

The Pious Universal Union of the Children of the Divine Will
Official Newsletter for "The Pious Universal Union of the Children of the Divine Will –USA"
Come Supreme Will, down to reign in Your Kingdom on earth and in our hearts!



ROGATE!



FIAT !

"May the Divine Will always be blessed!"

Newsletter No. 198 – December 2, A.D. 2018 Advent
Calendar for the Traditional Roman Rite



*For a **CHILD IS BORN** to us, and a son is given to us, and the government is upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace. His empire shall be multiplied, and there shall be no end of peace: he shall sit upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom; to establish it and strengthen it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth and for ever: the zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.*



The focus of Advent is preparation for the coming of the Lord -- both in commemoration of His Nativity and His coming again at the end of time. The Christmas season does not begin until the first Mass at Christmas Eve, and doesn't end liturgically until the Octave of the Epiphany on January 14. It goes on in the spiritual sense until Candlemas on February 2, when all celebrations of Christ's Childhood give way to Septuagesima and Lent.

Advent is the time to make ready for Christ to live with us. Lent is the time to make us ready to die with Christ. Advent makes Lent possible. Lent makes salvation possible. Advent is the time when eternity approaches earth. Lent is the time when time reaches consummation in Christ's eternal Sacrifice to the Father. Advent leads to Christ's life in time on earth. Lent leads to Christ's eternal Life in Heaven. The Cross -- through the Mass, penance, and mortification -- is the bridge connecting Advent and Lent, Christ and His Church, man and God.

Each of the Church's penitential seasons is a dying to the world with the goal of attaining new life in Christ...what Christians do during Advent and leading up to Christmas is a foreshadowing of what they will do during the days of their lives that lead up to the Second Coming; what non-Christians refuse to do during Advent, and put off until after Christmas, is precisely a foreshadowing of what they will experience at the Second Coming.

We Christians are to prepare for the Coming of Christ before He actually comes -- and that Coming is symbolized and recalled at Christmas. Non-Christians miss this season of preparation, and then scramble for six days after the 25th to make their resolutions. By then, however, it's too late -- Christmas has come and gone, Our Lord has already made His visitation to the earth, and He has found them unprepared. This is precisely what will take place at the Second Coming, when those who have put off for their entire lives the necessary preparations will suddenly be scrambling to put their affairs in order. Unfortunately, by then it will have been too late, and there will be no time for repentance. The Second Coming will be less forgiving than the Incarnation. There will be no four-week warning period before the Second Coming, like we get during Advent. There will be no six-day period of grace after the Second Coming during which to make resolutions and self-examination, like the secular world does from Dec. 26 until Jan. 1.

So please, restore Advent and don't think "Christmas is here" until it truly comes. One way to help focus on the theme of preparation is to read the parables of The Fig Tree, The Man Going on a Long Journey, The Faithful and Wicked Stewards, and The Ten Virgins in the 24th and 25th chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel. Another way to help you do this is to think of the Saint who embodies the spirit of this Season more than any other: the great St. John the Baptist. If you have an icon of him, venerate it especially now. Make special prayers to him and consider the message of this "voice of one crying in the desert": "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight his paths." You will note that the readings of the second, third, and fourth Sundays of Advent focus on St. John, the earthly herald of Christ's coming whom St. Ephraem likened to the Star of Bethlehem, the Heavenly herald of His coming.

Preparation for Holy Christmas during the Season of Advent
The Nine Excesses of Love in the Incarnation of the Word
From the writings of Luisa Piccarreta, the Little Daughter of the Divine Will



Let us prepare ourselves for the Great Feast of Holy Christmas by meditating on the Mystery of the Incarnation of the Word, attentively and continuously, during the Season of Advent, with the Christmas Novena (the Nine Excesses of Love) which Luisa did for the first time at the age of seventeen, and which she never abandoned during the course of her life. Here below is a suggested schedule of meditation.

First, let us focus on each Excess of Love for one week, during nine consecutive weeks, by reading and meditating on them each day, ever more closely and deeply. This will help us to prepare ourselves for the final nine days before Christmas, in which we will repeat the Novena. May God grant us abundant graces, light and consuming love, to be reborn with Him in the Life of the Divine Will.

Amen.

Meditation	Theme	Day
I Excess of Love	Trinitarian Love	December 16
II Excess of Love	Constrained Love	December 17
III Excess of Love	Devouring Love	December 18
IV Excess of Love	Operative Love	December 19
V Excess of Love	Lonely Love	December 20
VI Excess of Love	Imprisoned Love	December 21
VII Excess of Love	Unrequited Love	December 22
VIII Excess of Love	Supplicating Love	December 23
IX Excess of Love	Agonizing Love	December 24
Holy Christmas	The Birth of Jesus	December 25

Volume 1

Luisa: “With a Novena of Holy Christmas, at the age of about seventeen, I prepared myself for the Feast of Holy Christmas, by practicing various acts of virtue and mortification; and, especially, by honoring the nine months which Jesus spent in the maternal womb with nine hours of meditation each day, always concerning the mystery of the Incarnation.”

FIRST EXCESS OF LOVE – Dec. 16th

As for example, for one hour, with my thought, I brought myself to Paradise, and I imagined the Most Holy Trinity: the Father, sending the Son upon earth; the Son, promptly obeying the Will of the Father; the Holy Spirit, consenting.

My mind was confused in contemplating a mystery so great, a love so reciprocal, so equal, so strong among Themselves and toward men; and then, the ingratitude of men, and especially my own. I would have remained there, not for one hour, but for the whole day; but an interior voice told me: “Enough – come and see other greater excesses of my love.”

SECOND EXCESS OF LOVE – December 17th

Then, my mind brought itself into the maternal womb, and remained stupefied in considering a God so great in Heaven, now so annihilated, restricted, constrained, as to be unable to move, and almost even to breathe.

The interior voice told me: “Do you see how much I have loved you? O please, make Me a little space in your heart; remove everything which is not Mine, so you will give Me more freedom to move and to breathe.”

My heart was consumed; I asked for His forgiveness, I promised to be completely His own, I poured myself out in crying; but – I say this to my confusion – I would go back to my usual defects. Oh Jesus, how good You are with this miserable creature!

