

100 Years Ago Today: April 1916



April 1, 1916

One who really loves Jesus and does His Will, forms one single heartbeat with Him. However, in order to achieve this, perfect stripping is needed.

This morning my sweet Jesus made Himself seen in my heart, and His heartbeat was beating in mine. I looked at Him, and He told me: "My daughter, for the one who really loves Me and does my Will in everything, her heartbeat and Mine become one. So I call them my heartbeats, and I want them as such, around and even inside the heartbeat of my Heart - all intent to console Me, and sweeten all my sorrowful heartbeats. Her heartbeat in Mine will form a sweet harmony, which will repeat for Me all my Life, and will speak to Me of souls, forcing Me to save them.

But, my daughter, what stripping is required to be the echo of my heartbeat! It must be a life more of Heaven than of earth - more Divine than human! Even one shadow, one tiny thing is sufficient to prevent the soul from feeling the strength, the harmonies, the sanctity of my Heartbeat; so she is not the echo of my Heartbeat, she does not harmonize together with Me, and I am forced to remain alone in my sorrow and in my joys. And I receive these sorrows from souls who - ...who knows how much they had promised Me. But when it came to the decisions, I was left disappointed by their promises."

April 15, 1916

Jesus is the Word which multiplies in every act of all creatures, together with the one who lives in His Volition.

I was dying because of the continuous privations of my sweet Jesus. This morning I found myself completely in Jesus, as if I were swimming in the immensity of my Highest Good. Then, I looked inside myself and I saw Jesus in

me. I could hear the whole Being of Jesus speaking: His feet, His hands, His Heart, His mouth - in sum, everything. Not only were they voices, but the wonder is that these voices became immense, multiplying themselves for every creature. The feet of Jesus spoke to the feet and to each step of the creatures; His hands to their works; His eyes to their glances; His thoughts to each one of their thoughts... What harmonies between Creator and creatures! What an enchanting sight! What love! But - alas, all these harmonies were broken by ingratitudes and sins. Love was repaid with offenses. And Jesus, all afflicted, told me: "My daughter, I am the Word, and my Love toward the creature is so great that I multiply Myself into as many voices for as many acts, thoughts, affections, desires, etc. as each creature does, in order to receive from them the return of those acts done for love of Me. I give love and I want love, but I receive offenses instead. I give life, but if they could, they would give Me death. But in spite of all this, I continue my loving office.

However, know that the soul who lives united with Me and from my Volition, swimming in my immensity, becomes one voice together with Me. Therefore, if she walks, her steps speak, pursuing the sinner; her thoughts are voices to the minds; and so on with everything else. Only from these souls do I find my reward, beginning with the work of Creation. And in seeing that, unable to do anything by themselves to correspond to my Love and maintain the harmonies between Myself and them, they enter into my Will, taking ownership and acting in a Divine manner - my Love finds its outpouring and I love them more than all other creatures."

April 21, 1916

The privation of Jesus which Luisa suffers. The sins of the world have surrounded the Most Holy Humanity of Jesus with thorns, preventing Him from pouring His grace upon creatures.

I continue my most bitter days. I fear that someday Jesus may not even come in passing, and in my pain I keep repeating: 'Jesus, don't do this to me. If You don't want to speak - so be it; if You don't want to give me the gift of your charisms - FIAT! But not coming at all - not this! You know that it would cost me my life, and that my very nature, left without You until evening, would melt.' As I was saying this, blessed Jesus, increasing my bitterness, made Himself seen telling me: "Know that if I do not come to pour Myself out with you for a little while, it is because the world is receiving the last blow of destruction and all sorts of scourges."

What fright! I remained terrified and petrified for the pain. So I continued to pray, saying: 'My Jesus, for every moment of your privation I ask You that a new Life of Yours be created within the souls. You must give me this grace. Only on this condition do I accept your privation. I don't deprive myself of a trifle - but of You, immense, infinite, eternal Good. The cost is immense; therefore, let's come to a deal.' Jesus stretched His arms around my neck, as if He were accepting. And looking at Him - ah, what a painful sight! Not only His head, but all His Most Holy Humanity was surrounded by thorns, to the extent that I was pricked in hugging Him, but I wanted to enter into Jesus at any cost. And He, all goodness, broke that garment of thorns at the point of His Heart, and placed me inside. I could see the Divinity of Jesus, and although His Divinity was one with His Humanity, while His Humanity was tortured, His Divinity remained untouched.

Jesus told me: "My daughter, have you seen what a painful garment creatures made for Me, and how these thorns have penetrated into my Humanity? These thorns have closed the door to the Divinity, having surrounded all my Humanity, only from which could my Divinity come out for the good of creatures. Now it is necessary that I remove part of these thorns, and that I pour them on the creatures so that, as the Light of my Divinity flows from these thorns, I may save their souls. Therefore, it is necessary that the earth be invested by chastisements, earthquakes, famines, wars, etc., in order to break this garment of thorns that creatures made for Me. In this way, as the Light of the Divinity penetrates into their souls, I will be able to disillusion them, and to make better times arise."

April 23, 1916

Every thought on the Passion of Jesus is a light drawn from His Most Holy Humanity in order to be like Him.

Continuing in my usual state, my adorable Jesus made Himself seen all surrounded with Light, which came out from His Most Holy Humanity, and which embellished Him in such a way as to form an enchanting and enrapturing sight. I remained surprised, and He told me: "My daughter, each pain that I suffered, every drop of Blood, every wound, prayer, word, action, step, etc., produced a Light within my Humanity, to embellish Me in such a way as to keep all the Blessed enraptured. Now, for every thought that the creature has about my Passion, for every act of compassion, reparation, etc., she does nothing other than draw Light from my Humanity, and be embellished to my likeness.

Therefore, every additional thought about my Passion will be an additional Light which will bring her eternal joy."