “The truth is light, which the Word brought upon earth. Just as the sun illuminates, vivifies and fecundates the earth, so does the light of truth give life and light, and it renders souls fecund with virtues. Even though many clouds obfuscate this light of truth, which are the iniquities of men, in spite of this, it does not cease to send forth glimmers of vivifying light from behind the clouds, so as to warm souls. And if these clouds are clouds of imperfection and of involuntary defects, this light, piercing them with its heat, makes them vanish and it penetrates freely into the soul.”

I understood that the soul must be attentive not to fall even into a shade of voluntary defects, which are those dangerous clouds that prevent the entrance of divine light.

**February 13, 1900**

*Mortification is like lime.*

This morning, after receiving Communion, I saw my adorable Jesus, but completely changed in His appearance. He seemed to be serious, all distant, in the act of reproaching me. What a tormenting change! Instead of being relieved, I felt my poor heart more oppressed, more pierced, before such an unusual presence of Jesus. Yet, I felt all the need for a relief from the pains of His privations suffered in the past days, which were such that I seemed to be alive, but agonizing and in a continuous state of violence. But blessed Jesus, wanting to reproach me because I was looking for relief in His presence, while I was to look for nothing but suffering, told me: “Just as lime has the virtue of cooking the objects which are thrown into it, so does mortification have the virtue of cooking all the imperfections and defects which are present in the soul. And it reaches the point of spiritualizing also the body, surrounding it like a circle, and sealing all virtues within it. Until mortification has cooked you well - both the soul and the body, to the point of undoing it - I will not be able to seal in you, perfectly, the mark of my crucifixion.”

After this, someone - I can't really tell who he was, but he seemed to be an Angel - pierced my hands and feet through, and Jesus, with a lance which came out from His Heart, pierced mine, to my extreme pain. Then He disappeared,

leaving me more afflicted than before. Oh, how well I understood the necessity of mortification, my inseparable friend, and how there was not even a shadow of friendship in me with mortification! Ah, Lord, bind me Yourself, with indissoluble friendship, to this good friend, because on my own I can only show myself all coarseness. And she, not seeing herself being welcomed nicely, uses all regards with me, and keeps sparing me, fearing that I may come to the point of turning my back on her completely. So, she never accomplishes with me her beautiful and majestic crafting, because as long as we remain a little distant, her prodigious hands cannot reach me, in order to be able to work me and present me to You as a work worthy of her most holy hands.

**February 16, 1900**

*Mortification must be the breath of the soul.*

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

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

**February 19, 1900**

*The century of pride. Jesus wants the hearts of souls all for Himself.*

This morning my adorable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself, and I could see many people, all in motion. I cannot tell with certainty, but there seemed to be a war, or a revolution, and they did nothing but braid crowns of thorns for Our Lord; so much so, that while I was all intent on removing one, they would drive a more painful one onto His head. Ah, yes, it really seemed that this century of ours will be renowned for its pride. The greatest misfortune is to lose one's head, because once the head with the brain is lost, all the other members become disabled, or they become one's own enemies and the enemies of others. So it happens that the person gives vent to all other vices. My patient Jesus tolerated all those crowns of thorns, and I

hardly had the time to remove them. Then He turned to them and said: "You will die – some in war, some in jail, and some from earthquakes; only few of you will be left. Pride has formed the course of the actions of your lives, and pride will give you death."

After this, blessed Jesus pulled me away from those people, and as He became a baby, I carried Him in my arms to let Him rest. Asking me for a refreshment, He wanted to suckle from me; fearing that it might be the devil, I signed Him with the cross several times, and then I said to Him: 'If You really are Jesus, let us recite the Hail Mary to our Queen Mama together.' And Jesus recited the first part, and I the Holy Mary. Then, He Himself wanted to recite the Our Father. Oh, how touching His praying was! It was so moving that my heart seemed to liquefy. Then He added: "Daughter, unlike others, I had my life from the Heart, and this is one reason why I am all Heart for souls and I am inclined to want the heart, and I tolerate not even a shadow of what is not mine. So, between you and Me I want everything distinctly for Myself; and that which you will concede to creatures, will be nothing but the overflow of our love."

**February 20, 1900**

*Jesus is the Lamp of all in Heaven.*

My benign Jesus continues to come. After I received Communion, He renewed in me the pains of the crucifixion, and I was left so numb that I felt the need for a relief, but I did not dare to ask for it. After a little while He came back as a baby and He kissed me all over; milk flowed from His lips, and I drank in large gulps that most sweet milk from His most pure lips. Now, while I was doing this, He told me: "I am the flower of the Celestial Eden, and the fragrance I spread is such that at my perfume the whole of Heaven remains captivated. And since I am the Lamp that sends light to all, so much so, as to keep them immersed in it, all of my Saints draw their little lamps from Me. So, there is no light in Heaven which has not been drawn from this Lamp." Ah, yes! There is not even the smell of virtue without Jesus; and even if one went up to the highest heavens, there is no light without Jesus!

**February 21, 1900**

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

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

Then, after being patient in waiting and waiting for Him, finally He came and told me: "My daughter, the gift of purity is not a natural gift, but an attained grace; and it is obtained by rendering oneself worthy of sympathy. The soul

becomes so through mortifications and through sufferings. Oh, how worthy of sympathy becomes the mortified and suffering soul! Oh, how striking she is! And I feel such sympathy as to go mad for her, and whatever she wants, I give to her. When you are deprived of Me, suffer my privation for love of Me, which is the most painful suffering for you, and I will feel more sympathy than before, and will grant you new gifts."

**February 23, 1900**

*The sign to know whether a state is Will of God.*

This morning, after I had almost lost the hope that blessed Jesus would come, all of a sudden He came and renewed in me the pains of the crucifixion; and He told me: "The time has come, the end is approaching, but the hour is uncertain." And I, without paying attention to the meaning of the words He spoke, remained in doubt about whether I should apply them to my complete crucifixion or to the chastisements. So I said to Him: 'Lord, how I fear that my state may not be Will of God!' And He: "The surest sign in order to know whether a state is my Will is when one feels the strength to sustain that state." And I: 'If it were your Will, this change - that You do not come as before - would not happen.'

And He: "When a person becomes intimate with a family, one no longer uses those formalities, those regards which were used before, when he was a stranger. So I do. But nevertheless, this is not a sign that it is not the will of that family to have that person with them, or that they no longer love him as before. Therefore, be at peace, let Me do - do not want to rack your brains or trouble the peace of your heart. At the appropriate time you will know my working."

**February 24, 1900**

*Luisa resists obedience.*

This morning I was all fear; I believed that everything was fantasy - that is, the devil wanting to deceive me. So, whatever I would see, I would despise and I would be displeased. I saw the confessor placing the intention that Jesus would renew in me the pains of the crucifixion, and I tried to resist. At first blessed Jesus tolerated me, but since the confessor kept repeating the intention, Jesus told me: "My daughter, this time we are really going to fail the obedience. Don't you know that obedience must seal the soul, and that obedience must render the soul like soft wax, in such a way that the confessor may give to it the shape he wants?" So, heedless of my resistances, He shared with me the pains of the crucifixion; and I, no longer able to resist all this, which I did not want for fear that it might not be Jesus, was forced to succumb under the weight of the pains. May He be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory, in everything and always.

**February 26, 1900**

*The Divine Will is the beatitude of all.*

After going through several days of privation – at most, He would come sometimes like a shadow, and would run away – I felt such pain that I consumed myself with tears. Having compassion for my sorrow, blessed Jesus came, and He looked and looked at me again; then He said to me: “My daughter, do not fear for I do not leave you. However, when you are without my presence I do not want you to lose heart, but rather, from today on, when you are deprived of Me, I want you to take my Will and to delight in It, loving Me and glorifying Me in my Will, and holding my Will as if It were my very Person. By doing so, you will keep Me in your very hands. What forms the beatitude of Paradise? Certainly my Divinity. Now, what would form the beatitude of my dear ones on earth? With certainty, my Will. My Will can never escape you; you will always have It in your possession, and if you remain in the circle of my Will, there you will experience the joys most ineffable and the pleasures most pure. By never going out of the circle of my Will, the soul becomes noble, divinized, and all of her operations reverberate in the center of the divine Sun, just as the sun’s rays reverberate on the surface of the earth – not one of them goes out of their center, which is God. The soul who does my Will is alone the noble queen who nourishes herself from my breath, because she takes her food and her drinks from no place but my Will, and by nourishing herself from my Will all Holy, a most pure blood will flow in her veins, and her breath will spread a fragrant perfume, which will cheer the whole of Me, because it is produced by my very breath. Therefore, I want nothing else from you but that you form your beatitude in the circle of my Will, without ever going out of It, not even for a brief instant.”

While He was saying this, I felt an alarm and a fear in my interior, that the speaking of Jesus might indicate that He was not going to come, and that I was to find peace in His Will. Oh God, what a mortal pain! What grips in my heart! But Jesus, always benign, added: “How can I leave you since you are victim? When you cease to be victim, only then will I not come; but as long as you are victim I will always feel drawn to come.”

So it seems I have remained at peace, but I feel as though surrounded by the adorable Will of God, in such a way that I find no opening through which to go out. I hope He will always keep me in this circle that connects me completely in God.

**February 27, 1900**

*The Divine Will binds Jesus to the soul. The great evil of murmuring.*

Having abandoned all of myself in the lovable Will of Our Lord, I saw myself surrounded completely by my sweet Jesus, inside and out. By having abandoned myself in Him, I saw myself as if my being had become transparent, and wherever I turned, I could see my highest Good. But that which amazed me was that while I saw myself surrounded by Jesus inside and out, so was I,

my poor being, my will, surrounding Jesus as though within a circle, in such a way that He would not be able to find an opening to go out, because my will, united to His, kept Him chained, without any possibility that He might escape me. Oh admirable secret of the Will of my Lord – indescribable is Your happiness!

Now, while I was in this state, blessed Jesus told me; “My daughter, in the soul who is completely transformed in my Volition I find sweet rest. Her soul becomes for Me like those soft objects which cause no bother to someone who wants to rest; on the contrary, be they even tired and suffering people, the softness and the pleasure they receive in resting over those objects is such that, when they wake up, they find themselves strong and healthy. Such is for Me the soul who is conformed to my Will; and I, as recompense, let Myself be bound by her will and I make the Divine Sun shine in her as in the full midday.” Having said this, He disappeared.

Then, later, after I received Communion He came back and transported me outside of myself. I could see many people, and Jesus told me: “Tell them, tell them that great is the evil they do by murmuring about one another. They draw my indignation, and with justice, because I see that while they are subject to the same miseries and weaknesses, they do nothing but raise tribunals against one another. If they do this among themselves, what should I, who am pure and holy, do with them? According to the charity which they exercise toward one another, so do I feel drawn to use mercy with them.” Jesus was saying this to me, and I repeated it to those people; and then we withdrew.

### **March 2, 1900**

*The union of wills is that which most binds the soul to Jesus.*

This morning, after I received Holy Communion, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen crucified, and I felt drawn interiorly to reflect myself in Him, to be able to become like Him, and Jesus reflected Himself in me, to draw me to His likeness. While doing this, I felt the pains of my crucified Lord being infused in me, and with all goodness He told me: “I want suffering to be your nourishment, not only as suffering, but as the fruit of my Will. The most sincere kiss which binds our friendship more tightly is the union of our wills, and the indissoluble bond that will clasp us in continuous embraces will be the continuous suffering.”

While He was saying this, blessed Jesus unnailed Himself, took His cross and laid it in the interior of my body, and I too was so stretched as to feel my bones being dislocated. Moreover, a hand, but I cannot tell with certainty whose it was, pierced my hands and feet through. Jesus, who was seated on the cross which lay in my interior, was all pleased with my suffering and with the one who was piercing my hands, and He added: “Now I can rest in tranquillity, I do not even have to take the trouble to crucify you, because obedience wants to do everything herself, and I leave you freely in the hands of obedience.” And moving quickly from upon the cross, He placed Himself upon my heart to rest.

Who can say in how much suffering I remained, being in that position? After I remained like this for a long time, Jesus would not bother relieving me as the other times, so as to let me return to my natural state. I could no longer see that hand which had put me on the cross; I said this to Jesus, and He replied: "Who put you on the cross? Did I perhaps do it? It was obedience, and obedience must remove you from it." It seems that this time He wanted to joke, and by His highest grace I obtained that blessed Jesus would free me.

**March 7, 1900**

*The soul who is conformed to the Divine Will binds God.*

This morning, finding myself outside of myself, I had to go round and round to find my blessed Jesus. Fortunately I entered into a church and I found Him on an altar where the Divine Sacrifice was being celebrated. Immediately I ran to Him and I embraced Him, telling Him: 'Finally I have found You! You made me go round so much to the point of tiring myself, and You were here.' And He, looking at me with seriousness, not with the usual benignity, told me: "This morning I feel very embittered, and I feel the full necessity to lay hand to chastisements to free Myself of this load." And I, immediately: 'My dear, it is nothing, we will remedy it quickly; You will pour your bitternesses into me and so You will be relieved of this load, isn't it true?' And He, condescending to my words, poured His bitternesses into me. Then, afterwards, clasping all of me to Himself, as if He had freed Himself of a heavy weight, He added: "The soul who is conformed to my Will knows how to infiltrate herself so much into my power as to reach the point of binding Me completely, and to her liking she disarms Me as she wants. Ah, you, you - how many times you bind Me!" And while saying this, He assumed His usual sweet and benign appearance.

**March 9, 1900**

*Grace is like the sun.*

As I was a little disturbed because of something which it is not necessary to say here, my mind wanted to go wandering about, so as to be assured about my disturbance and so remain at peace. But blessed Jesus, wanting to contradict my will, prevented me from seeing what I wanted; and since I insisted in wanting to see, He told me: "Why do you want to go wandering about? Don't you know that one who goes out of my Will goes out of the light and confines himself into darkness?" And almost wanting to distract me from what I wanted, He transported me outside of myself, and changing the subject He added: "Take a look at how ungrateful men are to Me. The light of the sun fills the whole earth, from one end to another, in such a way that there is no land which does not enjoy the benefit of its light, and there is no one who can complain about being without its beneficial influence. In fact, investing the whole universe, the sun takes it as though in hand to be able to give light to all.

Only one who, escaping from its hand, goes to hide in dark places can complain of not enjoying its light; and yet, continuing its charitable office, the sun does not cease to send him a few glimmers of light through its fingers. So is my Grace, an image of the sun, which inundates the people everywhere: poor and rich, ignorant and learned, Christians and unbelievers - no one, no one can say he is without it, because the light of truth and the influence of my Grace fill the earth, more than the sun in its full midday.

But what pain is mine in seeing people who, passing through this light with their eyes closed and confronting my Grace with the pestilent torrent of their iniquities, deviate from this light and live voluntarily in dark places, in the midst of cruel enemies? They are exposed to a thousand dangers, because, not having light, they cannot know clearly whether they are in the midst of friends or enemies, and therefore shun the dangers that surround them.

Ah, if the sun had reason and men were able to give this affront to its light, and some of them, to irritate its light and not to see it, reached such ingratitude as to pluck their eyes out so as to be more sure of living in darkness - ah!, instead of sending light, the sun would send laments and cries of sorrow, such as to turn all nature upside down! Yet, that which one would have horror in doing to natural light, men reach such excess as to do to my Grace, treating it in this way. But my Grace, always benign with them, in the midst of darkness itself and of the madness of their blindness, always sends glimmers of light, because my Grace never leaves anyone. It is man who voluntarily goes out of it, and Grace, not having him within itself, tries to follow him with glimmers of its light."

While saying this, sweet Jesus was extremely afflicted, and I did as much as I could to console Him, praying Him to pour His bitternesses into me. And He added: "Bear with Me if I am a cause of affliction for you, because once in a while I feel all the necessity, with my beloved souls, to pour out my pain in words for the ingratitude of men, so as to move their hearts to repair for such an excess, and to compassion for men themselves." And I: 'Lord, what I would like is that You do not spare me the sharing in your pains.' And as I tried to say some more, He disappeared from me and I returned into myself.

**March 10, 1900**

*Effects of suffering and of obedience.*

This morning, having received Holy Communion, I saw my dear Jesus as a Child with a lance in His hand, in the act of wanting to pierce my heart through; and since I had said something to the confessor, wanting to reproach me, Jesus told me: "You want to shun suffering, and I want you to begin a new life of sufferings and of obedience." And while saying this, He pierced my heart through with the lance, and then He added: "Just as the fire burns according to the wood that is placed in it, thus being more active in burning and consuming the objects that are thrown into it, and the greater the fire, the

greater the heat and the light it contains – the same with suffering and obedience: the greater they are, the more the soul becomes capable of destroying what is material, and obedience gives her the shape it wants, like soft wax.”

**March 11, 1900**

*Encounter with a soul in Purgatory.*

It continues almost always in the same way. This morning I saw good Jesus more afflicted than usual, threatening a great mortality of people, and I saw that in certain towns many were dying. Then I passed by Purgatory, and as I recognized a late friend of mine, I questioned her about various things regarding my state, especially whether my state is Will of God, and whether it is true that it is Jesus who comes, or the devil. So I said to her: “Since you are present before the Truth and you know things with clarity, with no possibility of deceiving yourself, you can tell me the truth about my things.’

And she said to me: “Do not fear, your state is Will of God, and Jesus loves you very much - this is why He is pleased to manifest Himself to you.” And I, proposing some of my doubts to her, prayed her to be so kind as to see before the light of truth whether they were true or false, and to do me the charity to come and let me know; and if she did that, as recompense I would have a Mass celebrated in her suffrage. And she added: “If the Lord wants it, because we are so immersed in God that we cannot even flutter our eyelashes if we do not have His concurrence. We dwell in God just like a person who dwelled in another body, who can think, speak, look, work, walk, insofar as it is allowed to him by that body which surrounds him on the outside. In fact, for us it is not like for you, who exercise your free volition, your own will; for us every will has ceased, our will is only the Will of God – from It we live, in It we find all our contentment, and It forms all our good and our glory.” And as she was showing an unspeakable contentment for this Will of God, we separated.

**March 14, 1900**

*How to draw souls to Catholicism.*

Since the confessor had given me the obedience to pray to the Lord that He would manifest to me what should be done in order to draw souls to Catholicism and to remove so much unbelief, I prayed for several days, and the Lord would not deign to manifest Himself on this point. Finally, this morning I found myself outside of myself, transported into a garden which seemed to be the garden of the Church, and in it there were many priests and other dignities, who were discussing this topic. While they were discussing, a dog of enormous size and strength came out, and the majority of them were so scared and exhausted as to let themselves be bitten by that beast, and then they would withdraw like cowards from the enterprise. That fierce dog had no strength to bite only those who had Jesus in their hearts as their center, who would thus

form the center of all of their actions, thoughts and desires. Ah, yes, Jesus formed a seal for these people, and that beast would become so weak as to have not even the strength to breathe.

Now, while they were discussing, I heard Jesus behind my shoulders saying: "All other societies know who belongs to their party, only my Church does not know who Her children are. The first step is to know who those are who belong to Her, and these you can know by establishing a reunion one day, to which you will invite them, so that who is Catholic should convene to the appointed place for this reunion; and there, with the help of the lay Catholics, they should decide what it is advisable to do. The second step is to oblige to confession those Catholics who convene, which is the most important thing that renews man and forms the true Catholics. And this, not only for those who are present, but they should oblige the leaders to oblige their subjects to confession; and if they do not succeed with gentle manners, they should dismiss them from their service. Once each priest has formed the body of his Catholics, then will they be able to advance to superior steps. In fact, recognizing the opportunity of the moment, the way to penetrate into other parties, and the prudence in exposing themselves, is like the pruning of trees, which makes them produce large and mature fruits. But if the tree is not pruned, it does make, yes, a beautiful display of leaves and of flowers, but as soon as a frost comes, or a wind blows, since the tree does not have enough sap and strength to sustain so many flowers in order to change them into fruits, the flowers fall off, and the tree remains stripped. The same happens in the things of religion: first you must form a suitable body of Catholics, so as to be able to confront the other parties, and then you can come to penetrating into the other parties to form one single party."

After He said this, I did not hear Him any more, and without even seeing Him, I found myself inside myself. Who can say my pain at not having seen blessed Jesus for the whole day, and the tears I had to shed?

**March 15, 1900**

*Jesus feels disarmed by the victim souls.*

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

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

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

**March 17, 1900**

*Sorrow of the Pope. Humility.*

This morning blessed Jesus made me see the Holy Father with open wings, going in search of his children in order to gather them under his wings; and I could hear his laments, saying: "My children, my children, how many times have I tried to gather you under my wings - and you escape me! O please! Listen to my moans, and have compassion for my sorrow!" And while saying this, he cried bitterly. It seemed that it was not only the secular that were moving away from the Pope, but also priests, and these gave greater sorrow to the Holy Father. How pitiful it was to see the Pope in this position! After this, I saw Jesus who echoed the laments of the Holy Father, and added: "Few are those who have remained faithful, and these few live like foxes withdrawn inside their dens. They are afraid to expose themselves in order to pull their children away from the mouths of the wolves. They speak, they propose, but those are all words thrown to the wind - they never come to deeds." Having said this, He disappeared.

After a little while He came back. I felt all annihilated within myself in the presence of Jesus, and He, seeing me annihilated, told me: "My daughter, the more you lower yourself within yourself, the more I feel drawn to lower Myself

toward you, and to fill you with my grace. Here is how humility is bearer of light.”

**March 20, 1900**

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

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

While I was doing this, Jesus told me: “It shows that I cannot take you with me, because taking you and being unable to do anything is the same.” And I: ‘Lord, I have not done anything; forgive me if You know that I have done evil, but, O please! take me with You!’ And He: “Your way of acting binds Me everywhere.” And I: ‘I am not the one who does this, it is You Yourself who make me operate in this way, because in being with You, I see that all things are Yours, and if I did not care about your things, it seems to me that I would not care about You Yourself. Therefore, You must forgive me if I act in this way, because I do it for love of You, and You must not drive me away because of this.’

So we continued to go around. I did as much as I could not to tell Him anything at certain points so that He would not chastise, in order not to give Him any occasion to make me withdraw and lose His lovable presence. But where I could not, I would begin to oppose Him. We arrived at some place in Italy where they were making a plot which was to cause a great disorder, but I did not understand what it was, because as I began to say, ‘Lord, do not allow this – poor people! How shall they go on?’ - seeing that I insisted and wanted to prevent Him, Jesus told me with authority: “Withdraw! Withdraw!” And removing a belt of nails and pins which He wore, sunken inside His flesh, and which made Him suffer very much, He added: “Withdraw and take this belt with you, for you will give Me great relief.” And I: ‘Yes, I will put it on myself in your place, but let me be with You.’ And He: “No - withdraw!” And He said this with such authority that, unable to resist, in one instant I found myself inside myself, and I was unable to understand what that plot was about.

**March 25, 1900**

*The Incarnate Word is like Sun for souls.*

This morning my adorable Jesus, in the act of coming, told me: "Just as the sun is the light of the world, so did the Word of God, in incarnating Himself, become the light of souls. And just as the material sun gives light in general and to each one in particular, so much so, that each one can enjoy it as if it were his own, in the same way, the Word, while giving light in general, is Sun for each one in particular; so much so, that each one can have this Divine Sun as if It were for himself alone."

Who can say what I understood about this light and the beneficial effects that abound in souls who keep this Sun as if It were their own? It seemed to me that, by possessing this light, the soul dispels darkness, just as the material sun, by rising over our horizon, dispels the darkness of the night. If the soul is cold, this Divine Light warms her; if she is naked of virtues, It fecundates her; if she is inundated by the pestilent disease of lukewarmness, with Its heat It absorbs that bad humor. In a word, so as not to be too long, this Divine Sun, introducing her into the center of Its sphere, covers the soul with all Its rays and reaches the point of transforming the soul into Its very light.

After this, since I was feeling all weary, wanting to refresh me, Jesus told me: "This morning I want to delight in you." And He began to make His usual loving stratagems.

**April 1, 1900**

*Passions changed into virtues.*

After waiting and waiting, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen within my heart. I seemed to see a sun spreading its rays, and in looking into the center of this sun, I could see the face of Our Lord. But that which amazed me was seeing many maidens clothed in white within my heart, with crowns on their heads, surrounding this divine Sun and nourishing themselves with the rays which this Sun was spreading. Oh, how beautiful they were! – modest, humble, all intent on Jesus, and delighting in Him!

Not knowing the meaning of this, with a little bit of concern I asked Jesus to let me know who those maidens were; and Jesus told me: "These maidens were your passions, which now, by my grace, I have changed into as many virtues, which form my noble cortege, remaining all at my disposal. And I, as recompense, keep nourishing them with my continuous grace." Ah, Lord, yet, I feel I am so bad that I am ashamed of myself!

**April 2, 1900**

*Jesus judges according to the will with which one operates.*

This morning I had to suffer very much because of the absence of my dear Jesus; however, He repaid my pains by granting a desire of mine, of wanting to know something which I had been yearning for, for a long time. Then, I went

round and round in search of Jesus; now I would call Him with prayer, now with tears, now with singing - who knows whether He might be wounded by my voice and so let Himself be found; but it was all in vain. I repeated my moans; I asked about Him to whomever I found. Finally, when my heart felt it was dying and could take no more, I found Him. But I could see Him from the back, and remembering about a resistance I made to Him, which I will write in the book of the confessor, I asked for His forgiveness; so it seems we placed ourselves in accord; so much so, that He Himself asked me what I wanted. And I said to Him: 'Be pleased to let me know your Will about my state, especially what I must do when I find myself with little sufferings and You do not come; and if You do come, it is almost like a shadow. So, not seeing You, I feel my senses present within me, and finding myself in this state, I feel as if I were adding something of my own and as if it were not necessary to wait for the coming of the confessor in order to go out of that state.'

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

And Jesus: "To Me it seems that you want to escape. Besides, do you know when I intend to come and communicate my pains to you, whether at the first, the second, the third or even the last hour? So, by distracting yourself from Me and trying to go out, you occupy yourself with something else, and when I come I will not find you prepared, and will turn around and go somewhere else." And I, all frightened: 'May this never be, oh Lord! I want to know nothing but your Most Holy Will.' And He: "Remain calm and wait for the confessor." Having said this, He disappeared.

It seems I feel relieved of a heavy weight by this speaking of Jesus, but in spite of this, the sorrowful pain of when Jesus deprives me of Himself has not decreased in me.

**April 9, 1900**

***Abandonment in God.***

This morning, having received Communion, I was in a sea of bitternesses for I did not see my highest Good, Jesus. I felt all of my interior alarmed when, in

one instant, He made Himself seen and told me, almost reproaching me: "Don't you know that not abandoning oneself in Me is wanting to usurp the rights of my Divinity, giving Me a great affront? Therefore, abandon yourself, calm all your interior in Me, and you will find peace; and in finding peace, you will find Me." Having said this, He disappeared like a flash, without letting Himself be seen any more. Ah! Lord, keep me, Yourself, all abandoned and well clasped in your arms, so that I may never escape; otherwise I will always make my little escapes!

**April 10, 1900**

*The desire to see Jesus draws Him to the soul.*

Blessed Jesus continues not to come. Oh God, what an unspeakable pain His privation is! I tried as much as I could to remain at peace and all abandoned in Him, but - no!... my poor heart could take no more. I did as much as I could to calm it, saying: 'My heart, let us wait a little longer; who knows - He might come. Let us use some stratagems to draw Him to come.' So, turning to Him, I said: "Lord, come, it is getting late and You have not come yet? This morning I am trying to remain calm as much as I can; yet, You do not let Yourself be found? Lord, I offer You the martyrdom of your privation as a proof of love, and as a gift to induce You to come. It is true that I am not worthy, but it is not because I am worthy that I look for You; rather, I do it out of love, and because without You I feel life missing in me.' And since He was not coming, I said to Him: 'Lord, either You come, or I will tire You with my speaking; and when You are tired... even then You are not going to come?' But who can say all my nonsense? I told Him so many things that I would be too long if I wanted to say everything.

After this, I just barely saw my sweet Jesus moving in my interior, as if He were waking up from a sleep. Then He showed Himself more clearly, and transporting me outside of myself, He told me: "Just as the bird flaps its wings when it must fly, so does the soul flap the wings of humility at the flights of her desires, and in that flapping she sends a magnet that attracts Me, in such a way that while she takes wing to come to Me, I take wing to go to her." Ah, Lord, it shows that I lack the magnet of humility! If I could spread the magnet of humility everywhere on my path, I would not have to struggle so much in waiting and waiting for your coming!

**April 16, 1900**

*The three signatures on the passport to enter beatitude on earth. Plot against the Church.*

After I went through bitter days of privation and of reproaches of blessed Jesus because of my ingratitude and resistance to His Will and to His graces, this morning, upon coming, He told me: "My daughter, the passport to enter

beatitude, which the soul can possess on this earth, must be signed with three signatures, and these are resignation, humility and obedience.

Perfect resignation to my Will is wax which melts our wills and forms a single one; it is sugar and honey. However, at a small resistance to my Will, the wax separates, the sugar becomes bitter, and the honey turns into poison.

Now, it is not sufficient to be resigned, but the soul must be convinced that the greatest good for herself and the best way to glorify Me is to always do my Will. Here is the necessity of the signature of humility, because humility produces this knowledge.

But who ennobles these two virtues? Who fortifies them; who renders them persevering; who chains them together in such a way that they cannot separate; who crowns them? Obedience. Ah, yes, completely destroying one's will and everything which is material, obedience spiritualizes everything, and like a crown, places itself around them. So, resignation and humility without obedience are subject to instability, but with obedience they will be fixed and stable. Here is the strict necessity of the signature of obedience: so that this passport may circulate in order to pass into the reign of spiritual beatitude, which the soul can enjoy down here. Without these three signatures, the passport will have no value, and the soul will be rejected by the reign of beatitude, and will be forced to remain in the reign of restlessness, of fears and of dangers; and to her misfortune, she will have her own self as god, and this self will have the cortege of pride and of rebellion."

After this, He carried me outside of myself, into a garden, which seemed to be the garden of the Church. There I saw five or six people, priests and secular, who were going astray, and uniting with the enemies of the Church, started a revolution. How pitiful it was to see blessed Jesus crying over the sad state of these people! Then I looked in the air and I saw a cloud of water, full of large pieces of ice falling upon the earth. What a disaster they caused upon harvests and upon humanity! But I hope that He will calm down. Then, more afflicted than before, I came back into myself.

**April 20, 1900**

*The Cross gives us the features and the likeness of Jesus.*

My adorable Jesus continues to come, for just a little and like a shadow, and even when He comes He does not say anything. This morning, after He renewed in me the pains of the cross as many as two times, looking at me with tenderness while I was suffering the spasm of the piercings of the nails, He told me: "The cross is a mirror in which the soul admires the Divinity, and by reflecting herself in it, she acquires the features and the likeness which most resembles God. The cross must not only be loved and desired, but one must consider it an honor and a glory. This is to operate as God and to become like God by participation, because I alone gloried in the cross and considered

suffering an honor, and I loved it so much that in my whole life I did not want to be one moment without the cross.”

Who can say what I understood about the cross from this speaking of blessed Jesus? But I feel mute in expressing it with words. Ah, Lord, I pray You to keep me always nailed to the cross, so that, having this divine mirror ever before me, I may clean all my stains and embellish myself ever more in your likeness.

**April 21, 1900**

*More than Sacrament, the Cross seals God in the soul.*

As I was in my usual state, or rather, with a little bit of concern about something which it is not necessary to say here, my sweet Jesus, on coming, told me: “...And they are sacred vessels, and every once in a while it is necessary to dust them off. Your bodies are as many sacred vessels, in which I make my dwelling, therefore it is necessary that I do some little dusting every now and then – that is, that I visit them with some tribulation, so that I may remain in them with more decorum. Therefore, be calm.”

Later, after I received Communion, having renewed in me the pains of the crucifixion, He added: “My daughter, how precious is the cross! See now: in giving Itself to the soul, the Sacrament of my Body unites her with Me, It transforms her, to the point that she becomes one with Me. But as the species are consumed, the union, truly established, ceases. Not with the cross. The cross takes God and unites Him with the soul forever, and It places Itself more surely as a seal. Therefore, the cross seals God in the soul, in such a way that there is never separation between God and the crucified soul.”

**April 23, 1900**

*Resignation is oil that salves.*

This morning, finding myself outside of myself, I saw my sweet Jesus suffering very much, and I prayed Him to share His pains with me; and He said to me: “You too suffer. Rather, I will take your place and You will do for me the office of a nurse.” So it seemed that Jesus placed Himself in my bed, and I, beside Him, began to check His head, removing the thorns which were driven into it one by one. Then I moved on to His body and I visited all His wounds; I dried up the blood, I kissed them, but I had nothing with which to salve them so as to mitigate the spasm, when I saw that oil was coming out from me. I took it and I salved the wounds of Jesus, but with some concern, as I did not understand what the meaning was of that oil coming out from me.

But blessed Jesus made me understand that resignation to the Divine Will is oil which, while salving and mitigating our pains, salves and mitigates the spasm of the wounds of Jesus at the same time. Then, after performing this office for my dear Jesus for quite some time, He disappeared and I came back into myself.

**April 24, 1900**

*The Eucharist and suffering.*

This morning, having received Communion, it seemed to me that the confessor was placing the intention of making me suffer the crucifixion, and at that very instant I saw my guardian Angel who laid me on the cross to make me suffer. After this, I saw my sweet Jesus who compassionated me and told me: "I am your refreshment, and my refreshment is your suffering." And He showed an unspeakable contentment for my suffering, and for the confessor who, by means of the obedience to suffer which he had given me, had procured this relief for Him. Then He added: "Since the Sacrament of the Eucharist is the fruit of the cross, I feel more disposed to concede suffering to you when you receive my Body. In fact, in seeing you suffer, it seems to Me that I continue my passion for the good of souls - not mystically, but really; and this is a great relief for Me, because I collect the true fruit of my Cross and of the Eucharist."

After this, He said: "Up until now it was obedience that made you suffer; do you want me to amuse Myself a little by renewing again in you the crucifixion with my own hands?" And I, though I felt great suffering and, still fresh, the pains of the cross which had been renewed in me, said: 'Lord, I am in your hands, do with me whatever You want.' So, all content, Jesus again began to drive the nails into my hands and feet. I felt such intensity of pain that I myself do not know how I remained alive, but I was content because I was making Jesus content. Then, after He bent the nails, placing Himself near me, He began to say: "How beautiful you are! But how much more does your beauty grow in your suffering! Oh, how dear you are to Me! My eyes are wounded in looking at you, because they see my very image in you." And He said many other things, which it would be useless to repeat - first, because I am bad; second, because not seeing myself as the Lord tells me, I feel confusion and blushing in saying these things. But I hope that the Lord will make me truly good and beautiful; and then, as my blushing would fade, I will be able to describe them. So I stop here.

**April 25, 1900**

*Purity in operating is light.*

As I was in my usual state and not finding my sweet Jesus, I had to go around very much to go in search of Him. Finally I found Him in the arms of the Queen Mama, suckling milk from Her breasts. As much as I said and did, He did not seem to pay attention to me; or rather, He did not even look at me. Who can say the pain of my poor heart, in seeing that Jesus was not paying attention to me? Then, after I gave vent to my tears, having compassion for me, He came into my arms and poured from His mouth a little bit of that milk which He had suckled from the Queen Mama.

After this, I looked into His breast, and He had a little pearl, so refulgent as to invest the most holy Humanity of Our Lord with light. Wanting to know the meaning of it, I asked Jesus what that pearl was, which, while appearing so small, spread so much light. And Jesus: "It is the purity of your suffering which, though small, is the cause of so much light, because you suffer only for love of Me and would be ready to suffer more if I conceded it to you. My daughter, purity in operating is so great, that one who operates with the sole purpose of pleasing Me alone, does nothing other than spread light from all of his operating. One who does not operate in an upright way, even in good, does nothing other than spread darkness." Then I looked into the breast of Our Lord, and He had a most clear mirror, and it seemed that those who walked in an upright way remained completely absorbed in that mirror, while those who did not, remained outside, without being able to receive any imprint of the image of blessed Jesus. Ah, Lord, keep me all absorbed in this divine mirror, that I may have no other shade of intention in my operating.

**May 1, 1900**

*The Eucharist and the Cross. Suffering is not to be feared.*

After I received Communion, my sweet Jesus made Himself seen all affability; and as it seemed that the confessor was placing the intention of the crucifixion, my nature felt almost a repugnance to submit itself. My sweet Jesus, to cheer me, told me: "My daughter, if the Eucharist is the deposit of the future glory, the cross is the disbursement with which to purchase it. If the Eucharist is the seed which prevents corruption - like those aromatic herbs that prevent decomposition when applied to cadavers - and gives immortality to soul and body, the cross embellishes and is so powerful that if debts have been contracted, it becomes their guarantor, and it more surely obtains the restitution of the debt's deed. And after it has satisfied every debt, it forms for the soul the most refulgent throne in the future glory. Ah, yes, the cross and the Eucharist alternate, and one operates more powerfully than the other."

Then He added: "The cross is my flowery bed, not because I did not suffer harrowing spasms, but because by means of the cross I delivered many souls to grace, and I could see many beautiful flowers bloom, which would produce many celestial fruits. So, in seeing so much good, I held that bed of suffering as my delight, and I delighted in the cross and in suffering. You too, my daughter - take pains as delights, and delight in being crucified on my cross. No, no, I do not want you to fear suffering, almost wanting to act as a sluggard. Up, courage! Be brave and, on your own, expose yourself to suffering."

As He was saying this, I saw my good guardian Angel ready to crucify me; I stretched out my arms on my own, and the Angel crucified me. Oh, how good Jesus delighted in my suffering! And how content I was, that such a miserable soul could give pleasure to Jesus! It seemed a great honor for me to suffer for love of Him.

**May 3, 1900**

*The Feast of the Cross in Heaven.*

This morning I found myself outside of myself, and I saw all of Heaven studded with crosses – some small, some large, some medium; some which were larger, emanated more splendor. It was a most sweet enchantment to see so many crosses adorning the firmament, more refulgent than suns. Then, it seemed that Heaven opened, and one could see and hear the feast that the Blessed were making for the cross. Those who had suffered more were celebrated more on this day. One could distinguish in a special way the martyrs and those who had suffered in a hidden way. Oh, how esteemed were the cross and those who had suffered more, in that blessed dwelling!

As I was seeing this, a voice resounded throughout the whole of Heaven, saying: “If the Lord did not send the crosses upon the earth, He would be like a father who has no love for his own children - who wants to see them poor and dishonored, instead of honored and rich.”

The rest that I saw during this feast I have no words to describe. I can feel it within me, but I am unable to express it; so I remain silent.

**May 9, 1900**

*Luisa sees the mystery of the Most Holy Trinity in the form of three Suns.*

After I had gone through days not only of privation, but also of disturbance, this morning, as I was yet more disturbed about my miserable state, adorable Jesus, on coming, told me: “By being restless, you have disturbed my sweet rest. Ah, yes, you do not let Me rest any more!” Who can say how mortified I was left in hearing that I had deprived Jesus Christ of rest? In spite of this, I calmed down for a few hours, but then I found myself more restless than before, to the point that I myself do not where I will end up this time.

After those few words spoken by Jesus, I found myself outside of myself, and in looking into the vault of the heavens, I saw three Suns: one seemed to set in the east, another in the west, and the third in the south. The splendor of the rays that they sent forth was so great that they united with one another, in such a way as to become one. I seemed to see the mystery of the Most Holy Trinity, and man, formed with the three powers in Its image. I also understood that for one who stayed in that light, his will would be transformed in the Father, his intellect in the Son, his memory in the Holy Spirit. How many things I understood! But I am unable to manifest them.

**May 13, 1900**

*The weight of the privation of Jesus.*

I continue in the same state, and maybe even worse, though I do as much as I can to remain peaceful, without getting disturbed, because so obedience wants. But in spite of this I do not cease to feel the weight of the abandonment that

presses upon me and reaches the point of crushing me. Oh, God, what state is this? Tell me at least: where have I offended You? What is the cause of it? Ah, Lord, if You want to continue this way, I think I will not be able to endure any more!

Then, He made Himself seen for just a little, and placing a hand under my chin in the act of compassionating me, told me: "Poor daughter, how you have reduced yourself!" And sharing His pains with me, He disappeared like lightning, leaving me more afflicted than before, as if He had not come. Or rather, I feel as if He had not come for a long time, and I feel such affliction, that though I live, my living is a continuous agonizing. Ah, Lord, lend me help, and do not leave me in abandonment, though I deserve it.

**May 17, 1900**

*Power of the victim souls.*

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

**May 18, 1900**

*Filling one's interior with God.*

As I was still without my adorable Jesus, at the most, a few shadows - oh! how much bitterness it costs me, how many tears I have to shed! - this morning, after much waiting and searching, I found Him in my very bed, all afflicted, with the crown of thorns piercing His head. I removed it very gently from His head and I placed it on mine. Oh, how bad I saw myself before His presence! I did not have the strength to utter a single word. Having compassion for me, Jesus told me: "Be cheered, do not fear, try to fill your interior with Me, and to fatten it with all virtues, to the point of overflowing outside; and when you come to make this overflow, then will I take you to Heaven and all your privations will end."

After this, assuming an afflicted air, He added: "My daughter, pray, because three distinct days have been prepared, each far from the other, with storms, hail, lightnings and floods, which will cause great damage to men and to plants." Having said this, He disappeared, leaving me a little more relieved in the state in which I find myself, but with a thought: 'Who knows when I get to make this overflow? And if I never do it, will I perhaps have to be always far away from Him?'

**May 20, 1900**

*All things have their origin from nothing. Necessity of rest and of interior silence.*

Finding myself outside of myself, it seemed to me it was nighttime and I could see the whole universe, the whole order of nature, the starry heaven, the silence of the night... In sum, it seemed to me that everything had a meaning. While seeing this, I seemed to see Our Lord who, beginning to speak about what I was seeing, said: "All nature invites one to rest; but what is true rest? It is the interior rest and the silence of all that is not God. Look at the stars, twinkling with tempered light, not dazzling like the sun; the sleep and the silence of all nature, of men and also of animals – they all look for a place, a den, in which to be in silence and rest from the tiredness of life. If this is necessary for the body, much more is it necessary for the soul to rest in her own center, which is God. But in order to be able to rest in God, interior silence is necessary, just as exterior silence is necessary to the body in order to peacefully fall asleep. But what is this interior silence? It is to silence one's own passions by keeping them in their place; it is to impose silence on desires, on inclinations, on affections – in sum, on all that does not call upon God. Now, what is the means to reach this? The only means, and absolutely necessary, is for the soul to undo her own being and reduce herself to nothing, just as she was before being created; and once she has reduced her being to nothing, she must take it again in God.

My daughter, all things have their origin from nothing. If this very machine of the universe which you are admiring with its great order had been full of other things before I created it, I could not have put my creative hand to make it with such great mastery and to render it so splendid and adorned. At the most, I could have undone everything that might have been there, to then redo it according to my liking. But we always come to this: all of my works have their origin from nothing, and when there is a mixing with other things, it is not decorous for my majesty to descend and operate in the soul. But when the soul reduces herself to nothing and rises to Me, and takes her being within Mine, then I operate as the God that I am, and the soul finds true rest. And here is how all virtues, from humility to the annihilation of oneself, begin."

Who can say how much I understood about what blessed Jesus told me? Oh, how happy my soul would be if I could reach the point of undoing my poor being to be able to receive from my God His Divine Being! Oh, how I would

ennoble myself, how sanctified I would be! But what foolishness is mine, where is my brain, if still I do not do it? What a human misery – instead of looking for its true good and taking wing on high, it contents itself with scrabbling on the ground and with living amidst mud and rot!

After this, my beloved Jesus transported me inside a garden in which there were many people preparing themselves to attend a feast, but only those who received a uniform were able to attend, and few were those who received this uniform. A great yearning arose in me to receive one, and I did so much that I obtained the intent. So, as I reached the place in which one would receive it, a venerable matronly woman clothed me in white first, and then placed on me a pale blue shoulder band on which a medal was hanging with the imprint of the face of Jesus. While being a face, it was also a mirror, and in looking at it, one would detect the slightest stains, which the soul, with the help of a light coming from within that face, could easily remove. It seemed to me that that medal contained a mysterious meaning. Then she took a mantle of finest gold and covered me all over. It seemed to me that dressed in this way I could compete with the virgins in Heaven. While this was happening, Jesus told me: “My daughter, let us go back to see what men are doing; it is enough for you to be dressed – when the feast begins, I will take you there to attend.” So, after we went round for a little while, He transported me inside my bed.

**May 21, 1900**

*The most sublime state is to undo one's own will in the Will of God, and to live of His Will.*

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. Then, after much waiting He came, and caressing me, told me: “My daughter, do you know what my design is upon you, and the state I want from you?” And pausing a little, He added: “The design I have upon you is not of prodigious things, and of many things which I could operate upon you to show my work; rather, my design is to absorb you in my Will, making you one with It, and to make of you a perfect example of uniformity of your will with Mine. But this is the most sublime state, it is the greatest prodigy, it is the miracle of miracles that I intend to make of you.

My daughter, in order to arrive at making her will perfectly one with Ours, the soul must render herself invisible. She must imitate Me who, while I fill the world by keeping it absorbed within Myself and by not being absorbed in it, render Myself invisible, for I do not let Myself be seen by anyone. This means that there is no matter in Me, but that everything is most pure Spirit; and if in my assumed Humanity I took on matter, it was to render Myself similar to man in everything and to give him a most perfect example of how to spiritualize this very matter. So, the soul must spiritualize everything and arrive at becoming invisible in order to be able to easily make her will one with my Will, because that which is invisible can be absorbed by another object. If one wants to make

one object out of two objects, it is necessary that one of these lose its shape, otherwise one could never arrive at forming one single being.

What fortune yours would be if, by destroying yourself to the point of becoming invisible, you could receive a shape fully divine! Even more, by being absorbed in Me, and I in you, forming one single being, you would come to retain the divine source within yourself; and since my Will contains every good that can ever be, you would come to retain all goods, all gifts, all graces, and would not have to look for them anywhere else but within yourself. And if virtues have no boundaries, when the creature is in my Will insofar as she can reach, she will find their limit, because my Will makes one acquire the most heroic and sublime virtues which the creature cannot surpass.

The height of the perfection of a soul undone in my Will is such that she reaches the point of operating like God. And this is no wonder, because, since it is no longer her will that lives in her but the Will of God Himself, every amazement ceases if, by living with this Will, she possesses the power, the wisdom, the sanctity and all the other virtues that God Himself contains. It is enough to tell you, so that you may become enamored and cooperate as much as you can on your part to reach such a point, that the soul who arrives at living of my Will alone is queen of all queens, and her throne is so high as to reach the throne of the Eternal One; she enters the secrets of the Most August Trinity, and participates in the reciprocal love of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Oh, how all the Angels and Saints honor her, men admire her, and the demons fear her, seeing the Divine Being in her!"

'Ah, Lord, when will You make me arrive at this, since by myself I can do nothing!'

Now, who can say all that the Lord infused in me through intellectual light about this uniformity of wills? The height of those concepts is so great that my tongue, not well refined, has no words to express them. I could only say this little, though speaking nonsense, of that which the Lord made me comprehend through most vivid light.

**May 24, 1900**

*The will of Luisa is one with that of Jesus.*

I was very afflicted because of the privation of my adorable Jesus; at the most, He comes like shadow and flashes. I really feel I cannot go on any more if He wants to continue further! So, as I was at the summit of my affliction, He made Himself seen for a little while, all tired, as if He needed a refreshment; and throwing His arms around my neck, He told me: "My beloved, bring Me some flowers and surround Me completely, for I feel I am languishing with love. My daughter, the fragrant perfume of your flowers will be of refreshment for Me and will remedy my troubles, for I am languishing and fainting." Immediately, I added: 'And You, my beloved Jesus, give me some fruits, because idleness and scarce suffering increase my languishing so much that I faint, to the point

of feeling I am dying. So I will be able to give You not only flowers, but also fruits to relieve your languishing more.' And Jesus resumed His speech, saying to me: "Oh, how well we combine together, don't we? It seems that your will is one with Mine." For a moment it seemed I was relieved, as if the state in which I was wanted to cease; but after a little while I found myself immersed in the same lethargy as before, without my highest Good, abandoned and alone.