THIRD EXCESS OF LOVE – December 18th

As I moved on from the second to the third meditation, an interior voice told me: “My daughter, place your head upon the womb of my Mama, and look deep into it at my little Humanity. My love devoured Me; the fires, the oceans, the immense seas of love of my Divinity inundated Me, burned Me to ashes, and sent their flames so high as to rise and reach everywhere - all generations, from the first to the last man. My little Humanity was devoured in the midst of such flames; but do you know what my eternal love wants Me to devour? Ah! Souls! And only then was I content, when I devoured them all, to remain conceived with Me. I was God, and I was to operate as God - I had to take them all. My love would have given Me no peace, had I excluded any of them. Ah! My daughter, look well into the womb of my Mama; fix well your eyes on my conceived Humanity, and you will find your soul conceived with Me, and the flames of my love that devour you. Oh! How much I loved you, and I do love you!”

I felt dissolved in the midst of so much love, nor was I able to go out of it; but a voice called me loudly, saying: “My daughter, this is nothing yet; cling more tightly to Me, and give your hands to my dear Mama, that She may hold you to her maternal womb. And you, take another look at my little conceived Humanity, and watch the fourth excess of my love.”

FOURTH EXCESS OF LOVE – December 19th

“My daughter, from the devouring love, move on to look at my operative love. Each conceived soul brought Me the burden of her sins, of her weaknesses and passions, and my love commanded Me to take the burden of each one of them. And it conceived not only the souls, but the pains of each one, as well as the satisfaction which each one of them was to give to my Celestial Father. So my Passion was conceived together with Me. Look well at Me in the womb of my Celestial Mama. Oh! How tortured was my little Humanity. Look well at my little head, surrounded by a crown of thorns, which, pressed tightly around my temples, made rivers of tears pour out from my eyes; nor was I able to make a move to dry them. O Please! Be moved to compassion for Me, dry my eyes from so much crying - you, who have free arms to be able to do it. These thorns are the crown of the so many evil thoughts which crowd the human minds. Oh! How they prick Me, more than thorns which sprout from the earth. But, look again – what a long crucifixion of nine months: I could not move a finger or a hand or a foot. I was always immobile; there was no room to be able to move even a tiny bit. What a long and hard crucifixion, with the addition that all evil works, assuming the form of nails, continuously pierced my hands and feet.” So He continued to narrate to me pains upon pains – all the martyrdoms of His little Humanity, such that, if I wanted to tell them all, I would be too long.

I abandoned myself to crying, and I heard in my interior: “My daughter, I would like to hug you, but I am unable to do so - there is no room, I am immobile, I cannot do it. I would like to come to you, but I am unable to walk. For now, you hug Me and you come to Me; then, when I come out of the maternal womb, I will come to you.” But as I hugged Him and squeezed Him tightly to my heart with my imagination, an interior voice told me: “Enough for now, my daughter; move on to consider the fifth excess of my love.”

FIFTH EXCESS OF LOVE – December 20th

And the interior voice continued: “My daughter, do not move away from Me, do not leave Me alone; my love wants your company. This is another excess of my love, which does not want to be alone. But do you know whose company it wants? That of the creature. See, in the womb of my Mama, all of the creatures are together with Me – conceived together with Me. I am with them, all love. I want to tell them how much I love them; I want to speak with them to tell them of my joys and sorrows – that I have come into their midst to make them happy and to console them; that I will remain in their midst as a little brother, giving my goods, my kingdom, to each one of them at the cost of my life. I want to give them my kisses and my caresses. I want to amuse myself with them, but – ah, how many sorrows they give Me! Some run away from Me, some play deaf and force Me into silence; some despise my goods and do not care about my kingdom, returning my kisses and caresses with indifference and obliviousness of Me, so they convert my amusement into bitter crying. Oh! How lonely I am, though in the midst of many. Oh! How loneliness weighs upon Me. I have no one to whom to say a word, with whom to pour Myself out, not even in love. I am always sad and taciturn, because if I speak, I am not listened to. Ah! My daughter, I beg you, I implore you, do not leave Me alone in so much loneliness; give Me the good of letting Me speak by listening to Me; lend your ear to my teachings. I am the master of masters. How many things do I want to teach you! If you listen to Me, you will stop my crying and I will amuse Myself with you. Don’t you want to amuse yourself with Me?”

And as I abandoned myself in Him, giving Him my compassion in His loneliness, the interior voice continued: “Enough, enough; move on to consider the sixth excess of my love.”

SIXTH EXCESS OF LOVE – December 21st

“My daughter, come, pray my dear Mama to set aside a little space for you within her maternal womb, that you yourself may see the painful state in which I find Myself.” So, in my thoughts, it seemed that our Queen Mama made me a little room to make Jesus content, and placed me in it. But the darkness was such that I could not see Him; I could only hear His breathing, while He continued to say in my interior: “My daughter, look at another excess of my love. I am the eternal light; the sun is a shadow of my light. But do you see where my love led Me - in what a dark prison I am? There is not a glimmer of light; it is always night for Me – but a night without stars, without rest. I am always awake...what pain! The narrowness of this prison - without

being able to make the slightest movement; the thick darkness...; even my breathing, as I breathe through the breathing of my Mama – oh, how labored it is! To this, add the darkness of the sins of creatures. Each sin was a night for Me, and combined together they formed an abyss of darkness, with no boundaries. What pain! Oh, excess of my love - making Me pass from an immensity of light and space into an abyss of thick darkness, so narrow as to lose the freedom to breathe; and all this, for love of creatures.”

As He was saying this, He moaned - moans almost suffocated because of the lack of space; and He cried. I was consumed with crying. I thanked Him, I compassionated Him; I wanted to make Him a little light with my love, as He told me to. But who can say all? Then, the same interior voice added: “Enough for now; move on to the seventh excess of my love.”

