

Luisa, the Soul Who Dies Continuously Out of Pure Love for Jesus



V17 - 12.1.24 - I felt embittered to the highest degree, and as I was praying, I cried over my hard destiny of being deprived of the One who formed my whole life. My state is irreparable; no one is moved to pity for me – everything is justice. And then, who would be moved to compassion for me, if the One who is the source of compassion, denies it to me?

Now, as I was crying and crying, I felt my hands being grabbed by the hands of Jesus, and raising me up high, He said: "Come you all, to see a scene so great and never seen before, either in Heaven or on earth: a soul dying continuously out of pure love for Me."

At these words of Jesus, the Heavens opened and the whole Celestial Hierarchy looked at me. I too looked at myself, and I saw my poor soul withered and dying, like a flower which is about to bend over its own stem. But while I was dying, a secret virtue gave me life. Alas! Maybe this is the punishing justice of God that is justly punishing me. My God! My Jesus, have pity on me! Pity on a poor dying! I have the hardest destiny among all poor mortals: to die without being able to die!

So, my sweet Jesus held me in His arms for almost the whole night, to give me strength and to assist me in my agony. I thought that He would finally have compassion for me and would bring me with Him – but in vain! After He cheered me up quite a bit, He left me, saying: "My daughter, my Will is receiving continuous deaths on the part of creatures. It is Life, and as Life, It wants to give the life of light; but the creature rejects this light, and since she does not receive It, this Light dies to the creature, and my Will feels the pain of the death that the creature has given to this Light. My Will wants to make known the qualities and the virtues It contains, but the creature rejects this knowledge; and so for the creature my Will dies to this knowledge and to the qualities and the virtues that my Will contains, and my Will feels the pain of the death that the creature has given to the virtues and the qualities of my Will. In the same way, if It wants to give love and it is not received, It feels the death given to love; if It wants to give sanctity, grace, It feels like receiving from the creature death to the sanctity and the grace It wants to give. So, it is a continuous death that It feels as being

given to the good It wants to give. And then, don't you feel, within yourself, the continuous death that my Will suffers? By living in It, you are forced, as though naturally, to take part in these deaths which my Will suffers, and to live in a state of continuous agony."

On hearing this, I said: 'Jesus, my Love, it doesn't seem to me to be so – it is your privation that kills me, that takes life away from me without making me die.'

And Jesus: "The privation of Me on one side, my Will on the other, which, keeping you absorbed in Itself, makes you share in Its pains. My daughter, the true living in my Will implies this: there is not one pain that my Will receives from the creatures, which It does not share with the soul who lives in It."

FIAT!!!