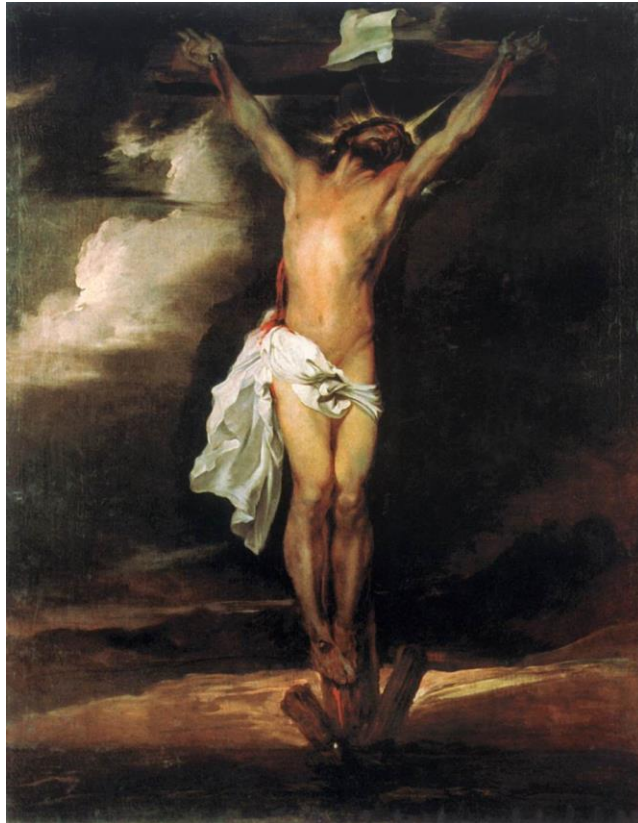


Blood-Offering of Jesus Christ and Blood of Sacrifice of Victim Souls

April 22, 2016



Christ's death is the unique and definitive sacrifice (CCC)

613 *Christ's death is both the Paschal sacrifice that accomplishes the definitive redemption of men, through "the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world,"⁴³⁹ and the sacrifice of the New Covenant, which restores man to communion with God by reconciling him to God through the "blood of the covenant, which was poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins."⁴⁴⁰*

614 *This sacrifice of Christ is unique; it completes and surpasses all other sacrifices.⁴⁴¹ First, it is a gift from God the Father himself, for the Father handed his Son over to sinners in order to reconcile us with himself. At the same time it is the offering of the Son of God made man, who in freedom and love offered his life to his Father through the Holy Spirit in reparation for our disobedience.⁴⁴²*

Hebrews 7:27

[26] For it was fitting that we should have such a high priest, holy, innocent, undefiled, separated from sinners, and made higher than the heavens; [27] Who needeth not daily (as the other priests) to offer sacrifices first for his own sins, and then for the people' s: for this he did once, in offering himself. [28] For the law maketh men priests, who have infirmity: but the word of the oath, which was since the law, the Son who is perfected for evermore.

From the Seventh Hour of the Twenty-Four Hours of the Passion of Jesus Christ

Delirious Jesus, each one of your moans and sighs is a wound to my heart, which gives me no peace. So I make your Blood, your Will, your ardent zeal, your Love, my own, and wandering around Heaven and earth, I want to go through all souls, to give them your Blood as a pledge for their salvation, and bring them to You, to calm your restlessness, your delirium, and to sweeten the bitternesses of your agony. And while I do this, You, accompany me with your gaze.

My Mama, I come to You, because Jesus wants souls – He wants comfort. Therefore, give me your maternal hand, and let us go around together, throughout the whole world, searching for souls. Let us enclose in His Blood the affections, the desires, the thoughts, the works, the steps of all creatures, and let us throw the flames of His Heart into their souls, that they may surrender, and so, enclosed in His Blood and transformed within His flames, we will bring them around Jesus, to soothe the pains of His most bitter agony.

My guardian Angel, precede us; go and dispose the souls who must receive this Blood, so that not one drop may remain without its abundant effect. My Mama, hurry, let us go around! I see the gaze of Jesus that follows us; I hear His repeated sobs, pushing us to hasten our task.