SEVENTH EXCESS OF LOVE – December 22nd

The interior voice continued: “My daughter, do not leave Me alone in so much loneliness and in so much darkness. Do not leave the womb of my Mama, so you may see the seventh excess of my love. Listen to Me: in the womb of my Celestial Father I was fully happy; there was no good which I did not possess; joy, happiness – everything was at my disposal. The angels adored Me reverently, hanging upon my every wish. Ah, excess of my love! I could say that it made Me change my destiny; it restrained Me within this gloomy prison; it stripped Me of all my joys, happinesses and goods, to clothe Me with all the unhappinesses of creatures – and all this in order to make an exchange, to give them my destiny, my joys and my eternal happiness. But this would have been nothing had I not found in them highest ingratitude and obstinate perfidy. Oh, how my eternal love was surprised in the face of so much ingratitude, and how it cried over the stubbornness and perfidy of man. Ingratitude was the sharpest thorn that pierced my heart, from my conception up to the last moment of my life. Look at my little heart – it is wounded, and pours out blood. What pain! What torture I feel! My daughter, do not be ungrateful to Me. Ingratitude is the hardest pain for your Jesus – it is to close the door in my face, leaving Me numb with cold. But my love did not stop at so much ingratitude; it took the attitude of supplicating, imploring, moaning and begging love. This is the eighth excess of my love.”

EIGHTH EXCESS OF LOVE – December 23rd

“My daughter, do not leave Me alone; place your head upon the womb of my dear Mama, and even from the outside you will hear my moans and my supplications. In seeing that neither my moans nor my supplications move the creature to compassion for my love, I assume the attitude of the poorest of beggars; and stretching out my little hand, I ask - for pity’s sake, and at least as alms - for their souls, for their affections and for their hearts. My love wanted to win over the heart of man at any cost; and in seeing that after seven excesses of my love, he was still reluctant, he played deaf, he did not care about Me and did not want to give himself to Me, my love wanted to push itself further. It should have stopped; but no, it wanted to overflow even more from within its boundaries; and from the womb of my Mama, it made my voice reach every heart, with the most insinuating manners, with the most fervent prayers, with the most penetrating words. And do you know what I said to them? ‘My child, give me your heart; I will give you everything you want, provided that you give Me your heart in exchange. I have descended from Heaven to make a prey of it. O please, do not deny it to Me! Do not delude my hopes!’ And in seeing him reluctant – even more, many turned their backs to Me – I passed on to moaning; I joined my little hands and, crying, with a voice suffocated by sobs, I added: ‘Ohh! Ohh! I am the little beggar; you don’t want to give Me your heart - not even as alms? Is this not a greater excess of my love; that the Creator, in order to approach the creature, takes the form of a little baby so as not to strike fear in him; that He asks for the heart of the creature, at least as alms, and in seeing that he does not want to give it, He supplicates, moans and cries?’”

Then I heard Him say: “And you, don’t you want to give Me your heart? Or maybe you too want Me to moan, beg and cry in order to give Me your heart? Do you want to deny Me the alms I ask of you?” And as He was saying this I heard Him as though sobbing, and I: ‘My Jesus, do not cry, I give You my heart and all of myself.’ Then, the interior voice continued: “Move further; pass on to the ninth excess of my love.”

NINTH EXCESS OF LOVE – December 24th

“My daughter, my state is ever more painful. If you love Me, keep your gaze fixed on Me, to see if you can offer some relief to your Jesus; a little word of love, a caress, a kiss, will give respite to my crying and to my afflictions. Listen my daughter, after I gave eight excesses of my love, and man requited them so badly, my love did not give up and wanted to add the ninth excess to the eighth. And this was yearnings, sighs of fire, flames of desire, for I wanted to go out of the maternal womb to embrace man. This reduced my little Humanity, not yet born, to such an agony as to reach the point of breathing my last. But as I was about to breathe my last, my Divinity, which was inseparable from Me, gave Me sips of life, and so I regained life to continue my agony, and return again to the point of death. This was the ninth excess of my love: to agonize and to die of love continuously for the creature. Oh! What a long agony of nine months! Oh! How love suffocated Me and made Me die. Had I not had the Divinity with Me, which gave Me life again every time I was about to finish, love would have consumed Me before coming out to the light of day.”

Then He added: “Look at Me, listen to Me, how I agonize, how my heart beats, pants, burns. Look at Me - now I die.” And He remained in deep silence. I felt like dying. My blood froze in my veins, and trembling, I said to Him: ‘My Love, my Life, do not die, do not leave me alone. You want love, and I will love You; I will not leave You ever again. Give me your flames to be able to love You more, and be consumed completely for You.’

DEO GRATIAS!



**December 8, A.D. 2018 Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary
Calendar for the Traditional Roman Rite**



Book of Heaven Volume 34 - December 8, A.D. 1936

How the Queen of Heaven Was Conceived in the Merits, Life, Love, and Sufferings of the Future Redeemer So That at a Later Time She Was Able to Conceive in Herself the Divine Word, the Savior of the World.

My mind, my poor mind submerged in the Divine Fiat never tired of contemplating the conception of the Immaculate Queen. When the Fiat accomplished this act He was exultant and He called around Him to Himself the Angels, Saints, creatures, the entire creation, so that they all could witness the graces and love with which He produced from nothing this sublime creature. Thus they all could be grateful to Her and extol Her as a rightful Queen and Mother.

My surprise reached its height when my lovable Jesus, all goodness, said to me:

“My child, I want to honor my Celestial Mother. I want to narrate to you the story of her Immaculate Conception. Only I Who am the Author can worthily speak of this great, prodigious Act. Her acts, her words, her steps—before having life in her person—were first conceived in Me, Son of the Living God. Her love, incarnate in Mine, enclosed everything and everyone and loved as God loves, with the same madness toward Us—and toward all creatures. Even her prayer was conceived in Mine.

“Therefore, She was gifted with an immense power to which our Supreme Being could deny nothing. Her pains, her suffering, her innumerable agonizing and martyred experiences, were conceived in my Humanity, and all were animated and corroborated by Divine force before they came into existence in her soul and virginal body. Therefore, with reason one can say that the Immaculate Conception of my Mother took place in Me, and through Me obtained life.

“In every instant of her existence I continuously poured into this Holy Creature, and surrounded Her with, the powerful entourage of my works and my sufferings, and without ceasing I said: ‘You are the life of my Life. You are entirely beautiful. You are the first redeemed, my Divine Fiat has molded You. It has made You live and has conceived You in my works, in my same Humanity.’

