

The Divine Will

The seven Sacraments Nourishment for the Church



At the beginning of this new pastoral year, I thought I should offer to all a reflection on the seven sacraments, as they are described to the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta in her diaries. The seven sacraments - **highest gifts of God to His Church** - are the nourishment of the holy people of God, but they are often not welcomed with dignity they are due and sometimes they are even violated.

It is the cry of our Lord Jesus Christ, who tells us how these gifts sublime are often not fully understood, offending the immense love that made them.

We must give proper place and respect to the voice of the Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta, by not adding our words that would limit our understanding of her.

To facilitate the reading and reflection, each sacrament we added these titles.

November 5, 1925

I was fusing myself in the Holy Divine Volition according to my usual way; and while I was trying, as much as I could, to requite my Jesus with my little love for all that He has done in Redemption, my lovable and sweet Love, Jesus, moving in my interior, told me: “My daughter, with your flight in my Will, reach all the Sacraments instituted by Me; descend into the depths of them, to give Me your little requital of love. Oh! how many of my secret tears you will find, how many bitter sighs, how many suffocated moans of the Holy Spirit. His moaning is continuous, before the many disillusionings of Our love.

The Sacraments were instituted in order to continue my Life on earth in the midst of my children. But, alas!, how many sorrows. This is why I feel the necessity of your little love. It may be small, but my Will will make it great. My love does not tolerate for one who must live in my Will not to associate herself with my sorrows, and not to give Me her little requital of love for all that I have done and that I suffer. Therefore, my daughter, see how my love moans in the Sacraments.

BAPTISM

If I see a newborn being baptized, I cry with sorrow, because, while through Baptism I restore his innocence, I find my child again, I give back to him the rights over Creation which he had lost, I smile at him with love and satisfaction, I make the enemy flee from him, that he may no longer have any right over him, I entrust him to the Angels, and all of Heaven makes feast for him - soon my smile turns into sorrow, the feast into mourning. I see that the one who is baptized will be an enemy of mine, a new Adam, and maybe even a lost soul. Oh! how my love moans in each Baptism; especially, then, if one



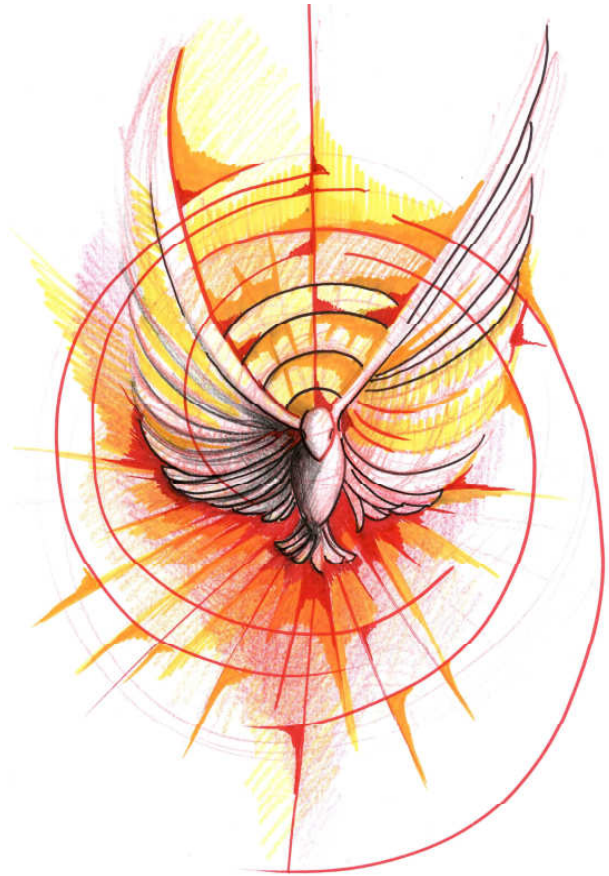
adds that the minister who is baptizing does not do it with that respect, dignity and decorum which befit a Sacrament that contains the new regeneration.