**May 27, 1900**

*The Love of God and Grace penetrate into the most intimate parts of man.*

This morning, as I was feeling afflicted more than ever because of the privation of my highest Good, He just barely made Himself seen and told me: "Just as a mighty wind invests the people and penetrates even into their bowels, in such a way as to shake the whole person, in the same way, my love and my grace, rearing up on the wings of the winds, invest and penetrate the heart, the mind and the most intimate parts of man. But in spite of this, ungrateful, man rejects my grace and offends Me. What is not my bitter sorrow!"

However, I was all confused and annihilated within myself, and did not dare to utter a word. I just thought: 'How is it that He does not come? And even when He comes, I do not see Him clearly; it seems that I have lost clarity. Who knows whether I will see His beautiful Face unveiled as before?' While I was thinking of this, my benign Jesus added: "My daughter, why do you fear when your state is par excellence for the union of our wills?" And wanting to cheer me and compassionate my sorrowful state, He told me: "You are my new Job. Do not oppress yourself excessively if you do not see Me with clarity; I have told you since the other day that I am not coming according to my usual way, that I want to chastise the people, and if you saw Me with clarity, you would come to understand what I am doing; and since your heart has received the grafting of Mine, I know what you would suffer, just as my Heart is suffering because I see Myself forced to chastise my creatures. So, in order to spare you these pains, I do not let Myself be seen with clarity."

Who can say the piercings that this left in my poor heart! Ah, Lord, give me the strength to endure the pain!

**May 29, 1900**

*Threat of chastisements. Jesus is abandoned and left alone.*

Continuing in the same state, I felt all oppressed and I had all the need of a support to be able to bear the privation of my highest Good. Having compassion for me, blessed Jesus showed His Face from within my heart for a few minutes, but not with clarity; and letting me hear His most gentle voice, He told me: "Courage, my daughter, just a little longer; let Me finish chastising, for afterwards I will come as before." While He was saying this, in my mind I said: 'What are the chastisements that You have begun to send?' And He added:

“The continuous rain that is pouring is more than hail, and it will cause sad consequences for the people.”

Having said this, He disappeared, and I found myself outside of myself, inside a garden. From there one could see crops withered in the vineyards, and within myself I kept saying: “Poor people, poor people, how shall they go on?” While I was saying this, a little boy appeared in that garden, crying and screaming so loud as to deafen Heaven and earth, but no one had compassion for him; even though everyone could hear him crying so much, they would not bother with him and they would leave him abandoned and alone. A thought flashed within me: ‘Who knows whether He is Jesus!’ But I was not sure about it. So, drawing near Him, I said: ‘What is it, that You are crying, dear child? Do You want to come with me, since they all left You prey to tears and to sorrow, which oppresses You so much as to make You scream so loud?’ But – nothing! Who could calm Him down? He just barely answered with His sobs that, yes, He wanted to come. So I took Him by the hand to bring Him with me, and in the very act I was doing this I found myself inside myself.

**June 3, 1900**

*Luisa, chosen among a thousand. Lack of esteem for others is lack of true humility.*

This morning, as I was in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus for a little while, present inside my heart, sleeping, and His sleep drew my soul to fall asleep together with Him; so much so, that I felt all my interior powers asleep, without acting any more. At times I tried to get out of that sleep, but I could not. Then blessed Jesus woke up for a little while and sent His breath into me three times, and it seemed to me that He became all absorbed in me.

Afterwards, it seemed to me that Jesus was drawing those three breaths He had sent me back into Himself again, and I found myself all transformed in Him.

Who can say what was happening in me because of these divine breaths? I have no words to express that inseparable union between Jesus and me!

After this, it seems I was able to wake up, and Jesus, breaking the silence, told me: “My daughter, I looked and looked again, I searched and searched again, going throughout the whole earth, but upon you I fixed my gazes and I found my satisfactions, and I chose you among a thousand.”

Then, turning to certain people I could see, He reprimanded them, saying to them: “Lack of esteem for others is lack of true Christian humility and of sweetness, because a humble and sweet spirit knows how to respect everyone and interprets the things of others always for the good.” Having said this, He disappeared, without my saying to Him even a word. May He be always blessed for He wants it this way, and may everything be for His glory.

**June 6, 1900**

*Luisa, crucified, spares Corato some chastisements.*

Since my adorable Jesus continued not to let Himself be seen with clarity, this morning, after I received Communion, the confessor placed the intention of the crucifixion. While I was amid those sufferings, almost drawn by my pains, blessed Jesus showed Himself with clarity. Oh God! Who can say the pains that Jesus was suffering and the violent state He was in - that while He was forced to send chastisements, He did such violence to Himself, for He did not want to send them! It aroused such compassion to see Him in this state, that if men could see Him, even if their hearts were hard as diamonds, they would break with tenderness like fragile glass. So I began to pray Him to placate Himself and to be content with making me suffer, sparing the people. Then I added: 'Lord, if You do not want to listen to my prayers, I know I deserve that. If You do not want to have compassion for the peoples, You are right, because great are our iniquities. But I ask You, for pity's sake, to have compassion for Yourself - have pity on the violence You do to Yourself in punishing your images. Ah, yes! I ask You, for love of Yourself, not to send chastisements to the point of taking bread away from your children and letting them perish. Ah, no! It is not in the nature of your Heart to operate in this way; and this is the reason for the violence You feel, which would give You death if it had the power to.'

And He, all afflicted, told me: "My daughter, it is Justice that makes violence on Me, and the love I have for men uses even greater violence on Me, such as to put my Heart into anguishes of death in punishing the creatures." And I: 'Therefore, Lord, unload Justice upon me, and your love will no longer feel violence from Justice, and will not be in this contrast of chastising the people, who, truly...- how will they go on if You act as You let me understand, withering all that serves as nourishment of man? O please! I beg You, let me suffer and spare them, if not completely, at least in part.'

And Jesus, as though seeing Himself forced by my prayers, drew near my mouth and poured a little bit of bitterness from His - dense and disgusting, such that, as soon as I swallowed it, it caused me such and so many kinds of pains that I felt I was dying. Then blessed Jesus, sustaining me in those pains otherwise I would have been dead (yet, He had poured nothing but a little bit; what must it be for His adorable Heart that contained so much of it?), heaved a sigh as if He had relieved Himself of a weight, and told me: "My daughter, my Justice had decided to destroy everything, but now, unloading Itself a little bit over you, for love of you, concedes one third of what serves as nourishment of man." And I: 'Ah, Lord, it is too little - at least half!' And He: "No my daughter, content yourself." And I: 'No Lord, if You do not want to content me for everyone, at least content me for Corato and for those who belong to me.' And Jesus: "Today there is hail ready, which must cause great damage. You - remain with the pains of the cross; go out of yourself and in the form of the crucified go through the air and put to flight the demons from above

Corato, since they will not be able to resist the crucified image, and will go somewhere else.”

So I went out of myself, crucified, and I saw hail and lightnings which were about to break out over Corato. Who can say the fright of the demons; how they took to their heels at the sight of my crucified form; how they bit their fingers out of rage, and reached the point of getting angry with the confessor, who this morning had given me the obedience of suffering the crucifixion. In fact, they could not get angry with me; on the contrary, they were forced to flee from me because of the sign of redemption which they saw. Then, after putting them to flight, I went back into myself, finding myself with a good dose of sufferings. May everything be for the glory of God.

**June 7, 1900**

*Jesus delivers to Luisa the keys of Justice and a light to unveil It.*

As I was somehow in suffering, it seemed to me that those sufferings were a sweet chain that drew my good Jesus to come almost continuously, and it seemed to me that those pains called Jesus to pour more bitternesses into me. So, on coming, now He would sustain me in His arms to give me strength, now He would pour again. However, every now and then I would say to Him: ‘Lord, now that I feel within me part of your pains, I beg You to content me, as I said to You yesterday, by giving me at least half of what serves as nourishment of man.’ And He: “My daughter, in order to content you, I deliver to you the keys of Justice and the knowledge of how absolutely necessary it is to punish man; and with this you will do whatever you please. Aren’t you content?” On hearing Him say this to me I was consoled, and I said in my interior: ‘If it is up to me, I will not chastise anyone at all.’ But how I lost my illusion when blessed Jesus gave me a key and placed me in the middle of a light, such that by looking from within that light I could see all the attributes of God, and also that of Justice. Oh, how everything is orderly in God! And if Justice punishes, this is order; and if It did not punish, It would not be in order with the other attributes. So I saw myself as a wretched worm in the middle of that light, for if I wanted to prevent the course of Justice, I would ruin that order and would go against men themselves, because I understood that Justice Itself is most pure love toward them. I found myself all confused and embarrassed, and so, to get rid of it, I said to Our Lord: ‘Through this light with which You have surrounded me I understand things differently, and if You leave it up to me, I would do worse than You do. Therefore I do not accept this knowledge and I renounce the keys of Justice. What I accept and want is that You make me suffer and spare the people; as for the rest, I don’t want to know anything about it.’

And Jesus, smiling at my words, said to me: “How quickly you want to get rid of it, without wanting to know reason; and wanting to use greater violence on Me you come out with two words: make me suffer and spare them!” And I:

‘Lord, it is not that I don’t want to know reason, but it is because this is not my office, but Yours. My office is that of being victim; therefore, You do your office and I do mine; isn’t it true, my dear Jesus?’ And He, as though showing approval, disappeared from me.

**June 10, 1900**

*The office of victim. Chastisements.*

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

**June 12, 1900**

*Obedience makes her ask Jesus to let her suffer in order to prevent chastisements.*

This morning, as my lovable Jesus came, I began to say: ‘Lord, what are You doing? It seems You are going too far with Justice.’ And while I wanted to continue speaking in order to excuse the human miseries, Jesus imposed silence on me, saying: “Be quiet, if you want Me to remain with you; come to kiss Me and greet Me in all my suffering members with your usual adorations.” So I began from His head, and then, little by little, the other members. Oh, how many deep wounds that Sacrosanct Body contained! - It struck horror at the mere sight. Then, as soon as I finished, He disappeared, leaving me with very little suffering and with a fear: who knows how He will pour upon the people, since He did not deign to pour His bitternesses upon me!

After a little while, the confessor came and I told him what I have said above, and he said to me: “Today, out of absolute obedience, when you do your meditation you must pray Him to let you suffer the crucifixion and to cease to send scourges.” So, when I did my meditation, I prayed Him according to the obedience received. He just barely made Himself seen, but without paying attention to me; on the contrary, He made Himself seen, now giving His back to the people, now sleeping so as not to be importuned by me, and even if I felt I

was dying, He did not care about letting me do the obedience. So I plucked up courage, and placing all my trust in holy obedience, I took Him by one arm, and shaking Him in order to wake Him up, I said to Him: 'Lord, what are You doing? Is this the love You have for your so favorite virtue of obedience? Are these the praises You have given it so many times? Are these the honors You have lavished on it, to the point of saying that You feel moved and cannot resist the virtue of obedience and You feel subjugated by the soul who gives herself to this virtue, that now it seems You do not care about letting me obey?' While I was saying this and other things – I would be too long if I wanted to write them – blessed Jesus stirred Himself, and as though struck by a most acute pain, He burst into tears and, sobbing, said: "I too do not want to send scourges, but it is Justice that compels Me almost by force. But you, with this speaking, want to cut Me to the quick and touch a key too delicate for Me and greatly loved by Me, so much so, that I wanted no other honor or title but that of obedient. So now, to show you that it is not that I do not care about letting you obey, in spite of the fact that my Justice forces Me not to do it, I will share with you, in part, the pains of the cross." While doing this, He disappeared, leaving me content for He let me obey, and with a sorrow in my soul, as though I had been the cause of the Lord's crying with my suffering. Ah, Lord, I beg You to forgive me.

**June 14, 1900**

*The effects of the Cross.*

As I was a little in suffering, on coming, my adorable Jesus compassionated me and said to me: "My daughter, what is it - that you are suffering so much? Let me relieve you a little." So (though Jesus was suffering more than I was) He gave me a kiss, and since He was crucified, He drew me outside of myself and placed my hands in His, my feet in His, while my head was leaning on His head, and His on mine. How content I was, being in that position! Though the nails and the thorns of Jesus gave me pains, yet, they were pains that gave me joy, because they were suffered for my beloved Good. Indeed, I would have wanted them to increase more.

Jesus too seemed to be content with me, keeping me in that way, drawn to Himself. It seemed to me that Jesus was refreshing me, and that I was of refreshment for Him. Then, we went out in that position, and having found the confessor, immediately I prayed to Him for his needs, and I asked the Lord to deign to allow the confessor to hear how sweet and gentle His voice is. To make me content, Jesus turned to him and spoke of the cross, saying: "The cross absorbs the Divinity into the soul, renders her similar to my Humanity, and reproduces my own works in her."

Afterwards, we continued to go around for a little while, and – oh, how many sorrowful sights, such as to pierce the soul through!: the grave iniquities of men, who do not lower themselves even before Justice - on the contrary, they

hurl themselves with greater fury, almost wanting to render double wounds for wounds; and the great misery that they are preparing for themselves. Then, to our greatest sorrow, we withdrew. Jesus disappeared, and I withdrew inside myself.

**June 17, 1900**

*To be in God is to be in peace.*

Since this morning blessed Jesus was not coming, I felt some shadows of disturbance arise in my interior about why He was not coming. So, when He came, He said to me: "My daughter, to contain oneself in God and not to go out of the boundaries of peace is all the same. So, if you detect a little bit of disturbance it is a sign that you make a little exit from within God, because to contain oneself in Him and not to have perfect peace is impossible; more so, since the boundaries of peace are endless – even more, all that belongs to God is all peace." Then He added: "Don't you know that the privations serve the soul as winter does the plants, as they form deeper roots, and winter fortifies them and makes them become green again and bloom in May?"

After this, He transported me outside of myself, and after I commended various needs to Him, He disappeared from me, and I found myself inside myself, with a desire to remain always inside of God, so as to stay within the boundaries of peace.

**June 18, 1900**

*All of Creation points out the love of God; the wounded Body of Jesus points out the love of neighbor.*

As He continued not to come, I tried to apply myself to considering the mystery of the scourging. While I was doing this, I just barely saw blessed Jesus, all wounded and dripping Blood, who told me: "My daughter, the heavens along with all Creation point out the love of God; my wounded Body points out the love of neighbor, so much so, that with my Humanity, united to my Divinity, from two natures I formed one and I rendered them inseparable, because I not only satisfied divine Justice, but I operated the salvation of men. And so that everyone assumed this obligation of loving God and one's neighbor, I not only made them one, but I reached the point of making of it a divine precept. So, my wounds and my Blood are many tongues that teach everyone the way to love one another and the obligation that all have to care for the salvation of others." Afterwards, assuming a more afflicted appearance, He added: "What a ruthless tyrant love is for Me, as I not only employed the course of my mortal life in continuous sacrifices, to the point of dying, bled dry on a cross, but I left Myself as perennial victim in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. And not only this, but I keep all of my favorite members as victims living in continuous sufferings, employed for the salvation of men; just as among many I have chosen you, to keep you sacrificed for love of Me and for men. Ah, yes! My Heart finds no

respite nor rest if It does not find man. And man...man...how does he requite Me? With most enormous ingratitude!" Having said this, He disappeared.

**June 20, 1900**

*The most perfect humility produces the most intimate union with God in the soul.*

This morning, as I was outside of myself and not finding my highest Good, I had to go round and round in search of Him, and when I tired myself to the point of feeling faint, I felt Him behind my shoulders, sustaining me. So I stretched out my hand and I pulled Him to the front, saying to Him: 'My beloved, You know that I cannot be without You, and yet, You make me wait so much, to the point of causing me to faint. Tell me at least: what is the cause of this? Where have I offended You that You subject me to torments so cruel, to martyrdoms so painful, which is your privation?' And Jesus, interrupting my speaking, told me: "My daughter, my daughter, do not add more torment to my Heart which is embittered to the summit, finding Itself in a continuous fight because of the violences that everyone does to me continuously. The iniquities of men do violence to Me, as they draw Justice upon themselves and force Me to chastise them; and Justice, clashing in a continuous fight with the Love I have for men, tortures my Heart in such a painful way as to make Me die continuously! You do violence to Me, because when I come, knowing the chastisements that I am sending, you do not remain quiet – no, but you force Me, you do violence to Me, and do not want Me to chastise; and knowing that you cannot do otherwise in my presence, so as not to expose my Heart to a yet fiercer fight, I abstain from coming. Therefore, do not want to force Me to come for now; let Me give vent to my fury, and do not want to increase my pains with your speaking.

As for the rest, I do not want you to think about it, because the most perfect, the most sublime humility is that of losing every reason and of not discoursing on 'why' and 'how', but of undoing oneself in one's own nothingness. And while the soul does this, without realizing it, she finds herself dissolved in God, and this produces in the soul the union most intimate, the love most perfect toward her highest Good. This, however, to the greatest advantage of the soul, because in losing her own reason, she acquires divine reason, and in losing every discoursing about herself – whether she is cold or warm, whether the things that happen to her are favorable or adverse – she will be interested in and will acquire a language fully celestial and divine. In addition to this, humility produces a garment of safety in the soul, in such a way that, wrapped in this garment of safety, the soul remains in the most profound calm, embellishing all of herself in order to be pleasing to her dearest and beloved Jesus."

Who can say how surprised I was left by this speaking of His? I had not a word to answer Him. Then, after a little while, He disappeared and I found myself inside myself – calm, yes, but afflicted to the summit; first, because of the

afflictions and the fights which my dear Jesus was in, and then, out of fear that He might not come. Who would be able to endure? How will I be able to bear myself because of His absence? Ah, Lord, give me the strength to bear this martyrdom so hard, so unbearable for my poor soul! After all, say whatever You want, but I will not neglect any means, I will try all ways, I will use all stratagems to draw You to come.

**June 24, 1900**

*The cross is the nourishment of humility.*

After going through a few days of privation - at the most, a few shadows and flashes - I felt all of my powers asleep, in such a way that I myself could not understand what was happening in my interior. In this sleepiness, only one pain was awake in my interior, and it was the fact that it seemed it had happened to me as to one who, while sleeping, loses his sight or is deprived of all his riches. The miserable one can neither grieve, nor defend himself, nor use some means to free himself of his misfortunes. Poor one, in what a pitiful state he finds himself! But what is the cause of it? His sleep. Because if he had been awake, he would certainly have known how to defend himself well from his misfortunes. Such is my miserable state; it is not given to me even to let out a moan, a sigh, or to shed one tear, because I have lost sight of the One who is all my love, all my good, and who forms all my contentment. It seems that in order not to make me grieve from His privation, He made me fall asleep and left me. Ah, Lord, wake me up Yourself, that I may see my miseries, and know at least of what I am being deprived!

Now, while I was in this state, from within my interior I heard blessed Jesus moaning continuously. Those moans wounded my hearing, and waking up a little bit, I said: 'My sole and only Good, from your moans I perceive the too painful state You are in. This happens because You want to suffer alone and do not want to let me share in your pains; even more, so as not to have me in your company You made me fall asleep and You left me without letting me understand anything any more. I understand where all this comes from: it is so that You may be more free in chastising. But, O please! - have compassion on me, for I am blind without You; and on Yourself, for it is always good in all circumstances to have someone who would keep You company, relieve You, and somehow break your fury. In fact, now You are determined and You send chastisements, but when You see your images perish from misery, You will let out more moans than now, and maybe You will say to me: "Ah, if you had tried harder to placate Me, if you had taken the pains of creatures upon yourself, I would not see my own members so tormented!" Isn't it true, my most patient Jesus? O please, relieve Yourself a little bit, and let me suffer in your place!'

While I was saying this, He moaned continuously, almost in the act of wanting to be compassionated and relieved; but He wanted this relief to be snatched

almost by force. So, after my importunity, He stretched out His nailed hands and feet in my interior and shared a little bit of His pains with me. After this, giving a little respite to His moans, He told me: "My daughter, it is these sad times that force Me to this, because men have grown so bold and proud, that everyone thinks he is the god of himself; and if I do not lay hand to scourges, I would do harm to their souls, because the cross alone is the nourishment of humility. So, if I did not do it, I Myself would cause them to lack the means to be humiliated and to surrender from their strange madness, even though the majority of them offends Me more. But I do this like a father who breaks the bread for all to be nourished - a bread which some of his children do not want to take; even more, they use it to throw it in their father's face. What has the poor father done wrong? So I am. Therefore, compassionate Me in my afflictions."

Having said this, He disappeared, leaving me half-awake and half-asleep, not knowing, myself, whether I have to wake up completely, or go back to sleep.

**June 27, 1900**

*The soul must recognize herself in Jesus, not in herself.*

I continue to be sleepy. This morning, for a few minutes I found myself awake and I comprehended my miserable state; I felt the bitterness of the privation of my highest and only Good. I was able only to shed a few tears, saying to Him: 'My always good Jesus, how is it that You are not coming? These are not things to do: to wound a soul and then leave her! And what is more, so as not to let her know what You are doing, You leave her prey to sleep. O please! come, do not make me wait so much!'

While I was saying this and yet more nonsense, in one instant He came and transported me outside of myself; and since I wanted to tell Him about my poor state, imposing silence on me, Jesus told me: "My daughter, what I want from you is that you no longer recognize yourself in yourself, but that you recognize yourself only in Me. So you will no longer remember yourself, nor will you ever again have recognition of yourself, but you will remember Me, and unrecognizing yourself, you will acquire the recognition of Me alone. According to how much you will forget and destroy yourself, so will you advance in the knowledge of Me and will recognize yourself only in Me. Once you have done all this, you will no longer think with your mind, but with mine; you will not look with your eyes, you will no longer speak with your mouth, nor will you palpitate with your heart, work with your hands, or walk with your feet, but will do everything with mine. In fact, in order to recognize herself only in God, the soul needs to go to her origin and to return to her beginning - God, from whom she came - and to conform all of herself to her Creator. And anything which she keeps of herself and which is not conformed to her beginning, she must undo and reduce to nothing. Only in this way, naked, undone, can she return to her origin, recognize herself only in God, and operate according to the

purpose for which she was created. This is why in order to conform to Me completely, the soul must render herself indivisible with Me."

While He was saying this, I could see the terrible chastisement of plants withered, and how it must advance further. I could only say: 'Ah, Lord, how will the poor people go on?' And He, so as not to listen to me, escaped me like a flash and disappeared. Who can say the bitterness of my soul in finding myself inside myself, not having been able to speak to Him even one word for myself and for my neighbor; and for my tendency to sleep with which I was again left?

**June 28, 1900**

*The present chastisements are nothing but the predisposition for future chastisements.*

This morning, as I was highly afflicted because of the privation of my loving Jesus, I saw Him for just a little, and He said to me: "My daughter, how many masks will be unmasked in these times of chastisements! In fact, these present chastisements are nothing but the predisposition for all the chastisements which I manifested to you during the course of last year."

As He was saying this, in my interior I said: 'If the Lord continues to behave the way He is behaving - that since He wants to send chastisements He does not come, He does not share His pains with me and treats me with unusual manners - who would be able to endure? Who will give me the strength to remain in this state?' And Jesus, answering my thought, added in act of compassion: "And so, do you want Me to suspend your state of victim for a little while, and to resume it later?" As He said this, I felt such confusion and bitterness (for it seemed to me as if, with that proposal, the Lord was driving me away from Himself) that I was unable to say either yes or no - also in order to hear what obedience decides. So, without waiting for my word, He disappeared from me, leaving me as though a nail was stuck into in my heart, thinking that Jesus was rejecting me. The pain was so great that I did nothing but shed bitter tears.

**June 29, 1900**

*Jesus and Luisa refresh each other.*

As I continued to be embittered, my adorable Jesus, having compassion for me, came and seemed to sustain me in His arms. Then, as He transported me outside of myself, I saw that a profound silence, a sadness, a mourning, reigned everywhere. The impression my soul received on seeing people that way was such that I felt a grip in my heart.

Then, as though calling me aside, blessed Jesus said to me: "My daughter, let us move what afflicts us away from us for a little while, and let us refresh each other." While saying this, He began to caress me and kiss me; but my confusion was such that I did not dare to return those kisses and caresses. And

He added: "How come? I refresh you with kisses and with caresses, and you do not want to refresh Me by returning to Me your kisses and your caresses?" So I felt the confidence to give Him tit for tat; and while I was doing this, He disappeared.

**July 2, 1900**

*With her sufferings, Luisa holds back a chastisement.*

I continue to be embittered and afflicted, as though dazed. This morning He did not come at all. The confessor came and placed the intention of the crucifixion. At first blessed Jesus did not concur, but then, after I prayed Him to deign to let me obey, He just barely made Himself seen and told me: "What do you want? Why do you want to do violence to Me by force when it is necessary to chastise the peoples?" And I: 'Lord, it is not I, it is obedience that wants it so.' And He: "Well then, since it is obedience I want to share with you my crucifixion, and in the meantime I want to refresh Myself a little bit. While saying this, He shared with me the pains of the cross, and while I was suffering, Jesus placed Himself near me and seemed to refresh Himself quite a bit. Now, while I was in this position together with Him, He showed me a pitch-black cloud approaching from one point in the air, such that it struck terror and fright at the mere sight; and everyone was saying: "This time we die." While all were terrified, a refulgent cross rose from between Jesus and me, and advancing toward that storm, put it to flight in great part, so much so, that the people seemed to calm down. I cannot tell for sure, but it seems to me that it was a hurricane accompanied by bolts of lightning and by hail so violent as to have the power to sweep factories away; and the cross which dispelled it in great part seemed to be my little suffering, which Jesus has shared with me. May the Lord be blessed, and may everything be for His glory and honor.

**July 3, 1900**

*Chastisements with contagious and mortal diseases.*

This morning, having received Communion, as soon as I saw my adorable Jesus I said to Him: 'My beloved Lord, how is it that You are sending so many chastisements? Why this time do You not want to placate Yourself for any reason? It seems that all means have failed - both praying, and saying: "Lord, pour your bitternesses upon me". Ah, it has not been your usual way to act like this!' While I was saying this, interrupting my speaking, blessed Jesus answered: "Yet, my daughter, the chastisements I am sending are still nothing compared to those which have been prepared. Therefore, do not want to afflict yourself with these, because they are not a matter of great affliction."

As He was saying this, in front of me I saw many people affected by contagious diseases, who were dying; so, taken by horror, I said to Him: 'Ah! Lord, that's all we need! What are You doing? What are You doing? If You want to do this, take me away from this earth, for my heart cannot bear the sight of scenes so

gloomy. Besides, who can endure continuing in this state in which You put me - that You do not come, or You come like a shadow; and not only this, but You leave me dazed, sleepy, not letting me understand anything any more. Yet, You told me that You would leave me like this until You would somehow give vent to your fury; but now You want to add fury to fury, and it seems You will not be done for now. Poor me! Poor me! Who will give me the strength to remain in this state? Who would be able to endure?"

While I poured out my affliction, compassionating me, Jesus said to me: "My daughter, do not be concerned by your state of sleepiness. This says that just as I am with people - as if I were sleeping, as if I did not hear them and look at them - in that same state have I placed you. After all, if you mind it, I told you last time: do you want Me to suspend your state of victim?" And I: 'Lord, obedience does not want me to accept this suspension.' And He: "Well then, what do you want from Me? Be quiet and obey!"

Who can say how afflicted I remained? Not only this, but it seems that my interior powers were left so asleep, that I live as if I were not living. Ah, Lord, have pity on me! Do not leave me in abandonment in such a pitiful and sorrowful state!

**July 9, 1900**

*To live not only for God, but in God.*

I continue in the same state, and maybe even worse; and if sometimes He makes Himself seen, it is like shadow and flashes, and almost always in silence. This morning, as I was at the summit of my affliction and dazedness because of the continuous sleep, He just barely made Himself seen and told me: "Courage, my daughter, the soul who is truly mine must live not only for God, but in God. You, try to live in Me, for in Me you will find the receptacle of all virtues, and strolling in their midst, you will nourish yourself with their fragrance, so much so, as to become replete. And you yourself will do nothing but give off light and celestial fragrance, because to live in Me is true virtue, and it has the virtue of giving to the soul the same shape as the Divine Person in whom she dwells, and of transforming her into the very divine virtues with which she nourishes herself."

After this, He disappeared like a flash, and running after that flash, my soul found herself outside of myself. But He had already escaped, and it was not given to me to find Him, while I received the bitterness of seeing a terrible hail which had caused a great devastation; and bolts of lightning, as if they had produced fires; and other things which had been prepared. Having seen this, I found myself inside myself, more afflicted than before.

**July 10, 1900**

*Difference between living for God and living in God.*

While I was in the same confusion, He made Himself seen like a flash and made me understand that I had not written everything He had told me the day before – that is, that the soul must not only live for God, but in God. So, blessed Jesus repeated to me the difference that exists between living for God and living in God, saying to me: “In living for God, the soul can be subject to disturbances, to bitternesses, to being inconstant, to feeling the weight of passions, to meddle in earthly things. But the living in God – no, it is completely different, because the most important thing so that one person may enter to dwell inside another person is to lay down all that belongs to him – that is, to strip himself of everything, to leave his own passions; in a word, to leave everything in order to find everything in God.

Now, when the soul has not only stripped herself, but has slimmed down well, then will she be able to enter through the narrow door of my Heart to live in Me, according to my way and from my own Life. In fact, even though my Heart is immense, so much so, that there is no end to Its boundaries, Its door, however, is extremely narrow, and only one who is stripped of everything can enter into It. This, with reason, because since I am Most Holy, I would never admit anything to live in Me which is extraneous to my sanctity. Therefore, my daughter, try to live in Me and you will possess Paradise in advance.” Who can say how much I understood of this living in God? But then He disappeared and I was left in my same state.

**July 11, 1900**

*The sufferings of Luisa will render chastisements less rigorous.*

This morning, having received Communion and continuing in the same state of confusion, I was all huddled within myself, when I saw my adorable Jesus coming toward me all in a hurry, saying: “My daughter, break my fury a little bit, otherwise...!” And I, all frightened, said: ‘What do You want me to do to break your fury?’ And He: “By calling my sufferings into yourself you will come to placate my fury.”

At that moment, I saw as if He were calling the confessor by sending a ray of light, and immediately he placed the intention of having me suffer the crucifixion. The blessed Lord promptly concurred and I found myself in so many sufferings, that because of the intensity of the pains I felt my soul go out of my body. When I thought I was about to breathe my last, and I was content that Jesus would receive my soul, I saw the confessor who, by saying “enough, enough”, was calling me back into myself. Then Jesus said to me: “Obedience is calling you.” And I: ‘Ah, Lord, I want to come!’ And Jesus: “What can I do? Obedience keeps calling you.” And so it seems that this new obedience did not allow the sufferings to go further; but indeed, a cruel obedience for me, because while I seemed to seize the harbor, I was flung outside to navigate the way. Then, afterwards, even though I was left in suffering, I no longer felt that thing of being about to die, and my benign Lord continued: “My daughter, if today

you had not broken my fury, I had reached such a limit, that I would have destroyed not only plants, but also men. And if the confessor himself had not intervened by calling my suffering into you, I would have had no regard even for him. It is true that chastisements are necessary, but every now and then, when my fury advances, it is necessary that you break it; otherwise, my daughter, how many more scourges I would send!" And while He was saying this, I seemed to see Him, all tired, saying, while moaning: "My daughter..."; or: "My children, poor children of mine, how reduced I see you!" And to my surprise He made me understand that after He had calmed down a little bit, He was to resume His fury to continue the chastisements, and that this had only served not to make Him rage too much against the people. Ah, Lord, placate Yourself and have mercy on those whom You Yourself call "my children"!

**July 14, 1900**

*The decree of chastisements is signed...*

It seems I have spent a few days without being immersed in the lethargy of sleep, and together with blessed Jesus a little bit, giving a little refreshment to each other. But how I fear that He may plunge me again into that sleep so profound.

Then, this morning, after He refreshed me with milk that flowed from His mouth by pouring it into me, and I refreshed Him by removing the crown of thorns from His head to drive it onto mine, all afflicted He told me: "My daughter, the decree of chastisements is signed; there is nothing left but to decide the time of the execution."

**July 16, 1900**

*Chastisements serve the good of creatures.*

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. After much waiting He came and told me: "My daughter, the best thing for you is to commend yourself to Me and to my Will, so that, by commending yourself to Me, since I am peace, even if you saw Me send chastisements you would remain at peace, without feeling any disturbance." And I: 'Ah, Lord, You always get there - to chastisements. Placate Yourself once and for all, and no more scourges.

Besides, I cannot commend myself to your Will in this regard.' And He added: "I cannot placate Myself. What would you say if you saw someone naked who, instead of covering his nakedness, paid attention to adorning himself with trinkets, leaving the parts most necessary exposed to nakedness?" And I: 'I would be horrified at seeing him, and I would certainly blame him.' And He: "Well then, such are souls. Completely naked, they have no more virtues to cover them, therefore it is necessary that I beat them, scourge them, deprive them, so as to make them come back to their senses and realize the nakedness of their souls, for this is more necessary than the body. And if I did not do this, I would be paying attention to trinkets, like the person you blamed, which are

the things that refer to the body, and I would not be paying attention to the most essential thing - the soul, which they have reduced to being so monstrous as to no longer be recognizable."

After this, it seemed He had a little rope in His hand, and passing it behind my neck He bound me, and then bound His neck to that same rope. He did the same to the heart and the hands, and by this, He seemed to bind me completely to His Will. Having done this, He disappeared.

**July 17, 1900**

*Luisa gives a relief to Jesus. He makes her consider the chastisements He holds back.*

Having received Communion, I did not see blessed Jesus as I usually do. Then, after waiting for a long time, I felt I was going outside of myself and I found Him. As I saw Him, He said to me: "Daughter, I was waiting for you to be able to rest a little bit in you, for I cannot take any more. O please, give Me a relief!" Immediately I took Him in my arms to content Him, and I saw that He had a deep wound on His shoulder, which aroused compassion and repugnance at the sight. So He rested for a few minutes, and then, after that brief rest, I looked and I saw that that wound was almost healed. So, amid amazement and stupefaction, and seeing Him more relieved, I plucked up courage and I said to Him: 'Blessed Lord, my poor heart is tormented by a fear - that You do not love me any more. I fear I have incurred your indignation and this is why You no longer come as before, You do not pour your bitternesses into me, and you no longer give me my good, which is suffering; and by denying this to me, You come to deny me Yourself. O please! Give peace to a poor heart! Tell me, assure me, swear to me - do You love me? Do You continue loving me?' And He: "Yes, yes, yes, I love you." And I: 'How can I be sure of this, since when one really loves somebody, whatever he wants one gives him? But I say to You: "Do not chastise the people", and You chastise them. "Pour your bitternesses [into me]", and You do not pour them; on the contrary, it seems that this time You are going too far. So, how can I rely on your loving me?' And He: "My daughter, you take into account the chastisements I send, but those which I hold back you take into no account. How many more chastisements I would have sent, how many more slaughters, and how much more blood I would have caused to be shed, if I had no regard for those few who love Me, and whom I love with a special love?"

Then, after this, it seemed that Jesus set on His way to go there where slaughters of human flesh were occurring. I wanted to follow Him, but it was not given to me to do it, and to my highest sorrow I found myself inside myself.

**July 18, 1900**

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

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

**July 19, 1900**

*Luisa offers herself to suffer, so that people might be spared.*

This morning, after spending the whole night and great part of the morning waiting for my adorable Jesus, He was not deigning to come. So, tired of waiting for Him, I tried to go out of my usual state, thinking that it might no longer be Will of God. Almost impatient, while I was trying to go out of it, my benign Jesus moved within my heart, just barely making Himself seen and looking at me in silence. Impatient as I was, I said to Him: 'My good Jesus, how can You be so cruel! Can there be greater cruelty than this – abandoning a soul prey to the ruthless tyrant of love that makes her live in continuous agony? Oh, how You have changed – from loving into cruel!'

While I was saying this, I saw many mutilated members of people before me, so I added: 'Ah, Lord, how much mutilated human flesh! How many bitternesses and pains! Ah, would it not have been a lesser cruelty if You had satisfied Yourself in this body of mine, by tearing it into as many pieces for as many divisions as You have caused in these members? Would it not have been a lesser evil to see only one suffer, rather than many poor peoples?' While I was saying this, Jesus continued to fix on me, as if He were struck – I cannot tell whether He was grieved too – and He said to me: "Yet, this is the beginning of the game; this is still nothing compared to what will come." Having said this, He flew away from my sight, without letting me see Him any more, leaving me in a sea of bitternesses.

**July 21, 1900**

*Necessity of purification.*

After spending one day being dozy and so sleepy that I could not understand myself, having received Communion, I felt I was going outside of myself, but I could not find my highest and only Good, so I began to go round and round in a delirium. While doing this, I felt there was someone in my arms, completely veiled, in such a way that I could not see who he was. So, unable to refrain any longer, I tore that veil and I saw my longed-for All. On seeing Him, I felt I wanted to burst into complaints and nonsense, but in order to break my impatience and my delirium, Jesus gave me a kiss. That kiss infused in me life,

calm, and broke my impatience, so much so, that I was unable to say anything any more. Then, forgetting all my miseries - and I have many - I remembered the poor people, and I said to Jesus: 'Placate Yourself, spare so many peoples torments so cruel. Let us go together where such things are happening, that we may comfort and console those poor Christians who are in such a sad state.' And He: "My daughter, I do not want to take you, for your heart would not bear seeing such a harrowing slaughter." And I: 'Ah, Lord, how is it that You have permitted this?' And He: "It is necessary, absolutely, for the sake of purgation in every place, because in the field sowed by Me weeds and thorns have grown so much as to become trees. And these thorny trees do nothing but inundate my field with poisonous and pestilent waters, to the point that if some ear of grain remains intact, it receives nothing but punctures and stench, so much so, that it is impossible for more ears to germinate - first, because they lack the ground, which is occupied by so many noxious plants; second, because of the continuous punctures they receive, which give them no peace. So, behold the necessity of the slaughter - to root out so many bad plants; and of shedding of blood - to purge my field of those poisonous and pestilent waters. Therefore, do not want to grow sad at this beginning, because not only there where I have sent chastisements, but in all other places is purgation needed." Who can say the consternation of my heart in hearing this speaking of Jesus? So, again, I insisted that I wanted to go see, but Jesus, not listening to me, disappeared. Left alone, I took my way to go there, but I found now an Angel, who would make me go back, and now purging souls, to the point that I was forced to return into myself.

**July 25, 1900**

*There is no cruelty at all in Jesus; everything is love.*

This morning my adorable Jesus came and made me see a machine in which it seemed that many human members were being crushed, as well as something like two signs of chastisements in the air - chastisements that struck terror.

Who can say the consternation of my heart in seeing all this? But blessed Jesus, seeing me so embittered, told me: "My daughter, let us move what so much afflicts us away from us for a little while, and let us cheer each other by playing together a little bit."

Who can say what passed between Jesus and me in this game - the finesses of love, the stratagems, the kisses and the caresses that we gave each other?

However, my beloved Jesus surpassed me because, being very weak, I would faint; so much so, that unable to contain within myself what He was giving me, I said: 'My beloved, enough, enough, for I can take no more - I faint; my poor heart is not so large as to be capable of receiving so much; so enough for now.'

Then, wanting to scold me because of my speaking of the other day, sweetly He said to me: "Let me hear your complaints. Tell Me, tell Me: am I cruel? Has my love changed into cruelty for you?" And I, all blushing, said: 'No, Lord,

You are not cruel when You come, but when You do not come, then I will say that You are cruel.' Smiling at my words, He added: "You still keep saying that I am cruel when I do not come? No, no, there can be no cruelty at all in Me - everything is love; and know that if it is as you say, my very being cruel is greater love."

**July 27, 1900**

*Visions of attacks against the Church and of persecutions in China.*

I was all worried about my miserable state, especially that it might no longer be Will of God, and I considered my scarce suffering and His continuous privation a sure sign of this. Now, while I was wearing out my little brain over this and I struggled to snap out of it, my always good Jesus made Himself seen like a flash, saying to me: "My daughter, what do you want Me to do? Tell Me - I will do what you want." At such an unexpected proposal, I did not know what to say; I felt such confusion over the fact that blessed Jesus would have to do what I wanted - while it is I who must do what He wants - that I remained mute. So, seeing that I was not saying anything, He escaped like a flash, and I, running after that light, found myself outside of myself. But I did not find Him, so I wandered around the earth, the heavens, the stars, calling Him now with my voice, now with my singing, thinking to myself that on hearing my voice and my singing blessed Jesus would be wounded and I would find Him with certainty.

Now, while wandering around, I saw the cruel torment that continues in the war of China - churches knocked down, images of Our Lord thrown to the ground... And this is nothing yet. That which frightened me the most was to see that if now this is done by barbarians, by secular, later it will be done by false religious who, removing their masks and letting themselves be known for who they are, uniting with the open enemies of the Church, will launch such an attack as to be incredible to the human mind. Oh, how many more cruel torments! It seems that they have sworn among themselves to end it with the Church. But the Lord will take revenge over them by destroying them; so, blood on one side, and blood on the other.

Then I found myself inside a garden which seemed to be the Church, and inside of it there was a crowd of people in the appearance of dragons, of vipers and of other raging beasts, which devastated that garden, and then went outside, forming the ruin of the peoples. Now, while I was seeing this, I found my beloved Lord in my arms, and I said: 'Finally You have let Yourself be found. Are You really my dear Jesus?' And He: "Yes, yes, I am your Jesus." And I wanted to tell Him to spare so many people, but He, not paying attention to me in this, all afflicted, added: "My daughter, I am quite tired; let us go into your bed to rest if you want Me to remain with you." And I, fearing that He might leave, kept silent, allowing Him to fall asleep. Then, after a little while, He reentered into my interior, leaving me reassured, yes, but highly afflicted.

**July 30, 1900**

*Luisa stops the sword of Justice.*

I spent one night and one day being restless. From the very beginning I felt I was going outside of myself, without being able to find my adorable Jesus; I could see nothing but things that struck terror and fright in me. I could see that a fire was flaring up in Italy, and another one had flared up in China, and little by little, uniting together, they were blending into one. In this fire I could see the king of Italy who had suddenly died by a trick, and this was the means to ignite and expand the fire. In sum, I could see a revolt, a tumult, a killing of people. After having seen these things, I felt I was inside myself and I felt my soul being tortured, to the point of feeling I was dying; more so, since I could not see my adorable Jesus. Then, after much waiting, He made Himself seen with a sword in His hand, in the act of throwing it over the people. All frightened, and made a little daring, I took the sword in my hand, telling Him: 'Lord, what are You doing? Don't You see how many disasters will occur if You throw this sword? What grieves me the most is that I see that You are putting Italy in the middle. Ah, Lord, placate Yourself, have pity on your images! And if You say that You love me, spare me this bitter sorrow.' And while saying this, I held on to that sword as tightly as I could.

Heaving a sigh, all afflicted, Jesus said to me: "My daughter, let it go - let it fall upon the people, for I can take no more." And I, holding it more tightly: 'I cannot let it go, I do not have the heart to do it.' And He: "Have I not told you many times that I am forced not to let you see anything, otherwise I am not free to do what I want?" And while saying this, He lowered His arm with the sword, and placed Himself in the act of calming His fury.

After a little while He disappeared from me, and I was left with the fear that, who knows, without letting me see it, He might pull the sword away from me and throw it over the people. Oh, God! What a heartbreak, the mere remembering!

**August 1, 1900**

*The Humanity of Jesus is the mirror of the Divinity. Chastisements.*

My adorable Jesus continues to come only very few times, and for a short time. This morning I felt all annihilated and I almost did not dare to go in search of my highest Good; but, always benign, He came, and wanting to infuse trust in me, told me: "My daughter, there is no one who can stand before my Majesty and purity; rather, all are forced to be terrified and struck by the thunderbolt of my sanctity. Man would almost want to flee from Me, because his misery is such and so great, that he does not have the courage to stand before the Divine Being. And here is why, giving the field to my mercy, I took on my Humanity which, tempering the rays of the Divinity, is the means to infuse in man trust and courage to come to Me. Placing himself before my Humanity, which

spreads temperate rays of the Divinity, man has the good of being able to purify, sanctify and even divinize himself in my very deified Humanity. Therefore, you - remain always before my Humanity, keeping it as a mirror through which you will clean all of your stains; not only this, but as a mirror through which, by reflecting yourself in it, you will acquire beauty, and little by little you will keep adorning yourself in my own likeness. In fact, it is a property of a mirror to make an image appear within it, similar to that of the one who is reflecting himself in it. If such is the material mirror, much more so the divine, because my Humanity serves man as mirror in order to reflect my Divinity. And here is how all goods come to man from my Humanity." While He was saying this, I felt such trust being infused in me, that the thought came to me of wanting to talk to Him about the chastisements - who knows, He might grant me audience, and I might reach the intent of placating Him completely. But while I was about to do it, He disappeared like a flash, and running after Him, my soul found herself outside of myself. But I was unable to find Him any more, and to my highest sorrow I saw many people entering prisons; others, sectarians, going out to make attempts on the lives of other kings and of other leaders. I saw that they were consumed with rage because they still lack the means to come out into the midst of the peoples and make a slaughter. Yet, their time will come. Then, afterwards, I found myself inside myself, all oppressed and afflicted.

**August 3, 1900**

*God operates where there is nothing.*

As I was in my usual state, I was longing and searching for my loving Jesus. Then, after I waited for Him for a long time, He came and told me: "My daughter, why do you look for Me outside of yourself, while you could find Me more easily within yourself? When you want to find Me, enter into yourself, go deep into your 'nothing', and there, without yourself, in the most tiny circle of your 'nothing', you will see the foundations that the Divine Being laid within you, as well as the factories It raised in you. Look and see."

I looked again and I saw solid foundations and very high walls that reached up to the heavens; but that which stupefied me was to see that the Lord had done this beautiful work upon my nothing, and the walls were all walled up, with no openings. One could see only one opening in the vault, which corresponded only to Heaven, and in this opening dwelled Our Lord, upon a stable column that rose out of the foundations, formed over nothing. Now, while I was looking, all stupefied, blessed Jesus added: "The foundations formed over nothing mean that the Divine Hand operates there where there is nothing, and It never mixes Its works with material works. The walls without openings around mean that the soul must have no correspondence with earthly things, in such a way that there may be no danger that even a little bit of dust may enter, because everything is walled up well. The only correspondence that these walls

allow is with Heaven – that is, from nothing to Heaven, from Heaven to nothing; and this is the meaning of the opening made in the vault. The stability of the column means that the soul is so stable in good that there is no contrary wind that can move her. And my dwelling upon it is the sure sign that the work done is fully divine.”

Who can say what I understood about this? But my mind gets lost and is unable to say anything. May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory and honor.

**August 9, 1900**

*Everything that one wants, one must want because God wants it.*

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming, so I waited for a long time. Then He made Himself seen for just a little and told me: “Just as a musical instrument resounds pleasant to the hearing of one who listens to it, so do your desires, your waiting, your sighs, your tears resound to my hearing like a melody of the most pleasant. But so that it may descend more sweet and delightful, I want to teach you another way – that is, to desire Me not as your desire, but as my desire, because I greatly love to manifest Myself to you. In sum, everything you want and desire, you must want and desire because I want it – that is, taking it from within Me and making it your own. In this way your melody will be more delightful to my hearing, because it is a melody that has come out of Myself.”

Then He added: “Everything that comes from Me enters into Me. This is why men complain that they do not obtain easily what they ask for – because those are not things that come from Me; and not being things that come from Me, they cannot easily enter into Me and then come out to give themselves to them. In fact, what comes from Me and enters into Me is all that is holy, pure and celestial. Now, what is the wonder if audience is precluded to them since what they ask for is not so? Therefore, you - keep well in mind that all that comes from God enters into God.”

Who can say what I understood about these few words? But I have no words to be able to explain myself. Ah, Lord, give me the grace to ask for all that is holy, and that it be your desire and Will, so that You may communicate Yourself to me more abundantly.

**August 19, 1900**

*Sterile love and operative love.*

This morning, after I received Communion, my beloved Jesus made Himself seen in the act of wanting to instruct me. Making as though an example, He told me: “My daughter, if a young man got married, and taken by love for him, his wife wanted to be always with him, without detaching herself for one moment, without caring about the other duties of a wife to make this young man happy, what would he say? He would appreciate her love, but he would

certainly not be content with her conduct, because this way of loving would be nothing but a sterile, infertile love, which would bring harm rather than fruit to that poor young man. And little by little this strange love would cause him bother rather than delight, because all the satisfaction of this love is of the young lady. And since a sterile love has no wood with which to nourish the fire, very soon it reduces itself to ashes, because only an operative love is lasting, while other loves fly into the wind like smoke, and then one reaches the point of becoming annoyed, and of not caring about, and maybe even despising, that which one loved so much.