“My child, our total wisdom, our unreachable power, produced the conception of the Celestial Queen of the Incarnate Word for the decorum that was convenient to our works. In fact, it would not have been enough—neither

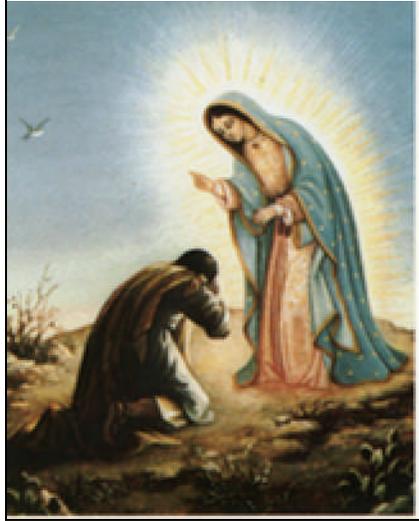
for my Love, nor to my Divine sanctity—that I take on Human Flesh in a creature purely Virgin, and only exempt from original sin.

“To make Me descend from Heaven, it was necessary that this Celestial Creature should possess all the prerogatives, virtues, and beauty that were proper to the Word of the Father. To be able to be conceived and incarnated in her womb, I had to find in Her my Heaven and my Sanctity. I had to see Her sprinkled with my own Blood, and enriched by the Divine Fecundity of my Will—while She would form my Life of Son of God and Son of Man.

“To make Her worthy of conceiving Me, my Divine Fiat invested Her and kept Her continuously under Its Power. It took over her every act, bestowed everything on Her, called for the contribution of my foreseen merits, and of my entire Life, and continuously kept pouring graces into her beautiful soul.

“My child, really no one is qualified to speak of the Immaculate Conception of my Divine Mother. Even Holy Church, up till now, did not reveal but tiny bits of knowledge of her sanctity, of her greatness, and of the gifts with which She was enriched. Only I, having conceived Her in Me, can narrate the true story of her life, and reveal the marvels that were accomplished in Her by our Divine Fiat.”

Saint Juan Diego – Feast Day December 9th A Model of Humility – A Saint for Nobodies



“I give praise to you, Father Lord of Heaven and earth, for although you have hidden these things from the wise and the learned you have revealed them to the childlike. Yes, Father, such has been your gracious will.” (Mt. 11, 25-26)

In April of 1990 Juan Diego was declared Blessed by Pope John Paul II at the Vatican. The following month, in the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico City, during his second visit to the shrine, John Paul II performed the beatification ceremony. On July 2002 he was canonized by the Church, during a ceremony celebrated by John Paul II, again in the Basilica of Guadalupe. Who was this Juan Diego?

Most historians agree that Juan Diego was born in A.D. 1474 in the *calpulli* or ward of Tlayacac in Cuauhtitlan, which was established in 1168 by Nahuatl tribesmen and conquered by the Aztec lord Axayacatl in 1467; and was located 20 kilometers (14 miles) north of Tenochtitlan (now Mexico City).

His native name was Cuauhtlatoatzin, which could be translated as "One who talks like an eagle" or "eagle that talks".

The [Nican Mopohua](#) describes him as a '*macehualli*' or "poor Indian", one who did not belong to any of the social categories of the Empire, as priests, warriors, merchants,...but not a slave; a member of the lowest and largest class in the Aztec Empire. When talking to Our Lady he calls himself "*a nobody*", and refers to it as the source of his lack of credibility before the Bishop.

He devoted himself to hard work in the fields and manufacturing mats. He owned a piece of land and a small house on it. He was happily married but had no children.

Between 1524 and 1525 he was converted and baptized, as well as his wife, receiving the Christian name of Juan Diego and her wife the name of Maria Lucia. He was baptized by a Franciscan priest, Fr Peter da Gand, one of the first Franciscan missionaries.

According to the first formal investigation by the Church about the events, the *Informaciones Guadalupanas* of 1666, Juan Diego seems to have been a very devoted, religious man, even before his conversion. He was a solitary, mystical character, prone to spells of silence and frequent penance and used to walk from his village to Tenochtitlan, 14 miles away, to receive instruction on the doctrine.

His wife Maria Lucia became sick and died in 1529. Juan Diego then moves to live with his uncle Juan Bernardino in Tolpetlac, which was closer (9 miles) to the church in Tlatelolco -Tenochtitlan.

He walked every Saturday and Sunday many miles to church, departing early morning, before dawn, to be on time for Mass and religious instruction classes. He walked on naked feet, as all the people of his class, the *macehualli*. Only the higher social classes of the Aztecs wore *cactlis*, or sandals, made with vegetal fibers or leather. He used to wear in those chilly mornings a coarse-woven cactus cloth as a mantle, a *tilma* or *ayate* made with fibers from the maguey cactus. Cotton was only used by the upper Aztec classes.

During one of this walks to Tenochtitlan, which used to take about three and a half hours between villages and mountains, the First apparition occurred, in a place that is now known as the "Capilla del Cerrito", where the Blessed Virgin Mary talked to him in his language, Nahuatl. She called him "**Juanito, Juan Dieguito**", "**the most humble of my sons**", "**my son the least**", "**my little dear**".

He was 57 years old, certainly an old age in a time and place where the male life expectancy was barely above 40.

After the miracle of Guadalupe and with the Bishop's permission, Juan Diego moved to a room attached to the chapel that housed the sacred image, after having given his business and property to his uncle, spending the rest of his life as a hermit. There he cared for the church and the first pilgrims who came to pray to the Mother of Jesus, and propagating the account of the apparitions to his countrymen.

He died on May 30, 1548, at the age of 74.

Juan Diego deeply loved the Holy Eucharist, and by special permission of the Bishop he received Holy Communion three times a week, a highly unusual occurrence in those times.

Pope John Paul II praised Juan Diego for his simple faith nourished by catechesis and pictured him (who said to the Blessed Virgin Mary: "***I am a nobody, I am a small rope, a tiny ladder, the tail end, a leaf***") as a model of humility for all of us.

December 12, A.D. 2018 - Our Lady of Guadalupe
Calendar for the Traditional Roman Rite



This is the story of a miracle that took place in what is now Mexico City.

In 1525, four years after the conquest of Mexico by the Spanish Conquistador Hernán Cortés, an Aztec Indian named Quauhtlatoatzin was baptized by a Franciscan priest who gave him the Christian name, Juan Diego.