Ah! many times they pay more attention to a bagatelle, to whatever show, than to administering a Sacrament. So, my love feels itself being pricked by the baptizer and by the one who is baptized, and it moans with unutterable moans. Would you not want, then, to give Me a requital of love, a loving moan, for each Baptism, so as to keep company with my sorrowful moans?

CONFIRMATION

Move on to the Sacrament of Confirmation. Ah! how many bitter sighs. While, through Confirmation, I restore his courage, I give back to him the lost strengths, rendering him invincible to all enemies and to his passions, and he is admitted to the ranks of the militia of his Creator, that he may fight for the acquisition of the Celestial Fatherland, and the Holy Spirit gives him His loving kiss again, lavishes a thousand caresses on him, and offers Himself as the companion of his career - yet, many times He feels Himself being requited with the kiss of a traitor, His caresses being despised, His company

shunned. How many moans, how many sighs for his return, how many secret voices to the heart, for the one who shuns Him - to the point of tiring Himself from speaking.



But - no, it is in vain. Therefore, do you not want to give your requital of love, your loving kiss, your company to the Holy Spirit, who moans because of so much neglect?

CONFESSION

But, do not stop, keep flying, and you will hear the anguishing moans of the Holy Spirit in the Sacrament of Penance. How much ingratitude, how

many abuses and profanations, on the part of those who administer it and on the part of those who receive it.

In this Sacrament, my Blood places Itself in act over the contrite sinner, in order to descend upon his soul, to wash him, embellish him, heal him and strengthen him, to give back to him the lost grace, to place in his hands the keys of Heaven, which sin had snatched away from him; to impress on his forehead the peacemaking kiss of forgiveness.



But, ah! how many harrowing moans, in seeing souls approaching this Sacrament of Penance without sorrow, out of habit, almost as a vent of the human

heart. Others – horrible to be said – instead of going to find the life of their souls, of grace, go to find death, to pour out their passions.

So, the Sacrament is reduced to a mockery, to a nice chat; and my Blood, instead of descending as a bath, descends as fire, which withers them even more. And so, in each Confession, Our love cries inconsolably and, sobbing, repeats: ‘Human ingratitude, how great you are. Everywhere you try to offend Me; and while I offer you life, you turn the very life I offer you into death.’ See, then, how Our moans await your requital of love in the Sacrament of Penance.

THE EUCHARIST

Do not let your love stop; go through all the Tabernacles, through each Sacramental Host, and in each Host you will hear the Holy Spirit moan with unutterable sorrow.

The Sacrament of the Eucharist is not only their own life that souls receive, but is my very Life that gives Itself to them. So, the fruit of this Sacrament is to form my Life in them, and each Communion serves to make my Life grow, to develop It, in such a way that



one may be able to say: ‘I am another Christ’.

But, alas!, how few take advantage of it. Even more, how many times I descend into hearts and they make Me find the weapons to wound Me, and repeat for Me the tragedy of my Passion. And as the sacramental species are consumed, instead of pressing Me to stay with them, I am forced to leave bathed with tears, crying over my sacramental lot; and I find no one who calms my crying and my sorrowful moans. If you could break those veils

of the Host, which cover Me, you would find Me bathed with crying, knowing the lot that awaits Me in descending into hearts. Therefore, let your requital of love for each Host be continuous, in order to calm my crying, and to render less sorrowful the moans of the Holy Spirit.

HOLY ORDERS

Do not stop, otherwise We will not find you always together with Us in Our moans and in Our secret tears; We will feel the void of your requital of love. Descend into the Sacrament

of Ordination. Here, yes, you will find Our most intimate hidden sorrows, the most bitter tears, the most harrowing moans.