Such is the conduct of those souls who care only about themselves – that is, about their satisfaction, about fervors, and anything that pleases them – saying that this is love for Me, while it is all their satisfaction. In fact, one can see from their deeds that they do not care about my interests and the things that belong to Me; and if what satisfies them is missing, they no longer care about Me, and they even reach the point of offending Me. Ah, daughter, only an operative love is that which distinguishes the true from the false lovers – everything else is smoke!”

While He was saying this, I saw some people, and it was as if I wanted to pay attention to them, but Jesus distracted me from this by saying to me: “Do not want to meddle in other people’s business; let us leave them alone, because everything has its time. When the time of judgment comes, then will be the time to discern all things, which will be sifted well, so that one will come to recognize the grain, the straws and the sterile and noxious seeds. Oh, how many things that appear to be grain will be found straws and sterile seeds on that day, worthy only of being thrown into the fire!”

**August 20, 1900**

*Jesus looks at the world from within Luisa.*

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. Then, after much waiting, when my poor heart could take no more, He made Himself seen within my interior, and told me: “My daughter, do not want to afflict yourself because you do not see Me, for I am inside of you; and from here, through you, I am looking at the world.” Then He continued making Himself seen every now and then, without telling me anything else.

**August 24, 1900**

*Everything turns into good for one who truly loves Jesus.*

Having spent one day being restless, I felt all full of temptations and sins. Oh God, what a harrowing pain it is to offend You! I did as much as I could to remain in God, to resign myself to His Holy Will, to offer Him that very restless state for love of Him, to not pay attention to the enemy, showing highest indifference, so that I would not incite him myself to tempt me more. But in spite of all this, I could not help hearing the murmuring that the enemy

provoked around me. So, finding myself in my usual state, I did not dare to desire my beloved Jesus, so ugly and miserable did I see myself. But, always benign with this sinner, without my asking He came, and as though compassionating me, told me: "My daughter, courage, do not fear. Don't you know that certain cold and mighty waters are more powerful in purging one of the slightest spot than fire itself? And then, everything turns into good for one who really loves Me." Having said this, He disappeared, leaving me reassured, yes, but weak, as if I had suffered a fever.

**August 30, 1900**

*Luisa goes to Purgatory to relieve the king of Italy.*

Having gone through several days of privation and of bitterness – at the most, I saw Him a few times like shadow and flash – this morning I was at the summit of bitterness; and not only this, but it was as if I had lost the hope of seeing Him again. Then, after I received Communion, it seemed to me that the confessor was placing the intention of the crucifixion, and blessed Jesus, to let me obey, made Himself seen and shared His pains with me. In the meantime I saw the Queen Mama who, taking me, offered me to Him so that He would placate Himself. And Jesus, having regard for His Mama, accepted the offer and seemed to placate Himself a little.

After this, the Queen Mama said to me: "Do you want to come to Purgatory to relieve the king of the horrible pains he is in?" And I: 'My Mama, as He wants.' In an instant She took me, and flying She transported me into a place of atrocious torments, all mortal; and that miserable one was there, going from one torment to another. It seemed that for as many souls as had been lost because of him, so many deaths was he supposed to suffer. Then, after I went through several of those torments myself, he was relieved a little bit. Again, the Queen Mama took me away from that place of pains, and I found myself inside myself.

**August 31, 1900**

*In the interior souls there cannot be disturbance.*

As I was in my usual state and since my adorable Jesus was not coming, I was all afflicted and a little concerned about why He was not coming. Then, after much waiting and waiting, He came, and seeing that Blood was pouring from His hands, I prayed that from His left hand He would pour Blood over the world, for sinners who were about to die and were at risk of being lost; and from His right hand He would pour His Blood over Purgatory. Listening to me benignly, He stirred Himself and poured Blood over both places.

After this, He said to me: "My daughter, in the interior souls there cannot be disturbance, and if it enters into them, it is because the soul goes outside of herself. To do this is to act as her own executioner, because by going outside of herself she clings to many things which do not regard nor belong to God; and

sometimes, things which do not regard even the true good of the soul. So, returning into herself and bringing things that are extraneous to her, she herself torments herself, and with this, she comes to make herself infirm, and also grace. Therefore, remain always within yourself and you will always be calm." Who can say with what clarity I understood this, and how I found truth in these words of Jesus? Ah, Lord, if You please to instruct me, give me the grace to profit from your holy instructions, otherwise everything will be for my condemnation.

### **September 1, 1900**

#### *Obedience puts peace between God and the soul.*

Since He was still not coming, I kept saying: 'My good Jesus, do not make me wait so long. This morning I don't feel like getting upset and looking for You so much, to the point of tiring myself. Come once and for all, quickly quickly – as simple as that.' And in seeing that He was not coming, I kept saying: 'It shows that You want me to get tired and even reach the point of getting upset; otherwise You do not come.'

While I was saying this and other nonsense, He came and told me: "Would you be able to tell Me what it is that maintains the correspondence between the soul and God?" And I, but always through a light that came from Him, said: 'Prayer'. And Jesus, approving of my answer, added: "But what is it that draws God to intimate conversation with the soul?" I did not know what to answer, but immediately the light moved in my intellect, and I said: 'If vocal prayer serves to maintain the correspondence, certainly interior meditation must serve as nourishment in order to maintain the conversation between God and the soul.'

Content with that, He continued: "Now, would you be able to tell Me what it is that breaks the sweet contrasts, and removes the loving discontents which may arise between God and the soul?" Since I did not answer, He Himself said: "My daughter, only obedience has this office, because she alone decides about the things pertaining to Me and the soul. And when some contrasts arise, or when some discontent comes to mortify the soul, as obedience arises, she breaks the contrasts, removes the discontents, and puts peace between God and the soul."

And I: 'Ah, Lord, many times it seems that obedience herself does not want to meddle in it, remaining indifferent; and the poor soul is forced to remain in that state of contrasts and of huffiness.' And Jesus: "She does so for a certain time, because she too wants to delight in being present at those loving contrasts; but then she assumes her office and pacifies everything. Therefore, obedience gives peace to the soul and to God."

Having said this, He disappeared.

### **September 4, 1900**

*Impurities and good works done badly are a disgusting and insipid food for Jesus.*

After I received Communion, my adorable Jesus transported me outside of myself, making Himself seen highly afflicted and embittered. I prayed Him to pour His bitternesses into me, but Jesus would not pay attention to me; however, as I insisted, after a long time He pleased to pour. After He had poured a little bit of bitterness, I asked: 'Lord, don't You feel better now?' And He: "Yes, but it was not what I poured that gave Me so much pain; rather, it was a disgusting and insipid food that does not let Me rest." And I: 'Pour a little into me, so You will be relieved a little.' And He: "If I cannot digest it and bear it, how could you?" And I: 'I know that my weakness is great, but You will give me grace and strength, and so I will be able to contain it within myself.' I understood, however, that the disgusting food was the impurities, and the insipid food was the good works done badly, all scrambled, which are rather of bother and of weight for Our Lord. He almost despises receiving them, and unable to bear them, He wants to pour them out of His mouth. Who knows how many of mine there are too!

So, almost forced by me, He also poured a little bit of that food. How right Jesus was! – the bitter was more tolerable than that disgusting and insipid food! If it were not for love of Him, I would not have accepted it at any cost.

After this, blessed Jesus placed His arm behind my neck, and leaning His head on my shoulder, He placed Himself in the act of wanting to take rest. While He was resting, I felt I was in a place in which there were many movable tiles, and underneath them, the abyss. Fearing I might fall, I woke Him up, invoking His help, and He said to me: "Do not fear, this is the path that all cover. It takes nothing but all of one's attention; and since the majority walk carelessly, this is why many fall into the abyss and few are those who reach the harbor of salvation." After this, He disappeared and I found myself inside myself.





## VOLUME 4

J.M.J.

Year 1900

**September 5, 1900**

*Hope, the nourishment of Love.*

Since in the past days my adorable Jesus had not made Himself seen so much, I was feeling diffident about the hope of reacquiring Him again; even more, I believed that everything was over for me: visits of Our Lord and state of victim. However, this morning blessed Jesus came, wearing a horrible crown of thorns, and placed Himself near me, moaning, in the act of wanting a refreshment. So I removed it very gently, and to give Him more pleasure I put it on my head. Then He said to me: "My daughter, true Love is when It is sustained by Hope, and persevering Hope, because if today I hope and tomorrow I do not, Love becomes infirm. In fact, since Love is nourished by Hope, the more nourishment It administers to It, the stronger, more robust and more lively Love becomes. And if this is missing, poor Love becomes infirm first, and remaining alone, without support, It ends up dying completely. Therefore, as great as your difficulties may be, you must never, even for one instant, move away from Hope with the fear of losing Me. On the contrary, you must act in such a way that, overcoming everything, Hope may make you found always united with Me, and then Love will have perennial life." After this, He continued coming without telling Me anything else.

**September 6, 1900**

*The state of victim.*

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

After this, we came back, and Jesus showed Himself all wounded, and said to me: "See how many wounds they have opened in Me, and the necessity of the continuous state of victim, of your sufferings, because there is not a moment in which they spare Me offenses. And since the offenses are continuous, continuous must be the sufferings and the prayers so that I may be spared; and

if you see that your suffering is suspended, tremble and fear, because not seeing Myself relieved in my pains, may it not be that I concede to the enemies that freedom so yearned for by them." On hearing this, I began to pray that He would let me suffer, and in the meantime I saw the confessor who, with his intentions, pressed Jesus to make me suffer. Then blessed Jesus shared with me such and so many pains, that I myself do not know how I remained alive. However, the Lord did not leave me alone in my pains; on the contrary, it seemed He did not have the heart to leave me, and so I spent several days together with Jesus, and He communicated many graces to me, and made me comprehend many things. However, partly because of the suffering state, partly because I am unable to express myself, I move on and keep silent.

**September 9, 1900**

*Jesus prepares the soul of Luisa for Communion. The necessity of shedding of blood.*

He continues to come; however, I spent most of the night without Jesus. Then, on coming, He told me: "My daughter, what do you want, that you are so anxiously waiting for Me? Do you perhaps need anything?" And since I knew I was to receive Communion, I said: 'Lord, I waited for You the whole night; more so, because having to receive Communion, I fear that my heart may not be well disposed to be able to receive You. Therefore I need that my soul be reviewed by You, so that it may be disposed to unite me with You sacramentally.' And Jesus, benignly, reviewed my soul to prepare me to receive Him. Then He transported me outside of myself, and together with Him I found our Queen Mama, who was saying to Jesus: "My Son, this soul will always be ready to do and to suffer whatever We want, and this is like a bond that binds Our Justice. Therefore, spare so many slaughters and so much blood which is to be shed by the people." And Jesus said: "My Mother, the shedding of blood is necessary because I want this line of kings deposed from its throne, and this cannot be without blood; and this is also to purge my Church, which is very much infected. At the most, I can concede to spare them in part, out of regard for the sufferings." In the meantime I saw the majority of the deputies plotting how to make the king fall, and they were thinking of putting on the throne one of those deputies who were assembled. After this, I found myself inside myself. How many human miseries! Ah, Lord, have compassion on the blindness in which poor humanity is immersed!

Then, continuing to see the Lord and the Queen Mother, I saw the confessor with them, and the Most Holy Virgin said: "See, my Son, We have a third party, the confessor, who wants to unite with Us and offer his work by committing himself to concur in order to make her suffer, to satisfy divine Justice. This too, is like rendering the rope stronger, which binds You in order to placate You. Besides, when have You ever resisted the strength of the unions of one who suffers and prays, and one who concurs with You for the sole purpose of

glorifying You and for the good of the peoples." Jesus was listening to His Mother; He had regard for the confessor, but He did not pronounce a sentence completely favorable; rather, He limited Himself to spare in part.

**September 10, 1900**

*Threats against the perverted world.*

This morning I found myself outside of myself and I saw the many evils and most enormous sins which are being committed – also against the Church and the Holy Father. Then, as I returned inside myself, my adorable Jesus came and told me: "What do you say about the world?" Not knowing what this question was driving at, impressed as I was by the things I had seen, I said: 'Blessed Lord, who can tell You the perversity, the hardness, the ugliness of the world? I have no words to tell You how *cattivo* [bad] it is!' And He, taking the occasion from my very words, added: "Have you seen how perverted it is? You yourself said it. There is no way to make it surrender; after I have almost taken bread away from it, it remains in the same stubbornness – and even worse; and for now it goes on procuring it by thefts and robberies, doing harm to one's neighbor. Therefore it is necessary that I touch its flesh, otherwise it will become even more perverted."

Who can say how speechless I remained at this speaking of Jesus; it seems to me that I myself have been the occasion of making Him become indignant against the world – instead of excusing it, I painted it black. I did as much as I could to excuse it afterwards, but He did not pay attention to me – the evil was already done. Ah, Lord, forgive me for this lack of charity, and use mercy!

**September 12, 1900**

*The 'sin' of Luisa. Plots of revolution against the Church.*

It continues almost in the same way. This morning, on coming, He poured His bitternesses, and I was left in so much suffering that I began to pray the Lord to give me strength and to relieve me a little bit, for I could not endure. In the meantime, a light came into my mind that I was committing sin in doing this. Besides, what would blessed Jesus say? While on other occasions I prayed Him to pour, this time when He had poured without waiting to be asked, I was looking for relief. It seems to me I am becoming more *cattiva* [bad], and my badness reaches such a point that even before Him I do not abstain from committing defects and sins.

So, not knowing what to do in order to repair, I resolved in my interior that for this time, to make a greater sacrifice and give myself a penance so that my nature would not dare to ask for relief again, I should renounce the coming of Our Lord; and if He came I should tell Him: "Do not come, Love - have compassion for me, and [do not] relieve me." So I did, and I spent several hours in intense suffering and without Jesus. How bitter it was for me! But Jesus, having compassion for me, without my asking for Him, came, and immediately

I said to Him: "Have patience, do not come, for I do not want relief.' And He: "My daughter, I am content with your sacrifice, but you need a refreshment, otherwise you faint." And I: 'No, Lord, I do not want relief.' But drawing near my mouth, almost by force He poured a few drops of a sweet milk from His mouth, which mitigated my suffering. Who can say the confusion, the blushing I felt before Him! I expected a reproach, but Jesus showed Himself more affable, more sweet, as if He had not perceived my fault. On seeing this, I said: 'My adorable Jesus, once You have poured [your bitternesses] into me and I suffer, don't You have to spare the world - don't You?' And He: "My daughter, do you think I have poured everything into you? Besides, how could you face all the chastisement I will pour over the world? You yourself have seen that you could not endure the little I poured, and had I not come to help you, you would have ended. Now, what would happen if I poured everything into you? My dear, I gave you my word - I will content you in part."

After this, He transported me outside of myself, into the midst of the people, and I continued to see the so many evils, especially the plots of revolution against the Church and within society, to kill the Holy Father and priests. I felt my soul being tortured at the sight of these things, and I thought to myself: 'If - may it never be - they came to carry out these machinations, what will happen? How many evils will come?' All afflicted, I looked at Jesus, and He told me: "And what about that revolt that happened here - what do you say about it?" And I: 'Which revolt? Nothing has happened in my town.' And He: "Don't you remember the revolt of Andria?"

'Yes, Lord.'

"Well then, it seems nothing, but it is not so. That was the whole occasion and an incitement for other towns to revolt and shed blood, giving affront to sacred people and to my temples; and since everyone wants to show how much better he is in provoking evil, they will compete to see who can do more." And I: 'Ah, Lord! Give peace to the Church and do not allow so many troubles!' And as I wanted to say more, He disappeared from me, leaving me all afflicted and concerned.

### **September 14, 1900**

*Jesus pours His bitternesses in order to placate His Justice. The heroism of true virtue.*

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. Then, after much waiting, He made Himself seen within my interior, using my heart as support, and surrounding it with His arms while leaning His most sacred head upon it - all afflicted, serious, in such a way as to impose silence, and giving His back to the world. After remaining a little while in mute silence, because the appearance with which He showed Himself would not let one dare to say a word, He stirred Himself from that position and said to me: "I had resolved not to pour, but things have reached such a point that, if I did not pour, such uproars would

break out as to start a revolution and cause bloody slaughters." And I: 'Yes, Lord, pour; this is my only desire – that You give vent to your wrath upon me and spare the creatures.' So He poured a little bit.

Then, afterwards, as if He had relieved Himself, He added: "My daughter, I allowed Myself to be brought to the slaughter like a lamb, and I remained mute before those who sacrificed Me. The same will be for those few good of these times; however, this is the heroism of true virtue." Again, He added: "I poured - but even though I did, do you want Me to pour a little more, so I relieve Myself more?" And I: 'My Lord, don't even ask me, I am at your disposal – You can do with me whatever You want.' So He poured again and disappeared, leaving me in suffering and content, thinking that I had relieved the pains of my beloved Jesus.

### **September 16, 1900**

#### ***Turmoils in Andria.***

Continuing to come, my lovable Jesus shared with me various pains of His Passion, and then He transported me outside of myself, showing me the neighboring towns. In particular, it seemed to me it was Andria, and if the Lord does not make use of His omnipotence for their chastisement, the turmoils will get serious; more so, since it seemed that there was the incitement of some priests to these turmoils, which embittered Our Lord more. Then, after I visited various churches together with blessed Jesus, doing acts of reparation and adoration for the many profanations committed in the churches, Jesus told me: "My daughter, let Me pour a little bit, for the bitternesses are such and so many that I cannot swallow them alone, and my Heart cannot bear them." So He poured and He disappeared, returning other times without telling me anything else.

### **September 18, 1900**

#### ***Charity toward one's neighbor. Luisa prays Jesus to take her to Heaven.***

This morning my adorable Jesus transported me outside of myself, and showed me the many evils committed against charity toward one's neighbor. How much sorrow they caused to most patient Jesus! – it seemed that He Himself was receiving them. Then, all afflicted, He told me: "My daughter, one who harms his neighbor harms himself, and by killing his neighbor he kills his soul; and since charity predisposes the soul for all virtues, because charity is missing, the soul is predisposed to commit all sorts of vices."

After this, we withdrew, and since for several days I had been suffering from an intense pain at my ribs, I felt exhausted in my strengths. Compassionating me, blessed Jesus told me: "My beloved, you would like to come, wouldn't you?" And I: 'Heavens willing, my Lord, that this pain be the cause of my coming to You. How grateful I would be to it, how dearly I would hold it – as one of my most faithful friends. But I think You want to tempt me like the other times, and

by exciting me with your invitations, since I would then remain disillusioned, You would come to make my martyrdom more cruel and harrowing. But, O please! – have compassion for me, and do not leave me on earth any longer; absorb this miserable worm into Yourself, for I have the right to this, since it is from You that I came.’ All moved in hearing me, lovable Jesus told me: "Poor daughter, do not fear, for your day in which you will be absorbed in Me will surely come. Know, however, that your continuous violences to come to Me, especially after my invitations, do great good to you and make you live in the atmosphere of the air, without a shadow of any human weight; so much so, that you are like those flowers which have not even their roots from the earth. By living in this way, suspended in the air, you come to amuse Heaven and earth, and in looking at Heaven, you are amused by It alone and you nourish yourself with all that is celestial; in looking at the earth, you feel compassion for it, and help it as much as you can on your part. However, at the comparison with the fragrance of Heaven, you immediately perceive the stench that emanates from the earth, and you abhor it. Could I perhaps place you in a position more dear to Me and to Heaven, and more beneficial for you and for the world?" And I: 'Yet, O my Lord, You should have compassion for me by not prolonging my residence down here, for the so many reasons I have; especially then, for the sad times that are preparing. Who would have the heart to see such a bloody slaughter? And also, for your continuous privations that cost me more than death.'

As I was saying this, I saw a multitude of Angels around Our Lord, saying: "Our Lord and God, do not let Yourself be importuned any longer – make her content; we are anxiously waiting for her. Wounded by her voice, we have come here to listen to her, and we are impatient to take her with us. And you, O chosen one, come to cheer us in our celestial dwelling!" Blessed Jesus, moved, seemed to want to condescend, and He disappeared. As I found myself inside myself, I felt my pain increased; so much so, that I was in a continuous spasm – but I could not understand myself for the contentment.

**September 19, 1900**

*The obedience to ask Jesus for relief in her pains.*

As the spasm of pain doubled more and more, I would have wanted to hide it so that no one would notice it, and I would have wanted to keep it secret, without opening up with the confessor about the things I have said above. But the spasm was so strong that it was impossible for me to do it, and the confessor, making use of his usual weapon of obedience, commanded me to manifest everything to him. Then, after I manifested everything to him, he told me that out of obedience I was to pray the Lord to free me, otherwise I would be committing sin. What a kind of obedience! – she is always the one who comes across my designs. So, unwillingly, I accepted this new obedience, but in spite of this I did not have the heart to pray the Lord to free me of a friend so

dear, which is suffering; more so, since I was hoping to go out of the exile of this life.

Blessed Jesus tolerated me, and on coming, He said to me: "You suffer very much, do you want Me to free you?" And I, forgetting for a moment about the obedience, said: 'No Lord, no, do not free me – I want to come. Besides, You know that I don't know how to love You, I am cold, I don't do great things for You – at least I offer You this suffering to satisfy for what I am unable to do for love of You.' And He: 'And I, my daughter, will infuse so much love and so much grace in you, that no one may be able to love Me and desire Me as you do. Aren't you happy?"

'Yes, but I want to come.' Jesus disappeared, and as I returned inside myself I remembered about the obedience received, and I had to accuse myself before the confessor, who commanded that he absolutely did not want me to go, and that the Lord should free me. What pain I felt in receiving this obedience! It really seems that she wants to touch the extremes of my patience.

### **September 20, 1900**

#### *Signs of the cross to heal her.*

I continued to suffer; even more, I felt a resentment in my interior more than ever, for I was being forbidden to die. So, on coming, my adorable Jesus reproached me for my delay in obeying, while up to that moment He had seemed to tolerate me. In the meantime I saw the confessor, and turning to him, He took his hand and said: "When you come, sign her at the place of the pain, for I will make her obey." And He disappeared.

As I remained alone, I felt the pain more intensely. Then the confessor came, and finding me in suffering, he too reproached me for I was not obeying, and as I told him what I had seen, and what Our Lord had said to the confessor, on hearing me, he signed the place where I was suffering, and in two minutes I was able to breathe and move, while before I could not do it without feeling atrocious spasms. It seems to me that obedience and those signs of the cross have bound my pain in such a way that I can no longer suffer – and here is how I have remained disillusioned in my designs. In fact, this lady obedience has taken so much power over me that she lets me do nothing of what I want; even in the suffering itself she wants to lord, and I have to remain entirely and completely under her empire.

### **September 21, 1900**

#### *The power of obedience. Obedience must be everything for her.*

Who can tell my affliction in being deprived of my dearest friend, suffering? I admired, yes, the prodigious empire of holy obedience, as well as the virtue which the Lord had communicated to the confessor who, by obedience and by signing me, had freed me of a malady which I considered grave, and which was enough to undo my body. But in spite of this, I could not help feeling the pain

of being deprived of a suffering so good, which moved blessed Jesus to pity and compassion, in such a way that I could make Him come almost continuously.

So, when Our Lord came I lamented to Him, saying: 'My beloved Good, what have You done to me? You had me freed by the confessor, and so I have lost the hope of leaving the earth for now. Besides, why make so many stratagems, putting father in the middle, when You could have freed me Yourself? Ah, maybe You did not want to grieve me directly, did You?' And He: "Ah, my daughter, how quickly you have forgotten that obedience was everything to Me, and I want obedience to be everything for you. Besides, I put father in the middle, so that you would have regard for him as for my very person." Having said this, He disappeared, leaving me all embittered.

How many things can lady obedience come up with! One has to know her and have to deal with her for a long time, not a short one, to truly be able to tell who she is. *Brava, brava*, lady obedience! The more one goes on, the more you make yourself known. As for myself, to tell the truth, I admire you, and I am even forced to love you; but I cannot help feeling huffy with you, especially when you come up with one of your big ones. Therefore I beg you, O dear obedience, to be more indulgent – more indulgent in letting me suffer.

### **September 22, 1900**

*As many times as she disposes herself to make the sacrifice of death, so many times does Jesus give her the merit as if she were truly dying.*

As I was all oppressed and afflicted, upon coming, my adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, why do you remain all immersed in your affliction?" And I: 'Ah, my beloved, how can I not be afflicted since You do not want to take me with You yet, and You leave me on this earth still?' And He: "Ah, no, I do not want you to breathe this sad air of yours, because everything I have placed inside and outside of you is all holy; so much so, that if something or someone draws near you who is not upright and holy, you feel bother, immediately detecting the opposite stench of that which is not holy. Now, why would you want to shade what I have placed inside of you with this air of sadness? Know, however, that as many times as you dispose yourself to make the sacrifice of death, so many times do I give you the merit as if you were truly dying. This must be of great consolation for you; more so, since you conform to Me more, as my life was a continuous dying." And I: 'Ah, Lord, it does not seem to me that death is a sacrifice; on the contrary, it seems to me that life is sacrifice.' And as I wanted to say more, He disappeared.

### **September 29, 1900**

*The victim souls are supports and props for Jesus.*

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

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

### **September 30, 1900**

*Jesus asks her to console His afflicted Mama.*

This morning my most sweet Jesus was not coming, and I had to have much patience in waiting for Him; I even reached the point of trying to go out of my usual state, for I felt no more strength to continue it. He was not coming, suffering seemed to have fled from me, I felt my senses within myself – there was nothing left but to add an effort to go out. But while I was doing this, blessed Jesus came, and forming a circle with His arms, He took my head in the middle. At that touch, I no longer felt myself within myself, and I saw Our Lord very indignant with the world. As I wanted to placate Him, He said to me: "Do not want to occupy yourself with Me for now, but I pray you to occupy yourself with my Mama. Console Her, for She is very afflicted because of the heavier chastisements I am about to pour upon the earth." Who can say how afflicted I remained?

### **October 2, 1900**

*State of victim for Italy and for Corato.*

Fearing that my state was no longer Will of God, as blessed Jesus came, I said: 'How I fear that my state is no longer your Will; because I see that I lack the two main things that kept me bound: suffering and your presence.' And He: "My

daughter, it is not that I no longer want to keep you in this state, but since I want to chastise the world, this is why I am not coming and I make you lack suffering." And I: 'Why remain in this state then?'

And He: "Your position of victim and your continuous waiting for Me already break my arms. In fact, you do not see Me, but I see you very well, and I count all your sighs, your pains, your desires for Me; and your being all intent on Me is always an act of reparation for many who do not bother about Me, nor desire Me, but despise Me and are all intent on earthly things - covered with mud, amid the stench of vices. So, being the complete opposite of theirs, your state always comes to break Justice; so much so, that keeping you in this state and beginning the bloody wars in Italy is almost impossible for me." And I: 'Ah, Lord, to remain in this state without suffering is almost impossible for me; I feel my strengths fail me, because the strength to remain in this state comes to me from the sufferings. So, since these are lacking, some day, when You are not coming, I will try to go out. I am telling You this before, so You won't be displeased.' And He: "Ah, yes, yes, you will go out of this state when I begin the slaughter in Italy; then I will suspend it completely."

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

**October 4, 1900**

*Jesus suffers in chastising men, because they are His images.*

After going through a day of privation and of scarce suffering, I felt convinced that the Lord no longer wanted to keep me in this state. However, obedience does not want to yield to me, in this either, and she wants me to continue to stay, should I even croak and snuff out. May the Lord be always blessed, and may His holy and lovable Will be done in everything.

Then, this morning, on coming, blessed Jesus made Himself seen in a pitiful state; He seemed to be suffering within His members, and His body was being torn into so many pieces that it was impossible to count them. With plaintive voice, He was saying: "My daughter, what I feel! What I feel! These are unspeakable pains and incomprehensible to the human nature. It is the flesh of my children being lacerated, and the pain I feel is such that I feel my own flesh being lacerated." And while saying this, He moaned and grieved.

I felt moved in seeing Him in this state, and I did as much as I could to compassionate Him and pray Him to share His pains with me. He contented me in part, and I could just say to Him: 'Ah, Lord, did I not tell You: "Do not lay hand to chastisements, for what grieves me the most is that You Yourself will be struck in your own members!" Ah, this time there has been no way nor prayers to placate You.' But Jesus did not pay attention to my words; He seemed to have something serious in His Heart which pulled Him somewhere else, and in one instant He transported me outside of myself, taking me to the places where bloody slaughters were happening. Oh, how many sorrowful scenes could be seen in the world! How much human flesh tormented, torn to pieces, trampled upon as one tramples the earth, and left unburied. How many tragedies, how many miseries! And what is more, more terrible ones are to happen! Blessed Jesus looked and, all moved, began to cry bitterly. Unable to refrain, I cried with Him over the sad condition of the world; so much so, that my tears mixed with those of Jesus.

After crying for quite a while, I admired another trait of the goodness of Our Lord. In order to make me stop crying, He turned His face away from me, He dried His tears hiddenly, and then, turning back again, with a cheerful face said to me: "My beloved, do not cry - enough, enough; what you see serves to *Iustificare Iustitiam Meam* [Justify My Justice]." And I: 'Ah, Lord, then I am right to say that my state is no longer your Will! Why my state of victim, if it is not given to me to spare your so very dear members, and to exempt the world from so many chastisements?' And He: "It is not as you say. I too was victim, but even though I was victim, it was not given to Me to spare the world all chastisements. I opened Heaven for it, I released it from sin, yes; I carried its pains upon Myself, but it is Justice that man receive upon himself part of those chastisements which he himself draws upon himself by sinning. And if it were not for the victims, he would deserve not only the simple chastisement - that is, the destruction of his body - but also the loss of his soul. So, here is the necessity of the victims: whoever wants to avail himself of them - because man is always free in his will - can find the sparing of his pain and the port of his salvation." And I: 'Ah, Lord, how I would like to come before these chastisements advance more!' And He: "If the world reaches such wickedness as to deserve no victim, surely I will take you."

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

**October 10, 1900**

*These writings manifest in clear notes how Jesus loves souls. The soul can only go out of the body either by force of pain or by force of love.*

While writing, I was thinking to myself: 'Who knows how much nonsense in these writings – they deserve to be thrown into the fire. If obedience conceded it to me, I would do it, because I feel something like a hitch in my soul, especially if they reached the sight of some people. At certain points they show as if I loved and did something for God, while I do nothing and do not love Him, and I am the coldest soul that can be found in the world. So here is how they would consider me different from what I am, and this is a pain for me. But since it is obedience that wants me to write, and this is one of the greatest sacrifices for me, I commend myself completely to her, with the sure hope that she will make my excuses and will justify my cause before God and before men. But as I am saying this, blessed Jesus has moved in my interior and is reproaching me; He wants me to deny what I have said, or to stop writing if I do not do it. He is telling me that by saying this I moved away from the truth, while the most essential thing for a soul is never to go out of the circle of truth: "What is this – you do not love Me? With what courage are you saying it? Don't you want to suffer for Me?" And I, all blushing: 'Yes, Lord.' And He: "Well then, how can you think of going out of the truth?" Having said this, He withdrew in my interior, without letting Himself be heard any more, and I was left as if I had received a heavy blow. How many devices lady obedience comes up with! If it wasn't for her, I would not find myself in these vicissitudes with my beloved Jesus. How much patience it takes with this blessed obedience!

Now I resume what I was going to say, since the Lord distracted me a little bit from what I started. So, on coming, blessed Jesus answered my thought, telling me: "Surely these writings deserve to be burned up – but do you want to know in what fire? In the fire of my love, because there is not one page that does not manifest in clear notes how I love souls, both in the things which regard you, and in those which regard the world. And in these writings of yours, my love finds an outpouring for my concerned and loving languors."

After this, He transported me outside of myself, and finding myself alone without body, I said: 'My beloved and only Good, what a chastisement it is for me, having to return so many times into my body. Because certainly now I do not have one – it is my soul alone that is together with You; but then, I don't know how, I find myself imprisoned in my miserable body as though inside a dark prison, and there I lose that freedom which is given to me when I go out. Is this not a chastisement for me – the hardest that can be given?' And Jesus: "My daughter, what you say is not a chastisement, nor does this happen to you because of your fault. Rather, you must know that for two reasons alone can the soul go out of the body: by force of pain, which happens at natural death, or by force of the reciprocal love between the soul and Me. In fact, when this love is so strong, that neither could the soul last, nor could I endure for too long without enjoying her, I keep drawing her to Myself, and then I put her in her

natural state again; and the soul, drawn more than by an electric wire, comes and goes as I please. And here is how what you think is a chastisement, is finest love." And I: 'Ah, Lord, if my love were enough, and strong, I believe I would have the strength to remain before You, and would not be subject to returning into my body. But since it is very weak, I am subject to these circumstances.' And He: "On the contrary, I tell you that this is greater love, extracted from the love of sacrifice, that for love of Me and for love of your brothers you deprive yourself and return to the miseries of life."

After this, blessed Jesus carried me to a city in which the sins committed were so many, that something like a fog was coming out, most dense and stinking, rising toward heaven; and another thick fog was coming down from heaven, with so many chastisements condensed within it, as to seem to be enough to exterminate this city. So I said: 'Lord, where are we? What places are these?' And He: "This is Rome, where the evils committed are so many, not only by secular but also by religious, that they deserve this fog to finish blinding them, deserving their own extermination."

In one instant I saw the disaster that was happening, and it seemed that the Vatican would receive part of the shakings. Not even priests were being spared; therefore, all consternated, I said: 'My Lord, spare your beloved city, so many ministers of Yours, the Pope... Oh, how gladly I offer You myself to suffer their torments, as long as You spare them.' And Jesus, moved, told me: "Come with Me and I will show you to what extent the human malice reaches." He transported me inside a palace, and in a secret room there were five or six deputies, saying among themselves: "Only then will we surrender when we have destroyed all Christians." And it seemed that they wanted to force the king to write in his own hand the decree of death against Christians, and the promise of taking possession of their goods, saying that 'as long as he would permit this to them, it did not matter if they would not do it for now, for they would do it at the right time and circumstance'.

After this, He transported me somewhere else, and showed me how one of those who are said to be leaders was going to die, and this one seemed so united with the devil, that not even at that point would he detach himself from him. All of his strength he took from the demons, who courted him like a faithful friend of theirs. On seeing me, the demons were shaken, and some wanted to beat me, some wanted to do one thing to me, some another; however, paying no attention to their bothers - because the salvation of that soul cost me more - I tried hard and I arrived near that man. Oh God, what a frightening sight - more than the demons themselves! In what a heart-rending state he lay! He aroused more than pity. He was not at all moved by our presence; on the contrary, he seemed to make fun of it. Jesus immediately pulled me away from that place, and I began to plead before Him for the salvation of that soul.

**October 12, 1900**

*The most powerful enemies of man are the love of pleasures, of riches and of honors.*

My adorable Jesus continues to come. This morning He was wearing a thick crown of thorns; I removed it very gently, I put it on my head, and said: 'Lord, help me to drive it in.' And He: "This time I want you to drive it in yourself; I want to see what you can do and how you want to suffer for love of Me." I drove it well in; more so, since it was about showing Him how far my love of suffering for Jesus reached; so much so, that He Himself, all moved, clasping me, told me: "Enough, enough, for my Heart cannot bear seeing you suffer more." And as I remained very much in suffering, my beloved Jesus would do nothing but come and go.

After this, He assumed the appearance of the Crucified, He shared His pains with me, and said to me: "My daughter, the most powerful enemies of man are: the love of pleasures, of riches and of honors. These enemies render man unhappy, because they penetrate even into his heart and consume him continuously; they embitter him, they bring him down so much, as to make him lose all happiness. And I, on Calvary, defeated these three enemies, and obtained for man the grace to conquer them too, giving back to him the lost happiness. But man, always ungrateful and heedless, rejects my grace and loves these enemies fiercely, which put the human heart in a continuous torture." Having said this, He disappeared, and I comprehended with such clarity the truthfulness of these words, that I felt abhorrence and hate for these enemies. May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory.

**October 14, 1900**

*The dangerous scourge of the middle-class. Only innocence snatches God's mercy and mitigates His just indignation.*

This morning I felt so dazed that I could not understand myself, nor was I able to go in search of my highest Good as I usually do. Every now and then He would move within my interior and would make Himself seen; and completely embracing me, and compassionating me, He would say to me: "Poor daughter, you are right that you cannot be without Me; how could you live without your beloved?" And I, stirred by His words, said: 'Ah, my beloved, what a hard martyrdom life is, because of the intervals in which I am forced to be without You. You Yourself are saying that I am right, but then You leave me!' He hid furtively, as if He did not want me to hear what He was saying to me, and I was left in my dazedness again, unable to say anything else. When He saw me dazed again, He came out and said: 'You are all my contentment, in your heart I find true rest, and resting in it I experience the dearest delights.'" And I, stirring myself again, said: 'For me also, You are all my contentment, so much so that all other things are nothing but bitternesses for me...' And since He withdrew

again, I remained half way through my words, more dazed than before; and this is how the morning went on – it seemed He felt like joking a little bit. After this, I felt myself outside of myself, and I saw unknown persons approaching, dressed as middle-class folk. On seeing them, the people were all horrified and screamed with fright and distress - especially the children; and they said: 'If these set upon us, it is over for us.' And they added: "Let the young girls hide! Poor youths, if they are caught in the hands of these!" So, turning to the Lord, I said: 'Pity – mercy! Move this scourge away, so dangerous for miserable humanity! Let the tears of innocence move You to compassion!' And He: "Ah, my daughter! Only because of innocence do I have regard for others; it alone snatches my mercy and mitigates my just indignation."

**October 15, 1900**

*Fight between the confessor and Jesus for the crucifixion of Luisa.*

This morning, after I received Communion, blessed Jesus let me hear His voice saying: "My daughter, this morning I feel all the necessity to be refreshed. O please! Take my pains upon yourself a little bit, and let Me take some rest in your heart." And I: 'Yes, my Good, let me feel your pains, and while I suffer in your place, You will have all the ease to be able to refresh Yourself and take some sweet rest. I only ask of You to wait a little longer until I remain alone, so that no one may see me suffer, because it seems to me that the confessor is still here.' And He: "What does it matter if father is present; wouldn't it be better if, instead of one, I had two refreshing Me? - that is, you, suffering, and he, concurring with Me with my same intention?"

At that moment, I saw the confessor placing the intention of the crucifixion, and immediately, without the slightest hesitation, the Lord shared with me the pains of the cross. Then, after I was in those sufferings for a little while, the confessor called me to obedience, Jesus withdrew, and I tried to submit to the one who commanded me; when, in one instant, my sweet Jesus came back again, wanting to subject me to the pains of the crucifixion for a second time, but father did not want it. When I would conform to Jesus – that is, to suffering – Jesus would come; when the confessor would see that I would begin to suffer, he would stop the suffering with the obedience, and Jesus would withdraw. I would suffer a great pain indeed on seeing Him withdraw, but I would do as much as I could to obey; and at times, seeing the confessor present, I would let Them deal with it, waiting to see who would win - whether obedience or Our Lord. Ah, I seemed to see obedience and Jesus fighting – both powerful and capable of facing a fight. After they fought well, as I tried to see who was winning, the Queen Mama came who, drawing near father, said: "My son, this morning in which He Himself wants her to suffer, let Him do, otherwise none will be spared the chastisements, not even in part." At that moment, it was as if father was distracted in going on with the fight, and Jesus, the winner,

subjected me to the pains again, but with such vehemence and bitter spasms, that I myself do not know how I remained alive. When I thought I was dying, obedience called me again, and I just barely found myself inside myself. Blessed Jesus, being refreshed but not yet content, upon coming back, wanted to repeat it for the third time; however, arming herself with strength, this time obedience won, and my beloved Jesus was defeated.

In spite of this, every now and then He would try - who knows, He might win again; so much so, that He gave me no respite, and I had to say: 'But, my Lord, keep still a little bit and leave me alone - don't You see that obedience has armed herself and does not want to yield to You? So, have patience, and if You want to repeat it the third time, promise me that You will let me die.' And Jesus: "Yes, come." I told this to father and, also in this obedience was inexorable, even though my sweet Good was calling me, saying: "Luisa, come." I said He was calling me, but the answer was a curt "no". What a nice obedience this is; since she wants to act in everything and over everything like a *Signora* [Lady], she wants to meddle in things which do not belong to her, like dying. Besides, how nice - exposing a poor unhappy one to the dangers of dying, letting her touch the harbor of eternal happiness with her own hand; and then, to show that she can act like a *Signora* in everything, by dint of the strength she possesses she holds her back and makes her lie in the miserable prison of her body. And if one asks: "Why all this?" - first, she does not answer; and then, in her mute language she tells you: "Why? Because I am a *Signora* and I have empire over everything." It seems that if one wants to be at peace with this blessed obedience, it takes the patience of a saint - not only that, but the patience of Our Lord Himself; otherwise one would be in continuous frictions with her, because this is about her wanting to touch the extremes.

So, seeing that He could win nothing, the blessed Lord calmed down at the obedience and left me alone. He mitigated the pains I was suffering, and said to me: "My beloved, in the pains you have suffered I wanted to have you experience the fury of my Justice by pouring it upon you a little bit. If you could see with clarity what point men have made It reach, and how the fury of my Justice has armed itself against them, you would tremble like a leaf, and would do nothing but pray Me to pour the pains upon yourself." Then He seemed to sustain me in my sufferings, and to cheer me, He said: "I feel better, and you?" And I: 'Ah, Lord, who can tell You what I feel! It seems to me as if I had been crushed inside a machine. I feel such exhaustion of strengths, that if You do not infuse vigor in me, I cannot come round.' And He: "My beloved, it is necessary that you feel the pains with intensity, at least once in a while - first, for yourself, because as good as a piece of iron may be, if it is left for a long time without putting it in the fire, it always comes to contract a little bit of rust; second, for Me, because if I did not unload Myself upon you for too long, my fury would become so ignited that I would have no regard for the world, nor would I spare

it in the least. And if you did not take my pains upon yourself, how could I maintain my word of sparing the world the chastisements in part?" After this, the confessor came to call me to obedience, and so I returned inside myself.

**October 17, 1900**

*A suffering soul and a most humble prayer make Jesus lose all His strength, and render Him so weak as to let Himself be bound by that soul. The appearance of Justice.*

As my adorable Jesus continued to come, I seemed to see Him in such great suffering as to arouse compassion. Throwing Himself into my arms, He said to me: "My daughter, break the fury of my Justice, otherwise...." At that moment, I seemed to see divine Justice, armed with swords, with darts of fire, such as to strike terror; and also the fortitude with which She can act. All frightened, I said: 'How can I break your fury if I see You so strong as to be able to annihilate heaven and earth in one simple instant?' And He: "Yet, a suffering soul and a most humble prayer make Me lose all my strength, and render Me so weak as to let Myself be bound by that soul as she pleases." And I: 'Ah, Lord, in what an ugly appearance is Justice showing Herself!' And Jesus added: "She is not ugly; if you see Her armed like this, it is because of men, but in Herself She is good and holy, like my other attributes, because there can not be even a shadow of evil in Me. It is true that Her appearance seems harsh, piercing, bitter, but Her fruits are sweet and delicious." Having said this, He disappeared.

**October 20, 1900**

*Just as Justice wants satisfaction for what is unjust, so does Love want the outpouring of Its loving and being loved.*

This morning, on coming, my adorable Jesus made me see His attributes, and He said to me: "My daughter, all of my attributes are in continuous attitude for men, and all of them demand their tribute." Then He added: "Just as Justice wants satisfaction for what is unjust, so does my Love want the outpouring of Its loving and being loved. You, place yourself inside Justice, and pray - repair; and when you receive some blow, have the patience to bear it. Then move into my Love, and give Me the outpouring of Love, otherwise I would remain defrauded in Love. As for example, this time I feel all the necessity to pour out my constrained Love, and if I were not allowed to do it, I would languish and faint." As He was saying this, He began to kiss me, caress me and make me so many tendernesses of Love, that I have no words to manifest them; and He wanted me to requite Him, saying: "Just as I feel the need to pour Myself out with you in Love, so do you have the need to pour yourself out in Love for Me. Isn't it true?" After we poured ourselves out in love with each other, He disappeared.

**October 22, 1900**

*Doubts of Luisa about the things that happen to her; she wants to know whether they are from God or from the devil. Obedience does not have human reason; her reason is Divine.*

This morning I was all oppressed and with a fear that it might not be blessed Jesus who operates in me, but the devil; but in spite of this I could not refrain from looking for Him and desiring Him. However, as soon as He deigned to come, He told me: "What is it that gives one the assurance that the sun is rising, if not the light which puts to flight the darkness of the night, and the heat which spreads within that light? If anyone said that the sun is risen, but in spite of this the darkness of the night appeared even thicker and no heat could be felt – what would you say? That it was not a true sun that rose, but a false one, because the effects of the sun cannot be seen. Now, if the sight of Me dispels darkness from you, and shows you the light of the truth, making you feel the heat of my grace, why do you want to rack your brains that I am not the One who operates in you?"

I add - because so obedience wants – that the other day I was thinking: 'If the many chastisements about which I wrote in these books should really occur, who would have the heart to be spectator of them?' And the blessed Lord made me understand with clarity that some of them will occur while I am still on this earth, some after my death, and some will be spared in part. So I was a little relieved thinking that I will not have to see them all.

So, here is Lady Obedience made satisfied now, after she had begun to frown at me, and to send out laments and reprimands. It seems that this blessed young lady in no way wants to adapt herself to the human reason. She does not want to get involved in any circumstance; on the contrary, it seems that she has no reason at all, and it is quite a pain in the neck having to deal with someone who does not have reason. In order to get along a little, it is necessary to lose one's own reason, because the young lady keeps boasting: "I have no human reason, therefore I do not know how to adapt myself to the human way. My reason is Divine, and for one who wants to live in peace with Me, it is absolutely necessary that she lose hers in order to acquire mine." This is how well this young lady reasons. What can one say? It is better to keep silent, because, in one way or another, she always wants to be right, and she glories in giving you all the wrong.

**October 23, 1900**

*True love never remains alone.*

This morning, after I received Communion, my adorable Jesus made me see the confessor who was placing the intention of having me suffer the crucifixion. I felt my poor nature as reluctant, not because I did not want to suffer, but for other reasons which it is not necessary to describe here. But Jesus, as though lamenting about me, said to father: "She does not want to submit herself." I was moved at His lament, father renewed the command, and I submitted myself.

After I suffered a little, since I saw father present, the Lord said: "My beloved, here is the symbol of the Sacrosanct Trinity: Myself, father, and you. From eternity my love has never been alone, but always united in perfect and reciprocal union with the Divine Persons, because true love never remains alone, but produces other loves, and delights in being loved back by the loves which it itself has produced. And if it is alone, either it is not of the nature of divine love, or it is only apparent. If you knew how much I delight in, and enjoy, being able to continue that love in the creatures which reigned from eternity, and reigns still now, in the Most Holy Trinity. This is also why I say to you that I want the consensus of the intention of the confessor united with Me – to be able to continue this love more perfectly, symbolic of the Sacrosanct Trinity."

**October 29, 1900**

*The most essential and necessary thing in a soul is charity.*

After going through a few days of privation and of silence, this morning, as blessed Jesus came, I said: 'It shows that my state is no longer your Will.' And He: "Yes, yes... rise and come into my arms." At these words, I forgot about the painful state of the past days and I ran into His arms, and since I could see His Side open, I said: 'My beloved, You have not admitted me to suckle from your Side for some time. I pray You to admit me today.' And Jesus: "My beloved, please drink as much as you like, and satiate yourself." Who can say my contentment, and with what avidity I placed my mouth to drink at that divine fount? After I drank to my fill, to the point of having no more room to contain even just one more drop, I detached myself, and Jesus told me: "Have you satiated yourself? If you haven't, feel free to keep drinking." And I: 'Satiated, no, because the more one drinks at this fount, the more one's thirst increases; but since I am very limited, I am incapable of containing more.'

After this, I saw other people with Jesus, and He said: "The most essential and necessary thing in a soul is charity. If there is no charity, it happens as to those families or kingdoms which have no rulers: everything is upset, the most beautiful things remain obscured, one can see no harmony - some want to do one thing, some another. The same happens in the soul in which charity does not reign: everything is in disorder, the most beautiful virtues do not harmonize among themselves. This is why charity is called queen – because she has regime and order, and she disposes everything."