Before the Spaniards brought the Church to the people of “Mexico”, the Aztec and Myan Indian populations were, of course, pagan. The high priests of the Aztec religion offered human sacrifice to their gods. Their principle pagan gods demanding human blood sacrifice were Texcatlipoca and Huitzilopochtli. Their less-demanding god of sacrifice was Quetzalcoatl, who did not require human blood sacrifice. They also worshipped the goddess Tonantzin, believed to be a manifestation of the Earth Mother, Coatlicue.

As many as 20,000 human were sacrificed annually to Texcatlipoca. The hearts of the victims were cut out and laid on the altar atop the Aztec temple, which, in design, were pyramids that rivaled those of Egypt. Many victims were captured warriors, but the murdered included thousands of unwanted or conscripted children. Thousands of children were sequestered for the purposes of slaughter alone.

On December 9, 1531, on Tepeyac hill, in Guadalupe Hidalgo, near the Aztec capital city of Tenochtitlán, (now Mexico City) the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to Juan Diego as a Myan Indian princess. She was dressed in a cinctured royal maternity robe with an azure-colored middle-Eastern outer mantle and veil. Her mantle was covered with images of stars.

In this apparition, the Blessed Virgin Mary became known as the virgin of Guadalupe because the location of her apparition was Guadalupe Hidalgo, now in the northeastern section of Mexico City. The Aztecs called her “te coatlaxopeuhó”; “she who crushes² the serpent”.¹

Our Lady, the Immaculate Conception, identified herself as the woman in Genesis, who, according to the traditional translation, “will crush the head of the serpent with her heel.”⁴ In the Missionary Image portrayed above, one can see that the left leg is slightly elevated and bent at the knee---as if she were about to step on something. The left moccasin is not showing from under the royal maternity robe; the toe of the right one is visible.

The Missionary Image of Our Lady of Guadalupe also shows “grand proportions”, or perfect anatomical placement of joints and limbs. Also by bone measurement, it is revealed that the apparition of the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe was 4

feet, 8 inches tall.⁵ St. Bernadette, at Lourdes in 1858, said that her image of Mary, the Immaculate Conception, was about her height. Bernadette was 4 feet, 8 inches tall.⁵

In the native language of Náhuatl, The Blessed Virgin Mary asked Juan Diego to go relate to the local bishop her request that a church be built on Tepayac hill. When she appeared to Juan again, he told her that the bishop did not believe him. She told him to return to the bishop the following Sunday and repeat her appeal to him a second time. When the Blessed Virgin appeared to Juan a third time, he told her that the bishop wanted some proof of her apparitions.

On December 12th, the Blessed Virgin Mary appeared to Juan for the fourth and last time. Juan's uncle had been seriously ill and he was on his way to summon a priest to give him the last rites of the Church. He took an out-of-the-way path to try to avoid the most holy Mary so that he could accomplish his mission without interruption...so he thought. The Blessed Virgin appeared to him anyway and told him not to worry; that his uncle would be cured. She said to him:

“No estoy Yo a qui que soy tu Madre?” (“Am I not here who am your Mother?”)

Here is the text of her message to Juan Diego:

“Listen and let it penetrate your heart, my dear little son. Do not be troubled or weighed down with grief. Do not fear any illness or vexation, anxiety, or pain. Am I not here who am your Mother? Are you not under my shadow and protection? Am I not your fountain of life? Are you not in the folds of my mantle? In the crossing of my arms? Is there anything else you need? Do not let the sickness of your uncle worry you because he is not going to die of his sickness. At this very moment, he is cured.”¹

As for the sign that the bishop requested, the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe told Juan to pick some Castilian roses that were growing nearby. Now it was winter and the presence of roses in December, especially at that location, was miraculous. She told Juan to place the roses in his ayate or tilma, a sort of a front and back over-the-head poncho made out of coarse cactus cloth. She told him to take the roses to the bishop and not to open his tilma until he was standing before him.

Juan Diego walked obediently into town and went straight to the bishop's residence. When he was admitted into the presence of Bishop Zumárraga, Juan opened his tilma right in front of him. The Castilian roses cascaded to the floor between the two men. In amazement, the bishop brought his hands to his face and fell to his knees; but not at the sight of the roses; he was astounded at the image of Our Lady of Guadalupe that had been miraculously imprinted on the front of Juan's tilma. It was the same image that appears at the beginning of this story.

It is important to realize that Our Lady of Guadalupe was appearing---invisibly, of course--- in the room at the same time that Juan opened his tilma in front of Bishop Zumárraga. It was this apparition that Our Lady left an image of on Juan's tilma. In other words, when we look at the image on Jaun's tilma, we are seeing the image that the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe left for us in order to depict her apparition in the room. Evidence for this is specified in studies of the corneal reflections in the eyes of the imprint of Our Lady of Guadalupe on Juan's tilma.

After leaving the bishop's residence, Juan went home and found that his uncle had been cured, just as the Most Blessed Virgin had said. In the years following the apparition, because of the graces from God that came through Our Lady of Guadalupe, almost the entire population of Aztecs and Myans were converted to Christianity.

More than 470 years have passed since Our Loving Mother appeared to Juan Diego on the hill of Tepayac, in a northeast suburb of what is now Mexico City. During those centuries and decades, three basilicas have been constructed in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe. But the story does not end. As Jaun's tilma endures the centuries, the story of Our Lady of Guadalupe will continue until the end of time.

The cactus cloth that made up Jaun Diego's tilma has a useful life span of about ten to twenty years. After about fifty years the cloth disintegrates---it breaks up into small pieces. Juan's tilma continues to hang on display in the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico City. It has survived floods, fires, explosions and other various hazards---for over 470 years.

December 25, A.D. 2018 - Nativity of Our Lord
Calendar for the Traditional Roman Rite



...And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them; and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: *Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: For, this day, is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.* And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying: *Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.* And it came to pass, after the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath shewed to us.

Book of Heaven - December 25, A.D. 1932

The birth of the little Infant Jesus was universal; He was born in everything and in everyone. How, in order to keep us safe, He came to cover us with the garment of His Humanity. Example of the sun.