The Ordination constitutes man to a supreme height, to a divine character – **the repeater of my Life, the administer of the Sacraments, the revealer of my secrets, of my Gospel, of the most sacred science; the peacemaker between Heaven and earth, the bearer of Jesus to souls.**

But, alas!, how many times We see, in the ordained one, how he will be a Judas for Us, a usurper of the character which is being impressed in him.

Oh! how the Holy Spirit moans in seeing, in the ordained one, the most sa-



cred things, the greatest character which exists between Heaven and earth, being snatched away from Him. How many profanations! Each act of this ordained one, not done according to the character impressed, will be a cry of sorrow, a bitter crying, a harrowing moan. **The Ordination is the Sacrament which encloses all other Sacraments together.** Therefore, if the ordained one is able to preserve whole within himself the character he has received, he will almost place all other Sacraments in safety, he will be the defender and the savior of Jesus Himself. But, not seeing this in the ordained one, Our sorrows are sharpened more, Our moans become more continuous and sorrowful. Therefore, let your requital of love flow in each priestly act, to keep company with the moaning love of the Holy Spirit.

MARRIAGE

Lend Us the ear of your heart and listen to Our profound moans in the Sacrament of Marriage. How many disorders in it! Marriage was elevated by Me to a Sacrament, in order to place in it a sacred bond, the symbol of the Sacrosanct Trinity, the divine love which It encloses. So, the love which was to

reign in the father, mother and children, the concord, the peace, was to symbolize the Celestial Family. I was to have on earth as many other families similar to the Family of the Creator, destined to populate the earth like as many terrestrial angels, to then bring them back to populate the celestial regions. But, ah! how many moans in seeing families of sin being formed in



the Marriage, which symbolize hell, with discord, with lack of love, with hatred, and which populate the earth like many rebellious angels, who will serve to populate hell. The Holy Spirit moans with harrowing moans in each Marriage, in seeing so many infernal dens being formed on earth. Therefore, place your requital of love in each Marriage, in each creature which comes to the light; in this way, your loving moan will render less sorrowful Our continuous moans.

THE ANOINTING OF THE SICK

Our moans are not yet finished; therefore, let your requital of love reach the bed of the dying one when the Sacrament of the Extreme Unction is administered. But, ah! how many moans, how many of Our secret tears! This Sacrament has the virtue of placing the dying sinner in safety at any cost; it is the confirmation of sanctity for the

good and the holy; it is the last bond which it establishes, through its Unction, between the creature and God; it is the seal of Heaven which it impresses in the redeemed soul; it is the infusion of the merits of the Re-

deemer, in order to enrich her, purify her and embellish her; **it is the final brush stroke which the Holy Spirit gives her in order to dispose her to depart from the earth, so as to make her appear before her Creator.**

In sum, the Extreme Unction is the final display of Our love, and the final clothing of the soul; it is the rearranging of all the good works; therefore, it acts in a surprising way in those who are alive to grace. With the Extreme Unction, the soul is as though covered

by a celestial dew, which extinguishes, as though in one breath, her passions, her attachment to the earth and to all that does not belong to Heaven.

But, alas!, how many moans, how many bitter tears, how many indispositions, how many negligences.

How many losses of souls; how few the sanctities it finds to be confirmed; how scarce the good works to be reordered and rearranged. Oh! if all could hear Our moans, Our crying, over the bed of the dying one, in the act of administering the Sacrament of the Extreme Unction - all would cry with sorrow.

Do you not want, then, to give Us your requital of love for each time this Sacrament is administered, which is the final display of Our love toward the creature? Our Will awaits you everywhere, to have your requital of love and your company with Our moans and sighs.”



From reading these passages we can reflect on some elements:

the sublimity of grace that the Lord gives to those who receive the sacraments, the exhortation to administer them worthily to be fulfilled because acts of God, and the proper dispositions for those who receive them.

We can clearly see the affliction of Christ's heart to see that His gifts, so widely distributed to the Church, are poorly understood and often desecrated.

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