**October 31, 1900**

*The Celestial Mother helps Luisa to disarm Justice. The most salutary and efficacious medicine in the saddest encounters of life is resignation.*

As I was in my usual state, I felt myself outside of myself and I found the Queen Mama. As She saw me, She began to speak about Justice, and how It is about to clash with all Its fury against the people. She said many things about

this, but I don't have the words to express them. In the meantime I could see the whole of heaven filled with points of swords against the world. Then She added: "My daughter, you have disarmed divine Justice many times, contenting yourself with receiving Its blows upon yourself. Now that you see It at the summit of Its fury, do not lose heart, but be courageous; with heart full of holy fortitude, enter into this Justice and disarm It. Do not be afraid of the swords, of the fire, or of anything you may encounter; in order to obtain the intent, if you see yourself wounded, beaten, burned, rejected, do not draw back, but rather, let this be a spur for you to move on. See, so that you may do this, I Myself have come to your help by bringing you a garment; as your soul wears it, you will acquire courage and fortitude so as to fear nothing." Having said this, from within Her mantle She pulled out a garment woven with gold, streaked with various colors, and She clothed my soul. Then She gave me Her Son, telling me: "And now, as a pledge of my love, I place my dearest Son in your custody, that you may keep Him, love Him and content Him in everything. Try to act in my stead, so that, as He finds all His contentment in you, the discontent that all the others give Him may not cause Him too much pain."

Who can say how happy and strengthened I was, clothed with that garment and with the loving pledge in my arms? Greater happiness I could certainly not desire. Then the Queen Mama disappeared, and I remained with my sweet Jesus. We went round the earth a little bit, and among the many encounters, we met a soul who was prey to despair. Having compassion for her, we drew near her, and Jesus wanted me to speak to her, to make her comprehend the evil she was doing. Through a light which Jesus Himself infused in me, I said to her: 'The most salutary and efficacious medicine in the saddest encounters of life is resignation. By despairing, instead of taking the medicine, you are taking the poison with which to kill your soul. Don't you know that the most appropriate remedy for all evils, the main thing that renders us noble, divinizes us, makes us similar to Our Lord, and has the virtue of converting the very bitternesses into sweetness, is resignation? What was the life of Jesus upon earth if not continuing the Will of the Father? And while He was on earth, He was united with the Father in Heaven. The same for a resigned soul: while living on earth, her heart and will are united with God in Heaven. Can there be anything more dear and desirable than this?' As though stirred, that soul began to calm herself, and Jesus and I, together, withdrew. May everything be for the glory of God, and may He be always blessed.

**November 2, 1900**

*One who dwells in Jesus swims in the sea of all contentments.*

This morning I felt all oppressed and afflicted, with the addition that blessed Jesus was not making Himself seen. Then, after much waiting, He came out from within my interior, and opening His Heart to me, He placed me inside of It, telling me: "Remain inside of Me - only there will you find true peace and

stable contentment, because nothing penetrates into Me which does not belong to peace and contentment. One who dwells in Me does nothing but swim in the sea of all contentments; while, by going outside of Me, even if the soul did not bother about anything, at the mere sight of the offenses they give Me and of how they grieve Me, she already comes to participate in those afflictions and remains troubled. Therefore, every once in a while, forget everything, enter into Me, and come to enjoy my peace and happiness. Then go out, and do for Me the office of my repairer." Having said this, He disappeared.

**November 8, 1900**

*Obedience gives back to the soul her original state.*

Continuing with His usual delays in coming, I was feeling all the weight of His privation, when, all of a sudden, He came and, I don't know why, He posed me this interrogative: "Would you be able to tell Me why obedience is so glorified, and receives such honor as to imprint the divine Image in the soul?" All confused, I did not know what to answer, but through an intellectual light which He sent to me, blessed Jesus answered Himself; but since it was through light, not words, I don't have the terms to express it. However, obedience wants me to try if I can manage to write it. I believe I will say big nonsense, and will write things which do not go together, but I place all my faith in obedience, especially since these are things that regard her directly, and I begin to try: It seemed He was saying to me: "Obedience is so glorified because she has the virtue of unveiling the human passions from their very roots. She destroys in the soul everything which is earthly and material, and to her great honor she gives back to the soul her original state - that is, the way she was created by God in her original justice, before being cast out of the terrestrial Eden. And in this sublime state, the soul feels strongly drawn to everything that is good; she feels all that is good, holy and perfect as inborn within herself, and greatest horror at even the shadow of evil. With this happy nature, received from the most experienced hand of obedience, the soul no longer finds difficulty in executing the commands received; more so, since the one who commands must always command what is good. And here is how obedience knows how to imprint well the divine Image; not only this, but she changes the human nature into divine, because just as God is good, holy and most perfect, and tends to all that is good and greatly hates evil, so does obedience have the virtue of divinizing the human nature, and of making it acquire the divine qualities. And the more the soul lets herself be handled by this most experienced hand, the more of the divine she acquires, destroying her own being. This is why she is so glorified and honored; so much so, that I Myself submitted to her and was honored and glorified by this; and through her I gave back honor and glory to all my children, which they had lost because of disobedience."

This is more or less what I have been able to manifest; the rest I feel within my mind, but I lack the words, because the height of the concept of this virtue is such, that my poor human language is unable to adapt itself with words...

**November 10, 1900**

*The most perfect love is in true trust in the beloved.*

As He continued not to come, I felt immersed in the greatest bitterness; my soul was tortured in a thousand ways. Then I felt as though a shadow near me, and I heard the voice of my adorable Jesus, though I could not see Him, saying to me: "The most perfect love is in the true trust that one must have in the loved object, and even if it should appear that the object one loves is lost - then more than ever is the time to prove this living trust. This is the easiest means to take possession of that which one ardently loves." Having said this, both shadow and voice disappeared. Who can say the pain I feel for not having seen my beloved Good?

**November 11, 1900**

*By going out of the Divine Will, one loses the knowledge of God and of self.*

It seems that the blessed Lord wants to exercise me in patience; He has no compassion, either for my tears or for my most sorrowful state. Without Him, I see myself immersed in the greatest miseries; I believe that there is no soul more wicked than mine. Even though when I am with Jesus I see myself *cattiva* [bad] more than ever, however, since I am with Him who possesses all goods, my soul finds the remedy for all evils. But when I do not have Him, everything is over for me - there is no more remedy for my great miseries; and what is more, I am oppressed by the thought that my state is no longer His Will, and not being in His Will, I seem to be outside of the center, and many times I think of how to go out of It.

Now, being with these dispositions, I felt Him behind my shoulders, saying to me: "You are tired, aren't you?" And I: 'Yes Lord, I feel quite tired.' And He continued: "Ah, my daughter, do not go out of my Will, because by going out of my Will, you come to lose the knowledge of Me, and not knowing Me, you come to lose the knowledge of yourself. In fact, only in the reflections of the light can one distinguish with clarity whether there is gold or mud; if everything is darkness objects can easily be confused. Now, the light is my Will, which gives you the knowledge of Me, and in the reflections of this light you come to know who you are; and in seeing your weakness, your pure nothingness, you cling to my arms and, united with my Will, you live with Me in Heaven. But if you want to go out of my Will, first you would come to lose true humility, and then you would come to live on the earth and would be forced to feel the earthly weight, to moan and sigh like all the other unfortunate who live outside of my Will." Having said this, He withdrew without even letting Himself be seen. Who can say the torment of my soul?

**November 13, 1900**

*She sees the many human miseries, the degradation and stripping of the Church, and the very degrading of priests.*

After going through several days of most bitter privation, having received Holy Communion, I saw three Children within my interior. Their beauty and equality was such that all three of Them seemed to be born of the same labor. My soul was surprised and stupefied in seeing so much beauty enclosed in the circle of my so miserable interior; and my stupefaction increased even more as I saw that these three Children seemed to have many ropes of gold in their hands, and with these They bound themselves completely to me, and my heart completely to Them. Then, afterwards, as if each one was taking His place, They began to discuss among Themselves; but I could not understand, and I cannot find the words to repeat their most high language. I can only say that in a twinkling of an eye I saw the many human miseries, the degradation and stripping of the Church, and the very degrading of priests who, instead of being light for the peoples, are darkness. All embittered by this sight, I said: 'Most Holy God, give peace to the Church, let Her be given back what they have taken away from Her; do not allow the evil to laugh behind the back of the good.' And as I was saying this, They said: "These are incomprehensible mysteries of God." Having said this, They disappeared, and I returned inside myself.

**November 14, 1900**

*The Queen Mama refreshes Jesus. Jesus takes Luisa to Purgatory.*

This morning, on coming, my adorable Jesus transported me outside of myself and asked me for a refreshment for His pains. Having nothing, I said: "My most sweet love, if the Queen Mama was here, She could refresh You with Her milk, but as for myself I have nothing but miseries.' At that moment the Most Holy Queen came, and immediately I said to Her: 'Jesus feels the necessity of a refreshment, give Him your most sweet milk for He will be refreshed.' So our dearest Mama gave Him Her milk, and my beloved Jesus was all refreshed. Then, turning to me, He said: "I feel cheered. You too, draw close to my lips and drink part of that milk which I received from my Mother, so that we both may be refreshed."

So I did. But who can tell the virtue of that milk that came out, boiling hot, from Jesus? And He contained so much of it that it seemed an immense fount, such that even if all men should drink of it, it would not decrease a bit. After this, we went round the earth a little, and at some place there seemed to be people sitting at a little table, saying: "There will be a war in Europe, and what is more sorrowful, it will be caused by relatives." Jesus was listening, but He did not say anything on that regard, therefore I do not know for sure whether there will be or not, since human judgments are mutable, and what they say today, they

deny tomorrow. Then He transported me inside a garden in which rose an immense building, like a monastery, populated by so many people that it was difficult to count them. At the sight of those people, my adorable Jesus turned His back to them, He clung against me with all of Himself, leaning His head on my shoulder, close to my neck, and He said to me: "My beloved, do not let Me see them, otherwise I would suffer greatly."

I too clasped Him, and drawing near one of those souls, I said: 'Tell me at least: who are you?' And she answered: "We are all purging souls, and our liberation is bound to the satisfaction of those pious legacies which we have left to our successors; and since they are not satisfied, we are forced to stay here, away from our God. What pain this is for us, because God becomes for us a necessary Being, whom we cannot do without. We experience a continuous death, which martyrs us in the most ruthless way; and if we do not die it is because our soul is not subject to this. So, sorrowful as we are, being without an object that forms our whole life, we implore God to make mortals experience a minimum part of our pains by depriving them of what is necessary for the preservation of corporal life, that they may learn at their own expense how painful it is to be without what is absolutely necessary."

After this, the Lord carried me somewhere else, and I, feeling compassion for those souls, said: 'How come, O my good Jesus, You turned your face away from those blessed souls who so much longed for You, while it would have been enough that You just let Yourself be seen for those souls to be freed of the pains and beatified?' And He: "Oh! my daughter, had I shown Myself to them, since they are not completely purged, they could not have stood in my presence, and instead of flinging themselves into my arms, confused, they would have drawn back, and I would have done nothing but increase their martyrdom and Mine. This is why I did so." Having said this, He disappeared.

### **November 16, 1900**

#### *Jesus removes her heart and gives her His love as heart.*

This morning, after I received Communion, my adorable Jesus made me see my interior all strewn with flowers, in the shape of a hut, and He was inside of it, amusing and delighting Himself completely. Seeing Him in that attitude, I said: 'My most sweet Jesus, when will it be that You take this heart of mine to conform it completely to Yours, in such a way that I may live from the life of your Heart?' While I was saying this, my highest and only Good took a lance and opened me at the place corresponding to my heart; then He pulled it out with His hands, and He looked at it thoroughly to see whether it was stripped and possessed those qualities to be able to be inside His Most Holy Heart. I too looked at it, and to my surprise I saw, impressed on one side of it, the cross, the sponge and the crown of thorns. But as I wanted to see the other side and the inside, for it seemed swollen as if it could be opened, my beloved Jesus prevented me, saying to me: "I want to mortify you by not letting you see all

that I have poured into this heart. Ah, yes! Here inside this heart there are all the treasures of my graces that human nature can arrive at containing." At that moment He enclosed it inside His Most Holy Heart, adding: "Your heart has taken possession within my Heart, and I will give you my love as heart, which will give you life." And drawing near that part, He sent three breaths containing light which took the place of my heart. Then He closed the wound, telling me: "Now more than ever is it appropriate for you to fix yourself in the center of my Will, having my love alone as heart. You must not go out of It even for one instant, for my love will find its true nourishment in you only if it finds my Will in you, entirely and completely. In It will my love find its contentment and true and faithful correspondence."

Then, drawing near my mouth, He sent me three more breaths, and He also poured a most sweet liqueur which inebriated me completely. Then, as though taken by enthusiasm, He said: "See, your heart is in Mine, therefore it is no longer yours." And He kissed me over and over again, and made many finesses of love to me. But who can say them all? It is impossible for me to manifest them. Who can say what I felt when I found myself inside myself? I can only say that I felt as if I were no longer myself: with no passion, with no inclination, with no desire – completely immersed in God. At the place of my heart I could feel a sensible icy cold compared to the other parts.

**November 18, 1900**

*The union of one's heart with that of Jesus makes one pass on to the state of perfect consummation.*

He continues to keep my heart inside His Heart, and every now and then He deigns to let me see it, making feast as if He had made a great gain. In these days, when I find myself outside of myself, at the place that corresponds to the heart, instead of the heart I see the light that blessed Jesus sent me in those three breaths. Then, this morning, on coming, showing me His Heart, He told me: "My beloved, which one would you like: my Heart or yours? If you want Mine, you will have to suffer more. Know, however, that I have done this to make you pass on to another state, because when one reaches union, one passes to another state, which is that of consummation, and in order to pass to this state of perfect consummation, the soul needs either my Heart in order to live, or her own completely transformed into Mine. Otherwise, she cannot pass on to this state of consummation." And I, all fearful, answered: 'My sweet love, my will is no longer mine, but Yours – do whatever You want, and I will be more than happy.'

After this, I remembered about some difficulties of the confessor, and Jesus, seeing my thought, showed me as if I were inside a crystal, and this prevented others from seeing what the Lord was operating in me. Then He added: "Only in the reflections of light can one know the crystal and what it contains. The

same with you: one who carries the light of faith will touch what I operate in you with his own hand; if then he does not, he will see things in a natural way."

**November 20, 1900**

*Since Luisa must live from the Heart of Jesus, He gives her rules in order to undertake a more perfect way of living.*

While I am outside of myself, my adorable Jesus continues to show me my heart inside of His - but so transformed, that I can no longer recognize which one is mine and which one is Jesus's. He has conformed it perfectly to His own; He has impressed on it all the insignia of the Passion, making me understand that, from the moment of His conception His Heart was conceived with these insignia of the Passion; so much so, that what He suffered at the end of His life was an outpouring of that which His Heart had suffered continuously. I seemed to see one just like the other. I seemed to see my beloved Jesus occupied with preparing the place in which He was to put the heart, perfuming it and bejeweling it with many different flowers. And while He was doing this, He told me: "My beloved, since you must live from my Heart, it is appropriate for you to undertake a more perfect way of living. Therefore, from you I want:

1. Perfect conformity to my Will, because you will only be able to love Me perfectly if you love Me with my own Will. Even more, I tell you that by loving Me with my own Will, you will arrive at loving Me, and your neighbor, with my same way of loving.
2. Profound humility, placing yourself, in front of Me and of creatures, as the last among all.
3. Purity in everything, because any slightest fault against purity, Both in loving and in operating, is reflected all in the heart, and it remains stained. Therefore I want purity to be like dew upon the flowers at the rising of the sun, which, its rays reflecting upon them, transmutes those little drops into as many precious pearls, such as to enchant the people. In the same way, if all your works, thoughts and words, heartbeats and affections, desires and inclinations, are adorned with the celestial dew of purity, you will weave a sweet enchantment, not only for the human eye, but for the whole of Heaven.
4. Obedience, which must be connected with my Will, because if this virtue regards the superiors I have given you on earth, my Will is obedience which regards Me directly; so much so, that it can be said that both one and the other are virtues of obedience - with this difference alone: one regards God, and the other regards men. However, both of them have the same value, and one cannot be without the other; therefore you must love both one and the other in the same way."

Then He added: "Know that from now on you will live with my Heart, and you must see things the way my Heart does, that I may find my satisfactions in you. Therefore be careful, for this is no longer your heart, but Mine."

**November 22, 1900**

*Jesus puts Himself in the place of the heart, and tells her what food He wants from her.*

My adorable Jesus continues to make Himself seen. This morning, having received Communion, I saw Him in my interior, as well as our two hearts so identified with each other as to seem to be one. My most sweet Jesus told me: "Today I have decided to give you back, not your heart, but Myself in its place." At that moment I saw Jesus placing Himself in that point where the heart is, and from within Jesus I received respiration and I felt the beating of His Heart. How happy I felt, living in this position!

After this, He added: "Since I Myself have taken the place of the heart, it is appropriate for you to have food always ready to nourish Me. This food will be my Will, and everything through which you will mortify yourself and of which you will deprive yourself for love of Me." But who can say all that passed between Jesus and me in my interior? I believe it is better to keep silent, otherwise I feel as if I would ruin it, since my tongue is not well refined to be able to speak of graces so great which the Lord has given to my soul. There is nothing left for me but to thank the Lord who has looked upon a soul so miserable and sinful.

**November 23, 1900**

*How all souls are in Jesus.*

As I was in my usual state, my loving Jesus transported me outside of myself, and coming out from within my interior, He showed Himself so big as to absorb the whole earth within Himself, and He spread His magnitude so much that my soul could not find the end of it. I felt dissolved in God – and not only myself, but all creatures were dissolved in Him. Oh, how unseemly it appeared, what an affront is given to Our Lord, when we, little worms, though living in Him, dare to offend Him! Oh, if all could see how we are in God! Oh, how careful they would be not to cause Him even a shadow of displeasure! Then He became so tall as to absorb the whole of Heaven in Himself; so, in God Himself I could see everyone – Angels and Saints; I could hear their singing, I could understand many things about eternal happiness.

After this, I saw many rivulets of milk flowing from Jesus; I drank at those rivulets, but since I was very limited and Jesus was so big and tall as to have no end, either in magnitude or in height, I could not manage to absorb them all in me. Many of them would flow outside, though remaining in God Himself. I felt displeasure, and I would have wanted everyone to run and drink at these rivulets, but so very scarce was the number of the pilgrim souls who would

drink. Our Lord too was displeased by this, and He said to me: "What you see is constrained Mercy, and this irritates Justice more. How can I not make Justice, when they themselves constrain my Mercy within Me?" And I, taking His hands, clasped them together, saying: 'No, Lord, You cannot make Justice - I do not want it, and since I do not want it, neither do You want it, because my will is no longer mine, but Yours; and since it is Yours, whatever I do not want, You do not want either. Have You not told me Yourself that I must live of your Will, entirely and completely?' My sweet Jesus was disarmed by my words, He became small again, and enclosed Himself in my interior; and I found myself inside myself.

**November 25, 1900**

*The nature of true love is to transmute pains into joys, and bitternesses into sweetnesses.*

Since my most sweet Jesus delayed in coming, I was almost afraid He would not come; but then, to my surprise, all of a sudden He came and told me: "My beloved, do you want to know when it is that a work is done for one's beloved? When, encountering sacrifices, bitternesses and pains, it has the virtue of changing them into sweetnesses and delights. In fact, this is the nature of true love: to transmute pains into joys, and bitternesses into sweetnesses. If one experiences the opposite, it is a sign that it is not true love that is acting. Oh, in how many works they say: 'I do this for God'; but then, at some encounters, they draw back. With this they show that it was not for God, but for their own interest and for the pleasure they felt."

Then He added: "Generally it is said that one's own will ruins everything and infects the holiest works. Yet, if it is connected with the Will of God, there is no other virtue that can surpass this one's own will, because where there is a will there is life in operating good, but where there is no will, there is death in operating, or one operates with difficulty, as though agonizing."

**December 3, 1900**

*The nature of the Most Holy Trinity is formed of most pure, most simple, communicative Love.*

This morning, as I was outside of myself, I found myself with Baby Jesus in my arms; and while I delighted in looking at Him, I don't know how, from the same Baby a second came out, and after a few instants, a third Baby, both of Them similar to the first, though distinct among Themselves. Stupefied in looking at this, I said: "Oh, how one can touch with hand the sacrosanct mystery of the Most Holy Trinity, that while You are One, You are also Three.' It seemed to me that all Three of Them spoke to me, but as the word came out, it became one single voice: "Our nature is formed of most pure, most simple, communicative Love, and the nature of true Love has this of its own: it produces from itself images fully similar to itself in power, in goodness, in

beauty and in everything it contains; and only to give more sublime prominence to Our Omnipotence it places the mark of distinction, in such a way that, melting in love, this nature of Ours - which is simple, with no matter at all which might prevent Our union - forms Three [Persons]; and returning to melt, it forms One. It is so true that the nature of true Love has this prerogative of producing images fully similar to itself, or of assuming the image of the beloved, that the Second Person, in redeeming mankind, assumed the nature and the image of man, and communicated the Divinity to man."

While They were saying this, I could distinguish my beloved Jesus very well, recognizing the image of the human nature in Him, and only because of Him I had the confidence to remain in Their presence; otherwise, who would have dared? Ah, yes! It seemed to me that the humanity assumed by Jesus had opened commerce for the creature, so as to let her ascend up to the throne of the Divinity to be admitted to converse with Them, and to obtain deeds of graces. Oh, what happy moments I enjoyed! How many things I understood; but in order to describe something, I would have to describe it when my soul is with my dear Jesus, as she seems to be set free from the body. But as I find myself imprisoned again, the darkness of the imprisonment, the distance of my mystical Sun, the pain of not seeing Him, render me incapable of describing it, and make me live dying. Yet, I am forced to live, fastened, imprisoned in this miserable body. Ah, Lord, have compassion for a miserable sinner who lives infirm and imprisoned! Break soon the wall of this prison, that I may fly to You and come back no more.

**December 23, 1900**

*Before the Sanctity of the Divine Will, passions do not dare to come forward, and lose life by themselves.*

After going through long days of silence between blessed Jesus and me, I felt a void in my interior. This morning, on coming, He told me: "My beloved, what do you want to tell Me that you so much yearn to speak with Me?" And I, feeling all ashamed, said; 'My sweet Jesus, I want to tell You that I ardently yearn for You and for your Holy Volition, and if You concede this to me You will make me fully content and happy.' And He added: "In one word you have grasped everything by asking Me for what is greatest in Heaven and on earth; and I, in this Holy Volition, yearn and want to conform you more to It. And so that my Volition may be more sweet and enjoyable for you, place yourself in the circle of my Will, and admire Its different qualities, by pausing now in the sanctity of my Volition, now in the goodness, now in the humility, now in the beauty, and now in the peaceful dwelling that my Volition produces. In these pausings you will make, you will acquire ever more new and unheard-of news about my Holy Volition, and you will become so bound to and enamored of It, that you will never go out again. This will bring you a highest advantage, because being in my Will, you will have no need to fight against your passions

and to be always at arms with them, for while they seem to be dying, they are born again more strong and alive. But rather, without fighting, without clamor, smoothly they die, because before the Sanctity of my Will, passions do not dare to come forward, and lose life by themselves. And if the soul feels the movement of her passions, it is a sign that she does not make a continuous dwelling in the boundaries of my Volition; she makes some exits, some little escapes into her own volition, and is forced to smell the stench of a corrupted nature. On the other hand, if you remain fixed in my Will, you will be completely trouble free, and your only occupation will be loving and being loved by Me in return."

After this, as I looked at blessed Jesus, I saw He had the crown of thorns; I removed it very gently, and I placed it upon my head. He drove it onto me and disappeared, and I found myself inside myself with an ardent desire to remain in His Most Holy Will.

**December 25, 1900**

*The birth of Jesus.*

As I was in my usual state, I felt I was outside of myself; after wandering around, I found myself inside a cave, and I saw the Queen Mama in the act of giving birth to Little Baby Jesus. What a wonderful prodigy! It seemed that both Mother and Son were transmuted into most pure light. But in that light one could see very well the human nature of Jesus containing the Divinity within Itself, and serving as a veil to cover the Divinity; in such a way that, in tearing the veil of human nature, He was God, while covered by that veil, He was Man. Here is the prodigy of prodigies: God and Man, Man and God! Without leaving the Father and the Holy Spirit - because true love never separates - He comes to dwell in our midst, taking on human flesh. Now, it seemed to me that Mother and Son, in that most happy instant, remained as though spiritualized, and without the slightest difficulty Jesus came out of the Maternal womb, while both of them overflowed with excess of Love. In other words, those Most Pure Bodies were transformed into Light, and without the slightest impediment, Light Jesus came out of the Light of the Mother, while both One and the Other remained whole and intact, returning, then, to their natural state.

Who can tell the beauty of the Little Baby who, at the moment of His birth, transfused, also externally, the rays of the Divinity? Who can tell the beauty of the Mother, who remained all absorbed in those Divine rays? And Saint Joseph? It seemed to me that he was not present at the act of the birth, but remained in another corner of the cave, all engrossed in that profound Mystery. And if he did not see with the eyes of the body, he saw very well with the eyes of the soul, because he remained enraptured in sublime ecstasy.

Now, in the act in which the Little Baby came out to the light, I had wanted to fly and take Him in my arms, but the Angels prevented me, saying that the honor of holding Him first belonged to the Mother. Then, the Most Holy Virgin,

as though stirred, returned into Herself and from the hands of an Angel received Her Son in Her arms. In Her ardor of love, She squeezed Him so tightly that it seemed that She wanted to draw Him into Her womb again. Then, wanting to let Her ardent love pour out, She placed Him at Her breast to suckle. In the meantime, I was completely annihilated, waiting to be called so as not to be scolded again by the Angels. Then the Queen said to me: "Come, come and take your Beloved, and you too, enjoy Him - pour out your love with Him." As She was saying this, I drew near Mama, and She gave Him to me, into my arms. Who can say my contentment, the kisses, the squeezes, the tendernesses? After I poured myself out a little, I said to Him: 'My beloved, You have suckled the milk of our Mama, share it with me.' And He, all condescending, poured part of that milk from His mouth into mine, and then He told me: "My beloved, I was conceived united to suffering, I was born to suffering, and I died in suffering. And with the three nails with which they crucified Me, I nailed the three powers - intellect, memory and will - of those souls who yearn to love Me, keeping them all drawn to Myself, because sin had rendered them infirm and dispersed from their Creator - without any restraint." As He was saying this, He gazed at the world and began to cry over its miseries. On seeing Him cry, I said: 'Lovable Baby, do not sadden with your tears a night so happy for one who loves you. Instead of pouring ourselves out in crying, let us pour ourselves out in singing'; and as I said this, I began to sing. Jesus was amused at hearing me sing, and He stopped crying; and completing my verse, He sang His own, with a voice so powerful and harmonious that all other voices disappeared at the sound of His most sweet voice. After this, I prayed to Baby Jesus for my confessor, for those who belong to me, and lastly, for everyone, and He seemed all condescending. At that moment He disappeared from me, and I returned into myself.

**December 26, 1900**

*She is still in the grotto.*

As I continued to see the Holy Baby, I saw the Queen Mother on one side and Saint Joseph on the other, adoring the Divine Infant profoundly. Being all intent on Him, it seemed to me that the continuous presence of the Little Baby kept them engrossed in continuous ecstasy; and if they could work, it was a prodigy that the Lord operated in them; otherwise they would have remained motionless, unable to attend to their external duties. I too did my adoration, and then I found myself inside myself.

**December 27, 1900**

*God is not subject to changing, while the devil and the human nature change very often.*

This morning I was with a fear about my state, that it was not the Lord who operated in me; with the addition that He was not deigning to come. Then, after

much waiting, I saw Him for just a little; I expressed my fear to Him, and He said to me: "My daughter, first of all, in order to put you in this state there is a concurring of my power; and then, who would have given you the strength and the patience to remain in this state, in a bed, for such a long time? Perseverance alone is a sign that the work is Mine, because God alone is not subject to changing, while the devil and the human nature change very often - what they love today, they abhor tomorrow, and what they abhor today, they love tomorrow and find their satisfaction in it."

**January 4, 1901**

*The unhappy state of a soul without God.*

After going through most bitter days of privation and of disturbance, I felt a mystical hell within me. Without Jesus, all my passions came out to the light and, each one casting its own darkness, obscured me in such a way that I no longer knew where I was. How unhappy is the state of a soul without God! It is enough to say that, without God, the soul, while still living, feels hell within her. Such was my state; I felt my soul tortured by infernal pains. Who can say what I went through? So as not to make it too long, I move on.

Then, this morning, having received Communion, as I was at the summit of my affliction, I felt Our Lord move within me. In seeing His image, I wanted to look to see whether it was of wood or alive in flesh. I looked, and I saw it was the Crucified alive in flesh, who, looking at me, told me: "If my image within you were made of wood, the love would be only apparent, because only true and sincere love, united to mortification, makes Me be reborn alive, crucified in the heart of one who loves Me." On seeing the Lord, I would have wanted to withdraw from His presence, so *cattiva* [bad] did I see myself, but He continued, saying: "Where do you want to go? I am light, and wherever you go, my light invests you everywhere." At the presence of Jesus, at His light, at His voice, my passions disappeared - I myself don't know where they went. I remained like a little girl, and I returned inside myself, completely changed. May everything be for the glory of God and for the good of my soul.

**January 5, 1901**

*The Humanity of Jesus was made on purpose to obey, and to destroy disobedience. Luisa refreshes Jesus.*

As I was outside of myself, I saw the confessor placing the intention of the crucifixion. I was afraid to submit myself, but Jesus told me: "What can I do? I cannot help obeying, because my Humanity was made on purpose to obey, and to destroy disobedience. This virtue is so grafted within Me, that it can be said that obedience is nature in Me, and the distinction dearest and most glorious to Me; so much so, that if my Humanity did not have this of Its own, I would abhor It, and would never have united Myself to It. You, then, want to disobey? You can do it, but you will do it yourself - I won't." All confused in seeing a

God so obedient, I said: 'I too want to obey'; and I submitted myself, and Jesus shared with me the pains of the cross.

After this, He transported me outside of myself, and blessed Jesus gave me a kiss. As He was doing this, a bitter breath came out, and He was in the act of wanting to pour His bitternesses; but He did not do it, because He wanted to be told by me to do it. Immediately I said: 'Do You want some reparation? Let us do it together; in this way my reparations, united to Yours, will have the effects of Yours, for if I do them on my own I believe they will disgust You more.' So I took His hand, dripping with blood, and kissing it, I recited the *Laudate Dominum* [Praise the Lord] with the *Gloria Patri* [Glory Be] - Jesus one part, I the other - to repair for the many evil works that are committed, placing the intention of praising Him as many times for as many offenses as He receives because of evil works. How moving it was to see Jesus praying! Then I continued to do the same to the other hand, placing the intention of praising Him as many times for as many offenses as He receives because of sins of causes. Then, His feet, with the intention of praising Him as many times for as many evil steps and as many wrong paths which are covered, even under the appearance of piety and sanctity. Lastly, His Heart, with the intention of praising Him for as many times as the human heart does not palpitate, does not love, and does not desire God. My beloved Jesus seemed all refreshed by these reparations done together with Him, but He was not yet content. It seemed He wanted to pour; so I said to Him: 'Lord, if You want to pour, I pray You to do it.' So He poured His bitternesses, and then He added: "My daughter, how much men offend Me - but the time will come when I will chastise them in such a way that many little worms will come out, which will produce clouds of mosquitoes that will render them greatly oppressed. Then, afterwards, the Pope will come out." And I: 'And why will the Pope come out?' And He: "He will come out to console the peoples, because, oppressed, tired, crushed, betrayed by so many lies, they themselves will look for the harbor of truth, and all humiliated, they will ask the Holy Father to come into their midst to free them from so many evils and place them in the harbor of safety." And I: 'Lord, will this perhaps happen after the wars You have spoken about the other times?' And He: "Yes." And I: 'How I wish I could come before these things happen.' And He: "And where would I go to stay then?" 'Ah, Lord, there are so many good souls in whom You can stay, such that in comparing myself to them - oh, how *cattiva* [bad] I see myself!' But not paying attention to me, Jesus disappeared, and I returned inside myself.

**January 6, 1901**

*Jesus communicates Himself to the three Magi through love, through beauty and through power.*

As I was outside of myself, I seemed to see the moment when the holy Magi arrived at the grotto of Bethlehem. As they arrived in the presence of the Baby, He pleased to let the rays of His Divinity shine externally, communicating Himself to the Magi in three ways - through love, through beauty and through power - in such a way that they remained enraptured and engrossed in the presence of Little Baby Jesus; so much so, that if the Lord had not withdrawn the rays of His Divinity internally again, they would have remained there forever, unable to move any more. Then, as the Baby withdrew His Divinity, the holy Magi returned into themselves; they stirred themselves, stupefied, in seeing an excess of love so great, because through that light the Lord had let them understand the mystery of the Incarnation. Then they stood up and offered their gifts to the Queen Mother, and She spoke at length with them, but I am unable to say everything She said. I can only remember that She inculcated into them, strongly, not only their own salvation, but also taking to heart the salvation of their peoples, having no fear even to lay down their lives to obtain the intent.

After this, I withdrew inside myself and I found myself together with Jesus. He wanted me to tell Him something, but I saw myself so *cattiva* [bad] and confused that I would not dare to tell Him anything. Seeing that I was not saying anything, He Himself continued to speak about the holy Magi, telling me: "By having communicated Myself to the Magi in three ways, I obtained three effects for them, because I never communicate Myself to souls uselessly; rather, they always receive some profit for themselves. So, as I communicated Myself through love, they obtained detachment from themselves; through beauty, they obtained contempt for earthly things; and through power, their hearts remained all bound to Me, and they obtained the bravery to lay down their blood and lives for Me."

Then He added: "And you, what do you want? Tell Me - do you love Me? How would you want to love Me?" Not knowing what to say, as my confusion increased, I said: 'Lord, I would want nothing but You, and if You say to me, 'do you love Me?', I have no words to be able to manifest it. I can only say that I feel this passion that no one may be able to prevail over me in loving You, and that I should be the first in loving You, above everyone, and no one may be able to surpass me. But this does not content me yet; in order to be content, I would want to love You with your own love, so that I may be able to love You as You love Yourself. Ah, yes! Only then would my concerns about loving You cease.' Content, one could say, with my nonsense, Jesus clasped me so tightly to Himself, that I could see myself transmuted in Him, inside and out, and He communicated part of His love to me. After this, I returned inside myself, and it seemed to me that for as much love as I am given, so much do I possess my Good; and if I love Him little, I possess Him little.

**January 9, 1901**

*Jesus wants her united with Him, like a Sun's ray which receives from It life, heat and splendor.*

This morning I felt all oppressed and crushed, so much so, that I went in search of relief. My only Good made me wait a long time for His coming. Then, on coming, He told me: "My daughter, did I not take your passions, miseries and weaknesses upon Myself for love of you? Would you not want to take those of others upon yourself for love of Me?"

Then He added: "What I want is that you be always united with Me, like a Sun's ray which remains always fixed in the center of the Sun, and which receives from It life, heat and splendor. Suppose that a ray could depart from the center of the Sun - what would become of it? Immediately after leaving, it would lose life, light and heat, and would return to darkness, reducing itself to nothing. Such is the soul: as long as she remains united with Me, in my center, it can be said that she is like a Sun's ray which lives, receives life from the Sun, and goes wherever the Sun wants. In sum, it remains at the complete disposal and at the will of the Sun; if then she distracts herself and disunites from Me, there she is - all darkness, cold, and without feeling within herself that supernal spur of divine life." Having said this, He disappeared.

**January 15, 1901**

*Jesus tells her that she forms His greatest martyrdom.*

Since in the past days my beloved Jesus made Himself seen as somehow indignant with the world, this morning, not seeing Him come, I kept thinking to myself: 'Who knows whether He is not coming because He wants to send some chastisement? And what have I done wrong? Because He wants to send chastisements, He does not deign to come to Me. How nice - that while He wants to punish others, He has me get the greatest of chastisements, which is the privation of Him.' Now, while I was saying this and other nonsense, my lovable Jesus made Himself seen for just a little, and told me: "My daughter, you form the greatest martyrdom for Me, because when I have to send some chastisement I cannot show Myself to you, since you bind Me everywhere and do not want Me to do anything. And as I do not come, you deafen Me with your complaints, with your laments and expectations; so much so, that while I am occupied with chastising, I am forced to think about you, to hear you, and my Heart is lacerated in seeing you in your painful state of my privation. In fact, the most painful martyrdom is the martyrdom of love, and the more two persons love each other, the more painful those pains become, which arise, not from others, but from between themselves. Therefore be quiet, be calm, and do not want to increase my pains through your pains." He disappeared, and I was left all mortified, thinking that I form the martyrdom of my dear Jesus, and that in order not to make Him suffer too much, when He does not come I must remain quiet. But who can make this sacrifice? It seems impossible to me, and I will be forced to continue martyring each other.

**January 16, 1901**

*Jesus Christ explains to her the order of charity.*

As I continued to see Him a little indignant with the world, I wanted to occupy myself with placating Him, but He distracted me by saying to me: "The charity most acceptable to Me is toward those who are closest to Me, and those who are closest to Me are the purging souls, because they are confirmed in my grace and there is no opposition between my Will and theirs. They live continuously in Me, they ardently love Me, and I am forced to see them suffer within Myself, impotent to give themselves the slightest relief on their own. Oh, how tortured my Heart is by the position of these souls, because they are not far away, but close to Me - not only close, but inside of Me! And how pleasing to my Heart one who interests himself with them. Suppose you had a mother or a sister who lived with you in a state of sorrow, incapable of helping themselves on their own, and then someone else, foreign, who lived outside of your house, also in a state of sorrows, but capable of helping himself by himself. Would you not be more pleased if someone occupied himself with relieving your mother or your sister, rather than the foreign one who can help himself on his own?" And I: 'Certainly, O Lord!'

Then He added: "The second charity most acceptable to my Heart is for those who, though living on this earth, are almost like the purging souls - that is, they love Me, they always do my Will, they interest themselves with my things as if they were their own. Now, if these are oppressed, in need, in a state of sufferings, and someone occupies himself with relieving them and helping them, this is more pleasing to my Heart than if it were done to others."

Then Jesus disappeared, and as I found myself inside myself, it seemed to me that those things did not go according to the truth. So, on coming back, my adorable Jesus made me understand that what He had told me was according to the truth. There was only something left to say about the members separated from Him, which are the sinners - that if one occupied himself with reuniting these members, this would be very acceptable to His Heart. The difference that exists is this: that if a sinner were oppressed, in the midst of a misfortune, and one occupied himself, not to convert him, but to relieve him and help him materially, the Lord would be more pleased if this were done for those who are in the order of grace. In fact, if these suffer, it is always a product, either of the love of God for them, or of their love for God; while if sinners suffer, the Lord sees in them the mark of guilt and of their obstinate will. This is how I seemed to understand; after all, I leave the judgment to those who have the right to judge me, whether this goes according to the truth or not.

**January 24, 1901**

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

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

You do not come! How things have changed! It shows that it is either for the chastisement of my sins that You deprive me of your lovable presence, or because You no longer want me in this state of victim. O please! I beg You – let me know your Will. If I could not be opposed when You wanted the sacrifice from me, much less can I do it now that, finding me no longer worthy of being victim, You want to take me out of it.'

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

**January 27, 1901**

*The establishment of Faith is in the establishment of Charity.*

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen for a little while and, I don't know why, He said to me: "My daughter, the whole establishment of the Catholic Faith is in the establishment of Charity, which unites the hearts and makes them live in Me." Then, throwing Himself into my arms, He wanted me to refresh Him. After I did as much as I could, He gave me tit for tat, and He disappeared.

**January 30, 1901**

*The poison of interest. The virtues and the merits of Jesus are as many towers of fortitude on which everyone can lean along the journey on the way to Eternity.*

This morning, on coming, blessed Jesus transported me outside of myself, in the midst of many people of different conditions – priests, nuns, secular; and beginning His sorrowful lament, Jesus said: "My daughter, the poison of interest has entered into all hearts, and they have become soaked with this poison like sponges. This pestilent poison has penetrated into monasteries, into priests, into secular. My daughter, that which does not surrender to the light of truth and to the power of virtue, surrenders before a most wretched interest; and before this poison, the most sublime and excelling virtues fall shattered like fragile glass." And while saying this, He cried bitterly. Who can say the torment of my soul in seeing my most loving Jesus cry! Not knowing what to do to make Him stop crying, I spoke some nonsense: 'My dear, O please! - do not cry. If the others do not love You, offend You and have their eyes dazzled by the poison of interest, in such a way as to remain all soaked with it, there is I who love you, praise You, look at all that is earthly as rubbish, and aspire to nothing, but in You. Therefore You should be content in my love and stop crying; and if You feel embittered, pour it upon me, for I am more content with it than seeing You cry.'

On hearing me, He stopped crying and poured a little bit. Then He shared with me the pains of the cross, and then He added: "My virtues and the merits I acquired for man in my Passion, are as many towers of fortitude on which everyone can lean along the journey on the way to Eternity. But man, ungrateful, running away from these towers of fortitude, leans on mud and conducts himself along the way of perdition." Then Jesus disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**January 31, 1901**

*Jesus explains the greatness of the virtue of patience.*

As I was in my usual state, my sweet Jesus was not coming. Then, after much waiting, I saw Him for just a little, and He told me: "My daughter, patience is superior to purity, because without patience the soul easily unbridles, and it is difficult for her to remain pure; and when a virtue needs another virtue in order to have life, the second one is called superior to the first. Even more, it can be said that patience is custody of purity; not only this, but it is staircase to ascend to the mountain of fortitude, in such a way that if one went up without the staircase of patience, he would immediately fall from the highest point to the lowest. In addition to this, patience is seed of perseverance, and this seed produces branches called firmness. Oh, how firm and stable in the good she has started is the patient soul! She pays no attention either to rain, or to frost, or to ice, or to fire, but all her attention is on bringing to completion the good she has started. In fact, there is no greater foolishness than that of one who today does some good because he likes it, and tomorrow he neglects it because he finds no more pleasure in it. What would one say of an eye which at one hour possesses sight, and at another is blind? Or of a tongue which now speaks, and now is

mute? Ah! yes, my daughter, patience alone is the secret key to open the treasure of virtues; without the secret of this key, the other virtues do not come out to give life to the soul and to ennoble her."

**February 5, 1901**

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

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

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

**February 6, 1901**

*The perfect satisfaction of Jesus is finding Himself in the soul.*

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus, on coming, told me: "My daughter, when my grace is in possession of more people, it celebrates more. It happens as to queens: the more maidens that hang upon their wishes and surround them like a crown, the more they enjoy and make feast. You, fix yourself in Me, look at Me, and you will be so taken by Me that everything material will drop dead for you. You must fix yourself in Me so much as to draw Me completely into yourself, in such a way that, finding Myself in you, I may find in you my perfect satisfaction. So, as I find in you all possible pleasures I could find in a human creature, what the others do to Me cannot grieve Me so much." And while saying this, He closed Himself up inside of Me, and was all pleased. How fortunate I would consider myself if I arrived at drawing my beloved Jesus completely into myself.

**February 10, 1901**

*Obedience has an extremely long sight, while love of self is very much shortsighted.*

As my adorable Jesus continued to come, He made Himself seen with eyes refulgent with most vivid and most pure light. I was enchanted and surprised before that dazzling light, and Jesus, on seeing me so enchanted and speechless, said to me: "My beloved, obedience has an extremely long sight and surpasses the very light of the sun in beauty and in sharpness. In the same way, love of self is very much shortsighted, so much so, that it cannot take a step without tripping. And do not believe that this extremely long sight is possessed by those souls who go on always disturbed and in scrupulousness. Rather, this is a net that love of self weaves around them, which, being very shortsighted, makes them fall first, and then provokes in them a thousand disturbances and scruples, and what they have detested today with so many scruples and fears, they fall into again tomorrow, to the point that their living is reduced to being always immersed in this artificial net which love of self knows well how to weave around them. This, unlike the extremely long sight of obedience, which is killer of the love of self. Her sight is so very long and clear, that immediately she foresees where she might slip, and with generous heart she abstains from it and enjoys the holy freedom of the children of God. And just as darkness draws more darkness, so does light draw more light, and this light arrives at drawing to itself the light of the Word, and uniting together, they weave the light of all virtues."

Surprised on hearing this, I said: 'Lord, what are You saying? To me it seems that that scrupulous way of living is sanctity.' And He, with a more serious tone, added: "On the contrary, I tell you that this is the true mark of obedience, while that is the true mark of love of self, and that way of living moves Me more to indignation than to love. In fact, when it is the light of truth that allows one to see one's fault, be it even the slightest, there should be some emendation; but since it is the short sight of the love of self, it does nothing but keep them oppressed, having no development on the path of true sanctity."

**February 17, 1901**

*Man comes from God and must return to God.*

This morning, as I was all oppressed and in suffering, I saw my beloved Jesus for just a little, as well as many people immersed in many miseries. Then, breaking the silence He had kept for many days, He said: "My daughter, man is born in Me first, receiving the imprint of the Divinity; then, as he goes out of Me to be reborn from the maternal womb, I give him the command to walk a little stretch of the way; and at the end of that way, letting Myself be found by him, I receive him again into Myself, making him live eternally with Me. See now, how noble man is, where he comes from and where he goes, and what his

destiny is. Now, what should the sanctity of this man be, coming out of a God so Holy? But in covering the way to come to Me again, man destroys that of the divine which he has received; he corrupts himself in such way that at the encounter I have with him to receive him into Myself, I no longer recognize him, I no longer see the divine imprint in him, I find nothing of my own in him; and no longer recognizing him, my Justice condemns him to go wandering on the way of perdition."

How tender it was to hear Jesus Christ speak about this – how many things He made me comprehend! But my state of sufferings does not permit me to write any further.

### **March 8, 1901**

*It was the Cross that made Jesus recognized as God. The cross of pain and the cross of love.*

Continuing in my poor state, and with the silence of blessed Jesus, this morning, as I was oppressed more than ever, on coming, He told me: "My daughter, it was not my works, nor my preaching, nor the very power of my miracles that made Me recognized with clarity as the God I am, but when I was put on the Cross and lifted up on It as though on my own throne – then was I recognized as God. So, the Cross alone revealed Me to the world and to the whole of hell for Who I really was. All were shaken and recognized their Creator. Therefore, it is the Cross that reveals God to the soul, and makes known whether the soul is truly of God. It can be said that the Cross uncovers all the intimate parts of the soul and reveals to God and to men who she is." Then He added: "Upon two crosses do I consume souls – one is of pain, the other is of love. And just as in Heaven all nine choirs of Angels love Me, though each one has its distinct office – as for example, the special office of the Seraphim is love and their choir is positioned more in the front in order to receive the reverberations of my love; so much so, that my love and theirs, darting through each other, correspond continuously – in the same way, I give to souls on earth their distinct offices: some I render martyrs of pain, and some of love, as both of them are skillful masters in sacrificing souls and in rendering them worthy of my satisfactions."

### **March 19, 1901**

*Jesus explains the easiest and most profitable way to suffer.*

This morning, as I was all oppressed and in suffering, much more so, because of the privation of my sweet Jesus, after much waiting, I saw Him for just a little and He told me: "My daughter, the true way of suffering is in not looking at whom the sufferings come from, or at that which one suffers, but at the good that must come from those sufferings. This was my way of suffering. I looked neither at the executioners, nor at the suffering, but at the good I intended to do by means of my suffering, also for the very ones who gave Me suffering. And

looking at the good that was to come to men, I disregarded everything else, and with intrepidity I followed the course of my suffering. My daughter, this is the easiest and most profitable way to suffer - not only with patience, but with unconquered and courageous heart."

### **March 22, 1901**

*She sees Rome and great sins. Jesus wants to chastise, but Luisa is opposed.*

As I continued in my usual state of privation, and therefore of unspeakable bitternesses, this morning, my adorable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself. It seemed to me that it was Rome. How many spectacles one could see from all classes of people! Even in the Vatican one could see things that were repugnant. What to say, then, about the enemies of the Church? How consumed with rage they are against Her, how many slaughters they are plotting - but they cannot carry them out because Our Lord holds them bound still. But that which frightened me the most was to see my loving Jesus almost in the act of giving them freedom. Who can say how consternated I remained? Then, seeing my consternation, Jesus told me: "Daughter, the chastisements are absolutely necessary. Rot and gangrene have entered all classes, therefore fire and sword are necessary so that not everyone may perish. So, this is the last time I tell you to conform to my Will, and I promise you to spare in part."