My abandonment in the Fiat continues. Today, on the day of Holy Christmas, I spent the whole night without seeing my Celestial Baby, and I felt a pang in my heart without the One who forms my life and my all. Ah! to live without Him is like living as if one had no life - tortured, without strength, without supports, which forms the most terrible of deaths for my poor and little soul. And amid the anxieties and the fear, I prayed the Supreme Volition to unveil to me the One who loved me and who formed my hard martyrdom. Then, while in this state, my mind remained as though captivated by an immense light which filled Heaven and earth; and - oh! marvel, I saw the little Divine Baby reborn in each created thing, in each heart, in everything; the little Infant Jesus, multiplied, bilocated, reborn in the infinite manner, in everything and in each one. So, all had the good of feeling within them, being born, the Celestial Baby. Oh! how beautiful it was to see Him, tiny little One, in the sun, in the stars, in all the elements, in all creatures; and all sang His praises and had the great honor, the immense good, of His being reborn in each one, and of possessing, as their own, the sweet pledge of little Baby Jesus.

Then, between amazement and stupefaction, I saw that the One whom I was looking for with so many sighs and anxieties, was born in me also, and I squeezed Him so very tightly in my arms; and He let me do it - even more, He enjoyed my doing that; and, all tenderness, told me: *“My daughter, love Me, love Me. I am born to love and to be loved; and to do it as God, my birth is universal. I would not have acted as God had I not been born in a universal manner, in a way that all can say, with facts: ‘The Celestial Infant is born for me, He is mine; and this is so true, that I already possess Him.’ My love would remain hampered had I not been able to be reborn for all; my power would have been limited, my immensity restricted, if my re-birth were not universal. And this is no wonder: since my Divinity filled Heaven and earth, in the same way, by*

incorporating Itself into my little Humanity, It multiplied It and bilocated It, in such a way as to make Me be reborn in all and in each one. These are Our divine and infinite ways that We have, such that all must take the good that We do, and be pregnant with Our works. More so since, having descended from Heaven to earth, I wanted to take on human flesh in order to glorify completely the glory of the Celestial Father, to make up for all that man had not done. Here, then, my little Humanity wanted to be reborn also in the created things, because man had not given Us the glory, the requital of the love for Our having created a heaven, a sun and many other things; and my Humanity, being reborn in them, glorified my Celestial Father completely for the whole work of Creation. Man, by rejecting my Divine Will, had rendered himself impotent to everything; and I came to be his Savior, Repairer, Glorifier, Defender, and I covered him inside the garment of my Humanity, to keep him safe, and to answer for him, I Myself, in each thing, before my Celestial Father. My love was so great, that my Divinity, in order to give vent to my love, led Me to be born in each heart and in all things; and this is so true, that the first to recognize Me and sing my praises were the created things, because, feeling my birth in them, they exulted with joy and made feast for Me. But do you know who the ones are who make feast for Me as I am born in their hearts? Those who possess my Divine Will. These immediately perceive that I am born in their hearts, and they make perennial feast for Me; while the others make Me cry, give Me sorrow and, by sin, prepare for Me the knife with which to wound Me, or to kill Me.”

After this, I remained all immersed in His love. The moving scene of the birth of the Celestial Baby, so universal and in each one, made me comprehend who knows how many things. But I believe it is better to let them pass in silence, because, incapable of saying them well, I might speak nonsense. Then, to make feast to the Celestial Infant, I abandoned all of myself in the Divine Will; and He, coming back again, was so very graceful, of a beauty so rare, such that no other can be found similar to it. And, all love, enclosing Himself in my heart as the place of His birth, He repeated in me His baby crying, the loving moans, His repeated sobs. Oh! how touching it was to see Him now crying, now sobbing, now wailing. He made His first entrance of re-birth in each one and in everything, with the weapons of His tears, with the stratagems of His sobs, with the pleas of His wailing. By this, He rendered Himself captivating, and by dint of captivating with the strength of a God that He possessed, He entered into the hearts to form His new re-birth. Oh! Heavens - bow down and, together with me, love and adore the Celestial Infant.

But while my mind was wandering in a mystery so great, the sweet little Baby, amid tears and sobs, mixed with a celestial attitude of smile, added: *“Blessed daughter, not only was my birth universal - since, as God, I could not do otherwise - but I found Myself in the condition of the sun, such that, whether they want it or not, all created things, the whole Creation and all creatures must receive its light, its heat. From the height where it descends with its empire of light and with its supremacy, which it holds over everyone and over everything, in its muteness, yet more loudly than if it were speaking, the sun seems to say: ‘Either you receive me with love, or I will invest you with the rights that I possess to give you light. And if you do not want to receive me, I will surround you from all sides, in such a way that you will not be able to escape my light, and I will have the great glory that I have given my light to all.’ The sun, symbol of my birth, since it too is reborn every day for everything and for each one; and I, not only am I reborn in a universal way, but, while being reborn, I make an invasion - not only am I reborn in the heart, but I invade the mind with my thoughts, the eyes with my tears, the voice with my wailing, in such a way as to make the universal invasion of all creatures. I take her from all sides, that she may not be able to escape Me. If they receive Me with love, my life is not only reborn in them, but grows in a surprising way; but if they do not receive Me with love, I am reborn in them with my rights of God that I possess, but I do not grow in them, I remain small and lonely, and I stay there in reserve, waiting that, who knows, with my wailing and tears, they might be induced to love Me. And if I do not succeed, my life changes into justice for them; and - oh! how tortured is my little Heart in seeing my birth, all love, changed into justice for the poor creature. So, since I am born in you, give Me the good of letting Me grow; in this way you will change my tears and my wailing into joys.”*

Fiat!!!

“I was praying, fusing all of myself in Jesus...”



Book of Heaven - March, 18 1917

Effects of fusing oneself in Jesus.

I was praying, fusing all of myself in Jesus, and I wanted each thought of Jesus in my power, so as to be able to have life in each thought of creature, to be able to repair with the very thought of Jesus; and so with all the rest. And my sweet Jesus told me: ***“My daughter, my Humanity on earth did nothing other than link each thought of creature with my own. So, each thought of creature reverberated in my mind, each word in my voice, each heartbeat in my Heart, each action in my hands, each step in my feet, and so with all the rest. With this, I gave to the Father divine reparations. Now, everything I did upon earth I continue in Heaven, and as creatures think, their thoughts pour into my mind; as they look, I feel their gazes in mine; so, as though a continuous electricity flows between Me and them, as the members are in continuous communication with the head; and I say to the Father: ‘My Father, I am not the only one who prays You, repairs, satisfies, appeases You, but there are other creatures who do within Me what I do. Even more, with their suffering, they make up for my Humanity, which is glorious and incapable of suffering.’***

By fusing herself in Me, the soul repeats what I did and continue to do. But what will be the contentment of these souls who have lived their life in Me, embracing together with Me all creatures, all reparations, when they are with Me in Heaven? They will continue their life in Me; and as creatures will think or will offend Me with thoughts, these will reverberate in their mind, and they will continue the reparations which they did on earth. They will be, together with Me, the sentries of honor before the divine throne; and as creatures on earth will offend Me, they will do the opposite acts in Heaven. They will guard my throne, they will have the place of honor; they will be the ones who will comprehend Me the most - the most glorious. Their glory will be all fused in mine, and mine in theirs.

