

With her Sufferings, Luisa Frees Souls from Purgatory

III. The Final Purification, or Purgatory (CCC)

1030 All who die in God's grace and friendship, but still imperfectly purified, are indeed assured of their eternal salvation; but after death they undergo purification, so as to achieve the holiness necessary to enter the joy of heaven.

1031 The Church gives the name Purgatory to this final purification of the elect, which is entirely different from the punishment of the damned.⁶⁰⁶ The Church formulated her doctrine of faith on Purgatory especially at the Councils of Florence and Trent. The tradition of the Church, by reference to certain texts of Scripture, speaks of a cleansing fire:⁶⁰⁷

*As for certain lesser faults, we must believe that, before the Final Judgment, there is a purifying fire. He who is truth says that whoever utters blasphemy against the Holy Spirit will be pardoned neither in this age nor in the age to come. From this sentence we understand that certain offenses can be forgiven in this age, but certain others in the age to come.*⁶⁰⁸

1032 This teaching is also based on the practice of prayer for the dead, already mentioned in Sacred Scripture: "Therefore [Judas Maccabeus] made atonement for the dead, that they might be delivered from their sin."⁶⁰⁹ From the beginning the Church has honored the memory of the dead and offered prayers in suffrage for them, above all the Eucharistic sacrifice, so that, thus purified, they may attain the beatific vision of God.⁶¹⁰ The Church also commends almsgiving, indulgences, and works of penance undertaken on behalf of the dead: Let us help and commemorate them. If Job's sons were purified by their father's sacrifice, why would we doubt that our offerings for the dead bring them some consolation? Let us not hesitate to help those who have died and to offer our prayers for them.⁶¹¹

From the Book of Heaven

V1 – Sept. 14, 1899 - 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.

V3 – Nov. 28, 1899 - *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."

V7 – May 9, 1907 - Now, since I do not remember everything distinctly, I will tell of the past, all together and confusedly, starting from where I left when I was praying that He would take my mother to Paradise without her touching Purgatory. Then, on March 19, the day dedicated to Saint Joseph, in the morning, while I was in my usual state, my mother passed from this life into the sphere of eternity; and blessed Jesus, allowing me to see her as He was taking her, told me: "My daughter, the Creator takes his creature."

At that moment, I felt I was being invested, inside and out, with a fire so alive that I felt my bowels, my stomach and all the rest burning; and if I would have something, it would convert into fire, and I would be forced to bring it up immediately after I had swallowed it. This fire consumed me and kept me alive. Oh, how I understood the devouring fire of Purgatory which, while consuming the soul, gives her life! The fire does the office of food, of water, of death and of life; but I was happy in that state. However, since I had only seen that Jesus had taken her, but He had not showed me where He had taken her, my happiness was not full, and from my very sufferings I would draw concern, since those would be the sufferings of my mother if she was in Purgatory. And seeing blessed Jesus, who in these days has almost never left me, I would cry and say to Him: 'My sweet love, tell me – where did You take her? I am content that You have taken her away from us, because You keep her with Yourself; but if You do not have her with Yourself, this I do not tolerate, and I will cry so much until You content me.' And He seemed to

enjoy my crying; He would embrace me, He would sustain me, He would dry my tears, and would say to me: "My daughter, do not fear, calm yourself; and once you have calmed yourself I will let you see her, and you will be very pleased. Besides, you can have the certainty that I have contented you from the fire that you feel."

But I would continue to cry, especially when I would see Him, since I felt in my interior that something was still lacking to the beatitude of my mother; so much so, that the people who surrounded me, who had come because of the death of my mother, in seeing me cry so much, thinking that I was crying because of the death of my mother, were almost scandalized, thinking that I had moved away from the Divine Will, when, more than ever, I was swimming in this sphere of the Divine Will. But I do not appeal to any human tribunal, because it is false – only to the divine, which is full of truth. And good Jesus was not condemning me; on the contrary, He would compassionate me, and in order to sustain me, He would come more often, almost giving me a reason to cry more, because if He would not come, with whom was I to cry to impetrate what I wanted? The people were right because they judged from the outside; and then, after all, since I am so very cattiva [bad], it is no wonder that the others would be scandalized by me.

Then, after quite a few days, as good Jesus came, He told me: "My daughter, be consoled, for I want to tell you and show you where your mother is. Since before and after she passed away, you have suffered continuously that which I earned, did and endured for her good in the course of My life, she partakes in what I did and enjoys My Humanity. Only the Divinity is concealed from her, but It will shortly be unveiled to her as well, and the fire you feel, and your prayers, have served to exempt her from any other pain of senses, which all must have, because My justice, receiving satisfaction from you, could not take it from both." At that moment, I seemed to see my mother within an immensity which had no boundaries, and in it there were many delights and joys - for as many words, thoughts, sighs, works, sufferings, heartbeats...; in sum, for everything that the Most Holy Humanity of Jesus Christ contained. I understood that It is a second Paradise for the Blessed, and in order to enter the Paradise of the Divinity, all must pass through this Paradise of the Humanity of Christ. Therefore, the fact of having touched no other purgatory had been a most singular privilege for my mother, reserved for very few. However, I understood that even though she was not amid torments, but rather, amid delights, her happiness was not perfect, but almost halved.