And I: 'My dear Good, I don't have the heart to conform to You in chastising people.' And He: "If you do not conform, since it is of absolute necessity to do this, I will not come as usual, and I will not manifest to you when I send the chastisements; and since you would not know it and I would not find anyone who would somehow break my just indignation, I will give free vent to my fury, and you will not even have the good of sparing the chastisement in part. In addition to this, not coming and not pouring in you those graces which I should pour, is also a bitterness for Me; just like in these past days in which I have not come so much - I have the grace constrained within Me." And while saying this, He showed that He wanted to unload Himself, and drawing near my mouth, He poured a most sweet milk, and He disappeared.

### **March 30, 1901**

*Jesus speaks about the Divine Will and about perseverance.*

As my state of privation continued, I felt as though a tedium and a tiredness of my poor situation, and my poor nature wanted to free itself of this state. Having compassion for me, my adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, as you withdraw from my Volition, you begin to live of yourself; while if you remain fixed in my Will, you will always live of Me, dying completely to yourself."

Then He added: "My daughter, have patience, resign yourself to my Will in everything, and not for a short time, but always - always, because only

perseverance in good is that which reveals whether a soul is truly virtuous; it alone is what unites all virtues together. It can be said that perseverance alone unites perpetually God and the soul, virtues and graces, and places itself around them like a chain; and binding everything together, it forms the most safe knot of salvation. But where there is no perseverance, there is a lot to fear." Having said this, He disappeared.

**March 31, 1901**

*Inconstancy and volubility.*

This morning, feeling all embittered, I saw myself still so *cattiva* [bad], that I almost did not dare to go in search of my highest and only Good. But the Lord, looking not at my miseries, still deigned to come, telling me: "My daughter, is it Me that you want? Well then, I have come to cheer you – let us be together, but let us remain in silence."

After staying for some time, He transported me outside of myself, and I saw that the Church was celebrating the Day of the Palms; and Jesus, breaking the silence, told me: "How much volubility, how much inconstancy! Just as today they cried out '*Hosanna!*', proclaiming Me as their King, on another day they cried out '*Crucify Him! Crucify Him!*' My daughter, the thing that displeases Me the most is inconstancy and volubility, because this is the sign that the truth has not taken possession of these souls. Even in things of religion, it may be that they find their satisfaction, their own convenience and interest, or that they just find themselves in that party; but tomorrow these things may be missing, or they may find themselves involved in other parties - and here is how they deviate from religion, and with no regret they give themselves to other sects. Indeed, when the true light of Truth enters a soul and takes possession of a heart, she is not subject to inconstancy. On the contrary, she sacrifices everything for love of It and to let herself be mastered by It alone; and with unconquered heart she despises everything else which does not belong to the Truth." And while saying this, He cried over the condition of the present generation, worse than in those times, subject to inconstancy according to wherever the winds blow.

**April 5, 1901**

*In compassionating the Mother, one compassionates Jesus. On Calvary, at the crucifixion, Luisa sees all generations in Jesus.*

As the state of privation continued, this morning I seemed to see Him for a little while, together with the Queen Mother; and since adorable Jesus had the crown of thorns, I removed it from Him and I compassionated Him thoroughly. While I was doing this, He told me: "Compassionate also my Mother, because since the reason of Her sorrows is my suffering, in compassionating Her, you come to compassionate Me."

After this, I seemed to find myself on mount Calvary, in the act of the crucifixion of Our Lord, and while He suffered the crucifixion, I could see – I don't know how – all generations, past, present and future, in Jesus. And since Jesus had everyone within Himself, He felt all the offenses that each of us would give Him, and He suffered for all in general, and for each individual in particular, in such a way that I could see also my sins, and the pains that He suffered for me individually; and I could also see the remedy that He administered to us, with the exception of no one, for our evils and for our eternal salvation. Now, who can say all that I saw in blessed Jesus?: from the first to the last man. As I was outside of myself, I could see things clearly and distinctly; but finding myself inside myself, I see them all confused. So, in order to avoid nonsense, I stop here.

**April 7, 1901**

*She sees the Resurrection of Jesus. Jesus speaks about obedience.*

As my adorable Jesus continues to deprive me of His presence, I feel a bitterness, and as though a knife were stuck in my heart, which gives me such pain as to make me cry and scream like a child. Ah, truly, I seem to have become like a child who, when his mother departs from him even for just a little, cries and screams so much as to turn the whole house upside down, and there is no other remedy to make him stop crying than for him to see himself in the arms of his mother again. So I am - a true little girl in virtue, for if it were possible for me I would turn Heaven and earth upside down in order to find my highest and only Good, and only when I find myself in possession of Jesus, then do I calm down. Poor little girl that I am, I still feel the swaddling clothes of infancy that clasp me; I am unable to walk by myself, I am very weak, I do not have the capacity of the adults, who let themselves be guided by reason. So here is the highest necessity I have to be with Jesus; right or wrong, I don't want to hear anything – what I want to hear is that I want Jesus. I hope that the Lord may want to forgive this poor little girl, who sometimes commits some excesses.

So, finding myself in this position, I saw my adorable Jesus for a little, in the act of His Resurrection, with His face so refulgent as to not be comparable to any other splendor. It seemed to me that the Most Holy Humanity of Our Lord, though It was living flesh, was so bright and transparent that one could see with clarity the Divinity united to the Humanity. Now, while I was seeing Him so glorious, a light that came from Him seemed to tell me: "My Humanity received so much glory by means of perfect obedience which, destroying the ancient nature completely, gave Me back the new nature, glorious and immortal. In the same way, by means of obedience, the soul can form within her the perfect resurrection to virtues. For example: if the soul is afflicted, obedience will make her rise again to joy; if restless, obedience will make her rise again to peace; if tempted, obedience will administer to her the strongest

chain with which to bind the enemy, and will make her rise again victorious over the diabolical snares; if she is besieged by passions and vices, by killing them, obedience will make her rise again to virtues. This, to the soul, and in due time, it will also form the resurrection of the body."

After this, the light withdrew, Jesus disappeared, and I am left with such sorrow, seeing myself without Him again, that I feel as if I had a burning fever that makes me fidget and rave. Ah! Lord, give me the strength to bear with You in these delays, for I feel faint.

**April 9, 1901**

*If fervors and virtues are not well rooted in the Humanity of Jesus, as tribulations or unfavorable circumstances arise, immediately they wither.*

As I was in the fullness of delirium, I was speaking nonsense, and I believe I also mixed some defects with it. My poor nature felt all the weight of my state; the bed seemed worse to it than the state of those who are condemned to prison. It would have wanted to free itself of this state, with the addition of my refrain that 'it is no longer Will of God, and this is why Jesus does not come'. And I kept thinking of what I should do. While I was doing this, my patient Jesus came out from within my interior, but with a grave and serious appearance, such as to strike fear in me; and He said to me: "What do you think I would have done had I been in your position?" In my interior I said: 'Certainly the Will of God.' And He, again: "Well then, that is what you are doing." And He disappeared.

The gravity of Our Lord was such that in those words He spoke to me I felt all the power of His word - not only creative, but also destroying. My interior was so shaken by those words, it was so oppressed, embittered, that I did nothing but cry. I remembered especially the gravity with which Jesus had spoken to me, so much so, that I did not dare to say: 'Come'. Now, being in this position, in the afternoon I did my meditation without asking for Him, when, all of a sudden, He came, and with a sweet appearance, all changed compared to the morning, He told me: "My daughter, what a disaster, what a disaster is about to happen." And as He was saying this, I felt all of my interior changed - that He was not coming for no other reason but the chastisements. At that moment I saw four venerable persons who were crying at the words which Jesus had spoken; but blessed Jesus, wanting to cheer Himself, said a few words about virtues, and then He added: "There are certain fervors and certain virtues which seem like those saplings that grow around certain trees: since they are not well rooted in its trunk, as a strong wind comes, or a cold a little more intense, they wither; and even though after some time it may be that they become green again, being subject to the intemperance of the air, and therefore to changing, they never become grown up trees. Such are those fervors and those virtues which are not well rooted in the trunk of the tree of obedience - that is, in the

trunk of the tree of my Humanity, which was all obedience: as tribulations or unfavorable circumstances arise, immediately they wither, and they never come to producing fruits for eternal life."

**April 19, 1901**

*The whole being of Luisa suffers the privation of Jesus. Jesus consoles her and explains to her something about Grace.*

As I continue to pass my days without my adorable Jesus – at the most, He comes like shadow and flashes – my poor heart is extremely embittered. I feel His privation so much, that all of my fibers, my nerves, my bones, and even the drops of my blood, writhe continuously, and say to me: "Where is Jesus? How is it – you have lost Him? What have you done that He is no longer coming? How can we be without Him? Who else will console us, since we have lost the fount of all consolation? Who will fortify us in weakness? Who will correct us and uncover our defects, since we have been deprived of that light which, more than electric filament, penetrated into the most intimate hiding places, and with the most ineffable sweetness corrected and healed our wounds? Everything is misery, everything is squalor, everything is gloom without Him! How shall we go on?' And even though in the depth of my will I feel resigned, and I keep offering His very privation as the greatest sacrifice for love of Him, everything else wages a continuous war against me, and puts me in a torture. Ah, Lord, how much it costs me to have known You, and at how high a price You make me pay for your past visits!

Now, while I was in this state, He made Himself seen for short instants, and He told me: "Since Grace is part of Me, as you possess It, with reason and by strict necessity everything that forms your being cannot be without Me. This is the reason why everything asks you for Me and you are tortured continuously. Since you are soaked with Me and filled with part of Me, only when they possess Me, not only in part, but completely - then do they find peace and remain content." And as I lamented about my hard position, He added: "I too experienced extreme abandonment in the course of my Passion, even though my Will was always united with the Father and with the Holy Spirit. And I wanted to suffer this in order to divinize the cross completely; so much so, that in looking at Me and in looking at the cross, you will find the same splendor, the same lessons, and the same mirror in which you can reflect yourself continuously, with no difference between the two."

**April 21, 1901**

*Necessity of the chastisements so as not to let man corrupt himself more.*

Continuing in my usual state, I saw my sweet Jesus for just a little, with a cross in His hand, in the act of pouring it upon the people; and He told me: "My daughter, the world is always corrupted, but there are certain times in which it reaches such corruption, that if I did not pour part of my cross upon the people,

they would all perish in corruption. So it happened at the time when I came upon earth: my cross alone saved many from the corruption in which they were immersed. The same in these times: corruption has reached such a point, that if I did not pour scourges, thorns, crosses, causing men even to shed blood, they would remain immersed in the waves of corruption." And while saying this, He seemed to throw that cross over the people, and chastisements would occur.

**April 22, 1901**

*Lessons about the imitation of His life.*

While I was all afflicted and confused, and almost without hope of seeing my adorable Jesus again, all of a sudden He came and told me: "Do you know what I want from you? I want you similar to Me in everything, both in operating and in the intention. I want you to be respectful with everyone, because respecting everyone gives peace to oneself and peace to others; and that you consider yourself the least of all; that you meditate constantly on my teachings within your mind, and keep them in your heart, so that, on the occasion, you may find them always ready to be used and put into practice. In sum, I want your life to be an outpouring of Mine." And while He was saying this, I saw behind the Lord an intense cold and a fire coming down upon earth, which caused damage to crops. I said: 'Lord, what are You doing? Poor people!' But not paying attention to me, He disappeared.

**June 13, 1901**

*Crosses and tribulations are the bread of eternal beatitude.*

After a long silence on the part of my adorable Jesus – at the most, a few things about the scourges He wants to pour – this morning, as I was oppressed and tired because of my hard position, especially because of the continuous privations to which I am often subjected, I saw Him for short instants, and He told me: "My daughter, crosses and tribulations are the bread of eternal beatitude." I comprehended that as we suffer more, more abundant and more enjoyable will be the bread that will nourish us in the celestial dwelling; that is, the more we suffer, the greater the deposit we receive of the future glory.

**June 18, 1901**

*Jesus demands His glory from every particle of our beings. From the state of union to that of consummation.*

As I was in my usual state, I saw my sweet Jesus for a little, and I began my laments about my poor state of His privations, and about a sort of tiredness, physical and moral, as if I felt my poor nature being crushed and failing me in all its parts. Then, after I said all this to my Jesus, He told me; "My daughter, do not be concerned about your feeling faint in all parts; don't you know that everything must be sacrificed for Me, not only in the soul but also in the body? And that from the tiniest little particles of your being I demand my glory? And

then, don't you know that from the state of union one passes on to another one, which is that of consummation? It is true that I am not coming as usual so as to chastise the people, but I use this also for your own profit, which is not only that of keeping you united with Me, but of consuming you for love of Me. In fact, as I do not come and you feel faint because of my absence, don't you come to be consumed for Me? After all, you do not have great reason to afflict yourself - first, because when you see Me, it is always from your interior that you see Me come out, and this is a sure sign that I am with you; and also, because not one day has yet come in which you can say that you have not seen Me perfectly."

After this, His voice assuming a sweeter and more benign tone, He added: "My daughter, I recommend to you, very, very much, that you let not even the slightest act which is not patience, resignation, sweetness, sameness, tranquillity in everything, come out of yourself. Otherwise you would dishonor Me, and it would happen as to that king who lived in a palace which was well adorned inside, but on the outside it could be seen as full of cracks, stained, and about to collapse. Would people not say: 'What? A king lives in this palace, and yet, such an ugly configuration can be seen outside as to make one fear even to draw near it? Who knows what a king he must be!' Would this not be a dishonor for that king? Now think that if anything which is not virtue comes out of you, they would say the same about Me, and I, who live inside of you, would remain dishonored."

**June 30, 1901**

*Signs to know whether the soul possesses Grace.*

As I was in my usual state, my most sweet Jesus made Himself seen for a short time, all transfused in Me; and He told me: "My daughter, do you want to know what the signs are to know whether the soul possesses my Grace?" And I: 'Lord, as your most holy goodness pleases.'

So He replied: "The first sign to see whether the soul possesses my Grace is that in anything that belongs to God which she may hear or see externally, she feels a sweetness, a gentleness fully divine in her interior, which is not comparable to anything human and terrestrial. It happens as to that mother who recognizes the fruit of her womb in the person of a son even from his breath, from his voice, and she delights with joy. Or as to two intimate female friends who, in conversing together, manifest the same sentiments, inclinations, joys, afflictions to each other; and since each one finds her own things engraved in the other, they feel such pleasure in them, such joy, and take them to heart so much that they cannot detach themselves. In the same way, the interior Grace which resides in the soul, on seeing externally the fruit of Her very womb - that is, on recognizing Herself in those things which form Her very essence - corresponds with them, and makes the soul experience such joy and sweetness that one is unable to express it.

The second sign is that the speaking of the soul who possesses Grace is peaceful and has the virtue of casting peace into others; so much so, that the same things said by one who does not possess grace make no impression and bring no peace, while if they are said by one who possesses Grace, they operate in a marvelous way, and bring peace back to the hearts.

Moreover, my daughter, Grace strips the soul of everything, and makes of her humanity a veil with which to remain covered, in such a way that, as the veil is torn, one finds paradise in the soul who possesses Her. So, it is no wonder that true humility, obedience and the like are found in that soul, because there is nothing left of her but a simple veil, and one can see with clarity how it is all Grace that acts within her, that keeps all virtues in order for her, and makes her remain in continuous attitude toward God.

**July 5, 1901**

*Jesus is the beginning, the means and the end of all desires.*

As I was concerned about the state of my soul, all of a sudden my adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, do not be concerned, for I alone am the beginning, the means and the end of all your desires." With these words I calmed myself in Jesus. May everything be for the glory of God, and may His Holy Name be blessed.

**July 16, 1901**

*The beginning of evil in man. Distance between the love of Jesus and the human love. In order to enter into Heaven, the soul must be completely transformed in Jesus.*

After various days of privation, this morning He deigned to come, transporting me outside of myself. Now, as I was before blessed Jesus, I could see many people, and the evil of the present generation. My adorable Jesus looked at them with compassion, and turning to me, told me: "My daughter, do you want to know where the evil of man began? The beginning of it is that as soon as he knows himself - that is, as soon as he begins to acquire reason - man says to himself: 'I am something.' And believing themselves to be something, they move away from Me, they do not trust Me, who am the All, and they draw all their confidence and strength from themselves. From this it happens that they even lose every good beginning, and by losing the good beginning, what will the end be? Imagine, yourself, my daughter. Moreover, by moving away from Me, who contain every good, what good can man hope for, since he is a sea of evil? Without Me everything is corruption, misery, and without a shadow of true good. This is the present society."

On hearing this, I felt such affliction that I am unable to express it; but Jesus, wanting to cheer me, transported me somewhere else, and as I found myself alone with my beloved Jesus, I said to Him: 'Tell me, do You love me?' And He: "Yes." And I: 'I am not content with "yes" alone, but I would like it to be

explained better how much You love me." And He: "My love for you is so great that not only has it no beginning, but it will have no end. In these few words you can comprehend how great, strong, constant, is my love for you." I considered all this for a little, and I could see an abyss of distance between my love and His. All confused, I said: 'Lord, what a difference between my love and Yours. Not only does mine have a beginning, but as for the past, I see some voids in my soul of not having loved You.' And Jesus, all compassion for me, told me: "My beloved, there cannot be conformity between the love of the Creator and that of the creature; however, today I want to tell you something which will be of great consolation for you and which you have never understood: know that each soul, during the whole course of her life, is obliged to love Me constantly, with no interval; and if she does not love Me always, she leaves as many voids in her soul for as many days, hours or minutes in which she has neglected to love Me. But no one will be able to enter Heaven if he has not filled these voids; and one will only be able to fill them by loving Me twice as much for the rest of his life; and if he does not arrive at doing this, he will fill them by dint of fire in Purgatory. Now, when you are deprived of Me, the privation of the beloved makes love double, and by this, you come to fill the voids that there are present in your soul."

After this, I said to Him: 'My sweet Good, let me come with You to Heaven, and if You do not want it forever, at least for a little while. O please, I pray You, make me content!' And He told me: "Don't you know that in order to enter that blessed dwelling the soul must be completely transformed in Me, in such a way that she must appear as another Christ? Otherwise, what impression would you make in the midst of the other Blessed? You yourself would be ashamed of being with them." And I: 'It is true that I am very dissimilar to You, but if You want You can render me similar.' So, to content me, He enclosed me completely within Himself, in such a way that I could no longer see myself, but Jesus Christ; and in this way we rose toward Heaven. As we reached a certain point, we found ourselves before an indescribable light. Before that light one experienced new life, unusual joy, never before felt. How happy I felt! Even more, it seemed to me that I was in the fullness of all happinesses. Now, as we advanced before that light, I felt such concern; I would have liked to praise Him, to thank Him, but not knowing what to say, I recited three Glory Be's, and Jesus responded along. But as soon as I finished, like a flash I found myself in the miserable prison of my body. Ah, Lord, how come - so little has my happiness lasted? It seems that the clay of this body of mine is too hard, as it takes so much to be shattered, and it prevents my soul from moving out of this miserable earth. But I hope that some vehement blow may cause it to be not only shattered, but pulverized. Then, since I would no longer have a home to be able to stay here, You will have compassion for me, and will receive me forever in the celestial dwelling.

**July 20, 1901**

*How sweet the voice of the soul is for Jesus.*

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus was not coming. Then, after struggling and almost losing the hope of seeing Him again, all of a sudden He came and told me: "My daughter, your voice is sweet to Me as the voice of the mother is sweet to the little bird: after she has left him to go in search of food with which to nourish him, as she comes back – what does the little bird do? On hearing her voice, he feels sweetness and makes feast; and after the mother has fed him, he huddles all up and hides under the maternal wing to warm himself, to be freed from the intemperances of the air, and to take safe rest. Oh, how dear and pleasing it is for the little bird - this remaining under the maternal wing! So you are for Me; you are the wing that warms Me, shelters Me, defends Me, and allows Me to take safe rest. Oh, how dear and pleasing it is for Me to remain under this wing!"

Having said this, He disappeared, and I remained all confused and full of shame, knowing myself as so *cattiva* [bad]; but obedience wanted to increase my confusion, wanting me to write this. May the Most Holy Will of God be always done.

**July 23, 1901**

*Jesus speaks about His Will and about charity.*

As I was with many doubts about my state, on coming, my adorable Jesus told me: "Daughter, do not fear, what I recommend to you is that you remain always conformed to my Will, because when the Divine Will is in the soul, neither the diabolical nor the human will have the strength to enter the soul to make fun of her."

After this, I seemed to see Him crucified, and since the Lord had shared with me, not only His pains, but some sufferings of another person, He added: "This is true charity: to destroy oneself in order to give life to others, to take upon oneself the evils of others, and to give Me one's own goods."

**July 27, 1901**

*Doubts of the confessor. The answer of Jesus.*

Since the confessor had raised some doubts, as blessed Jesus came, I saw the confessor with Him, and He was saying to him: "My operating is always leaning on the truth, and even though many times it appears obscure, under enigmas, however, one cannot help saying that it is the truth. And even though the creature does not understand my operating with clarity, this does not destroy the truth; on the contrary, it makes one comprehend much better that it is a Divine way of operating. In fact, since the creature is finite, she cannot embrace and comprehend the infinite; at the most, she can comprehend and embrace a few glimmers. As for example, the many things said by Me in Scripture, and my way of operating in the Saints – has this perhaps been

understood with all clarity? Oh, how many things are left obscured and amidst enigma! And yet, how many minds of the erudite and learned have tired themselves in interpreting them? And what have they yet understood? One can say absolutely nothing, compared to what is left to be known. But does this perhaps prejudice the truth? Not at all – on the contrary, it makes it shine more. Therefore, your eye must be kept on whether there is true virtue, and whether, in everything, it can be felt that the truth is present, though sometimes obscured; as for the rest, one must remain tranquil and in holy peace." Having said this, He disappeared, and I returned inside myself.

**July 30, 1901**

*Pride has ruined the world. The virtue of humility.*

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus transported me outside of myself into the midst of many people. What blindness! Almost all were blind, and a few, of short sight. Only very few appeared like the sun in the midst of the stars, with extremely sharp sight, all intent on the Divine Sun; and this sight was conceded to them because it was fixed in the light of the Humanate Word. All compassion, Jesus told me: "My daughter, how pride has ruined the world – it has reached the point of destroying that small light of reason which all carry with them at birth. Know, however, that the virtue which most exalts God is humility, and the virtue which most exalts the creature before God and men, is humility." Having said this, He disappeared.

Later He came back all panting and afflicted, and He added: "My daughter, three terrible chastisements are about to happen." And He disappeared like a flash, without giving me the time to tell Him one word.

**August 3, 1901**

*The soul who possesses Grace has authority over hell, over men and over God Himself.*

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. Then, after much waiting, the Virgin Mama came, bringing Him almost by force; but Jesus would escape. Then the Most Holy Virgin told me: "My daughter, do not become tired of asking for Him – rather, be importunate, because this escaping of His is a sign that He wants to send some chastisement, and therefore He escapes the sight of His beloved ones. You, however, do not stop, because the soul who possesses Grace has authority over hell, over men and over God Himself. In fact, since Grace is part of God Himself, as the soul possesses It, does she perhaps not have power over that which she possesses?"

Then, after much resistance, forced by the Queen Mama and importuned by me, He came, but with an imposing, serious appearance, such that one would not dare to speak. I did not know what to do to make Him break that appearance so imposing. I thought I would come out speaking nonsense, saying to Him: 'My sweet Good, let us love each other; if we ourselves do not love each

other, who else can love us? And if You are not content with my love, who will ever be able to content You? O please! give me a sure sign that You are content with my love, otherwise I faint – I die.’ But who can say all the nonsense I spoke? I believe it is better to move on. However, it seemed that with this I was able to break that imposing air He had, and He told me: "Only when your love will surpass the river of the iniquities of men – then will I be content with your love. So, think of increasing your love, for I will be more content with you." Having said this, He disappeared.

**August 5, 1901**

*Mortification is the sight of the soul.*

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

**August 6, 1901**

*The love of the Blessed is a property of God, while the love of the pilgrim souls is like a property which He is in the act of acquiring.*

This morning, after I received Communion, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen all in suffering and offended, such as to arouse compassion. I clasped Him all to myself, and I said to Him: ‘My sweet Good, how lovable and desirable You are! How can men not love You? Even worse, they offend You! By loving You one finds everything, and the loving of You contains all goods, while by not loving You every good escapes from us. Yet, who loves You? But, O please! my dearest treasure, put aside the offenses of men, and let us pour ourselves out in loving each other for a little.’ Then Jesus called the whole Celestial Court to be spectator of our love, and He said: "The love of the whole of Heaven would not render Me satisfied and content if yours were not there united with it; more so, since that love is my property which no one can take away from Me, while the love of the pilgrim souls is like a property which I am in the act of acquiring. And since my Grace is part of Me, and my Being is most active, as It enters into hearts the pilgrim souls can make traffic of love, and this traffic expands the properties of my love, and I feel such taste and pleasure, that if it were missing, I would remain embittered. This is why, without your love, the love of all Heaven would not render Me fully content. And you – know how to traffic well in my love, for by loving Me in everything, you will render Me happy and content."

Who can say how amazed I was left on hearing this, and how many things I comprehended about this love? But my tongue begins stammering, therefore I stop here.

**August 21, 1901**

*The Celestial Mama teaches the secret of true happiness.*

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself. After going round and round in search of Jesus, I found the Queen Mama instead, and oppressed and tired as I was, I said to Her: 'My most sweet Mama, I lost the way to find Jesus; I don't know where else to go, nor what to do in order to find Him again.' While saying this, I was crying, and She said to me: "My daughter, follow Me and you will find the way, and Jesus. Even more, I want to teach you the secret of how you can always be with Jesus, and live always content and happy, even on this earth: fix in your interior that there is only Jesus and you in the world, and no one else; and that Him alone must you please, satisfy and love, and from Him alone must you expect to be loved in return and contented in everything. If you are in this way with Jesus, you will no longer be affected, whether you are surrounded by scorns or praises, by relatives or strangers, by friends or enemies. Jesus alone will be all your contentment, and Jesus alone will be enough for you in the place of all. My daughter, until everything that exists down here disappears completely in the soul, one cannot find true and perpetual contentment."

Now, while She was saying this, Jesus came into our midst as though from within a flash. I took Him and brought Him with me, and I found myself inside myself.

**September 2, 1901**

*Only through the Cross will the Church reacquire Her full vigor. Condition of the present society.*

This morning my adorable Jesus made Himself seen united with the Holy Father, and He seemed to say to him: "The things suffered up to now are nothing other than everything I went through from the beginning of my Passion until I was condemned to death. My son, there is nothing left for you but to carry the Cross to Calvary." As He was saying this, it seemed that blessed Jesus took the Cross and placed it upon the shoulders of the Holy Father, helping him to carry it Himself. While doing this, He added: "My Church seems to be dying, especially with regard to the social conditions, which anxiously wait for the cry of death. But, courage, my son; after you have reached the top of the mountain, as the Cross is lifted up, all will be shaken, and the Church will lay down Her aspect of a dying one, and will reacquire Her full vigor. The Cross alone is the means for it. Just as the Cross alone was the only means to fill the void which sin had made, and to unite the abyss of infinite distance that existed between God and man; in the same way, in these times the Cross alone will make my Church's forehead rise, with courage and splendor, so as to confuse and put to flight the enemies." Having said this, He disappeared.

After a little while, my beloved Jesus came back all afflicted, and continued: "My daughter, how much I grieve for the present society! They are my members, and I cannot help loving them. It happens to Me as to one who had one arm or one hand infected and wounded. Does he perhaps hate it? Does he abhor it? Ah, not at all! On the contrary, he lavishes all his care upon it, and who knows how much he spends to see himself healed; and it causes his whole body to ache and be oppressed, until he manages to obtain the intent of seeing himself healed. Such is my condition: I see my members infected and wounded, I feel pain and sorrow, and because of this I feel more drawn to love them. Oh, how very different is my love from that of creatures! I am forced to love them because they are my own, but they do not love Me as their own; and if they love Me at all, they love Me for their own good." After this He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**September 4, 1901**

*Gratitude is the key to open the treasures of God. Ardors of the Heart of Jesus for the glory of the Divine Majesty and the good of souls. What the soul can do to fill the voids of His glory on the part of creatures.*

As my adorable Jesus continued to come, this morning, as I saw Him, I felt such a yearning to ask Him whether He had forgiven my sins; so I said to Him: 'My sweet Love, how I yearn to hear from your lips whether You have forgiven my many sins.' Jesus drew close to my ear, and with His gaze He seemed to scrutinize all of my interior; and He told me: "Everything is forgiven, and I remit them. There is nothing left in you but a few defects committed by you in passing, without realizing it - and I remit those as well."

After this, it seemed that Jesus placed Himself behind my shoulders, and touching my back with His hand, He fortified it thoroughly. Who can say what I felt at that touch? I can only say that I felt a refreshing fire, a purity united to a fortitude. Then, after He touched my back, I prayed Him to do the same to my heart, and Jesus, to content me, condescended. Afterwards, it seemed to me as if blessed Jesus was tired because of me, and I said to Him: 'My sweet Life, You are tired because of me, aren't You?' And He: "Yes, at least be grateful for the graces I am giving you, because gratitude is the key to be able to open as one pleases the treasures that God contains. Know, however, that what I did to you will serve to preserve you from corruption, to strengthen you, and to dispose your soul and body for the eternal glory."

After this, He seemed to transport me outside of myself, and He made me see the multitude of the peoples, and the good which they can do, but do not, and therefore the glory which God must receive, but does not. All afflicted, Jesus added: "My beloved, my Heart burns for the honor of my glory and the good of souls. For each good they omit, my glory and their souls receive a void. Even if they do no evil, by not doing the good they could do, they are like those empty rooms which, though beautiful, contain nothing to be admired, nothing which

strikes one's gaze, and therefore their owner receives no glory. If then they do one good and neglect another, they are like those rooms all vacated, in which one can see just a few objects, with no order. My beloved, come and take part in these pains, in the ardors which my Heart feels for the glory of the Divine Majesty and the good of souls, and try to fill these voids of my glory. You can do this by letting not a single moment of your life pass without being united to my Life; that is, in all your actions, be they prayer or suffering, rest or work, silence or conversation, sadness or joy, and even in the food you take - in sum, in everything that may happen to you, you will place the intention of giving Me all the glory which others should give Me in that action, and of making up for the good they should do, but do not, intending to repeat this intention for as much glory as I do not receive, and for as much good as they omit. If you do this, you will somehow fill the void of the glory which I must receive from creatures, and my Heart will feel a refreshment in my ardors; and from this refreshment rivulets of grace will flow for the good of mortals, which will infuse in them more fortitude to do good." After this, I found myself inside myself.

**September 5, 1901**

*True love makes up for everything.*

As my beloved Jesus came back, I felt almost a fear of not corresponding to the graces that the Lord gives me, as those words which He has said to me before - "At least be grateful" - had remained impressed in me. Seeing me with this fear, He told me: "My daughter, courage, do not fear; love will make up for everything. Besides, since you have set your will of truly doing what I want, even if sometimes you should fail, I will make up for you - therefore, do not fear. Know, however, that true love is ingenious, and true ingenuity reaches everything; more so, when in the soul there is a love that loves, a love that grieves for the pains of the beloved as if they were its own, and a love that reaches the point of taking upon itself the sufferings which the beloved should suffer - which is the most heroic love, and which resembles my own love, as it is very difficult to find one who lays down his own flesh. So, if in all of yourself there is nothing but love, if you do not satisfy Me in one way you will do it in another. Even more, if you are in possession of these three loves, it will happen to Me as to that person who is insulted, offended with all sorts of outrages by everyone, but among many, there is one who loves him, compassionates him, repays him for all. What does he do? He fixes his eyes on his beloved, and finding his recompense, he forgets all the offenses, and gives favors and graces to the very offenders."

**September 9, 1901**

*Effectiveness of the intentions.*

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

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

### **September 10, 1901**

*To unite our actions with Jesus is to continue His life on earth.*

I continue to do what blessed Jesus taught me on the 4<sup>th</sup> of this month, even though sometimes I get distracted. But when sometimes I forget, it seems that Jesus places Himself on guard in my interior and does it Himself for me. On seeing this, I blush and immediately I unite myself with Him, and I make the offering of what I am doing at that moment. Be it even a gaze, or a word, I keep saying: 'Lord, all the glory which creatures should give You with their mouths, but do not, I intend to give You myself with my mouth, and I impetrate for them to make good and holy use of the mouth, by uniting myself always with the very mouth of Jesus.' Now, while I was doing this in all my things, He came and told me: "This is the continuation of my life, which was the glory of the Father and the good of souls. If you persevere in this, you will form my life, and I yours; you will be my breath, and I yours."

After this, Jesus placed Himself in order to rest upon my heart, and I upon His Heart, and it seemed that Jesus would draw His breath from me, and I would draw mine through Jesus. What happiness, what joy, what celestial life I experienced in that position! May the Lord be always thanked and blessed, who uses so many mercies with this sinner.

**September 14, 1901**

*The beginning and the end of our actions must be the love of God.*

After going through various days of privation, today, as I was about to do my meditation, my mind was distracted in something else, and by means of light I comprehended that in going out of the body, the soul enters into God; but since God is most pure love, only when the soul is a complex of love - then does she enter into God. In fact, God receives no one into Himself if she is not completely similar to Him, and on finding her similar, He receives her and shares all of His qualities with her. So, we shall be in God beyond the Heavens, just as we are inside our rooms here. Now, it seemed to me that this could be done also during the course of our lives, so as to spare the fire of Purgatory the toil, and ourselves the pain, and therefore be introduced immediately, with no interruption, into our highest Good, God. It seemed to me that the nourishment of fire is wood, and the sign to be sure that the wood is reduced to fire is that it no longer produces smoke. Now, the beginning and the end of all our actions must be the fire of the love of God; the wood which must nourish this fire is the crosses, the mortifications; the smoke that rises in the midst of wood and fire is the passions, the inclinations which often peep out. So, the sign that everything is consumed into fire within us is that our passions remain in their place, and we no longer feel inclination toward all that does not regard God. It seems that, with this, we will pass freely, with no obstacle, to dwell inside our God, and we will come to enjoy, even here below, paradise in advance.

**September 15, 1901**

*By shunning the cross one remains in the dark.*

This morning my adorable Jesus came all glorious, with His wounds more refulgent than suns, and with a cross in His hand. In the meantime I also saw a wheel with four sections of it leaning out, while it seemed that another section shunned the light and remained in the dark. In this darkening the people remained as though abandoned by God, and bloody wars would happen against the Church and against themselves. Ah, it seemed that the things said by blessed Jesus in the past are approaching at a fast pace! Now, on seeing all this, moved to compassion, Our Lord drew near the dark part, and He cast the cross He had in His hand upon it, saying with sonorous voice: "Glory to the cross!" And it seemed that that cross would call back the light, and the peoples, stirring themselves, would implore help and aid. Jesus repeated: "All the glory and triumph will be of the cross, otherwise the remedies will make the very evils worse. Therefore, the cross, the cross!" Who can say how afflicted I was left, and concerned for what might happen?

**October 2, 1901**

*Jesus takes her to Heaven, and the Angels ask Him to show her to the peoples. She swims in God and tries to comprehend the interior of God.*

This morning my adorable Jesus came and transported me outside of myself, in the midst of the peoples. Who can tell the evils - the horrors that could be seen? Then, all afflicted, He told me: "My daughter, what a stench emanates from the earth! It was supposed to be one with Heaven, and since in Heaven they do nothing but love Me, praise Me and thank Me, the echo of Heaven was to absorb the earth and form one only; but the earth has rendered itself unbearable. Therefore come, and unite yourself with Heaven, and in the name of all come to give Me a satisfaction for them." In one instant I found myself amidst Angels and Saints. I am unable to say how, but I felt an infusion in me of what the Angels and Saints were singing and saying; and I, like them, did my part in the name of the whole earth. After this, all content, my sweet Jesus said, addressing everyone: "Behold an angelic note from the earth! How satisfied I feel!" And while saying this, almost to repay me, He took me in His arms, He kissed me and kissed me over and over again, showing me to the whole Celestial Court as an object of His dearest satisfactions. On seeing this, the Angels said: "Lord, we pray You, show to the peoples what You have operated in this soul with a prodigious sign of your omnipotence, for your glory and for the good of souls. No longer keep the treasures poured in her hidden, so that, as they themselves would see and touch your omnipotence in another creature, this might be cause of emendation for those who are evil, and of greater spur for those who want to be good."

On hearing this, I felt myself caught by a fear, and annihilating myself completely, to the point that I saw myself like a tiny little fish, I threw myself into the Heart of Jesus, saying: 'Lord, I want nothing but You and to be hidden in You - this is what I have always asked of You, and this is what I pray You to confirm in me.' Having said this, I enclosed myself in the interior of Jesus, as though swimming in the most extensive seas of the interior of God. Then Jesus said to all: "Have you heard that? She wants nothing but Me and to be hidden in Me; this is her greatest contentment. And I, on seeing an intention so pure, feel more drawn to her; and seeing her displeasure if I were to show my work to the peoples with a prodigious sign, so as not to sadden her, will not concede what You have asked Me for." It seemed that the Angels were insisting, but I did not pay attention to anyone any more; I did nothing but swim in God to comprehend the Divine interior. But, no - I seemed to be like a little child who wants to clasp in his little hand an object of immeasurable magnitude, such that, as he grabs it, it escapes from him, and he can barely manage to touch it. So, he is unable to tell either how much it weighs, or how large that object is. Or like another child who, not knowing all the depth of studies, says with yearning that he must learn everything in a short time, but he can barely manage to learn the first letters of the alphabet. In the same way, the creature can say nothing but this: "I have touched It, It is beautiful, It is great, there is no good It does not

possess. But, how beautiful is It? How much greatness does It contain? How many goods does It possess? This I am unable to tell." That is, of God she can tell the first letters of the alphabet, leaving the whole depth of studies behind. So, even in Heaven, my dearest brothers, Angels and Saints, being creatures, do not have the capacity of comprehending their Creator in everything. They are like many containers filled with God, which, if one wants to fill them more, overflow outside. I believe I am speaking much nonsense, therefore I stop here.

**October 3, 1901**

*Luisa offers herself in a special way. There is no greater obstacle to the union with God than the human will.*

Having received Communion, I was thinking of how to offer something more special to Jesus - how to prove my love and give Him more pleasure; so I said to Him: 'My most beloved Jesus, I offer You my heart for your satisfaction and in eternal praise of You; and I offer You all of myself, even the tiniest particles of my body like as many walls to be placed before You in order to block any offense which might be given to You, accepting them all upon myself if it were possible, and for your pleasure, until the day of judgment. And since I want my offering to be complete and to satisfy You for all, I intend for all the pains which I will bear by receiving upon myself the offenses given to You, to repay You with all the glory which the Saints who are in Heaven were supposed to give You when they were on earth; that which the souls in Purgatory were supposed to give You, and that glory which all men, past, present and future, owe You. I offer them to You for all in general, and for each one in particular.' As I finished speaking, all moved by this offering, blessed Jesus told me: "My beloved, you yourself cannot understand the great contentment you have given Me by offering yourself in this way. You have soothed all my wounds, and have given Me a satisfaction for all offenses, past, present and future. And I will take it into account for all eternity like a most precious gem which will glorify Me eternally; and every time I will look at it, I will give you new and greater eternal glory. My daughter, there is no greater obstacle which prevents the union between creatures and Myself, and which is opposed to my Grace, than one's own will. You, by offering me your heart for my satisfaction, have emptied yourself of yourself; and because of your emptying yourself of yourself, I will pour all of Myself into you, and from your heart a praise will come to Me which will carry the same notes as the praise that my Heart gives to my Father continuously, to satisfy for the glory that men do not give Him."

While He was saying this, I saw that by means of my offering, many rivulets were coming out of every part of me, which poured over blessed Jesus, who then, with impetus and greater abundance, pour them over the whole Celestial Court, over Purgatory and over all peoples. Oh, goodness of my Jesus, in accepting such a meager offering, and requiting it with so much grace! Oh, prodigy of the holy and pious intentions! If in all our works, even trivial, we

made use of them, what traffic would we not produce? How many eternal properties would we not acquire? How much more glory would we not give to the Lord?

**October 8, 1901**

*When the soul operates united with Jesus, her acts have the same effects as His operating. Value of the intention.*

This morning, I struggled very much in waiting for my adorable Jesus; however, while waiting for Him, I did as much as I could to unite everything I was doing in my interior with the interior of our Lord, intending to give Him all the glory and reparation which His Most Holy Humanity gave Him. Now, while I was doing this, blessed Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, when a soul makes use of my Humanity as the means to operate, be it even a thought, a breath, or just any act, they are like as many gems that come out of my Humanity and present themselves before the Divinity. And since they come out through my Humanity, they have the same effects as my operating when I was on earth." And I: 'Ah, Lord, I feel as though a doubt: how can it be that with the simple intention in operating - be it even in the smallest things which, considered in themselves, are trivial, empty - it seems that the mere intention of union with You and of pleasing You alone fills them, and You elevate them in that supreme way, making them appear as a most great thing?'

"Ah, my daughter, the operating of the creature is empty, be it even a great work; rather, it is the union with Me and the simple aim at pleasing Me that fills it. And since my operating, be it even a breath, accesses all the works of creatures together in an infinite way, this is why it renders it so great. Besides, don't you know that one who makes use of my Humanity as the means to do his actions comes to nourish himself of the fruits of my own Humanity, and to feed himself from my own food? Furthermore, is it perhaps not the good intention that makes a man holy, and the evil intention that makes him perverted? One does not always do different things, but with the same actions one is sanctified and another becomes perverted."

Now, while He was saying this, I saw a flourishing tree inside Our Lord, filled with beautiful fruits, and I saw that those souls who operated to please God alone and through His Humanity were inside of Him, upon that tree, and His Humanity served as dwelling of these souls. But how so very scarce was their number.

**October 11, 1901**

*Silence of Jesus. The most necessary nourishment is peace.*

After various days of privation and of silence, this morning, as He came, He continued to be silent, and even though I kept Him almost always with me, as much as I tried, I could not manage to have Him speak a single word. He seemed to have something in His interior that embittered Him, so much so, as

to render Him taciturn; something which He did not want me to know. Now, while Jesus was with me, I seemed to see the Queen Mama; and upon seeing Jesus with me, She told me: "It is you who keeps Him? Thank goodness He is with you, for if He has to pour out His just fury, if He is with you, you hold Him back. My daughter, pray that He would hold back the scourges, for the evil ones are all ready to come out, but they see themselves bound by a supreme power that prevents them; and even if Divine Justice will permit it, since they would not be able to do it when they please to, there will be this good: they will recognize the Divine authority over them, and will say: 'We did this because we were given the power from above.' My daughter, what a war is being nourished in the moral world – it is horrifying to see it! Yet, the first nourishment that should be sought in society, in families and by each soul, should be that of peace. All other nourishments become unhealthy without it – be they even virtues themselves, charity, repentance; without peace, they bring neither health nor true sanctity. Yet, this nourishment so necessary and salutary has been discarded by today's world, and they want nothing but turbulence and wars. My daughter, pray, pray."

**October 14, 1901**

*Jesus shows Himself like a flash and makes her comprehend something about the divine attributes.*

Blessed Jesus comes in passing, almost like a flash, and in that flash He releases from His interior, now a special distinction of one of His attributes, now another. How many things He makes me comprehend in that flash! But once the flash has withdrawn, my mind remains in the dark, and is unable to adapt itself to repeating what it has comprehended in that flash of light; more so, since it is about things that touch on the Divinity, and the human tongue struggles in trying to repeat them, and the more it tries, the more mute it remains. Even more, in these things it is always a newborn little girl. But obedience wants me to try to say the little I can; and here it is:

It seemed to me that God contains all goods within Himself, in such a way that, finding all goods which God contains within Him, one does not need to go anywhere else to see the vastness of His boundaries – no; but He alone is enough to find everything that is His. Now, in one flash He showed a special distinction of His beauty – but who can say how beautiful He is? I can only say that all the angelic and human beauties, the beauties of the variety of flowers and fruits, the splendid azure and starry heavens which seem to enchant us and speak to us of a supreme beauty as we look at them, compared to His beauty, are shadows, or a breath that God has sent forth from His beauty which He contains within Himself. That is, they are little drops of dew compared to the immense waters of the sea. I move on for my mind begins to get lost. In another flash He showed a special distinction of the attribute of charity – but how can I, miserable one, open my mouth about this attribute, Trice Holy, which is the

fount from which all other attributes derive? I will only say what I understood with regard to the human nature.

So, I understood that as God creates us, this attribute of charity pours into us and fills us completely of itself, in such a way that if the soul corresponded, being filled with the breath of the charity of God, her very nature should be transmuted into charity toward God. But as the soul keeps diffusing herself in the love of creatures, or of pleasures, or of interests, or of any other thing, that divine breath keeps going out of the soul; and if the soul arrives at diffusing herself in everything, she becomes empty of divine charity. But since the soul cannot enter into Heaven if she is not a complex of most pure charity, fully divine, if the soul is saved, this breath which she received in being created, she will acquire again by dint of fire in the purging flames, and only when she comes to the point of overflowing with it, then will she go out. So, who knows what an extremely long stop she has to make in that expiatory place! Now, if the creature should be so, what must God be? I believe I am speaking much nonsense, but I am not surprised, because I am not at all some learned one – I am always an ignorant one, and if there is anything of truth in these writings, it is not mine, but God's, while I remain always the little ignorant one that I am.

**October 21, 1901**

*The upright intention. Everything which is not done for God is dispersed like dust by a mighty wind.*

This morning, on coming, blessed Jesus seemed to be making a circle with His arms almost to enclose me inside of it; and while clasping me, He told me: "My daughter, when the soul does everything for Me, everything remains enclosed in this circle – nothing goes out, be it even a sigh, a heartbeat, or just any movement. Everything enters into Me, and in Me everything is numbered. And I, as recompense, pour them back into the soul, but all doubled with grace, in such a way that, as the soul pours them once again into Me, and I into her, she comes to acquire a surprising capital of grace. All this is my way of delighting – that is, to give to the creature what she has given Me as if it were her own, always adding from my own. One who, with his ingratitude, prevents Me from giving what I want, prevents my innocent delights. If then one does not operate for Me, everything goes out of my circle, dispersed, like dust by a mighty wind.

**October 25, 1901**

*Privation makes one know where things come from, and the preciousness of the object lost.*

I went through various days of fear and doubts about my state, believing that it is all a crafting of my fantasy; and sometimes my mind would become so fixated on this, that I reached the point of lamenting and regretting with Our Lord, saying: 'What pain, what a disgrace mine has been – to be the victim of my fantasy! I believed I was seeing You, but instead, it was all the hallucination

of my fantasy. I believed I was fulfilling your Will by remaining in this bed for such a long time, but who knows whether this also has been a fruit of my fantasy. Lord, the mere thought of this gives pain – it frightens. Your Will used to sweeten everything, but this embitters me down to the marrow of my bones. O please! give me the strength to get out of this imaginary state.’ And I would get so fixated as to be unable to distract myself; so much so, that I reached the point of thinking that this fantasy would prepare for me a place in hell, though I tried to snap out of it by saying: ‘Well then, I will make use of my fantasy to be able to love Him in hell.’

Now, while I was in this fixation, blessed Jesus wanted to increase the pain of my position by moving within my interior, saying: "Do not pay attention to this, otherwise I will leave you, and will show you whether it is I who comes, or it is your fantasy that hallucinates." In spite of this, I did not then get concerned, saying: ‘Ah, yes, He will not have the courage to do it – He is so good. Yet, He actually did it.’

It is needless to say what I went through for several days without Jesus – I would be too long; the mere remembering freezes the blood in my veins, therefore I move on. Now, after I said all this to the confessor, it seemed that he became my mediator. As we began to pray together that He would deign to come, I felt I was losing consciousness, and He made Himself seen from very far, almost scowling at me for He did not want to come. I would not dare, but the confessor insisted, uniting the intention that He would share the crucifixion with me. So, to content the confessor, He drew near and shared with me the pains of the cross. Then, as if He had made peace with me, He told me: "It was necessary that I deprive you of Me, otherwise you would not have convinced yourself whether it is I or your fantasy. Privation is beneficial to make one know where things come from, and the preciousness of the object lost; and to hold it in greater esteem when it is reacquired."