And here we are, Mama, at the first steps, already at the door of the houses where the sick are lying. How many tormented limbs; how many, in the atrocity of the spasms, burst into blasphemies and try to take their own lives away. Others are abandoned by all, and have no one who would offer them a word of comfort, the most necessary aids, and so they swear and despair even more. Ah, Mama, I hear the sobs of Jesus, who sees, repaid with offenses, the most dear predilections of love, which make the souls suffer in order to render them similar to Him. O please, let us give them His Blood, that It may administer to them the necessary aids, and with Its light, It may make them understand the good which is in suffering and the likeness to Jesus they acquire. And You, my Mama, place Yourself near them, and as affectionate mother, touch their suffering limbs with your maternal hands; soothe their pains; take them in your arms, and pour from your Heart torrents of graces over all of their pains. Keep

company with the abandoned; console the afflicted. For those who lack the necessary means, dispose generous souls to help them; for those who find themselves under the atrocity of the spasms, impetrate respite and rest, so that, relieved, they may bear with more patience whatever Jesus disposes for them.

Let us continue to go around, and let us enter into the rooms of the dying. My Mama what terror! How many souls are about to fall into hell! How many, after a life of sin, want to give the last sorrow to that Heart, repeatedly pierced, by crowning their last breath with an act of desperation. Many demons are around them, striking into their hearts terror and fright of the divine judgments, and therefore wage against them the final assault, to lead them to hell. They would want to unleash the infernal flames in order to enwrap them, and therefore prevent the rising of hope. Others, entangled by the bonds of the earth, are unable to resign themselves to take the last step. Please, O Mama, the moments are extreme, they need much help. Don't You see how they tremble, how they wriggle about in the midst of the spasms of agony, how they ask for help and for pity? The earth has already disappeared for them! Holy Mama, place your maternal hand upon their ice-cold forehead; receive their last breaths. Let us give the Blood of Jesus to each of the dying, so that, putting the demons to flight, It may dispose them all to receive the last Sacraments, and to a good and holy death.

For comfort, let us give them the agonies of Jesus, His kisses, His tears, His wounds. Let us tear the laces which keep them entangled; let us make everyone hear the word of forgiveness, and let us place such confidence in their heart, as to make them fling themselves into the arms of Jesus. When Jesus will judge them, He will find them covered with His own Blood, abandoned in His arms, and so He will give His forgiveness to all.

Let us continue to go around, O Mama. Let your maternal gaze look with love to the earth, and be moved to compassion for many poor creatures who need this Blood. My Mama, I feel pushed to run by the searching gaze of Jesus, because He wants souls. I hear His moans in the depth of my heart, repeating to me: "My child, help Me, give Me souls!"

But see, O Mama, how the earth is filled with souls who are about to fall into sin, and Jesus bursts into crying in seeing His Blood suffer new profanations. It would take a miracle to prevent their fall; therefore, let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that they may find in It the strength and the grace not to fall into sin.

One more step, O Mama, and here are the souls already fallen into guilt, who would like a hand in order to stand up again. Jesus loves them, but He looks at them with horror, because they are covered with mud, and His agony becomes more intense. Let

us give them the Blood of Jesus, that they may find the hand which raises them up again. See O Mama, these are souls who need this Blood – souls who are dead to grace. Oh, how deplorable is their state! Heaven looks at them and cries with sorrow; the earth fixes on them with disgust; all the elements are against them and would want to destroy them, because they are enemies of the Creator. Please, O Mama, the Blood of Jesus contains life, so let us give It to them, so that, at Its touch, these souls may rise again - and may rise again more beautiful, so as to make all Heaven and all earth smile.

Let us continue to wander, O Mama. See, there are souls who carry the mark of perdition; souls who sin and run away from Jesus; who offend Him and despair of His forgiveness. These are the new Judases, spread throughout the earth, who pierce that Heart, so embittered. Let us give them the Blood of Jesus, that It may erase from them the mark of perdition, and impress that of salvation. May It place in their hearts such confidence and love after sin, as to make them run to the feet of Jesus, and cling to those divine feet, never to detach again.