So, let your life be all fused in mine – make no act without letting it pass into Me; and every time you fuse yourself in Me, I will pour in you new grace and new light, and will make Myself the vigilant sentry of your heart, so as to keep any shadow of sin away from you. I will guard you as my own Humanity, and I will command the Angels to form a circle around, that you may be defended from everything and from everyone

Book of Heaven - April 18, 1917

Pouring oneself into the Divine Will and fusing oneself in Jesus, forms beneficial dew over all creatures.

I was fusing myself in my sweet Jesus, to be able to diffuse myself in all creatures and fuse them all in Jesus; and I kept flinging myself between the creatures and Jesus, to prevent my beloved Jesus from being offended, and creatures from being able to offend Him. Now, while I was doing this, He told me: ***“My daughter, as you pour yourself into my Will and fuse yourself in Me, a sun is formed in you. As you keep thinking, loving, repairing, etc., the rays are formed; and my Will, as background, makes Itself crown of these rays; and the sun is formed which, rising up in the air, melts into beneficial dew over all creatures. So, the more you fuse yourself in Me, the more suns you keep forming.***

Oh! how beautiful it is to see these suns which, rising and rising, remain circumfused within my own Sun, and pour beneficial dew over all. How many graces do creatures not receive! I am so taken by this, that as they fuse themselves, I pour abundant dew of all kinds of graces upon them, so that they can form greater suns, such that I may be able to pour, more abundantly, the beneficial dew over all.” And as I was fusing myself, I could feel light, love, graces, being poured over my head.

THE LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE DIVINE WILL



27. To Mother Cecilia

Fiat - In Voluntate Dei!

My good Mother Cecilia,

Thank you for everything. I don't know how to repay you, but I believe that Jesus will do it for me. I am sorry for your illness, since sight is so necessary. But the Divine Fiat is that which must embrace us, enclose us within Itself, in such a way as to consume us completely in the Divine Will. In fact, you must know that when we really decide always to do the Divine Will, His love is so great that He covers all our past miseries, defects and passions, as if we were newly reborn, and therefore, as though having made us new again, He wants to see nothing but His Will in us.

Now I send you my Christmas wishes in advance; I entrust you to Baby Jesus. During these days, make of your heart a little host, and dear Little Jesus will bring you as His wish, His love, His baby tears, His wails, His whole life, and will infuse in you His tender and compassionate love for His pains as a baby. This is my wish, and I also wish the whole community, especially those who remember me, the rebirth of Baby Jesus within their hearts.

I commend myself to your prayers, and from the heart, I will also do it for you; and leaving you in the arms of the Divine Volition, as though harmonizing, to breathe with one breath, with one heartbeat, with one will, I kiss your right hand with profound obsequies,

the little daughter of the Divine Will.

Prayer Requests – December A.D. 2018



Prayers are placed on the altars of the Chapels of the Divine Will

Each prayer is remembered every day at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass where Luisa is invoked for her intercession

John 14 (13:14) **“Whatever you ask in my name I will do, so that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If you ask me anything in my name, I will do it.”** Book Of Heaven - July 4 A.D. 1928 **“In Your Will I take the whole Creation in my arms the heavens, the Sun, the stars and everything to bring them before the Supreme Majesty as the most beautiful adoration and prayer to ask for the Kingdom of the Fiat.”**

Pray for the return of the last two original hand written volumes of Luisa.

Popes Francis & Benedict (SI), **Padre Bernardino Bucci** (SI), **Luisa Piccarreta** (to be declared Blessed – God’s Kingdom on earth – end to abortion), **Mother Gabrielle Marie & Benedictine Daughters** (Support & Vocations), **Fr. James W. D.** (SI), **Fr. Edwin J.P.** (SI), **Father Dullea.** (SI), **Fr. Hennessee** (SI), (SI), **Fr. Celso Fr. Lou** (SI), **Fr. Mancini** (SI), **Fr. Peter D** (SI), **Fr. Javier** (SI), **Fr. Carlucci** (SI), **Fr. Henrique Fragelli** (SI), **Fr. Jim Giotti** (SI), **Fr. Nano** (miracle), **Fr. Alan White** (Parkinsons), **Fr. Leonard Chaires** (SI), **Fr. Denis D** (SI), **Fr. Tobin** (SI), **Fr. Omar** (health), **Fr. Tom** (freedom), **Msgr. J.Anthony Luminais** (SI), **Walter Zimmerman** (SI), **Br. Walter** (SI), **Eugenie** (SI), **Brother David & the Knights** (SI), **Fr. Selvaraj** (SI), **Denise L** (SI), **George** (SI), **Dr. Ramon Sanchez** (SI), **Peter Holiday** (SI), **Sammy and Dewayne** (SI), **Judith Marie** (Family & SI), **Clair Marie** (SI), **Nicole, Carly, Jake, Tad** (SI), **Nicole’s Father and Lisette** (hip, hearing & conversion), **Nephew** (SI), **Frank Kelly** (protection/mission/back), **Rose Patak** (broken arm), **Jerry Gouthro** (eyesight), **Dannette, Bobbie and Mikela** (SI), **Michal Therese** (employment), **Lifers - Linda – Mura- Mary M, Jeff, Cheryl** (SI), **Ann** (endometrial cancer), **Paul S** (SI), **Bud** (SI), **Gary Z** (SI), **Sam Fuma** (SI), **Muriel & Gene** (SI -family), **AMC** (SI), **JJ Rosana Garcia Family** (SI), **Donna, Summer, Dustin, Chris & Family** (SI), **Jack and Gail** (SI), **Liz Ann Garcia** (SI), **Aida Garcia** (Health), **Anna Pfeil** (SI), **Ana Ramos** (SI), **Christina** (SI), **robert** (SI), **Ninfa** (stroke recovery), **Sylvester** (SI), **Sandy, Karen, Kurt, Olivia** (SI), **Ann, Scott, Jacob & Samuel** (SI), **Jerry, Donsey & family** (SI), **Frank Pollock** (SI), **Jennifer Raczek** (SI), **Linda Burke** (SI), **Hilda Lopez & family** (SI), **Unice & David** (SI), **Meg & Tony** (SI), **Carol Braun** (SI), **Fran & Judy O’Brien** (SI), **Diane** (SI), **Charlotte & Rose Hafley** (SI), **Earl Duque Family John & Aniela** (SI), **Nicholette Gottlinger and family** (SI), **Anita Ramos** (SI), **Helen** (SI), **Troy** (SI), **Jennie** (SI), **Teresa** (SI), **Frank Ramirez.** (SI), **Sara** (SI), **Celine Powers** (SI), **Anita Sabin** (SI) **Kelly Bowring & Family** (SI), **Eugenie B.** (SI), **Earl** (back), **Joe Cortez** (heart), **Irene Reyes** (brain aneurysm), **Wyatt Heard** (premature), **Leonard Charis** (legs), **Mary Lou** (SI), **Woman’s Act Retreat** (SI), **Kaylee** (hearing),