### **November 22, 1901**

*The self carries the mark of all ruin, while without the self everything is safety.*

After going through most bitter days of tears, of privation and of silence, my poor heart can bear no more. The torment of being outside of my center, God, is so great, that I am continuously battered amid dense waves of a fierce storm in a state of strong violence, such that I suffer death at each moment, and what’s more, I cannot die.

As I was in this position, He made Himself seen for a little while and told me: "My daughter, when the soul does the will of someone else in everything, it is said that she has trust in that person, therefore she lives from someone else’s volition, and not from her own. In the same way, when the soul does my Will in everything, I say that she has faith. So, Divine Will and faith are branches produced by the same trunk; and since faith is simple, faith and Divine Will

produce a third branch, that of simplicity. And here is how the soul comes to reacquire the characteristics of a dove in everything. Don't you want, then, to be my dove?"

On another occasion, another day He told me: "My daughter, pearls, gold, gems, the most precious things, are kept in good custody inside some casket, and with double locks. What do you fear, then, if I keep you in good custody inside the casket of holy obedience - most safe custody, in which, not one, but two keys keep the door well closed so as to preclude the entrance of any thief, and even of a shadow of any defect? Only the self carries the mark of all ruin, but without the self everything is safety."

**December 27, 1901**

*Jesus, the administer of the Most Holy Trinity to creatures. Division among priests.*

It is needless to talk about my poor state - about how I have reduced myself; it would be wanting to embitter and deepen the wounds of my soul. Therefore I let everything pass in silence, making an offering to the Lord.

This morning, while I was crying over the loss of my adorable Jesus, the confessor came and gave me the obedience to pray the Lord to deign to come. It seems He came, and since the confessor had placed the intention of the crucifixion, He shared with me the pains of the cross, and while doing this, He said to the confessor: "I was the administer of the Most Holy Trinity - that is, I administered to people the power, the wisdom and the charity of the Divine Persons. You, being my representative, must do nothing but continue my same work with souls; and if you do not interest yourself, you come to break the work which I started, and I feel defrauded in the execution of my designs, and I am forced to withdraw the power, the wisdom and the charity which I would have administered to you had you carried out the work I entrusted to you."

After this, it seemed He transported me outside of myself, and a multitude of people could be seen from afar, from whom an unbearable stench came. Jesus said: "My daughter, what a division priests will cause among themselves - this will be the last blow to foment parties and revolution among the peoples." And He said this so embittered as to arouse compassion. Then, after this, remembering about my state, I said to Him: 'Tell me, my Lord, do You want me to have the obedience given to me to stop being in this state; more so, since no longer suffering as before, I see myself as useless?' And He answered me: "That's right!" But He was so very afflicted, and my heart was restless, as if I had not wanted Him to tell me that. So I replied: 'But, Lord, it is not that I want to go out of it, but I want to know your Holy Will, because my state was that You would come to me and share your sufferings with me; but since this has ceased, I fear that You don't even want me to continue to stay in bed.' And Jesus: "You are right, you are right."

But, no - I felt my heart crack because of the answers given to me by blessed Jesus, and I added: 'But, my Lord, tell me at least, what is your greater glory: for me to continue to stay even if I should die, or to have the obedience to stop given to me?' And Jesus, seeing that I would not quit, changed the subject Himself by saying to me: "My daughter, I feel offended by everyone. See, even devout souls have their eyes on scrutinizing whether something is sin or not; but as for amending themselves, rooting sin out - no; a sign that there is neither sorrow nor love, because sorrow and love are two most efficacious ointments which, applied to the soul, render her perfectly healed, each strengthening and fortifying the other more." But I was thinking about my poor position, and I wanted to repeat it again in order to know the Will of the Lord with clarity. But Jesus disappeared from me, and I, returning inside myself, saw myself all confused as to what to do. So, in order to be sure, I exposed everything to obedience, which wants me to continue to stay. May the Will of the Lord be always done.

**December 29, 1901**

*Tribulations are necessary for one who lives in the shadow of Jesus.*

As I was all oppressed, I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, and looking at me, He told me: "My daughter, for one who lives in my shadow it is necessary that the winds of tribulations blow, so that the infectious air around her may not be able to penetrate into her, even under my shadow. So, by always agitating this unhealthy air, the continuous winds keep it always far away, and make flow a most pure and salutary air." Having said this, He disappeared, and I comprehended many things about this, but it is not necessary to explain myself because I believe it is easy to comprehend the meaning.

**January 6, 1902**

*Portentous effects of uniting our lives with that of Jesus. A few words about death.*

As I was in my usual state, after much waiting, my most loving Jesus came for a little while, and placing Himself near me, told me: "My daughter, one who tries to conform to my life in everything, does nothing other than add one more and distinct fragrance to everything I did in my life, in such a way as to perfume Heaven and the whole Church; and even the evil themselves feel this celestial fragrance flow. This is so true, that all the Saints are nothing other than many fragrances, and are that which most cheers the Church and Heaven, because they are distinct among themselves. Not only this, but if one tries to continue my life by doing what I did wherever he can - and where he cannot, at least with the desire and the intention - I keep it in my hands as if I were continuing my whole life in that soul, not as something past, but as if I were now living. This is a treasure in my hands, because as I double the treasure of everything I

operated, I dispose it for the good of the whole of mankind. So, would you not want to be one of these?"

I saw myself all confused and did not know what to answer, and Jesus disappeared from me. But a little later He came back, and I also saw many people who greatly feared death. On seeing this, I said: 'My lovable Jesus, it must be a defect in me, this not fearing death. I see that others fear it so much, while to me, instead, thinking only that death will unite me with You forever and will put an end to the martyrdom of my hard separation, the thought of death not only gives no fear, but is of relief; it gives me peace and I make feast, disregarding all the other consequences which death brings with itself.' And Jesus: "Daughter, in truth, that extravagant fear of dying is foolishness, when one has all my merits, virtues and works as passport in order to enter Heaven, since I made a donation of it to everyone. Those who have added from their own, then, profit even more from this donation of Mine; and with all this substance, what fear can one have of death? Rather, with this most safe passport the soul can enter wherever she wants, and out of regard for her passport, everyone respects her and lets her pass. As for you, then, your not fearing death at all comes from your having dealt with Me, and having experienced how sweet and dear is the union with the highest Good. Know, however, that the most pleasing homage that can be offered to Me, is desiring to die in order to be united with Me. This is the most beautiful disposition in order for the soul to be purged and to pass straight on, with no interval, through the way of Heaven." Having said this, He disappeared.

**January 11, 1902**

*In order to be perfect, love must be triple. The law of divorce.*

This morning, having received Holy Communion, I saw my adorable Jesus for a little while, and as soon as I saw Him, I said to Him: 'My sweet Good, tell me, do You continue to love me?' And He: "Yes, but I am loving and jealous, jealous and loving. Even more, I tell you that in order to be perfect, love must be triple, and in Me there are these triple conditions of love: first, I love you as Creator, as Redeemer and as Lover. Second, I love you in my omnipotence which I used in creating you, and in creating everything for love of you, in such a way that air, water, fire, and everything else, tell you that I love you and that I made them for love of you; I love you as my image, and I love you out of regard for you individually. Third, I love you *ab aeterno* [from eternity], I love you in time, and I love you for all eternity. And this is nothing but a breath that came out of my love; imagine, yourself, what must be the love I contain within Myself. Now, you are obliged to return to Me this triple love, loving Me as your God in whom you must fix all of yourself, and let nothing come out of you which is not love for Me; loving me out of regard for yourself and for the good that comes to you; and loving Me for all, and in all."

After this, He transported me outside of myself, and I found myself in the midst of many people who were saying: "If this law is confirmed, poor woman, everything will turn out bad for her." All were anxiously waiting to hear the pros and the cons, and in another separate place many people could be seen who were discussing among themselves. One of them took the floor and reduced everyone to silence; then after much struggling, he went out the door and said: "Yes indeed, in favor of the woman." On hearing this, all those who were outside made feast, and those who were inside remained all confused, so much so, that they did not have the courage even to go out. I believe that this is the law of divorce which they are talking about, and I understood that they did not confirm it.

**January 12, 1902**

*The blindness of men. Jesus speaks about divorce. Contradictions are precious pearls.*

It seems that my adorable Jesus continues to come a little bit. This morning, then, transporting me outside of myself, He showed me the great evils of society, and His great bitternesses; and He poured into me, abundantly, part of what embittered Him. Then He said to me: "My daughter, see now where the blindness of men has reached - to the point of wanting to make laws which are iniquitous and go against themselves and their own social welfare. My daughter, this is why I am calling you to sufferings again - so that, as you offer yourself with Me to Divine Justice, those who must fight this law of divorce may obtain light and efficacious grace in order to be victorious. My daughter, I tolerate that they make wars and revolutions, and that the blood of the new martyrs inundate the world - this is an honor for Me and for my Church; but this brutal law is an affront to my Church, and it is abominable and intolerable to Me."

Now, while He was saying this, I saw a man who was fighting against this law - tired and exhausted in his strengths, in the act of wanting to withdraw from the enterprise. So, together with the Lord, we encouraged Him, and he answered: "I see myself almost fighting alone, and unable to obtain the intent." And I said to him: 'Courage, for contradictions are as many pearls which the Lord will use to adorn you in Heaven.' And he took heart and continued the enterprise. After this, I saw someone else, all weary and concerned, not knowing what to decide, and someone saying to him: "Do you know what you should do? Get out - get out of Rome." And he: "No, I cannot, this is the word given to my father; I will lay down my life, but as for getting out - never." Afterwards, we withdrew; Jesus disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**January 14, 1902**

*One is not worthy of Jesus if he does not empty himself of everything. What true exaltation consists of.*

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, only one who has emptied himself of everything and has filled himself completely with Me can be truly worthy of Me, in such a way as to make of himself an object of divine love alone; to the point that my love must come to form his life, and he must love Me, not with his love, but with my own love." Then He added: "What do these words mean: *He has cast down the mighty from their thrones and has lifted up the lowly?* That the soul, destroying herself completely, fills all of herself with God, and as she loves God with God Himself, God exalts the soul to an eternal love. This is the true and greatest exaltation, and also true humility." Then He continued: "The true sign to know whether one possesses this love is that the soul cares about nothing but loving God, making Him known, and making everyone love Him." Then, as He withdrew in my interior, I heard Him pray, saying: "Ever Holy and indivisible Trinity, I adore You profoundly, I love You intensely, I thank You perpetually, for all and in the hearts of all." And I went on in this way, hearing Him pray almost continuously inside of me, and I with Him.

**January 25, 1902**

*The fever of love makes the soul take flight toward Heaven. Sweet reproach of Jesus.*

This morning, after I went through much hardship, my adorable Jesus came, and as soon as I saw Him, I said to Him: 'My beloved Good, I can bear no more, take me with You to Heaven once and for all, or remain forever with me on this earth.' And He: "Let me observe a little bit where the fever of your love has reached. In fact, just as the natural fever, when it reaches a high degree, has the virtue of consuming the body and of making it die, in the same way, the fever of love, if it reaches an extremely high degree, has the virtue of melting the body and of making the soul take flight even unto Heaven." And while saying this, He took my heart in His hands as though to visit it, and He continued: "My daughter, the intensity of the fever of love has not reached that point; it takes a little more." Then He made the act of wanting to pour [His bitternesses into Me], but I did not say anything to Him; and He, almost reproaching me, added sweetly: "Don't you know your duty - that the first thing you should do on seeing Me is to check whether there is something in Me that afflicts Me and embitters Me, and to pray Me to pour it upon you? This is true love - to suffer the pains of the beloved, so as to be able to see the loved one fully content." Feeling ashamed, I said: 'Lord, pour.' And He poured and disappeared.

**January 26, 1902**

*The Queen Mama is enriched with the three prerogatives of the Most Holy Trinity.*

This morning, while I was in my usual state, I saw an endless light before me, and I comprehended that in that light dwelled the Most Holy Trinity. I also saw

the Queen Mama before that light; She was all absorbed in the Most Holy Trinity, and She absorbed all Three Divine Persons within Herself, in such a way as to be enriched with the three prerogatives of the Sacrosanct Trinity - which are Power, Wisdom and Charity. And just as God loves mankind as part of Himself, and as a particle that came out of Him, and He ardently desires that this part of Himself return into Himself, so does the Queen Mama, by participating in this, love mankind with passionate love.

Now, while comprehending this, I saw the confessor, and I prayed the Most Holy Virgin to intercede with the Most Holy Trinity for him. She bowed, taking my prayer to the Throne of God, and I saw that from the Divine Throne a flow of light came out, which covered the confessor completely, and I found myself inside myself.

**February 3, 1902**

*Luisa offers her life so that the law of divorce may not be confirmed.*

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself with my adorable Baby Jesus in my arms. First He poured a little bit of what embittered Him, and then He made the act of wanting to go; and I, clasping Him in my arms, said to Him: 'My pretty little one, life of my life, what are You doing? You want to go? And what shall I do? Don't You see that when I am without You it is a continuous dying for me? Besides, your Heart, which is goodness itself, will not have the courage to do it, and I will never let You depart.' And I clasped Him tightly, as if my arms had become chains. Unable to free Himself, He remained with me, taciturn, and I, seeing the evils of society rage more, said to Him: 'My sweet Good, tell me, what will happen with this divorce that they talk about? Will they come to make this evil law or not?' And He told me: "My daughter, the interior of man contains a gangrenous tumor, filled with rot, as if it had reached the point of suppuration; and unable to contain it within himself any longer, he wants to cut this tumor - but not to be cured; rather, to let part of this rot out so as to contaminate and infect the whole society. But the Divine Sun, almost swimming in the midst of society, cries out continuously, saying: "Oh, man, don't you remember from what fount of purity you came? With what aura of light I called you back to your path? How can this be? You have not only contaminated yourself, but you want to reach the point of acting against your nature, almost wanting to give another form to the nature I gave you, and to the way established by Me?"

Then He said many other things, which I am unable to say, and He spoke with such bitterness, that unable to endure seeing Him in that way, I said: 'Lord, let us withdraw, don't You see how men embitter You and almost give You no peace?' So we withdrew inside my bed, and wanting to cheer my good Jesus, I said to Him: 'Since You would be so afflicted if men should do this, I offer You my life to suffer any pain in order to obtain that they do not come to this. And so that my offering may not be rejected in any way, I unite it to your sacrifice in

order to obtain the deed of grace with certainty.' While I was saying this, it seemed that the Lord was using my offering to present it to Divine Justice. He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself. It seems that, at any cost, men want to confirm at least a few articles of this law, since they are unable to confirm it completely as they want and please.

**February 8, 1902**

*Meanings of the Passion of Jesus.*

This morning, on coming, my adorable Jesus shared with me part of His Passion. Now, while I was in suffering, in order to cheer me the Lord told me: "My daughter, the first meaning of the Passion contains glory, praise, honor, thanksgiving, reparation for the Divinity. The second is the salvation of souls and all the graces which are needed to obtain this purpose. So, if one participates in the pains of my Passion, her life contains these very meanings within itself. Not only this, but she takes the same form as my Humanity; and since my Humanity is united with the Divinity, the soul who participates in my pains is also in contact with the Divinity and can obtain whatever she wants. Even more, her pains are like keys to open the divine treasures. This, for as long as she lives down here; and then a distinct glory is also reserved for her above the Heavens, which is given to her by my Humanity and Divinity, in such a way as to resemble my very light and glory; as well as a more special glory for the whole celestial Court, which will be given to It through this soul by means of that which I have communicated to her. In fact, the more the souls have become like Me in the pains, the more light and glory will come out from within the Divinity; and here is how the whole Celestial Court participates in this glory." May the Lord be always blessed, and may everything be for His glory and honor.

**February 9, 1902**

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

This morning, on coming, my most sweet Jesus shared His pains with me in abundance; so much so, that I felt as if I were about to die. Now, while I was feeling myself in this state, blessed Jesus, moved and touched in seeing me suffer, placed Himself in my interior, and folding His arms, said to me: "My daughter, just as you have been at my disposal in suffering, so do I place Myself at your disposal to repay you. Tell Me, what do you want Me to do? I am ready to do what you want.' And I, remembering how grieved He would be if men should confirm the law of divorce, as well as the evils that would come upon society, said to Him: "My sweet Good, since You deign to place Yourself at my disposal, I want You to operate a prodigy with your omnipotence - that the will of creatures be chained so that they may not be able to confirm this law.' The Lord seemed to accept my proposal, telling me: "Almost all the victims who

have been on earth and who are now in Heaven, have some most refulgent stars on their crowns, which allow them to be distinguished well for the place they occupy. These stars are nothing other than some great glory which they have procured for God, as well as a great good for humanity through them. You want Me to operate a prodigy so that this divorce may not be confirmed, otherwise this may not happen. Well then, for love of you, I will make this prodigy, and this will be the most refulgent star that will shine on your crown – that is, having prevented my Justice, through your sufferings, and after the so many wicked deeds they commit, from also permitting this evil in these sad times, which they themselves have wanted. So, greater glory can be given to God, and greater good to men."

**February 17, 1902**

*Jesus explains what death is.*

This morning, after much waiting, finally I found my most sweet Jesus, and lamenting to Him, I said: 'My beloved Good, how can You make me wait so long? Do You perhaps not know that without You I cannot live, and my soul experiences a continuous dying?' And He: "My beloved, every time you look for Me, you dispose yourself to dying, because, in truth, what is death if not stable and permanent union with Me? Such was my life – a continuous dying for love of you, and this continuous death was the preparation for the great sacrifice of dying on the cross for you. Know that one who lives in my Humanity and nourishes himself from the works of my Humanity, forms of himself a great tree, filled with abundant flowers and fruits which form the nourishment of God and of the soul. For one who lives outside of my Humanity, then, his works are odious to God and unfruitful for himself." After this, the Lord poured abundantly into me - mixed, both bitternesses and sweetnesses; then we went round a little in the midst of people, but I could not remove my gaze from the face of my beloved Jesus. On seeing this, He told me: "My daughter, one who lets himself be enticed by the works of his Creator, leaves the works of creatures suspended." He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**February 19, 1902**

*The soul is like a canvas which receives the portrait of the Divine Image.*

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen in my interior, sleeping, spreading many rays of golden light from Himself. I was content to see Him, but also discontent for not being able to hear the sweetness and gentleness of His creative voice. Then, after much waiting, He returned to let Himself be seen, and seeing my discontent, He told me: "My daughter, in my public ministry the use of my voice is necessary so as to make Myself understood, but in my private ministry my presence alone is enough for everything. In fact, seeing Me and understanding the harmony of my virtues in

order to copy them within oneself is all the same. So, the attention of the soul must be on seeing Me and on conforming to the interior operations of the Word in everything; because when I draw the soul to Myself, it can be said that at least for the time in which I keep her in my presence, she lives divine life. My light is like the brush with which to paint; my virtues provide the different colors, and the soul is like a canvas, receiving the portrait of the Divine Image within herself. It happens as to those high bridges: the higher they are, the deeper beneath them does a pouring rain fall. In the same way, before my presence, the soul puts herself in the place befitting to her – that is, at the bottom, in her nothingness, so much so, as to feel herself being destroyed; and the Divinity pours grace in torrents upon her, and reaches the point of submerging her within Itself. Therefore, she must be content with everything – content if I speak, content if I do not speak." While He was saying this, I felt myself as though being submerged in God, and then I found myself inside myself.

**February 21, 1902**

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

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

**February 24, 1902**

*The Queen Mother: Star of the Sea on earth, Star of Light in Heaven. More about the law of divorce.*

As I was in my usual state, the Queen Mother came and told me: "My daughter, my sorrows, as the prophets say, were a sea of sorrows, and in Heaven they have turned into a sea of glory, and each of my sorrows has borne the fruit of as many treasures of grace. And just as on earth they call Me 'Star of the Sea', because I guide them to the harbor with certainty, in Heaven they call Me 'Star of Light' for all the Blessed, because they are delighted by this light that my sorrows produced." In the meantime my adorable Jesus came, saying to me: "My beloved, there is nothing more dear and pleasing to Me than an upright heart which loves Me and, on seeing Me suffer, prays Me to let it suffer what I suffer. This binds Me so much and has so much power over my Heart that, as recompense, I give it all of Myself, and I concede to it the greatest graces and whatever it wants; and if I did not do so, since I gave Myself as gift, I feel that, for as many things as I do not give to it, so many thefts do I make from it - that is, so many debts do I contract with it."

Afterwards He transported me outside of myself, and Jesus added: "My daughter, there are certain offenses which surpass by far the very offenses I suffered in my Passion. Today I have received several of these, to the point that if I did not pour part of them out, my Justice would force Me to send fierce scourges upon earth; therefore, let Me pour into you." After He poured them, I don't know how, hearing Him speak about offenses I said to Him: "Lord, what about this law of divorce that they talk about - is it certain that they will not confirm it?" And He: "For now it is certain. As for five, ten or twenty years from now, if I suspend your state of victim or call you to Heaven, they may be able to do it; but the prodigy of chaining their will and of confusing them I have done for now. If you knew the rage of the demons and of those who wanted this law, who were certain to obtain it - it is so great, that if they could, they would destroy any authority and would make a slaughter everywhere. So, in order to mitigate this rage and to prevent these slaughters in part, do you want to expose yourself to their fury a little bit?" And I: 'Yes, as long as You come with me.' So we went to a place in which there were demons and people who seemed to be furious, enraged, mad. As soon as they saw me, they ran over me like many wolves, and some would beat me, some would tear my flesh; they would have wanted to destroy me, but did not have the power to do it. As for me, however, though I suffered very much, I did not fear them, because I had Jesus with me. After this, I found myself inside myself, as though filled with various pains. May the Lord be always blessed.

**March 2, 1902**

### *The effects of faith.*

This morning I felt all concerned, as if the Lord wanted to deprive me again of His presence, and therefore take sufferings away from me; and I also felt a little bit of discouragement. Then, after much waiting, He came for just a little and told me: "My daughter, one who nourishes himself with faith acquires divine

life, and by acquiring divine life he destroys the human – that is, he destroys within himself the germs which original sin produced, reacquiring the perfect nature, as came out of my hands, similar to Me. And by this, he comes to surpass the very angelic nature in nobility." Having said this, He disappeared.

### **March 3, 1902**

#### *Chastisements are necessary.*

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus was not coming, and I felt I was dying from His absence. Then, around the last hour, moved to compassion for me, He came, and kissing me, told me: "My daughter, it is necessary that sometimes I do not come, otherwise how would I give vent to my Justice? And men, seeing that I do not chastise them, would do nothing but grow ever bolder. Therefore, wars, slaughters, are necessary. The beginning and the means will be most painful, but the end will be most cheerful. Besides, you know that the first thing is resignation to my Will."

### **March 5, 1902**

#### *The bad example of the leaders.*

This morning I found myself outside of myself, and after going around in search of my adorable Jesus, I found Him; but, to my surprise, I saw that He had many thorns stuck inside His feet, under His soles, which gave Him pain and prevented Him from walking. All afflicted, He threw Himself into my arms, almost wanting to find rest and to have those thorns taken out by me. I clasped Him to myself and said to Him: 'My sweet Love, had You come in the past days, You would not have so many thorns stuck inside of You; at the most, as some would stick, I would have pulled them out at once. This is what You have done by not coming.' And while saying this, I kept pulling all those thorns out, while blood gushed from the feet of blessed Jesus, and He agonized for the strong pain. After this, as though cheered, He also wanted to pour, and then He told me: "My daughter, what corruption among the peoples – how crooked the paths they follow! But it is the bad example of the leaders that has influenced this, when for one who possesses any slightest authority, a spirit of disinterest must be his light so as to be distinguished as a leader, and the justice exercised by him must be like a thunderbolt striking the eyes of bystanders, in such a way that they may not be able to move away from him and from his examples." Having said this, he disappeared.

### **March 6, 1902**

#### *Jesus is stripped of every principality, of every regime, of every sovereignty.*

This morning my adorable Jesus, on coming, made Himself seen all naked, as though trying to cover Himself in my interior, telling me: "My daughter, they have stripped Me of every principality, of every regime, of every sovereignty, and in order to reacquire these rights of Mine over creatures, it is necessary that

I strip them and almost destroy them. Through this they will recognize that where God is not present as principle, as regime and as sovereign, everything leads to their own destruction, and therefore to the fount of all evils."

**March 7, 1902**

*Before the Divine presence, the soul acquires and copies within herself the ways of divine operating.*

As I was in my usual state, I saw my loving Jesus for just a little, and He told me: "My daughter, when I draw the soul before my presence, she receives the good of acquiring and copying within herself the ways of divine operating, in such a way that, as she later deals with creatures, they feel within themselves the strength of the divine operating which this soul possesses."

After this, I felt a fear about whether the things I do in my interior were pleasing to the Lord or not; and He added: "Why do you fear when your life is grafted with Mine? Besides, everything you do in your interior has been infused by Me, and many times I Myself have done it together with you, suggesting to you how to do it, and the way it would be pleasing to Me. Other times I have called the Angels and, united together, they have done what you were doing in your interior. This means that I am pleased with what you do, and that I Myself have taught it to you; therefore, continue and do not fear." So I was reassured.

**March 10, 1902**

*The pain of love is more terrible than hell.*

As I was in my usual state, I felt myself outside of myself, going in search of my adorable Jesus. But I could not find Him; I would repeat my searches, my crying, but it was all in vain. Not knowing what else to do, my poor heart agonized and absorbed a pain so sharp that I am unable to explain it. I can only say that I do not know how I was left alive. While I was in this painful situation, though always searching for Him, unable to abstain for one moment from making new searches, finally I found Him and said to Him: 'How can You make Yourself so cruel with me, Lord? Look a little bit Yourself, whether these are pains which I can tolerate.' And completely exhausted I abandoned myself into His arms. All compassion for me, and looking at me, Jesus told me: "My beloved daughter, you are right; calm yourself for I am with you and I will not leave you. Poor daughter, how you suffer. The pain of love is more terrible than hell. What is it that tyrannizes one the most - hell or an opposed love, a hated love? What can tyrannize a soul more than hell? A loved love. If you knew how much I suffer in seeing you tyrannized by this love because of Me... So as not to make Me suffer so much, you should be more calm when I deprive you of my presence. Imagine, yourself - if I suffer so much in seeing one suffer who does not love Me and offends Me, how much more do I suffer in seeing one who loves Me suffer?"

On hearing this, moved, I said: 'Lord, tell me at least whether you want me to try to go out of this state without waiting for the confessor when You do not come.' And He added: "No, I do not want you to go out of this state before the confessor comes. Leave every fear; I place Myself in your interior holding your hands in Mine, and at the contact of my hands you will know that I am with you." So, when the yearning for Him comes to me, I feel my hands being clasped by those of Jesus, and in feeling that divine contact I calm down, and I say: 'It is true, He is with me.' Other times, as the desire to see Him comes more strongly, I feel my hands being clasped more tightly by His, and He says to me: "Luisa, my daughter, I am here, I am here – do not look for Me elsewhere." And so it seems that I am more calm.

**March 12, 1902**

*Threats of chastisements.*

I continued to see my adorable Jesus in the same way – that is, in my interior – but I would see Him inside of me giving His back to the world, with a scourge in His hand, in the act of casting it over the creatures; and with this, it seemed that chastisements would occur over crops, as well as mortality of people. In the act of sending that scourge He spoke words of threat, among which I can only remember: "I did not want this, but you yourselves have provoked Me to exterminate you. Well then, I will exterminate you." Having said this, He disappeared.

**March 16, 1902**

*One should not seek his own comfort, or the esteem and the pleasure of someone else, but the sole and only pleasure of God.*

Oh, how hard it is to have Him come for a little! It is a continuous heartbreak and fear that He may come no more. Oh, God, what pain! I don't know how I live, though I live dying.

Then He made Himself seen for a little, in a pitiful state, with one arm severed, and all afflicted He told me: "My daughter, see what creatures do to Me – how can you want Me not to chastise them?" And while saying this, He seemed to take a tall cross, the arms of which were hanging over six or seven cities; and various chastisements would occur. On seeing this, I suffered very much, and He, wanting to distract me from that pain, added: "My daughter, you suffer very much when I deprive you of my presence. This must happen to you by necessity, because since you have been close to the Divinity for a long time, identified with It through Its contact, you have enjoyed as you pleased all the pleasure of divine light; and the more one has enjoyed the light, the more he feels the privation of that light, and the bothers, the annoyances and the pains which darkness brings with itself." Then He repeated: "However, the most important thing for everyone, is that in each thought, word and work, one

should not seek his own comfort, or the esteem and the pleasure of someone else, but the sole and only pleasure of God."

**March 18, 1902**

*Restlessness makes Jesus suffer.*

This morning I felt restless because of the absence of my adorable Jesus; so, having received Communion, as soon as He came into my heart, I began to speak much nonsense: 'My sweet Good, it is not for me to remain calm when You do not come. In seeing me calm, You take advantage and do not give a thought to coming; so, it is necessary to take some steps, otherwise one cannot manage.' On hearing me, He moved in my interior and made Himself seen in the act of smiling, for He heard my nonsense; and He told me: "You, then, want Me to suffer. In fact, knowing that if you are restless I suffer more, and not trying to be calm, is the same as wanting Me to suffer more." And I, insane as I was, said: 'It is better that You suffer, because from your very suffering you can have more compassion for my suffering. Besides, the suffering that comes to You from sin – that one is ugly. It is enough that it's not that one.' And Jesus: "But if I come, you force Me not to chastise, when chastisements are so very necessary. In that case, then, you would have to conform to Me in wanting what I want." And I, remembering what I had seen in the past days, said: 'What chastisements? Do You want to make people die? Let them die; they must come to You and to their fatherland anyway – as long as You save them. What I want is that You free them of contagious diseases.' The Lord did not pay attention to me, and He disappeared. As He came back, He made Himself seen always with His back to the world, and as much as I tried, I could not manage to have Him look at it; and when I wanted to induce Him by force, He said: "Do not force Me, otherwise you force Me to deprive you of my presence." So I was left with a remorse, and I feel I have committed many defects.

**March 19, 1902**

*Creatures have corrupted themselves of their own will.*

I continued to have remorse, yet the Lord kept coming, and wanting to repair for what I had done the day before, I told Him: 'Lord, let's go see what creatures are doing. They are your images – don't You want to have compassion for them?' And He: "No, I do not want to go. They have corrupted themselves of their own will, and I will permit that what serves as their nourishment will serve them as infection. Do you want to go to help, to comfort, to do something? Go ahead – I won't." So I left my beloved Jesus and I went into the midst of creatures; I helped someone to die well; then I saw where the infected air was coming from and did various penances in order to move it away; and then I came back. Blessed Jesus continued to let Himself be seen, but in silence.

**March 23, 1902**

*The support of true sanctity is in the knowledge of self.*

After I struggled very much, my most sweet Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, the support of true sanctity in the knowledge of self." And I: 'Really?' And He: "Certainly, because with the knowledge of self one undoes himself and leans completely on the knowledge he acquires of God, in such a way that his operating is the very divine operating, since nothing is left of his own being." Then He added: "When one's interior imbues and occupies itself with God alone and with all that belongs to Him, God communicates all of Himself to the soul. When her interior, then, occupies itself now with God, now with other things, God communicates Himself to the soul in part."

**March 27, 1902**

*Teachings of Jesus about Justice.*

Finding myself outside of myself, I went in search of my most sweet Jesus, and while going around, I saw Him in the arms of the Queen Mother. Tired as I was, all daring, I almost snatched Him, and I took Him in my arms, telling Him: 'My Love, is this your promise that You would not leave me, when in the past days You have barely come, if at all?' And He: "My daughter, I was with you; only, you have not seen Me with clarity. Had your desires been so ardent as to burn the veil that prevented you from seeing Me, you would certainly have seen Me." Then, as though wanting to give me an exhortation, He added: "You must be not only upright, but just. Into Justice enters loving Me, praising Me, glorifying Me, thanking Me, blessing Me, repairing Me, adoring Me, not only for oneself, but for all other creatures. These are rights of Justice which I demand from each creature, and which are due to Me as Creator, and one who denies to Me even one of these rights, can never be called just. Therefore, think about fulfilling your duty of justice, for in Justice you will find the beginning, the means and the end of sanctity."

**March 30, 1902**

*The garment of light of the risen Humanity of Jesus.*

This morning, finding myself outside of myself, for a little while I saw my adorable Jesus in the act of His Resurrection - all clothed with refulgent light, so much so, that the sun remained obscured before that light. I was enchanted, and I said: 'Lord, if I am not worthy to touch your glorified Humanity, let me at least touch your garments.' And He told me: "My beloved, what are You saying? After I rose again I had no more need for material garments; rather, my garments are of sun, of most pure light which covers my Humanity, and which will shine eternally, giving unspeakable joy to all the senses of the Blessed. This has been conceded to my Humanity because there was no part of It which was not covered with opprobrium, with pains, with wounds." Having said this, He disappeared, and I could find neither His Humanity nor His garments; or

rather, as I would take His sacred garments between my hands, they would escape me and I would not be able to find them.

**April 4, 1902**

*By destroying moral goods, physical and temporal goods are also destroyed. The power of reason and of humility.*

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus keeps coming, but almost always in silence; or rather, He says to me something pertaining to the truth, but it happens that as long as the Lord is present I comprehend it and it seems I will be able to repeat it, but as He disappears, I feel that light of truth which had been infused in me being drawn from me, and I am unable to repeat anything. This morning, then, I had to struggle very much in waiting for Him, and as He came, He transported me outside of myself, showing Himself as very indignant. So, in order to placate Him, I made various acts of repentance, but Jesus seemed to like none of them. I would do my utmost in varying the acts of repentance – who knows, He might like one of them. At the end I said to Him: ‘Lord, I repent of the offenses given by me and by all creatures of the earth, and I repent and I am sorry for the sole reason that we have offended You, highest Good, who deserve love, while we have dared to give You offenses.’ With this last one the Lord seemed pleased and appeased.

After this, He transported me into the middle of a road on which there were two men in the shape of beasts, all intent on destroying every kind of moral good. They seemed to be strong like lions and drunken with passion; at the mere sight of them they struck terror and fright. Blessed Jesus told me: "If you want to placate Me a little bit, go and pass through those men, to convince them of the evil they do, facing their fury." Though a little timid, yet I went. As soon as they saw me, they wanted to swallow me, but I said to them: ‘Let me speak, and then do to me whatever you want. You must know that if you reach your intent of destroying every moral good pertaining to religion, virtue, dependency and social welfare, without realizing your mistake, you would also destroy all corporal and temporal goods. In fact, as much as is taken away from moral goods, so much are physical evils doubled. So, without realizing it, you go against yourselves, destroying all those fleeting and passing goods which you so much love. Not only this, but you are looking for those who will destroy your very lives, and you will cause the survivors among you to shed bitter tears.’ Then I made a most great act of humility, which I am not even able to repeat, and they remained like someone who recovers from a state of madness; and also so weak, that they did not have the strength even to touch me. So I passed through them freely, and I understood that there is no power that can resist the power of reason and of humility.

**April 16, 1902**

*How to deal with passions. Everything is in repressing the first motions.*

This morning my adorable Jesus was not coming. So, not seeing Him come, I said: 'What am I still doing in this state, if the object that held me captured does not come any more? It is better if I finish it once and for all.' As I was saying this, my sweet Jesus came for a little while, and told me: "My daughter, everything is in repressing the first motions; if the soul is attentive in this, everything will go well; but if she is not, at the first motions which are not repressed, passions will come out and break the divine fortress which surrounds the soul like a hedge in order to keep her well guarded, and to move away from her the enemies which always try to lay traps for her, and to harm the poor soul. However, if as soon as she perceives it, she enters into herself, humiliates herself, repents, and remedies it with courage, the divine fortress closes again around the soul; if on the other hand she does not remedy it, the divine fortress, broken as it is, will let all vices rush in. Therefore, if you want the fortress not to leave you alone even for one instant, be attentive to the first motions, thoughts and words which are not upright and holy, because once the first ones have escaped you, it is no longer the soul that reigns, but rather, passions dominate."

**April 25, 1902**

*The Cross is Sacrament.*

This morning I found myself outside of myself, and after going in search of my sweet Jesus, I found Him - but in such a pitiful state as to break my heart. He had His hands wounded, contracted because of the sharpness of the pain, to the point that they could not be touched. I tried to touch them in order to extend His fingers and heal His wounds, but I could not, because blessed Jesus was crying for the strong pain. Then, not knowing what to do, I squeezed Him to myself and said to Him: 'My loving Good, it has been a while since You shared with me the pains of your wounds; maybe this is why they are so embittered. I pray You to let me share in your pains, so that, as I suffer myself, your sufferings might be lessened.'

As I was saying this, an Angel came out with a nail in his hand, and he pierced my hands and feet through. As he was driving the nail into my hands, the fingers of my dear Jesus loosened up, and His wounds were healed. And while I was suffering, the Lord told me: "My daughter, the Cross is Sacrament. Each one of the Sacraments contains Its special effects - one removes sin, another confers grace, another unites one with God, another gives strength, and many other effects. But the Cross alone unites all these effects together, producing them in the soul with such effectiveness as to render her, in a very short time, similar to the original from which she came." After this, as though wanting to take some rest, He withdrew into my interior.

**April 29, 1902**

*One who wants everything from God must give all of himself to God.*

This morning my adorable Jesus came for a little, telling me: "My daughter, one who wants everything from God must give all of himself to God." And He stopped, without telling me anything else for the time being. Seeing Him close to me, I said to Him: 'Lord, have compassion on me; don't You see how everything is dry and withered? It seems to me that I have become so dry, as if I had never received a drop of rain.' And He: "So much the better. Don't you know that the drier the wood, the more easily the fire devours it and converts it into fire? One spark alone is enough to ignite it. But if it is full of humors and not well dried, it takes a big fire to ignite it, and much time to convert it into fire. The same in the soul: when everything is dry, one spark alone is enough to convert her completely into fire of divine love." And I: 'Lord, You are making fun of me. How ugly, then, everything is; and besides, what do You have to burn if everything is dry?' And He: "I am not making fun of you; you yourself cannot comprehend that when not everything is dry in the soul, complacency is a humor, satisfaction is a humor, one's own taste is a humor, self-esteem is a humor. On the other hand, when everything is dry and the soul operates, these humors have no place from which to arise, and the Divine Fire, finding only the soul naked, as dry as she was created by It, with no other extraneous humors, since it is something that belongs to It, it is extremely easy for It to convert her into Its very Divine Fire. And after this, I infuse in her a garment of peace, and this peace is preserved by interior obedience, and kept by external obedience. This peace gives birth to the whole of God within the soul - that is, to all the works, the virtues and the ways of the Humanate Word - in such a way that one can see in her His simplicity, His humility, the dependency of His infantile life, the perfection of His adult virtues, the mortification and the crucifixion of His dying. But it always begins from this: one who wants the whole of Christ must give everything to Christ."

**May 16, 1902**

*Two sublime states.*

This morning, after I struggled very much, my most sweet Jesus came, and as soon as I saw Him, I clasped Him tightly to myself, and I said to Him: 'My dear Good, this time I will clasp You so much as not to let You escape any more.' At that moment I felt myself completely filled with God as if I were inundated, in such a way that the powers of my soul remained as though chained and inoperative; they just watched. After I remained in this inoperative yet sweet and pleasant position for some time, my adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, sometimes I fill the soul with Myself so much, that dissolving in Me, the soul remains as though idle. Other times I leave a few parts empty within her, and then the soul, before my presence, traffics in an admirable way, bursting into acts of praise, of thanksgiving, of love, of reparation and the like, in such a way

as to fill these voids which I leave in her. However, these two states are both sublime and hold each other's hand."

**May 22, 1902**

*The Most Holy Virgin incites Jesus to make Luisa suffer.*

As I was in my usual state, blessed Jesus was not coming. Oh, how much I had to suffer, and how much nonsense I spoke! – it is useless to say it. Then, after I tired myself well, I felt someone near me, but I could not see his face; I stretched out my hand to find him, and I found him, faint, with his head leaning on my shoulder. I looked at him and I recognized my sweet Jesus. It seemed to me that He had fainted because of the so much nonsense I had spoken. Then, as soon as I saw Him come round, I don't know how much more nonsense I wanted to tell Him, but Jesus said to me: "Keep quiet, keep quiet, do not say anything else, otherwise you cause Me to faint. Your silence will make Me gain vigor, and so I will at least be able to kiss you, embrace you and make you content." So I remained in silence, and we kissed each other many times, and Jesus made me many shows of love; but I am unable to explain it.

After this, I found myself outside of myself, and I kept looking for the beloved of my soul. Not finding Him, I raised my eyes to the heavens – who knows, I might find Him again – and I saw the Queen Mother and Jesus Christ with His back turned to Her, contending with each other. He did not want to listen to His Mother - this is why He was giving His back, all full of fury; and it seemed that the fire of His indignation was coming out of His mouth. I only understood that on that day Our Lord wanted to destroy everything which served as nourishment of man with the fire of His indignation. But the Most Holy Virgin did not want it, and Jesus was saying: "But, on whom can I give vent to this burning fire of my indignation?" And the Mother said: "There is someone on whom You can give vent to it (pointing at me). Don't You see how she is always ready for our volitions?" On hearing this, Jesus turned to His Mother, as if they had concurred together. They called the Angels, giving to each of them a spark of that fire which was coming out of Jesus Christ, and the Angels brought them to me, placing one in my mouth, and the others on my hands, on my feet and on my heart. I suffered, I felt myself being devoured, embittered, by that fire, but I felt resigned to suffering anything. Blessed Jesus and His Mother were spectators of my sufferings, and Jesus seemed to be somehow pacified. At that moment, I found myself inside myself and the confessor was about to call me to obedience as usual, when, all of a sudden, instead of calling me to obedience, he placed the intention of having me suffer the crucifixion. Jesus concurred by sharing His pains with me. It seemed that the confessor completed the work started by the Queen Mother. May everything be for the glory of God, and may He be always blessed.

**June 2, 1902**

*The Throne of Jesus is composed of virtues. The soul who possesses virtues makes Him reign in her heart.*

This morning, after I struggled very much, blessed Jesus moved in my interior, and I saw that He was inside of me as though embraced and sustained by someone else. I was surprised at seeing this, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, the interior of the soul is a filling of passions, and as the soul keeps knocking passions down, so does each virtue take its place, accompanied by degrees of grace; and according to how the virtue keeps being perfected, so does grace administer its degrees to it. And since my Throne is composed of virtues, the soul who possesses virtues provides Me with arms and with the Throne to be able to reign in her heart, keeping Me continuously embraced and courted, until I delight with her. However, the soul can stain herself, while the virtue remains always intact; so, as long as the soul knows how to keep it, the virtue remains with her; but when she does not, the virtue returns to Me – to the place from which it came. Therefore, do not be surprised if you saw Me like this in your interior."

**June 15, 1902**

*Love is not an attribute of God, but His very Nature. The soul who truly loves Jesus cannot become lost.*

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus transported me outside of myself, and told me; "My daughter, all virtues can be said to be my qualities and my attributes, but Love cannot be called an attribute of Mine, but rather, my very Nature. So, all virtues form my Throne and my qualities, but Love forms my very Self." On hearing this, I remembered that the day before I had told a person who feared about the uncertainty of salvation, that one who truly loves Jesus Christ can be sure of being saved. To me, I believe it is impossible that Our Lord would move away from Himself a soul who loves Him with all her heart; therefore, let us think of loving Him, and we will have our salvation in hand. So I asked loving Jesus whether by saying this I had spoken incorrectly, and He added: "My beloved, you said that with reason, because love has this of its own: it forms one object out of two, one will out of two. So, the soul who loves Me forms one single thing with Me, one single will; how can she then be separated from Me? More so, since my Nature is Love, and wherever It finds a few sparks of love in the human nature, immediately It unites them to the eternal Love. Therefore, just as it is impossible to form two souls out of one soul, or two bodies out of one body, so is it impossible for one who truly loves Me to become lost."

**June 17, 1902**

*Mortification produces glory.*

This morning, I saw my beloved Jesus for just a little, and He seemed to be holding a written paper in His hand, on which one could read: "Mortification

produces glory. One who wants to find the fount of all pleasures, must move away from all that may displease God." Having said this, He disappeared.

**June 29, 1902**

*Jesus speaks about France.*

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

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

**July 1, 1902**

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

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

**July 3, 1902**

*Jesus speaks about His Eucharistic Life.*

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, inside a Church, and since I could not find my adorable Jesus I went to knock at a Tabernacle to have Him open it for me. Since He would not open, made brave, I myself opened it and I found my sole and only Good. Who can say my contentment? I remained as though ecstatic in looking at an unspeakable beauty. On seeing me, Jesus flung Himself into my arms and told me: "My daughter, each period of my life receives from man distinct and special acts and degrees of imitation, of love, of reparation and other things. But the period of my Eucharistic Life is all life of hiddenness, of transformation and of continuous consummation; so much so, that I can say that after my love reached the excess and was even consumed, in my infinite wisdom I could not find any other external sign to prove my love for man. And just as my Incarnation, Life and Passion on the cross receive love, praise, thanksgiving, imitation - my Sacramental Life receives from man an ecstatic love, a love of dissolving oneself in Me, a love of perfect consummation; and as the soul is consumed in my very Sacramental Life, she can say that she performs, before the Divinity, the same offices that I perform continuously before God for love of men. And this consummation will make the soul overflow into eternal life."

**July 7, 1902**

*Continuous humiliation with Christ will give rise to everlasting exaltation with Christ.*

This morning, since blessed Jesus was not coming, I felt all confused and humiliated. Then, after I struggled very much, He made Himself seen for just a little, telling me: "Luisa, always humiliated with Christ."

And I, pleased and yearning to be humiliated with Christ, said: 'Always, Oh Lord!' And He repeated: "And the *always* of the humiliation with Christ, will give rise to the *always* of the exaltation with Christ."

So I understood that as many humiliations as the soul undergoes with Christ and for love of Christ, if they are continuous, so many times will the Lord exalt her; and He will make this exaltation continuously before the whole Celestial Court, before men, and finally, even before demons themselves.

**July 28, 1902**

*A spirit of continuous prayer.*

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I found my adorable Jesus who, not wanting to show me the troubles of the world, told me: "My daughter, withdraw - do not want to see the evils, most grave, which are in the world." And on saying this, He withdrew me Himself, and while carrying me He repeated: "What I recommend to you is a spirit of continuous prayer. The continuous effort of the soul to converse with Me, whether with her heart, or with her mind, with her mouth, or even with a simple intention - renders her so beautiful in my sight, that the notes of her heart harmonize with the notes of

my Heart. I feel so drawn to converse with this soul, that I manifest to her not only the works *ad extra* [external] of my Humanity, but I keep manifesting to her something of the works *ad intra* [interior] which the Divinity did in my Humanity. Not only this, but the beauty that a spirit of continuous prayer makes her acquire is so great, that the devil is as though struck by lightning, and remains frustrated in the snares He lays in order to harm this soul." Having said this, He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**July 31, 1902**

*True charity must be disinterested.*

As I was in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus several times, but always in silence. I felt all confused and would not dare to ask Him anything, but it seemed that He wanted to tell me something which wounded His Sacred Heart. Finally, the last time He came, He told me: "My daughter, true charity must be disinterested on the part of one who does it, and on the part of one who receives it. If there is interest, that mud produces a smoke which blinds the mind, and prevents one from receiving the influence and the effects of divine charity. This is why in many works that are done, even holy, in many charitable cares that are performed, one feels as though a void, and they do not receive the fruit of the charity they do."

**August 2, 1902**

*During the whole course of His life, Jesus redid everything, for all in general and for each one individually.*

This morning, after letting me struggle very much, all of a sudden my adorable Jesus came, spreading rays of light. I was invested by that light and, I don't know how, I found myself inside of Jesus Christ. Who can say how many things I comprehended inside that Most Holy Humanity? I can only say that His Divinity directed His Humanity in everything; and since in one single instant the Divinity can do as many acts as each of us can do in the whole period of one's life, and as many acts as one wants to do, I comprehended with clarity that, because the Divinity operated in the Humanity of Jesus Christ, during the whole course of His life blessed Jesus redid for all in general and for each one individually everything that each one is obliged to do toward God, in such a way that He adored God for each one in particular, He thanked, repaired, glorified for each one, He praised, suffered, prayed for each one. And I comprehended that everything that each one must do has already been done before in the Heart of Jesus Christ.