See, O Mama, there are souls who are hurling themselves toward perdition, and there is no one to arrest their race. O please, let us place this Blood before their feet, so that, at Its touch, at Its light, and at Its supplicating voices which want to save them, they may draw back and place themselves on the path of salvation!

Let us continue to go around, O Mama. See, there are good souls, innocent souls, in whom Jesus finds His delights and His rest in creation. But creatures are around them with many snares and scandals, to snatch this innocence away, and to turn the delights and rest of Jesus into crying and bitternesses, as if they had no other aim than to cause continuous sorrows to that Divine Heart. So, let us seal and surround their innocence with the Blood of Jesus, like a wall of defense, so that sin may not enter into them. With It, put to flight whomever wanted to contaminate them, and preserve them spotless and pure, so that Jesus may find, through them, His rest in creation and all His delights; and for love of them, He may be moved to pity for many other poor creatures. My Mama, let us place these souls in the Blood of Jesus; let us bind them, and bind them all over, with the Holy Will of God; let us place them in His arms, and let us bind them to His Heart with the sweet chains of His love, in order to soothe the bitternesses of His mortal agony.

But listen, O Mama, this Blood cries out and wants yet more souls. Let us run together, and let us go to the regions of the heretics and of the unbelievers. How much sorrow does Jesus not feel in these regions. He, who is the life of all, receives not even a tiny act of love in return; He is not known by His very creatures. Please, O Mama, let

us give them this Blood, that It may cast away the darkness of ignorance and of heresy. Let them comprehend that they have a soul, and open the Heavens for them. Then, let us place them all in the Blood of Jesus; let us lead them around Him, like many orphaned and exiled children, who find their Father; and so Jesus will feel comforted in His most bitter agony.

But Jesus seems to be not yet satisfied, because He wants yet more souls. He feels the dying souls of these regions being snatched from His arms, to fall into hell. These souls are now about to breathe their last and fall into the abyss. No one is near them to save them. Time is short, the moments are extreme – they will certainly be lost!

No, Mama, this Blood will not be shed uselessly for them; therefore, let us quickly fly to them; let us pour the Blood of Jesus over their heads, that It may serve them as baptism and infuse in them faith, hope and love. Place Yourself near them, O Mama; make up for all that they lack. Even more, make Yourself seen. On your face shines the beauty of Jesus; your manners are all similar to His; and so, in seeing You, they will certainly be able to know Jesus. Then, press them to your maternal Heart; infuse in them the life of Jesus, which You possess; tell them that, as their mother, You want them to be happy forever, with You in Heaven; and as they breathe their last, receive them into your arms, and let them pass from yours into those of Jesus. And if Jesus, according to the rights of Justice, will show He does not want to receive them, remind Him of the love with which He entrusted them to You at the foot of the Cross. Claim your rights as mother, so that He will not be able to resist your love and prayers, and while making your Heart content, He will also content His ardent desires.

And now, O Mama, let us take this Blood and let us give It to all: to the afflicted, that they may receive comfort; to the poor, that they may suffer resigned to their poverty; to those who are tempted, that they may obtain victory; to the disbelieving, that the virtue of Faith may triumph in them; to the blasphemers, that they may turn the blasphemies into benedictions; to the Priests, that they may understand their mission and be worthy ministers of Jesus. With this Blood, touch their lips, that they may say no words which are not of glory to God; touch their feet, that they may let them fly to go in search for souls to lead to Jesus.

Let us give this Blood to the leaders of the peoples, that they may be united among them, and feel meekness and love for their subjects. Let us fly now into Purgatory, and let us give It also to the purging souls, because they so much cry for and claim this Blood for their liberation. Don't You hear, O Mama, their moans, the fidgets of love, the tortures, and how they feel continuously drawn to the Highest Good? See how Jesus Himself wants to purge them more quickly in order to have them with Himself.

He attracts them with His love, and they requite Him with continuous rushes toward Him. But as they find themselves in His presence, unable to yet sustain the purity of His divine gaze, they are forced to draw back and to plunge again into the flames!