Book of Heaven – March 22, A.D. 1938 – The last sign of Love at the point of death

Ann Malone, Veanna Pierce’s Mother, Bishop Robert Charles Morlino, of the Diocese of Madison, Wisconsin,

“My Goodness is such, wanting everyone saved, that I allow the falling of these walls when the creatures find themselves between life and death – at the moment in which the soul exits the body to enter eternity – so that they may do at least one act of contrition and of love for Me, recognizing my adorable Will upon them. I can say that I give them one hour of truth, in order to rescue them. Oh, if all knew my industries of love, which I perform in the last moment of their life, so that they may not escape from my more than Paternal hands – they would not wait for that moment, but they would love Me all their life.”

DEO GRATIAS!



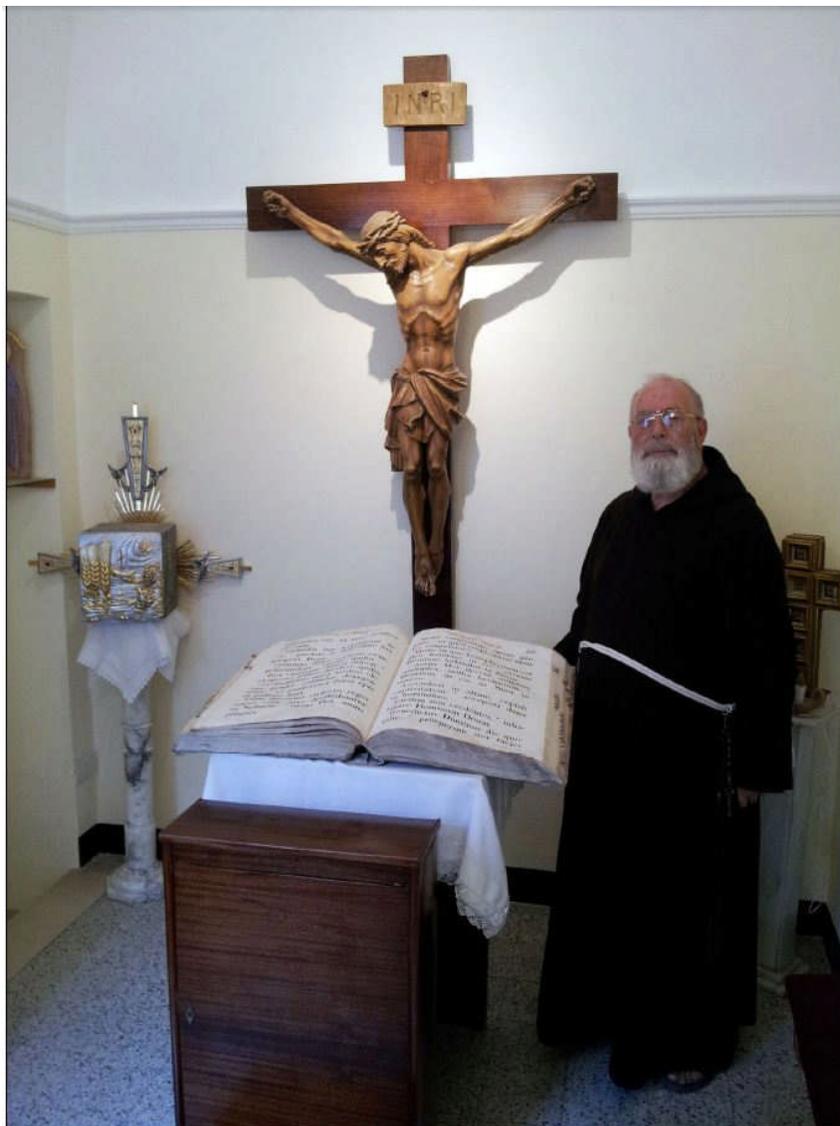
Servant of God Luisa Piccarreta, “May the Kingdom of Your Divine Will come, May Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven!”

Saint Annibale, “Pray for us, Oh Lord, Send Holy Apostles into Your Church!”

God, our Father, please send us Holy Priests, all for the Sacred and Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, all for the Sorrowful and Immaculate heart of Mary, in union with Saint Joseph. Amen.

Contact Information E-mail: 3334444@att.net

Urgent prayers are being offered for Padre Bernardino Bucci, OFM. We've been notified that he was transferred to the hospital in San Giovanni Rotondo with kidney failure and high fever.



From Giuseppe Lacerenza:

I visited Fr Bucci today at the Hospital. At the moment the situation is better than yesterday, he had some worrying complications in the last days but at the moment the general aspects seems to be better. He is being carefully watched at this time.

Please inform all the Divine Will devotees in the US. Fr Bucci thanks all of you for your prayers.

Please continue praying for him, and that God and Luisa may continue to keep FR Bucci with us, we need to continue learning from Him and having him in our hearts and with us.

PS, in particular thanks to FR Celso!

Fiat!