**August 10, 1902**

*Privations, laments and necessity of chastisements.*

As I am greatly afflicted because of the loss of my highest Good, my poor heart is lacerated continuously and suffers a continuous death.

Now, as the confessor came, I was telling him of my poor state, and he began to call Him and to place his intention, but - no, my mind was left suspended; it would see as though a flash for a few instants, which would escape, and I would return inside myself without seeing Him. Oh, God, what pain! But these are pains that one does not even know how to express. Then, after much struggling, finally He came, and as I lamented to Him, He told me: "My daughter, if you did not know the reason for my absence, perhaps you would have some reason to lament about my absence; but since you do know that I am not coming because I want to chastise the world, wrongly do you lament." And I: 'What does the world have to do with me?' And He: "Yes it does, because if I come you tell me: 'Lord, I myself want to satisfy You on their behalf, I want to suffer for them.' And since I am most just, I cannot receive the satisfaction of a debt from both one and the other, and if I wanted to take the satisfaction from you, the world would do nothing but grow ever bolder. Rather, in these times of rebellion, chastisements are so very necessary, and if I did not do so, darkness would become so thick that all would remain blinded." While He was saying this, I found myself outside of myself, and I saw the earth all full of darkness, with just barely a few trails of light. What will happen to the poor world? It causes one to think much about the most sad things that will happen.

### **September 3, 1902**

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

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

say everything, and came out with the usual refrain that, out of obedience, I was not supposed to die; but in spite of this, my malady would not cease.

### **September 4, 1902**

*The confessor asks Jesus not to let her die.*

As I continued to feel ill, I also felt a certain restlessness because of this strange obedience, as if I could not take flight toward my highest and only Good; with the addition that, having to celebrate Holy Mass, the confessor did not want to give me Communion because of the continuous retching that bothered me. However, since the confessor had told me that out of obedience I should have Jesus Christ touch my stomach, as He came, He touched my stomach and the continuous retching ceased. But the malady would not cease, and Jesus, seeing me so restless, told me: "My daughter, what are you doing? Don't you know that if death surprises you, finding you restless, you would have to get Purgatory? In fact, if your mind is not united with Mine, if your will is not one with Mine, if your desires are not my same desires, by necessity you need a purge to be transformed completely in Me. Therefore, be attentive, think only of remaining united with Me, and I will think of the rest." Now, while He was saying this, I saw the Church and the Pope, and part of It was leaning on my shoulders; and I also saw the confessor who pressed Jesus not to take me for now. And the blessed Lord said: "Evils are most grave, and sins are about to reach such a point as no longer to deserve victim souls – that is, the ones who sustain and protect the world before Me. If this point touches Justice, indeed I will take her with Me." So I understood that things are conditional.

### **September 5, 1902**

*Jesus, the Angels and the Saints incite Luisa to go with them; the confessor is opposed.*

I continued to feel ill, and the confessor continued to be resolute – even more, to get upset because I was not obeying him with regard to not dying, and to praying the Lord to make my suffering cease. On the other hand, I felt incited by blessed Jesus, by the Saints and by the Angels to go with them, and I would find myself now with Jesus, now with the celestial citizens. In this state I felt tortured, not knowing, myself, what to do; however, I was calm, fearing that if He should take me, I might not be ready to go speedily with Him, so I abandoned myself completely in His hands. Now, while I was in this position, I saw the confessor and others praying that I would not be allowed to die; and Jesus told me: "My daughter, I feel I am under a violence – don't you see how they do not want Me to take you?" And I: 'I too feel I am under a violence – truly they would deserve a penalty for putting a poor creature in this torture.' And Jesus: "What penalty do you want Me to give them?" And I, not knowing what to say before that inexhaustible fount of charity, said: 'My sweet Lord, since sanctity brings sacrifice with itself, make them saints, so that, if nothing

else, they will obtain their intent of keeping me with them, and I will obtain the intent of seeing them saints, as they would have the patience to feel the pain which sanctity brings with itself.' On hearing me, Jesus was all pleased, and He kissed me telling me: "*Brava* my beloved, you were able to choose the optimum, for their good and for my glory. So, for now we must surrender, and I reserve for Myself another occasion to take you quickly, giving them no time to do violence to us." Then Jesus disappeared, and I found myself inside myself, with my suffering mitigated for the most part, and with new vigor, as if I was born again. But God alone knows the pain, the torment of my heart. I hope at least that He may want to accept the hardness of this sacrifice.

**September 10, 1902**

*The prerogatives of love.*

I thought that blessed Jesus had come back according to the usual way, but what was not my disillusion when, after deciding that He was not going to take me for now, He began to make me struggle for seeing Him, and most of the times, like shadow and flash. Then, this morning, as I was feeling very tired and exhausted in my strengths for the continuous longing and waiting, it seemed He came, and transporting me outside of myself He told me: "My daughter, if you are tired, come to my Heart - drink, and you will be refreshed." So I drew near that divine Heart and I drank in large gulps a milk mixed with a most sweet blood. After this, He told me: "The prerogatives of love are three: constant love without end, strong love, and love of God and neighbor bound together. If these prerogatives do not appear in the soul, one can say that hers is not the quality of true love."

**October 22, 1902**

*Threats against Italy.*

This morning my adorable Jesus came for a few instants, all indignant; and He said to me: "When Italy has drunk the most fetid filth to the bottom, to the point of being drowned, so much so, that they will say, 'She is dead, she is dead!' - then will she rise again." Then, becoming more calm, He added: "My daughter, when I want something from my creatures, I infuse in them the natural dispositions in such a way as to change their very nature into wanting what I want. Therefore, remain calm in the state you are in." Having said this, He disappeared, and I was left concerned about what He told me.

**October 30, 1902**

*Jesus Christ came to join God and man once again.*

This morning, as I was in a sea of worries and of tears because of the total abandonment of my highest Good, while feeling consumed by the pain, I felt my mind being estranged, and I saw blessed Jesus sustaining my forehead with His hand; and something like a light which contained many words of truths

inside. I can barely remember this – that is: when our humanity untied the bond of obedience which God had placed between Himself and the creature, a bond which, alone, united God and man, it became dispersed; and Jesus Christ, taking on human nature and making Himself our head, came to reunite the dispersed humanity, and with His obedience to the Volition of the Father, He came to join God and man once again. But this indissoluble union is strengthened further according to our obedience to the Divine Volition." After this, I no longer saw my dear Jesus, and that light withdrew together with Him.

**November 1, 1902**

*True seriousness is found in religion, and true religion consists in looking at one's neighbor in God, and at God in one's neighbor.*

As I was in my usual state, I felt I was going outside of myself, and I found a child crying, and also several men; and one of them, more serious, took a most bitter drink and gave it to that crying child, who suffered so much in swallowing it, that his throat seemed to choke. Not knowing who he was, out of compassion I took him in my arms, saying to him: 'Yet, he is a serious man, and did this to you. Poor little one, come to me, for I want to dry your tears.' And he said to me: "True seriousness is found in religion, and true religion consists in looking at one's neighbor in God, and at God in one's neighbor." Then, drawing close to my ear, so much so, that his lips touched me and his voice resounded in my interior, he added: "The word 'religion' is a ridiculous word for the world, and it seems to be worth nothing. Yet, before Me every word that pertains to religion is a virtue of infinite value; so much so, that I made use of the word in order to propagate the faith in the whole universe, and one who exercises himself in this serves Me as mouth to manifest my Will to creatures." As He was saying this, I understood very well that it was Jesus. On hearing His clear voice which I had not heard for so long I felt myself rise again from death to life. I was waiting for Him to finish speaking to tell Him of my extreme needs, but – no, as soon as I stopped hearing His voice, He disappeared, and I was left disconsolate and afflicted.

**November 5, 1902**

*The Tree of Life, rooted in the Heart of Jesus.*

This morning my adorable Jesus made Himself seen in my interior, and He seemed to have a tree planted in His Heart, and so rooted into It, that its roots arose from the center of His Heart. In sum, it seemed to be born together with It, with the same nature. I was amazed at seeing its beauty, strikingness and height, which seemed to touch the heavens; and its branches extended out to the farthest ends of the world. Now, on seeing me so amazed, blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, this Tree was conceived together with Me, in the center of my Heart, and from that moment I felt in my inmost Heart all the good and the evil that man would do with this Tree of Redemption, called 'Tree of Life'. In

fact, all those souls who remain united to this Tree will receive the life of grace in time, and when the Tree has raised them well, It will administer to them the life of glory in eternity. Yet, what is not my sorrow? Even though they cannot root out the Tree, nor can they touch the trunk, many try to cut some branches so that souls may not receive life, and to take away from Me all the glory and the pleasure that this Tree of Life would have produced for Me." While saying this, He disappeared.

**November 9, 1902**

*Difference between the operating of Jesus and the operating of man.*

While I was longing for my adorable Jesus, He came in the appearance He had when His enemies were slapping Him, covering His face with spit, and blindfolding Him. With admirable patience He suffered everything; even more, it seemed He would not even look at them, so much was He intent in His interior on looking at the fruit which those sufferings would produce. I admired everything with amazement, and Jesus told me: "My daughter, in my operating and suffering I never looked outside, but always inside; and whatever it might be, in seeing its fruit, I would not just suffer it, but I would suffer everything with yearning and avidity. On the other hand, completely opposite, man, in operating good, does not look inside the work, and not seeing its fruit, he becomes easily bored, everything bothers him, and many times he neglects doing good. If he suffers, he easily loses his patience; and if he does evil, not looking inside that evil, he does it with ease." Then He added: "Creatures do not want to convince themselves that life must be accompanied by various circumstances, now of sufferings, now of consolation. Yet, even plants and flowers give them an example of this by remaining submitted to winds, snows, hail and heat."

**November 16, 1902**

*The word of God is joy. The command of Monsignor regarding the coming of the confessor.*

I spent last night in great distress; I saw the confessor in the act of giving me prohibitions and commands. Blessed Jesus came for a little, only telling me: "My daughter, the word of God is joy, and one who listens to it but does not let it bear fruit with his works, gives it a black shade and covers it with mud." Then, feeling much suffering, I tried not to pay attention to what I was seeing, when, all of a sudden, the confessor came, telling me that Monsignor commanded, in an absolute way, that the priest was not supposed to come any more to make me come out of my usual state, but that I should go out of it by myself - something which I had not been able to obtain for as many as eighteen years, in spite of tears and prayers, and the vows and promises I made to the Most High. In fact, I confess before God that all the sufferings I might have gone through have not been true crosses for me, but delights and graces of God;

but the sole and true cross for me has been the coming of the priest. So, knowing the impossibility of this outcome from many years of experience, my heart was lacerated by the fear that I might not be able to obey, and I would do nothing but shed most bitter tears, praying to that God who alone sees the depth of my heart, that He would have pity on the position I found myself in. While praying in tears, I saw a flash of light, and a voice saying: "My daughter, to make known that it is I, I will obey him, and after I have given him proofs of obedience, he will obey Me." And as I said, 'Lord, I fear very much that I may not be able to obey', He added: "Obedience releases and chains; and since it is chain, it binds the Divine Volition with the human, and makes them one, in such a way that the soul does not act with the power of her will, but with the power of the Divine Will. Besides, it is not you who will obey, but I will obey in you." Then, all afflicted, He added: "My daughter, did I not tell you that keeping you in this state of victim and starting the slaughter in Italy is almost impossible for Me?" So I became a little bit more calm, though I did not know how this obedience was to be carried out.

**November 17, 1902**

*Impossibility of losing consciousness. It is a decree of the Will of God to use the work of the priest to make Luisa come round from her state of sufferings.*

As the usual hour came for me to be surprised by my usual state, to my great bitterness – but such bitterness, that I had never experienced anything similar in my life – my mind was no longer able to lose consciousness. My life, my treasure, the One who formed all my delight, my all lovable Jesus, was not coming. I tried to recollect myself as much as I could, but I felt my mind so awake that I could neither lose consciousness nor sleep; so I would do nothing but break the brake to my tears. I did as much as I could to follow in my interior what I would do in the state of unconsciousness of my senses, and one by one I would recall His teachings, His words, and the way I was supposed to remain always united with Him. But these were all darts that wounded my heart bitterly, saying to me: "Ah, after you have seen Him every day for fifteen years, sometimes more, sometimes less, sometimes three or four times, sometimes once; sometimes He would speak to you, other times He would remain silent.... But, still, you would see Him. And now, you have lost Him? You don't see Him any more? You no longer hear His sweet and gentle voice? Everything is over for you." And my poor heart would become so filled with bitteresses and sorrow, that I can say that my bread was sorrow and my drink the tears; and I was so filled with them that not a drop of water could enter into my throat. To this, another thorn added on. Often times I had said to my adorable Jesus: 'How I fear about my state – that it is just me, that it is all my fantasy, that it is a pretense...'; and He would say to me: "Remove these fears, for you will see, then, that days will come in which, in spite of any effort and sacrifice you would make to lose consciousness, you will not be able to do it." But in spite of

all this, I felt calmness in my interior, for at least I was obeying, though it cost me my life. So I thought that things would have to continue this way, convincing myself that since the Lord no longer wanted me in that state, He had used Monsignor to have him give me that obedience. Then, after two days had passed, in the evening I was about to make my adoration to the crucifix, when a flash of light came before my mind. I felt my heart being opened, and a voice saying to me: "I will keep you suspended for a few days, and then I will make you fall again." And I: 'Lord, will You not make me come round Yourself if You make me fall?' And the voice: "No, it is a decree of my Will to use the work of the priest to make you come round from that state of sufferings, and if they want to know why, let them come to Me and ask Me. My Wisdom is incomprehensible, and has many unusual ways for the salvation of souls; but even though It is incomprehensible, if they want to find the reason, let them go deep, for they will find it - bright like sun. My Justice is like a cloud pregnant with hail, thunders and lightnings, and in you It found a dam so as not to unload Itself over the peoples. So, let them not want to advance the time of my wrath." And I: 'Only for me was this chastisement reserved, with no hope to be freed of it. You have given so many graces to other souls; they have suffered greatly for love of You, yet they had no need of the work of a priest.' And the voice continued: "You will be freed - not now, but when the slaughters begin in Italy." This was for me another reason for sorrows and most bitter tears; so much so, that my most lovable Jesus, having compassion for me, moved in my interior as though placing a veil before what He had told me, and without letting Himself be seen, He let me hear His voice saying to me: "My daughter, come to Me, do not want to afflict yourself. Let us move Justice away for a little while, and let us give room to Love, otherwise you succumb. Listen to Me - I have many things to teach you. Do you think I have finished speaking to you? No." And since I was crying and my eyes had become two rivers of tears, He added: "Do not cry, my beloved, but rather, give Me audience; this morning I want to hear Mass together with you, teaching you the way you must hear It." And so He kept speaking and I would follow Him; but since I could not see Him, my heart was split by the pain continuously. From time to time, to stop my crying He would call me repeatedly, now teaching me something about His Passion, explaining the meaning to me, now teaching me how to do what He did in His interior during the course of His Passion - which I refrain from writing for now, reserving this for another time, if God pleases. This is how I went on for two more days.

**November 21, 1902**

*Jesus uses the nature of Luisa to continue the course of His sufferings within her.*

As I still could neither lose consciousness nor sleep, my poor nature could take no more. But then, when I felt convinced more than ever that I would not see

Him any more, all of a sudden my dearest Jesus came and made me lose consciousness – I was as though struck by lightning. Who can say my fear? I had no more control over myself; it was no longer in my power to regain consciousness. Jesus told me: "My daughter, do not fear, I have come to strengthen you; don't you yourself see how you can take no more, and how your nature fails you without Me?" And I said to Him, crying: 'Ah, my life, without You I am dead, I feel no more vital strengths; You used to form my whole being, and if I do not have You, I lack everything. Indeed if You continue not coming, I will die of sorrow.' And He: "My beloved daughter, you say that I am your life, and I say to you that you are my living life. Just as I made use of my Humanity to suffer, so am I using your nature to continue the course of my sufferings within you. Therefore, you are all Mine – even more, you are my very life." As He was saying this, I remembered the obedience and I said to Him: 'My sweet Good, will You let me obey by allowing me to come round by myself?' And He: "My daughter, I, the Creator, have obeyed the creature by keeping you suspended in these days; it is only right now for the creature to obey his Creator by submitting to my Will, because before my Divine Will the human reason does not count, and the strongest reason before the Supreme Will resolves into smoke."

Who can say how embittered I was left? But I was resigned, making a vow to the Lord never to withdraw my will from His, not even for the blink of an eye; and since they had told me that if I was surprised by that state and would not come round by myself they would let me die, I was preparing myself for death, considering this a great fortune, and I prayed the Lord to take me in His arms. While I was doing this, the confessor came to make me come round, embittering me more; so much so, that seeing me so embittered, the Lord told me in my interior: "Tell him to concede to Me two more days of suspension, to give him the time to know what to do." Then the confessor left, leaving me all pierced and as though filled with bitterness, and Jesus, letting me hear His voice again, told me: "Poor daughter, how they embitter her; I feel my Heart being lacerated in seeing you like this. Courage, do not fear, my daughter; and then, remember that it is by the intervention of obedience that you were suspended from this state. If now they do not want it any more, I will also let you obey. Is this not the nail that pierces you the most – not being able to obey?" And I: 'Yes.'

"Well then, I have promised you I will let you obey, therefore I do not want you to embitter yourself any more. However, tell them: 'Do they want to play games with Me? Woe to those who want to play games with Me and fight against my Will'." And I: 'How can I go on without You? In fact, if I am not surprised by that state, I do not see You.' And He: "Since it is not your will to go out of this state of sacrifice, I will find other ways to make Myself seen and be with you. Aren't you happy?" So, the following morning, without my losing

consciousness, He made Himself seen sensibly by giving me a few drops of milk to refresh me, since my weakness was extreme.

**November 22, 1902**

*Luisa is about to die, but obedience is opposed.*

On November 22, as I kept feeling ill again, blessed Jesus came and told me: "My beloved, do you want to come?" And I: 'Yes, don't leave me on this earth any longer.' And He: "Yes, I want to content you once and for all." As He was saying this, I felt my stomach and my throat close, in such a way that nothing could enter any more; I could barely pull in a breath, feeling suffocated. Then I saw that blessed Jesus called the Angels, and said to them: "Now that the victim is coming, suspend the fortresses, so that the peoples may do what they want." And I: 'Lord, who are they?' And He: "They are the Angels that keep the cities. As long as the cities are assisted by the fortress of divine protection communicated to the Angels, they can do nothing; but once this protection is removed due to the grave sins they commit, and they are left on their own, they can make revolution and any sort of evil."

I felt placid, and seeing myself alone with my dear Jesus and abandoned by all creatures, I thanked the Lord from my heart, and I prayed Him to deign not to let anyone come to me to bother me. While I was in this position, my sister came, and seeing me ill, she sent for the confessor who managed, by force of obedience, to have me open my throat a little bit, and then he came out giving me the obedience not to die. Poor is the one who has to deal with creatures! Not knowing the depth of all the pains and torments of a poor soul, they add greater sorrows to her pains, and it is easier to obtain compassion, help and relief from God than from creatures - rather, it seems that they get more incited. But may the Lord be always blessed, who disposes everything for His glory and for the good of souls.

**November 30, 1902**

*Fear that her state might be a work of the devil. Jesus teaches her how to recognize when it is He, and when the devil.*

As I was amid fears, doubts, agitations, that everything might be a work of the devil, on coming, my adorable Jesus told me: "My daughter, I am Sun and I fill the world with light, and as I go to a soul another Sun is reproduced in her, in such a way that, by dint of rays of light, they dart through each other continuously. Now, between these two Suns clouds are formed, which are mortifications, humiliations, adversities, sufferings and other things. If they are true Suns, they have so much power that, by darting through each other continuously, they triumph over these clouds and convert them into light. If, though, they are only apparent and false suns, the clouds which form between them have the strength to convert these suns into darkness. This is the surest

sign to know whether it is I or the devil; and after a person has received this sign, he can lay down his life to confess the truth, which is light, not darkness." I have been ruminating within my mind on whether these signs are present in me, and I see myself so full of defects that I have no words to manifest my badness. However, I do not lose heart; on the contrary, I hope that the mercy of the Lord may want to have compassion on this poor creature.

**December 3, 1902**

*Disturbances with regard to obedience. Jesus reassures her.*

This morning, as I was in my usual state and my fears continued, when blessed Jesus came I said to Him: 'Life of my life, how come You do not let me obey the order of the superiors?' And He: 'And you, my daughter, don't you see where the opposition comes from? It is the human will that does not unite with the Divine so that they may kiss and become one; and when there is opposition between these two wills, since the Divine Will is superior, the human will loses by necessity. Besides, what else do they want? I have told you that, if they want, I make you fall into that state; if they do not want, I let you obey. But as for the obedience that I should make you fall and I should make you come round without their coming, leaving this thing independent of them and all at my disposal - this is up to Me. Whether I want to keep you in this state for one minute or half an hour, whether I have to make you suffer or not - this remains all under my care; and if they want otherwise, it would be wanting to dictate to Me the laws of *how* and of *when*. I am the One who must do things, and this would be wanting to meddle too much in my judgments and acting as my master, while the creature is supposed to adore, not to investigate." I was left incapable of answering. Seeing that I was not answering, He added: "This not wanting to persuade themselves grieves Me very much. You, however, in contrasts and mortifications do not keep your gaze on them, but fix it on Me, who was the target of contradictions; and as you suffer them, you will become more similar to Me. In this way, your nature will not be able to move, and you will remain calm and tranquil. I want that, on your part, you do as much as you can to obey them; as for the rest, leave it to my care, without becoming disturbed."

**December 4, 1902**

*Jesus manifests the reasons of His operating.*

I was thinking in my mind about this obedience, saying: 'They are right in commanding me this way; besides, it is not such a great thing that the Lord would allow me to obey in the way wanted by them. So they say: either He should let you obey, or He should tell the reason why He wants the confessor to come to make you come round from that state.' While I was thinking of this, my adorable Jesus moved in my interior, telling me: "My daughter, I wanted them to find the reason of my operating by themselves, because in my life, from the

moment I was born up to my death, everything can be found, since the life of the whole Church is enclosed in it. When compared to some step that can be conformed to my life, the most difficult matters are solved, the most tangled situations are unraveled, and in the most obscure and abstruse ones, such that the human mind almost becomes lost in that obscurity, one finds the clearest and brightest light. This means that they do not have my life as the rule of their operating, otherwise they would have found the reason. But since they have not found the reason themselves, it is necessary that I speak and manifest it."

After this, He stood up and with empire - but so much that I became fearful - He said: "What is the meaning of that '*ostende te sacerdoti*' ['show yourself to the priest']?" Then, becoming sweeter, He added: "My power extended everywhere, and from any place I was I could operate the most sensational miracles; yet, in almost all my miracles I wanted to be personally present. As for example, when I resurrected Lazarus, I went there, I had them remove the sepulchral stone, then I had him released, and then, with the empire of my voice I called him back to life. In resurrecting the young girl, I took her by the hand with my right hand, and I called her back to life; and in many other things which are recorded in the Gospel, and which are known to all, I wanted to be there with my presence. This teaches the way in which the priest must behave in his operating, since the future life of the Church was enclosed in mine. And these are things that pertain to you, though in general; but your specific circumstance they will find on Calvary. I, priest and victim, lifted up on the wood of the cross, wanted a priest to be present, to assist Me in that state of victim - and he was Saint John, who represented the nascent Church. In him I saw everyone - Popes, bishops, priests and all the faithful together; and while assisting Me, He offered Me as victim for the glory of the Father and for the good outgrowth of the nascent Church. The fact that a priest assisted Me in that state of victim did not happen by chance, but everything was a profound mystery predisposed *ab aeterno* [from eternity] in the divine mind, intending that when I choose a soul as victim for the grave needs present in the Church, a priest must offer her to Me, assist her for Me, help her and encourage her to suffer. If these things are understood - fine, they themselves will receive the fruit of the work they offer; just like Saint John: how many goods did he not receive for having assisted Me on Mount Calvary? If then they are not understood, they do nothing but put my work amid continuous contrasts, diverting my most beautiful designs. In addition to this, my Wisdom is infinite, and when It sends some cross to a soul for her sanctification, It does not take that soul alone, but five, ten... as many as I please, so that not one alone, but all others together may be sanctified. In fact, on Calvary I was not alone; in addition to having a priest, I had a Mother, I had friends and also enemies, and on seeing the prodigy of my patience, many of them believed in Me as the God I was, and were converted. Had I been alone, would they have received these great goods? Certainly not."

But who can say everything He told me, or explain the most minute meanings? I said this the best I could – the way I was able to say it in my roughness. I hope that the Lord will do the rest, by illuminating them so that they may comprehend what I have not been able to manifest well.

**December 5, 1902**

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

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

**December 7, 1902**

*France and Italy no longer recognize Jesus. Jesus suspends her from her state of victim, but she does not accept, and fights so that the law of divorce may not be formed.*

As I was in my usual state, I found myself amid most thick darkness. In it there were thousands of people whom that darkness rendered blind, to the point that they themselves could not understand what they were doing. It seemed it was part of Italy and part of France. Oh, how many errors could be seen in France – worse than those of Italy! It seemed that they had lost their human reason, the primary endowment of man, which distinguishes him from the beasts. But he has become worse than the beasts themselves. Near this darkness one could see a lamp; I approached it and I found my loving Jesus, but so afflicted and indignant with those people that I trembled like a leaf, and I only said: 'Lord, placate Yourself and let me suffer by pouring your indignation upon me.' And He told me: "How can I placate Myself if they want to exclude Me from them, as if they were not a work created by Me? Don't you see how France has driven Me away from herself, considering herself honored in no longer recognizing Me? And how Italy wants to follow France, as there are some who would give their souls to the devil in order to win that point of forming the law of divorce -

after they tried so many times and were left crushed and confused? Instead of placating Myself and pouring my indignation upon you, I suspend you from the state of victim, because after my Justice has tried several times, using all of Its power so as not to give that chastisement wanted by man himself - and in spite of this, he still wants it - it is necessary for Justice to suspend one who holds It back, and to let the chastisement fall." And I: 'Lord, if You wanted to suspend me for other chastisements, I would easily have accepted, because it is right that the creature conform to your Holy Will in everything; but to accept it for this evil most grave... my soul cannot digest this suspension. Rather, invest me with your power and allow me to go into the midst of those people who want this.' While saying this, I found myself with them; they seemed to be invested with diabolical forces, especially one of them, who seemed enraged. As though wanting to turn everything upside down, I spoke and spoke, but I could barely manage to cast a few glimmers of reason into him, making known to him the error they were committing. After this, I found myself inside myself, with sufferings extremely scarce.

**December 8, 1902**

*The confessor uses the authority of the Church to keep Jesus crucified in Luisa and to crucify her with Him so as to prevent the law of divorce.*

This morning my adorable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, today I want to keep you suspended without letting you suffer." I began to fear and to lament to Him, and He added: "Do not fear, I will be with you. Rather, when you occupy the state of victim you are exposed to Justice, and in addition to the other sufferings, many times you have to suffer my very privation and obscurity - in sum, everything that man deserves because of his sins. But as I suspend your office of victim, everything I will show toward you will be mercy and love."

I felt released [from my state], even though I could see my beloved Jesus, and I understood very well that it was not His coming that rendered the coming of the confessor necessary to make me come round, but rather, the sufferings that Jesus would send me. So, I am unable to say why, my soul felt a pain, while my nature felt great satisfaction, saying: 'If nothing else, I will spare the confessor the sacrifice of having to come.' But while I was thinking of this, I saw a priest clothed in white together with Our Lord; it seemed to me that he was the Pope, and the confessor was with him. They were praying Him to make me suffer so as to prevent the formation of this law of divorce, but Jesus would not pay attention to them. So, the confessor, heedless of the fact that he was not being given audience, with extraordinary impetus, to the point that it seemed it was not him, took Jesus Christ in his arms and, by force, cast Him inside of me, saying: "You will remain crucified within her, crucifying her, but this law of divorce we do not want." Jesus remained as though bound inside of me, crucified by such command, and I felt, bitterly, the pains of the cross. Then He

said: "Daughter, it is the Church that wants it, and her authority, united to the power of prayer, binds Me."

**December 9, 1902**

*Luisa is crucified with Jesus. The danger of the law of divorce.*

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself together with Jesus Christ, as though nailed with Him; and since I suffered, I was silent. In the meantime I saw the confessor with my guardian Angel, and the confessor said to him: "This poor one is in great suffering, to the point that she cannot speak. Give her a little bit of respite, for when two lovers pour out together what they have in their interior, they end up conceding what they want to each other." So I felt my sufferings being mitigated, and first I told Jesus about certain needs of father, praying Him to make him all of God, because when one becomes so, God can find no difficulty in conceding to him what he wants, because he will not be able to seek anything but what pleases God. Then I said: "Lord, what about this law of divorce - will men come to make it in Italy? And He: "My daughter, the danger exists, unless some Chinese thunderbolt comes to prevent their intent." And I: 'Lord, what? Is this perhaps someone from China who, maybe, when they are about to do it, will take some thunderbolt and will cast it into their midst to kill them, in such a way that, frightened, they will flee?' And Jesus: "When you do not understand, it is better if you keep silent." I was left confused and did not dare to speak any more, without understanding the meaning. However, my guardian Angel was saying to the confessor, in addition to the intention of the cross, united to that of having Him pour: "If you obtain this, you will win this point, and they will not be able to do it."

**December 15, 1902**

*Luisa remains crucified with Jesus. Man is about to be crushed by the weight of Divine Justice.*

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I found my adorable Jesus, cast to the ground, crucified, everyone trampling upon Him. In order to prevent them from doing this, I laid myself upon Him so as to receive upon myself what they were doing to Our Lord; and while I was in that position, I said: 'Lord, what is it to You to allow those very nails that pierce You to pierce me as well?' At that moment I found myself nailed with the very nails that pierced blessed Jesus - He underneath, and I on top. In that position we found ourselves in the midst of those men who want divorce, and Jesus was sending them many rays of light produced by the sufferings that He and I were suffering, and they remained dazzled and confused. I also understood that if the Lord will please to let me continue to suffer, when they come to do that, they will be humiliated and will not be able to conclude anything. After this, He disappeared, and I remained alone, suffering. Then He came back again, but He was not crucified; He threw Himself into my arms, but He was so heavy that

my poor arms could not hold Him, and I was about to let Him fall to the ground. Seeing that, as much as I did and tried, I could not hold that weight, my pain was such that I felt myself crying my heart out; and He, seeing the certain danger of falling, and also my crying - cried along. What a harrowing scene!

Then, forcing myself up, I kissed Him on His face; He too kissed me, and I said to Him: 'My life and strength, by myself I am weak and can do nothing, but with You I can do everything. Therefore, strengthen my weakness by infusing your very strength in me, and I will be able to carry the weight of your person - the only way to be able to spare each other this sorrow; for me, of letting You fall, and for You, of suffering the fall.'

On hearing this, Jesus told me: "My daughter, don't you comprehend the meaning of my heaviness? Know that it is the enormous weight of Justice which I can bear no more, nor can you hold; and man is about to be crushed by the weight of Divine Justice." On hearing this, I cried, and He, almost to distract me, since before He came I had a strong fear that I might not be able to obey with regard to certain things, He added: "And you, my beloved, why do you so much fear that I may not let you obey? Don't you know that when I draw, unite and identify a soul with Me, communicating my secrets to her, the first key I place, which produces the most beautiful sound and communicates the sound to all other keys, is the key of obedience? So much so, that if the other keys are not in communication with the first key, they will sound in a discordant way, which can never be pleasant to my hearing. Therefore, do not fear; besides, it will not be you, but I Myself will obey in you, and since it will be up to Me to obey, let Me do it, without being concerned, for I alone know well what must be done and how to make Myself known." Having said this, He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself. May the Lord be always blessed.

**December 17, 1902**

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

This morning, when my adorable Jesus came, I was praying Him to placate Himself, saying to Him: 'Lord, if I cannot sustain the weight of your Justice by myself, there are so many good souls among whom it can be divided, a little bit each, so that it might be easier to bear the weight, and people might be spared.' And He: "And you, my daughter, don't know that so that my Justice may unload the weight of someone else's chastisement upon some soul, she must be in possession of permanent union with Me, in such a way that everything she does, suffers, intercedes for and obtains, is given to her by virtue of the union with Me established within her, as the soul does nothing but lay down her will, unifying it with Mine? Nor could my Justice do this without first giving the soul the necessary graces to be able to suffer for the sake of someone else." And I: 'But how can union with You be permanent in me? I see myself so *cattiva* [bad]!' And He, interrupting me, added: "Silly one, what are you saying? Don't

you feel Me continuously within yourself? Don't you perceive the sensible movements I make in your interior, and the continuous prayer that rises within your interior, as you cannot do otherwise? Is this perhaps you, or I who dwell within you? At the most, sometimes you do not see Me, but in no way does this mean that union with Me is not permanent in you." I remained confused and did not know what to answer.

**December 18, 1902**

*Jesus again takes her to suffer with Him in order to conquer those who want divorce.*

As soon as I found myself in my usual state, blessed Jesus came, but in so much suffering as to arouse compassion. Then, all afflicted, He told me: "My daughter, come again to suffer with Me in order to conquer the obstinacy of those who want divorce. Let us try once more. You will always be ready to suffer what I want, won't you? Do you give Me your consent?" And I: 'Yes, Lord, do whatever You want." As soon as I said yes, blessed Jesus laid Himself within me as crucified, and since my nature was smaller than His, He stretched me so much as to make me reach His very person. Then He poured - very little, yes, but so bitter and full of sufferings, that not only did I feel the nails at the places of the crucifixion, but I felt my whole body as pierced by many nails, in such a way that I felt all of myself being crushed. He left me in that position for a little while, and I found myself in the midst of demons who, on seeing me suffer like that, said: "In the end this damn one is going to win again, so that we don't make the law of divorce. Curse your existence - you try to harm us and to disperse our businesses by ruining our many toils, rendering them vain. But we'll make you pay for this - we will move bishops, priests and people against you, so that next time we'll make you drop this whim of accepting sufferings." And while saying this, they sent me whirls of flames and smoke. I felt myself in so much suffering that I could not understand myself. Blessed Jesus came back; at the sight of Him the demons fled, and, again, He renewed in me the same sufferings - but more intense than before. He repeated this two more times, but even though I was almost constantly with Jesus, I would not say anything to Him because I was as though compressed by strong sufferings. Only He would say to me from time to time: "My daughter, it is necessary that you suffer for now. Have patience - do you not want to take care of my interests as if they were your own?" And He would sustain me in His arms, for my nature could not bear alone the weight of those sufferings.

Then He said to me: "Beloved, do you want to see the evil that occurred during those days in which I kept you suspended from this state?" At that moment, I don't know how, I saw Justice. I could see It as full of light, of grace, of chastisements and of darkness, and as many days as I had been suspended, so many were the streams of darkness that descended upon earth. Those who want to do evil and speak evil had become even more blind and had acquired

strength to carry it out, turning against the Church and against sacred people. I was surprised, and Jesus told me: "You thought it was nothing, so much so, that you would not bother about it – but it was not so. Have you seen how much evil came about, and how much strength the enemies acquired, to the point of managing to do what they had not been able to do during the time in which I had continuously kept you in this state?" After this, He disappeared.

**December 24, 1902**

*Effects of sufferings. The value of pride.*

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I found Our Lord, who had a cross near Him, which was all braided with thorns. He took it and placed it upon my shoulders, commanding me to carry it into the midst of a multitude of people, to give proof of His Mercy and to placate Divine Justice. It was so heavy that I carried it bent over and almost dragging myself. While I was carrying it, Jesus disappeared, and as I reached a certain place, the one who was guiding me told me: "Leave the cross and remove your clothes, for Our Lord is coming back and He must find you ready for the crucifixion." I removed my clothes but I kept them in my hands because of the embarrassment my nature felt; and I said to myself: 'I will drop them as soon as He comes.' At that moment He came back, and finding me with my clothes in my hands, told me: "You have not even let yourself be found completely stripped so that I might crucify you immediately. Well then, we will leave it for another time." I remained confused and afflicted, unable to articulate a word, and Jesus, to console me, took me by the hand and told me: "Tell Me, what do you want Me to give you?' And I: 'Lord, suffering.' And He: "And what else?" And I: 'I can ask of You nothing but suffering.' And Jesus: "And what about love – don't you want some?' And I: 'No, suffering, because in giving me suffering you will give me more love. I know this out of experience – that in order to obtain graces, the strongest love and all of You, these cannot be obtained but through suffering; and in order to earn all your sympathies, delights and satisfactions, the only and sole means is to suffer for love of You.' And He: "My beloved, I wanted to test you so as to ignite in you more the desire to suffer for love of Me."

After this, I saw people who believed themselves to be something greater than others; and blessed Jesus said: "My daughter, one who believes himself to be something before Me and before men, is worth nothing. One who believes himself to be nothing is worth everything – first, before Me, because if he does something, he does not think he does it because he can do it, having the strength and the capacity, but rather, because he receives from God the grace, the helps and the lights; therefore it can be said that he does it by virtue of divine power, and one who has divine power with him is already worth everything. Second, before men, because this acting by virtue of divine power makes him operate in a completely different way, and he does nothing but send forth the light of the divine power he contains within himself, in such a way

that the most perverted ones, without wanting it, feel the strength of this light and submit to his volition; and here is how he is worth everything also before men. On the contrary, one who believes himself to be something, in addition to being worth nothing, is abominable to my presence, and because of his ostentatious and particular manners - for he believes he is something and makes fun of others - men keep him pointed out as an object of derision and of persecution."

**December 26, 1902**

*Calumnies, persecutions and contrasts serve to justify man.*

As I was in my usual state, I felt all oppressed and with a fear of receiving persecutions, contrasts, calumnies - not only to myself, for I do not care about myself because I am a poor creature who is worth nothing, but to the confessor and other priests. So I felt my heart crushed by this weight, unable to find respite. In the meantime my adorable Jesus came, telling me: "My daughter, why be disturbed and restless, and waste time with this? As for your things, there is nothing there, and besides, everything is divine providence that allows calumnies, persecutions and contrasts in order to justify man and to make him come back to union with his Creator, one on one, without human support, just as he came out when he was created. As good and holy as a man may be, he always keeps something of the human spirit in his interior; and also in his exterior he is not perfectly free, he always keeps something human for which he hopes, on which he relies and leans, and through which he wants to obtain esteem and respect. But, let the wind of calumnies, persecutions and contrasts come about a little bit... Oh, what a devastating hail the human spirit receives! In fact, seeing himself opposed, unpopular, despised by creatures, man no longer finds satisfaction among them. On the contrary, helps, supports, trust and esteem fail him all together, and if before he used to go in search of them, afterwards he himself shuns them, because wherever he turns he finds nothing but bitternesses and thorns. So, reduced to this state, he remains alone. But man cannot be, nor is he made to be alone. What will the poor little one do? He will turn to his center, God, completely and without the slightest hindrance; God will give Himself completely to him, and man will give himself completely to God, applying his intellect to knowing Him, his memory to remembering God and His benefits, his will to loving Him. And so, my daughter, here is man justified, sanctified, and the purpose for which he was created restored within his soul. And even if later on he has to deal with creatures and he sees helps, supports and esteem being offered to him, he receives them with indifference, knowing what they are from his experience; and if he makes use of them, he does it only when he sees the honor and the glory of God - but what remains is always God and himself alone.

**December 30, 1902**

***One act contrary to the Divine Will is sufficient to destroy the work of Jesus in the soul***

As I was in my usual state, I seemed to see the Most Holy Trinity, as if They wanted to resolve what They should do with the world, and I was in Their midst. It seemed that They were saying: "If most fierce scourges are not sent to the world, everything is over for it concerning religion, and they will become worse than barbarians themselves." And while They were saying this, it seemed that wars of every kind, earthquakes destroying entire cities and diseases were coming down upon earth. On seeing this, all trembling, I said: 'Supreme Majesty, forgive the human ingratitude; now more than ever the heart of man has rebelled, but if man sees himself being mortified he will rebel even more, adding outrages upon outrages against your Majesty.' And a voice coming from Their midst said: "Man can rebel when he is merely mortified, but when he is destroyed his rebellion ceases. Here We speak not of mortification, but of destruction."

After this, They disappeared, but who can say how I was left? More so, since I felt as though a disposition for wanting to go out of this state of suffering, and a will not perfectly conformed to the Divine Volition. I could see with clarity that the ugliest offense that the creature can give to the Creator is to oppose His Most Holy Will. I felt pain for this, and I greatly feared I might be doing an act contrary to His Will; but in spite of this I could not quiet myself. Then, after I struggled very much, my adorable Jesus came back and told me: "My daughter, many times I delight in choosing souls, surrounding them with divine fortitude in such a way that no enemy may enter into them. I establish in them my perpetual dwelling, and in this residence of Mine I lower Myself, one could say, to the most minute services; I clean her up, I pull out all thorns from her, I destroy all the evil that the human nature has produced in her, and I plant in her all the beautiful and good things that can be found in Me, to the extent of forming the most beautiful garden of my delights, to be used at my pleasure and according to the circumstances of my glory and of the good of others; so much so, that it can be said that she no longer has anything of her own, but serves only as my dwelling. Now, do you know what it takes to destroy all this? One act contrary to my Will; and if you oppose my Will you will do all this." And I: 'Lord, I fear that my superiors may give me the obedience of the other time.' And He: "This is not your business; I Myself will deal with them, but your will is not present here." In spite of this I could not calm down, and I kept repeating in my interior: "What a dismal change has taken place in me! Who has separated my will from the Will of my God, which seemed to be one?"

**December 31, 1902**

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

Continuing to be with a fear that I might oppose the Will of my adorable Jesus, I was feeling all oppressed and distressed, and I prayed Him to free me, saying: 'Lord, have pity on me; don't You see the danger I am in? How is it possible that I, most wretched little worm, dare so much as to feel myself opposed to your Holy Will? And besides, what good can I possibly find, and into what abyss will I plunge myself if I am separated from your Will?' While I was saying this, blessed Jesus moved in my interior, and through a light that He sent me, He seemed to say to me: "You never understand anything – this state is state of victim. When they offered you as victim for Corato, you accepted. Now, what is the evil present in Corato? Is there perhaps not rebellion of the creature against the Creator, between priests and secular, and among parties? Now, your unwanted state of rebellion, your fear, your pains, are an expiatory state, and this state of expiation I Myself suffered in Gethsemani, as I reached the point of saying: 'If it is possible, let this chalice pass from Me; yet, not my will but Yours be done' - while I had so much yearned for it during the whole course of my life, to the point of feeling consumed."

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

**January 5, 1903**

*Freedom is necessary in order to recognize the good and the evil.*

This morning I felt almost free of sufferings. I myself did not know what to do, when I felt I was outside of myself and I saw people from our country who, in addition to the words and the calumnies they had spoken, were plotting to come to deeds. In the meantime I saw blessed Jesus and I said: 'Lord, You give too much liberty to these infernal men. Up until now it has been about infernal words, but now they want to reach the point of laying hands on your ministers. Bind them, and have compassion on them, and, at the same time, defend those who belong to You.' And He: "Daughter, this freedom is necessary in order to recognize the good and the evil. Know, however, that I am tired of man – so tired that I share it with you. In fact, when you feel that tiredness of this state of victim, and almost the will to go out of it, this comes to you from Me; and I warn you to be attentive not to put your will in, for I am looking for the will of the creature to lean on it and chastise the rebels. But, let us try – again I will make you suffer, and they will be left without strength and will not be able to do anything of what they want." Who can say what I suffered and how many times He renewed my crucifixion! And while doing this, raising His hand toward Heaven, He told me: "My daughter, I did not make man for the earth, but for Heaven; his mind, his heart, and everything that his interior contains were to exist in Heaven. Had he done this, he would have received the influence of the Most Holy Trinity within his three powers, and It would have been copied within himself; but since he occupies himself with earth, he receives mud, rot and the whole bilge of vices that the earth contains."

**January 7, 1903**

*Jesus reproduces in Luisa the very sufferings He suffered in His Humanity, and with the same power and effects.*

Continuing in my usual state, I was thinking: 'How is it possible, how can it be true, that because of a few sufferings of mine the Lord would suspend chastisements and debilitate the human strengths so that they may not start revolutions and form iniquitous laws? Besides, who am I to earn all this with a few sufferings? While I was thinking of this, blessed Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, neither you nor the one who directs you have comprehended your state. Indeed, in your state of sufferings you disappear completely, and I alone, not mystically, but in living flesh, reproduce the very sufferings which my Humanity suffered. Was it perhaps not my sufferings that debilitated demons, enlightened blinded minds, and, in a word, formed the Redemption of man? And if they could do this at that time in my Humanity, can they perhaps not do it now in yours? If a king went to live in a little hovel, and from there he dispensed graces, help and coins, he would continue his office of king. If anyone would not believe this, one would say that he is foolish. If that is a king, he can do good in the little hovel as much as in the palace; or rather, one admires his goodness more, because, king as he is, he does not disdain to live in

little hovels and miserable huts. Such is your case." I comprehended all this with clarity, and I said: 'My Lord, everything You say is fine, but the whole difficulty of my state is in the coming of the priest.' And He: "My daughter, even if a king lived in little hovels, because of circumstances, necessity and his very status of king it is appropriate for his ministers never to leave him alone, but to keep him company, serving him and obeying him in whatever he wants." I was left so convinced that I did not know what else to say.

**January 9, 1903**

*Everything is written in the hearts of those who believe, hope and love.*

This morning I was feeling all oppressed, and since Monsignor had come to visit me, saying that he was not sure that it was Jesus Christ who operated in me, when blessed Jesus came, He told me: "My daughter, in order to comprehend a subject well it takes belief, because without belief everything is dark in the human intellect. On the other hand, the mere believing turns on a light in the mind, and by means of this light one can recognize with clarity truth and falsehood, when it is grace that operates, when it is nature, and when the devil. See, the Gospel is known to all, but who comprehends the meaning of my words, and the truths contained in It? Who keeps them in his heart and makes of them a treasure with which to purchase the eternal kingdom? One who believes. As for all others, not only do they not understand a thing, but they use my words to mock them and to make fun of the holiest things. So, it can be said that everything is written in the hearts of those who believe, hope and love, while nothing is written for everyone else. The same with you: one who has a little bit of belief sees things with clarity and finds the truth; one who does not, sees things as all confused."

**January 10, 1903**

*The most pleasing and consoling words for the sweet Mama: 'Dominus Tecum'.*

This morning, after I struggled very much, the Queen Mother came with the Baby in Her arms, and She gave Him to me, telling me to keep Him courted with continuous acts of love. I did as much as I could, and while I was doing this, Jesus told me: "My beloved, the most pleasing and most consoling words for my Mother are: 'Dominus Tecum' ['The Lord is with Thee']. In fact, as soon as they were pronounced by the Archangel, She felt the whole of the Divine Being being communicated to Her, and therefore She felt invested with divine Power, in such a way that, in the face of the divine Power, Her own dissolved; and so my Mother remained with the divine Power in Her hands."

**January 11, 1903**

*She sees Monsignor fighting for the sake of religion.*

As the confessor had told me to pray according to the intention of Monsignor, finding myself outside of myself, I could see that it did not regard Monsignor,

but other people. Among them I could see a very good lady, but all consternated and crying; and Monsignor, beneath the arms of a Cross with Christ crucified on It, defending It. He was going to have the occasion to fight for the sake of religion. And I saw blessed Jesus saying: "I will confuse them."

**January 13, 1903**

*Luisa sees the Most Holy Trinity. The evil of adulations.*

As I was in my usual state, I seemed to see the Most Holy Trinity. They were looking at One Another, and in those gazes Their beauty was so great that They would remain ecstatic at the mere gazing upon One Another. In this state They overflowed with love, and were as though stirred by that love, to then become more intensely ecstatic. So, all of Their good and delight was comprised within Themselves, and the whole of Their eternal life, beatitude and exercise, was enclosed in this word alone: 'Love'. And the whole beatitude of the Saints was formed by this perfect operating of the Most Holy Trinity. While I was seeing this, the Son assumed the form of the Crucified, and coming out from Their midst, He came to me, sharing with me the pains of the crucifixion. And while remaining with Me, He brought Himself once again into Their midst, and offered His sufferings and mine, satisfying for the love that all creatures owed Them. Who can say Their delight, and how satisfied They were by the offering of the Son! It seemed that, since in creating the creatures nothing had come out of Their interior but contained flames of love; so much so, that in order to give vent to this love They began to create many other images of Themselves - only when They receive what They have given, are They then satisfied - that is, love They gave, love They want. So, the most awful affront is to not love Them. Yet, Oh God, three times holy, who is there that loves You?