My Mama, let us descend into this profound prison, and pouring this Blood over them, let us bring them light; let us calm their fidgets of love; let us dampen the fire that burns them; let us purify their stains; and so, free of every pain, they will fly into the arms of the Highest Good. Let us give this Blood to the most abandoned souls, that they may find in It all the suffrages that creatures deny to them. To all, O Mama, let us give this Blood; let us not deprive any of them, so that, by virtue of It, all may find relief and liberation. Be Queen in these regions of crying and of lamentations; extend your maternal hands and, one by one, take them out of these ardent flames, and allow them all to take flight toward Heaven. And now, we too, let us fly toward Heaven; let us place ourselves at the gates of eternity and allow me, O Mama, to give this Blood also to You, for your greater glory. May this Blood inundate You with new light and with new contentments. And let this light descend for the good of all creatures, to give graces and salvation to all.

My Mama, give this Blood also to me; You know how much I need It. With your own maternal hands, retouch me completely with this Blood; and while retouching me, purify my stains, heal my wounds, enrich my poverty; let this Blood circulate in my veins and give me again all the life of Jesus. May It descend into my heart, and transform it into His very Heart; may It embellish me so much that Jesus may find all His contentments in me. Finally, O Mama, let us enter the celestial regions, and let us give this Blood to all the Saints, to all the Angels, that they may receive greater glory, burst into thanksgivings to Jesus, and pray for us, that we may reach them, by virtue of this Blood. And after having given this Blood to all, let us go to Jesus again. Angels, Saints, come with us. Ah, He sighs for souls; He wants to let them all enter His Humanity, to give to all the fruits of His Blood. Let us place them around Him, and He will feel restored to life, and repaid for the most bitter agony He has suffered. And now, Holy Mama, let us call all the elements to keep Him company, that they too may give honor to Jesus.

From the Book of Heaven

V3 – Dec. 25, 1899 – “...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."

V24 - Sept. 16, 1928 - *"Moreover, You Must Know that the Sacrifice made to fulfill My Will forms Pure, Noble and Divine Blood for the soul, just as food forms blood for the body; and I, dipping My Brush of Love in this blood, Amuse Myself in Forming in her, More Beautiful, More Charming, My Image in the creature. Therefore, let Me do; and you, think only of doing My Divine Will, and I will Do something More Beautiful in the little Newborn of My Adorable Will."*

V30 - June 26, 1932 - *"But Abraham accepted everything—he was heedless of everything, either of his son or of his very self, while feeling consumed with sorrow in his own son. If Our Volition, just as It Commanded it, had not prevented the fatal act, even though he would have died together with his beloved son, he would still have accomplished the Sacrifice Wanted by Us. Now, this Sacrifice, Wanted by Us, was Great, Exuberant and Unique in the history of the world. Well then, this very Sacrifice Elevated him so High, that he was Constituted by Us head and father of the human generations; and by the Sacrifice of sacrificing his son, he poured out Coins of Blood and of intense sorrow to Buy Back the Future Messiah, for the Jewish people and for all. In fact, after the Sacrifice of Abraham, We Made Ourselves heard often in the midst of creatures, that which We did not do before. The Sacrifice had the Virtue of Drawing Us Closer to them; and We Formed the Prophets, up to the time when the Longed-for Messiah Came.*

"Now, after another most extensive length of time, wanting to give the Kingdom of Our Will, We wanted the Sacrifice on which to set It, such that, while the earth is flooded by sins and deserves to be destroyed, the Sacrifice of the creature Buys it Back for Us, and with her Sacrifice—and in her Sacrifice, she Calls Back the Divine Will to Reign, and Makes the New Life of My Volition be Reborn in the world in the midst of creatures. Here, then, I asked for the prolixious Sacrifice of your life, Luisa, Sacrificed in a bed. And this was nothing, because other souls have remained in a bed of pain; but it was the New Cross, which I have not asked of and given to anyone, that was to Form your Daily Martyrdom—and you Know what it is, since many times you have lamented to Me about it."