After this, They disappeared; but who can say what I understood? My mind got lost, and my tongue is unable to articulate a word. Then, after a little while, blessed Jesus came back with His face covered with spit and with mud, and He said to me: "My daughter, praises, adulations, are spit and mud that dirty and smear the soul, and blind her mind, so as to prevent her from knowing who she really is, especially if they do not start from the truth. In fact, if they start from the truth and the person is worthy of praises, knowing the truth she will give the glory to Me; but if they start from falsehood, they drive the soul to such excess that she will confirm herself more in evil."

**January 31, 1903**

*Effects of the crown of thorns of Jesus.*

After much struggling, I saw blessed Jesus in my interior for just a little, wearing a crown of thorns. I began to look at Him and to compassionate Him, and He told me: "My daughter, I wanted to suffer these thorns in my head not only to expiate all the sins of thought, but to unite the divine intelligence to the human. In fact, the divine intelligence was as though dispersed in the human

minds, and my thorns called it from Heaven and grafted it once again. Not only this, but for those who were to manifest divine things I obtained help, strength and elucidation so that they might make them known to others."

**February 1, 1903**

*A Protestant Church is opened in Corato. The Queen Mother reproaches Luisa.*

As I was in my usual state, I was feeling very afflicted, especially because my confessor had told me that this morning a Protestant Church would be opened in Corato, and that I should pray the Lord to make something happen that would confuse them, at the cost of any suffering of mine. But, seeing that the Lord was not coming and therefore I did not feel great sufferings - the only means to obtain these kinds of graces - I felt a most great affliction. Then, after I struggled a lot, blessed Jesus came, and I saw the confessor insisting very much, and praying that I might suffer. So it seemed that He shared with me the pains of the cross, and then He told me: "My daughter, I have made you suffer, forced by the priestly authority, and I will permit that those who go there, instead of being convinced by what the Protestants say, will make fun of them. However, since the chastisement swooped down on Corato in those days in which I kept you suspended from the state of victim, it must now have its course; and if you continue to suffer, I will dispose the hearts in such a way that, at the appropriate time, I will make use of some occasion to have them remain completely confused and destroyed."

Then, afterwards, the Queen Mother came, as if She wanted to use a trait of Justice with me; She reproached me bitterly for any thought or word especially when, seeing myself with very few sufferings, I say that it is no longer Will of God, and therefore I want to go out of this state. Who can say with what rigor She reproached me, telling me: "If the Lord permits that you be suspended for a few days, this can be; but the fact that you yourself dispose yourself to do it, this is intolerable before God, as you almost come to dictate the laws on how He should keep you." I felt the strength of rigor so much, that I was about to faint, to the point that blessed Jesus, having compassion for me, sustained me in His arms.

**February 9, 1903**

*The goods that the Catholic Church possesses, and what is lacking to the Protestants.*

This morning, finding myself in my usual state, I saw the confessor with another holy priest, who was saying: "Banish any thought that your position might not be Will of God." Then he began to speak about these Protestants of Corato whom they talk about; and he said: "They will do little or nothing, because the Protestants do not have the bait of truth in order to catch the hearts, as does the Catholic Church. They lack the boat of true virtue to be able to place them in safety; they are without sails, oars, anchor, which are the examples and

teachings of Jesus Christ. They reach the point of having neither a bread to satisfy their hunger, nor water to quench their thirst and wash themselves, which are the Sacraments; and what's more, they even lack the sea of grace to be able to go in search of souls to be caught. So, since all this is lacking, what progress can they possibly make?" And he said many other things which I don't know how to repeat well.

After this, my lovable Jesus came and told me: "My daughter, one who loves Me fixes himself before the Divine center, but one who is resigned and does my Divine Will in everything, possesses the center of the Divinity within himself." And He disappeared like a flash. A little later He came back; I was thanking Him for Creation, for Redemption and for so many other benefits, and He added: "In Creation I formed the material world, and in Redemption I formed the spiritual world."

**February 22, 1903**

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

As I was in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, and He told me: "My daughter, sin offends God and wounds man, and since it was committed by man, and God was offended, in order for Him to receive full satisfaction, a Man and a God was needed to satisfy for it. The thirty years or so of my mortal life satisfied for the three ages of the world, for the three different states of law: natural, written, and of grace - and for the three different ages of each man: adolescence, youth and old age. I satisfied, earned and impetrated for all, and my Humanity serves as the staircase in order to ascend to Heaven. But if man does not go up this staircase through the exercise of his own virtues, in vain does he try to ascend, and he will render my works useless for himself." On hearing sin being mentioned, I said: 'Lord, tell me a little bit: why are You so pleased when a soul feels sorrow for having offended You?' And He: "Sin is a poison that poisons the soul completely and renders her so disfigured as to make my image disappear from within her; sorrow destroys this poison and restores my image in her. True sorrow is a counterpoison, and since sorrow destroys the poison, it forms a void in the soul, and this void is filled by my grace. This is why I am pleased - I see the work of my Redemption risen again by means of sorrow."

**February 23, 1903**

***Men do not want Jesus Christ as their head. The Church will always be Church.***

As I was in my usual state, I found myself near a garden which seemed to be the Church. Near it there seemed to be people plotting an attack against the Church and the Pope, and in their midst there was Our Lord, crucified, but without a head. Who can say how painful, how horrifying it was to see His Most Holy Body in that state! I comprehended how men do not want Jesus

Christ as their head, and since the Church represents Him on this earth, they try to destroy what stands in His place.

Then I found myself in another place in which I found other people who were asking me: "What do you say about the Church?" And I, feeling a light within my mind, said: 'The Church will always be Church. At the most, She might be washed in Her own blood, but this bath will render Her more beautiful and glorious.' On hearing this, they said: "This is false - let us call our god and let us see what he says." So a man came out who surpassed everyone in height, with a crown on his head, and he said: "The Church will be destroyed, there will be no more public services - at the most, some hidden ones; and the Madonna will no longer be recognized." On hearing this, I said: 'And who are you to dare to say this? Aren't you perhaps that serpent condemned by God to crawl on the earth? And now you are so daring as to make yourself believed a king, deceiving people? I command you to let yourself be known for what you are.' While I was saying this, from tall he became very, very short; he assumed the shape of a serpent, and making a flash, he plunged himself down deep. Then I found myself inside myself.

**March 5, 1903**

*The crosses of disillusion.*

As I was in my usual state, I found myself together with blessed Jesus, who was carrying a bundle of crosses and of thorns in His arms, all tired and weary. On seeing Him in that state, I said: 'Lord, why weary Yourself so much with this bundle in your arms?' And He: "My daughter, these are the crosses of disillusion, which I keep always ready to disillusion the creatures." As He was saying this, we found ourselves in the midst of people, and as soon as blessed Jesus would see that someone would become attached to creatures, He would take the cross of persecution from that bundle and would give it to him; and that person, seeing himself persecuted, unpopular, would be disillusioned and would comprehend that those were the creatures, and that God alone deserves to be loved. If someone would become attached to riches, He would take from that bundle the cross of poverty and would give it to him; and that person, seeing that riches had vanished away from him and he was now poor, would comprehend that everything down here is smoke, and that true riches are eternal, and so he would attach his heart to everything that is eternal. If someone else would become bound to his self-esteem, to knowledge, blessed Jesus, with all sweetness, would take the cross of slanders and of confusions and would give it to him; and that person, confused and slandered, would remove as though a mask from himself and comprehend his own nothingness, his being, and would order his whole interior in the order of God, and no longer of himself. And so on with all the other crosses.

After this, my adorable Jesus told me: "Have you seen the reason why I have this bundle of crosses in my arms? It is my love for creatures that forces Me to

keep it, remaining in continuous attitude for them. In fact, the cross is the primary disillusion and the first thing that judges the works of creatures, in such a way that if the creature surrenders, the cross will make him avoid the judgment of God, as I am satisfied when one submits to the judgment of the cross during his life. If then he does not surrender, he will find himself in the sphere of the second judgment at his death, and will be judged with much more severe rigor by God; more so, since he has shunned the judgment of the cross, which is a judgment all of love." After this He disappeared, and I also comprehended that it is true that Jesus loves the cross, but many times it is man himself that incites and provokes Jesus to give him the cross. In fact, if man were ordered in the order of God, of himself and of creatures, not seeing any disorder in him, the Lord would remain at peace and would give him peace.

**March 6, 1903**

*The meaning of the words: 'Ecce Homo'.*

After I had struggled very much, blessed Jesus made Himself seen within my interior, telling me: "Shall we go see whether creatures want Me?" And I: 'Surely they must want You, because You are the most lovable Being. Who would have the daring of not wanting You?' And He: "Let us go, and then you will see what they do." So we went, and as we arrived at a place in which there were many people, His head came out from within my interior and He said those words which Pilate spoke when he showed Him to the people: '*Ecce Homo*' ['Here is the Man']. I understood that the meaning of those words was to ask them whether they wanted the Lord to reign as their King, and to have dominion in their hearts, minds and works. And they answered: "Take Him away, we do not want Him; or rather, crucify Him, so that every memory of Him may be destroyed." Oh, how many times these scenes are repeated! So the Lord said to everyone: "Ecce Homo". As He said it, a murmuring - a confusion arose. Some were saying: "I do not want Him as my King - I want riches"; another, "pleasure"; another, "honor"; some, "dignities"; and some, many other things. I listened to those voices with horror, and the Lord told me: "Have you seen how no one wants Me? Yet, this is nothing; let us turn to the religious class, and let us see whether they want Me." So I found myself in the midst of priests, bishops, religious women and devout ones, and with sonorous voice, Jesus repeated: "Ecce Homo". And they said: "We want Him, but we also want our comfort." Others: "We want Him, but together with our own interest." Others answered: "We want Him, but together with esteem and honor." ...What does a religious do with esteem? Others replied: "We want Him, but together with some satisfaction from creatures - how can one live alone and without anyone that satisfies us?" Some wanted satisfaction at least in the Sacrament of Confession, but almost no one wanted Him alone, nor was someone lacking who did not care about Jesus Christ at all. So, all afflicted, He told me: "My daughter, let us withdraw; have you seen how no one wants Me? Or at the

most, they want Me together with something that pleases them. I am not content with this, because true reigning is when one reigns alone." As He was saying this, I found myself inside myself.

**March 9, 1903**

*Jesus speaks about humility and about correspondence to grace.*

Continuing in my usual state, I could hear blessed Jesus praying in my interior, saying: "Holy Father, glorify your Name; confuse the proud and hide Yourself from them, and manifest Yourself to the humble, because only one who is humble recognizes You as his Creator, and recognizes himself as your creature." Having said this, He no longer let Himself be heard, though I comprehended the power of humility before God. It seemed to me that God has no restraint in entrusting the most precious treasures to the humble; on the contrary, everything is open for them, nothing is under lock and key. All the opposite for the proud; even more, it seems that He puts a cord around their feet to confuse them at each step.

Then, a little later, He made Himself seen again, and told me: "My daughter, one can know whether a body is alive from its continuous internal heat. It can also be warmed through some external heat, but since this heat does not come from true life, the body quickly cools down again. The same with the soul: it can be known whether she is alive to grace, whether her internal life is alive in operating, in loving Me, if she feels the strength of my very life within hers. If then it is because of some external cause that she warms up, does some good and then cools down again, returning to vices and committing the usual weaknesses, there is great certainty that she is dead to grace, or is at the last extremes of life. In this way one can know whether it is truly I who go to the soul: if she feels my grace in her interior, and all of her good is founded within her interior. If then it is all external and she perceives nothing good in her interior, it can be the work of the devil." While saying this, He disappeared; but after a little while He came back and added: "My daughter, how terrible it can be for those souls who have been much fecundated by my grace, but have not corresponded to it. The Jewish nation was the favorite one, the most fecundated, and yet, the most sterile; and the whole of my Person could not obtain that fruit which Paul obtained in other nations, less fecundated, but more corresponding. In fact, lack of correspondence to grace blinds the soul, it makes her deceive herself, and disposes her to obstinacy, even in the face of any miracle."

**March 12, 1903**

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

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

**March 18, 1903**

*One who does the Will of God chooses the optimum.*

This morning, as the confessor asked me whether I felt the desire to suffer, I answered him: 'Yes'. But I felt more tranquil and enjoyed more peace and contentment when I wanted nothing but what God wants - therefore I wanted to stop in It. Then, afterwards, when blessed Jesus came, He told me: "My daughter, you have chosen the optimum, because one who is always in my Will binds Me in such a way as to make a continuous virtue come out of Me which keeps her in continuous attitude toward Me; so much so, that she forms my food, and I hers. On the other hand, even if the soul did great, holy and good things, since it is not virtue that came out of Me, it cannot be an enjoyable food for Me, because I do not recognize it as a work of my Will."

**Deo gratias**





## VOLUME 5

J.M.J.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

Lord, come to my help, bind this rebellious will of mine that always wants to be recalcitrant against holy obedience. It puts me into such constraint, that while sometimes it seems to be dead, then more than ever, I feel it alive in me, like a snake, and it consumes me inside. Therefore, bind me with new ropes; or rather, fill me with your holy and adorable Will to the point of overflowing outside, in such a way that my will may be consumed within Yours. Only then will I be able to have the happiness of fighting no more against holy obedience. And you, O holy obedience, forgive me if I always wage war against you, and give me the strength to be able to follow you placidly in everything, for sometimes it seems I have all the reason to fight against you, like in this writing about the confessor... But, enough, let us keep silent, let us hesitate no more, and let us begin to write.

Since my past confessor was very occupied – in fact, during the course of the years in which he directed me, when he could not come, the present confessor would come, though I had never thought I would find myself in the hands of this one; more so, since I was happy with that one, and he had all my trust - ... about one and a half years before the present one became my confessor, as I was in my usual state blessed Jesus told me that He was not happy with the fact that the confessor no longer interested himself with my interior, and with the way he cooperated with Our Lord over my state, telling me: "When I place victim souls in the hands of a confessor, the crafting of their interior must be continuous. Therefore, tell him: either he corresponds to Me, or I will put you in the hands of someone else."

And I: 'Lord, what are You saying? Who will be so patient as to take upon himself this cross of having to come every day to sacrifice himself like this confessor?' And Jesus: "I will give light to the present confessor, appointing him, and he will come." And I: 'How impossible it is that he will take up this cross!' And Jesus: "Yes, he will come; and besides, when he does not listen to Me, I will send him my Mother; and he, who loves Her, will not deny Her this favor. Indeed, when one truly loves someone, he does not send him back. However, I want to see what this one does for a little longer; and you, tell him everything I have told you."

When the confessor came, I related everything to him, but, poor one, a new occupation he had undertaken made it impossible for him to occupy himself with my interior. It really showed that it was not his will, but the impossibility for him to occupy himself with me. When I would tell him, he would devote himself better, but soon he would return to not bothering about it, like before. Blessed Jesus would lament about him, and I would repeat it to the confessor. One day he himself sent me the present father, and I opened my soul to him

also, telling him everything I have said, and he accepted to come. I was surprised at how he said yes, and I said to myself: 'Jesus was right.' But soon the surprise ceased; I am unable to say how, but it lasted as long as a shadow, which quickly disappears. He came for just two or three days, and then he was no longer seen. He too disappeared like a shadow, and I continued to remain in the hands of the past confessor, adoring the dispositions of God - more so, since I was happy with him, who had made so many sacrifices because of me. After another year or so had passed, I felt a need of conscience and I told the past confessor, who said to me: "I will send you Fr. Gennaro" - that is, the present father, who would be invested with my necessity. I was concerned about a storm that had happened between them, but Jesus repeated: "Do not move things, I Myself have disposed everything, and everything that has been done, has been done well."

### **March 19, 1903**

*True love is that of one who, in suffering for God, wants to suffer more.*

This morning I saw the confessor all humiliated, and also blessed Jesus and Saint Joseph, who said to him: "Get down to work, for the Lord is ready to give you the grace you want."

After this, on seeing my dear Jesus suffering as in the course of His Passion, I said to Him: 'Lord, did You not feel tiredness in suffering so many different pains?' And He: "No, on the contrary, one suffering would ignite the heart more to suffer another one. These are the ways of Divine Suffering; not only this, but in suffering and operating, It looks at nothing but the fruit It receives from it. In my wounds and in my blood I saw nations saved and the good that creatures would receive; and my Heart, instead of feeling tiredness, felt joy and ardent desire to suffer more. So, this is the sign that what one suffers is participation in my pains: that there is suffering united with joy to suffer more; that in operating, one operates for Me; that one does not look at what he does, but at the glory he gives to God, and at the fruit he receives."

### **March 20, 1903**

*Jesus and Saint Joseph console father in his difficulties.*

As I was outside of myself, I saw father all in difficulty with regard to the grace he wants; and once again, blessed Jesus with Saint Joseph were saying to him: "If you get down to work, all your difficulties will disappear, and will fall off like fish scales."

### **March 23, 1903**

*If a love is holy, it forms the life of sanctification; if it is perverted, the life of damnation.*

As I was in my usual state, after much struggling, for just a little I saw my adorable Jesus in my arms, and a light coming out of His forehead. Within this

light these words were written: "Love is everything for God and for man; if love ceased, life would cease. However, there are two species of love: one, spiritual and divine, the other, corporal and disordered. There is great difference between these two loves in intensity, multiplicity, diversity. One could say that there is almost the difference which exists between the thinking of the mind and the operating of the hands: in a very short time the mind can think of a hundred things, while the hands can only perform one work.

God is the Creator, and if He creates the creatures, it is love alone that makes Him create; if He keeps all of His attributes in continuous attitude toward creatures, it is love that pushes Him to this, and His very attributes receive life from love. The same for a disordered love, like the love of riches, of pleasures and of many other things: these are not the things that form the life of man, but if he feel love for these things, not only do they come to form his life, but he reaches the point of making of them his own idol. So, if a love is holy, it forms the life of sanctification; if it is perverted, it forms the life of damnation."

**March 24, 1903**

*Though being nothing, one can be everything while being with Jesus.*

This morning, after I had gone through most bitter days, blessed Jesus came and spent time with me intimately, so much so, that I thought I would possess Him forever. But all of a sudden, He disappeared like a flash. Who can say my pain? I felt I was going insane; more so, since I was almost sure that I was not going to lose Him any more. Now, while I was being consumed with pains, He came back like a flash, and with sonorous and serious voice He told me: "Who are you to expect to be always with Me?" And I, insane as I was, all daring, answered: 'I am everything while being with You; I feel I am nothing but a will come out of the womb of my Creator, and as long as this will is united with You, it feels life, existence, peace, all of its good. Without You I feel it without life, I feel I am being destroyed, I feel dispersed, restless. I can say I experience all evils, and in order to have life, and so that I may not be dispersed, this will that came out from You looks for your womb, your center, and there it wants to remain forever.' Jesus seemed to be all moved, but then He repeated again: "But who are you?"

And I: 'Lord, I am nothing but a drop of water, and as long as this drop of water is in your sea, it seems to it that it is the whole sea. If it does not go out of the sea, it remains clean and clear, in such a way as to be able to stand the comparison with other waters. But if it goes out of the sea, it will become muddy, and because of its littleness, it will be dispersed.' All moved, He bent down toward me, and embracing me, told me: "My daughter, one who wants to be always in my Will keeps my very Person within himself; and even if he can go out of my Will since I created him free in his will, my power operates a prodigy by administering to him, continuously, the participation in divine life. Because of this participation he receives, he feels such strength and attraction of

union with my Divine Will, that even if he wanted to go out of It, he could not do it. This is the continuous virtue that comes out of Me toward one who always does my Will about which I spoke to you the other day."

**April 7, 1903**

*Doubts of Luisa about her state of victim.*

After going through most bitter days because of the continuous privations of my adorable Jesus, this morning I felt I had reached the summit of affliction, and, tired and exhausted in my strengths, I was thinking that He really did not want me in this state any more, and I almost decided to go out of it. While I was doing this, my lovable Jesus moved in my interior and made Himself heard praying for me. I could only understand that He was imploring the power, the strength and the providence of the Father for me, adding: "Don't You see, O Father, how she has greater need for help, as she wants to render herself a sinner by going out of Our Will, after so many graces?" Who can say how I felt my heart split on hearing these words of Jesus! Then He came out from within my interior, and after I made sure that it was blessed Jesus, I said: 'Lord, is it your Will that I continue to remain in this state of victim? Because, not feeling myself in the same position as before, I see myself as if the coming of the priest was no longer necessary, for if nothing else, I would spare the confessor the sacrifice.' And He: "For now, it is not my Will that you go out of it; as for the sacrifice of the priest, I will render back to him the charity he does, increased a hundredfold."

Then, all afflicted, He added: "My daughter, the socialists have plotted among themselves to strike the Church. This they have done publicly in France, and in Italy in a more hidden way; and my Justice is looking for voids so as to lay hand to chastisements."

**April 10, 1903**

*Since men do not surrender, Jesus will play the trumpet of new and grave scourges.*

As I was in my usual state, I saw our Lord with a rod in His hand with which He touched the people. As they were touched, they scattered and rebelled, and the Lord said to them: "I have touched you to reunite you around Me, but instead of reuniting, you rebel and scatter away from Me, therefore it is necessary that I blow the trumpet." And while saying this, He began to blow the trumpet. I understood that the Lord will send some chastisement, and men, instead of humbling themselves, will take the occasion to offend Him and to move away from Him; and on seeing this, the Lord will make the trumpet of more grave scourges resound.

**April 21, 1903**

*Jesus suspends Luisa from her usual state so as to be able to chastise.*

I went through most bitter days of privations and of tears, with the addition of seeing myself about to be suspended by the Lord from the state of victim – as indeed happened. In fact, as much as I tried, I could not manage to lose consciousness; but rather, I was surprised by so many pains in my bowels as to become restless, unable to make head or tail of anything. I only had a dream at night, in which I seemed to see an Angel who brought me inside a garden in which all plants were blackened; but I did not pay attention to this, I could only think of how Jesus had driven me away from Himself. Then, later on, the confessor came, and finding me inside myself He told me that the vineyards had frozen. I remained so very afflicted, thinking of the poor people, and with the fear that He would not allow me to fall into my usual state so as to be able to chastise freely. However, this morning blessed Jesus came, making me fall into my usual state, and as soon as I saw Him, I said to Him: ‘Ah, Lord, what about yesterday – what did You do? You made your bravado, and besides, without even telling me anything, for at least I would have prayed You to hold back the chastisement in part.’ And He: "My daughter, it was necessary for Me to suspend you, otherwise you would have prevented Me, and I would not have been free. Besides, how many times have I not done what you wanted? Ah, my daughter, it is necessary that scourges pour upon the world, otherwise, in order to spare the bodies, souls will be lost."

Having said this, He disappeared, and I found myself outside of myself without my sweet Jesus. So I went around looking for Him, and in the meantime I saw a Sun in the vault of the heavens, which was different from the sun we see, and, behind it, a multitude of Saints who, in seeing the state of the world, its corruption, and how they make fun of God, all in one voice, cried out: "Revenge of your honor, of your glory! Make use of Justice, for man no longer wants to recognize the rights of his Creator!" But they were speaking in Latin; only, I could comprehend that this was the meaning. On hearing this, I trembled, I felt my blood run cold, and I implored pity and mercy.

**May 8, 1903**

*When man disposes himself to good, he receives good; and if he disposes himself to evil, he receives evil.*

I continue in my most bitter state of privation; at the most, He makes Himself seen taciturn and for short instants. This morning, since the confessor committed himself to making Him come, as I lost consciousness He made Himself seen for a little, and almost by force; and turning to the confessor, with a serious and afflicted aspect, He said to Him: "What do you want?" Father seemed to be confused and was unable to say anything, so I said: ‘Lord, maybe it is that thing about Mass that he wants.’ And the Lord said to him: "Dispose yourself and you will have it. Besides, you have the victim; the closer you remain to her with your thought and with your intention, the stronger and freer you will feel to be able to do what you want.’ Then I said: ‘Lord, how is it that

You are not coming?' And He added: "Do you want to hear something? Hear it." And at that moment many cries of voices from all over the world could be heard saying: "Death to the Pope... destruction of religion... churches torn down... destruction of every dominion... No one must exist above us!" And many other satanic voices, which it seems useless to me to repeat. Then our Lord added: "My daughter, when man disposes himself to good, he receives good; and if he disposes himself to evil, he receives evil. All these voices you hear reach my throne - and not once, but repeated times; and when my Justice sees that man not only wants evil, but he asks for it with repeated petitions, with justice is It forced to concede it, to make them know the evil they wanted. In fact, one can truly know evil only when he finds himself in it. This is the reason why my Justice keeps looking for voids in order to punish man. However, the time of your suspension has not yet come; at the most, a few days for now, so that Justice may press Its hand down on man a little bit, for It can no longer bear the weight of such enormities; and at the same time, so as to make man's forehead, raised too high, lower down.

**May 11, 1903**

*Peace puts passions in their place. The upright intention sanctifies everything.*

As I was in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, who said to me: "Peace puts all passions in their place, but what triumphs over everything, establishes all the good in the soul and sanctifies everything, is to do everything for God - that is, to operate with the upright intention of pleasing God alone.

An upright operating is what directs, dominates and rectifies the virtues themselves, and even obedience. In sum, it is like a conductor who directs the spiritual music of the soul." Having said this, He disappeared like a flash.

**May 20, 1903**

*Luisa offers her life for the Church and for the triumph of the truth.*

As I was in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself with blessed Jesus in my arms, in the midst of many people who, with irons, swords and knives, were trying, some to beat, some to wound, some to cut off the members of Our Lord. But as much as they did and tried, they could cause no harm. On the contrary, their very irons, as sharp and cutting as they were, lost all their activity, and became inoperative. Jesus and I were highly afflicted at seeing the brutality of those inhuman hearts which, though they saw that they could do nothing, would yet repeat the blows in order to succeed in their intent; and if they caused no harm, it was because they were unable to. They became angry because their weapons had become useless and they were unable to carry out their resolute will to do harm to Our Lord; and they said to themselves: "Why are we unable to do anything? What is the cause? It seems that other times we were able to do something, but as we find ourselves in the arms of this one here, we can do nothing. Let us try and see whether we can do harm to her, and

get her out of the way." While they were saying this, Jesus withdrew to my side and gave them freedom to do what they wanted. But before they laid hands on me, I said: "Lord, I offer my life for the Church and for the triumph of the truth - accept, I pray You, my sacrifice.' Then they took a sword and cut my head off. Blessed Jesus accepted my sacrifice, but while they were doing this, in the act of making the sacrifice, to my highest sorrow I found myself inside myself. I thought I had reached the place of my desires, but I remained disappointed.

**June 6, 1903**

*Jesus teaches her how she must behave in the state of abandonment and of sufferings.*

After going through bitter days of privations and of sufferings, this morning I found myself outside of myself with Baby Jesus in my arms. As soon as I saw Him, I said: 'Ah, dear Jesus, how could You leave me alone? At least teach me how I must behave in this state of abandonment and of sufferings.' And He: "My daughter, offer everything you suffer in your arms, in your legs and in your heart together with the sufferings of my members by reciting five Glory be's; and offer it to divine Justice to satisfy for the works, the steps and the bad desires of the hearts which creatures commit continuously. Unite it, then, to my sufferings caused by the thorns and to those of my shoulders, with the recitation of three Glory be's, and offer it for the satisfaction of the three powers of man, which are so disfigured that I can no longer recognize my image in them; and try to keep your will always united to Me and in continuous attitude of loving Me. Let your memory be the bell that rings continuously within you, and reminds you of what I have done and suffered for you, and of how many graces I have given to your soul, so as to thank Me and be grateful to Me, since gratitude is the key that opens the divine treasures. Let your intellect think of nothing, and occupy itself with nothing but God. If you do this, I will find again my image in you, and I will take the satisfaction which I cannot receive from the other creatures. And you must do this continuously, because if the offense is continuous, continuous must be the satisfaction."

Then I added: 'Ah, Lord, how *cattiva* [bad] I have made myself - I have become even greedy.' And He: "My daughter, do not fear, when a soul does everything for Me, everything she takes, even refreshments themselves, I receive as if she were refreshing my suffering body; and those who give them to her I consider as if they were giving them to Me; so much so, that if they did not give them, I would feel pain. But in order for you to remove any doubt, every time they give you some refreshment and you feel the necessity to take it, you will not only do it for me, but will add: 'Lord, I intend to refresh your suffering body within mine.' While saying this, little by little He withdrew into my interior, and I could no longer see Him and talk to Him. I felt such pain, that because of the sorrow I would have torn myself to pieces to be able to find Him again. So I began to tear the part of my interior in which He had enclosed Himself; and so I

found Him, and with highest sorrow I said: 'Ah, Lord, how can You leave me? Are You perhaps not my life, such that without You, not only the soul, but also the body is completely shattered and cannot bear the intensity of the pain of your privation? So much so, that it seems to me that I am going to die right here and now; my only and sole comfort – death.' But as I was saying this, Jesus blessed me and withdrew into my interior again. He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**June 15, 1903**

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

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

**June 16, 1903**

*What renders the soul more dear, more beautiful, more lovable and more intimate with God is her perseverance in operating to please Him alone.*

Continuing in my usual state, I found myself outside of myself, and I saw Baby Jesus with a cup full of bitterness and a stick in His hand; and He said to me: "See my daughter, what a cup of bitterness the world continuously gives Me to drink." And I: 'Lord, share it with me so You won't suffer alone.' So He gave me to drink a little bit of that bitterness; and then, with the stick He had in His hand, He began to pierce the place of my heart through, to the point of making a hole from which a rivulet of that bitterness which I had drunk came out. However, it was changed into sweet milk, and went into the mouth of the Baby, who was all sweetened and refreshed. Then He told me: "My daughter, when I give to the soul the bitterness of tribulations, if the soul conforms to my Will, is grateful to Me, thanks Me for it and offers it to Me as a gift, for her it is bitterness, it is suffering, but for Me it changes into sweetness and refreshment. But what cheers Me the most and gives Me the most pleasure is to see that the soul, whether she operates or suffers, is all intent on pleasing Me alone, with no other end or purpose of recompense. However, what renders the soul more

dear, more beautiful, more lovable, more intimate with the Divine Being, is her perseverance in this way of behaving, which renders her immutable with the immutable God. In fact, if today she does something and tomorrow she doesn't; if one time she has one end and another time another; if today she tries to please God and tomorrow creatures, she is the image of one who today is queen and tomorrow a most miserable servant; today she nourishes herself with delicious foods, tomorrow with filth."

After a little while He disappeared, but a little later He came back, adding: "The sun is there for the benefit of all, but not everyone enjoys its beneficial effects. In the same way, the Divine Sun gives Its light to all, but who enjoys Its beneficial effects? One who keeps his eyes open to the light of truth. All others, even if they are exposed to the Sun, remain in the dark. However, it is one who is all intent on pleasing Me that truly enjoys and receives all the fullness of this Sun."

**June 30, 1903**

*The Most Holy Virgin teaches the soul how to keep her interior gaze fixed on Jesus. The beauty of the interior soul.*

As I was outside of myself, I saw the Queen Mother, and prostrating myself at Her feet, I said to Her: 'My most sweet Mother, in what terrible constraints I find myself - deprived of my only good and of my very life. I feel I am touching the extremes.'

While saying this, I was crying, and the Most Holy Virgin, opening Herself at the place of Her Heart, as if She were opening a tabernacle, took the Baby from within it and gave Him to me, telling me: "My daughter, do not cry - here is your good, your life, your all. Take Him and keep Him always with you; and as you keep Him with you, keep your interior gaze fixed on Him. Do not be embarrassed if He does not tell you anything, or if you are unable to say anything. Just look at Him in your interior, and by looking at Him you will comprehend everything, you will do everything, and you will satisfy for all. This is the beauty of the interior soul: without voice, without education, since there is no external thing that attracts her or upsets her, but all of her attraction, all of her goods are enclosed in her interior, by simply looking at Jesus she easily comprehends everything and does everything. In this way, you will walk up to the top of Calvary; and once we reach it, you will no longer see Him as a Baby, but Crucified, and you will remain crucified together with Him."

So it seemed that, with the Baby in my arms and together with the Most Holy Virgin, we walked the way of Calvary. While walking, at times I would find someone who wanted to take Jesus away from me, and I would call the Queen Mother to my help, saying to Her: 'My Mama, help me, for they want to snatch Jesus away from me.' And She would answer me: "Do not fear, your care must be in keeping your interior gaze fixed on Him. This has so much power, that all other powers, human and diabolical, remain debilitated and defeated." Now, while we were walking, we found a temple in which Holy Mass was being

celebrated. At the time of Holy Communion I flew to the altar with the Baby in my arms in order to receive Communion; but what was not my surprise when, as soon as Jesus Christ entered into me, He disappeared from my arms. Then, after a little while, I found myself inside myself.

**July 3, 1903**

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

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

**August 3, 1903**

*The more the soul strips herself of natural things, the more of supernatural and divine things she acquires.*

As I was in my usual state, my adorable Jesus came for just a little, making me hear His most sweet voice saying: "The more the soul strips herself of natural things, the more of supernatural and divine things she acquires. The more she strips herself of the love of self, the more of the love of God she acquires; the less she tires herself in knowing human sciences, in enjoying the pleasures of life, the more knowledge she acquires of the things of Heaven, of virtue, and the more she will enjoy them, as the bitter ones will convert into sweet. In sum, these are all things that proceed at the same rate, in such a way that, if one feels nothing of the supernatural, if the love of God is extinguished in the soul, if one knows nothing about virtues and the things of Heaven, and finds no pleasure in them, then he knows reason very well."

**October 2, 1903**

*One who is united with Jesus grows in His very life, gives development to the graft He made in Redemption, and adds more branches to the Tree of His Humanity. The interior and the exterior souls.*

As I was in my usual state, all embittered and afflicted, and almost dazed because of the privation of my adorable Jesus, not knowing myself where I was, whether in hell or on earth, I just barely saw Him like a flash that escapes, saying: 'One who is on the path of virtues is in my very life, and one who is on the path of vice is in contradiction with Me.' And He disappeared.

A little later, in another flash, He added: "My Incarnation grafted humanity to the Divinity, and if one tries to remain united with Me with his will, with his works and with his heart, trying to carry out his life according to the standard of Mine, it can be said that he grows in my very life and gives development to the graft made by Me, adding more branches to the Tree of my Humanity. If, on the other hand, he does not unite with Me, in addition to not growing in Me, he gives no development to the graft; but rather, since one who is not with Me cannot have life, with perdition the graft is undone." And He disappeared again.

After this, I found myself outside of myself, inside a garden in which there were several rose bushes, some nicely bloomed, in the right proportion, almost half-closed, and others with petals falling off, to the point that a slight movement was enough to prune them, leaving just the stem of the rose, naked. A young man - I don't know who he was - said to me: "The first roses are the interior souls, who operate in their interior. These souls are symbolized by the rose petals which are turned inwards, adding a distinction of beauty, of freshness and of solidity, with no fear that some petals may fall to the ground. The external petals symbolize the blooming that the interior soul does outwards; receiving life from within her, her works are fragrant with holy charity and, almost like lights, they strike the eyes of God and of her neighbor.

The second rose bushes are the exterior souls; the little good that they do is all external and in the sight of everyone. Since there is no interior blooming, there cannot be the aim for God alone and His love alone; and because this is lacking, the petals - that is, the virtues - cannot be well attached. So, as the light breath of pride comes, it makes the petals fall off; as the breaths of complacency, of love of self, of esteem of others, of contradictions, of mortification come, they just barely touch the rose, and the petals fall down to the ground. So, poor rose, it remains always naked, without petals, with only thorns left, which prick its conscience." After this, I found myself inside myself.

**October 3, 1903**

*Jesus continues His life in the world, not only in the Most Holy Sacrament, but also in the souls who are in His Grace.*

I was thinking about the Hour of the Passion in which Jesus took leave of His Mother to go to His death, and they blessed each other, and I was offering this

Hour to repair for those who do not bless the Lord in everything, but rather, they offend Him, in order to impetrate all the blessings which are necessary for us to preserve ourselves in the grace of God, and to fill the void of the glory of God, as if all creatures were blessing Him. While doing this, I felt Him move in my interior, saying: "My daughter, in the act of blessing my Mother I also intended to bless each creature individually, and all in general, in such a way that everything is blessed by Me: thoughts, words, heartbeats, steps and movements made for Me. Everything - everything has been given value by my blessing. Even more, I tell you that everything good that creatures do, was all done by my Humanity, so that all the works of creatures might first be divinized by Me. Furthermore, my life, real and true, still continues in the world, not only in the Most Holy Sacrament, but in the souls who are in my Grace; and since the capacity of the creature is very limited, and one of them alone is unable to grab everything I did, I act in such a way as to continue my reparation in one soul, praise in another, thanksgiving in another; in some others my zeal for the salvation of souls, in another my sufferings, and so with all the rest. According to how they correspond to Me, I carry out my life within them. Therefore, think of what constraints and pains they put Me into - while I want to operate in them, they do not pay attention to Me." Having said this, He disappeared, and I found myself inside myself.

**October 7, 1903**

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

I had asked the confessor to leave me in the Will of Our Lord, withdrawing the obedience that, whether He wanted or not, I should continue to remain in this state of victim. At first he did not want it, but then he consented, as long as I would assume the responsibility of answering before Jesus Christ for what could happen in the world; and he said that I should think about it first, and then answer him. I wanted to tell him that I did not want to oppose the Divine Will; only, if the Lord wants it, I want it; if He does not want it, I do not want it - so, why this responsibility? And he: "Think about it first, and tomorrow you will answer." So, as I was thinking about it in my interior, He told me: "Justice wants it, Love does not."

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

impetrate, protect humanity, and whether they obtain or do not obtain, they must not cease their work, unless they were assured about it from on high."

**October 12, 1903**

*Meanings of the crowning of thorns.*

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

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

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

Moreover, these thorns signified that I am the true and only King, and only one who constitutes Me King of her heart enjoys peace and happiness, and I constitute her queen of my own Kingdom. So, all those rivulets of blood which poured from my head were many little streams which bound the human intelligence to the knowledge of my sovereignty over them."

But who can say all that I feel in my interior? I do not have the words to express it. Even more, the little I have said, it seems to me I have said without connection; and I believe that it must be so in speaking about the things of God

- as high and sublime as is the way in which one speaks, since He is uncreated and we are created, one cannot speak about God but in stammering.

**October 16, 1903**

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

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

**October 18, 1903**

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

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

**October 24, 1903**

*An image of the Church.*

As I told the confessor about my concerns that my state may not be Will of God, and that, at least as a test, I wanted to try to make an effort to go out of it and see whether I could manage or not, without raising his usual difficulties, the confessor said: "All right, tomorrow you will try." So I was left as if I had been freed of an enormous weight. Now, after he celebrated Holy Mass and I received Communion, I saw my adorable Jesus in my interior for just a little,

His gaze fixed on me, His hands joined, in the act of asking for pity and help. At that moment I found myself outside of myself, inside a room in which there was a lady, majestic and venerable, but gravely infirm. She was inside a bed with a headboard so high as to almost touch the vault, and I was forced to stay over this headboard, in the arms of a priest, in order to keep it still and to look at the poor ill one. While in this position, I saw a few religious surrounding and offering their cares to the patient, and saying among themselves with intense bitterness: "She is ill, she is ill - it would take nothing more than a little shake." And I was taking care of keeping the headboard of the bed still, for fear that, if the bed moved, she might die.

But seeing that things were dragging on, and almost getting annoyed by that idleness, I said to the one who was holding me: 'For pity's sake, let me get down; I am doing nothing good, nor am I helping anyone - why stay here, so useless? If I get down, at least I can serve her, help her.' And he: "Did you not hear that even a little shake could make her get worse and cause most sad things to happen to her? If you get down, since there is no one to keep the bed still, she may even die." And I: 'But how can it be possible that, by just doing this, this good can come to her? I don't believe it - for pity's sake, let me get down.' So, after I repeated these words several times, he put me down on the floor, and by myself, with no one holding me, I drew near the ill one, and to my surprise and sorrow I saw that the bed was moving. At those movements, her face went blue, she trembled and emitted a death rattle. Those few religious were crying and saying: "There is no more time, she is in the extreme moments now." Then some enemies entered - soldiers and captains - to beat the ill one; but, dying as she was, that lady got up with intrepidity and majesty to be wounded and beaten. On seeing this, I trembled like a reed, and I said to myself: 'I have been the cause of this, I myself have given the push for so much evil to happen.' And I understood that that lady represented the Church, infirm in Her members, with many other meanings which it seems useless to me to explain, because they can be comprehended by reading what I have written. Then I found myself inside myself, and Jesus told me in my interior: "If I suspend you forever, the enemies will begin to make my Church shed blood." And I: 'Lord, it is not that I do not want to stay - Heavens forbid that I move away from your Will even for the blink of an eye; only, if You want me to, I will stay, if You don't want me to, I will get out.' And He: "My daughter, as soon as the confessor released you by telling you, 'All right, tomorrow you will try', the bond of victim was also released, because only the frieze of obedience is what constitutes the victim, and I would never accept her as such without this frieze, even at the cost of making a miracle of my omnipotence, if necessary, to give light to the one who directs you so that he would give this obedience. I suffered, and suffered voluntarily, but what constituted Me as victim was the obedience to my dear Father, who wanted to adorn all of my works, from the greatest to the littlest, with the honorary frieze of obedience." Then, finding

myself inside myself, I felt a fear to try to go out; but then, I snapped out of it saying: 'The one who gave me this obedience should have thought about this; and besides, if the Lord wants me, I am ready.'

**October 25, 1903**

*The soul in Grace enamors God.*

As the hour for my usual state came, I was thinking to myself that if the Lord would not come I should try to make an effort [to go out of it], also to see whether at least I could manage to. At first I could manage, but then my adorable Jesus came and showed me that when I would think of remaining in it, He would draw near me and bind me to Himself, in such a way that I would not be able to go out; when, on the other hand, I would think of going out of it, He would move away and leave me free, in such a way that I could do it. So I could not make up my mind, and I said to myself: 'How I wish I could see the confessor so as to ask him what I should do.' Then, a little later, I saw the confessor together with Our Lord, and immediately I said: 'Tell me, should I stay - yes or no?' While saying this, I saw in the interior of the confessor that he had withdrawn the obedience he had given me the day before, and so I decided to stay, thinking to myself that if it was true that he had withdrawn the obedience, fine; if then it was my fantasy that made me see it, while it could be false, when the confessor would come things would be taken care of, and I could try another day. So I calmed down.

Then, continuing to make Himself seen, blessed Jesus told me: "My daughter, the beauty of the soul in Grace is so great as to enamor God Himself. The Angels and the Saints are amazed at seeing this prodigious portent of a soul, still terrestrial, possessed by Grace. At the fragrance of her celestial odor, they run around her, and to their highest pleasure they find in her that same Jesus who beatifies them in Heaven, in such a way that it is indifferent for them to be up in Heaven or down near this soul. But who maintains and preserves this portent, giving new shades of beauty, continuously, to the soul who lives in my Will? Who removes any rust and imperfection from her, and administers to her the knowledge of the object she possesses? My Will. Who strengthens her, establishes her and confirms her in Grace? My Will. The living in my Will is the whole point of Sanctity, and gives continuous growth in Grace. However, one who one day does my Will, and another her own, will never be confirmed in Grace; she does nothing but grow and then decrease - and how much evil this brings to the soul! Of how much glory she deprives God and herself! She is the image of one who today is rich and tomorrow poor; she will be confirmed neither in richness nor in poverty, therefore one cannot know where she will end up." Having said this, He disappeared. After a little while, the confessor came, and as I told him what I have written, he assured me that he had truly withdrawn the obedience he had given me.

To obey the confessor, I continue to tell the other meanings I understood on the 24<sup>th</sup> of this month. So, the lady represented the Church, who is infirm, not in Herself, but in Her members; but even though She is laid low and insulted by enemies, and rendered infirm in Her very members, She never loses Her majesty and venerability. As for the bed She was in, I understood that while the Church seems oppressed, infirm, opposed, She yet rests with a perpetual and eternal rest, and with peace and safety in the paternal bosom of God, like a child on the lap of her mother. I understood that the headboard of the bed that touched the vault was the divine protection that always assists the Church, and that everything She contains has all come from Heaven: Sacraments, doctrine and other things - everything is celestial, holy and pure, in such a way that between Heaven and the Church there is continuous communication, never interrupted. As for the few religious who offered care and assistance to the lady, I understood that few are those who defend the Church with all of themselves - considering the evils She receives as though given to themselves. The room in which She resided, made of stone, represented the solidity, the firmness, and even the hardness of the Church in surrendering to no one the rights that belong to Her. The dying lady who, with intrepidity and courage, allows herself to be beaten by the enemies, represented the Church which, while She seems to be dying, rises again more intrepid - but how? Through sufferings and shedding of blood - the true spirit of the Church, always ready for mortification, as Jesus Christ was.

**October 27, 1903**

*The divine way of operating is only love for the Father and for men.*

As I was in my usual state, I saw my adorable Jesus for just a little, saying to me: "My daughter, to accept mortifications and sufferings as penance and as chastisement is praiseworthy, it is good, but it has no connection with the divine way of operating. In fact, I did much, I suffered much, but the way I had in all this was only love for the Father and for men. So, it shows immediately whether a creature has the way of operating and suffering in a divine manner - if it is love alone that pushes her to do it and to suffer. If she has other ways, good as they may be, they are always the ways of creatures, and therefore she will find in them the merit that a creature can acquire, not the merit that the Creator can acquire, because there is no union of ways. But if she has my way, the fire of love will destroy any disparity and inequality, and will form one single thing between my work and that of the creature."

**October 29, 1903**

*When the soul has the character of the purpose of Creation impressed within herself, Jesus repays her with part of the celestial happiness.*

This morning my adorable Jesus made Himself seen in my interior as if He had incarnated Himself in my very person; and looking at me, He said: "My

daughter, when I see the character of the purpose of Creation impressed in the soul, feeling satisfied with her because I see so well accomplished the work created by Me, I feel a duty - or rather, not a duty", He immediately added, "because in Me there are no duties, but my duty is a more intense love to repay her, advancing for her part of the celestial happiness - that is, manifesting to her intellect the knowledge of the Divinity; attracting her with the food of eternal truths; amusing her sight with my beauty, making the sweetness of my voice resound to her hearing; to her mouth, my kisses; to her heart, my embraces and all my tendernesses. And this corresponds to the purpose for which I created her, which is: to know Me, to love Me, to serve Me." And He disappeared. So, finding myself outside of myself, I saw the confessor and I told him what blessed Jesus had told me. I asked him whether it was according to the truth, and he said to me: "Yes." Not only this, but he added that the divine speaking could be recognized well, because when God speaks and the soul relates it, one who listens not only sees the truths of the words, but feels a movement in his interior, which only the Divine Spirit possesses.

**October 30, 1903**

*Teachings about peace.*

This morning, since my adorable Jesus was not coming, I was thinking in my interior: 'Who knows whether it is true that it was our Lord who was coming, or rather, it was the enemy to deceive me. How could Jesus Christ leave me in such an ugly way, without pity?' Now, while I was thinking of this, He made Himself seen for a few instants, and raising His right hand, pressing His thumb on my mouth, told me: "Be quiet, be quiet. And besides, would it be nice if someone who has seen the sun, only because he does not see it, says that what he had seen was not sun? Would it not be more true and reasonable if he said that the sun has hidden?" And He disappeared.

I could not see Him, but I felt that with His hands He was retouching me all over, and rubbing my mouth, my mind, etc.; and He made me all shining. Since I could not see Him, my mind continued to raise doubts, and He, making Himself seen again, added: "You still don't want to stop it? You want to make my work in you disappear, because by doubting, you are not at peace, and since I am the fount of peace, as the one who guides you does not see you at peace, you will cause him to doubt that it is not the King of Peace who dwells in you. Ah, you do not want to be attentive! It is true that I Myself do everything in the soul, in such a way that without Me she would do nothing, but it is also true that I always leave a thread of will to the soul, so that she too may be able to say: 'I do everything of my own will.' So, by being restless, you break this thread of union with Me, and you bind my arms, in such a way that I am unable to operate in you, waiting for you to put yourself at peace again in order to take the thread of your will again and continue my work."